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LLOYD'S

PENNY WEEKLY MISCELL

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST

Not marble nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive the teeming page ;  
But it shall shine more bright in its contents  
Than sculptured stone shall borrow worth from age.

SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY E. LLOYD, 12, SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET.

1844.



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PENNY WEEKLY MISCELL

ROMANCE AND GENERAL

THE PUBLISHED BY THE  
LONDON AND WESTMINSTER  
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11 Mr. 29 March

## PREFACE.

If egotism can ever be excused in an individual, it must surely be in the case of the Editor of a Publication, who, in returning to thousands of liberal subscribers, his thanks for an unprecedented amount of patronage, has occasion to say something of the past, and to make some statements with regard to the future.

The Editor and the Proprietor, in the first place, sincerely hope that, with all the will to do so, they have succeeded in performing all that they promised to their numerous readers, on the last occasion of personally addressing them. They are favourably disposed to believe that such has been the case, from the steady increase in the sale of the MISCELLANY from the appearance of the first number to the present time, when the Publication enjoys a circulation throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and in America and India, such as scarcely any other literary miscellany has ever aspired to.

So much for the past; and, for the future, the Editor has to state, that extensive literary arrangements have been completed, and are now pending, which will, in their progress, introduce some new features in the MISCELLANY, that the Editor believes will prove very acceptable to the readers.

The Author of "Ada" is now at work upon a novelty which will very shortly appear; and the Proprietor has to state, that he has arranged for the entire and exclusive publication of that author's works, and that no other publisher, however he may feel disposed to pirate a title, can, by any possibility, produce any of that writer's productions.



The Romances of "The Compact," and "Love; or, the Thread of Destiny," have reached that stage, when the most interesting situations and details must become apparent. Previous, however, to their conclusion in the ensuing volume, two other Romances, one of which, founded on facts of recent occurrences, and containing some most extraordinary revelations, will appear, so that it is hoped and expected that the succeeding volume of the PENN WEEKLY MISCELLANY will prove deeply interesting.

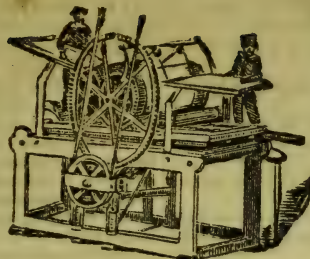
To numerous Correspondents, the Editor returns his best acknowledgments, and if any apparent neglect of any kind friend's contribution has been shown, such must have arisen from extreme press of business solely, as it is his wish to be as courteous in rejection as in acceptance.

With these brief notices and statements, the Editor, with a feeling of the most grateful character for the steady and unceasing support the work has received from a discriminating public, who, by their appreciation of LLOYD'S PUBLICATIONS, have shown how to discriminate between "paste and scissors" productions, and those which are really written by established authors and liberally paid for, respectfully takes his leave, wishing all, as the festive season is at approaching, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

LONDON, OCTOBER, 1844.



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PENNY

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MISCELLANY

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 105.] PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 12, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET. [VOL. III.

## PIERRE D'OULARD;

OR, A FATHER'S REVENGE.

PIERRE D'OULARD was a small landowner in the south of France. Possessing but a few acres of land, he contrived to furnish his family with all the necessaries of life, and what, in their station, might be considered as luxuries, were not entirely banished.

His little cottage was situated at the extreme end of a valley, which was terminated by a chain of high and rugged mountains. This was, indeed, the barrier of champagne country, and a very short walk from Pierre d'Oulard's dwelling brought you to the mountain district, than which nothing could be more sublime and beautiful, but dangerous,—dangerous from man, beast, and avalanche. It was often stated that the recesses of the mountains, which were clothed by large patches of fir and larch, were inhabited by bands of desperadoes, half robbers, half smugglers, who set at nought both the ordinances of God and man. Pierre d'Oulard had in his youth been a soldier; he had served many campaigns. His conduct was that of an intrepid soldier, daring and cool. He had in his vocation amassed a little wealth, by means of which he had purchased his discharge before old age had incapacitated him from either enjoying the creature comforts, or rendered him incapable of hard work.

There were many dark hints as to how Pierre had become possessed of his wealth. Report said, but then report is not famous for spreading the truth, that Pierre, while a soldier, was placed upon duty in these parts to protect the frontier from smugglers; it was said that Pierre was purchased by these people, and that he connived at their practices.

But there were few who would dare to have openly said so before Pierre d'Oulard, for he was reckoned a desperate and resolute man. Indeed, the mere expression of his dark eye, and the curl of his moustache, was known to have produced a wonderful effect in quieting the boast of the noisy Gascon.

Being once located on his farm, he brought his wife and infant daughter, whom he had contrived to keep at Paris. Nobody knew from whom or what Pierre had sprung. Some said he was of good parentage, while others asserted that dark crimes caused the reserve and mysterious deportment in his character. Be it as it may, Pierre, where he was not respected, was, at least, feared. By those above him he was usually esteemed as a man who had seen much, and was well educated, without being anxious to show it.

Pierre's wife was of Spanish extraction, and bore much of the complexion and disposition of that race,—proud for her station, and revengeful. To Pierre she was an exemplary wife, and to their only child, a daughter, she was fondly attached. Pierre himself was fondly attached to this child, perhaps, because it was the only one; but such was the fact.

He, in ordinary circumstances, was a man who made no ostentatious show; but with his daughter no money was spared. She was more than well educated for her class, and her wealth and ornaments bespoke the wealth of her father.

He had been located on his farm some years, and Annette was now growing to woman's estate. She was sixteen,—a beautiful brunette; but her complexion was delicate in the extreme; the sun had rendered those parts of a warmer hue than to nature belonged.

Annette rose with the lark and prepared the morning's meal, which her parents took from her hands, and it pleased them to look upon her as they took it. Pierre came from the labours of the field at midday, and found his dinner prepared and ready for him, and at night he would sit in front of his door in conversation with his wife and daughter.

One winter's evening Annette was returning from a neighbour's, whom she had been to visit, and who was lying sick at home. Her road lay through a desolate waste, that here and there gave nourishment to some brushwood, and a few stunted trees. The wind whistled over this lonely spot, and the owl screeched, and his fearful note sounded dismally in Annette's ears. She had passed over the greater part of it, when, right in her path, stood an enormous wolf. The animal had, no doubt, been driven from its mountain fastness by stress of hunger, and now stood at bay in her path. His glaring eyeballs, and open jaws, formed such a horrid spectacle to Annette, that, thinking her last hour had come, she, as well as her terror would permit, began to utter her prayers. She was incapable of flight, and had she been, it would have been useless.

Just at that moment a young man overtook her, and saw the object of her fear. Whispering a few words of encouragement to her, raising his gun he took a deliberate aim at the creature and fired. Unfortunately, the animal swerved from her position, and the ball only took effect in the animal's leg; gnashing its teeth with rage, and howling with pain, it made a spring upon the hunter.

He endeavoured to beat it back with the butt of his gun; but that was speedily broken in pieces, and the animal seized him by the shoulder. Drawing his hanger he thrust it through it, and caused it to leave its hold; but the enraged animal again sprung at him, and struck him down. They both lay on the earth, rolling over and over, the animal tearing the hunter, whose blood flowed freely; presently he lost his sword in the fray, and was at the ruthless brute's mercy. He was defenceless.

Annette had all this time been a terrified spectator, not knowing what to do. But seeing the imminent peril of her preserver, her fears were overcome by necessity, and seizing the fallen sword, she thrust it into the animal's side. She had not strength to draw the weapon out, in consequence of the sudden turn the animal made towards her; and, in her haste to escape, she stumbled and fell, and as she lay she heard the creature's growl in her ear, and shrinking with instinctive fear, she lay expecting to feel the creature's fangs at her throat.

This she was spared, for the hunter, feeling himself freed from his enemy, arose, and seizing his sword, with one well directed blow, totally incapacitated it from further mischief, and with a second, he laid the animal dead at his feet.

Turning slowly to Annette he assisted her to rise, when she perceived that he was bleeding freely.

"I am afraid you are hurt; let us haste to my father's dwelling, and we will procure what attendance your wounds require."

"Thank you, I will, for I feel weak; but are you hurt?" he inquired.

"No; thanks to you."

"I am glad of it."

"Let me bind up your shoulder with this scarf; you will bleed to death."

As she said this, she took her scarf from her shoulders, and with the hunter's assistance, bound up the wound, which was a very bad one, the flesh being much torn and lacerated. When it was done the hunter thanked her. He followed as well as his condition would allow him to walk.

"Had you better not lean on my arm?" she inquired, as he walked with an unsteady gait.

"I ought not to lean on one so frail as you for support; but I ought not to call you frail, since, had it not been for you, I had never got up from that brute's fangs alive."

"I am indebted to you for my life, and when I reach home, we will all endeavour to repay some of the debt I owe you."



"You owe me nothing. If I stood between you and the wolf first, you did the same by me afterwards, so say no more about it."

"Your peril was incurred through me," said Annette, gratefully.

"Well, I am glad it has been of service."

"I was not aware that there were any of those animals to be met with here."

"Nor I; but I suppose the severe weather they have had in the mountains has driven them down to seek for food," replied the hunter.

"I shall, however, be careful how I come across this spot again," said Annette.

"It is occasionally dangerous, for should you meet with any of these ferocious animals when pressed by hunger, you would have little chance of escape."

They now arrived at Pierre d'Oulard's abode, and Annette opened the door and entered, followed by the young hunter.

Great was the consternation of Pierre and his wife when they beheld the soiled and blood stained garments of their daughter, and the figure of her preserver immediately attracted their attention. His wounds were fresh and evident, and large clots of blood hung upon his features and clothes.

"Annette, my child, art hurt?" inquired her father, hastily surveying them both.

"No, father; but you must thank him," pointing to the hunter, "for he has saved my life, and in doing so, is, I much fear, seriously hurt."

"Nothing but mere scratches, I assure you," said the young hunter.

"I have seen many wounds," said Pierre; "and never saw worse than those which are occasioned by the fangs of an animal of prey."

"Pray sit down," added his wife; "and we will do our best to ease the smart of the wounds."

The stranger took the seat pointed out to him, which was near the fire.

"Are you hurt, my dear child?" said the mother, anxiously looking at Annette.

"No mother, I have been terribly frightened, though, for I gave myself up as lost."

"Sit down, my child, and rest yourself, while your father and I dress the wounds of your preserver. Heaven bless him for it."

"Amen!" said Pierre.

She at once arose, and with the assistance of her husband, undid the which bound the hunter's shoulder, and they became conscious of the desperate nature of the fray. Having carefully bathed the injured parts, and having bound them up, the stranger felt much at ease, though the loss of blood he had suffered caused him to be very weak.

They at length resumed their seats, and from Annette they received an exact account of the attack of the wolf, and the stranger's intrepidity.

"I cannot thank you in words, stranger, sufficiently to express the gratitude I feel for what you have done. Tell me—can I do aught that will serve you? Ask to the full extent of what I possess, and it shall be yours."

"Nay, I am not so unreasonable as that; but if you will grant me shelter for a day or two, till I can resume my sports?"

"You shall be as welcome as my own child to all I possess," returned Pierre.

"Thank you," returned the stranger.

"To whom am I under for this obligation? I would wish to know, were it only that your name might be engraven on my heart."

"My name is Henri de l'Arme," said the stranger. "I have been amusing myself with hunting in these wilds for some days; but had met with little sport, and when I met your daughter, was in search of some place to pass the night under."

"Indeed? but you have paid a dear price for a lodging, when it costs blood."

"Not in a case like this."

Pierre smiled grimly, and his dark eye rested on the stranger for an instant; but was quickly withdrawn when he raised his eyes.

That evening they all thanked Divine Providence for the almost miraculous deliverance of their daughter from a horrible death. Annette, herself, had the liveliest sensations of gratitude towards Henri, not the less so that he was young and of a handsome and manly mould, with light blue eyes, and an air of frankness and breeding far above his dress, or the class with whom she and her parents were in the habit of associating.

She passed a very bad night, for no sooner did she close her eyes, than the fearful beast she had been attacked by was present in her imagination. His glowing eyeballs and distended jaws created such a horror, that she awoke in affright! Then the young hunter would be recalled to her imagination: She would see him rolling beneath the murderous beast, with its teeth fast fixed in his throat, which caused a tremor to seize her, and she was nigh crying out with terror.

In the morning she arose, but little refreshed for her night's rest; and when her mother inquired the cause of her altered appearance, she ascribed it to the fright of the preceding day.

Henri de l'Arme was the son of a neighbouring proprietaire, the Count de Seine. They were not very much known here. Indeed the count had only during that season taken to reside on his estate. It had hitherto been managed by a steward; but having become disgusted with Paris, he had taken the resolution of retiring to his country residence.

Indeed, it was well worthy of his presence, for it was a noble-looking building—a chateau capable of making a strong defence, should such ever be required; and its appendages were of great extent—miles in length might be traversed, and still it was all the count's property. Pierre d'Oulard did not live upon this estate. Indeed he hardly knew the proprietor's name, much less that of his son.

The next day Henri was confined by fever and inflammation of his wounds; to his room. Annette was his unwearied attendant. She would not let him express a wish, but endeavoured to anticipate it.

He more than once exclaimed against the trouble he was giving her, when she would reply,—

"I can never think it a trouble to wait upon you, who have risked your life to save mine. I would not be so ungrateful."

"Indeed, your gratitude is too great for such a service," said Henri.

"Indeed, I cannot be too grateful."

"I then lay under a debt of gratitude to you," he replied.

Annette blushed, and turned away, under pretence of arranging something on the table.

Two days after this the stranger was well enough to go out, and to seek his own amusement. When he was alone with Annette,—

"Annette," said the stranger.

"Well, Henri," she replied.

"I fear I must leave you."

"Leave us?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow at latest."

"To-morrow! that is soon."

"Sooner than I could wish," said Henry, with a sigh, and casting a glance at her.

Annette sighed too, and hung her head, and then said,—

"But, Henri, we shall see you again, I hope?"

"Surely, Annette; if I were to leave you, never to see you again, I should be unhappy."

"Unhappy!"

"Yes—miserable."

"Why?"

"Because you have been so kind and so attentive, and because you are so pretty."

Annette was much confused, and blushed. She thought that Henri was very handsome. He was much more conversible than any of the young men that she was in the habit of seeing and speaking to.

"What would my father say, if he heard you speak thus?" said Annette.

"I don't know; but this I know, that he does not hear me. And why should he not?"

"Because he is so strict and severe."

"Surely he does not act harshly towards you?"

"No, no, indeed he does not."

"Then what alarmed you?"

"The idea of his hearing you thus conversing with me," said Annette.

"Oh, never mind that; he would not hurt you nor me either, I think."

"Oh, no, I'm sure he would not; but he is so strict himself he would think you did wrong."

"Indeed!"

"I am sure he would."

"Well, but may I not say to you what I think, Annette?" he said.

"Oh, yes; but not that."

"That you are pretty?"

"Yes—it is mere flattery."

"Indeed it is not. I meant it, though, perhaps, I did not intend saying so. But, Annette, did you ever love any one?"

"What a question!"

"Well, can you love? Have you affection to bestow upon one who adores you?"

"Who is it?"

"Myself."

"No—sure you are jesting?"

"I do not, indeed; but the dimple of your cheek and the laugh in your eye, make me smile."



"Indeed!"

"Yes; I know not the reason, but such is the case; and yet I feel melancholy."

"What for?"

"Because I am about to leave you."

"Must you go?"

"I must; and I would wish to carry away with me the assurance that you who possess my heart can return my affection."

"Are you serious?"

"I am."

"Well, then, if I assure you that I have the utmost respect for you, and gratitude for what you have done, will that be enough?"

"If you will say no more—but," he added, taking her hand, and passing his hand round her waist, "can you give me love for love?"

"I don't know."

"I love you more than miser can love his treasure, Annette."

"Well."

"And I would lay my life down for your safety and happiness."

"I know it—you have done so. I know not if I do right in saying I have a greater regard for you than for any one else."

"Bless you, Annette, you have made my heart glad with that word."

She held out her hand towards him. He pressed it to his lips. But he did not stop here—he found a way of pressing his own lips to hers. She released herself from his grasp, and said, laughingly,—

"Your love increases vastly."

"And so it is likely, with such an object in view as yourself, Annette."

"Nay, no more compliments."

"There are none in what I have said, upon my honour," he added, seriously

"Well, you had better take a short walk; my father will soon return from his work, and I have wasted my time in talking to you."

"I'll go, charming Annette, and meet him; he will think I have spent more time in the open air than I have," he replied.

"You had better; open air you recollect he prescribed to you yesterday."

"Yes, he did; why should he do so?"

"I know not, unless he thought ——" here Annette stopped short, and blushed.

"Thought what, pretty Annette?"

"That you would talk nonsense."

"Upon my word he has a most complimentary notion of my understanding. However, I'll go; so farewell, Annette."

He turned and left the house, and Annette found leisure to arrange the meal against her father's approach. He came back with Henri de l'Arme, and they were both seriously engaged in conversation. Pierre entered the house, and cast a piercing glance towards his daughter, and then took his place at the board. Henry took his seat beside him as usual. There was much more humour and kindness in the old man's manner than was usual, and he said to him,—

"So you must leave us to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Henri, "I have those who will be anxious to hear of my safety."

"I dare say so," said Pierre; "but do you feel strong enough to journey?"

"Yes, and to resume my favourite pursuit with the gun," he replied.

"I am happy to hear it for your own sake, though I grieve to part with a guest whom I know, under such circumstances."

"Name them not I beg of you; you would have done the same, and I feel myself much indebted for your kindness and hospitality, and I wish I could prevail upon you to point out any way in which I can acknowledge it."

"You have acknowledged more than is necessary, and were I an adept at words, young man, I would tell you the extent of my thankfulness for your courageous and timely interference to save my Annette from such an untimely death."

"We will have a truce on this subject," said Henri, "since we can do no more."

The evening was spent in conversation, and for the first time, Henri perceived that his host was a man who was, in understanding and education, far above his station. When the evening was nigh spent, he slipped out and saw Annette.

"Annette," said he.

"Well, Henri."

"I came to bid you farewell, but I have not time to say so; will you meet me in the orchard after all are asleep?"

"Why, Henry?"

"Because I have something to say to you, and to-morrow morning I leave the house with your father."

"Indeed, so soon?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will try."

"God bless you till then," he said, and kissing her cheek he returned to the cottage.

The moon rose with that pale and intense light, known only to those who dwell farther south than the inhabitants of these temperate regions. It was clear, the stars shone, but not brightly, as the moon's reflected light shone too strongly. There was a gentle mist rising like a mantle over the surface of the earth, and the air was keen and frosty.

Presently might be seen two figures making towards the orchard by different paths. It was Annette and Henri. The evening was cold, and she had wrapped herself up; for the same reason they at once retired to the summer-house that was built in a sheltered spot.

"Well, Henri, you see I have come?"

"Yes, dearest Annette."

The young people spent much time in sweet converse—love was in their hearts and eyes. They thought of love, and spoke of love. The youth pressed the maiden to his bosom, and she did not repress his caresses, but permitted them. He told her who he was, and that he would one day make her rich, that her father should no more toil for a living. Her mind became dazzled with the brilliant prospect that was held out to her. She believed all he said, and why should she do otherwise? She was without guile, and knew no deception in one she loved.

Nine months after this evening, the house of Pierre d'Oulard was one of sickness and of despair. Pierre was silent.

His daughter lay on her bed, not dead nor dying—this would have been a great misfortune—but Pierre d'Oulard was a man, and could have borne that. But she lay there a mother.

Pierre's heart was sick, but rousing himself, he muttered something of dark import and known only to himself.

He had learned all. His daughter was dishonoured by Henri de l'Arme. He promised her marriage when he was his own master, and had succeeded to his estates. His father had been gathered to the dust. Then why did he delay to keep the promise he had voluntarily made? Because he never intended to fulfil those promises, however solemnly made.

Pierre d'Oulard left his home in search of the father of his daughter's child. He had no longer the proud and haughty look, but with the resolved and dogged look of one who has made up his mind not to expostulate or beseech, but of one who would exact vengeance.

Pierre had been absent from home for three days and nights. His wife was seriously alarmed for his safety, and knowing his disposition too well, she felt the utmost alarm. She could not doubt of the nature of the object of his journey.

Late on the fourth night, Pierre returned. His looks were haggard in the extreme. He sat down in silence to his meal, and when he had eaten, he inquired after his daughter, and after listening to his wife's reply, he said,—

"We must leave this place."

"Leave this place, Pierre, why?"

"Have we not been dishonoured, and shall we not become the laughing-stock of all that choose to gaze upon us? Besides, I have another motive."

"What is it, Pierre?" asked his trembling wife.

"I have exacted the fullest vengeance I could take against the seducer of my child, and this place will be too hot to live in. I must cross the frontier this night, or before morning I shall be consigned to a dungeon."

"Such a night as this, dear Pierre?"

"Ay, if it were a thousand times worse; and you must follow me, with Annette, as soon as she is able, over the frontiers into Spain."

Annette overheard her father's words, and terror seized her in every limb, and ere long she was a corpse. Pierre made his escape and his wife followed him, but neither were ever seen after that fatal event.

BLESSING CANDLES AT ROME.—This was seen by Lady Morgan in 1820. The ceremony takes place in the beautiful chapel of the Quirinal, where the Pope himself officiates, and blesses, and distributes with his own hands, a candle to every person in the body of the church, each going individually and kneeling at the throne to receive it. The ceremony commences with the cardinals, then follow the bishops *prelati*, canons, priors, abbots, priests, &c., down to the sacristans and meanest officers of the church. When the last of these has gotten his candle, the poor *conservatori*, the representatives of the Roman Senate and people receive theirs. This ceremony over, the candles are lighted; the Pope is mounted in his chair and carried in procession, with hymns chanting round the ante-chapel, the throne is stripped of its splendid hangings, the pope and cardinals take off their gold and crimson dresses, put on their ordinary robes, and the usual mass of the morning is sung. The blessing of the candles takes place in all the parish churches.



## WEDDING UNDER GROUND.

ON the conclusion of my studies at the mineralogical college of Freyberg, I was made very happy by being named one of a party commissioned to visit the most celebrated mines of Europe, to procure information respecting recent discoveries, and collect specimens for the Museum.

No one but a mineralogist can imagine the heart-felt pleasure with which we Chimerians descend into the bowels of the earth, and follow nature into those recesses which none but the progeny of an Eve would ever have dreamed of exploring. But, though prepared to find in these subterranean abodes some of the most gorgeous spectacles the eye can witness, as well as the utmost horrors imagination can paint, it certainly was not in quest of romantic adventure that I penetrated their fathomless abysses.

Such, however, in countries where the mines are employed as places of punishment, are by no means uncommon; and I never shall forget the impression produced on my mind by the celebrated history of Count Alberti's confinement in the horrible quicksilver mines of Idria, as narrated to me on the spot by a grey-headed miner, in whose childhood it had occurred. Though the rank and favour of that accomplished young nobleman, and the dismal transition from the splendours of a court, and the smiles of an empress, to condemnation for life to subterranean drudgery of the most pestiferous nature, lend to his history a deeper and more terrific interest than can attach to the comparatively obscure adventures of the pair of youthful lovers, the denouement of whose little romance it was my good fortune to witness in the Hungarian mines of Schemnitz, I must trust to your indulgence, and the singularity of the scene of these nuptials, to atone for the deficiency.

Besides that superior order of nobles, or magnates, who, from wealth and extent of possessions, are more than nominal princes, there exists in Hungary a class of almost equally noble blood, but dissipated fortunes, who, disdaining all professions save that of arms, have no means of increasing their substance but by alliances with the free merchants, who are beginning rapidly to acquire riches and consideration in the larger cities.

Such marriages, among the cadets, especially of the poorer nobles, are not unfrequent; and while they are tolerated by the privileged race, who occasionally condescend to them, they are eagerly courted by that, till lately, oppressed and contemned class, who cheerfully make large sacrifices to accomplish them.

There was in S— a beautiful girl, the only daughter of a Polish merchant (half suspected to have in his veins some of the blood of Israel), who, in addition to her father's well-filled coffers, possessed personal attractions enough to draw around her a host of younger brothers, whose pedigrees outweighed their purses.

Among these the heart of Ida Stephanoff soon declared in favour of Casimir Yaninsky, one of the first and most ardent of her suitors, and just such a gay, gallant sprig of nobility as was likely to make a deep impression on the daughter of a grave and penurious trader.

Although the sole patrimony of Casimir was his sword, there were circumstances which inclined old Stephanoff to concur in his daughter's preference of the youth over others similarly situated. There was still a small estate in the family, and the elder brother of Casimir, though married, was childless.

Here was something of a reversionary prospect; and as Casimir was unquestionably the most rising young man among Ida's suitors, she and her father, during some happy months, saw him with the same favourable eye. His consent was formally given, and a time not very far distant fixed for the marriage, when a nobleman, who had been for many years absent from his estate in the neighbourhood of S—, unexpectedly returned, and, having accidentally seen Ida at a village festival, made to her father such dazzling overtures, as entirely overset the old Jew's fidelity to his previous engagements, and even his regard for the feelings of his daughter. What these were, on being informed of the proposal, may be better imagined than described.

Graf Metzin was an elderly man, of peculiar forbidding appearance, and austere manners; and having already contrived to get rid of two wives, he had brought with him a sort of Blue-Beard reputation, by no means calculated to win the affections of even a disengaged maiden. But then he was not only rich, but enjoyed considerable credit at court; and had returned to Hungary with a degree of delegated influence, if not positive authority, which rendered his alliance infinitely desirable to a man in trade.

Stephanoff, though standing sufficiently in awe of the fiery Yaninsky and his family not abruptly to withdraw his promise, began to long earnestly for the means of breaking it; and this Graf Metzin proposed to furnish by possessing himself, as if by force, of the person of Ida, and apparently reducing her father to consent to a union which it was out of his power to prevent. The plot was not difficult of execution,

Ida and her old nurse (her mother had been long dead) were surprised in a rural excursion by a body of the count's servants, and lodged in his old castle, where, by every demonstration of respectful affection which his harsh nature permitted, he strove to reconcile the high-spirited girl to her state of duress. What she felt did not transpire beyond the enchanted walls; but Casimir moved Heaven and earth to procure her release, and was only restrained by sincere affection for the child, from wreaking his vengeance on her despicable parent.

Dreading the resentment which he was conscious of deserving, Stephanoff feigned to be inconsolable for the loss of his daughter, and solicited permission to reclaim her by force; but the local authorities, overawed by Graf Metzin, and indeed apprised privately that he had acted in concert with her father, to break off an idle match between two unadvised young people, declined interfering, and it became evident that the farce would soon end, like so many others, in the marriage of the chief actors.

This Casimir was determined to avert, and legal means being beyond his reach, he was not deaf to the demon, who, in their absence, threw in his way some of a very opposite character.

Urged almost to madness by a pathetic billet which Ida had found means to convey to him, he availed himself of an accidental rencontre with a band of freebooters (some of whom are still to be found lurking in all the mountainous parts of Hungary), to engraft on their previously formed plan of plundering his rival's castle, the rescue of his betrothed, during the confusion of the attack.

The morality and loyalty of this measure may easily be called in question; but there is yet in these countries a sufficient smack of barbarism to make retaliation be considered perfectly justifiable; and a young man just robbed of his mistress may perhaps be excused for not respecting his rival's money-bags.

To his person there could be no injury meditated, as the time fixed was that of his necessary absence with part of his household, in attendance on a provincial assembly. The hazard of the enterprise was considerable, as Graf Metzin had a tolerably numerous establishment; however, their attachment was not deemed such as to prompt a very vigorous resistance, and the young temporary bandit and his more practical associates marched gaily to the assault.

There had, however, been treachery somewhere, for in passing through a thick wood on the skirts of the count's property, they were intercepted by a troop of soldiers (who had long been aware of the existence of the brigands, and on the look-out for them), and, with the exception of one or two, were surrounded and made prisoners.

Yaninsky, in thus joining, at the instigation of passion and despair, a band of robbers, had so far remembered his own and family's honour, as to exact from his comrades, in case of any disaster, the most implicit vow of secrecy as to his real name and condition; he therefore suffered himself to pass as one of the band, but his youth, and the testimony of even his hardened companions to his comparative innocence, marked him for the milder punishment of the mines, while the captain and one or two more (who, to say the truth, little deserved Casimir's self-reproaches for perhaps accelerating their fate) expiated their former crimes on the scaffold.

As for Yaninsky, though he at first congratulated himself on being conducted for trial to a distant part of the province, where he was not likely to be recognised, yet the consequent impossibility of conveying to Ida any tidings of his fate, formed the chief aggravation of his situation; and having reason to fear she must have received his hasty information of her meditated rescue, the thought of her anxiety added bitterness to his own.

The mines, however, to which he was condemned for two years, were within three or four days' journey of S—, and among their frequent visitants, hope whispered one might ere long be found to communicate tidings of his personal safety, and unabated constancy.

Ida, meanwhile, had gathered from Graf Metzin's own triumphant account of his castle's escape from spoliation, corroboration of her own fears that Casimir was implicated; and during some days which elapsed ere the fate of the prisoners was decided at the capital of the district, she suffered agonies of suspense, which half inclined her to avow her suspicions, and redeem, by the sacrifice of her own hand, that life, which she was sure Casimir would not stoop to purchase at the expense of his honour.

At length her persevering, though still courteous gaoler, brought her the almost welcome intelligence of the sentence of death pronounced upon three ringleaders (none of whom, being men advanced in life, and of well-known atrocity, could possibly be Casimir), and of the condemnation for various periods to the mines of the rest, among whom, her heart whispered, he would certainly be found.

To effect her escape and join him became now her sole object. To replace herself under the inefficient and unwilling protection of her father would, she knew, be fruitless; as, from the tenor of his few letters since her captivity, she saw he was at least an accomplice in it,



and might enforce her hated marriage with an urgency which would leave her in the end no alternative but a flight, less disgraceful, from the power of a ravisher, than from a father's ostensible protection.—Her nurse, who, in all but mental cultivation, had performed a mother's part towards the early orphan, and who loved her with all a mother's fondness, entered into her views with almost youthful enthusiasm, and a plan at length suggested itself for accomplishing her escape.

All parts of Hungary, it is well known, swarm with gipsies; and nowhere, perhaps, is that migratory race more largely tolerated and less oppressed. Bands of them are generally in some degree settled, as far as their habits permit, on each considerable estate; and, forbearing from all depredations on that privileged territory, enjoy a sort of tacit countenance from the proprietor. Metzin, as an alien from his country, and a harsh repulsive character, was no great favourite among his Zingari, whom he forbade to enter his castle, and banished from some of their immemorial haunts.

Old Natalia, little doubting that amid this acute and vindictive tribe she might secure coadjutors, could she once open a communication with them, feigned gradually to lend a more willing ear to Graf Metzin's endeavours to conciliate her, and to be won over by his arguments in favour of the match with her nursing.

She then confided to him that much of Ida's pertinacious adherence to her engagement with Casimir, arose from an early prophecy of one of the gifted race of Zingari, that she would marry a younger son of the best blood in Hungary, and, after many trials, would lead with him a long and happy life; and suggested, that, from a mind naturally inclined to superstition, the impression could only be effaced by a counter prediction by a yet more experienced and authoritative sybil. Such a one, she knew, was to be found among the count's territorial Egyptians, and in return for the communication, she received, as she expected, a commission to talk over the old beldame, and put into her mouth such an oracular response as should suit the purposes of her lord.

Delighted with this first step towards liberty, and satisfied that the prophesies owed the count a sufficient grudge to enter cheerfully into any scheme to outwit him, Natalia held with her a long conference, during which she found in Miriam a coadjutress beyond her most sanguine hopes. It was agreed that, to prevent suspicion, the sybil should confine herself to giving, in the presence of the count, mysterious intimations of his happy destiny, and afterwards solicit opportunities to confirm in private the impression on the still wavering mind of the young betrothed.

Ida, duly prepared for the farce, received the gipsy at first with contempt and indignation, but, as if irresistibly overpowered by the solemn eloquence of the skilful fortune-teller, gradually listened with more complacency to her gorgeous promises of a wealthy, as well as noble spouse, unbounded honour, and a numerous progeny, contrasted with a faithless and penniless lover, doomed by the destinies to a violent and premature death. Sufficient remaining incredulity was of course manifested to render future visits necessary, but the count, though unsuspecting of any plot, did not yet feel confidence enough in the stanchness of his Zingari ally, to trust her with any possible revocation of her oracle. He, therefore, chose to be present when she again entered the castle, and this obliged her to exert some ingenuity in communicating to Ida the positive intelligence she had that day received, of Casimir's actual sojourn in the mines of Schemnitz.

In addition, therefore, to all her former asseverations, that the stars had irrevocably decreed the union of Ida with a rich and adoring suitor, she advanced towards her, and resuming her hand with an air of peculiar solemnity, exclaimed, in a manner fully calculated to excite her attention:—

"It has this day been revealed to me, that when you again meet your perfidious lover, *it will not be upon earth!*"

These ominous words at first made Ida start, but the gipsy's earnest tone and gesture, and an almost imperceptible glance of her wild dark eyes, taught her to look for a less obvious meaning; and, with a joyful alacrity, from which the count drew the most flattering hopes, she exclaimed, in reply:—

"Well, mother, I see you are a prophetess, indeed! There is nothing, however deep, which you cannot fathom."

The gipsy, thus made aware that she was understood, ingratiated herself so far with the count, by her adroitness, as to procure free ingress to the chateau; stipulating, however, for permission to bring with her an orphan grandson, from whom she never willingly separated, as he was apt, when out of her restraining presence, to get into mischief; besides, his musical powers on the hurdy-gurdy, and Jew's harp, would, she was sure, serve to dissipate Ida's remaining melancholy, and pave the way for a new love.

Miriam generally contrived to pay her visits towards the dusk of evening, a time when she said the mind was more open to mysterious impressions, and the influence of the stars (which, even while she thus tampered with their supremacy, she more than half believed) peculiarly

powerful. She and her grandson insensibly became such privileged personages as to pass in and out from the turret assigned to Ida and her nurse, without exciting any observation; and no sooner was this the case, than Miriam and Natalia began to put in execution their project of transforming Ida into a very tolerable *fac simile* of young Zekiel, by means of the well-known gipsy dye for the skin, and a suit of boy's clothes, introduced piece by piece, under the grandame's tattered mantle.

The resemblance was quite sufficient to have deceived more suspicious observers, and Ida's fears for any possible evil consequences to her poor second self being obviated by seeing him safely descend a rope ladder with all the agility of his tribe, and swim the moat with the ease of an amphibious animal, she with a beating heart and trembling limbs followed her conductress to the gates. Natalia, who could with no great difficulty have found a pretext for accompanying her beyond them, insisted with maternal devotion on remaining behind, to carry on for a day or two the farce of the supposed illness of her charge, and gain time for the fugitive to reach the mines.

Once arrived there, she strongly advised Ida to reveal her sex and condition to the bergichter, or director, a humane and benevolent man, through whose interposition she trusted Casimir's release and her union with him might be effected, though the power of the Graf Metzin, and the paramount influence of parental authority might render it a hazardous measure. Ida, however, once happily beyond the hated walls, could think of nothing but increasing her distance from them, and was disposed to consider the deepest mine in Hungary with her lover a welcome refuge from tyranny above ground. She was too sanguine and inexperienced to foresee the many difficulties in her path, or even her own want of resolution to brave them, when it should come to the point; and it was not till conducted by Mirian within a short distance of the mines, and instructed by her to act the part of a gipsy boy, a runaway from his tribe for supposed ill-treatment, that her heart died within her, and she half-wished herself even at Metzinska again.

When ushered into the presence of the director, the half-formed project quickly died away upon her lips, unequal alike to utter either the truth or the falsehood she had meditated. Had his manners been less gentle and encouraging, she must have sunk beneath his glance; and had the dye on her skin been one jot less deep, her blushes must have betrayed her. The tears, however, which she shed abundantly, only seemed to attest the truth of the incoherent story she at length faltered out, of a cruel step-mother, and dislike to a vagrant life; but the compassion they excited had nearly frustrated all her plans, by inducing the director to propose easy labour and personal attendance above ground to so young a creature, instead of the confined air and laborious drudgery of the mine.

Never did poor culprit more ardently petition for release from that Cimmerian bondage than Ida now did to be permitted to endure it; and here again the plea which her awakened self-possession taught her to urge, in the natural dread of being traced and kidnapped by her gipsy relatives, found ample corroboration from the wild alarm which really filled her bosom, and lent energy to her supplications. Nor was she far from the truth in asserting, that above ground, for some time at least, she could not for a moment fancy herself safe.

Yielding, therefore, to her childish but pardonable terrors, the humane director promised to carry her down himself to the mine of N—, which, from its difficulty of access, and considerable distance from the more open and frequented ones of that celebrated district, was appropriated to the involuntary residence of convicts, and was rendered, by the same circumstances, a safer abode for a fugitive than those spacious, nay, almost splendid excavations, where royalty itself has frequently penetrated in commodious equipages, by an almost imperceptible descent, and where the daily and hourly egress of thousands of free labourers of both sexes would have lent dangerous facilities either for the escape of the criminal, or the recognition of the innocent.

The mine of N— was as yet accessible only by the appalling and often hazardous conveyance of the bucket, and fancy may easily picture the dread and horror with which a timid girl, even under the animating influence of love and hope, found herself suspended over earth's centre, and lowered into its almost fathomless abysses.

She had already descended, by steep and slippery ladders, for nearly a hundred feet, without entirely losing the welcome glimmer of receding day, when at a huge door, whose dingy aspect seemed fitted for an entrance into the infernal regions, she perceived two figures, half naked, and as black as ink, each of whom held in his hand a faggot of lighted fir, and, thus equipped, might have passed for one of Pluto's pages.

By these appalling satellites, the director and his trembling *protégé* were invested with dresses of congenial blackness, and, amid deafening shouts and muttered ejaculations, Ida found herself suddenly seized by one of the goblin grooms, who, unceremoniously throwing a rope round her, prepared to fasten her to the slight-looking bucket, which, with dizzy horror, she saw swinging in mid air, to receive her and her rude conductor.



It required a thought of Casimir to induce her to enter the frail vehicle within which she was ordered to seat herself, while the Stygian guide, merely resting on the edge, held the rope with one hand, and with a pole in the other kept the bucket clear of the numerous projections which might have proved fatal to its safety. There was an awful pause of a few moments ere the machinery above was put in motion to accelerate their descent, during which the miner, secretly enjoying his companion's silent terror, cried:—

"Cheer up, my little fellow, we shall be at the bottom in a trice, that is," crossing himself, "if it please St. Nicholas to give us a good journey. But we always make new comers fast to the bucket since the ugly accident which befel a poor little girl, some half dozen years ago. She had a lover in the mine, it would seem, and, poor simple thing, nothing would serve her but she must be down to seek him."—(Here they began to descend with almost breathless rapidity.)—"She had either no guide, or one as awkward as herself; so, you see, the bucket was caught and upset by that point of rock we are just passing, and the poor girl was pitched out on yonder narrow shelf below, where she clung, God knows how, for more than half-an-hour, till we got ladders spliced together, and picked her off more dead than alive. You may believe it was her lover who brought down his frightened turtle; he got a pardon, and she a pension; so, you see, all's well that ends well, and here we are safe at the bottom. St. Nicholas be praised!"

Ida, while she shuddered at the fearful tale which had thus doubled the horrors of her passage, could have blessed the miner for the bright omen held out by its happy termination.

She now rejoined the director, and passing partly through galleries supported by timber work, and partly through vaults hollowed in the rock, arrived at a vast hall, whose extremities the feeble light of many torches failed to illumine. It was supported by pillars of ore, and surrounded by seats of the same material, on which they paused for a moment's repose. They then proceeded to still greater depths—now saluted by burning exhalations from the furnaces and forges used for preparing tools, whose heat scarce permitted the workmen to bear the scantiest clothing—now almost frozen by subterranean currents of air, rushing with tempestuous violence through narrow cavities, till they arrived at the lowest gallery, eleven hundred feet under ground, where the pitchy darkness, the yet more dismal light from distant fires, the swarthy labourers, black as the ores they worked, partially discovered by the sparks proceeding from their own hammers, the noise of all this labour, and of the hydraulic engines for drying and ventilating the mine, together with the horrible figures which from time to time rushed past her with torches in their hands, made Ida for a moment doubt whether she had not descended rather too near to Tartarus.

Emotions so new and strange were, however, soon absorbed in still stronger dread of not meeting Casimir, or of a premature discovery from his hasty recognition of her in circumstances so overpowering. Feeling, however, pretty confident that her disguise would shield her for the present from even a lover's eye, she made a strong effort, and endeavoured to summon to her own aid the courage requisite for sustaining the spectacle of her beloved Yaninsky's humiliating condition.

The director-in-chief, whom chance had alone brought this day to visit the mine of N—; and whose stay below was necessarily brief, dismissed Ida, on leaving the mine, to the resident overseer (a person, fortunately for her, of advanced years and mild deportment), with directions to employ Zekiel (the name Ida had borrowed with her dress for the occasion) only in the light labour of gathering those minute fragments of ore, which were overlooked in removing the larger masses to the furnace.

"You will of course, as a father yourself," added the worthy director, "see that what good his vagrant education may have left in him suffers as little as possible from temporary intercourse with your reprobate crew, among whom you have probably some minor offender conscientious enough to look after a boy. When the danger of pursuit from his tribe has subsided, you may send him to me at Schemnitz, where I will enter him a student at the College of Mines; and who knows," added he, kindly patting on the head the trembling novice in dissimulation, "but he may have cause to bless through life his dark sojourn in the mine of N—!" Another silent blessing from the heart of Ida hailed the cheering presage!

Evening was far advanced when she was left alone in the great hall with the good inspector, and, deriving courage from his parental behaviour, she timidly requested leave to accompany him in his rounds through the upper and less dismal galleries, where she was to commence her task on the morrow. They had traversed the greater part of the immense excavations without her recognising among the swarthy groups, who pursued their labours, the well-known form of Casimir, and Ida's fears began to predominate over her hopes, when the overseer, turning into a new gallery, bade her observe its direction, and certain marks on the roof and pillars of ore, by which it was distinguished.

"Here," said he, "I chiefly intend you to pursue your occupation.

The young miner who superintends this gallery is, though a convict, of superior manners, and regular conduct, and I know not any part of the mine where a boy of your age may be trusted with so little danger of evil communication."

So saying they advanced; and at the further end of the dimly-lighted vault, Ida, with almost irrepressible emotion, described Casimir busily engaged in directing half a dozen men to remove a large mass of extraneous matter, which impeded the further progress of the shaft. Ida involuntarily fell back, that the beating of her heart might not become audible to the inspector. He advanced towards Casimir, coolly approved of his proceedings, and then beckoning forward the trembling Ida,—

"Stephan," said he, (a name which Casimir had adopted as Ida's patronymic)—"here is a boy whom the Bergrichter has picked up from among the gipsies. His orders are to work him lightly; and, above all, to keep him from mischief." You are a steady young fellow, and with you he will learn no harm. Take him to your mess this evening, and at roll-call I will come for him. He shall sleep with my little Adolf, who is afraid of spirits in the mine at night since his elder brother left us." Then turning to Ida, "Zekiel, I give you in that young man a friend and protector—if you quit his side it will be at your own peril, and you will repent it."

"Heaven forbid!" thought Ida.

Who would be so superfluous as to describe Ida's feelings, while the hasty and incurious glance of Casimir rested on her metamorphosed form, and his cold, yet gentle voice, uttered words of soothing and encouragement to the gipsy boy? Who cannot fancy her feverish impatience while the awkward miners tardily obeyed the directions of Casimir, and its almost ungovernable height, as she watched their retiring steps along the dreary corridor? Yaninsky fortunately lingered to see all safe for the night, yet she half feared he would follow before her parched lips could utter his name in an almost inaudible whisper.

Low as it was, it found an echo in the heart of Casimir. He looked up like one awakened from a dream; caught one glance of a radiant eye which sorrow could not quench nor art disguise, and swift as thought, was in the arms of Ida! Who that had seen that wild and long embrace in which the swarthy miner held the gipsy boy, had dreamed that under those lowly weeds were shrouded the bravest heart and noblest blood in Hungary, and the loveliest of its high-souled, though low-born maidens?

After the first few moments of unmingled ecstasy, Casimir, for whose character some weeks of solitude and reflection had done much, had leisure to consider the singular and distressing situation in which love for him had placed his bride, and to bless Heaven for the opportune relief afforded under it by the intended kindness and patronage of the inspector, and the society of his infant boy. This he briefly explained to Ida, as they slowly and reluctantly approached the great hall where the miners were mustered, previous to the return to upper air of all, save the convicts (who alone slept under ground), and the evening meal of the latter.

Ida shrunk from the bare idea of appearing in the rude assembly; but Casimir (after allowing the miners who had been present when the director delivered her to his charge, to precede them by a few minutes, and thereby preclude embarrassing inquiries) conjured her to take courage, and not betray by unnecessary fears a secret which love itself had nearly failed to penetrate.

In efforts to overcome this natural repugnance, time had insensibly elapsed, when a shrill whistle echoing through the galleries, seemed to strike Yaninsky with a sudden agony of terror, wholly unaccountable to Ida, whom he hurried along with a breathless rapidity which rendered inquiry impossible. They had proceeded but a few paces, when a tremendous explosion burst on Ida's ear, like the crash of an absolutely impending thunderbolt, accompanied too, with a sudden glare, which illumined the whole subterranean territory, but in an instant vanished, leaving them in total darkness, the concussion of the air having extinguished the torches. This darkness was interrupted only by the fitful flashes from succeeding discharges, of which the light lasted only for a moment, while the sound was long and terribly reverberated by a thousand echoes. The vaults cracked, the earth shook, the arched recess, into which Casimir on the first alarm had instinctively dragged Ida, trembled on its rocky base.

To her, the noise of the bursting rocks, the sulphurous smoke in which she was enveloped, and the sense of suffocation it occasioned, suggested the idea of some awful natural convulsion; and though life had seldom been sweeter than during the few preceding moments, yet death with Casimir lost half its terrors; but to him, who knew the artificial cause of the mimic thunder, and its imminent danger to those unprotected from its effects, who knew, also, that his own fond invertebrate had exposed his Ida to the peril of perishing by the actual workmanship of his own hands, the few minutes during which the awful scene lasted seemed an age of anxiety and terror. The mute devotion with which she clung to his side, and resigned herself to what-



ever might be the result of so terrific an adventure, enhanced the remorse he felt for having endangered a life so invaluable; and it was not till all fears had subsided, and silence again resumed her reign, that he found breath to explain to Ida, that the peculiarly impenetrable nature of the strata in this mine, rendered frequent blasting with gunpowder necessary; and that the period usually chosen for this hazardous operation, was during the meals of the workmen, when they were exempted from danger by being collected in one safe and central hall.

Towards this they now proceeded, guided through the gloom by the rude mirth of the guests, who rallied Casimir on his supposed design of amusing himself with the terrors of his young protegee. The imperfect light favoured Ida's efforts to encounter, with tolerable calmness, such slight scrutiny as the fatigued and hungry group had leisure to bestow; but it was not till the motley group, assembled around the rude board, were thoroughly engrossed by their repast, that she ventured to raise her downcast eyes, and as they wandered in pity or disgust over the ferocious or the abject amid his lawless associates, to rest, at length, with unmingled admiration on the noble form and dignified countenance of her lover. She thought she had never seen him to such advantage; not even when gaily running his richly caparisoned steed, with a plumed brow and a glittering vest, he shone (in her eyes at least) the brightest star in the emperor's proud train at the opening of the diet! And it was love, love for Ida, that had robbed the brow of its plume, and the vest of its bravery, ay, and sadder still, the cheek of its bloom, and the eye of its radiance; but what are these to the mute eloquence of the pale cheek and languid eye, when they speak of reckless constancy, and faith un-haken by suffering?

It was with a strange mixture of reluctance to leave Casimir, and repugnance to remain a moment longer in the pandemonium he inhabited for her sake, that Ida tore herself from her lover, to obey the summons of the inspector, a worthy old Swede from Sahla, who had been attracted from his own country by the mineralogical reputation of Schemnitz, and engaged for a short period to superintend some new workings in the mine of N—, and introduce processes of his invention peculiarly applicable to the nature of the strata.

As they went along, the tender father could not forbear expatiating with parental delight on his child.

"Adolph," said he, "is wild with joy at the idea of having a companion. Poor little fellow, I rashly, perhaps, promised his dying mother never to part from him, and foolish compliance with that promise has made me keep him with me even here, where, though we have been three weeks underground, his health, thank God, has been excellent, though his spirits have threatened to fail latterly, especially at nights, from the foolish tales he hears from the miners of Cobolds and Bergmannchen. Do, Zekiel, try and get them out of his little head: but, hark ye, do not give him any of your Zingari notions of palmistry and divination in their stead, else the remedy will be worse than the disease!"

Ida could only shake her head, afraid to trust her voice with a reply, when a beautiful fair-haired boy of five years old came bounding to meet them, and threw himself into his father's arms, evidently startled by the dusky hue of the new friend he had so ardently longed to see. A second glance at Ida, and her sweet smile, however, conquered the first impression, and taking her by the hand, he hurried her playfully forward. A turn in the great gallery suddenly brought before them an object so new and unexpected to Ida, that she could scarce forbear exclaiming, when she found herself at the door of the inspector's house, a log-hut neatly and substantially constructed. Adolph, remarking her wonder, exclaimed, with all the conscious superiority of infant knowledge,—

"Ah! if you only saw Sahla! papa's house there is a palace to this, and there are streets, and houses, and a windmill. Oh! this is as shabby mine, not to be compared to dear Sahla!"

As he spoke they entered the house, which consisted of two apartments, one of which, filled with books and instruments of science, was occupied by the inspector, while the other, a sort of kitchen, was prepared for the use of the children. Adolph, after insisting on sharing with his new play-mate (whose slight figure gave her, in male attire, an absolutely childish appearance) a supper somewhat more inviting than the rye bread and black beer she had left behind, complained of being sleepy; and the inspector, pronouncing a grave blessing on his infant head, (in which the good man included his worse than orphan comrade) retired to his own apartment.

No sooner was his father gone, than little Adolph, forgetting his drowsiness, began to tell a thousand stories about Cobolds and Mine-knockers, and good people; all of whom, he said, he saw or heard every night, and from whose visits he hoped the society of a companion would release him.

Ida, too heavy at heart to laugh at the childish list of supernatural acquaintance, had recourse to her rosary, and recommending to the little Lutheran (who had never before seen such a plaything) to say a

prayer for every bead, put him to bed, availing herself of his still unconquered dislike of her complexion to spread her own mattress at a little distance on the floor.

Here, at length, sleep visited her wearied frame, and her slumbers (broken only occasionally by the infant voice of Adolph muttering his childish but efficacious orisons) continued, till she herself was conscious they had been protracted; and, on opening her eyes, fully expected to be rebuked by the bright blaze of day.

It was a painful moment that recalled her, by the darkness around, to a sense of her situation; but impatient to meet Casimir, of whom she had as yet but enjoyed a transient glimpse, conquered her dejection; and, striking a light, she awoke her little companion, and, giving him breakfast (her share of which she reserved to partake of with Casimir), she consigned him to his father, and awaited the arrival of her lover, who had promised to come and conduct her to the scene of their mutual labours. The sight of him in his coarse miner's dress, the paleness of confinement, increased by the rays of the lamp he held in his hand, proved almost too much for her; but his unaltered smile cheered her, and there was a radiance in his bright black eye since yesterday, that spoke of hope and happiness.

Casimir was able to contrive that they should be uninterrupted during a great part of this day, and it was spent in discussing their prospects, and weighing the advantages held out by continued concealment or immediate discovery—the former, exposed to irksome confinement and inevitable delay; but the latter threatened possible destruction to their hopes, and was therefore more formidable. The inspector, though a worthy and humane man, must, as a parent, entertain high ideas of parental authority, and was not likely to sanction the union of an only child without the consent of her father; nay, would probably insist on delivering her up to him immediately. It was, therefore, advisable to endeavour to procure an interest in his breast, by continued kindness to his child; and they agreed, at all events, to defer discovery till the approaching festival should bring down to the mine a priest, to whom, in confession at least, if not otherwise, the secret might be confided.

During the intervening month, Casimir and Ida (whose *tele-a-tele* were usually confined to a few short moments in proceeding to, or returning from, their labour) indemnified themselves for the restraint imposed by the presence of their parties, of establishing, through the interesting child by whom they were almost constantly accompanied, a medium of intercourse as delightful as it was unsuspected.

Tales of love and chivalry, related by Casimir (and which soon eclipsed in the mind of his young auditors the fairy and goblin legends of ruder narrators), found a no less enthusiastic listener in Ida, who saw in her lover the hero of every romance, and read in the perils each experienced for his mistress, a faint recollection of the heroic daring of her own devoted Casimir; while Ida's encomiums on love and constancy—nay, sometimes even her heartfelt expressions of fond attachment to the child on whom they were sincerely lavished, were interpreted as more than half addressed to one who might have found it difficult, under other circumstances, to extort them.

In short, that mental sunshine, which is altogether independent even of the smiles of nature, played so brightly across their darkling path, that each viewed with awe and anxiety the approach of a period which might restore them to light and liberty, at the possible expense of at least a temporary separation.

The festival which was to decide their fate (one of the most solemn of the Romish church), occurred during our visit to the mining district, and we were advised on no account to quit N— without witnessing the brilliant spectacle of the illumination of the mine, and the performance of high mass in its lofty and spacious chapel, whose intrinsic magnificence might put to shame the richest shrines of the upper world.

We went down early in the morning, that the previous splendours of day might not rob the subterranean spectacle of any of its brilliancy; and high as my expectations had been raised, they were not disappointed. The blaze of the torches, reflected by the innumerable particles of silver ore that lined the roofs and walls of the galleries, was absolutely dazzling; while the deep shadows beyond their immediate influence would have been studies for a Rembrandt.

The chapel, when we first looked into it, at that early hour, was crowded with miners waiting for admission to the confessional; among the last of whom I remembered seeing a very dark but handsome boy, leaning against a pillar in evident agitation. I had followed the inspector into some distant workings, to see various effects of light and shadow, and natural phenomena, rendered more apparent by the increased illumination, and did not return till a bell had given notice of the near approach of mass.

The crowd in the chapel was rather increased than diminished; but it had spontaneously divided, leaving at the altar only the venerable white-haired priest, before whom knelt a handsome young miner, and the same slender dusky boy, whose dark skin was now, however, mocked, and betrayed to be fictitious by a redundant profusion of the



finest flaxen hair, which swept as he knelt on the dark rocky floor of the chapel.

Murmurs and whispers ran around the assembly; and on seeing the inspector advance, the priest, in a dignified voice, inquired if any impediment prevented the administration of the sacrament of marriage to the pair now kneeling to receive it—long affianced in the sight of Heaven, and thus miraculously brought together to complete a violated contract?

No one presumed to contravene or question the propriety of the ordinance, till the half-fainting bride, blushing through all her nut-brown dye, glanced at her strange habiliments, and with maiden modesty faltered—

"No—not in these."

The appeal was irresistible; and as soon as mass had been celebrated, a messenger was dispatched by the kind inspector, to the village above, for a female peasant dress of the country; in which Ida looked absolutely enchanting.

It was not alone a bridal dress that this embassy produced. It brought friends to grace the nuptials, whom fate had strangely conspired to bring that day to N—.

Ida had conjured the gipsies to lighten, as soon as possible, her father's anxieties, by acquainting him with her safety, though not with her retreat; but the communication had been delayed, and it was only the appearance of the faithful Natalia, who had remained concealed for some time after her escape from the castle of Metzinska, that at length led him to a knowledge of his daughter's fate.

With a heart softened by long anxiety and parental remorse, he was now arrived at the mouth of the mine, followed by the faithful nurse, and attended by the reconciled Yaninski, who had also at length gained tidings of their brother (whom they concluded in a foreign country with his bride) from one of the banditti who had escaped on the seizure of the others, and was glad to purchase indemnity on his return to his native country such interesting intelligence.

The Yaninski were amply furnished with pardon and letters of habilitation. Stephanoff came loaded with wealth to reward his daughter's benefactors, and rich dresses to adorn her person; but it was in the peasant's dress of the mining district that she gave her hand to Casimir, and in that dress she has sworn to keep the anniversary of the WEDDING UNDER GROUND.

### DIRGE.

By the yet open grave stood the parents, and wept  
For the child that was placed there to moulder—  
For the light that was swept  
From their eyes, and they wept  
That they never again should behold her.

Lo! she passed away, for her days were soon done,  
As the moon that was orb'd and shining,  
As the grass that was mown,  
As the leaf that was blown  
On the waves that were onward declining.

And the whirlwind may roar, and the thunder may rave,  
But it breaks not the sleep of the sleeper;  
For the king and the slave  
Are alike in the grave;

And Death is their gaoler and keeper.

H. W. FRICKER.

**BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.**—A mist having concealed the movement of the French, when the sun shone forth it showed to the astonished Russians, ninety battalions of infantry ranged in two lines to the right, and in face of the great road leading from Brunn to Weschan, forming an acute angle with the road. At the extremity of the angle was an eminence of considerable height, commanding the road, and guarded by a strong detachment of infantry and heavy artillery. The left wing of the French was under Lasnes, whose corps was supported by the whole of the heavy cavalry. Bernadotte led on the centre, composed almost entirely of infantry; Soult had charge of the right wing, stretching towards Brunn, and above one hundred pieces of cannon were placed along the line.

Good sense is as different from genius, as perception is from invention; yet, though distinct qualities, they frequently subsist together. It is altogether opposite to wit, but by no means consistent with it. It is not science, for there is such a thing as unlettered good sense; yet, though it is neither wit, learning, nor genius, it is a substitute for each, where they do not exist, and the perfection of all where they do.

The mob is a monster, with the hands of Briareus; but the head of Polyphemus—strong to execute, but blind to perceive.

### ALICE HOME;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CXXXV.

THE RENUNCIATION.—THE CHALLENGE.—BIGGS'S PLAN TO PREVENT BLOODSHED.

THE letter which caught the eye of Horace Singleton after his interview with Viscount Hilliers, and upon his return to his chambers in the Albany, was, indeed, from Alice Home, as his heart told him the moment he gazed upon its superscription. Most strangely and fully did it turn out all that Margaret had prophesied, and had she, with all her dark and devilish designs crowding round her heart, herself dictated that epistle, she would scarcely have couched it in other words than those which had been wrung from Alice, by the conviction of the perfidy of her lover.

Horace's hands trembled as he opened the letter—a mist swam before his eyes as its first words reached his mind, and he sank into a chair with a deep groan, much to the alarm of Biggs, who ran about the room very anxious to do something extremely efficient, but in his alarm not knowing where he was.

Horace still held the letter in his trembling grasp, and it was some moments before he could find words sufficient to say,—

"Biggs—Biggs. It's all here, and I'm wretched!"

"What's all here?"

"Alice is false! Oh, God! that so much beauty—so much apparent purity of soul—should stoop so low."

"Good God! what has she done now?"

"Read it—read it. I cannot. Biggs—Biggs!—let Margaret Home have been actuated by what motives she may, still she had spoken the truth. There is a confirmation of her words by Alice herself."

"You—you—don't mean that?"

"I do; and three more days shall not dawn upon me in this country."

"Oh, nonsense—nonsense. Let me see."

Biggs picked up the letter, which had dropped from Horace's hand to the floor, and adjusting a pair of green spectacles he had bought the day before of a well-known puffing quack oculist, he read as follows:—

"Lest persevering upon an ignorance and a confidence which no longer exists, Mr. Singleton should fancy himself welcome to visit Miss Alice Home, she writes to say that, baseness and artifice are no longer mere suspicion. Once, and for ever, she declines seeing Mr. Singleton, and has given orders to the servants that he shall never again pollute by his presence the house that she inhabits. Miss Alice Home has to add that, Sir Charles Home fully concurs in her sentiments, and sanctions this irrevocable and unqualified dismissal of one, it would be a disgrace to know."

"Short, and very much to the purpose," said Biggs.

"There," said Horace Singleton. "Can perfidy go further than that? Oh, Biggs—Biggs! I had so set my heart upon Alice Home that to tear her from it, as I must, will break it."

"Rubbish."

"I could have staked my very life upon her earnest simplicity—her angelic innocence—I shall be wretched for life—I shall rush into some of the continental armies, and where war is raging find the death I now court."

"More fool you."

"Biggs—Biggs. You cannot enter into such feelings as mine. You are made up of matters of fact merely. You cannot appreciate the sufferings of such a heart as mine, when it finds its best, dearest idol, but a common image."

"No, thank God, I cannot."

"Then, Biggs, you should not combat the resolutions that arise from feelings of which you have no conception."

"Combat the nonsense," said Biggs. "It's very odd to me that people continually talk of breaking their hearts, and rushing into battles, and courting death, and all sorts of nonsenses for somebody who either don't care a straw about them, or who has turned out to be no better than she should be. Now, I don't like danger of any kind or description; but, if I were seriously to think of making any such sacrifices, it would be for some one who did love me, and whose conduct was quite unquestionable. Now, only think, suppose you had married this young woman, and found out afterwards that she didn't care a straw about you. How green you would have looked."

"Yes—yes; but —"

"Poh—poh—nonsense. Think yourself lucky."



"Lucky, indeed, with all my best affections destroyed."

"All your fiddlesticks destroyed."

"And my heart made a desert."

"Your heart made a Dutch oven. How can you be so uncommonly absurd, Horace? Come, give up the whole affair. Let Sir Charles Home and his daughter plot and plan among themselves and their own connections as much as they like, all the while that you thank your stars you are out of it."

"Still I will fight that supercilious rascal, Viscount Hilliers, who refused me a plain answer to a plain question."

"You will?"

"Indeed, I will."

"Then, Horace, you are a greater goose than I thought you."

"You are very complimentary, Biggs."

"Why, what on earth can you want to risk your life for in this transaction? Let Viscount Hilliers have her. I wish him joy of his bargain. I'm sure I would not change places with him on any account."

"Still I have been aggrieved, and once for all, now, Biggs, without going further in this matter, will you be my second or will you not?"

"I will not. Do you take me for an idiot?"

"Very well. Good morning."

Horace rose and put on his hat.

"Horace—Horace!" said Biggs. "I know you never yet told me an untruth. Are you resolved upon this ridiculous duel?"

"I am determined to redeem my promise with Viscount Hilliers. I intimated to him my intention of challenging him if I should receive such a letter which I have received from Alice Home, and no persuasions on earth shall induce me to break my word."

"Then, I have altered my mind, and will be your second."

"You will?"

"Yes; rather than any one else should; and if you run any real danger," added Biggs to himself, "I'm a fool."

"I am eternally obliged to you," cried Horace, as he drew towards him his writing materials; "Biggs, after all, and with all your eccentricities, you are a true friend. If any fatal result should ensue from the duel, you know you can run away, and live like a petty prince on the continent."

"Thank you—a very petty prince, indeed, I should say. But no matter—don't taunt me, because I am going to be idiot enough to be second in a duel."

Horace Singleton's note to Viscount Hilliers ran thus:—

"MY LORD,—My friend Biggs will be the bearer of this note, and he will arrange with any friend of your own to whom you may be pleased to refer him, the time and place of meeting, at which I expect from you the only satisfaction which I can receive at your hands, for conduct which I need not further particularise than naming it dishonourable.

"I am, my lord, your lordship's obedient servant,

"HORACE SINGLETON."

This epistle he read to Biggs, who held up his hands as he said,—

"Really, Horace, how can you be so far gone? Satisfaction, indeed! What nonsense!" Then he added to himself,—"Well, well—I dare say the other second will be a reasonable man, and then we can manage it as most of these things are managed, by putting nothing but powder and a bit of brown paper in the pistols."

"You will take this, my dear Biggs," said Horace, "to Viscount Hilliers, and see him yourself, when after reading the note he will refer you to a friend, whom you must see immediately, and with whom you must arrange time and place of meeting. You understand?"

"Oh, yes—oh, yes. Don't you think you'll alter your mind? Only fancy a piece of lead coming in among your bowels, and doubling you up!"

"Go—go."

"Or coming with a flop into your mouth, dislodging half-a-dozen of your teeth, or so, and having to be got out at some odd place at the back of your throat by the skillful Mr. Somebody, while you wish yourself dead and buried, and curse yourself for being such a fool. Just amuse yourself with some surgical treatise on shot wounds while I'm gone; and if you don't alter your mind by the time I come back, I'm wrong."

"I shall do no such thing—go along with you."

Viscount Hilliers was in the same elegant dressing-gown, in the same elegant attitude, and partaking of the same sort of elegant *recherche* breakfast, when Mr. Biggs was announced to him as upon the occasion of Horace Singleton's visit. He at once ordered the visitor to be introduced, guessing tolerably accurately the nature of the errand.

The mental cultivation of Viscount Hilliers, considering the soil there was to work upon, had been quite complete in one essential aristocratic respect, and that is, in producing either the reality of a pro-

found indifference to any circumstance at pleasure, or such an affection of that feeling as to stand quite well in lieu of the reality.

Indifference is a fine philosophy, and one which lifts people over many a heart-soreness and many a difficulty. In fact, it can scarcely be too much cultivated, as regards the affairs of the world, and particularly the affections, if one wishes to steer clear of great sorrows at the expense of great pleasures.

Biggs thought to himself that it would be just worth a trial to see if Viscount Hilliers would hinder the meeting, by making an apology; but the result showed how little he calculated upon the effect which the habits and manners of a class have upon an individual. Viscount Hilliers no more thought of shrinking from a duel than from the opera. Yet there was no real courage in the man. He was only the slave of custom.

"Ah!—how do?" he said, when Biggs entered the room. "Chawming day. Be seated."

"Here's a note," said Biggs, handing Horace Singleton's letter; "just read it, and say what you think of it."

His lordship read the note without the slightest alteration of countenance. In fact, when he was half way through it, he stopped short to say,—

"Ah! excuse my rudeness. Have you breakfasted?"

"Long ago," said Biggs. "I don't take my breakfast in the middle of the day."

"Ah—very good."

He then finished reading the epistle; and when he had concluded it he rang a hand bell. A servant appeared, to whom he said, in his usual drawing accents,—

"One of my cards."

"Yes, my lord."

An elegantly embossed card-case was handed to Viscount Hilliers on a silver waiter, and he abstracted one of his cards from the case. Then he scrawled something on the back, and handing it across the table to Biggs, added,—

"I believe that will suffice, Mr. Biggs."

Biggs read the name and address of "Captain Augustus Carnabye, Coldstream Guards, Portman-street."

"Oh!" said Biggs, "this is your friend."

"Exactly."

"Now, my lord, let me ask you, did you ever imagine a bullet in you inside—"

"Good morning, Mr.—a—what's your name," said his lordship, ringing his bell. "Shew this gentleman out, Thomas."

Mr. Biggs even was too indignant at this cavalier-like treatment to remain longer, and he at once left Viscount Hilliers to repair to Portman-street Barracks, in search of the captain who was to act as his lordship's second.

As he was on guard that day, a fact known to the Viscount, he was easily found, and being a gentlemanly man, he received Biggs with great urbanity, saying, when the errand was explained to him,—

"Well, Mr. Biggs, how did this difference arise—what is it all about? Perhaps it may be accommodated."

"Why," said Biggs, "there's a young woman—"

"Oh, stop, stop—that will do. I don't want to hear any more. Affairs about women are never satisfactorily arranged. I name for Lord Hilliers half-past six to-morrow morning, in the ring at Hyde Park."

"But —"

"Good morning, Mr. Biggs—good morning."

## CHAPTER CXXXVI.

### THE RING IN HYDE PARK.—THE DUEL AND ITS RESULTS.

THE rising of a winter's sun is no object of beauty such as would induce people to rise from their beds and seek the open fields to view, and November has no charms either in itself or the productions of nature that would repay any one for the trouble and discomfort of such a voyage of discovery. The weather lately had been somewhat chequered and disturbed, though on the preceding day it had been fine, yet with the qualification of an east wind, which evinced no determination of moving.

Before daylight the scene was one of discomfort everywhere. The ground was moist and cold to the tread, and every footstep was followed by the curious sound of a half deadened splash or a slip, for the grass in Hyde Park, when once thoroughly saturated, remains in that state for some time, especially when the winter begins, and it remains in this state usually until the following spring arrives.

The air was keen and raw, causing the most uncomfortable sensation, while the east wind that blew came along with such intense coldness that caused every individual exposed to its influence to believe they



could escape into a considerably less space than he usually occupied. Such is the usual effect of an easterly wind.

When the first signal in the east of the approach of day became manifest, the tops of the tall trees came into view, but in a mass, and then their dark frowning forms were well calculated to impress the gazer with the notion that the only or principal beauty of a landscape must consist in the number of trees, their size and age.

But this was soon dispelled, for as soon as the light was sufficient to enable one to distinguish objects, the tops and branches of the trees stood out by this light into long and crooked lines of every form and shape, not a leaf was to be seen, they were deprived of all that gave them anything like beauty or appearance.

The cold wind whistled through the leafless branches, giving a sense of still greater discomfort as they who were exposed to it became fully aware of the silent and gloomy prospect of all around them.

Hyde Park in the summer has but little beauty—but in the cold, chill, and dreary winter none at all, when all above, if clear and dry, is cold and comfortless, and below is a collection of soft places that strike a death-like chill to the feet and heart of the unfortunate beings who may venture unadvisedly to such a scene.

Daylight but little mended the matter; a foggy, raw mist arose from the earth, which the east wind was driving before it from one end of the town to the other, but incapable of lifting it up from the dull face of the earth—the warmth sufficient for that purpose being wanted.

It was on such a scene as this that two individuals entered the Park, and slowly stalked across towards the trees nearer Kensington Gardens. The one was taller than the other, and the shorter one waddled over the slippery ground, with an occasional groan on account of this discomfort arising from that cause and the bad weather.

These two individuals were Mr. Biggs and Horace Singleton, who had agreed to meet Viscount Hilliers and his friend, and settle their mutual differences by mortal arbitrement.

"I cannot sufficiently thank you, Biggs, for your conduct on this occasion, so foreign as it is to your usual habits."

"Don't name it," said Biggs; "if a man won't do a trifle for a friend, why it's a hard case, eh, Horace?"

"Yes," replied Horace, "but it seems so singular that I can scarcely believe it."

"Don't doubt it," said Biggs, with a comic air of gravity about him that was extremely singular. "You'll be better, no doubt, when it's all over."

"Better! I may be worse, if I should fall, and such may be my fate, Biggs."

"Don't name it; if you think of it it will only unman you, and prevent you from being fully aware of what you are about. It's horribly cold, and this ground is very slippery: I shall be glad when we are on our way back to the Albany, it will be highly satisfactory."

"There they come," exclaimed Horace. "It's one consolation to have been first on the ground."

"Why, I suppose it is. The most bloodthirsty fellow in all these cases, I believe, is generally considered the finest fellow. But, as you say, here they come, and now for death and destruction, and blood, and all that sort of thing."

"Why, Biggs, are you mad?"

"No; only I think one gentleman ought to have satisfaction of another, and I only devoutly wish he may get it."

"Well, well, Biggs, among the natural phenomena of the season ought certainly to be put down your singular conduct with regard to this duel."

"Exactly; I have no sort of objection to about a pennyworth of powder being exploded, and I'll take good care that no lead has anything to do with it."

This speech Biggs very prudently made *sotto voce*, so that Horace Singleton was left in his bewilderment. He had expected remonstrances out of number from Biggs on the subject of the duel, and now to find himself seconded by him with calmness, and in such a chivalrous spirit, perfectly took him by surprise. Viscount Hilliers, now, and his second, had emerged from among the trees near to Kensington Gardens, and were slowly approaching the part of the park which had been named as the place of meeting—namely, the ring.

This ring in Hyde Park as it was called, was once very celebrated as a place for duels, although now we seldom or ever hear it mentioned at all. It lies between the barracks of the Horse Guards at Knightsbridge and Kensington Gardens, across the park, and is occasionally the spot on which break horses are exercised. In former years, that is to say, half a century ago, it was very secluded, having trees nearly all round it, and being a fine level piece of green sward, admirably calculated for the polite small sword duels, which were then the fashion, and which were, in all respects, so much better than the present pistol practice.

In the first place, to meet a man face to face with a sword, required

a vast deal more courage than to pull a trigger, which any trembling wretch may perform; and in the second place, the wounds were not near so fatal, for no foreign body was left in the wound, as is the case with a pistol bullet.

First blood generally decided the contest, except where the parties were decidedly vindictive, and hundreds of gentlemanly encounters took place which amply satisfied imaginary points of honour, and terminated by a scratch on the arm, or a little puncture somewhere which did no harm whatever.

As duelling is at present conducted, the parties either miss each other altogether in nine cases out of ten, by no bullets being placed in the pistols, or a dangerous wound is inflicted.

Then, too, our ancestors had another capital method of arranging these sword contests sometimes, and that was to make the seconds fight likewise. How many a moustachioed hero would shrink from becoming a "friend" upon such occasions, if he were compelled to prove the sincerity of his opinion as regarded the necessity of some one "going out" by fighting likewise?

Verily there is room for reform in all these things. We think now if the belligerents and their seconds were shut up like some refractory jury without victuals, until they came to some unanimous and peaceable verdict, it would be no bad plan.

But to our story.

Viscount Hilliers, after, by a singular contraction of muscle, in which some people are quite adepts, fixed an eye-glass to his eye, in order to be certain that Horace Singleton was Horace Singleton, made a very ceremonious bow, and then turned upon his heel, leaving the seconds to make their arrangements.

This salutation Horace returned as stiffly as it was given, and then retired likewise a short distance, so that Mr. Biggs and Captain Carnabye had the ground to themselves.

"Good morning, Mr. Biggs," said the captain.

"Good morning," said Biggs. "Here we are all of us, and a nice set of grown up idiots we look, don't we?"

"Sir!"

"Oh, pho—pho. You are a man of the world."

"Really, Mr. Biggs. Good God! don't do that again."

This last sudden exclamation of the captain's arose from Mr. Biggs, with what he considered a very knowing look, giving him a dig in the ribs, as much as to say, now take notice, I'm going to say something uncommonly smart and funny.

"Do you take?" said Biggs.

"Take what?"

"Mum's the word. We can manage it."

"Upon my word, sir, if it were not so early in the morning, I should think you had sat too long after dinner."

"Oh! nonsense. I've got a croquet."

"A good number, I should say."

"Well then, here you have it at once. We won't put any pistols in the bullets—no, I mean bullets in the pistols."

"What?"

"Then you know they may blaze away, and there's no harm done. What a quantity of satisfaction they may have, don't you see? All's right. You are a man of the world, of course."

"Mr. Biggs," said the captain, "you may load your friend's pistols with chaff if you like, I put powder and ball into mine, sir."

"Why—why you don't mean that? Do you think I'd have come here to be second to a real duel? Do I look like a donkey?"

"Yes, sir, you do."

"D—n it, sir, do you want murder to be committed?"

"If you were not too contemptible, I would call you out myself for the insulting proposition you have made. Go to your friend, sir, I will measure the ground. Do not make yourself further ridiculous."

Poor Biggs looked perfectly aghast at this unexpected turn of events, and what to do he knew not, for he had concocted no other plan in case the one of putting no bullets in the pistols should fail.

"Milloa! Horace! Horace!" he shouted. "Run away—don't stop another minute—run—run."

Horace and the whole party looked amazed, while Biggs threw himself into such extraordinary attitudes, that Singleton really thought he had gone mad, and that his strange acquiescence in the duel had been a premonitory symptom of his mental aberration.

"Run—run," he continued. "They will have bullets. Run away. Police—murder—fire! I'm a donkey."

"Good Heavens! what is the meaning of this?" said Horace.

"I can explain," said the captain. "Your second, Mr. Singleton, has proposed to me to load the pistols without balls, and he is thus violent because I would not consent to the proposition."

The colour flashed into Horace's face as he said,—

"Captain Carnabye, will you add to the obligation I am already under to you of loading my pistols for me?"



"I ought not, Mr. Singleton."

"Police!" roared Biggs.

"By Heavens! we shall be interrupted," cried Horace. "Oblige me by completing the arrangements, captain, as quickly as you possibly can."

The captain measured out twelve paces in a few moments, and loaded the two pair of pistols with great despatch. He then placed both the principals in their places, and turning to Biggs, he said, in a loud voice,—

"Now, sir, look to your friend. Fire, gentlemen, when I say thrice."

"No, no," cried Biggs. "Fire be bothered. Murder."

"Once," said the captain.

"Watch!—watch!—murder!"

"Twice."

"Hilloa!—help!—robbery!—fire!—thieves!"

"Thrice!"

"Bang went Viscount Hilliers' pistol, and then Horace deliberately fired his in the air, after which he said, with perfect coolness,—

"Now, my lord, will you answer my question, or shall we have another shot?"

"I will answer," said Hilliers, taking the glass from his eye. "Never by word, look, or deed, did Alice Home encourage any addresses from me. I never offered her marriage, never dreamt of doing so, and if I were I am sure I should be rejected. Good morning, Mr. Singleton, I shall be happy to see you at any time. I think we shall have a fine day now."

(To be continued in our next.)

## A CRIPPLE'S ADDRESS TO HER MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

[The words contained in these lines were really addressed by an afflicted child to her mother.]

Oh, speak to me, dear mother, and let thine eyes of blue  
Beam on me for a moment, with their sweet accustomed hue,  
And let the words of fondness, which I lov'd so much to hear,  
Come soothing o'er this aching heart, which once to thee was dear.

Dear mother, could'st thou raise thine hand, and place it on my head,  
And bless thy forsaken child, neglected now thou'rt dead!  
My father has another child, with eyes of Heavenly hue,  
And his other wife is very fair, but not so fair as you.

And their infant boy they love so much, for me they do not care;  
But then he looks so beautiful, with his pretty curly hair,  
I wonder not they love him so, I do not grieve for that,  
I wish but to be loved again—I want my mother back.

In vain I call thee every day, thou hearest not my cries;  
In vain I daily pray to God to take me to the skies;  
My head it aches with crying, and my heart is worn with grief,  
But 'tis useless crying here, for on earth I've no relief.

I have heard the sounds of laughter, intermix'd with childish joy;  
I've heard my father talk, and play, and bless his infant boy;  
I've listen'd, oh, how anxiously, to hear him ask for me,  
But all in vain—and my poor heart it struggled to get free.

And when one day I woke from sleep, I saw him standing near,  
The colour mantling in his cheek, and in his eye the tear,  
And he kiss'd me many times, and bade me not to cry,  
And trembled much, and grew quite pale, when they told him I  
should die.

And once again he called me those sweet names I loved to hear,  
And said that I was beautiful, and very, very dear;  
But another form came in the room, and I heard words not of love;  
And then he left, and earnestly I prayed to live above.

My prayers were heard, for yesterday they said my days were few,  
And it gave me so much pleasure to think of seeing you;  
Yet death they say is painful, but I will not fear to die,  
If you, my own dear mother, in spirit will be nigh.

And when I'm gone, I wonder if they'll ever think on me,  
And look upon the grassy tomb, which I shall have with thee;  
And perhaps when memory brings to mind the forms once lov'd so  
dear,

Affection's tribute will be ours—the silent sorrowing tear.

HENRY BOND.

To subdue passion, and to regulate desire, is the greatest task of man as a moral agent.

## HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

UNDOUBTEDLY—we never meant to deny it—anniversaries are pleasant enough, in their way. It is true, perhaps, that if our wishes could have an effect in the matter, we might rather desire them not to come quite so rapidly as they do of late, thus huddling on each other as if the space between them had undergone abridgment, and as if years, like ourselves, as they grow older, are liable to shrinkage. There is no audible call for despatch in this particular, and thus to mount the months upon a locomotive, to sweep by in such undignified haste that they are gone almost before we are able to avail ourselves of their services,—which every one must have observed to be peculiarly the case since steam became the fashion and hurry the order of the day,—is annoying to people of leisurely habits, who like to deliberate before they act, and to consider consequences in advance of the deed, instead of afterwards, according to modern usages.

To our fancy, the slow year—the year in hoop, powder, and buckles—in full decorum and expansion—was a much more respectable personage than such years as we have now; years which have changed the minutest measure of their ancestors for a hop, step, and jump, not to be set down as otherwise than an abomination. We hate to be jostled and pushed from our propriety, and though it is admitted to be true that "here to-day and gone to-morrow," is symbolical of human existence, this incessant bustle of preparation causes an absorption of the day in the morrow. There is no "to-day"—scarcely the fragment of an afternoon; nothing but beginnings and endings, without an intervening pause for thought.

Still, however, as you say—as all the world says—these anniversaries are pleasant things; not emphatically pleasant, but pleasant, with no particular stress upon the word. They will intrude into our company, you know, without ceremonious observances. It is not easy to shut the door in the face of old Time, nor is it of avail to reply "not at home" to the New Year; and in emergencies of this kind, when there is no help, we cannot probably do better than insist upon it downright—to ourselves and to other people of less importance—that the inevitable visitant is under our patronage, and has agreeable points about him. Marvels are to be accomplished in regard to such convictions, by dint of perseverance. Resolve upon it that you shall think so, and you will think so—sooner or later. Only want to think so, and the object is more than half achieved.

We are very docile to ourselves, and in an internal dispute, inclination is so fertile in argument that it becomes "useless to talk." The fair lady at last confessed that John Wilkes had a squint—the aberration from the true line was too evident to be denied—but then, she had prevailed on herself to admire even his defects, and she qualified her unwilling admission by declaring that, to her view, "Mr. Wilkes did not squint more than a gentleman should."

And so, these anniversaries are pleasant things. There is a little of a sinister expression in their aspect, no doubt—father Saturn is charged with a disposition to devour his children—but we will set it down as a peculiarity which is rather attractive than otherwise—a romantic interest, such as that which envelopes gentlemen of the "suspicious look," who combine the bully and the beau in, so just an equivoque, that they command success and enforce admiration.

No one pretends to assert, at least, that it is not a source of pleasure to meet with friends, on a festive occasion—provided always that we have friends and possess a fondness for festivities. To give and to receive tokens of love and amity, affords refreshment to the spirit. The heart is cheered by smiling faces and the voice of joy, and it is not to be disputed that dining well is a circumstance by no means repugnant to the ordinary constitution of human nature, nor repugnant at the moment, though sometimes apt to entail remorseful reminiscences.

There is a period also, in our terrestrial career, when the dance comes not amiss, even if we should chance to feel a little dull upon it, when the next day sun peeps in at us; and, indeed, it may be conceded that all the incidents of the holiday season and anniversary return—very nearly all—are decidedly pleasant—bright, to anticipate—happy in fruition, and well enough in the retrospect. Let us then look gaily on the approach of the "happy New Year," when we rejoice by tradition, and take up the echo of old Time, that it may reverberate to posterity. Our merry makings now, are the connecting link between the past and the future.

We are told, moreover, that it is not the part of true wisdom to be strict in the analysis of our pleasure, and that he is more of a simpleton than a philosopher, who stops in the midst of his mirth to ascertain by critical inquiry, whether, after all, there be anything to laugh at. And, in fact, if it is our purpose to extract from life as many agreeable sensations as it is capable of affording, we must content ourselves with being entertained, and not insist too strenuously that the cause shall be in strict proportion to the effect. Nor can it be regarded as altogether a



matter of sagacity to pass much time in endeavouring to discover what we have to be unhappy about to-day. There are annoyances enough of the unavoidable and intrusive sort—vexations which will, of their own impulse, be in attendance, independent of a call—without a recourse to the muster roll of grievance, to select a pet sorrow as our special companion. And to search for a discomfort, merely to bring it in action as a means of self-disturbance, may be courageous, but it is, for the most part, an unprofitable exhibition of valour.

There is abundant room for the exercise of the passive virtues, without this continued practice upon our fortitude. Nevertheless, there are occasions when fevers of this peculiar type have their advantages, and when, from unknown causes, be they moral or physical, a diffused irascibility pervades the individual—when we go to rest in gloom and arise in sulkeness—it is a wholesome operation that the disorder should be localized, and that some particular point should be presented, no matter what, on which the pent-up fury may have vent. For example, if a gentleman, in the morning, should chance to be overheard in addressing harsh and uncivil words to his slippers, and in speaking with unkindness and disrespect to his boots, those with whom he is likely to come in contact at subsequent hours, have reason to rejoice that the superfluous electricity with which he was troubled, has wreathed itself upon inanimate objects. A living creature has, in all likelihood, had a fortunate escape. The slipper anticipates a contention—a boot may have frustrated a duel, and deprived surgery of a subject.

Should any lady apostrophize the unlucky broom, which careless hands have left upon the stair, or should she, in sparkling monologue, comment on other oversights in housewifery, which meet her early eye, do not repine at wasted energy or at eloquence scattered to the unheeding air. It is a mercy, though you think it not, and power remains for all needful purposes.

Occurrences of this description are, however, but exceptions to the comprehensive rule, and are not to be elevated to the station of a general example. They are not to be pleaded, certainly as a justification of indiscriminating cynicism, or as palliating the propensity to seek for faults and to spy out defects.

But yet, as concerns holidays in general—as involves the merits of New Year's days and birthdays in particular—we are little disposed to be captious and hypercritical—but still, it must be acknowledged, with all due deference to sounder judgment and more enlarged experience, that when they are regarded apart from their futilities, and the sophistication is dispensed with—when they lay aside hat, cloak, and feathers, the comeliness, as in other instances, not lying under present notice, measurably disappears, and as they sit down with us quietly by the fireside, it would be difficult perhaps conscientiously to assert, that the sensation is that of unmixed delight, or that the satisfaction would have been much less had their coming been delayed somewhat—not from a dearth of hospitality—not that we are altogether averse to this stranger presence; but from a vague impression that we are not fully prepared for such distinguished company, and would like to be a little more economical in joys of this description—not quite so many birthdays, and a thought less, if we may so express it, of the New Year. Let children be impatient—we can wait well enough; and though it be an axiom that time is money, we care not thus to exercise our arithmetic in its computation—like Hamlet, we are “ill at these numbers.” The observant eye may have noted, too, that with its increase of chronological wealth, the world grows miserly in the accumulation of its anniversary amounts—that it hides them, as it were, in unnoticed crannies and disregarded chinks, and that, as the sum grows larger, it shrinks from every allusion to its doubtful riches, as if there were robbers here, to “steal our years away.” Nor can it have escaped intelligent remark, that there are those among us—respectable people, not incompetent to a gig, if, indeed, they may not justly aspire to a pair of horses—persons not to be suspected, under ordinary circumstances, of a basis towards larceny, who do not scruple to plunder themselves of their historical position, and who, since it would be a work beyond their powers to suppress the first of January outright, rather do contrive to wink strangely when the day that gave them birth rolls by, as if they had forgotten its distinctive features, and felt no gratitude for the favour it conferred, in the far distant past.

Since such facts are facts, not to be controverted, how happens it that at these moments, a really reluctant people are called upon to rejoice, in assumed jollity and forced smiles? Is it done to drive away care, or is it, after all, a joke—an invocation to merriment and convivialities; we address the question to the common sense of everybody—is it a joke—we mean, a very good joke—a joke to make us frisk, and give us a spasmodic twinge in the side—to peep into the mirror, and to count upon the cheek and brow, the additional flourishes of time's villanous cramped penmanship? We speak not in regard to connoisseurship or dillettanteism; but are you, in your heart, fond of the study of these ungraceful hieroglyphics? Would you not prefer engrossments on other parchment? A majestic brow is admirable in a

statue,—a fine phrenology may be a letter of recommendation; but it is yet to be made manifest that musings upon a wig, or meditations about the approaching necessity for a “scratch,” ever provoked a smile in him who was compelled to entertain them. Lear thought it flattery—but he was singular in his opinion—to be told that his beard was white, and it would perhaps move surprise, if there were an issue of invitations to celebrate the arrival of grey hairs. There are methods to create hunger when the appetite is disposed to sleep; but why it should render us eager for comfits and confections, because another round has been completed—because, though the jubilant be a year older, he is scarce a minute wiser—nearer the end of his career, yet not a penny richer—as full of sin and folly as before, but with much less time for repentance and amendment,—would puzzle Abernethy himself to explain. There is, besides, a sad waste of gunpowder, and the loud rattle of firearms, hereabouts, and it may be appropriate to let off a blunderbuss as the old year expires. There are instances, no doubt, in which that weapon would be characteristic.

Look ye, too, where comes the forgotten tailor, the neglected hatter, the unsought shoemaker, with a long line of others who have administered to your convenience—see them approach, not perhaps having “fire in each eye,” but certainly with “paper in each hand,” to bring you to a settlement—a winding up of old affairs, preliminary to a new onset. Do you find that funny, friend—heedless, thoughtless, perhaps careless friend? Now, you perceive the moral of the matter—now, you obtain a glimpse of the special mission of this holiday; and the pecuniary settlement to which the time is subject, is but a type of the more impressive settlement which the occurrence of the day should impose upon us. If it be well performed, then, indeed, have we reason to rejoice.

It has struck you often, in moments of calmness and reflection—after disappointments and in grief—in those minutes when the flush of enjoyment had faded to a sombre hue, and self-estimation had proportionably subsided, that there were changes in your own character and disposition which might be made to advantage. It would have been resented if another had said as much; for you then thought, and still think, it may be mistakenly, that these defects were only apparent in full to their owner. Still, however, the amelioration was resolved upon. At first, it was to begin “now.” Then came cares and pleasures; a little postponement was granted, and this great work, if we are not much in error, lies in the dusty corners of your determination, quite unfinished. Could you not take it up to-day?—a more fitting time is not likely to present itself.

Somebody has frequently promised—but, after the cautious fashion of Sir Giles Overreach, “we name no parties”—has promised very distinctly to himself—and there is no one with whom it would be more to his advantage to keep faith, that the New Year shall find him, in many respects, a new man. Do you know such a person—a friend, a brother, a lover, or a husband, who has done this, in the view of evil habit, of indolence, of ill-temper, of any of the thousands of temptations and of faults which beset the human family? Strengthen his will; give encouragement to his weakness. He may chance to need it.

And then, it may not be too much to assume, that, perfect as we are, there is no want of certain pestilent imps who find places in our train, and are ever on the alert for mischief,—saucy companions, of whom we would gladly be rid, but that they take us by surprise, and await not the chastisements of our regret—little petulances, which, at times, prompt us to wound those who love us best—small discontents, which seek expression in embittered words—unrecognized envies, which lacerate the heart, and disturb repose, leading to uncharitable thoughts, and unkindly judgments—petty jealousies, have we not, rendering us unreasonable, querulous, and ill at ease? Such restless spirits swarm the air, causing endless complications of annoyance. Let them, this day, be summoned to your footstool, to meet discharge, and, above all things, let us impress it on your mind, to scan their faces closely. They are adroit at a disguise, and often elude the most careful watch; so that we know them not but in their effects, and by the sorrows they are apt to leave behind.

If such be our policy, as the substratum of our merriment, and the under-current to our mirth, and if we can find nerve enough to accomplish but a part of what is deemed desirable,—if each new year is thus assured of meeting with us so much wiser, and, therefore, happier, for wisdom is but happiness after all,—than any of its predecessors, we shall “better brook the loss of brittle youth,” and meet the onward tide of time with buoyant hearts and an unshrinking hope—satisfied with the present, and with no terrors for the future.

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.—A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill of a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber, by three physicians, how to “cure the fever and abate the thirst.” “Gentlemen,” said he, “I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself.”



## HECTOR MELVILLE;

A SCENE AT SAINT SEBASTIAN.

In the year 1813, it will be remembered, after the British had been repulsed with heavy loss, in an attempt to take St. Sebastian, and expel the French, that it became necessary to make approaches with great caution, and even to incur a severe sacrifice of lives in the final attack, on August 31st, when the town fell into the hands of the assailants. Hector Melville commanded a company in an English regiment of foot on this occasion, and gathered a rich harvest of glory, not as a soldier only, but by his calm intrepidity in rescuing many from the jaws of a more dreadful death than even of that by the sword; for a devastating fire that broke out in the town, joined to the preceding bombardment, laid it almost entirely in ashes, when many who escaped the carnage of the latter, were consumed by the former. In his great work of humanity, Captain Melville was fortunate enough to succour and save the inhabitants of one of the principal houses in St. Sebastian, by lowering them from an elevated part of the mansion, while the flames were raging throughout the whole of the lower floor, and threatening instantly to engulf the whole mass. In this meritorious service, the lives of Donna Francesca—her mother, the late-made widow of Don Leon, who had fallen in defence of his country, fighting against the common enemy, and those of two female servants were saved;—although their deliverer had the misfortune, in his own hurried descent, which had been delayed till every one in the house had previously escaped, to fall and meet with a shocking fracture. Need I say that Donna Francesca was young and lovely?—or tell how long the gallant captain found an asylum where she and her widowed mother found a home? They were rich and highly respected in St. Sebastian, and by the time their deliverer's wounds were healed, was it strange that he should become the husband of the laughing and lovely Francesca, who, as she threw aside her soft and heavy sables, would banter him for his English gravity; and challenge him to fling it away, as she would her raven hair.

Yet Francesca was gentle and quiet, and her gaiety always that of a feminine spirit. She was also most lively in those delightful seasons, when to enjoy is to obey. To her parents she had ever been the most affectionate and docile of daughters; and, when she transferred her allegiance to the English soldier, it was as unlimited and confiding. On the eve of her marriage, however, she had to sustain a struggle of affections, such as she had hitherto been a stranger to, and which on the day when the love secret was confided to her parent, was thus evinced:—"I can only weep, not wonder, my fair girl," was the tearful remark of her mother, as she glanced from her lovely daughter to Melville, upon whom she leaned; "I might have foreseen this; nevertheless, I could have wished it had been otherwise. Poor girl! she little divines the miseries she will have to encounter as a soldier's wife."

"Miseries! dearest mother," Francesca ejaculated; "this from you who are the widow of a hero?"

"My child," resumed the mother, striving to subdue the emotion, "can you wonder that I deprecate for you the anguish which I can so well understand? But dry your tears, Francesca. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will watch over my child, and not bereave me utterly in my old age."

Hector Melville became Francesca's husband. By this time there was a breathing time of peace over Europe, nor did he once visit his native home—for he was an orphan, and the son, too, of a Highland soldier, although from his earliest years he had been the adopted of an uncle in the metropolis of the British empire; but the derangement of that uncle's affairs, and his subsequent death, had left our hero with nothing but his sword and his honour, and where else should he have lived, but with his chosen for life.

There was a breathing-time of peace when Melville's services in the field were not required. But this was not to last for ever; and one day as Francesca was jesting with her "holiday soldier," as she was wont to call her husband, on the pardonable vanity with which he was donning his gay garb for some military pageant, the spell was rudely broken, as he hastily perused a document which was put into his hands by one, who rode off like a being on a mission of life and death.

"You have received pleasant news, it would seem," said Francesca, as she looked up from her sleeping babe to the excited countenance of her husband.

A sudden shadow overcast his brow, and the look which he turned upon her was so sad, that she hastily deposited the sleeping child in its little couch, and approached her husband.

"My poor Francesca!" said he, fondly, "truly, I forgot that the news which gladdened me would cost you some tears; and yet, we should have remembered, that one day of parting must come."

"Of parting, Hector!" exclaimed she; "talk not to me of parting; I can bear anything but that."

"Nay, nay, my own Francesca; remember, that you are not only the wife, but the daughter of a soldier—you must not unman me by this ungoverned emotion."

"What an awful remark, Melville," murmured the young mother, with a slight shudder; "you should have said, the orphan of a soldier—soon, perhaps, to be the widow of another, for I need not words to tell me that you would part from me only for scenes of bloodshed and death."

"Francesca," said the soldier, with gentle firmness, "my military career has lately been nothing but one of glitter, and I have been foremost in every pageant held in St. Sebastian, because you feared my English gravity would degenerate into moroseness and melancholy. It has been my study, as you could never desire anything but what was innocent and becoming of me, to yield uniformly to your fancy. But now, when the highest duties make their claim upon me, and I am so far honoured as to be thought of in England, and my services to be desired, you would not have me to be a laggard."

"No, Melville, I could better survive your death than your disgrace;—and yet—" here Francesca buried her face upon his breast, and he felt her tears fall like rain. "And yet, you are a woman," answered he, "and you would forego the glory to evade the danger. But this must not be; there is a watchful Providence over us; let us do our duty; and, trusting that the consequences will be for the best, look brightly to the future."

And yet, when the time of departure came, he, too, found the pang of parting for the first time from his beloved wife, more bitter than he had anticipated. A thousand bright dreams of honour and renown were in his fancy, but Francesca was in his heart. Yet it was finally settled, that she should not accompany him farther than the gate by which he was to leave St. Sebastian, with some veteran volunteers that were desirous of once more evincing their bravery against the common enemy, who, having escaped from Elba, had set Europe again on fire.

The moment of parting between Captain Melville and his wife came at length. He had lingered until the last; he had seen the tardiest of the troops defile from the town to embark with him first of all for England. And yet he paused. It was a bitter moment: his pale and trembling wife leaned her head upon his shoulder in speechless anguish. The gate was gained. He dared not attempt to prolong their separation longer; with gentle violence he released himself from her encircling arms.

"Nay, not here," she wildly shrieked; but the soldier could hear her no more, for he sprang from her—the gates were closed—nor did he trust himself with one backward look.

Hector Melville fought and bled at Waterloo; he returned to his faithful Francesca; and if she shed a few natural tears over his wounded arm as she arranged the sling that supported it, in a way that it had never before been placed, she also poured out her full heart in thankfulness to Him who had "tempered the wind to the shorn lamb," and restored to her the father of her child.

## WOMAN'S TRUTH.

Woman's truth and woman's love,  
Trusting ever,  
Faithless never,  
Blest on earth, is blest above.  
Minist'ring oft in sorrow's hour,  
Loving truly,  
Fondly, duly,  
Proving e'er affection's power.  
Guarding well the hallowed flame,  
Burning brightly,  
Daily, nightly,  
Knoweth she reproach nor shame.  
Ne'er forgetting, ne'er forgot—  
Richest treasures,  
Joyful pleasures,  
Ever be her happy lot.

**BURNING THE DEAD—ANTIQUITY AND ORIGIN OF THE PRACTICE.**  
—The reason assigned for this custom, was, that by burning the body, all rage and malice, the general issues of hatred and vanity, and which often survived their object, were checked and prevented. This, however, was rather in consequence than the origin of the custom.

**KING GEORGE THE SECOND** having ordered his gardens at Kew and Richmond to be opened for the admission of the public during part of the summer, his gardener, finding it troublesome to him, complained to the king that the people gathered the flowers. "What!" said the monarch, "are my people fond of flowers? Then plant some more."



**MIRANDA;**  
OR,  
**THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.**  
A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER CXXXV.

THE APPOINTMENT BETWEEN TWITTER AND VARLEY.—THE THAMES  
AT NIGHT.—THE LONELY SPOT.

THE season now was far advanced, the sun sank dimly beneath the horizon, and day closed early; the long evenings were now setting in—lights and lamps were now the glory and pride of London.

The long avenue of lamps that now held an unbroken course from Holborn, down Fleet market, Bridge-street, and Blackfriars-bridge, and thence all the way down the road till it terminated in a circle, from which ran several roads, shewed in a magic line, giving forth light and animation to a scene that would otherwise have been dark and possessed of no charms to the many busy men who perambulated about as if they never tired or thought of rest.

To these might be added, and no insignificant addition either, the many strong lights thrown from the shop-windows, whose owners had arranged their goods and light in the most attractive form, and which, consequently, threw a broad glare of light often, at least, half across the road, and far on either side, which being met by the light from other shops formed a goodly stream of light, and when viewed from the bridge, gave a rich and warm appearance to the otherwise blackened view.

It was like looking into "blackest midnight" and beholding the eccentricities of a world of beings living by artificial light—some of the old tales of dwarfs and brownies would recur to the mind and become realities, and the busy beings below would appear like the "little men" who are doomed to be ever toiling not for their own good or of their free wills, but, for the benefit, and under the surveillance of some capricious and hard-to-be-pleased giant.

All things and everybody bore a midnight and secret air about them; you could scarcely know your most intimate friend—especially as they, that is all that could—were wrapped and buttoned up in such guise that they might escape the keen and cold air of the night.

The clock of St. Paul's boomed forth the hour of eight, its dull, heavy, but sonorous sound vibrated long on the night air, and could be sensibly felt long after the last stroke had been dealt by the hammer. The clocks of the various churches chimed forth the hour in shriller and more acute tones, and then died upon the air; but the vibration of St. Paul's clock remained long after the sounds of the metropolitan churches had ceased; its majesty of tone was unrivalled, and the last tremulous ring in the air was borne away by the light breeze that swept through the city.

Blackfriars-bridge on a dark night, when the air is cold and thin, and when a light east wind springs up and sweeps the principal thoroughfares and the river for its whole length, is not the warmest or the most comfortable spot in which to wait, or to stroll about in; but yet, up to this time, there had been waiting near the centre of the bridge, a tall, gaunt man, wrapped in a cloak, and soon after the hour had spoken out of so many mouths, slowly left the spot and descended the stairs leading to the water's edge, but standing on the first landing about half-way down.

There he mused for a time, and a dark smile crossed his sallow features, and an expression shot from his eye that would have appalled the soul of any man who had suddenly witnessed it for the moment.

This was Bernard Varley, who, not knowing well what moment Samuel Twitter might, in the agony of his spirit, arrive at the appointed place, came much before the time in order to prevent his cooling over his half-made promise; and the untimely appearance of the night and water, he thought might induce him, Twitter, to repent, and quit the spot, which if he, Varley, were present, might possibly be prevented.

Twitter was not yet come, and Bernard Varley paced the few yards backwards and forwards for some time in deep thought, and then he leaned with his back against the bridge, and was lost in deep contemplation of the dim obscurity that enveloped the river.

"The night is dark and cold," he muttered; "so much the better—we shall meet with fewer obstacles—fewer craft will be on the river, and the gloom that shrouds everything around will strike terror to the heart of the cowardly wretch, and he will be an easier victim than I expected to find even him. The tide is running up, and the wind blows up the river—it will be easy work—a sail—ay, that must be it—cars will not do, I will steer the boat, and Master Samuel Twitter shall

mind the sail—yes, he can trim a sail doubtless. This night appears as if specially appointed for such purposes as that which I have in hand."

He walked down to the water's edge, and looked on the stream as it silently glided by, its deep calm bosom here and there slightly ruffled as the waters struck against some impediment in their course, such as the arches of the bridge, a moored boat, or lighter; but passing these they again flowed swiftly and silently by.

"Yes," resumed Varley; "a better night for such a work could scarce be found. I trust he will not fail—it is a pity he should miss so fair an opportunity of quieting all his fears and troubles for the future."

Varley turned towards the stairs and ascended them to the top, and then he gazed around him. The distant lights appeared to burn more brightly, and seemed to throw out a ruddier glare of light since he looked upon the dark and silent stream below.

"He comes—he comes!" he muttered to himself, but in such a tone of inward satisfaction, that at once betrayed the deepest resolution of his heart, and a brighter gleam of fiendish gladness shot from his eyes, and he crept close beneath the shadow of the balustrades.

At some distance was the figure of a man, whose irresolution was apparent from the very mode in which he made his way towards the spot where Varley stood, but where he was not seen. He walked forward for a few yards, but at a slow varying pace, and ever and anon he would come to a halt, as if he debated in his own mind the propriety of returning.

But again he would move forward, and again the same process would be gone through ere he would advance many paces, and all this was done with such an air of secrecy, as if he were fearful lest he should be seen, which induced many persons to look after him with curiosity, to know what a man so acting could mean.

At length, however, Samuel Twitter arrived at the head of the stairs, and peering down towards the water and seeing no one, he said,—

"I wonder if Varley will come; he's not here. Well, I'm glad of it; I have kept my promise, and he cannot complain if I refuse to come again, since he keeps not his time. It is dark, cold, and gloomy; I am very glad he is not come."

"But I am come, Samuel Twitter," said Varley, stepping out from his place of concealment.

Twitter started back with a half-scream, and showed an inclination to quit the spot with much precipitation; but Varley said,—

"I am glad too to see that you are so punctual and ready, Samuel Twitter; it will be a matter of congratulation to yourself at a future time if you ever think of this night again, to know it was the means of rescuing as both from many difficulties and dangers, and that this night's work enabled me to settle definitively with you."

"True, Varley, very true," replied Twitter, whose teeth chattered with cold and fear; "but do you intend to go on the river such a night as this—so cold, so dark, and so severe?"

"Yes, Samuel Twitter; do you think that Rowland Percy would wait where he is as if he had to keep an appointment with me for his own benefit, instead of being hanged, as he assuredly will, if, with your assistance, I can secure him, and safely bring him to town?"

"With my assistance, Varley? I cannot do much, and it's so cold that I can scarce stand. Think better of it, and let the officers take him themselves—it is their business, and not ours; what else are they for?"

"Samuel Twitter, do you not know that so long as Rowland Percy is at large so long are we in danger of being hanged,—ay, hanged—would that have any charms for your mind, Samuel Twitter?"

Twitter shook his head with a groan, and Varley then went on,—

"Besides, were he safely disposed of, I tell you again, that the Grange estate shall be sold for what it will fetch, and then I shall settle my account with you, which you know, Samuel Twitter, I could not do else."

"But will you really sell the Grange estate? If I could believe that you meant me fairly, Varley, with what pleasure could I go with you? I fear—I fear—"

"What can you possibly fear from me, Samuel Twitter—are we not as brothers?"

"Brothers, Varley, brothers?"

"Ay, brothers in crime, you know at least."

"I didn't do the—"

"Murder," added Varley; "no—I know you did not; but you could not well tell what my share was, save at the expense of your life or liberty, which would be the same in a short time; we are both, therefore, deep enough in this affair to make it desirable that we should act fairly to each other, so that we may, if we choose, part from each other, and have the choice of living in separate countries; and thus put it out of the power of either to injure the other by accident or design. This, I believe, is for the good of us both. Your intellect, Samuel Twitter, must surely at once, and in strong colours, show you that I am acting for your benefit equally with my own."



"Well," said Twitter, "when shall we go? but you are sure that you will sell the Grange, and give me my share of the produce?"

"I will—I will, by all that I hold, or ever did hold sacred, do as I have promised you, if you fairly assist me as I require of you."

They turned down the steps and proceeded to the foot of the stairs, and getting into a boat, desired to be taken to Searle's boat-house, Lambeth.

They now silently glided over the bosom of the Thames towards their destination, which they were not long in reaching, as the tide went with them.

"Now," said Varley to Twitter, as they quitted the boat, "we will have a sail, you can manage that very well, and I will steer; there is only a light breeze, which will render it perfectly safe."

To this arrangement Twitter proposed no objection—indeed, he would rather it were so, since the labour was less, and Samuel Twitter hated labour. Ere long, they were suited, and a sail was hoisted for them. Twitter stepped into the boat, and Varley followed, seating himself in the stern to take the helm. In a few moments more they had gained the stream, and the light wind filled their sail, and away they went towards Richmond.

The night was very cold and dark, the red glare of the buoys, and the lights from the shore looked dim and distant, which seemed to make their position the more lonely and cheerless.

There were but few craft on the water, and after they passed Vauxhall Bridge, they met with scarcely a boat of any denomination.

Twitter's mind was a prey to a thousand torturing reflections; he noted all that would conduce or assist in the commission of such a crime as that which Varley meditated, while Varley himself was well noting all that passed around—the position he occupied on the river—the spot—the lamps—and, lastly, Twitter himself, occupied no small share of his thoughts; for he had seen, by the light at the boat-house, the stock of a pistol protruding from under his waistcoat; of this, however, he took no notice whatever.

They now passed Battersea Bridge—here the river was very wide, and not a boat was to be seen. On the right lay a piece of low, swampy ground, on which grew tall trees, and, in the summer, parts were cultivated with vegetables, but which was now scarcely to be approached. On this spot Varley fixed his eyes, and calculated chances.

## CHAPTER CXXXVI.

### THE MURDER.—THE DEATH STRUGGLE.—THE LAST SHRIEK.

Twitter's uneasiness had evidently been on the increase from the moment of starting until the present time; he each moment more and more in his own heart cursed his folly for trusting himself with Bernard Varley, and under such favourable circumstances for the commission of some act of desperation, which should at once hurry him from the world and all its anxieties, a consummation which Twitter by no means devoutly wished; for, like most men, who have perpetrated, or assisted in the perpetration of great crimes, he shrunk from death as the greatest of all possible evils.

Moreover there was, or he thought there was, which was quite sufficient, a lurking mysterious meaning in every word Varley uttered. Once or twice, too, he caught the dark flashing eye of his master in iniquity glaring upon him, so that, altogether, Samuel Twitter was about as uncomfortable during his aquatic excursion, as any one could very well be under any circumstances whatever, and most devoutly did he wish it over.

The part of the river they were at was not overburdened with houses on its banks, so that it was only occasionally that a gleam of light shone upon the water, and gave poor Twitter a ray of comfort, for he thought that Varley would surely attempt nothing while there were human beings sufficiently near to be cognisant of the cry of distress.

"This is rather a lonely spot," remarked Twitter. "Are we near the place of our destination?"

"I trust so," was the reply. "The inquiry, Twitter, is a more profound one than you intended it."

"Profound!"

"Yes, Samuel Twitter; for putting aside the fact, that we are all near our destination—I mean the grave—some of us may be much nearer it than others. The most cunning of us, Samuel Twitter, in a moment of inattention, will do things that life would be too short to repent of."

"Yes," groaned Twitter; "you've grown quite metaphysical lately, it's not a pleasant subject."

"And yet," said Varley, as if pursuing quite an abstract chain of reasoning—"what is death but a release from worldly troubles,—and which of us are without troubles?"

"Very true," said Twitter, trembling so violently that he shook the

sail. "I don't mind putting up with my troubles though a little longer; besides, you know, Varley, it's very unmanly indeed, to fly from one's troubles."

"Ay, true—but why do you keep your hand so constantly in the breast of your coat?"

"My hand—the breast of my coat? Oh, oh! for nothing."

"You look suspicious, Samuel Twitter. What a curious calculation it would be to consider if you could gain most by murdering me, or I the most by murdering you."

"Very," cried Twitter, with a deep groan; "more curious than pleasant a great deal."

"Indeed!"

"Why—why—where are you going, Varley; why—why don't you keep the middle of the river? Good gracious! where are you steering?"

"I like this side of the river, especially in a quiet spot like this, where one can indulge in pleasant imaginations without interruption."

The boat now moved slowly and languidly through the tangled weeds, among which Varley had steered it, and Twitter half drew the pistol from his bosom, as he expected each moment that a desperate attempt was about to be made against his life. The spot was very dark, but the distance between those two guilty men in the boat was so short, that Varley could easily perceive the action of Twitter, and if he persevered in his intention of attempting his destruction, he felt the necessity of securing the weapon with which Twitter was armed, as a preface to any other hostile movement.

"Nay, now," he said, "I was foolish to steer in here, for we have got entangled among the weeds, and I must use the skulls with which we are happily provided, to row us out. Step over here and do you take the helm."

"Eh? step over there? I'm rather nervous, and think I can't."

"You think you cannot?"

"Ye—yes, Varley; just manage the helm yourself; I am so cold I couldn't move on any account, besides you are—that is nothing."

By what he thought a very dexterous movement, Twitter got the pistol completely from his breast, and hid it beneath the skirts of his coat, but the manœuvre was not executed so quickly as to escape Varley's notice, and he said—

"Well, Twitter, at least the sail must come down, so let us see your seamanship in accomplishing that."

Twitter looked up hopelessly at the sail, for he had about as much an idea of how to pull it down, as how to manage a man-of-war.

"Ah, now, Twitter," said Varley, as by a movement of one of the skulls he hit him a great rap on one side of the head. "You're but a clumsy sailor, but perhaps you think life is too short to make it worth while to learn everything."

"Keep off—keep off," cried Twitter, in an agony of terror and pain; "keep off, Bernard Varley, d—n it! keep off. I may be a fool for trusting myself here with you; but I am a desperate and dangerous one. Keep off, I say, keep off."

He held out the pistol as he spoke, steadying it with both hands, and pointing it as correctly at Bernard Varley's head as his nerves, and the little light there was, would permit him.

"Why, Twitter," said Varley, "are you mad, what is the meaning of all this show of violence?"

"It's loaded to the brim," said Twitter; "get out of the weeds—go home, no nonsense, Varley: I tell you it's loaded to the brim."

"This is strange conduct," added Varley, as he pretended to make great efforts to get out of the side of the river, "this is very strange and ungrateful conduct, I really —"

While he spoke, Varley had been artfully getting one of the skulls in a position for effective use, and at this moment, with a sudden swing of it, he struck Twitter's arm, throwing himself back in the boat, simultaneously, or rather a little before the blow. Partly with the sudden fright, and partly under the influence of pain, for the edge of the skull had struck his wrist very sharply, Twitter pulled the trigger of the pistol, a tremendous report followed, and a strange shower of some sort of missiles from the weapon, for Twitter had really loaded it to the muzzle, passed over Varley's face, within an inch of his most prominent feature.

This was just what Varley wanted; that is to say, that Twitter's pistol should be discharged, and harmlessly. It screwed up his courage to the sticking-place, and it took away, too, from the murder he contemplated, much, if not all, of its cold-blooded atrocity, since he could now almost persuade himself that Twitter was the aggressor, and had tried first to take his life before he, Varley, made any hostile movement whatever.

Abandoning rudder and skulls, with an oath, he rushed upon Twitter, and in an instant had him by the throat.

"Villain!" he cried; "no power on earth or hell shall save you; you are a dead man."

"Help! help! murder," shrieked Twitter. His voice rung over the



water wildly and fearfully, but no help was near, and Varley laughed aloud at the impotence of his rage.

"Ay, shriek on," he cried, "Samuel Twitter, shriek on; your cries are music to my ears. Wretch, did you think for one moment you had subdued such a man as I am; you have courted your own destruction, and nothing now can save you."

He tightened his grasp upon the throat of the terrified wretch. Twitter felt, indeed, that his last moments had come, and yet, with what little breath was left him by Varley's tightening grasp, he shrieked for mercy, that mercy which he would not have shown himself, and which was equally a stranger to the breast of his ruthless companion in guilt.

"Varley—Varley!" he cried; "you would not kill me; you cannot, would not kill me; I will be your slave, your abject slave; I will ask for no money, and desire none; you shall command me to what you please, direct me to what you please, and I will not demur. Varley, you do not mean it: tell me you do not mean to kill me. Mercy—mercy—let me live! I ask but for life—life!"

"And you ask in vain," growled Varley, as he tightened his hold, and dashed his victim's head against the gunwale of the boat. "You ask in vain; I have made myself a promise that this night shall be your last, and I will keep my word."

"No, no—mercy! mercy!"

"Have you no prayer, Samuel Twitter—no last wish—no hope?"

"Yes; a prayer for mercy—mercy!"

"None other?"

"Give me life and I will pray for you."

"Ah! ah! ah!" laughed Varley; "I am past praying for."

There came over the surface of the water at this moment the sound of a distant voice chaunting some merry air, which, after a moment, had its burden taken up by others; and then there was a wild and merry shout of laughter, which came strangely and discordantly upon the ears of that terrified man, who believed himself, correctly enough, at his last gasp, for never had mortal man so determined upon a fiend-like act with more resolution than had Bernard Varley made up his mind to the death of Samuel Twitter.

The voices were far distant. "But still," he thought, "if I can hear them, they may hear Twitter—no time is to be lost."

Placing his other hand upon his throat, so as to have a desperate clutch of his throat, he struck his head against the side of the boat again, with the hope of producing immediate insensibility; but such was not the case, for Twitter raised another shriek of such an intensity, that it alarmed Varley beyond measure, and he dashed down the head of his victim twice more with fearful violence; to cast him over the boat's side was the work of a moment, and Varley believed then that he had got rid of, once and for ever, the greatest enemy to his peace.

Such, however, was not at once the fact; it might have been the sudden immersion into the cold water, or it might have been that Nature herself rallied at the moment with one desperate effort to cling to life; for Twitter, although he was immersed completely in the river, clung, with a desperate energy, by both hands, to the side of the boat, near the stern.

His faculties seemed too confused to allow him to speak; but, by the dim light that came from the heavens, Varley could see the horrible countenance of his victim, white and awful, with here and there a spot of blood upon it, and the eyes bent upon him with so wild and frantic a glare, that even he, heartless ruffian as he was, shrunk for a moment aghast from the horrible apparition.

It was though but for a moment; a fear came over him that Twitter would find voice to cry for help, and that the persons he had heard singing might hear him, and come to his assistance. He sprang upon him, and strove to force him to disengage his hold; this, however, was more difficult to accomplish than he imagined, for not even the most savage blows would suffice, and what he apprehended did take place; for, while he still clung with desperate energy to the boat, Twitter again found voice to speak.

"Heaven have mercy upon me!" he said; "I am guilty—guilty!"

"Down—down!" shrieked Varley; "damnation!—down."

He struck the hands of the wretched man violently with the moveable seat of the boat; they were crushed and bleeding, but still he kept a desperate hold; it seemed that only with life itself would he part from that poor chance of yet saving himself.

Then Varley suddenly thought of an expedient as ferocious as it was effective. Taking a clasp-knife from his pocket, he opened its largest blade, and commenced drawing it across the fingers of Twitter until he severed the tendons, when, with one loud gurgling shriek, the unhappy wretch fell backward into the stream.

(To be continued in our next.)

For want of opportunity, and power, we often forbear from acting.

## NIAGARA.

BY MRS. LYDIA M. SIGOURNEY.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe  
Of terror and of beauty—God hath set  
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud  
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give  
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him  
Eternally—bidding the lip of man  
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour  
Incense of awe-struck praise.

And who can dare  
To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,  
Or love, or sorrow,—'mid the peal sublime  
Of thy tremendous hymn?—Even Ocean shrinks  
Back from thy brotherhood, and his wild waves  
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem  
To sleep like a spent labourer, and recal  
His wearied billows from their vexing play,  
And lull them to a cradle calm:—but thou,  
With everlasting, undecaying tide,  
Dost rest not night or day.

The morning stars,  
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,  
Heard thy deep anthem,—and those wrecking fires  
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve  
The solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name  
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,  
On thine unfathomed page. Each leafy bough  
That lifts itself within thy proud domain,  
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,  
And tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds  
Do venture boldly near, bathing their wing  
Amid thy foam and mist. 'Tis meet for them  
To touch thy garment's hem, or lightly stir  
The snowy leaflets of thy vapour wreath,  
Who sport unharmed upon the fleecy cloud,  
And listen at the echoing gate of Heaven,  
Without reproof. But as for us,—it seems  
Scarce lawful with our broken tones to speak  
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint  
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,  
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,  
Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul  
A wondering witness of thy majesty;  
And while it rushes with delirious joy  
To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its step,  
And check its rapture with the humbling view  
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand  
In the dread presence of the Invisible,  
As if to answer to its God through thee.

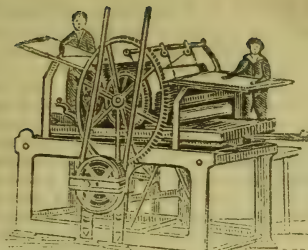
**THE MOLE.**—We always find in the cells of the mole fragments of the bulbous root of the colchica, close to the nest of the young; now, if you examine all the plants which usually grow in our meadows, you will find none which form more harmonies with the black colour of the mole than the white flowers, purple, and lilac of the colchica. This plant is also friendly to the mole, by affording a powerful means of defence against his natural enemy, the dog, who is always hunting him in the meadows, for if he eats of the colchica he is poisoned. It is for this that the colchica is called dog's-bane. The mole finds food then and protection against his enemies, in the colchica, as the bullfinch does in the whitethorn. These harmonies are not only agreeable objects of speculation, but we may make them very useful. It follows, for example, from what we have said, that to invite the bullfinch to a shrubbery, you should plant the whitethorn, and that to drive away the mole from the meadow, you should destroy the bulbs of the colchica.

Pain itself is not without its alleviations. It may be violent and frequent, but it is seldom both violent and long continued, and its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. It has a power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease which I believe few enjoyments exceed.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## THE FOUR ADVENTURERS.

UNDER the reign of one of the monarchs of Persia, a merchant of Balsora, by some unfortunate speculation, was nearly ruined. He gathered the wreck of his fortune, and retired to the province of Kousistan. There he purchased a humble cottage and a small tract of land, which he but ill cultivated, because he still regretted the time when all his wishes were amply gratified without the aid of labour.

Grief shortened the tide of life, he felt the last ebb fast approaching, and he called his four sons around him, and he said to them—

"My children, I have nothing to bestow on you but this cottage, and the knowledge of a secret, which, till the present moment, I would not reveal. In the time of my prosperity, the genius Aubulfazzar was my friend; he gave me this promise, that when I was no more, he would be your protector, and share amongst you a treasure. This genius inhabits the great forest of Haar. Go, seek him, and remind him of his promise, but be far from believing —"

Death would not allow him to conclude.

The merchant's four sons, after having wept and buried their father, journeyed towards the forest of Haar; and when they arrived, inquired for the residence of Aubulfazzar, and were soon directed to it, as he was generally known. All those that went to him met with a kind reception; he listened to their complaints, consoled them, and lent them money, while they needed it. But this kindness was bestowed only on one condition, that what he advised must be blindly followed. This was his command, and no one was admitted into the palace before having vowed implicit obedience.

This oath did not intimidate the three elder brothers; but the fourth, whose name was Selim, considered this ceremony very ridiculous; still he must enter to receive the treasure, so he swore as his brothers did; but reflecting on the dangerous consequences attendant on this indiscreet vow, and remembering that his father, whose life had been a series of follies, often visited Aubulfazzar's palace, he wished, without violating his oath, to guard against all danger; and to effect this, while he was conducted to the genius, he stopped both his ears with odorous wax. Armed with this precaution, he knelt before the throne of Aubulfazzar.

Aubulfazzar raised the sons of his late friend, embraced them, spoke to them of their father, and while shedding tears to his memory, ordered a large coffer to be brought to him, which, upon being opened, was discovered to be filled with dahiques.

"This," said he, "is the treasure which I have destined for you. I am going to divide it into four equal parts, and then will tell each of you the road he must pursue to attain the summit of happiness."

Selim heard nothing, but he observed him with attention, and thought he discovered in his eyes and countenance an expression of cunning and malignity, which made him suspicious; but he gratefully accepted his share of the treasure. Aubulfazzar, after having thus enriched them, assuming an affectionate air, said—

"My dear children, your happiness or misery depends on your meeting with a certain being named Benourdi, of whom every one speaks, but very few are acquainted with. The unhappy mortals seek him; I am your sincere friend, and will whisper in your ear when any one of you find this individual."

At these words Aubulfazzar took Bekir, the eldest of the brothers apart.

"My son," said he, "nature has endowed you with courage and great warlike talents. The King of Persia is sending an army against the Turks; join his army; it is in the Persian camp where you may find Benourdi."

Bekir thanked the genius, and was impatient to depart.

Aubulfazzar beckoned the second son to approach; it was Mesrou.

"You have wit," said he, "dexterity, and a great disposition to tell lies; take the road to Ispahan, it is at court you must seek Benourdi."

He called the third brother, who was named Omir.

"You," said he, "are endowed with a teeming, lively imagination; you regard objects not as they really are, but as you wish them to be; you have often genius, but seldom common sense; you will become a poet. Take the road to Agra; it is among the wits and beauties of that town that you may find Benourdi."

Selim advanced in his turn, and, thanks to the wax in his ears, heard not a word of what was said to him. It has since been known, that he was advised to become a dervise.

The four brothers, after having thanked the beneficent genius, returned to their habitations. The eldest dreamed but of Benourdi; Selim took the wax from his ears, and heard them arrange their departure, and proposed selling their little house to the first bidder, that they might share the profit arising from it.

Selim asked to become the purchaser. This they readily agreed to; the house and field were valued, and he paid what was coming to each of the brothers, wished them much prosperity, and tenderly embraced them, and remained under the paternal roof.

It was then he wished to execute a project he had long thought of. He had long loved the young Amenia, daughter of a neighbouring peasant. Beauty and wisdom had lavished their choicest gifts upon Amenia. She took care of her father's house, watched attentively over his declining years, and only asked of God two things,—that her father might be long spared her, and that she might become the wife of Selim.

Her wishes were granted; Selim asked her hand and obtained it. Amenia's father consented to live with his beloved child, and taught Selim to cultivate the land to advantage. Selim had still a little gold remaining, which was employed in improving his estate, and purchasing a flock of sheep; the fields were soon doubled in value, the sheep paid their tribute in wool, abundance reigned in his house, and as he was laborious, and his wife economical, each year augmented their revenue.

Amenia annually presented him with a pledge of their mutual love; children, who impoverish the wealthy sons of idleness, enrich the industrious cultivators of the fields. In seven years Selim was the father of seven blooming children; blessed with an amiable and virtuous wife, a wise and affectionate father-in-law, master of numerous slaves, and possessor of two flocks, he was the happiest and wealthiest farmer of all Kousistan.

Meanwhile his three brothers were all running after Benourdi. Bekir, after arriving at the Persian camp, had presented himself before the grand vizier, and begged to be enrolled in the corps most exposed to danger.

His figure and courage pleased the vizier, who admitted him into a troop of cavalry. A few days after a battle took place; it was bloody, but Bekir wrought miracles: he saved the life of his general, and took prisoner the enemy's chief. Every one echoed the praises of Bekir, and each soldier called him the hero of Persia, and the grateful vizier raised him to the rank of general.

"Aubulfazzar was right," thought Bekir; "it was here that fortune awaited me; all foretels that I shall soon meet with Benourdi."

Bekir's success, particularly his elevation, excited in the breasts of the satraps envy and murmuring. Some came to ask news of his father, and complained of having their debts compromised in his bankruptcy; others pretended that his mother had been their slave, and all refused to serve under him because they were his seniors.

Bekir, unhappy even by his success, always on his guard, always



expecting some outrage which he could not avenge, regretted the time when he was only a simple soldier, and waited with impatience for the termination of the war, when the Turks, with a fresh reinforcement and a new general, came and attacked Bekir's division.

The sarraps had long wished for this opportunity, and I employed a hundred times more skill to have their general defeated than they had in the whole course of their lives exerted to defend themselves.

Bekir fought like a lion, but he was neither obeyed nor seconded. The Persian soldiers vainly resisted, their officers guided, and only prompted them to flight. The brave Bekir, abandoned, covered with wounds, sunk under the weight of them, and was taken by the janissaries.

The Turkish general was base enough to load him with irons as soon as he could bear them, and sent him to Constantinople, where he was thrown into a dungeon.

"Alas!" exclaimed he, "I fear Aulbulfazzar has deceived me, for I cannot hope here to meet with Benourdi."

The war lasted fifteen years, and the sarraps always prevented Bekir being exchanged.

Peace at length restored him to liberty; he immediately returned to Ispahan, and sought his friend, the vizier, whose life he had saved: It was three weeks before he could gain access to him; at the expiration of that time, an audience was granted him. Fifteen years' imprisonment had greatly altered a very handsome young man. Bekir was scarcely to be recognized, and the vizier did not recollect him; at last, on recalling many glorious epochs in his life, he remembered that Bekir had formerly rendered him a trifling service.

"Yes, yes, my friend," said he, "I remember, you are a brave fellow; but the state is loaded with debts—a long war, and great festivals have exhausted our finances; however, call again—I will try—I will see."

"But I am in want of bread, and three weeks have I sought the opportunity of seeing your highness. I should have died with hunger if an old soldier, my former comrade, had not shared with me his pay."

"This soldier's conduct is much to be commended," replied the vizier. "It is truly affecting; I will relate it to the king. Return to see me; you know I esteem you."

So saying, he turned his back on Bekir, who called next day, but could not obtain an audience. In despair he quitted the place, resolving never to enter it again.

He travelled on till he came to the river Zondron. Overcome with fatigue, he fell at the foot of a tree, where he reflected on the ingratitude of the vizier, and on all the troubles he had experienced, and on those which still menaced him; and being no longer able to support his wretched existence, he arose with the intention of precipitating himself into the river. But just as he had reached it, he found himself closely encircled in the arms of a mendicant who bathed his face with tears and sobbing cries.

"It is my brother—it is my brother Bekir."

Bekir looked and recognized Mesrou.

Doubtless, every man feels pleasure in recovering a long lost brother, but a wretched being without resources, without friends, and in despair, and on the point of hastening his fate, thinks he beholds an angel descending from Heaven, in seeing a beloved brother.

These were the sentiments Bekir and Mesrou experienced; they clasped each other in their arms and melted into tears, and after having given a few moments to affection, they regarded each other with looks of surprise and affliction.

"You are, then, as miserable as myself?" said Bekir.

"This is the very first moment of happiness I have felt," answered Mesrou, "since we separated."

At these words the unfortunate brothers again embraced, and Mesrou, seated beside Bekir, thus commenced his troubled history.

"You remember the fatal day on which we visited Aulbulfazzar? This perfidious genius told me I might find Benourdi, whom we all wished so much to meet, at court. I followed this fatal advice, and soon arrived at Ispahan; there I became acquainted with a young slave, who belonged to the mistress of the first secretary to the grand vizier. This slave loved me and presented me to her mistress, who, finding me younger and handsomer than her lover, invited me to her house and made me pass for her brother. She soon introduced me to the vizier, and in a few days I obtained an appointment in the palace.

"I had only to pursue my path that led so high, and, as the sultan's mother was old and ugly, but enjoyed absolute sway, I took care assiduously to pay her my court. She distinguished me and displayed as much friendship towards me as the slave and her mistress had formerly done. From this instant honours and riches were showered upon me.

"The sultana obliged the sopher to give me all the gold in the treasury, all the dignities of state. The monarch himself was graciously disposed towards me; he loved to converse with me because I flattered

with address, and my counsels were at all times in unison with his desires.

"These were the means that I employed to make him do what I wished, which did not fail to happen.

"At the expiration of three years I was at the same time first minister, and favourite of the king, beloved by his mother, and had the power of naming and changing the viziers. Nothing was done without the sanction of my authority. Every morning on the nobility of the empire attended my levee to obtain from me the smile of protection.

"In the midst of my glory and success, I was astonished at not finding Benourdi. This idea and the hurried life I led, poisoned all my pleasures. The sultana every day grew more capricious as she descended into the vale of years.

"She often burst forth without cause into violent fits of jealousy, loaded me with reproaches, and finished with caresses still more fatiguing than her injuries. On the other side, my elevation drew around me a crowd of tiresome courtiers, and awoke the enmity of thousands.

For every favour that I granted one single mouth scarcely offered me thanks, while I was cursed by thousands. The generals I appointed were defeated, and I bore the blame of their disasters. The king's good acts were solely his, but all his evil ones were placed to my account.

"I was detested by the people, and all the court beheld me with abhorrence; numerous libels attacked my fame, my master often frowned on me, the sultana incessantly tormented me, and Benourdi seemed further than ever from my anxious grasp.

"The king's passion for a young Mingrellian completed my misfortune. All the court looked up to her, hoping the mistress might by her influence turn out the minister. I parried this blow by uniting with her, and flattering the king. But his passion became so violent that he decided to espouse his mistress and asked my advice. For some days my answers were evasive.

"The sultana, fearing her power would end with her son's marriage, came to me, and declared if I did not prevent their nuptials, she would have me murdered on the day of their celebration.

"An hour after, the Mingrellian came, and swore that if I did not oblige the king to marry her, I should be strangled the next day.

"My situation was truly embarrassing. I must choose the dagger, the rope, or flight—I embraced the latter. Disguised as you see, I escaped from the palace with a few diamonds in my pocket, which will purchase me ease and convenience with you in some retired spot of Indostan far from the Sultan's Mingrellian favourite, and the splendid and useless vanity of courts."

After this, Bekir related his adventures to Mesrou. They both agreed that it would have been as well if they had not entered into the mazy paths of the world, and the wisest thing they could do would be to return to their brother Selim at Kus stan, where Mesrou's diamonds would ensure them a comfortable existence. After this resolution they began their journey, and travelled several days without meeting with any adventure.

As they were traversing the province of Kousistan, they arrived at a little village, where they proposed to pass the night. It was a day of festivity. On entering the village, they observed a number of rustic children walking, conducted by a schoolmaster, of very shabby appearance; and who, with his eyes bent on the ground, appeared to be wrapped in thought. On approaching, and examining his features, what was their surprise? It was Omir, their brother, whom they joyfully embraced.

"What, my friend," exclaimed Bekir, "oh, is it thus genius is recompensed?"

"You see," replied Omir, "that valour meets with much the same reward; but the philosopher finds great subject for reflection, and that is some consolation."

Saying this, he conducted the children to their parents, and then led Bekir and Mesrou into the little cottage, and prepared with his own hands some rice for their supper, and after having listened to his brothers' adventures, he related his own in the following words:—

"The genius Aulbulfazzar, whom I very much suspect to delight in mischief, advised me to seek this unkind Benourdi among the wits and beauties in the splendid city of Agra.

"I arrived there, and before I made myself known, I wished to complete a work that might make me enter the literary world with éclat. At the end of a month my book appeared; it was a complete description of all human sciences, in a little volume of sixty pages, divided into chapters, each chapter contained a tale, and each tale taught a science.

"My work met with prodigious success. Some critics, indeed, chose to say it was rather tedious; but all the first people bought it, and this consoled me for what they pleased to advance. I was sought after, and invited by all who thought themselves learned; all I did was admirable—none was spoken of but Omir—I was courted by everybody, and the favourite sultana wrote me a note, without orthography, to invite me to visit the court.



"Courage," thought I; 'Aulbul'azzar has not deceived me; my fame is at its height; I will support myself by means surer than intrigue. I will please—I will charm—and I shall find Benourdi.

"I met with a very gracious reception at the palace of the Great Mogul; the favourite sultana publicly declared herself my protectress—presented me the emperor, desired me to write verses, gave me a pension, invited me to her supper parties, and swore to me a hundred times a day sentiments of friendship.

"On my side, I devoted myself to unbounded gratitude, and promised to consecrate my days to sing and celebrate my benefactress. I composed a poem in her praise, in which the sun was but a false gem compared to her eyes; even the ivory, the coral, the finest pearls, were nothing beside her face, her lips, and her teeth. These empty and delicate praises ensured me her support.

"I fancied I beheld Benourdi, when my protectress quarrelled with the vizier, because he refused to give the government of a province to the son of her confectioneer. Enraged at his audacity she asked the emperor to banish the insolent minister; but the emperor esteemed his vizier, and refused his favourite.

"Then it was necessary to form a regular plan of intrigue to overthrow the vizier. I was in the plot, and received orders to compose an acrimonious satire, which was soon completed, and tolerably good; it was read with avidity, which was always the case.

"The vizier soon discovered the author; he sought the favourite, and presented her with the government he had refused, and an order for a hundred thousand dariques from the royal treasury; and, for all this, only asking permission to condemn me to death by hunger in a dungeon.

"It is a trifle," answered the favourite. 'I am too happy in being able to oblige you. I will, if you wish, immediately send for that insolent wretch who has insulted you, notwithstanding my express orders.'

"Happily, a slave, who was present, came and apprised me of my danger—I had only time to escape. Since that period, I have traversed Indostan, scarcely gaining a subsistence by writing romances and verses for booksellers, who cheated me, and were more severe on my talents than my own conscience, and even would not allow that my style possessed merit. When I had money, my writings were sublime; no sooner was I in poverty than I wrote nothing but nonsense. At last, disgusted and tired of enlightening the world, I have preferred teaching peasants to read. I have established myself in this village, where I eat brown bread without any hope of finding this Benourdi."

"Leaving it, and returning with us to our native village, entirely depends upon yourself," said Mesrou; "while some diamonds I take there will ensure us ease and comfort."

They easily prevailed upon Omir to accompany them, and the next day the three brothers left the village, and took the road to Kousistan.

After journeying a few days, they approached the habitation of Selim. The idea of seeing him inspired them with hope, but that hope was not unmingled with fear.

"Shall we find our brother? We left him very poor; how could he have found Benourdi, since he did not seek him?" said Omir.

"I have deeply reflected on that Benourdi, whom Aulbul'azzar mentioned to us, and truly, I suspect the genius only meant to laugh at us. Benourdi does not exist, and has never existed; for since Bekir did not find him when he commanded the Persian army; since Mesrou never heard of him, when he was the favourite of a great king; since I could not guess who he was, when fortune and glory showered down their favours upon me; it is plain that Benourdi is an imaginary being, a chimera, after which all men run, because they all are fond of running.

He was going to prove that Benourdi was not a being of this world, when suddenly a band of robbers rushed out of the rocks, surrounded the travellers, and commanded them to give up all they had. Bekir wished to resist, but four of the villains presented their daggers, and took everything away from him, scarcely leaving enough clothes to cover him, while their comrades did the same to Mesrou. After this ceremony, which was the work of a moment, the chief wished them a good journey and departed.

"This proves the truth of my reasoning," said Omir, looking at his brothers.

"Oh, the villains!" exclaimed Bekir, "they have taken my sword from me."

"Ah, my poor diamonds!" sighed Mesrou.

It was now night, and the unfortunate brothers hastened to gain Selim's house. They soon arrived there, and the sight of it filled their eyes with tears—all their fears recommenced, and they dared not knock.

While they were balancing, Bekir perceived a hole in the window-shutter, and got upon a large stone and peeped in. In a large room, very nicely furnished, he discovered Selim seated at table, surrounded by twelve children, who were eating, and laughing, and chattering; on

the right sat Amenias, who was cutting food for her youngest child, and on her left was a little old man of very mild and pleasing appearance, who was filling a glass for Selim.

At this spectacle, Bekir joyfully leaped from the stone, and clasping his brothers in his arms, knocked loudly at the door. A servant opened it, and on seeing three men of their strange appearance, uttered a loud scream. Selim advanced, and found himself encircled in the warm embraces of his long-lost brothers.

He was at first astonished, but soon recognised Bekir, Mesrou, and Omir, and returned their embraces, until he presented them to Amenias, his children, the little old man, who still remained at table; he then brought them three suits of his own clothes, to replace their tattered rags.

"Alas!" said the affected Bekir, "your fate recompenses us for all we have suffered. Since the instant of our separation, our lives have been a continued chain of misfortunes, and we have not caught a glimpse of Benourdi."

"I readily believe you," said the little old man, "for I have not stirred from hence."

"What!" cried Mesrou, "are you —?"

"I am Benourdi," said he. "It is perfectly natural you should not know me, since you never before beheld me; but, ask Selim, ask the good Amenias, and all these little children; there is not one but can tell my name. I have been here fifteen years, and have only left my friends one day, and that was the one on which Amenias lost his father; but I returned, and have promised myself never to withdraw again. It depends upon you, gentlemen adventurers, to make my acquaintance; I shall be very glad if you do not care. I can do without you; I am not troublesome—I remain in my corner, never dispute, and detest noise."

The three brothers, who, during this speech, had been gazing on him with admiration, now wished to embrace him.

"Softly," cried he; "I do not like these violent emotions; I am extremely delicate, and pressing stifles me—we must also be friends before we caress. If you wish to become mine, you must not trouble yourselves too much about me. I prefer ease to politeness, and all that is not moderate is my aversion."

After having supped heartily, they all retired to bed.

## LYRICS OF THE HEART.—No. III.

### A BIRD FROM THE GREEN ISLE OF SORROW.

A bird from the green isle of sorrow was winging

Its flight o'er the broad waters blue,

And still, as it went, it was mournfully singing,

Erin, my country, adieu!

Erin, thy valleys and hills I surrender,

Fairer I never may view;

Scenes, where were nourished the solemn and tender,

My wings rest no longer on you.

Slieve Gallan's dark slopes, Lough Neagh's yellow sands,

And the willows by Banna's clear stream;

Tyrone's pleasant bowers, and Down's fertile lands,

Will haunt still thy wanderer's dream;

From the heights of the mountains, the shores of the sea,

I've gazed till my eye-balls did ache;

From the shores of the spoiler I longed to be free;

Erin, thy fields I forsake!

I'll sing, as I soar over continents far,

Erin again shall be free;

I see in the north her re-ascending star,

Presaging a bright destiny.

Home of my affections, the heart's paradise,

My spirit still lingers with you;

Soon shall fair freedom bid thee rejoice;

Erin, my country, adieu!

EDWARD BOYLE.

INSTANCES AND KINDS OF ATTRACTION.—If a piece of loaf sugar is placed on a small quantity of any kind of liquid, the water will ascend; or, in vulgar language, be sucked up into the pores of the sugar; that is, the one is attracted by the other. Again, if you take two leaden bullets, and pare a piece off the side of each, and make the surface where you have taken off the pieces very smooth, and then press the two balls together, they will adhere,—that is, they are mutually attracted to each other.

Philosophy and religion show themselves in no instance so much as in the preserving our minds firm and steady.



## THE VICTIM OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

"AND so, Sophy, Colonel Willis has sent you a ticket for the play to-night; I suppose you mean to go?" said Ann Dudley to a beautiful and blushing girl who sat beside her at a table, covered with the material of a splendid gala-dress, and surrounded by the journeywomen of the most fashionable milliner in the city of W——.

"Indeed, I do not," was the hurried reply; "you know, Ann, 'tis not my custom to attend such places."

"Oh! I had forgot," rejoined her friend with a sneer; "Miss Hamilton is too proud to be seen abroad with such as we are—or to put up with the beaux we are glad to get."

"Miss Hamilton is at least too proud," said Sophy, "to listen with any other feeling than scorn to your flippant impertinence: but," she added, tossing down, as she rose, the silver lanna she was busied in trimming, "there's some one in the shop." And as she passed hastily to wait on two ladies, who just then entered, her companions, with smiles of bitter contempt, looked after her and then on each other.

Meanwhile, the flush of discomposure still on her brow, Sophy received the orders of the dashing customers, who taxed her patience by turning over half the goods in the shop without making a solitary purchase. At length a superb equipage stopped at the door, and its occupant, an elegant female, in whose animated countenance great vivacity was blended with benignity, tripped in, exclaiming,—

"My dear Hamilton, for pity's sake, let me have my lilac barege by five this evening, for a dinner-party at the President's; I know you can finish it, if you please! Ah! ladies, good morning;" and she turned with a smile and bow of recognition to the eager civilities of Mrs. Dale and her niece; these ladies being strangers in the metropolis—and glad to be graced with the notice of Mrs. Courtney, the acknowledged queen of beauty and of *ton*. "Don't let me derange you," she continued, as the aunt bustled out of her way, dragging along the counter a large box of French flowers, "I only want to tell Hamilton that she need not hurry herself about the rest of my trumper—provided the dress in question be despatched in time for my appointment to-day."

"Hamilton! Hamilton!" repeated Mrs. Dale, turning a broad stare of surprise on Sophy, who was opening her lips to reply. "Why sure, Isabella, this must be the paragon Colonel Willis was in such raptures about last night. Pray, child, is your name Sophy Hamilton? and do you know the colonel?"

"He frequents the shop sometimes, madam," said the object of her scrutiny with an air of more disdain than strictly became her station, and moving as she spoke towards Mrs. Courtney.

"Frequents the shop, ho!" retorted the querist, with a scornful twist of the lip: "perhaps he frequents it with an eye to your ruin; for, I declare, he quite sickened me with his impertinent nonsense about you; and I thought then—as I do now—that he might have chosen some better subject to entertain ladies with than the pretty face of a milliner's girl. But I dare say, from the airs you put on, that you are silly enough to think he wants to marry you; so I give you my advice to mind your work and your employer's interest instead of the idle stories a wild young man may take it into his head to tell you."

"I thank you, madam," said Sophy, strong indignation dispelling the confusion that the mention of Colonel Willis always caused; "I thank you for your counsel, which, I doubt not, is well meant: but 'tis too valuable to be wasted on me, and you had best keep it for those friends, who may need and regard it more than the milliner's girl, of whom you know nothing—and who treats your coarse insinuations with the contempt they deserve. My dear lady," and her proud eye melted into softness as it fell on Mrs. Courtney, "walk into the back room, and see if I have obeyed the orders you sent me yesterday." And as that lady passed in the direction her hand indicated, Sophy followed her after a slight curtsy to Mrs. Dale and Miss Isabella Fleming.

"Upon my word, Sophy," said her beautiful patroness, laughing and sinking on a sofa beside the work table, "you are a sad girl to talk in such a manner to that horrid woman yonder. Positively you must contrive either to divest yourself of that rare beauty—or abate a little your loftiness of speech and motion; as you will have a hundred such lectures every day of your life else: and as 't would not be so easy to blemish your person, let me have the pleasure to see you possessed of so much self-command as to make your looks and manner suitable to your station."

"Pardon me, madam," said the grateful girl, kissing the hand of her mitress, "from you I can bear much, for I know you to be my sincere well-wisher: but because I work for my daily bread, and earn a maintenance by honest industry, must I submit to be trampled on by those pampered upstarts, who can boast neither of personal or mental superiority over me, but claim the privilege of insult in virtue of greater wealth? I would do much to please you—but I cannot do this."

"And wherefore not?" asked Mrs. Courtney; "if my entreaties,

and your advantage alike urge it? not that I would have you bend to indignities—by no means; I only beg that you won't provoke malice by a mien, that, to say the least of it, would—but," and she started up as a clock struck two, "bless me! I've not a moment to lose, and must put off the end of my sermon till another time. Do, Sophy, get to work as if you were sewing for dear life; I'll leave my footman, that no time may be lost, to take home the robe so soon as 'tis done."

"Stay one minute," said Sophy, "and see how I labour for your gratification!" and she held up to the admiration of its owner, the so much desired gown, finished off in exquisite taste.

"Charming," cried Mrs. Courtney, "most charming; this is beyond my hopes. Why, girl, you have surpassed yourself; but come to my soiree to-morrow night—and see if I don't know how to be grateful."

And she flew out of the store, leaving her young favourite to resume her needle and her meditations on Colonel Willis.

Sophy Hamilton was an orphan of humble extraction, whom Nature had graced with her fairest gifts; but the caprice of Fortune, who too often delights to play the step-dame towards merit, had cast her lot in the lowly station of shop-woman and chief assistant to an opulent priestess at the altar of *ton* (vulgarily 'cycled milliner); in which capacities she ministered to the adornment of beauty and fashion with a taste and assiduity that gained her general favour. The morning of her life had dawned with gayer prospects; but the imprudence of her fond, yet ill-judging parents, marred their early promise. Her father, a reputable tradesman, had contrived, by dint of the most self-denying economy, to realize a handsome property, which he was bent on transmitting entire to Sophy, his only child. But the perverse pride of his wife prevented this purpose, so natural and laudable. Her younger sister possessed sufficient charms to captivate a considerable merchant, who offered her marriage, and their union was the stepping-stone to honest Hamilton's ruin. Immediately the womanly spirit of competition was provoked in the breast of his helpmate, who scorned to be outdone by a former dependant, while her husband's good nature permitted her to make what expenses she pleased; besides, from the birth of her daughter, she had been wont to triumph in that surpassing beauty that called forth the admiration of all beholders—and to repine at the adverse fate which consigned such charms to comparative obscurity. The fortunate alliance with Mr. Nesbitt opened a pathway to the exalted sphere wherein Sophy was formed to shine; and while she was in training for her high destinies at the best female schools, the sisters dashed out together, and were for some time in great figure among the mushroom gentry so rife in our republican soil. But their prosperity, whose rapid growth had emulated the prophet's gourd, was doomed to as sudden a blight. One short week saw Mr. Nesbitt's transition from the plenitude of wealth and commercial credit to the abject insignificance of a bankrupt; and his fall precipitated the destruction of his credulous brother-in-law, whom his persuasion and example had inveigled into the most extravagant specula tions—and who now, in a fit of despair, made his own quietus with a loaded pistol. Here was a long, perhaps final farewell, to all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious" high life; and the double calamity fell like the hand of death on the weak and vain Mrs. Hamilton. Impotent either to bear or to resolve, she was incapable of taking a thought for the relief of the future; and her grief refused all the affectionate consolations of her daughter, who, at the age of fifteen, was forced to exert all the energies of her nature in contending with the misfortunes that oppressed them.

Happily for Sophy, a mind matured beyond her years, and a spirit lofty and enduring as that which dwelt in the bosom of Margaret of Anjou, made her able to bear up, in a good degree, under her multiplied trials. The unfeeling aunt, who had taken care to secure herself an ample provision before her husband's failure, did not incline to share what she called her "slender pittance," with the victims of his fraud; she was content to enrich them with abundance of good advice, and sententious moralizing on the turns of fortune, without making them free of her house or purse: but one faithful friend remained to the widow and the orphan, whose kindness made up for all other deficiencies.

Mrs. Rose, an intimate of Mrs. Hamilton before the dignity of that lady disdained acquaintance with a milliner, was a childless wife; and Sophy, in the rosy glow of health and innocence, had filled "the aching void" in her heart, and inspired an attachment, that absence could not damp, or neglect extinguish.

At the time of poor Hamilton's catastrophe, Mrs. Rose was away from W——, where her presence would have saved her favourite many a pang; but, on her return, she hastened to supply the pressing wants of the sufferers—and, after a decent interval, to proffer to the daughter a situation in her lucrative establishment, which she was only too happy to accept; especially as her mother was fain to take up the same painful calling.

Mrs. Nesbitt, who now and then countenanced her relations by a visit, applauded the wisdom of their choice, and would have evinced



her pleasure by something more substantial than words, had not her niece's pride rejected the gift with a coldness bordering on contempt: Mrs. Hamilton, however, did not scruple to accept her bounty—and listened, with renovated hopes, while she descanted long and eagerly on the opportunity Sophy's new vocation presented for seeing and being seen, and on the rich match, whereby she herself had been emancipated from similar bondage.

Mrs. Rose, anxious to reconcile Sophy with her unavoidable degradation, chimed in with her aunt, and enlarged on the superior facilities her house afforded for speculations of the sort; several of the most elegant men in town being her lodgers—a one whom 'twas not to be doubted but that her young friend might, in time, make an election at pleasure. This was the only point of view in which the haughty girl could herself bear to contemplate her fallen fortunes; and on the first blush of the business, it seemed as if her repugnance to even this arrangement would be intractable as well to her mother's blandishments as to the logic of Mrs. Nesbitt.

From her cradle she had been a spoiled child in the most emphatic sense of the phrase; and though a natural sweetness of disposition and acute sensibilities had preserved her from selfishness or ill-temper—education fatally confirmed an unfortunate bias of character—and pride became her besetting sin.

The panegyrics daily pronounced on her beauty at home, and the praise of her uncommon talents by her teachers abroad, had raised her, in her childish conceit, into a being whose endowments were above the lot of humanity; and she cherished many a vision of boundless conquests and brilliant aggrandizement—when her father's suicide came like a killing frost to nip the buds of her fairest hopes.

The gay dreams on which her fancy fed, vanished at once—and their rainbow tints were swallowed up by darkness and despair; but a ray of light shone athwart the gloom, when her kind patroness unfolded her project, and strove to recommend it with all the persuasive eloquence of affection. Hitherto Sophy's sorrows had been all for her father; for though poverty stared her in the face, it was felt but as a secondary evil by her, who (in her own devout belief) possessed, in the growing graces of her mind and person, an unrivalled share of that sort of wealth, which woman most dearly prizes. But to exhibit behind a counter such charms as might adorn a throne!—to descend to the drudgery of the needle and scissors!—to await, in servile patience, the orders of arrogant or envious prosperity!—the thought was death—and not to be endured.

But her aunt wisely bethought her of setting one passion at war with another—and invoked pride against vanity; she had but to speak of the humiliation of hanging on Mrs. Rose for a support—to ask if her niece, strong in health and youth, bore a mind so base as to eat the bitter bread of charity; and directly the reason and the feelings of Sophy owned the justice of the reproof—and urged her to retrieve the error of her judgment by yielding, with a good grace, to necessity. Still she could not be insensible to the sad contrast, when she removed to the new abode, where she was to perform her long probation. But her strong sense of duty, and fine and comprehensive mind, both pressed on her the propriety of making amends, by activity and application, for the disinterested friendship shown by Mrs. Rose—and she was not disobedient to the call.

The zeal and diligence with which she took to her trade, soon made her an adept in the mysteries of millinery and dress-making; and being competent to preside over this manufactory of feminine gear, its experienced owner was often glad to give way to her preferable taste.

Thus employed, three years rolled rapidly away; in which time, the death of Mrs. Hamilton left Sophy to the guidance of her own prudence, and the care of her fond guardian. 'Tis true Mrs. Nesbitt still lived and prospered—nor did she altogether disclaim her orphan kinswoman; but Sophy could not forgive her own and her parents' wrongs, and there was wanting between the ladies that bond of affection which can alone sanctify the ties of blood; so (by no means to the regret of Miss Hamilton) they saw each other but seldom.

Being now grown to full womanhood, and in the bloom of her young loveliness more like some descended vision of unearthly beauty that visits the poet's rapt eye than any "mortal mixture of earth's mould," she began to engross the attention of the libertine loungers who haunted the workroom of their landlady, to lift away part of their superfluous time with its pretty inmates. In a very little while her fame grew as great as that of "la belle Limonadiere," at Paris, but the chastened dignity that pervaded every look and motion, forbade the boldest profligate to approach her with disrespect. Flatteries, sighs, and billets-doux showered on her in profusion; but though Sophy had, long ago, arranged her apotheosis in her own mind, she was not at all disposed to hear herself deified by every empty fop; and their extravagancies being met with such calm contempt as effectually silenced them, "la belle Hamilton," (an epithet applied to her by an English traveller, who fancied her resemblance to that celebrated duchess,) soon became

noted as much for prudery as for beauty. Her behaviour in this particular, was severely reprobated by her aunt as destructive to every chance of matrimonial preferment; and, in good sooth, had the wayward nymph a little relaxed her stateliness, and stooped to practice the allurements Mrs. Nesbitt would have taught, several young men, of high birth and fortune, might have been wrought on to make her serious proposals; but Sophia was resolute not to "do evil that good might come of it"—and persisted in refusing to achieve her greatness at the expence of her delicacy.

Day after day she continued to officiate as shop-woman, arrayed in all the fantastic elegance that served to display the latest fashions and her fine person to the best advantage; and it was a matter of unfeigned amazement to her good friend, that, while she was thus the cynosure of admiring eyes, time slid by, and no splendid marriage was as yet contended.

By her own sex Miss Hamilton was extolled for her matchless skill in the art of decoration—or decried as a presumptuous minx, who, in despite of nature and lowly lineage, pretended to set up for a belle; and Mrs. Rose, for aiding and abetting such impertinence, lost not a few of her customers among certain ladies, whose praiseworthy concern for a proper subordination in society, made them as nicely jealous as the Hindoos at any attempts of breaking caste. Others, and there were many, were led by their amiable feelings to caress the shining merit that was thrown so far below its appropriate sphere.

Mrs. Courtney, a young bride of distinction, had taken a special fancy to Sophy, whom she admitted to her house on a familiar footing, and, between whiles, invited to an extraordinary entertainment. It happened one evening at a large party, that the name of "la belle Hamilton" was slightly mentioned, and Mrs. Courtney made her eulogy with so much unction as to give a young officer present the most lively desire to see this rare piece of beauty. Accordingly, he proceeded the next morning to gratify his curiosity; and "sad was the hour, and luckless the day," when Sophy, attired with the most unadorned simplicity, the redundancy of her raven ringlets carelessly confined by a "Crazy Jane" cap, with a cluster of Persian roses and buds, came out to take the orders of Colonel Willis, who gazed on the bright apparition with an intensity of admiration that made him forgetful or unobservant of aught else. A friend with him, after waiting for some minutes in vain, spoke of the colonel's wish to engage lodgings of Mrs. Rose, and Sophy retired to summon that lady, who found her visitor a little recovered from his extatic trance, and greeted him as an old acquaintance.

Willis was speedily at home in apartments he had formerly occupied, and which were resumed on account of the convenient access gained thereby to the fascinating object, who charmed him with a glance. This gentleman had distinguished himself in the Mexican service whence he was just returned,—of patrician descent, and her presumptive to an uncle immensely rich; he was, moreover, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form;" but withal a refined voluptuary, who worshipped beauty only to betray it. A devoted admirer of intellect in woman, a very short intercourse with Sophy dispelled his fears lest the mind should disgrace its glorious temple; and this conviction, at the same time that it increased his passion, imposed additional caution and self-restraint in making his addresses. Meanwhile his assiduities, so full of tenderness and respect, were but too successful with the divinity at whose shrine they were offered, and kindled in her young heart a flame destined eventually to consume the breast wherein it burned.

Willis, whom Sophy's vestal purity of thought and speech impressed with a timidity as new as it was captivating, did not profane the first fervour of his love by any purposes of seduction. She was, he would willingly have persuaded himself, to him, "a thing inspired and sainted;" and he gave himself up to the enchantments of her society, without stopping to reflect on the cruelty of sporting with the innocent affections of one, whose lofty tone of character marked her as formed to "love once, and love no more." His eyes were first opened to the imprudence—if not guilt—of such an oblivion, by the arrival at W— of Miss Fleming, an attractive young heiress, with whom he had lately carried on a serious flirtation. It was obvious on their first interview that the lady calculated on its renewal; nor was she entirely disappointed; but the once gay and gallant colonel was become so love-lorn and distrustful, that the fair Isabella insensibly caught the infection, and deigned to bestow every token of encouragement to embolden her timid wooer. His gay companions, one and all, envied and complimented Willis upon the supreme good fortune that not only won for him the smiles of this richly endowed toast, but enlivened for him the haughty beauty hitherto deemed as charming and as cold as Pygmalion's statue, ere the power of love was exerted to animate it; but, notwithstanding these congratulations, and the "silly, small" whispers of gratified vanity, there was no hour of the day wherein he did not curse the ill chance that had engaged his affections beyond the control of interest or reason. A few months before his ambition might have sought an union with



Miss Fleming without any sacrifice of feeling; now his heart admonished him that *So my misery must be his*. True, he had never thought of giving her an honourable title to his love, and still shrunk to make himself the standing jest among his wild associates as the enamoured fool, that was tricked into matrimony by the arts of a little shop-woman; neither could he help fancying the possibility of having her on terms more consistent with his reputation for gallantry; and he fluctuated in all the agonies of indecision till the sportive discourse of two confidential friends settled the matter for him. The one opined that "*la belle Hamilton*" soared above seduction, and that the colonel stood not the least chance of carrying the virgin fortress, save on terms of honourable capitulation. His opponent was positive that as a woman, she must be wooed,—as a woman, she might be won,—and that Willis might easily complete his conquest, having already made an inroad on her heart. This assertion was accordant with the latent hopes of the latter; at all events the experiment would put an end to the most sickening suspense, and wisely arguing that "without her there was no happiness for him, and it was far from certain that his success would assure *her* misery," he resolved to achieve *Sophy's* undoing, if the power of man could effect it. But when he came into the presence of his victim, whom for a transient and unworthy enjoyment he was willing to bring to ruin and to death, he found himself—like one labouring under a spell—overpowered by "*her* might, *her* majesty of loveliness," and unable to train his tongue to his deluding tale. He was not slow to perceive that her pride was at least equal to her love, and her virtue paramount over both; so that, in despair of gaining his point, unless by an atrocious deception, some few remaining scruples of tenderness gave easy way to the dictates of passion. Though her partiality was perhaps founded on his outward graces, she was forced to own it was mainly supported by her faith in his generosity and rectitude of principle; hers being, in its full extent, that noble sentiment,—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more."

He, therefore, did not hesitate to talk of marriage, and pressed for its immediate celebration, at the same time carelessly reminding Miss Hamilton of her promise to Mrs. Courtney, (who was now residing at Baltimore,) that, whenever she gave away her hand, the ceremony should be performed at the house of that friend. This was the arrangement most pleasing to his fair enslaver as well as to Mrs. Rose, who desired nothing so much as to have the exaltation of her adopted daughter solemnized with all splendour; and, in the pride of her heart, would have published the transporting news to all the world, had not *Sophy* besought her to a very reluctant silence. Still—so imperfect is earthly bliss—*Sophy* sighed in the midst of ineffable joy, that it was unshared by her beloved parents; but could she have unclasped the book of fate, all regrets for past felicity had been absorbed in dismay at the evil that was to come. She dreamed not that the airy castles her fancy so fondly built up, were soon to fade "*like the baseless fabric of a vision*,"—and that her lover, a pensioner on the bounty of his uncle, was, at present, an exile from his favour, which was only to be conciliated by a union with Miss Fleming. Some rumours of this engagement had, long since, made their way to Mrs. Rose's shop, the rendezvous of all the gossips in the town; but, coming from a questionable source, and falling on the ear of one who would have deemed it heresy to mistrust her own power, or the fidelity of her betrothed, they did not, for a moment, disquiet the even tenor of her thoughts, or divert them from the contemplation of approaching happiness. Mrs. Courtney alone could have warned the ill-fated girl from that precipice, on whose edge she stood in ignorance of her peril; she had not failed to observe, with some anxiety, the particular manner in which Colonel Willis made up to Miss Hamilton, who, on her side, seemed less ready than was her wont to repress his advances, which, to say the truth, were of a nature not to displease the most delicate modesty; yet this very refinement made them but the more insidious, and added to her friend's alarm. But ere his attentions were so manifest as to justify the interpolation of Mrs. Courtney, that lady, being engaged to go on a pleasurable excursion to the north, was forced to comply with her appointment, and did not care, on the eve of her departure, to poison the few days she was to spend with *Sophy*, by imparting suspicions, probably the mere offspring of over-zealous regard. Yet, even had she been at hand to undeceive the victim of love and pride, all her rhetoric would have been insufficient to stifle the pleadings of a partial heart, when they were opposed on no better grounds than the vague surmises of prudence.

Willis, who, in this excess of enraptured passion, could hardly submit to keep up appearances with his bride elect, had taken it for granted that Miss Hamilton would accept his escort on her journey; and his vexed and impatient surprise at her declaration to the contrary was expressed with such violence as rather startled her fond credulity in his perfection of character. His manner, and extreme eagerness in contending for this privilege, appeared, even to her inexperience, so

much beyond the exigency of the occasion, as to fill her with an indefinable dread, lest it were the veil of some dark design, and though her conscience smote her for the momentary doubt, yet it was in vain that Willis rallied the strain of affection which disallowed his attendance. Entreaty, argument, and reproaches, were all thrown away upon her obstinacy; and, while this piece of ill-timed prudery deranged his whole device, he yet had so much self-command as to recede from his opposition, and yield to her pleasure, with an apology for his previous petulance.

Willis's submission smoothed the path to perfect reconciliation—perfect, that is, to outward appearance, for her triumphant resistance had so ruffled his temper as to make him covet a speedy and ample revenge for the pangs of baffled desire.

*Sophy*, unconscious of her offence or his anger, went on with her simple preparations (for she had declined the costly trousseau her lover's profusion would have lavished on her), and he had at last the joy of seeing her depart in the stage, under the care of an elderly female friend. There was no time to be lost, for the next day he had appointed to join her; and having arranged a plan something less feasible than the one she had been pleased to disappoint, he asked a short leave of absence from *Isabella*, and hastened to the perpetration of his cruel intents with such mingled feelings as moved *Polydore* to violate the nuptial couch of his brother.

*Sophy* met with a cordial welcome from her friend, who could not, however, forbear to express a little surprise at learning Colonel Willis's choice; for, intimately acquainted as this lady was with the condition of his affairs, she was unable to believe, notwithstanding all her attachment to Miss Hamilton, that it was his serious purpose to shock the aristocratic feelings of his family by such a connexion. These suspicions she was careful, though, to keep to herself, under the imagination that their disclosure could tend but to wound the delicacy of *Sophy*, without convincing her judgment—and there would be still time for the mortifying tale, should the behaviour of the bridegroom seem, in any manner, to countenance her conjectures: so she was silent—and her friend slept on in that dream of enchantment, from which she was soon, alas! to be but too rudely awakened. The day after *Sophy's* arrival, she looked for her lover; but ere he came, a letter was left at the door for Miss Hamilton, who, by good fortune, was alone when she broke up the seal. One hasty glance instructed her of its fatal purport, and the paper fell to the ground, where it lay for some moments, while the agonized girl, her large, dark eyes dilated to circles by the eager wildness of her gaze, stared on it in such terrified abhorrence as if it were some venomous reptile, whose fangs had just pierced her with a deadly wound. At length, slowly and with a bosom swollen to suffocation, she stooped to lift it, and essayed to read to the end—but a mist dimmed her eyes, which took no more note of its contents than if they had been couched in an unknown tongue. Willis, disloyal to his sworn allegiance—Willis, the premeditated betrayer of her love and her honour—Willis, the mercenary husband of Miss Fleming! Death had no sting half so terrible as this thought—and madness itself were bliss in comparison of the hideous phantasm. But native pride, predominating over outraged love and abused confidence, came to her aid, and made her

"Stern to resolve, and stubborn to endure;"

and while, during the rest of this fatal day, she walked like one bewildered in a fearful vision, the cherished vice successfully suppressed all outward show of the dreadful conflict that raged within. The time for her lover's appearance drew nigh; she heard that familiar voice pronounce her name—and with it a thousand images of past and fancied happiness came rushing on her memory to overcome her by the vivid recollection. Still her mind was made up; and when she beheld Willis beside her—almost at her feet,—her features, though dreadfully pale, were calm—her voice steady as if she discussed some ordinary topic, as, repelling his approach with one hand, she extended the other with the letter, and bade him declare to the truth or falsehood of its statement. Willis received it with trepidation, and read as follows:—

"Though the writer heretofore be unknown to Miss Hamilton, he is not ignorant of her worth, or uninterested in her fate; and 'tis a lively concern for her future peace and fame that alone impels him to advertise her of deep and dangerous designs against both, in one pressing to love her honourably. The person in question is, at this very time, actually affianced to a celebrated heiress, whom he will lawfully lead to the altar; while the basest treachery will be put in practice to delude Miss H. into the belief that *she* is his lawful bride. The illness of his uncle this traitor will make a plea for putting off the marriage; and the opportunity presented by Miss Hamilton's return home will be made use of for the completion of his vile ends. Once warned of the intended atrocity, that young lady is safe from his snare; but let her beware of slighting, in the noble confidence of her nature this information, which is given to place her on her guard, by

"A sincere yet nameless Friend."



During his perusal of this scroll, Sophy, (on whom a new and appalling light broke as she remembered the half-formed doubts that, on a late occasion, she had hastened to stifle as a sin against love,) looked on the accused party with a firm and penetrating eye; there was confusion on his brow—the confusion of guilt and shame; and when he was proceeding to falter forth a faint denial of the charge, she stopped him with all the coolness of contempt. Ten thousand daggers seemed to stab her heart, as it made the admission—but his look, his manner, was so fatally decisive of the projected perfidy. “‘Tis enough,” she said, and her speech was steady—her aspect composed in calm and scornful beauty—“it is enough; this moment establishes your villany, and puts an end to our connexion: farewell, for ever!” and with the step of proud resolution, she passed from his presence, and the last effort over, sunk senseless on a chair in the next room. When she came to herself, Mrs. Courtney was hanging over her in affectionate alarm—and Willis, pale and trembling as herself, held her hands in his, and attempted to recover her to life; but those bewitching eyes opened only to dart on him the glance of unutterable disdain; and, recoiling from his touch, she turned to assure her friend that her indisposition was nothing, and her only want the privacy of her chamber, where she could lie down awhile. ‘Twas in vain that Willis implored her, in tones almost inarticulate, to grant him one moment’s audience; her sole reply was a slight salute as she withdrew fast as her tottering limbs could bear her to her own room. Here she gave herself no time for reflection; but, on the instant, began to pack up her things in the design to leave Baltimore the next day; and, this being done, she threw herself in bed, and for the first time wept long and bitterly. But tears failed to relieve her—and their fountain was suddenly dried up on the entrance of her anxious hostess, who came to invite her to supper. Sophy declined going down, but with a voice and smile so like her usual manner, that Mrs. Courtney was readily persuaded that her fears were unfounded, and left the invalid alone, after prescribing repose as her best medicine. But all the night long she tossed and turned on her restless pillow, and if for a moment sleep visited her heavy and aching eyelids, the thick-coming and delirious fancies that vexed her dreaming brain started away slumber, and awoke her to convulsive agonies.

Towards morning, overspent nature sunk into a pious rest—a rest so profound and protracted, that it might well have been mistaken for the long, last sleep of death; and ‘twas not till the sun was declining in the western sky that she awoke, to the infinite delight of her friend, clear and calm in mind and memory—but with her young heart and hopes withered like the lone and desert waste beneath the blighting breath of the simoom. Mrs. Courtney, who could not help suspecting some ill passage between the lovers, forbore to persecute her by inquiry or comment; and ‘twas not till Sophy came to speak of her proposed departure, that this discretion gave way to her exceeding surprise at the news. But she vainly strove to dissuade her from the execution of this sudden whim; and after several hours of alternate railery and expostulation, was constrained to give up the point, and allow her self-willed guest to take her own way. Just as Miss Hamilton was stepping into the stage-coach, a servant tendered her a letter from Willis (who had not ceased, since the evening of their rupture, to besiege the door with petitions for admittance); but she repulsed the misive with such mixed feelings of pride and regret as attend the martyr to the stake; and having assumed her seat in the carriage, with her calash drawn as far as possible over her calm and pallid face, she sat as still and perfectly heedless of existence, as if she were already laid a shrouded corpse in her coffin. But internally a prey to all the corroding tortures with which an injury, such as hers, could wring a high and haughty spirit, there was another and a keener pang in the conviction, that, though towards the friend, whose embrace she had just left, she might persevere in her allowable silence, such reserve could not exist with the benevolent protectress of her orphanage, who, in right of her kindness, demanded and deserved the meed of entire confidence. The short space between the towns was soon travelled over; and she found herself again in W—, and at that door through which she had so lately passed, elate with hope and happiness; one long convulsive sigh “bespoke remembrance only too profound,” as, alighting with a rapid yet trembling step, she hurried into the shop, and threw herself, gasping for breath, on the first vacant seat. Mrs. Rose, affectionately kissing her cold cheek, begged to know the reason for her return and this emotion, while the wondering apprentices crowded about her with eager observations on her altered looks. Sophy raised her eyes to a mirror that hung near, and dropped them in doubt and dismay at the faded and languid image it reflected; but she accounted for her faint and dejected appearance, by the plea of fatigue and a sick head ache, which, at the same time, served as a pretext to cover her abrupt retreat to her sleeping bower,—where, as the lingering and weary hours of what appeared to her an endless day wore slowly by, she continued stretched on her couch, without change of features or posture, her eyes closed, and the white and beautiful hands folded on her anguished bosom. But when

twilight melted into darkness, and the moon shone forth with pale and placid beams, she suddenly arose and sent to desire that Mrs. Rose would come to her for a few moments; that lady, whose concern for Sophy’s health had made her refrain from disturbing her solitude, was prompt in her attendance, and entered the sick chamber with a noiseless step, and bearing a saviour with lights and such refreshments as would suit the weak appetite of an invalid. Sophy, full of calm and energetic equanimity, received her at the door, and, seeming to shrink from the glare of the candles, immediately extinguished them; then placing a chair for her friend, and inviting her to assume it, she made haste to bolt out all intrusion. All this she did in silence, without heeding the questions addressed to her touching her indisposition; and, having so disposed her own seat that the clear and soft rays of the fair planet that enlightened the room fell full on the spot, she took possession of it, and began her story. With a voice unbroken in its tones, and a countenance of unchanging serenity, she went through the recital. “And now, my dear mother,” with these words she ended, “no comments! not a word! If you would save me from distraction and from the tomb, promise me—swear to me that you will forget my weakness and its punishment; that never hereafter, by look or by speech, you will recall this matter, or remind me how I have loved, and how I have been scorned. Promise me—swear to me,” she repeated with vehement agitation; “promise me, and leave me.” And Mrs. Rose, aghast at the disclosure, and frightened by her unwonted perturbation, gave the pledge she craved so earnestly; but on condition that Sophy would suffer her to keep her company during the night; and the latter, feeling that her denial would be a failure in the respect due to this worthy matron, was forced to acquiesce, in spite of her repugnance to the proposal. The subsequent day Miss Hamilton kept her room, alleging a slight illness; but longer indulgence she considered indecorous and mean; so she forced herself to attend to her duty, and however much it might cost her, to banish all semblance of that inward and ravaging grief that preyed upon her vitals. All day she went through her irksome routine without betraying, by word or gesture, the dreadful secret of her breast; and Mrs. Rose, relieved by her apparent cheerfulness of demeanour, began to flatter herself that the affair of her hapless love was fading from her memory, and would soon be altogether forgotten in other and happier engagements. But the seat of life was touched—and that beyond the power of time or earthly aid to heal. Sophy had loved with a fondness, a fervour that seemed to concentrate all the feelings of her soul in one beloved object—and he had despised and requited her affection with the blackest perfidy and ingratitude; her pride,

“The same sin that overthrew the angels,  
And of all sins most easily besets  
Mortals the nearest to the angelic nature,”

had “grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength”—and here was her hand spurned—her dishonour and infamy planned by one, whom to preserve from shame or danger she would have “laid down her life as freely as a pin.” She had loved—and loved unworthily; all the pure and precious emotions of womanhood, like pearls cast before swine, she had thrown away on a wretch, a depraved and dissolute seducer, insensible of their value, and ready to barter them for the passing embrace of any wanton. This was the barbed and poisoned dart that rankled in her wound; and life was a burden and memory a curse to the poor young woman, who was fast dying by a decay of the heart.

Several months she had suffered in silence and unsuspected, for Mrs. Rose, not remarkable for acute perceptions, was far from dreaming that within that bright creation, so lovely to look upon, there lurked, as in “the bud cut by the envious worm,” the seeds of incipient decline and death; but Mrs. Courtney, who was just come to town, and saw with clearer eyes, made a quick discovery of her perilous condition. The downy glow of youth and health was fled, and the abiding spot of feverish crimson that burned on her cheek indicated too plainly the fearful nature of her malady. Yet, to a casual observer, she was beautiful as ever; the dark and lustrous eyes shone with undimmed brilliancy—and ‘twas only the anxious scrutiny of friendship that could detect in their beams the illusive radiance of disease.

Sophy, endued by pride with a capacity of endurance not less than that which sustained the Spartan boy in his uncomplaining agony, made a jest of the apprehensions and advice of Mrs. Courtney, who was earnest in persuading her to take medical aid. ‘Tis true the declining girl was unconscious of the fatal foe that fed upon her life as the vampire of Eastern story is said to drain the warm veins of his sleeping victims; she felt no bodily pain, and was able to cheat herself into the belief that the deadly sensations, which so often came over her, were to be ascribed to late hours and close confinement. But though, under this persuasion, she slackened in her excessive application, and sought the benefit of free air and exercise, the distressing symptoms of decay



continued to beset her; there was still the same uneasy shortness of breath, chequered by fits of long and involuntarily sighing—still that same unsatisfied and oppressive pining after something indefinite and unknown, to be compared only to the anguish that sickens the wretch expiring for want of drink—and which may not unaptly be termed the thirst of the heart—still the same loathing of food and wakeful and weary restlessness through the tedious watches of the night.

Insensible of her danger, Sophy made light account of these ailments, and the fears of her friends, her jealous pride dreading nothing so much as an exposure of her secret weakness; indeed, so well did this victim of love and pride dissemble, that Willis himself began to distrust the reality of the passion he had inspired, and to attribute her former reception of his suit to the suggestions of vanity and pleased ambition. He had made many attempts to propitiate her anger, and employed to no purpose the intercession of Mrs. Courtney, who was invested with a carte-blanche, whereon the haughty beauty was solicited to inscribe her own terms; but scarce had the mediatrix opened her mouth to speak, ere Sophy cut her short with such depth of indignation that she had no mind to renew the contest. Her ill report failed to dishearten the colonel, impressed as he was with the idea that 'twas not in woman to put aside the hand he held out with an offer of marriage; and he wore out his patience in trying every expedient of inventive love before he could bring himself to own that Sophy's ear and heart were for ever shut against him. His fiery spirit kindled in its turn; he had humbled himself by every concession at the feet of her pride—and had been spurned for his pains; so, with such feelings of resentment as made him exclaim,—

"Oh, nymph, unrelenting and cold as thou art,  
My bosom is proud as thine own,"

he turned to forget her smiles and her scorn in the resumption of his addresses to Miss Fleming. That fair lady being nothing loth, an early day was fixed for the nuptials; and her aunt, (the Mrs. Dale introduced to our readers at the beginning of this veritable history,) left the most expensive orders for the bridal paraphernalia at Mrs. Rose's shop.

Thus her untoward fate forced Sophy to take an active part in the preparations for that ceremony, which put an impassable gulf between herself and the lover, whom, though unworthy, she could not yet cease to love: true, her own sentence had severed them eternally, and in giving himself to another, he had but confirmed her decree; still this reasoning did not lessen the pang that owned their final parting. But though her heart heaved with sickening palpitations, and her small white hand shook with a nervous tremor, she swerved not from what she deemed her sacred duty, till the splendid apparel was ready for exhibition to the modish idlers, who found their pastime in loitering about this repository of elegant suffering. Then, indeed, the impulse of irritated feeling subsided; and all the illness its energy had suppressed appeared written on her countenance in characters so legible, that Mrs. Rose's affection took the alarm and would no longer consent to delay summoning a physician. Mrs. Courtney, who had bitterly reproached such deliberate self-murder, could not drive away a presentiment that this succour came too late to save her friend—and the learned leech but spoke what her forebodings had already whispered when he announced the sufferer to be in the last stage of a rapid consumption. Sophy had ever paid strict attention to the outward forms of piety; she prayed daily—sometimes with fervour, always with attention—but of the influence of religion upon the heart—of that inward and spiritual grace, which purifies the passions, and raises our humble hopes to Heaven, she was profoundly ignorant.

All her thoughts and all her wishes had been given to earth and earthly things; the broken reed whereon she leaned had shivered in her grasp—and now she must die—die in the bloom of her youth and life, with all her early beauty on her brow; and ere a few days were past, stand at the judgment seat of the most High and Just. But the call was effectual even at the eleventh hour; the venerable pastor, who came to perform beside her dying bed the solemn service for the sick, found that "the comforter" was there before him; and soon the burning agony passed from Sophy's brain—the tightening grasp of despair was removed from her heart, as she listened to the gracious promises of that Gospel, that "came with healing on its wings." Her "heart had been lifted up because of her beauty—she had corrupted her wisdom by reason of her brightness;" but that pride, so long the master-spirit of her mind, disappeared amid the enlivened regeneration of the Holy Spirit. 'Twas now five weeks that she was confined to her chamber; and as many months since the beginning of that mortal malady, with which a weak constitution, already impaired by sedentary habits, had concurred in hurrying its young victim to her grave. The time of her departure seemed momentarily at hand—and yet she lingered on in her frail and almost impalpable loveliness as it impending death delayed to smite so fair a sacrifice.

They were now in the middle of July—and the heats of the season

unusually oppressive; through the long bright hours of its warmest day, the thoughts of the sufferer had turned with fond tenacity towards the scenes of her early life; they dwelt on the careless pleasures of innocent childhood—on the fairy and fading bliss of her adolescence—on the endearments of parents—the smiles of friends—the hope of joys—all, all for ever lost! With the evening came a severe thunder-storm to purify and cool the close, fervid atmosphere; awhile it raged in sublime and gloomy grandeur, filling the mind with a stern delight, and then rolled slowly by; its faint and far-off peals sinking away in sullen sounds; while suddenly the summer's sun shone out in setting splendour, and illumined the green wet bosom of earth, the clear blue skies, and that huge mass of black clouds collected in the opposite horizon, where, its rays reflecting in the glittering drops, "a rainbow compassed the heavens about with its glorious circle." The dying girl, placed in an arm-chair by the little window of her chamber, gazed on it in speechless emotion: at length, "It is," she said, "the type of peace and consolation to man—the seal of the first covenant between an offended God and his erring creatures. How dazzling the gorgeous arch thrown across the thick, dark curtain beneath! thus dark and dismal the passage through pain to death—thus glorious the day-spring of immortal life and light!" Her voice dropped into an indistinct murmur; she pressed Mrs. Courtney's hand—and her head sunk back on the bosom of that friend, where, with a sigh soft as that of an infant resigning itself to sleep, she drew her last breath—and the spirit passed from time to eternity.—Three days after her decease, Colonel Willis received the following letter:—

"I do not write to upbraid you as the author of my sufferings and my early death; for these I ought rather to blame my own weakness than your cruelty: but 'tis to tell you how fatally you mistook your power and that virtue over which you thought to triumph so easily, that with a dying hand and a broken heart I pen these lines: how different from the fair and free characters you were wont to praise in the first days of our love. You are married—you have wooed and won a young and beautiful heiress: well—be it so; for such a prize 'twas natural—'twas pardonable to trample on the affections of a portionless orphan, who trusted implicitly in your pledged honour. You will live with your gay and lovely bride long years of splendour and worldly prosperity, while I am forgotten in my lowly and premature grave: but the hour will come—an hour of silence and reflection—when you will think on my wrongs with all the bitterness of a late and impotent remorse: it may then avail you to know that my dying voice pronounced their pardon. Truly I forgive you as I hope and dare petition Heaven for forgiveness; and may this assurance impart to your mind some portion of that blessed peace, wherewith the gospel promises of salvation and remission of sin, have filled the breast of "SOPHY HAMILTON."

## DEAD!

Dead! how hard, how mournful 'tis to part  
With those kind friends, the dearest to our heart!  
To see them sink, and pine, and die,  
And leave this world repressing tear or sigh,  
Pressing the hand thy oft in love have pressed,  
Blessing the head they oft in life have blessed.  
Dead! hear the widow's plaintive cry,  
Whose only hope now rests on high.  
Dead! listen to the orphan's piteous wail;  
That mother's gone, whose love could never fail.  
Dead! hear the maiden's loud, heart-rending scream;  
Her lover lost! oh, it's a fearful dream!  
No; 'tis no dream, when all is fair and bright;  
Though day to all, to her 'tis ever night.  
Dead! look upon that sister's silent woe,  
Her mournful cry, "Oh, is it really so?"  
Dead! gaze upon that brother near her grave;  
His heart is melted, though a soldier brave.  
Dead! view that mother, with her eye so wild,  
Embracing still her last, her only child.  
Dead! view that man, low leaning o'er his wife,  
His poor, dead partner, dearer than his life.  
Dead! sorrow, care, and misery are o'er,  
They feel the pangs of life's sad course no more.

F. D.

I knew a man that had wealth and riches, and several houses (writes Walton), all beautifully ready-furnished, and who would often trouble himself and family by removing from one to another. Being asked by a friend why he removed so often, he replied,—"It was to find content in some one of them."—"Content," said his friend, "ever dwells in a meek and quiet soul."



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

*(Continued from our last.)*

## CHAPTER CXXXVII.

## THE LETTERS OF EXCULPATION.—HORACE'S DESPAIR.

WITH what different sensations did Horace Singleton leave Hyde-park to those with which he had entered it. The thought that life might be the penalty of his meeting his antagonist, even in moments of despair and utter desolation, could have been but unwelcome, and far from inculcating ease of mind and happiness to know that he was about to sacrifice his life in a quarrel for a woman who he doubted cared but little for him, was not the most consolatory reflection.

But now that all had passed off, and he was safe and free from hurt, and that his antagonist was likewise uninjured, was a consolation that gladdened his heart; but there was another matter that weighed upon his mind—that was the letter from Alice. She was innocent of all that had been laid to her charge, and what could he think of himself for having been such a dupe as to so far believe her capable of conducting herself in a manner so unbecomingly herself.

Great, also, was the joy of Mr. Biggs, who accompanied Horace from the field, and who at one time entertained strong fears that bloodshed would have been committed, and he standing by in the character of a second; doubly joyful did he feel that nothing had happened to either of the combatants, and nothing, of course, could happen to himself.

He was glad that Horace had received no hurt, or how could he, Biggs, ever have faced Horace's uncle, whom he promised to take care of his nephew, and then he should have been accused of having pushed him into a duel. As it was, that part of the affair would bear but very tender handling, and Biggs consoled himself by saying,

"I did it all for the best. I hoped to have had nothing but powder in the pistols, and then who'd have been the worse for the affair?"

The two friends walked side by side for some distance, each buried in their own thoughts, until Horace turned to Biggs, and said,

"In the name of mercy, what can be the meaning of Margaret Home's telling me these strange and idle falsehoods?"

"I don't know," replied Biggs; "but you know young women don't know their own minds, and are often very unreasonable; but I am afraid Margaret is sadly given to lies. There is something wrong about the other young woman, too, I should think."

"And what to do I don't know, Biggs. I believe I shall be driven mad by some of them at last, and commit suicide. I wish I had been shot, and there would have been an end of me at once."

"Oh, pho—pho!" replied Biggs; "don't be absurd, Horace, by talking of suicide and all that sort of thing—it's absurd—very absurd, and very uncomfortable, too, especially when I am by. Now the best thing you can do will be to go and make your peace with the young woman."

"But that is easy to advise, Biggs, but not so easy to accomplish," replied Horace.

"You don't know until you have tried; at least that is what I should do if I were ever to be unfortunate enough to fall in love, which I don't think I ever shall."

"I don't think you ever will, Biggs; but come, we will turn towards Sir Charles Home's house, and endeavour to see Alice, and explain to her how I have been deceived."

"Well, I will go with you; but as to going up stairs, or seeing that young tigress, I won't. It's particularly dangerous, and I won't. Good gracious! you have no conception of the terrible interview I had with her."

"You need not, Biggs, nor need you go prowling into Lady Home's dressing-room. I wonder if Sir Charles knows of it yet."

By this time they arrived at the door, and Horace, after a moment's hesitation, advanced to the door, and gave a gentle rap, which was answered by the hall porter.

"Is Miss Home at home?" inquired Horace.

"Yes, sir," replied her footman, who appeared.

"Then take her my card, and say I wish to see her," said Horace, handing his card.

The man took it, and presently disappeared, but it was not long ere he reappeared, and Horace beheld his approach with feelings of pain as if he anticipated what message he bore to him.

"Miss Home, sir, is too much engaged to be able to see you to-day, sir."

"But," said Biggs, "we wish to see her particularly upon business of importance—we wish to explain——"

"Be quiet, Biggs," interposed Horace, and then turning to the servant, he said,

"Is it likely I can see her at some leisure moment?"

"I should think not," replied Thomas; "I should rather think not, for Miss Alice appears to have an objection, and I can't help it, sir, or I would."

Horace scarcely heard the latter part of the sentence, for he was too pained by the refusal of Alice to attend to anything else, but in another moment he turned from the house, saying to Biggs, who followed him,

"You see, Biggs, how fortune delights to torment and ill-use me. I am especially marked out by Providence as an example of how much ill fortune may be heaped upon one shoulder. I cannot bear it, because I know of no hope—no escape—but madness, and that will be the end of it, I plainly see."

"There you go again; I'm sure as for living in despair you ought to be thankful as long as you live that you haven't a pistol-bullet continually working about in your inside."

"Peace—peace! You can bring no consolation to my wounded heart; you cannot minister to a mind diseased. It was bad enough to feel the heart-sickness of fancying that Alice—the beautiful divinity of my soul—was unworthy of my adoration; but how far short does that pang fall of the one I now experience, when I can no longer doubt her angelic purity, and yet am cast off for ever."

"I tell you what my idea is," said Biggs. "Miss Alice must have found out somehow that you met Margaret, and that made her write the letter to you she did."

"Likely enough. Alas!—alas! I am the complete puppet of an evil destiny."

"No such thing. You must try again, and put matters to rights with her. Why, after all, who can blame you? I'll call upon her myself, and I shall say, 'Come—come, Miss Alice Home, you are a young woman, naturally expecting to be married some day, and there's a young man who wishes to have you. I'll stand godfather to the first child, and——'"

"Biggs, you are an infernal fiend, and wish to drive me quite distracted. Horror—horror!"

"Horror! Why, you expect a family, I suppose, when you marry?"

Horace Singleton pressed his hat tighter on his brows, and set off from Biggs at a pace which the other could by no means equal, so that he very soon found himself alone.

With such a feeling of despair at his heart as he had never before experienced, poor Horace repaired to his chambers in the Albany, and throwing himself upon a sofa, he shut his eyes, and gave himself up to the most melancholy thoughts.

After passing about an hour in this most uncomfortable state, he rose, saying:—

"At least she who has produced all this evil, and made me so very unhappy, shall not altogether smile upon the ruin she has made. She shall not fancy that her victim is unaware of her baseness. I will write to this fiend in human shape—this Margaret Home, and if she have in her whole composition one feeling of shame or compunction, I will at least make an effort to awaken it."

With this resolve, he wrote the following epistle, which he posted as soon as he had concluded it.

"MADAM,—With feelings of regret, as well as abhorrence, I take up my pen to address you: regret that one wearing the female form should so far forget all that was due to honour, delicacy, and feminine character, as to make falsehood a trade,—and abhorrence at the manner in which you have exercised your depraved imagination in producing unhappiness to those who never injured you.

Your machinations are now clear to me, and my eyes are opened to the frightful plans by which you have sought to produce inexplicable confusion, where you should have felt nothing but gratitude, and to sever those hearts which else would ever have been firmly knit together in the bonds of confidence and love.

Although at present you have succeeded so far as to produce a confusion where there should have been none, yet, time—now that your true character has become known—will not only cover you with well-merited disgrace, but obviate the effects of your vile machinations.

To your own conscience, which, if it have no pangs, I can add no sting, I leave you, and may Heaven, as I do, forgive you for your iniquity.

HORACE SINGLETON."

Horace then found some sort of consolation in writing a long letter to Sir Charles Home, in which he took a review of the whole circumstances attending his love for Alice, and detailing the causes of the disagreements and misapprehensions that had arisen.

He enclosed Margaret's letters, in order to add force to his statement, and he concluded by saying,—

"And now, sir, after all this, you will perhaps say I have been guilty



of weakness, in being too easily led away from the even path of confidence in your daughter, which I ought to have pursued; but you must allow something for the weaknesses of human nature. Had I loved Alice less, I might have been less scrupulous in wishing her not only guiltless of the heartlessness imputed to her, but, like *Cæsar's* wife, above suspicion.

"My last meeting with Margaret Home was for the purpose of confounding her machinations by discovering the untruth of any statement she had to offer. My duel with Viscount Hilliers was still with a wish of removing every shadow of suspicion from my mind, and it has had that effect."

"If, after all, then, that I have stated, you and your daughter can, making allowances for the extraordinary manner in which I have been attacked, permit me once again to hope for the happiness of standing well in your good opinions, I shall look upon what has occurred as some of those eras which induced the greatest poet the world ever saw to say,—

"The course of true love runs not smooth."

If, on the contrary, I receive no such gentle courtesy at your hands, I can but pray that Heaven may shower its choicest blessings on the head of Alice, and subscribe myself, the unhappy, weak, but never vacillating in his love,

"HORACE SINGLETON."

#### CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

HORACE'S VISIT TO THE FORTUNE-TELLER.—THE MEETING WITH MARGARET.—THE PROMISE AND THE REPROACH.

HORACE SINGLETON'S reflections after he had written and dispatched his letter were not perhaps of the most satisfactory character that could be imagined. He was sensible that his protestations and assertions were veiled—they might have the semblance of truth, but yet they had no proof save what would serve both ways; and how to obtain any precise proof of the nature of his interviews with Margaret he knew not, nor how to obtain any clue to her meaning for acting in the manner she had towards him.

"If I could lay her motives bare and inform Sir Charles Home, I might be better excused, I might even render a service to Alice. At all events it would be satisfactory to me."

Thus thinking, he pondered over the matter for some time in deep thought. The anxious inquiry of "Will Alice again receive me?" often recurred to his mind, and, although he dared scarcely breathe a hope, yet he could not entirely despair that Sir Charles Home would succeed in obtaining her forgiveness for the past.

The thought suddenly struck him that it was highly probable that she had seen the conjuror. He had mentioned Margaret's name—he had predicted of Alice—he knew them both, or rather the one. She must have been there; and, besides, Biggs saw her portrait there. Yes, it must be—Margaret must have had some communication with this man, be he what he might, conjuror or impostor.

"I will go and see him again," he muttered, half aloud. "I will go and again make some inquiries of him. Money must be his object, and with that I will tempt him to inform me of the nature of Margaret's motives, and her practices against Alice Home."

Full of these thoughts he arose; and, after a little preparation, he left the Albany, taking his way towards St. Paul's Cathedral; but he took a coach from the Haymarket, and rode in the rumbling machine till he got to Doctors' Commons; then, alighting, he pursued his way on foot to the abode of the conjuror whom he sought.

The day was dull and heavy; a cold wind came from the east; and in St. Paul's churchyard it was at its utmost force. Sweeping round the bent, it came with such contrary gusts and currents, as to form fearful eddies, that blew old gentlemen and maiden ladies about in such a state, that they could scarcely tell if they were going in the right direction.

The houses here, in Doctors' Commons, and the streets adjacent, are high and gloomy. Here and there a few flower-pots, with dingy-looking plants, were to be seen, but they were only occasional, and served rather to increase the gloominess of the place than to enliven the appearance of the houses. The street in which the singular man resided, the gloom seemed to increase; the dullness of the whole neighbourhood seemed concentrated at this spot.

The door was apparently closed; but, warned by his previous visit, he opened it by gently pushing against it, and entered the dark and dirty passage.

Horace paused a moment in the passage to make up his mind as to what manner he should put the questions he was desirous of having answered; but he had scarcely done so ere he was startled by a voice, close to his ear, of a strange unearthly character, which said,—

"Enter, Horace Singleton, enter!"

Horace looked round; it was very dark, and he could see nothing, but he at once proceeded to the room in which he had before seen the man he desired. He entered; and, on looking at the picture frame, he perceived his own likeness occupied its space.

The old man, the conjuror himself, occupied the same position he had last seen him in; and, with but a little stretch of imagination, he could have believed that the man had not moved since last he met him here.

The conjuror had his eyes fixed upon the brazier, which contained some livid charcoal, and did not take them off when Horace entered, or attempted to speak, so that Horace was reduced to the necessity of speaking first, which he did.

"I am come to pay you a second visit," said Horace, "and to make a few inquiries of you, which, if you can answer satisfactorily—or, rather, *will*, for I think you have the means—it shall be worth your while."

"I seek no reward," replied the conjuror, calmly; "what I may do I will do without fee. If I could not reap my reward without the aid of others, I had not possessed the power I have; it would have been incomplete."

"Ah!" said Horace, "you need say little of that to me; I am not sceptical, but I am not certainly credulous."

"Man's belief extends willingly to what he knows, what is evident to his senses; but that which is hidden from many, and known but to few, he unwillingly listens to."

"It matters but little," replied Horace; "my business with you is in consequence of some expressions you let fall respecting the family of Sir Charles Home."

Horace paused, and the conjuror still kept his eyes fixed on the brazier, but gently inclined his head, and Horace proceeded,—

"From circumstances that have come to my knowledge, Margaret Home is busily engaged in the not very grateful, or respectable, task of endeavouring to injure her present benefactor, and her cousin Alice."

Again the conjuror silently and gently inclined his head, and Horace again resumed,—

"I would make it worth your while if you could let me know, if you could tell me truly the motives that actuate Margaret Home in her line of conduct. Why does she ever seem to step in and endeavour to turn happiness into sorrow?—why, at the risk of misconception, seek to meddle with matters that appear not to interest her in the least, and which may injure others, but cannot possibly benefit herself?"

"You know not the motives that actuate another, and therefore you ought not to decide upon what might or might not be the results; but, granting that you are right, what do you require, the truth or falsehood of one or the other?"

"Of the latter I am fully convinced, perfectly convinced, and I wish to hear nothing that would disturb that conviction. I wish, however, to be acquainted with her motives for pursuing this line of conduct."

"You are wrong," replied the conjuror, "in thinking that Margaret Home has in anything deceived you; on the contrary, I read she has but told you the truth; it may be unpalatable, but, nevertheless, it is strictly true."

"I care not; there is twenty pounds in one sum if you answer my question, and that is, what were the motives that induced Margaret Home to act thus towards her cousin Alice?"

"That is a subject that would require more than ordinary coolness of temper, and accuracy of judgment; more knowledge of facts than you are at present possessed of, and less prejudice than you feel."

"But what is the motive? That is what I am desirous of knowing, and not the qualities of what I do or do not possess. Can you assign any? I think you can, for it appears to me that you have some secret means of correspondence with the family."

"Her motives are pure; you would be a victim, and she is desirous of rescuing you."

"Has she ever been here?"

"Your questions do not concern yourself, and I cannot answer them."

"You decline my reward, and the knowledge that I seek of you?" said Horace.

"I cannot; it would be contrary to my practice to inform one person of the secrets of another."

"Well," said Horace, "this is singular, but unsatisfactory; I must leave you as I came; I cannot, however, subscribe to your opinion, that Margaret Home's conduct is so pure and good as it might have been had she acted otherwise than she has."

"Time," replied the conjuror, "will unfold all events; motives will be made apparent, and deeds come to light that long have been hidden from the day, and in the fulness of time, you may either repent or congratulate yourself upon the line of conduct you may have chosen."

"We shall see," replied Horace, and then he muttered half aloud, "I can gain no knowledge here; what was vague and unsatisfactory before, is not less so now."



He rose and was quitting the apartment, when the conjuror said—  
"The time is not far distant, when what appears strange and mysterious will be made evident, and many things will be known that will cast the pallid hue of death upon your cheek."

"You speak in riddles and I cannot solve them, but since you have nothing better to offer me, I think I might have spared myself the journey."

Horace now left the apartment, and cautiously stepped along the dark passage till he came to the door, which he was about to open, when a light step approached the door, which immediately gave way to the touch and opened.

Horace Singleton the next moment stood face to face with Margaret Home.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of either party. The encounter was so sudden and unexpected by both, and at such a place, for no individual, and there are few indeed who have not some lurking faith in the "black art," likes to be seen going to such a place, or in being caught there—there is something humiliating in the thought that they should be seen at such a place.

Horace Singleton felt especially annoyed that he should be thus caught, as it were, in the very act of doing something, not only very foolish and absurd, but something that was degrading to his intellect, and Margaret was equally annoyed at being met going thither for the same purpose, as it was apparent that she could be going for no other.

It was several moments before either of them spoke. Margaret at first felt confused, and unable to collect herself sufficiently to say anything, and by the time she could have done so, she resolved to wait until Horace should first speak, especially when the purport of his letter rose in her mind.

"Miss Margaret Home," he said, when he was sufficiently recovered from his surprise and vexation; "I did not expect to meet you here."

"And I," replied Margaret, "as little expected to meet Mr. Horace Singleton here; indeed I little thought that he could have condescended to consult a fortune-teller."

Horace, annoyed as he was, was scarcely less so after this remark, and he replied tartly—

"May I inquire, Miss Margaret Home, if this is the source of the information which you have been pleased to favour me with?"

Margaret's passion had nearly reached a point over which she could scarcely have controlled it, but she nevertheless said, in as calm a tone as she could,

"If Mr. Horace Singleton is the dupe of the designing, and thus incapable of discrimination between truth and falsehood, I cannot possibly compel him to see things as others see them and know them. What I have related to you, and that too for your own benefit, because I did not willingly see you duped, see you the victim of —"

"Hold," exclaimed Horace; "all this is unnecessary; I cannot credit it, and I care not to hear what I cannot believe."

"Cannot believe—indeed, you cannot?"

"No, Miss Margaret Home, I cannot, I cannot believe what you say; you have said that which is untrue—nay, more, you have traduced the innocent and virtuous—coined false reports of one who could never have either offended or injured you, and acted the part of an ingrate towards your benefactor."

"My benefactor!" screamed Margaret in a burst of rage; "my benefactor say you?"

"Ay, I did, and do."

"Know you not, young and foolish man, that I am an orphan; and the orphan is often robbed of its bread by those who, in the world's eye, play the benefactor with the wealth they have acquired, by aught but honourable means?"

"It would appear that this is some family quarrel, and I will have nothing to do with it. I cannot mix myself up in Sir Charles Home's private affairs—I wish not to hear them—I have his word, that what you have said of them is false, and you must be actuated by bad and vindictive feelings."

"What I have said of Sir Charles Home and his daughter Alice, is strictly true—I can prove it."

"You cannot prove it—it would be merely an assertion over again as it was when I last met you."

"Is this the conduct of a gentleman, Mr. Singleton? I have at some, nay, certain risk, endeavoured to warn you of your danger, of the terrible nature of the deed you are about to be drawn into, and yet this is the generous and gentlemanly return you make to me, who have done much that you might not be the sacrifice of those who are her relations."

"I meant not insult or affront, Miss Margaret, but I cannot credit what you say after what has passed."

"Yes," replied Margaret, "you cannot credit me because another person has contradicted me, but if you will keep another appointment with me, I will give you proof that Sir Charles Home is not only a bankrupt in fortune, but a murderer to boot."

"Nay —"

"On my life it is true; he murdered the Jew, Abraham Benn, at an old house near Hendon; meet me, and I will give you convincing proof of that."

"I must decline it—I must decline it," said Horace, and bowing to Margaret, he quitted the spot, convinced in his own mind that, be the truth or falsehood in which quarter it might, he should be unwarrantably interfering, if he ventured to adopt any of Margaret's propositions, and though his mind was in an unsettled state as regarded Sir Charles Home, yet he felt convinced that the calumnies of Margaret were perfectly untrue, as far as concerned the treasure of his heart, Alice Home, and he hurried back to his chambers immediately he quitted Margaret Home.

(To be continued in our next.)

## LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

(A SCRAP FROM MY JOURNAL.)

No sooner awake than I jumped out of bed, and ran to the window "Wonder! wonder!" I exclaimed; "a Lord Mayor's Day without mud!" The morning was beautiful: clear, and frosty, with a kindly sun smiling brightly on the streets already alive with preparation for the important events of the day.

At eleven o'clock I sallied out to see what could be seen. A stationary string of carriages threading the ins and outs behind the Post-Office, was the first indication of something uncommon going forward; the hats of the drivers and heads of the horses all decorated with huge cockades. Just as I got to the street facing Guildhall, the bells struck merrily up, and I found myself in the midst of a dense crowd. I was never so squeezed in my life: a fight took place close by me, and a ring was instantly formed. Suddenly a forest of policemen's staves descended heavily upon the heads of the mob, and then what crushing to get out of their way! Got bow-netted by an unseen hand—this seemed to be a favourite diversion with the mob to wile away the time till the civic procession started. I saw several respectable citizens fighting their way out of the crowd blindfolded, their hats being forced down to their very chins. It was a scene full of life. Bands playing, flags waving, horses wearing feathers dancing. What a delightful thought, and how stimulating to my youthful ambition, that one man should be the sole cause of such pleasant commotion. Gold lace glittered in the sun; and the city marshal shone in all the glories of red, blue, and yellow. Was looking on with a smiling countenance munching an apple, when I received a kick on the ankle that instantly made my features assume an expression of pain, and I limped out of the way up some steps, where, on a stone platform of some nineteen inches square, and which accommodated about twenty persons beside myself, I had as good a view of the procession as I could expect.

The civic functionaries were very tardy. At length, when everybody began to get impatient, when the bands had played nearly all their best tunes, and began to fear they would not have an effective one left for the march, when noses were blue, and toes nipped with cold, and when half a dozen feints of starting had been made by the various companies to hurry the new lord mayor;—that august personage issued from the Guildhall, stepped into his ponderous chariot, followed by the mace and swordbearers, and that nameless personage who is always mistaken for the lord mayor; the door was closed with a bang; the word was given to form, then to march, and the procession set off on its slow way, preceded by a dozen policemen staggering under their staves, and in immense orange and pink bouquets, looking as if they didn't know what to make of it, and seemingly stunned by the noise of the brass band that followed them. Next came the different companies, with their arms, bands and banners, escorted by a detachment of horse-soldiers, with drawn swords, looking very fierce over their carrotty mustaches at her Majesty's liege subjects. Then a long train of carriages, whose occupants looked as if they only put up with all this nonsense in consideration of the banquet that was to follow it. Fine, fat, Guildhall dinner devourers some of them were, full, round, and red. Then some more companies, with several ancient scarecrows in steel and brass, plain and scale armour, attended by extremely attenuated beef-eaters in ordinary, and followed by more carriages. Then, preceded by six laced and cocked-hatted footmen, in silk stockings, with tailless calves and green cotton umbrellas, came the lord mayor's coach, its illustrious occupant seemingly engaged in mentally calculating the expenses of the evening's entertainment, and a troop of cavalry closed the procession. Then came the mob tearing, whooping, rushing, and yelling. When the whole had passed I descended from my elevation (where I had been obliged to cling, with an appearance of inconceivable affection, to some iron railings) much edified by what I had seen.



## THE GREAT CREATURE.

"You can't make a silken purse of a sow's ear! You may try—but you can't, I say. He'll never do for the counting house. Pshaw! be a man of business! absurd! Now, what do you think?—but no matter—the boy's a born natural. I won't put myself out of temper, not I. You can't make a silken purse out of a sow's ear. *Fal de rido!*"

This speech was partly addressed to vacancy, and partly to his daughter, by Mr. Ollapod Sneezum, a wealthy merchant, who had more tact than talent—more practical wisdom than education.

"Paternal relative!" sighed Miss Lucretia Sneezum; "author of my being!"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Mr. Sneezum. "None of your romantic nonsense, Letty. Don't call me a paternal relative—I hate such stuff. I suppose you've just got that saying out of the nonsensical novel you have been poring over all day."

"Nonsensical novel!" repeated Miss Letty, casting her eyes to the ceiling, and fixing them with an air of poetical abstraction upon a blue-bottle fly. "*Och, ciel, je suis dans un abysse.*"

"Don't speak French to me," cried Mr. Sneezum; "don't, I say. I hate French, and France, and Frenchmen; I always hated them. What's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh; but I won't put myself in a passion. *Fal de ral de rido!*"

"Papa," lisped Miss Letty, "how can you descend from—from—a—to borrow sayings from the profane vulgar—the *canaille*—the *mauvais sujets*!"

"Do you want to put me in a passion?" cried Mr. Sneezum. "Because you and Theodosia Clements are as thick as thieves——"

"Oh tempore! oh mores!" cried Miss Letty.

"Temper?" continued Mr. Sneezum. "It's enough to make anybody lose his temper. I say, because you and Do-ia are as thick as thieves, I ain't to say a word about that stupid dog, Tom; but I will, though. The fellow would ruin anybody. But I won't put myself in a passion. *Fal de ral de rido!*"

Mr. Sneezum never said "*fal de ral de rido*" except when he was in a very great passion; for Tom Clements, his sister's son, whom he had taken upon trial into his counting-house in Nicholas-lane, had got into all sorts of anti-mercantile habits, and had sadly deranged the economy of the establishment.

"Those horrid proverbs!" sighed Letty.

"Those horrid proverbs? There's wisdom in proverbs. More pounds-shillings-and pence wisdom is in one old proverb, than in the whole six volumes of that rubbish you've been snuffling over to-day."

"Snuffling!" gasped Miss Sneezum; "rubbish! Oh, the Gothicism and the Vandelamania."

"Oh, the bother!" cried Mr. Sneezum.

"To call this sweet book rubbish!—The Young Noble; or, Sentiment on Stilts, rubbish!"

"Yes, to be sure, arrant rubbish. Now, there's a new book come out on Bills of Exchange. Ha, that is a book!"

"Decidedly vulgar!" sighed Letty.

"Vulgar? Pearls before swine!" cried her father.

"Another horrid proverb! Oh, papa! sublimify your proverbs!"

"Do what to my proverbs?"

"Sublimify them. Render them a—a—a—you know."

"I am cursed if I do."

"For example, instead of pearls before swine, couldn't you have said, that such an act of mental alienation would be equivalent to recklessly casting the gems of the Indian Sea at the pedal supporters of a hog?"

"What!" shrieked Mr. Sneezum.

"Or," continued Miss Lucretia, "could you not have appropriately submerged the low saying of 'what is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh,' into the more elegant and *recherche* verbosity of, what has once formed a portion of the osteological system will for ever continue inhibitative of the pathological formation?"

Mr. Sneezum opened his eyes to the size of pink saucers, and glared in speechless surprise upon his daughter.

"What!" he roared. "Do you—but no matter—my mind's fix'd.

Miles Phunky is a good creature, and he, and none but he, shall be my son-in-law—that's poz! He's a great creature—never been later than nine o'clock at the office for twenty-three years; he is a great creature! You'll think so some day; the longest lane has a turning."

"Another horrid proverb!" sighed Letty. "My amiable paternity, idealise your proverbs. Let the mind ruminate in the airy nothingness of—of—an exhaustless meridian of creamy fancy. 'The longest lane has a turning!' Oh, *ciel!* It should be, the most extensive suburban thoroughfare of confined dimensions possesses a *circumendibus*."

"Stuff! trash! bother!" cried the enraged Mr. Sneezum. "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs!"

Miss Lucretia, with a sigh, laid her lily hand upon her father's arm.

"Let me translate:—Instruct your maternal relative once removed to extract the gelatinous matter from an ovum."

"I—tell—you—what," said Mr. Sneezum, perorating each word by tapping his nose, "I'll give the scapegrace, Tom Clements, a ghost of a chance. Nine o'clock is the hour of attendance in the office. Now, hark ye, Letty; if Tom beats that great creature, Miles Phunky, in punctuality for one week, he has my consent to marry you in another; but, mind you—he must beat him, or—Phunky's the best man. I think I have you there, as the treacle-pot remarked to the blue-bottle."

"Vulgar!" sighed Miss Lucretia.

"Vulgar or genteel," said Mr. Sneezum, "I'm fixed as fate; you sha'n't move me; I'm up to snuff, and a pinch above it; catch a weazel asleep."

"Horrid!" gasped Miss Lucretia. "Couldn't you say you were as exalted as the dust which titillates a proboscis, and a——"

"Pshaw!" roared Mr. Sneezum.

"Or," continued Miss Lucretia, "couldn't you have delicately suggested the improbability of surprising a small animal of acute perceptions in the embraces of the drowsy god?"

Mr. Sneezum was too indignant to reply; but, buttoning his coat all the way up upon the wrong buttons, he cast a withering look upon his scientific daughter, and left the room.

Hardly had he done so, when the door gently opened, and the identical Tom Clements appeared.

"What shall we do?" cried Miss Lucretia, when she had related her father's resolve. "Shall we allow our mental faculties to sink into an abyss of obfuscating woe, or soar aloft upon the pinions of radiant hope?"

"Let's elope," suggested Tom.

"The money!" sighed Lucretia.

Tom Clements then slapped his forehead six times without eliciting another idea.

"A thought strikes me!" exclaimed Lucretia. "Miles Phunky must not be punctual."

"He will, though," said Tom.

"The office is built in what was once the green spot in—in——"

"Bedford-row," suggested Tom Clements.

"No matter. To reach that office Phunky must pass through the back parlour. Each morn when Phœbus mounts his car, and fleecy clouds are idly floating in the eastern sky—when mild Aurora blushes in the early dawn, and that dread hour of nine its airy flight across the waste of time is——"

"You mean a little before nine?" said Tom.

"Why, yes," responded Lucretia. "Phunky will I waylay, and with such homied sweetness as the Queen of Love did young Adonis lure from the rough labours of the chase, will I entrap old Phunky."

"A good idea!" cried Tom; "a splendid idea! He'll always be too late."

"He will, Tom—dear Tom!"

"And when papa discharges him,  
And his clothes he packs in his trunk, he  
Shall sigh for the joys of Bedford-row,  
And punch the head of Phunky—y."

"She lisped in numbers, and the numbers came," cried Tom Clements.

The morning came, as mornings commonly do, and Miss Lucretia Sneezum took her station in the back parlour. Hardly had she tended two out of three geraniums that graced the window-sill, when Tom Clements, with part of his breakfast in his pocket, and his cravat in his hand, rushed into the room on his way to the counting house.

"It's five minutes to nine," he cried, "and Phunky is turning out of Featherstone-buildings."

"Away! away!" cried Lucretia; and Tom instantly vanished into the office, where, under cover of the lid of his desk, he finished together his toilette and his breakfast.

It was three minutes to nine when Miles Phunky protruded the tip of his bottle-green nose into the back parlour. He started on observing Lucretia Sneezum sitting languishingly in a chair, with her back towards him. A moment convinced him his approach was unobserved,

"Does he love me?" muttered Lucretia, sentimentally. "Ah, Phunky!"

"She means me," thought Phunky; "I wonder what's the time." Slowly Mr. Phunky drew from his fob the ancient chronometer that had guided his oscillations between Bedford-row and Featherstone-buildings for so many years.

"Beautiful Phunky!" sighed Lucretia.

The chronometer dropped to the bottom of his fob, and Mr. Phunky tore off his blue spectacles recklessly. The office clock strikes nine.

"How do, Phunky?" cried Tom, popping his head out.



"Ha!" cried Miss Lucretia. "Good—morning—Mr.—Phunky!" and glided from the room.

"Never was so late in my life," said Miles Phunky, rushing into the office, where the precise moment of his entrance was recorded by Tom Clements on the cover of the day-book.

Mr. Sneezum took occasion to inform the great creature of the arrangement he had made, and great was the dismay of both to find, that he, the punctual Phunky, had actually failed on the first morning of the week's trial.

"It's odd," said Mr. Sneezum. "Tom's got the advantage now, Phunky, and he'll keep it."

"If," suggested Phunky, "Tom Clements should not come at all on Saturday!"

"Why, then you win."

"Bo I? do I?" cried Phunky, rubbing his nose with the rim of his spectacles. "We shall see, then—we shall see."

For the remainder of the week Tom Clements and Mr. Phunky glared at each other through the railings of their desks with mutual punctuality.

Those were the fine old days of arrest by mesne process; and late on Friday evening might have been seen a corpulent individual, enveloped in a green great-coat, and preceded by a bluish nose, proceeding towards a public-house, situated in an obscure court near Chancery-lane. Some mysterious business was there transacted; and that same evening Mr. Phunky chuckled, as he put on his flannel night-cap, and muttered—

"I have him! He won't be there to-morrow. He! he! he! He'll be arrested for debt in the morning as he places his foot on the step of Sneezum's door. He! he! he!"

The morning came, and Tom Clements was fast asleep, when a violent knocking at the door awakened him.

"Hilloa!" he cried. "What's the row?"

"It's I," said the intruder; "Joe Waggleton. Open the door, and I'll tell you; I can't here."

Tom Clements took a gymnastic leap out of bed, and let in his acquaintance, Joe Waggleton, who was junior clerk to Messrs. Grabball and Ruenum, attorneys-at-law.

"Tom," he cried; "what have you been at?"

"Fast asleep," answered Tom.

"You'll be arrested this morning."

"Arrested!"

"Yes; for fourteen hundred and twenty-seven pounds, three shillings."

Tom Clements rubbed his eyes.

"My guv'nors have got the job," continued Joe Waggleton, "and I thought I'd just run here and give you the hint, old fellow. You see, the bailiff called upon me this morning, about something else, and he mentioned it as an early job, and so —"

"Early job!" screamed Tom Clements. "I smell a rat."

"Call the cat, then," said Joe.

"It's that Phunky's doings. Oh, Waggleton! Waggleton! oh!"

"What's the matter?"

"Listen. If I do go to the office this morning by nine, I do marry Lucretia Sneezum; if I don't, I don't."

"And Phunky does?"

"Yes—yes—yes. You've hammered the correct tenpenny."

Joe Waggleton tapped his nose, as he said—

"Tom, if you do commit matrimony with old Sneezum's daughter?"

"I'll make a man of you, Joe."

"Agreed: you shall. Give us your hand. It's a quarter past eight now. Never fear. Go to the office as usual. Leave it to me."

"My dear Joe, my —"

"Don't mention it," cried Joe Waggleton, running down the stairs.

At ten minutes to nine o'clock, a gentleman, with a cast in his eye, and three under waistcoats, sat down on the steps of Mr. Sneezum's house, and, after winking several times at a lamp-post opposite, he produced a small paper bag of periwinkles, and, by the assistance of a pin, proceeded to amuse himself by dragging them from their shells.

"Grubbs," said a young man, stepping up to him.

"Muster Waggleton?" replied Grubbs, the bailiff.

"Your man has disguised himself in blue spectacles, a spencer, and drag gaiters."

Grubbs winked at the lamp post, knowingly, and Joe continued—

"There's a trap-door in Sneezum's office. Once let him in, and pop—he's gone! There he comes."

Joe Waggleton pointed to the corner of Featherstone-buildings, and Mr. Miles Phunky met the bailiff's eyes. Phunky walked quickly and nervously right into the periwinkle gentleman's arms.

"One!" banded from St. Andrew's Church.

"Let me go!" shouted Phunky, as he was hurried down the street.

"Oh, yes!" responded his captor, "with a long hook, my covey. Kim on."

"Two!" struck the clock, and Mr. Phunky dashed his spectacles recklessly upon the pavement, at the same moment that Tom Clements, with his boots in his hand, rushed into the office. "Three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine!" rung from the church steeple, as Mr. Phunky was pushed down Brownlow-street, amidst an admiring mob.

That day week the following paragraph appeared in the *Times*, under the head of marriages:—

"At St. Andrews, Holborn, Thomas Clements, Esq., to Lucretia Julia Mariana Sneezum, only daughter of Oilapod Sneezum, Esq. After the ceremony, the happy pair started in a chaise and four, to spend the honeymoon at Ryde."

Mr. Phunky's reason tottered on its throne; and even now he is occasionally to be seen standing at the corner of Bedford-row, muttering—  
"It ain't nine yet."

## INTEMPERANCE.

INTEMPERANCE is the parent of almost every other bad passion; its effects are progressive, and the climax of it is murder. Ye prodigates and debauchees, think of the misery you are entailing upon yourselves by the course you are now pursuing. Think of your starving families—of your children crying for bread—of your wives, and the state to which your extravagance has reduced them—of your once comfortable home, of which nothing now remains but the bare walls. Think of the appearance you are making in the eyes of your fellow-men—of the disgust they view you with. Think also, if you should be hurried from this chequered scene, what would be your hope of another world? How would you acquit yourself before your Maker? Think of these things, and pause ere it be too late. You are upon a precipice, one false step may doom you to everlasting misery; perhaps you may be permitted to proceed in your reckless course for a few years, but you must remember that not a moment is your own. To-day you may be in good health; but to-morrow's dawn may see you on your death-bed. In your present state you are slaves, and slaves to what?—to *liquor*. How humiliating must you feel yourselves! Shake off the thralldom—be men again. You are now not your own free agents; but it is in your power to burst asunder the bonds that hold you. Do you prefer seeing your families miserable, yourselves (after the excitement has evaporated) wretched to comfort and enjoyment? Have you no hearts? Will you still continue in your maddening career? If so, certain destruction awaits you! Will you choose this course in preference to receiving the smiles of your children—the affection of your partners—the prosperity of your families? to finding yourselves beloved by your fellow-creatures? to being able to lay your heads upon your pillows, with your consciences free from reproach? As you value your happiness—your prosperity—your well doing in society, I entreat you to give up your vicious course, and, in so doing you may rest assured, you will be more contented and much happier men.

J. B. GOGGS.

THE WALAN TREE.—The inhabitants of the Boigna use the bark of the roots of the walan for catching fish. Before it is used for this purpose, it is powdered, and this process, by the natives is always attended with a peculiar ceremony. The bark of the root is the part of the tree employed, and when it is collected for fishing, a large party attends. It is powdered by a single individual, with a large stone, and whilst this process is going on, the rest lie round the stone in a circle; when all is over, a signal is given, by one of them crowing like a cock, they then arise and collect the powder into little baskets, which is preserved for the use. In catching the fish other ceremonies are employed. The party goes in the morning early, and after throwing the powder upon the water and mixing it till it foams, they cast a net over the stream and retire from the river, maintaining a death-like silence till the poison has acted on the fish. In the course of an hour, the net is generally found full of half-dead fish. The fish will recover from the effect of the poison if thrown into fresh water, and are quite as wholesome as food, although they will not keep so long as fish caught by other means. Rumphins procured some of the bark, and, omitting the ceremonies, found it a very successful mode of fishing. The bark of this tree does not seem to be an active poison, the powder affects the eyes very much and produces inflammation. The use of the powder amongst the natives is confined to particular families, and there is a belief, that any others who should use it, would be afflicted with various diseases. This will account, perhaps, for the ceremony with which it is used. Persons who bathe in the water impregnated with the powder of this tree, experience a tingling sensation of the skin.

Few men take *advice* who talk a great deal.



## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CXXXVII.

AFTER THE MURDER.—VARLEY'S DANGER.—THE BARGE, AND THE FINDING OF THE MURDERED BODY.

THE perspiration stood upon the brow of Bernard Varley, as he plied his oars with desperate energy, and rowed from that spot which would ever be frightful to his imagination, fancying, as his only one source of satisfaction, that now, indeed, he was a free man, and that the only secret that could consign him to the gallows was locked in his own breast.

"Curses on him!" he muttered, "with what a desperate energy he clung to life! I had hoped to have quietly cast him stunned into the river, without such injuries upon his body as could not be accounted for by accident alone; but now, of course, if the body is found, there will be no end of troublesome inquiry. Well, well, I am at least safe, for I have not now that besetting curse upon all dangerous enterprises—an accomplice."

The river was unusually dark, and Varley was anything but well acquainted with it; still he rowed on, having but one feeling on the subject of his progress, and that was, to get as far away as possible from the spot where the murdered body of Samuel Twitter might soon float.

He, in the course of a few minutes, heard again the voices of those who had been singing; and, in the dim obscurity, as he looked now and then over his shoulder, he saw a large boat approaching apparently full of people, and with a lantern at its prow.

As his boat glided past them, he was hailed by a man who spoke as if he had been liberally sacrificing to the rosy god, for his voice was thick, and he tripped over his words now and then rather curiously.

"Hulloa," he said, "where have you come from?"

"Not from a pot-house," replied Varley, who would not have condescended an answer at all, only that he was anxious to know if Twitter's cries had been heard by those whose voices had come so plainly to his ears.

"Oh, curse you," added the man, "I suppose you came from the devil, and he got hold of you behind again just now, which made you squall out so as you have been doing."

"Did you hear anything?"

"Yes, to be sure, I am not deaf."

"And yet drunk," said Varley; who, having now ascertained that Samuel Twitter's cries had been heard, desired no farther parley with the riotous party in the boat, and plied his oars accordingly, with a quickness and energy that soon took him a considerable distance in the other direction.

He heard, as he went, a violent dispute going on as to whether he should be followed or not, for the gentleman who was in a state of vinous stupefaction—as all gentlemen do under such circumstances—felt grievously insulted at being told so.

The angry sounds, however, gradually decreased, until they came to Varley's ears only in indistinct murmurs.

"Curses on the unfortunate management of this affair!" he muttered. "The cries of Twitter have been heard, and, if the body is found, the injuries on it will proclaim in a moment that murder, and not accident, has brought him to death. If suspicion should fall upon me, what can I do? How endeavour to get rid of the fact that I was on the river? If I could hit upon any plan of getting evidence that I was elsewhere, all might be well yet."

The chimes of some distant clock now came upon his ears, and he was astonished to find it was so late as eleven, for he had taken no account of the long time that had been consumed in getting so far up the river as he had gone.

The thought then struck him, that it would be imprudent to return direct to the boat-builder's at Lambeth with the wherry, as it would but afford another opportunity of identifying him, and likewise excite some observations, from the fact that he had gone out in company with another, and come back alone.

"No," he added, "I will not go back there. Let them find their wherry where they may, and how they may, I will land myself, and turn it a trait in the river."

With this object, he slackened his speed, and turned the head of the boat towards shore, preferring the Middlesex bank as being by far the

most convenient for him. In executing this manoeuvre, he did not notice that very near to him was a barge which had just left her moorings, and was slowly emerging from a wharf into the middle of the stream. So mingled was its black bulk with the dingy hue of the houses on the bank, that he saw it not until he was warned by a loud voice shouting,—

"Wherry ahoy, there!—ahoy!—ahoy!"

In another moment there was a loud crash, the oars were dashed from his hands, and he found himself struggling in the river.

"Help! help!" he cried, quite in as frantic accents as those which had come from Samuel Twitter in his death agony.

Then something struck him across the arms, and he instinctively seized the object. It was a rope which had been accidentally towing from the stern of the barge. With desperate energy he clung to it, but his weight caused it to run out further; and Varley, amid such a whirl of ideas, and a flashing of lights, that he knew not if he were dead or alive, felt himself actually touch the bed of the river.

He could swim, although he was not practised in the art, and the extreme suddenness of his immersion, had deprived him of all thought for the moment. In another instant, however, he was on the surface, and, collecting all his breath, in one loud shout he again cried,—

"Help!—help!—I have the rope;—draw in!—help!"

"Ay, ay," said a voice from the barge, and then he felt himself drawn through the water by the rope. In half a minute he was at the side of the barge again, from whence the current, during his descent and ascent had hurried him.

"Hold on!" shouted the man on board.

"Yes," gasped Varley, "yes;" and his knuckles cracked again as he clung to the rope.

Then there was a desperate pull, and he was in safety on a heap of coals in the barge. He staggered, and fell with a deep groan, for his fears that his last hour had come, as well as the exertion he had been compelled to make, had terribly exhausted him. The man got a lantern, and held it close to his face for a few seconds.

"Saved—saved!" muttered Varley.

"Yes, you're saved; but how comes it you ventured on the river, when you don't know a barge by sight?"

"The darkness—I did not see it. I am very cold—very cold."

He shook fearfully; and the man, after rummaging for some moments in his pockets, produced a little flask-bottle, which, after uncorking, he placed to Varley's lips, saying—

"There, drink a drop o' that—it's the right stuff. If that don't warm you, nothing will."

Varley drank some of the burning liquor, which was of tremendous strength, and he felt for some minutes as if a red-hot iron heater was in his stomach. It had its effect though, for the circulation of his blood quickened, and the shivering, which had made his very teeth chatter, subsided.

"Better!" asked the man.

"Yes, yes—much better. I owe you many thanks, friend."

"Whose wherry was it?"

"I hired it at Lambeth."

"Well, you'll have the pleasure of paying for it, then; for it don't do to run wherries agin barges. I'm going to Limehouse, but I 'spose as you'd like to be put ashore somewhere?"

"I should, indeed."

"Very well. You can hail a boat at the first stairs we come to."

"What reward can I give you, for saving my life?"

"Reward! Oh, I can do as my pal, Ben, did."

"How was that?"

"Why, he saved the life of a child some twelve months or more ago, and he got, after a great deal of trouble, a reward quite of a out-and-out magnificent kind."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. The Humane Society sent him what they call a medal. It looked for all the world like a bad penny, and Ben had a great deal of trouble to pass it. At last he did though, when he gave change for sixpence once. I hear as they gives away nearly half-a-crown's worth of medals in the course of a year. Somebody tells me as they gave two pounds once to a man who jumped into the London Docks and saved another; but we mustn't believe all we sees or hears in the papers."

"Take that," said Varley, as he handed a bank note for fifty pounds to the man. "You need not trouble yourself about a penny medal from I believe one of the greatest humbug associations of which London is so full."

The man held the note up to the lantern, and when he saw the amount his eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"Why—why," he said—"do you know what this is? Who the devil are you?"

"My name is John Smith," said Varley. "That is a fifty pounds note, I believe, to which you are heartily welcome."



A tear started to the man's eye as he said—

"My old mother and father are fighting hard for a few comforts in their old age. This will last 'em out as long as they live, poor old folks. I—I don't know how to say thank you for a fifty pounds note. If it had been half-a-crown now, I could have done it."

"I want no thanks. Hail me a boat. You drew me from the water, where, probably, I should have perished."

"Boat, ahoy!" cried the man.

"Ay, ay," responded a voice from the stairs at Hammersmith Bridge, and a wherry shot out into the centre of the stream.

"Farewell," said Varley. "My name is John Smith."

"Good night to you, sir—good night. I never had such an evening's work as this. My old mother will write John Smith on the inside of the kiver of her bible, I know."

Varley dropped into the wherry; but scarcely was its head turned to the shore, when he heard a loud shouting from the direction whence the barge had come, and he recognized the voice as that of the half drunken man with whom he had held a few words of discourse immediately after the murder of Samuel Twitter.

His heart leaped to his mouth, and he sat trembling in every limb as he heard the words—

"Hilloa! Boat—boat! We've found a dead body in the river. A fellow has been murdered. Boat—boat!"

The waterman who had taken Varley hesitated for a moment, and said,—

"A murder!"

"D—n!" growled Varley. "Do you think I can wait all night here?"

"But you hear, sir, there's been a murder."

"What is that to me? Place me on shore, and you shall have five shillings for your trouble."

The man rowed hard upon this promise, and the boat shot along with great rapidity towards the landing-place. The party that had been out merry-making kept on shouting for a boat, and exclaiming that they had picked up a body, in accents that came upon Bernard Varley's ear with awful distinctness and meaning. If by one word he could have annihilated the man who was so persevering in making the announcement, how gladly he would have spoken it.

The boat now grated on the shore, and, throwing a crown piece to the waterman, Varley sprang from the wherry and disappeared in a minute in the darkness that reigned around.

Saturated with wet, as were all his clothes, he felt far from comfortable, and yet he dreaded going into any house of entertainment; for he told himself with a groan that he had already, unfortunately, been looked at by too many persons for his safety on that eventful night. His object was to get back to his hotel, and slip in, if possible, quite unobserved, to the rooms he occupied, when he might, if such a measure were skillfully managed, be supposed to have been there some time.

Getting into the first hackney carriage he could find, he had himself driven to the street adjoining that in which his hotel was situated, and then, alighting, he walked the remainder of his way, and did succeed in reaching his rooms unobserved, as he thought, by any one.

Undressing himself rapidly, he got into bed, and then rung the bell. When a waiter appeared he said,—

"What is the time? I have been in bed a long while, I think; for it was daylight when I retired—not feeling very well."

"Past twelve, sir," was the reply. "We didn't know you were at home, sir."

"I have not been out since dinner," said Varley.

## CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

THE TEMPORARY SHELTER.—MATRIMONIAL JARS AND DIFFICULTIES.—THE VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL.

ROWLAND PERCY no sooner got clear of the Star and Tinder-box, than he rushed into a labyrinth of courts, on the opposite side of Drury-lane, where we left him.

Here he rushed from one part to another, with a wild vehemence that excited the curiosity of the passengers. At length, after he had lost much time in this manner, he fancied he perceived some one following him, and, with a feeling of terror, he rushed down a narrow passage, where a door stood open.

In here he rushed, closing the door softly; and then, looking around him, to see if he could find any spot in which he could conceal himself; but all was darkness, and, after a few moments' reflection, he determined to attract some one's attention, and beg refuge for a time.

He felt about until he found the stair-rails, and then ascended a few stairs; he had not, however, gone up many, when a room-door opened on the first-floor, and a woman stepped out, and said, in a tremulous tone,—

"Is that you, Robert?"

"No," replied Percy, "it is not; but it is one that needs a few moments' shelter and concealment from his enemies. I have heard it said, that a woman never yet refused such a prayer; I am hunted from house to house—from one place of concealment to another, and yet, as I am a living man, I have committed no crime to deserve it."

The woman at first stepped back with a half scream, when she saw Percy and heard his voice; but she presently recovered herself, and, when he finished, she said,—

"If such be really the strait you are reduced to, come in here for a short time; and, if I do wrong, may God forgive me—I mean well."

"You cannot do wrong in sheltering an innocent man, though others hunt me as a guilty one. Your reward will one day be that of knowing you sheltered an innocent man in the utmost need and distress."

As he said this Percy walked into the room, which bore but a wretched appearance. There was a small fire in the grate; a table, on which were spread some plates and tea-things. At one end of the room stood a bedstead and bedding, while in an opposite corner stood a large chest of drawers.

"You can remain here for a short time," said the woman; "my husband will not be in yet, and, if he should come suddenly, you must conceal yourself, else you would run much danger from him."

"Thank you, thank you," replied Percy; "I have been hardly dealt with; life is scarce worth preserving to be hunted about in this manner, and yet one clings to it."

"Do not speak so," replied the woman; "I have had years of trouble, years of hopeless misery, misery which I never hope to be at an end. It is our lot, and repining is useless; I used at one time to grieve, and so I do now; who could help it? But sorrow has grown familiar to me."

"But you are not alone, woman; your life is not sought; you have a husband, one who should protect and support you, and shield you from harm."

"Ay, sir, what should be done, and what is done, are very different things," said the woman, shaking her head; "but my husband is not such. Drunkenness is his vice, I may say, passion, and, when in that state, I am the object of his greatest enmity and hate."

"Good God!" exclaimed Percy; "no man can surely act in the manner you describe, and yet be sane enough to be allowed to go about all the ordinary affairs of life."

"It is true," replied the woman, sadly, "too true, and I am not the only unfortunate creature who has the same kind of evils to go through, not once or twice, but all my life; I sometimes think, if I were dead, I should be happier, and am almost tempted to take means to ensure my destruction; but I shrink from it—I cannot do it."

"Think not of it," said Percy, insensibly offering consolation, and forgetting his own danger, "think not of it; fortune will yet change, and happier days will yet visit you."

"No, no," said the woman; "no hope, no hope; it is a dreary prospect for me, and I must go through my allotted task, though I sink down and die under it. God loads his creatures with misery for a wise purpose, though we, his creatures, do not always see it."

Percy started—his own case recur'd to his mind. A heavy knock was heard at the street-door, which was opened by some one going out, and a man came blundering up stairs, and stumbling at every second stair, cursing and swearing at every alternate step.

"It is my husband," said the woman, noticing Percy's look of alarm and excitement; "he is in his usual state, and I shall be abused for not having food that he likes in the house, while he spends all he earns at a public-house. You must hide yourself, sir, or there will be danger."

Percy arose, and secreted himself behind some utensils and a table that lay in one corner, out of the way; and he had scarcely done so, when the door was flung open by the man, who said,—

"You lazy jade, why d—d—didn't you show me a light—u—u—up stairs, and be d—d to you—eh? Answer me that, curse you!"

"I couldn't get to you in time, Robert, or I should," replied the wife, in a submissive tone.

"B—b—but you ought to have g—g—got to me in time; it was your place to do so, your d—d—duty to do so. D—e, nobody thinks of me. Here have I—been all d—d—day long work—ing hard, and now I c—c—come home at night, you c—c—can't show me a light."

"Come and sit down, Robert," said his wife, endeavouring to get him near the fire.

"I shan't sit down if I don't like. Good God, can't a man st—stand in his own room, if he likes—with—b—b—bring told to sit down—by a woman? B—b—but where's my—supper, you jade, where's my—my supper?"

"There is none, Robert; you know you left me none at all when you went out this morning."

"Nor none you wanted," said the man, with a sullen, dogged air, and he sat down.



"I must have supper; I—c—c—can't work hard all day, and go without any supper. Do you hear?—go and get something to eat."

"I will," said the woman, submissively.

"Then why don't you go?"

"I must have money, Robert; I cannot get things without you give me the means."

"Money be d—d! where do you think I can get money from? People won't give me money."

"But you work for it, Robert, and people won't give me things unless I have money to give them in return."

"You won't go and get what I—I want?" roared the drunken fellow, with a coarse oath. "Then I'll make you, by G—d! if you don't go at once——"

"I cannot get what you want, Robert; indeed, I cannot. Don't strike me—don't strike me; indeed, it is not my fault. I will go and ask them, if you please."

"D—n you," said the brute; "I'll teach you a lesson; I'll learn you to be obedient, madam—I—I will; you sha'n't complain in this manner for nothing. When I come home, in—in—instead of finding all as it should be, there is nothing at all to be had; I'll teach you d—d—different."

As he said this he rose, and staggered towards her with a menacing aspect, and she in terror, and begging him for mercy sake to spare her, retreated towards the spot where Percy was concealed, until she could go no further, and Percy could see all that occurred.

"Mercy—mercy!" shrieked the woman; "you would not strike me? Oh, say, Robert, you would not strike me! Recollect all that has passed, and have mercy!"

"D—n you!" muttered the man between his clenched teeth, as he with one hand seized her shoulder, and was about to deal her a tremendous blow with his other hand, when Percy, who could remain in concealment no longer, rushed upon him, and striking up his arm, he said,—

"Detestable scoundrel! would you strike a woman, and that woman your own wife, and, above all, for no offence of any kind!"

"W—w—who are you?" exclaimed the astonished man, leaving go of his wife, and reeling backward with surprise.

Percy, however, made no answer, but seized him by the throat, and held him so tight that he could not speak; and then, flinging him down, he rushed out of the room. He had hardly gained the landing, however, ere the woman followed him, saying,—

"You have saved me; thank you, and may Heaven reward you! Take this old coat, and throw it over yourself, otherwise you will be detected, for your own is torn to pieces."

"Thank you," replied Percy, as he took the proffered article, which was a brown great coat; and, before he could say more, the woman disappeared again up stairs.

He waited a moment or two and listened; but he heard no sound indicative of any renewal of the tumult that had nearly begun. He took the coat, and, opening it, put it on. It was somewhat too large, but not much, and would pass off very well, and was most essential, both as far as hiding his own tattered garments, and the concealment of his person from the view of those who might be inimical to him.

After a few moments spent in listening to the passengers who passed the end of the court, Rowland Percy opened cautiously and slowly the door, and peeped out.

All was still—not a soul was in this part of the court; it had no thoroughfare, and at the other end another court crossed, and the passengers passed and repassed; but Percy saw no signs of any one watching the place, and after a while he ventured out, and, shutting the door after him, he walked boldly down the court.

He was perfectly safe; and it is doubtful, even if the officers with whom he had had his late confit had met him, but that they would have passed him by without knowing him; the coat was buttoned up high, and the collar turned up, so that his features were hidden from all casual observers.

"Where shall I, where can I now go?" he said to himself; "all, all are parted from me, and my poor father, he is gone. Well, his troubles are over; but, oh! what a parting—what a moment to quit the world in—himself in distress, and afflicted with disease; his son a proscribed man, and flying from those who would take his life; no friendly hand to close his dying eye, none whom he loved were by to receive his last breath."

A sudden thought flashed across his mind, and he suddenly muttered,—

"Ay, ay, I will go and see him—I will go and see him; it is strange that I thought not of it before; but grief deprives the mind of its perceptions, and one's heart becomes hardened to all, save one's own sorrows. It shall not be said, though, that the fear of danger prevented me from seeing the last sad remains of my kind and affectionate parent."

He turned down Drury-lane, and pursued its course until he arrived at that part of the Strand by St. Clement Danes and Temple Bar.

After some hesitation he entered a shop, and inquired the way to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to which he was directed, and then he made what haste he could thither, on account of the lateness of the hour, fearful lest he should be denied admission.

When he arrived the place was closed against the admission of strangers or visitors, and he was denied permission to enter.

"You can't come here, sir, unless you've a broken arm, or a back, or a head, and then we can admit you at all times."

"I am not so afflicted," replied Percy; "but I want to see a Mr. Percy, who has died here; I am a near relative, and wish to see his sad remains."

"Ah! sad," said the man; "well; it's a matter of taste—no harm's done when the old 'un's out of the way; but what relation are you to him?"

"His son," replied Percy, reluctantly.

"Werry good; then the surgeon will let you in. So you may as well follow me till I get you permission to enter."

Percy did as he was desired, and in a few moments more he entered the apartment where the remains of his father had been deposited.

(To be continued in our next.)

## FADING FLOWERS.

Fading flowers—fading flowers,

O how sad ye do appear!

Nature's bowers—Nature's bowers,

Once ye deck'd, but now art sear.

Yes, 'twas thine, in colours gay,

Breathing round a rich perfume,

Once to deck the summer day;

But now sadness is thy doom.

Fading flowers—fading flowers,

O how sorrowful ye lie!

Sunny hours—sunny hours,

'Twere but few that ye saw fly;

Yet thou wert once fresh and green,

Like as youth's gay, fleeting hour,

When his thoughts are all serene,

And his life a budding flower.

Fading flowers—fading flowers,

Such as ye are, so are we;

Life is ours—life is ours,

But a moment light and free;

Like the rude blast, which destroys

Thy fragile, budding head,

Is the breath which death employs,

To lay us mortals dead.

Fading flowers—fading flowers,

O how soon ye droop and die!

Stealing powers—stealing powers,

Are the minutes as they fly;

And we, like thee, are fading,

As old age he bends us low,

'Till the cold grave we are laid in

With a parting pang of woe.

H. J. CHURCH.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed (post paid) to the Editor will be promptly attended to.

H. J. CHURCH.—We would willingly oblige our valued correspondent, but it is not our intention to receive contributions for the JOURNAL. The Poetry sent shall receive due attention.

E. H. WHITE.—From the casual glance we have been enabled to take at "The Adventures of a Shilling," we are inclined to augur favourably of it. A more decided answer shall appear in our next. "The Past," and "Martial Fame," are accepted. The whole of the MS. shall be preserved.

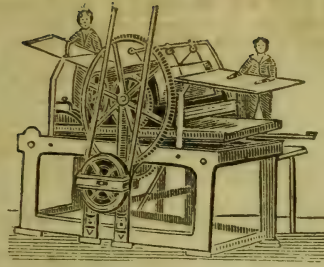
Declined with thanks.—"On the Approach of Summer;" "Ode to Spring;" W. A. T.; "The Dying Mother to Her Child;" and "Farewell to Jane," by J. B.

Accepted.—"A Legendary Tale," and "A Song of Love," by J. W.; "Lines," by G. B. (Dublin.)

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF  
ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## THE VICTIM.

THE enlivening month of May was just departing, and had already resigned the beauties of spring, with all its blossoms and its sweets, to the warmer influence of summer, when Mr. Ansell, having some business to transact in London, in consequence of the lamented death of a father he had long loved and honoured, left, for the first time, the mansion where he had passed the happy and innocent hours of childhood. His mother he had never known, therefore could not regret a loss, the remembrance of which, for eighteen years, had preyed on the heart of his father, who at length fell a victim to the slow but sure workings of inward grief.

Arriving at the village of S—, about the close of the day, Mr. Ansell thought it prudent to secure a lodging for the night, especially as he had papers of consequence about him; giving, therefore, the necessary orders to his servant, they put up their horses at a small inn in the place; and the evening being very fine, Mr. Ansell employed his time in wandering about.

The venerable appearance of the village church attracted his attention: he entered the mournful boundary which surrounded it, and perceived the unlearned, yet pious tributes of rustic affection.

The church door happening to be open, his curiosity induced him to examine the rude architecture of the time-worn pile. In the middle of the aisle, observing a new-made grave, he inquired of an old matron, who with clasped hands was sighing over it, for whom it was intended.

"It is intended," replied the ancient mourner, "for the flower of our village, whose bounty fed me, and many more that are poor, aged, and friendless; she was the pride of our hearts, and the comfort of our remnant days; she was an angel from Heaven, scattering its mercies around her; wherever she went the young and the old followed her with blessings. But she is gone! and the aged and infirm must die comforted."

The heart-felt tears of the sad historian affected Mr. Ansell. "Tell me, worthy and sorrowing woman," he cried, "the name and rank of your lost benefactress; your gratitude has affected me, and you shall not feel uncomfortable, as far as worldly aid can comfort that awful hour."

Her feeble knees bent in return for the promised attention of Mr. Ansell; and, pointing to the prison-house, not far distant, thus continued:—

"Within those gloomy walls, groans, in all the agony of guilt, the foul murderer of Louisa Markham, who was stabbed at this altar by his hand."

Mr. Ansell's servant now attended on his master, with notice that some refreshment was prepared for him at the inn; but the intelligence concerning Miss Markham was of too interesting a nature to be left unfinished: he, therefore, waving his hand to the domestic, requested of the poor old woman to proceed, who replied,—

"Your honour will excuse my inability, as where you are going you will hear every particular. I can weep, sir, but I cannot speak on that which wrings my heart to think of. Our village is very full, in consequence of the awful solemnity of to-morrow, which will behold the remains of all that was beautiful and good consigned to this early grave."

Mr. Ansell, concluding, from her conversation and appearance, that she had seen better days, forced her to accept of a piece of gold, accompanied with an assurance that he should make it a principal concern to minister to the future relief of herself and those whose fate she seemed so feelingly to deplore.

On his return to the inn, he inquired of the landlord if he knew and could relate the particulars of Miss Markham's unhappy story.

"Ay, master, that I could," replied the publican, "if I was not in such a hurry; the place is choke-full to see the burying to-morrow, which is to make a mortal grand show, and I warrant will cost a fine sight of money. I am a man of few words, as you see, and have got a supper to dress for a company just come in, and that is better than losing my time in talking about what everybody knows; but if you want a man for conversation, there's our curate will hold you at that by the hour together, if so be as he thinks you a sensible man; but I fear he is no great judge of such sort, for he never spoke twenty words to me in his life; but I mind nothing of that, for he's mortal poor, and don't come to take his draught, and lay down his pence, so the less I know of such as he the better."

Mr. A. having heard this curious harangue to the end, requested the curate might be sent for.

"Ay, that he shall," said mine host; "better provide for three than two. Here, boy, step to the green, and tell old Perriwig, the parson, to come here to a gentleman that wants to talk to him." The lad did as he was ordered, and soon returned with information that, "Mr. Jennings was coming."

In less than ten minutes the door opened, and the landlord entered with Jennings, whose appearance at once bespoke the gentleman and the Christian. Mr. A. rose, and bowing respectfully, thus addressed his visitor,—

"Pardon, my worthy sir, the liberty I have taken in sending for you; but let the melancholy occasion plead my excuse."

Supper was now served in, after which Mr. A. requested of his guest to make him acquainted with the story of Miss Markham. Mr. J. uttered a heartfelt sigh, and thus began the melancholy tale.

Sir Richard Markham, member for the county of B—, was married very early in life to the youngest daughter of Lord L. The first year blessed their loves with a daughter, that was, in every respect, the most lovely babe I ever beheld. The little Louisa grew up the darling of all who knew her. In her fifth year she was seized with a fever. The complaint bore its most favourable aspect, while Lady Markham, too much unlike the fashionable mothers of the present day, watched over her dear infant with all the fond anxiety of a tender parent. It pleased Heaven to spare the child; but its mother caught the infection, to which she fell a martyr. The course of a few days proved the instability of sublunary bliss. Those days beheld her beautiful, and glowing with youth and health; but ere their short course was run, the lovely object was no more.

The affliction of Sir Richard, on this melancholy occasion, was not of that violent nature as to admit of no comfort. In a few months he recovered from his dejection. Louisa's engaging manners rendered her doubly dear. No expense was withheld in completing her education, and at the age of fourteen there was not a female accomplishment to be acquired, but what she was in possession of; to those accomplishments, nature gave her most refined touches, and rendered the lovely maid an object of admiration.

At this very early period, she experienced that "all are born to trouble." Sir Richard, unmindful of his duty to himself and his child, had formed an imprudent connexion with Mrs. M., who, without the allurements of youth, beauty, or understanding, had still the fatal power to wind herself into his affection, and, in a little time, to the disgrace of himself, and the surprise of all, he led her to the altar. Every one pitied the lovely Louisa, whose gentle mind shrunk at the idea of becoming subject to the caprice of a woman, whose vulgarity had become proverbial, and whose heart possessed not a single virtue.

It was not long before Sir Richard experienced a severe punishment



for his indiscretion. Shunned, on his lady's account, by former acquaintance, he became dejected; his spirit had received a wound beyond the power of any balm to cure—he saw his child unhappy—he beheld his wife, regardless of his reputation and his peace, reveling with her relations, and under his own roof, wasting his own property. Amongst those relations was her cousin, a Mr. Dennis, who, at the time of her marriage, followed the honourable employment of a hair-dresser, in Covent-garden, since which, at the expense of Sir Richard, his debts had been paid, and he had commenced as gentleman.

In the neighbourhood just mentioned there are certain houses whose doors are ever open to the idle, the dissolute, and the gay, where licentiousness and riot hold their nightly reign, and where this unhappy man became a slave to vice.

Dissipation and extravagance very soon made rapid inroads into the peace and fortune of the infatuated Sir Richard. It was in vain for him to remonstrate, Dennis was suffered to rule, whose disposition, naturally turbulent, was continually breaking out, to the utter dismay of this weak and imprudent gentleman, who, having given up his power, had not spirit sufficient to resume the government of a family in which he was no longer considered as having any right to rule.

It was now that he requested, or rather, demanded of Sir Richard, permission to address Miss Markham, to whom he had dared to look up. Sir Richard approved not of a match so unworthy of his child, but not venturing to make any objection, her delicacy was very soon shocked by professions of love from one she had every reason to abhor. Roused by her injuries, the insulted lady, with all the dignity of an offended superior, summoned her resolution, and thus addressed the man who had presumed to affront her:—

"Consideration for an unhappy and misled father, who in an evil moment has forg't himself and his child, forbids my taking that notice I otherwise should of the many indignities I have endured; but leave me to reflection and tears. My erring parent, I plainly perceive, is at length become but too sensible of what he has done, in throwing away his power and his peace. The daring liberty you have this moment taken is but another stab to his wounded heart. How can you imagine his injured daughter can endure the presence of one whom she must ere long consider as accessory to the death of a parent? I charge you, therefore, leave me. Among your many darlings, you have added that of aspiring to my love; but, would to Heaven there was not so strong a cause for your being the abhorred object of my steadfast hate!"

Thus repulsed, Dennis did not think it prudent to urge his suit any further at that time, but knowing that she possessed a large fortune in her own right, from an uncle on her mother's side, he was more than ever determined to leave nothing unattempted to gain the possession of her wealth.

In a few weeks the fears of Miss Markham concerning her father were completed, who could no longer bear his own reflections on the evil effects of his imprudent attachment to a woman who had behaved so improperly towards him; for some time before his death he forbade her his presence. I, sir, was a painful witness of his last hours, during which he sent for his child, and, with a look of pleading misery I can never forget, implored her pity on sufferings which he confessed he had justly brought upon himself.

"All I dare ask of thee, my injured child," cried the poor gentleman, "is, not to reproach the memory of thy father, who, owning he has done amiss, pays for his misconduct with his life."

The fatal moment arrived—he breathed his last with her hand grasped in his, while, blessing and blessed, the light of this world closed upon him for ever.

The day following his decease, Mr. Harley, a gentleman of very large fortune, and father to the young lady before-mentioned, who well knew how distressing her situation had been during his life time, generously stepped forward and offered her his protection. Mrs. Harley joined him, and represented the absolute necessity of immediately quitting a house where she was surrounded by a host of foes, with whom it was unsafe for her to remain one moment longer.

Advice so reasonable and friendly was at once accepted. Mr. Harley, as executor, administered to the effects of his departed friend, and was astonished to find that, after his debts were paid, a few hundreds only remained for the widow. With these she retired, filled with shame and disgrace, to a distant relation, where she now remains.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley were not only happy in a daughter, rich in every engaging and worthy quality, but they had a son likewise, whom they had sent abroad to complete his education, and were at this time in daily expectation of his return. The attention of these dear friends to the lovely orphan, whose happiness was as their own, relieved in a great measure that grief, which, otherwise, it is most probable, she would have been unable to struggle with.

Providence is ever kind to its children in blunting the edge of calamity. The sorrows of Louisa became daily less, owing to the soothing kindness of this small but happy family. With the amiable Miss Har-

ley she had long ago commenced a tender friendship, founded on the durable basis of virtue and corresponding ideas. In a few months after her father's death, George Harley returned from abroad. His enraptured parents thanked Heaven on beholding him restored to their arms, not only adorned with grace, but virtue. His tutor, the Rev. Mr. M., my particular friend, gratified their fond, though just partiality with recounting many acts that had done honour to his charge, during his absence from them. In fact, George Harley returned not the child of fashion, affectation, and extravagance, but the finished gentleman, and the worthy character.

At this period Louisa had just attained her eighteenth year, and answered to every idea which can be formed of perfect beauty. Her affections had never been engaged; an object worthy of them now presented itself, and to which she was not indifferent. It is very natural, therefore, to suppose that young Harley's declarations of love were received with the attention they deserved.

It is needless to enlarge upon this part of my narrative. Some months passed on, which were filled up with the united attention of the parents, the sister, and the son, towards Miss Markham. The young gentleman, with all the fervency of love and affection, intreated her to fix a day for their nuptials. To these intreaties Louisa nobly replied,—

"A trifling reserve on my side towards you, Mr. Harley, would be the height of ingratitude. I am sensible of your generous love, and I confess that my heart shall never own another; but suffer me to dwell a little longer over the loss I have sustained—is there not a decent respect due to the memory of my unhappy father?"

Sentiments like these rendered Louisa, if possible, still more dear to the enamoured youth, who at once submitted to her desire, happy in her promise of one day becoming his.

I am now, sir, just verging on the fatal event that robbed us of the dear and ever-to-be-remembered subject of my painful recital.

Nine mournful months are gone by since the devoted object of my relation was enjoying the calm breezes of a beautiful evening in a small park belonging to her worthy guardian, and had wandered to its extremity, when opening a little gate that led into a lane, lined on both sides with trees, the spreading branches of which formed an enticing shade—while the sun, then setting with all its splendour, illumined the path with its rich departing beams; she was tempted to walk on in expectation of meeting Miss Harley, on her return from a cottager's widow, who having a sick child, for whom she was unable to provide, her distresses had rendered her an object of that young lady's benevolence.

Miss Markham had not proceeded far, before she was alarmed by the sudden appearance of Dennis, who leaped from the adjoining field, and presented himself before her.

Though her agitation was very great, yet, as he immediately and respectfully besought pity and attention, declaring that he meant neither harm nor violence, her fears somewhat subsided, and she judged it prudent to conceal her apprehensions as much as possible, and inform him that, if he would be brief in what he had to say, she would attend.

"Then I may yet hope," he exclaimed: "I see you pity, and I may yet hope."

As he spoke this with energy, Louisa was greatly alarmed, yet, disguising her fears, she replied,—

"I see you look ill; if money can relieve and place you in a regular train of life, I will speak to my dear friends at the house in your view, and I doubt not but among us we can place you above want. It would make me happy to see you a contented and honest man. I will do all I can to render you the first, and I doubt not you have ever been the latter."

With a wildness that still increased her apprehensions, he attended to what she said, and then inquired if that was all the comfort she meant to bestow.

The affrighted Louisa replied, that to give him more was not in her power.

"Not in your power!" he hastily rejoined; "then, by all that's sacred, you must, you shall be mine. The moment you give yourself to another, tremble for your safety."

At this instant when her fortitude was nearly exhausted, and she felt herself ready to faint, who should appear in sight but young Mr. Harley, at whose welcome presence her spirits returned, and she hastily requested of Dennis to leave her, or vengeance would follow his reviv'd rashness and presumption. To this making no other return than that of "Tremble for your safety!" he hastily fled across the fields.

Shocked at the repetition of a threat which conveyed terror to her mind, she was just sinking to the earth, when Mr. Harley, seeing a man run from her, hastily approached, and prevented her from falling. The idea of becoming her protector called forth a glow of joy into the face of the young gentleman.

The cause of Miss Markham's perturbation had been explained in part only from appearance; Mr. Harley concluding the flying man to be one of those who follow the "dreadful trade" of plunder; but this



mistake was soon unravelled, and they turned their steps towards the house; arriving within the garden, Louisa sat down in an alcove, in order to recover her spirits,—it was there she explained more fully the history of Dennis's courtship, concluding with his threat, which she owned had greatly affected her, and still pressed on her mind.

The young gentleman on this confession immediately dropped on his knee, and entreated her to consider her own safety and his peace.

"Adorable Miss Markham," he continued, "your situation demands a guardian; and who so fit for such an envied appointment as the man you have honoured with your preference? Yes, Louisa, that title will sanctify my attention to your safety, it is in your power immediately to invest me with it. Nothing but the necessity of your compliance would have given me confidence to urge you thus. Oh, then, beloved and ever dear object of my fond heart, do not hesitate, but on to-morrow's dawn make me your husband, and your protector."

Louisa saw into his generous motive, and with a frankness worthy of herself, yielded to the solicitation of real love and affection.

That evening, Mr. Ansell, I was a visitor at Mr. Harley's. I saw the worthy pair enter the parlour, and my imagination pictured a sort of boding melancholy in the expressive, yet downcast looks of the ill-fated Louisa.

The young gentleman explained to his parents and sister, who had been returned some time, the providential escape of his beloved, whom they all tenderly embraced with blessings and thanks. The old gentleman and lady called her their own beloved child, while Miss Harley clasping her to her bosom, exclaimed,—

"My sister—my comforter—and my friend!"

Young Mr. Harley now made a sign for me to follow him into another room; when there, he requested I would send off some domestics to several families for some miles round, who had made preparations for the event whenever it should take place. After I had performed this commission, he requested half an hour's conversation in private, before we joined the family. He then unburdened his heart, and I found that a drawback of a very serious kind impoverished all his joys, and filled his bosom with distress and apprehension. He informed me that he had been too deeply concerned in everything that related to Miss Markham, not to become possessed of every particular concerning the ignominious family her unhappy parent had married into.

"Imagine my feelings," therefore, Mr. Jennings," continued the ingenuous youth, "when I received intelligence that Dennis, finding, on Sir Richard's death, there was nothing to divide, but that the widow was obliged to content herself with the wreck of his fortunes, and that my father was sufficiently empowered to secure the fortune of my charming girl to herself, and snatch her from violence or injustice, became desperate. This man had been drawn from obscurity to affluence; from a low situation to the externals of a gentleman. Therefore, finding himself no longer able to support appearances, he determined to try his success at the gaming-table, and, thus resolved, formed connections with those who prey upon the credulity of the weak and wicked who hazard their prosperity among unprincipled sharpers, to the utter ruin of their families and themselves. Success for a time attended his guilty endeavours, when failing in what is termed a point of honour towards one of his wretched companions, owing to his meeting with an antagonist at play, whose superior skill had stripped him of his ill-got gain," he was expelled the society. This mortification was succeeded by a severe fit of illness, when a friend procured his admission into an hospital. The complaint was a fever in the brain. In a few weeks, however, he was deemed well enough to be dismissed, though not cured; this miserable wretch has since tired out his friends with repeated extravagances, and it is but a week past since I heard that his intellects were entirely overthrown.

"Such is the history of a man who now roams at large, at a time when he ought to be properly confined. Judge, therefore, of my distress on the occurrence of this evening. We will now, my good sir, return to the next room, lest our absence should be noticed."

To be brief, for the terrors of what remains will not bear dwelling on, the next day opened with ringing of bells, and the village was in a state of transport. By ten in the morning the bride and bridegroom were in readiness, and at that hour twenty maidens, attendant on the bride, were ready, arrayed in robes of white muslin, striped with white flowers. Early on that morning I was sent to attend the last hours of a lady, whose house was about two miles distant from my own dwelling. I could not but obey the summons; she had been my benefactress and friend; my gratitude, therefore, as well as my duty, was called upon. I found her at the point of death; and in about half an hour she was calmly disengaged from a world of care and sorrow.

Impressed with a pleasing melancholy, I hastened back to experience, as I fondly imagined, a far different scene. Oh, Mr. Ansell, does not your trembling heart anticipate the remainder of my sad relation? Does not your imagination present to your view the lovely victim, unsuspecting as innocent, followed by a virgin train, in all the charms of

youth and beauty, to the altar, where she was doomed to fall a sacrifice to the base assassin that was then lurking in disguise, like Satan in Paradise, intent to murder happiness, and overwhelm himself and others in horror and despair!

I had just entered the churchyard, where such of the villagers who could not get admittance were waiting to see the bride and bridegroom as they came out. Happiness smiled on the faces of the young and the old, and I felt my own heart elated with the general joy I beheld around me. Advancing to the porch, imagine my dismay on hearing a general, dreadful, and continued scream from within the building! The crowd rushed out, and pierced the air with the bitterest cries of anguish and distress! In vain I inquired the cause; no one answered; but, alas! the dismal truth soon unfolded itself, for now young Harley appeared in a state of dreadful distraction. He had torn off the graceful locks from one side of his head; and, though held by his father and my reverend friend, who had accompanied him in his travels, and had been employed in the ceremony, yet he was too powerful for their united strength; two of his footmen, therefore, came to their assistance, who, with streaming eyes, begged pardon of their dear young master, while they were binding down his arms to prevent his committing further violence on himself.

Still all was wrapt in dreadful mystery! Tears and groans only echoed to my inquiries—when (and do I live to tell it?) a dreadful, but silent reply presented itself! The cause, the lamented cause appeared; Louisa, the bleeding victim of that fatal day, presented her murdered form! The assassin's knife had done its business; the crimson stream flowed from her lovely neck; there the murderer had fixed his aim and she was gone beyond the power of recall. And now the scene of horror was completed in the person of the murderer himself!—and that murderer, Dennis, who, in the disguise of a peasant, had, unobserved, placed himself near the altar, from whence the wedded pair were just departing, when, with too sure an aim, he stabbed her in the neck with a knife.

The wretch attempted not to fly, but with an eye of scowling frenzy surveyed, with a gloomy satisfaction, the surrounding terrors, still holding the bloody weapon in his hand, while such was the stupefaction of the moment that no one attempted to secure him. I was the first visited by recollection, and with an energy and rage, for which I trust Heaven will forgive me, I seized the villain, and, forgetting my sacred character and my duty, I imprecated curses on his head, forgetting at that moment my God hath said "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay."

Louisa's breathless corpse was conveyed back to Mr. Harley's, followed by the weeping virgins. The unhappy father was obliged to deliver up his son to the care of those who were best able to attend the distracted; while Dennis was conveyed to a magistrate, before whom he would not utter a syllable; he was, therefore, ordered to prison, where he now waits his trial; and it is generally understood that his punishment will be perpetual confinement.

The mournful relation ended, Mr. Ansell thanked his "venerable historian," and after discoursing some time on the sorrows of the family, and the virtues of the deceased, the two gentlemen parted with a promise of meeting the next morning, in order, together, not only to attend, but assist at the funeral of the dear departed.

"You, my worthy sir," said Mr. Ansell, weeping, "as her father, for you loved her as a child; and I as a brother, for I look upon you with reverence, as you give me back a strong resemblance of the parent I have lost; let me supply the place of your unfortunate Harley, and if his reason returns, he shall be as my brother, and we will be both your children."

This affecting speech was too much for Mr. Jennings to reply to. He answered it in tears, and pressed the deserving youth to his aged bosom.

The next morning arose, but no sun to cheer it, until about eleven o'clock, the time fixed on for the affecting solemnity, when with faint gleamings it swept the surface of the grass and gave a melancholy gloom to the face of nature. The air was still, the procession moved slowly on and entering the church, Mr. Ansell's feelings were heightened by the delicate and refined attention of several blooming children, who, decently arrayed, bore on their little arms small wicker baskets, which were filled with lilies; these they strewed before the corpse as the mourners conveyed it round the side aisles; and when the coffin rested, they placed upon it three bunches of that emblematic flower.

The solemn rites completed, Mr. Jennings and Mr. Ansell returned to the house of the former, from whence Mr. Ansell immediately proceeded towards London, where, completing his business, he found no inclination to remain in that city, therefore returned to his native mansion. In a short time he prevailed upon his reverend friend to quit his little dwelling, and take up his residence at Ansell House. There he experienced every attention and care. There he found all his wishes anticipated. Mr. Ansell knew his worth, and felt a satisfaction in "rocking the cradle of declining age."



The poor old woman, whose watchings over Louisa's grave had attracted his pity and attention, and who had known happier days, now formed a part of his family in the character of housekeeper; in which office she acquitted herself to the satisfaction of her employer, and enjoyed the good will of all his domestics. The objects of Louisa's bounty became likewise pensioners to this good young man. It now remained for him to complete his own felicity, for which he had so happily prepared the way. In effecting this he looked up to his honoured guide and protector, whom he thus addressed on the occasion.

"Happy in myself, my reverend sir, and happy in all around me, I bless Heaven for its mercies, who has left me but one wish more on this side the grave. You will remember the melancholy day on which your poor Louisa received the last attention of her sorrowing friends;—her lamented brother is, I trust, at rest and happy. Through your means I have been gratified with the friendship of that family. Miss Harley, sir, whom you call your daughter, has long possessed the affection of my heart; if, therefore, you will undertake to plead my cause, my felicity will be crowned, as I am persuaded she will listen to you; and I flatter myself her heart is not engaged."

To this ardent address Mr. Jennings, smiling, replied,

"Do not mistake, my son;—Miss Harley's heart is engaged; but take comfort,—it is to yourself that her heart is inclined. Heaven has formed you for each other, and there the union has long since been made."

Reader, the parents of Miss Harley were applied to, who received Mr. Ansell with transport. The worthy pair were soon made happy in each other, and lived many years a blessing to themselves and all dependent on them.

Dennis while in prison procured poison, and finished his own existence. The widow of Sir Richard Markham soon run out the small sum bequeathed her; living without a virtue to adorn her life, and dying without a tear to embalm her memory.

HARVEY.

## LINES

FOUNDED ON A MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE WHICH TOOK PLACE IN THE HARBOUR OF DUBLIN.

[A poor woman with her two children, having been benighted on the strand, were encircled by the tide; the infant to which the lines more particularly refer was drifted to one side of the harbour, whilst the bodies of the mother and her other child were found at some miles distance on the opposite strand.]

Stretched on the cold, rough, granite stone,

With scanty garments covered, and the wild seaweed,

Which some kind wave had gently o'er it thrown,

Lay a fair infant child, of life bereaved;

But none would think that life, indeed, was gone,  
So sweetly seemed to sleep that little one.

So calm, so still, so beautiful it seemed,

In deep repose so quiet, so serene,

None could have looked upon its face and deemed

That death had with the little sleeper been—

That where it lay, so silent and so lone,

It had been by the furious waters thrown.

The small, trim shoes upon thy little feet,

Thy garments poor, but neatly girded on,

Tell of a mother's care of thee, her sweet;

Where is that mother from her infant gone?

Or knows she that her much-loved little child

Lies stretched upon the sea-beach lone and wild?

The rapid waters of the rising tide

Stole round her at the dismal midnight hour,

When to her scream of terror was denied

The aid of any saving human power;

And thou wert by the billows torn away

From her fond breast, an ocean castaway.

Thy sister, stronger far than thee, did cling

Unto her mother in that ruthless sea;

Whilst thou a feeble, helpless, infant thing,

The waves bore off with wild rapidity;

But death, and death alone, could thus divide,

And separate thy mother from thy side.

And now thy mother, and thy sister sleep,

As sound as thee, upon the far-off strand;

Thou wilt not want, nor she again will seek

Her children's bread from any stranger's hand:

One boon alone she mutely now doth crave,

To place thee by her side within one grave.

Dublin,

G. B.

## THE POACHER.

A TALE.—BY A COUNTRY CURATE.

In a distant part of the parish, in one of its wildest and most uncultivated regions, stands a solitary cottage, which, not more from the absolute dreariness of its location than from the melancholy aspect of its architecture, can hardly fail to attract the notice of any wanderer who may chance to pass that way. It stands all alone upon a desolate moor. There are not even the varieties occasioned by hill and dale, to give to the thing the least of a romantic appearance; but, as far as the eye can reach, all is one flat, dreary common, so perfectly bare of pasture that the very sheep seem to shun it, whilst one or two old withered firs give evidence that man has, at some period or another, endeavoured to turn it to use, but has abandoned the attempt, because he found it fruitless.

Almost in the centre of this moor stands the cottage above alluded to. Its walls, constructed partly of brick, partly of deals, give free passage to every blast, let it blow from what quarter it may; and its roof, originally tiled, is now covered over, in some parts, by patches of miserable thatch, in others by boards nailed on, by an unskilful hand, to the rafters. The cottage is two stories high, and presents five windows, besides a door on each side of it. The windows, as may be guessed, retain but few fragments of glass within the frames, the deficiency being supplied by old hats, rags, jackets, and rabbits skins; whilst of the doors, the front or main one hangs by a single hinge, and that behind is fastened to the sinister lintel by no fewer than five latches made of leather.

Of the ground by which it is begirt, a few words will suffice to convey an adequate idea. In setting out from the vicarage, he who wishes to reach that cottage had better make, in the first place, for the high-road. Having traversed that for awhile, he will observe a narrow foot-path on the left hand, which, after descending to the bottom of the glen, and rising again to the summit of a green hill, will bring him within view of the desolate tract already noticed, and will conduct him safely, for in truth there is no pass besides itself across the wild, to the hovel in question. There it ends. It stretches nowhere beyond; indeed, it has evidently been formed by the tread of the tenants of that habitation, as they have gone to or returned from church and market; the scantiness of the soil has doubtless given a facility to its formation; for, in truth, were any human being to walk twenty times backwards and forwards over any given spot in the moor, he would leave a trace of his journey behind him, which whole summers and winters would hardly suffice to obliterate.

Whilst the front door of the cottage opens at once upon the heath, a couple of rods of garden-ground, surrounded by a broken gorse-hedge in the rear, give proof of the industry or idleness of its tenants. Through the middle of this plot runs a straight walk, ending at a stile, or immovable gate, erected in the lower fence. The articles produced are such only, on each side of that walk, as require little or no soil to bring them to perfection. A bed of potatoes, some rows of cabbages and savoy, two apple-trees, a damson and bush, half a dozen gooseberry-bushes, and twice as many of red-currant, constitute the sum total of the crop ever reared upon it. To make such a soil produce even these, must, I apprehend, have required some labour; and I will do its inhabitants the justice to observe, that overgrown as it is now with nettles and rank weeds, there was a time when labour was not spared upon it.

In this miserable hovel dwelt, for many years previous to my arrival in this parish, old Simon Lee, the most skilful and the most determined poacher in all the county; he was now the father of five children, the eldest of whom, when I first became acquainted with him, had attained his twenty-third year, whilst the youngest was just beginning to run alone, being as yet afraid to trust itself beyond arm's-length from the chairs or tables, or any other substance of which it could lay hold. Simon himself was turned sixty. He was a short man, measuring not more than five feet five inches from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head. His make was spare, but bony and muscular; his face, seamed as it was by exposure to weather, had, on the whole, a good expression; and there was a great deal more of intelligence in his keen black eye than you will often observe in the eye of an English peasant. Simon's ordinary dress, when he went abroad, was a short brown gaberdine, which reached barely to his knees, a pair of fustian trowsers, hob-nailed shoes, and thick worsted stockings. His hat was made of straw, and manufactured by his own hands; and you never failed to observe a piece of black tape or riband bound round it, just above the brim. Simon was, or rather would have been, but for his determined predilection in favour of the primitive employment of the chase, one of the best and most trust-worthy labourers in the parish. Set him to what you would, he never failed to do you justice. I have had him, again and again, to dig in my garden, and have compared his diligence with



that of other men who bore a fairer character, and I must do Simon the justice to say, that he has invariably worked harder for his day's pay than any individual among them. In the matter of honesty, again, you might trust him with untold gold. Much as he was disliked, and I know no character in a country place more universally disliked than a poacher, not a human being laid a theft or a robbery to his charge; indeed, he was so well thought of in that respect, that it was no uncommon circumstance for the persons who blamed him most severely, to hire him, when occasion required, to watch their orchards or hop-poles; for Simon was well known to fear neither man nor devil. He really and truly was one of the few persons, among the lower orders, whom chance has thrown in my way, whose poaching I should be disposed to pronounce innate, or a thing of principle.

As a proof of this, I need only mention that Simon and I have discussed the subject repeatedly, and that he has argued in favour of his occupation as stoutly and openly as if there had been no law in existence against it.

"Why, you know, it is illegal," I would say; "and you must likewise know that it is little better than stealing. What right have you to take the hares or partridges which belong to another man?"

"Lord bless you, sir," was Simon's invariable reply, "if you will only tell me to whom they belong, I promise you never to kill another while I live."

"They belong," said I, "to those upon whose lands they feed. Would you consider it right to take one of Sir Harry Oxender's sheep or turkeys? why, then, will you take his hares or pheasants?"

"As to the matter or thar," replied Simon, "there is a mighty difference between sheep and hares. Sheep are bought for money, they remain always upon one spot, they bear the owner's mark, they are articles of barter and sale"—(I profess not to give my friend's exact words, only the substance of his argument)—"and they have always been such. But the hare which is found on Sir Harry's grounds to-day, may be found on 'Squire Deeds's' to-morrow, and maybe Sir Edward Knatchbull's the day after; now, to which of these three gentlemen can the hare be said to belong? No, sir. God made the wild beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, for the poor man as well as for the rich. I will never so far forget myself as to plunder any man's hen-roost, or take away his cattle; but as long as these old arms can wield a gun, and these old hands can set a snare, I will never be without a hare or pheasant, if I happen to want it."

There was no arguing against a man who would talk thus; so after combating the point with him for a time, I finally gave it up.

The worst of it was, however, that Simon not only poached himself, but he brought up his son to the same occupation. The Lees were notorious throughout the country. Not a gamekeeper round but knew them; nor was there one who did not, in some degree, stand in awe of them. It was suspected, too, that they had good friends somewhere behind the curtain; for though the patriarch had been convicted several times, he always managed to pay the fine, and, except once, had never suffered imprisonment.

I have said that Simon Lee was no favourite among his neighbours, and the only cause which I have as yet assigned for the fact is, that he was a poacher. Doubtless this had its weight. But the love of poaching was, unfortunately for himself, not the only disagreeable humour with which he was afflicted. There exists not within the compass of the four seas a prouder spirit than that which animated the form of Simon Lee. He never would accept of favour from any man; he would not crouch or bend to the highest lord in the land. Yet Simon Lee was no Jacobin; quite the reverse. This was the genuine stubbornness, the hardy independence, which was wont to render an English peasant more truly noble than the titled slave of France or Germany, but which, unfortunately, has of late years yielded to the fashionable agricultural system, and to the ruinous and demoralising operations of the poor laws.

Simon was the son of a man who had inherited a farm of some thirty or forty acres, from a long line of ancestors; who loved his landlord as the clansmen of the Highlands were wont to love their chief, and who prided himself in bringing up his children so that they should earn their bread in an honest way, and be beholden to no human being. Simon being the eldest of the family, succeeded, on the death of his father, to the farm. But he had hardly taken possession when the rage for large farms began to show itself; and, in a few years after, he was sent adrift, in order that his fields might be added to those of a wealthy tenant, who undertook to cultivate them better, and pay some two shillings per acre more to the landlord. Whether the new tenant kept his promise in the first of these stipulations may be doubted. In the last he was very punctual, and in a short time he rode as good a horse, and kept as good a table as his landlord himself.

It was a severe wound to Simon's proud heart, his expulsion from his paternal roof.

"In that house, sir," said he to me one day when we talked of the

circumstance, "in that house I drew my first breath, and I hoped to draw my last. For two hundred and fifty years have the Lees inhabited it; and I will venture to say, that his honour has not upon all his lands a family who pay their rent more punctually than we did, or one more ready to serve him, either by day or night. Well, well, the landlord cares nothing for the tenant now, nor the tenant for the landlord; it was not so when I was a boy."

I have been told by those who remember his dismissal, that Simon seemed for a time, after leaving his little farm, like one who had lost everything that was dear to him. To hire another was impossible, for small farms were not to be had, and had the contrary been the case, it was more than questioned whether he could have brought himself to bestow the labour of a good tenant upon any besides the fields which he persisted in calling his own. Under these circumstances he took the cottage on the moor, as much, it was said, because it stood far from the neighbours, as on any other account, and there he remained in a state of perfect idleness, till his little stock of money was expended, and he felt that he must either work or starve.

Simon had married before the inheritance came to him; his eldest boy was able to run about when he left it. His fifth was weaned, when at length the proceeds of the sale being exhausted, and all the little capital swallowed up, he found himself under the necessity of looking out for a master. I have always been at a loss to conceive why he should have applied to the very man who displaced him, in preference to any of the other parishioners; but so it was. He requested and obtained permission to cultivate as a hind, at daily wages, those very fallows which he and his ancestors had so long tilled for their own profit; and from every account, no man could be more faithfully served than his employer, nor any lands more skilfully managed than those which he ploughed. Was this the affection of a rude mind to inanimate objects, or was it not?

Time passed, and Simon's family increased upon him year after year. Still he laboured; and though his wages were not, perhaps, competent to support a wife and eight children in comfort (for there were originally eight of them), still they made their wants square with their means, and so kept above the world. But there is no struggling against sickness. It pleased God to visit him with a malignant fever, of which every individual from the father and mother down to the infant at the breast, partook, and from which three out of the number never recovered. Alas! the rich man knows not what the poor man suffers, when disease takes up its abode in his dwelling. It is bad enough if his children be attacked; bad, very bad, because even then there is the doctor's bill to pay, and all the little comforts to procure which the doctor may recommend as necessary to their recovery; but when he himself falls a victim to the infection, when the arm upon which all depend is unnerved by sickness, and the limbs which ought to provide food for half-a-dozen hungry mouths, are chained down to a wretched pallet—God forgive the rich man who knows of this, and leaves a family so situated to its fate! Such, however, was the case with Simon Lee and his household. For a full fortnight he was himself confined to bed. His wife caught the infection from him, and communicated it to the children. The little money which they had in the house was soon exhausted; they lived for awhile on the produce of their garden; but at length nature rebelled, and Simon, after many a struggle, had recourse to the parish. I shall give the particulars of this application as they were communicated to me by one of the committee.

"We were sitting," said my informant, "as usual, of a Thursday evening, in the room allotted to us in the workhouse. We had a good many applications, for the typhus was prevalent at the time, and we had relieved several, when, on ringing the bell to see whether any more were waiting, to the astonishment of all present, in walked Simon Lee. At first we hardly knew him, he was so wasted and so altered. But he looked at us with the same keen glance with which he used to regard us when he was one of our number, and stood leaning upon his stick in silence. Our overseer at that time was Farmer Scratch, a man, as you know, not remarkable for his kindness of heart, or the liberality of his disposition."

"What want you, Simon?" said he; "surely you cannot be in want of relief?"

"I am in need, though," said Simon; "I would not have come here were not my family starving."

"We have no relief to give you," answered the overseer, "you ought to have taken better care of your money when you had it. I wonder you are not ashamed to come here like a common pauper, you that used to grant relief, and not ask it."

"Simon's blood rushed to his cheeks as the overseer spoke. He raised himself erect upon his staff, and looking proudly at us, he turned upon his heel and walked away."

"This is the first time I have have asked alms," cried he, as he opened the door, "and it shall be the last."

"Simon has had sickness in his family repeatedly since that time. I



have known him to be a full fortnight without work, yet he has never gone to the parish since."

I was a good deal struck and affected by this story, so I took the first opportunity that offered of discussing the subject of it with Simon himself.

"It is all quite true, sir," said he; "the overseer was harsh, and I was proud, so we parted."

"And how have you done since?" asked I.

"Why, bad enough, sometimes," was the reply; "but poor folks, you know, sir, cannot be nice; and I will tell you. It never entered into my head till I was on my way home from the committee, that to be in want of food whilst the hares were eating my cabbages every night, and the partridges feeding not a rod from my door, was no very wise act. I poached, as you call it, to feed my children. I have never killed game for any other purpose; and whilst there is a head of it left, and I am able to catch it, they shall not be beholden to the parish for a meal."

Having thus made my reader in some degree acquainted with Simon Lee and his family, I proceeded at once to detail the circumstances which alone, when I took up the pen, I had intended to detail. Simon had been an inhabitant of his cottage on the moor upwards of twenty years before I came to the parish. The fits of sickness already hinted at had come and gone by long ago, and the habits consequent upon them were all entwined in his very nature, so a nothing could remove them. In fact, Simon had ceased to be regarded by any of his neighbours with an eye of pity; for his misfortunes were all forgotten. Whilst his poaching propensities continued in full vigour, all men spoke of him with abhorrence.

One of the first acts of a country clergyman, after he has settled himself in the spot where his duties lie, is, at least ought to be, to call upon the whole of his parishioners, rich and poor; and to make himself acquainted, as well as he can, with their respective characters and circumstances. In prosecuting these inquiries, he is, of course, liable to be imposed upon according as neighbours chance to live on good or bad terms with one another; for it very seldom happens, I am sorry to say, that the poorer classes speak of their acquaintances, except from the dictates of prejudice, for or against them. Then every prudent man will hear all that is said, and remember it; but he will use it only as the manner uses his log-book, he will take it as a guide in the meanwhile, but make large allowances for the possibility of being deceived. In the case of Simon, I found this precaution peculiarly necessary. To whomsoever I put a question respecting the inhabitant of the cottage on the moor, the answer was invariably the same:—

"We know but little of him, sir, for he neighbours with no one; but they say he is a desperate fellow."

By the farmers again I was told of his extreme indolence, whilst Sir Harry's gamekeeper, who attended my church, assured me "that he was the most troublesome rascal in all the country."

"So," thought I, "he is a pretty sort of a person with whom I am to come in contact!" But I remembered the lesson given to me by my good father, and under the idea that he really was a very wretched character, I resolved to spare no labour to effect his reformation.

The first time I visited Simon was in the month of October. As I was anxious to see and converse with the man himself, I delayed my stroll till the sun had set, and the hours of labour were past; then, fully anticipating a disagreeable interview, I sallied forth. Half an hour's walk brought me to his hovel. I confess that the external appearance of it by no means induced me to doubt the evil rumours communicated from so many quarters; but appearances, I recollected, were often deceitful, so I determined to suspend my judgment till better grounds should be given for forming it. I accordingly knocked at the door; a rough voice called to come in; I pushed it open, and entered. Let me describe the *coup d'œil* as it then fell upon me.

Stepping over a sort of oaken ledge, perhaps three or four inches in height, I found myself in a large apartment, the floor of which was earthen, and full of inequalities. The apartment in question occupied the better part of the basement of the house; that is to say, it took in the whole of the lower story, except a scullery and coal-hole, partitioned off at one of the extremities by a few rotten boards. There was no want of light here; for though the better part of each window was stuffed as I have already described, there being two casements, besides a door on the side, and a like number on the other, he ides various fissures in the wall, the crevices capable of admitting the sun's rays were greatly more abundant than may usually be seen in the English poor man's dwelling. The room was low in the roof, in proportion to its size. The walls, originally white-washed, were of a dingy brown; on the right hand as you entered was the fire-place—a huge orifice—in the centre of which stood a small rusty grate, having a few sticks burning in it, and a pot boiling above them. On one side of this grate, and within the cavity of the chimney, sat Simon. At his feet lay a lurcher, a spaniel, and two ragged black terriers; and he himself was busy twisting a wire, no

doubt for some useful purpose. His wife (originally, I have been told, a pretty woman, but now a hard-favoured, slatternly dame) leaned over the pot, and was in the act of brushing off such particles of a handful of salt as adhered to her palm. The children, one apparently about five, the other about seven years old, were rolling in the middle of the floor, in a state but few degrees removed from nudity; whilst a taller girl, whose age I should guess about thirteen, dandled an infant in her arms beside an opposite window.

Such was the general aspect of the room, and the disposition of the family, when I entered. With respect to furniture, I observed a small deal table, four chairs, rush-bottomed once upon a time, but now greatly in need of repair, a stool or two, a little arm-chair, with a hole in its seat, and a long bench or form. But there were other implements to be seen more attractive than these. On the beam which ran through the middle of the ceiling, was suspended a long fowling piece; there were cranks near it for two others, but at present they were empty. A game-bag, dyed all sorts of colours with blood and grease, hung upon a nail in the wall opposite to me; beside it were two flew nets, such as fishermen use when they drag drains or narrow streams; and a third, of longer dimensions, fit for use in a pond or lake, was thrown across the boarding which separated the apartment from the coal-hole. Three or four shot belts dangled over the fire place; whilst several pairs of strong mud-boots, leathern gaiters, hob-nailed shoes, &c., were scattered at random in the different corners of the room.

The dogs, whose growling had been sufficiently audible even previous to my knock upon the door, no sooner eyed me, than with one accord they sprang to their legs, barking angrily, and showed every tooth in their heads, as if prepared to pounce upon me. They were, however, in admirable training. Simon had only to raise his finger, giving at the same time a low whistle, when they dropped down as if they had been shot, and remained, belly to the ground, without moving limb or tail during the whole of my visit. I could not but pity the unfortunate country gentleman, into whose presence these dogs, with their master, should make their way.

It was easy to do over, from the demeanour of all present, that Simon had been little accustomed to receive visits from the minister of his parish. Both he and his wife appeared utterly confounded at the vision which now stood before them. The wire which he had been twisting was hastily dropped; he rose from his seat, and uncovering his head, stood staring as if he had seen a spirit. In like manner, the housewife seemed rooted to the spot which she occupied when I raised the latch; and the noise of the very children ceased, as if by magic. I had actually advanced as far as the chimney corner before my parishioner recovered himself, or found tongue enough to request that I would be seated.

It was not long, however, before Simon and I found ourselves mutually at ease, and the prejudices under which I laboured respecting him began to give way. He was civil without meanness; respectful, without exhibiting the most remote approximation to cringing; and honestly, yet manfully, professed to be flattered by the marks of attention which I paid him.

"You are the first minister that ever darkened these doors," said he, "and the only gentleman that has condescended to notice old Simon Lee, since he became poor and friendless. I am glad to see you, sir. I liked your discourse last Sunday much; but, thank God, want nothing from you but your good-will."

"And that you shall have, my friend," replied I; "but they tell me, Simon, that you do not lead exactly the sort of life that you ought to lead. How comes it that men's tongues seem so free, when you are the subject of their talk?"

"Indeed, sir," replied Simon, "that is more than I can tell. I know very well that I am no favourite here. And why? Because I hate gossiping—because I fancy myself as good as any of them—because I sometimes speak my mind, and will not always run into the mud when a farmer or his horse chances to be in the middle of the way. But judge for yourself, sir. Try me, and if you find me a thief or a rogue, then turn your back upon me."

"But you are a poacher, Simon; and poaching, you know, is against the laws of your country."

"So it is, sir," was the reply, "and I am very sorry for it; but it is against the law of the Bible! I have read that book through more than once, and I cannot see that a poor man is there forbidden to kill the creatures which God has made wild, and given up as a sort of common possession to all. I know man's laws are against us, and I have felt their severity before now; but I go by the law of my Maker, and as long as I do that, I care for no man."

"But God's laws are against you also. We must submit to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake; and to the game laws among the rest."

"So I have been told," answered Simon; "yet the very persons who persecute me most severely for occasionally killing a hare or a pheasant,



are continually violating the laws in matters quite as serious. Why, there is not a magistrate upon the bench against whom I could not *poach*, for purchasing India handkerchiefs for himself, and French gloves and stockings for his ladies. I do not blame them for that, not I; but I see no reason why all these things should not be within the reach of every man who can afford them; only, I say, let them wash their own hands clean of breaking the laws of the land, before they are so severe upon a poor man like myself, if he catch a head of game now and then to fill his children's bellies. Besides, if they had left me to rear these young ones on my father's farm, they never would have found me cross them, let them do what they would."

The conversation being continued in this strain for some time, and no effect produced upon the poacher's sentiments, I gradually changed the subject, and led him to talk of other things, such as I deemed most likely to betray him into a disclosure of his real character in the common occurrences of life. The result of the whole was, that I rose to quit his house, full rather of compassion than of any other feeling. I was conscious that he had in him, at least, the elements of a good member of society; and if these were somewhat deranged by the preponderancy of an illegal habit, I could not, in my own mind, avoid blaming for it, not only the proprietor of his little farm, who had so rudely ejected him from his home, but the parishioners at large, who originally drove him to it by the needless severity of their manner, when want and sickness first urged him to apply for relief. I learned from him that neither he nor his son had any regular employment.

"People are afraid of us," he said, "God knows why; and yet, sir, there is not one among them will deny, that both Joe and I do a good day's work, when we can get it, and that we are always ready to undertake any job that may be offered."

I was at the time in want of some one to assist me in laying out the grounds about the vicarage, and planting the churchyard; I engaged Simon on the moment, and I never had cause to repent of the measure during the whole time that he was in my service.

I have said that Simon's eldest son had attained his twenty-third year at the period when our acquaintance commenced. He was a well-grown, powerful youth; not handsome, certainly, but straight, broad-shouldered, full-chested, and five feet ten inches high without his shoes. It was not often that Joe Lee mixed in the sports of the village youths; for, brought up as he had been, he was shy, or, as the neighbours called it, proud, like his father; but, when he did join their meetings, there was not a lad among them all that could heave the bar, bowl, bat, or run against him. In wrestling, too, he was unrivalled; and as to shooting, when Shrove Tuesday came round, Joe saved many a devoted dunghill cock, by challenging his companions to shoot at penny pieces, or small shingle stones thrown into the air. Generally speaking, indeed, he never strove at any game without gaining the prize, for he was prudent enough never to attempt anything of which he had not some previous knowledge.

It chanced that, about a year and a half after the interview above recorded, the young men of the parish met, as their custom was, on a certain holiday, to play their match at cricket, and to try their skill at football, racing, and other athletic sports. To these meetings, by the way, I never failed to give my countenance. For the most part I stood by till one or two contests came to a close; and by thus proving to them that religion is no enemy to mirth, as long as it exceeds not the bounds of moderation, I have good reason to believe that I put a stop to many a drunken brawl. Such meetings, at least, I was assured, had invariably ended, during my predecessor's time, in riot and intemperance; in mine, I can safely say, that the instances were rare indeed, in which the slightest deviation from strict sobriety and good-fellowship occurred. As ill-luck would have it, however, a violent quarrel arose this day between Joe Lee and another person; and as the quarrel ended not where it began, but led to very serious consequences, it may be proper to state how it originated, and to what height it was immediately carried.

Our squire had lately added to his establishment a new game-keeper, a blustering, hot-headed native of Yorkshire. This person having been worried in a variety of games, in which he appeared to consider himself an adept, finally challenged any man upon the common to shoot with him, for a wager, at a number of sparrows which he had brought in a cage for the purpose. The challenge was accepted by Joe. The number of birds to be let loose was a dozen a-side, and the parties were to take the alternate shots, whether they chanced to be fair or cross. Both men were known as excellent marksmen—a great degree of interest was accordingly excited on the occasion; and though the majority of those present wished well to Joe Lee, simply because he was a man of Kent, and not a Yorkshireman, there were not wanting numbers who backed the keeper to the customary extent of a pint or a quart of ale. The preparations for the match were soon made—the umpires took their stations; and a trap being formed at the distance of two paces from the sportsmen, the sparrows were removed to it from the cage, one by one.

The first fire fell by lot to Joe, and it was successful; he killed his bird. The keeper was equally fortunate when his turn arrived. Thus they went on, displaying an extraordinary precision of aim, till the fifth fire came round; Joe's took effect; the bird at which the north-countryman shot, flew off untouched. A shout was of course raised by Joe's backers; whilst those of his opponent were proportionably downcast. It soon happened, however, that the rivals were again on an equal footing; Joe missing, and the other killing. And now each had but a single charge reserved; each, too, had missed but once; consequently each could count ten dead sparrows for eleven shots. This fire must therefore decide the match.

You might have heard a pin drop on the very grass, when the trap being raised the little bird rose in air, and Joe, with one leg advanced somewhat before the other, followed it with his gun. He fired. The sparrows soared up for a moment, and dropped perfectly dead, just within distance. I looked at the gamekeeper at this moment, and observed that his knees trembled; he was flurried beyond measure, and the consequence was, that the shot flew harmless and the bird escaped. Instantly the shouts of the Kentish men rent the air, and I quitted them, having seen Joe, whose shyness and pride were both for the moment forgotten, elevated upon the shoulders of a couple of lusty youths, and commencing his triumphal march round the common. Perhaps it is to be regretted that I had not remained amongst them a little longer; had I done so, in all probability matters would not have taken the turn they did.

Chagrined and irritated at his defeat, the keeper mixed no more in the amusements of the day, but sitting down in a booth, swallowed large quantities of ale and spirits, too often the resource of the uneducated classes against the pangs of disappointment and sorrow. As the liquor began to take effect, the man became quarrelsome. He accused Joe, who, having successfully finished a foot race, rested upon a bench near, with foul play. He insisted that the eleventh bird fell out of bounds; and being corrected in that particular by a reference to his own umpire, he changed his mode of attack for another annoyance. The poshing propensity of Joe's father, his pride, and his poverty, were thrown in the son's teeth. Joe bore it; not without a struggle—but he did bear it. Encouraged, probably, by the calmness of his rival, the keeper next began to vent his spite upon Joe's dog. One of the ragged terriers, of which I have already spoken, belonged, it appeared, to Joe, and it seldom left his heel, let him go where he would. On the present occasion it lay beneath the form on which its master sat, perfectly quiet and inoffensive.

"It is a d——d shame that such fellows as you should be allowed to keep dogs," said the surly keeper, giving at the same time a violent kick to the unoffending animal. "If I was master, I would have them all shot; and by G—— the first time I see that brute self-hunting on our land, he shall have the contents of this piece in his stomach."

Still Joe kept his temper, and parried the attack the best way he could; but his blood was boiling, and it only wanted a little more provocation to bring matters to an issue.

"Will you wrestle a fall, you —?" cried the keeper, rising and throwing off his jacket.

"With all my heart," exclaimed Joe; "and don't spare me, for, by the Lord, I don't mean to spare you."

To it they went; and after a few severe tugs the keeper was thrown heavily. He rose with considerable difficulty, and complained grievously of his head; staggered and fell again to the ground. Immediately some of the lads ran to his assistance; he was black in the face. They undid his neckcloth, threw water upon him, but all to no purpose. His limbs quivered convulsively, his eyes opened and shut once or twice,—a gasp, a rattle in his throat, and he was a corpse! A quantity of blood gushing from his nose and mouth, gave evidence of some severe internal injury; whilst the only word uttered by himself, namely, "my head, my head," seemed to imply, that a concussion of the brain had occasioned it. Let the injury, however, be where it might, it was a fatal one; for when the medical assistance arrived, which was promptly sent for, life was wholly extinct.

As may readily be imagined, a termination so awful to sports, begun, and heretofore carried on in the best possible humour, produced no trifling sensation among those who witnessed it. The question most agitated was, how were they to dispose of the unfortunate perpetrator of the deed? That he willingly killed his antagonist not one among them supposed; but there is a propensity in human nature to regard the shedder of man's blood, whether by accident or design, with abhorrence. He who but a minute ago was a favourite with all the bystanders, became now an object of loathing to the majority. Whilst a few voices, therefore, called aloud to let the poor fellow go, hundreds were decidedly of opinion that he ought to be detained. As to Joe himself he never attempted to escape. Whilst the fate of the fallen wrestler was in doubt,—or rather as long as his hurts were considered in no degree to endanger his life, Joe kept aloof from him, and pro-



bably congratulated himself on the extent of the chastisement which he had inflicted: but when a cry was raised, "the keeper is dead," there was not an individual in the throng who appeared more anxious to falsify the rumour, by bestowing upon its object every attention in his power. Dead, however, the keeper was; and Joe readily gave himself up to the parish constable, until the issue of the coroner's question should be ascertained.

Several hours of daylight still remaining, no time was lost in despatching a messenger for the coroner; and as the office for this part of the county happened at the time to be filled by a Folkstone attorney, that gentleman speedily arrived. A jury was summoned, witnesses examined, and the body viewed on the spot where he had ceased to breathe. There cannot be a doubt that a verdict of accidental death would have been returned, but for the unfortunate speech delivered by Joe previous to the commencement of the match.

"Do not spare me, for, by the Lord, I do not mean to spare you."

This sounded very like malice prepense; and the fact, that the parties were at that moment in a state of hostility towards one another, furnished strong ground of suspicion that, if there existed no design on either side positively to take away life, still each was resolved to inflict upon the other as severe a bodily punishment as it was possible to inflict.

"Under those circumstances, gentlemen," said the coroner, "I see not how we can suffer this matter to end here. You must return a verdict of either murder or manslaughter, which you think proper. My own opinion is, that the latter will suit best with the state of the present affair."

It is said that the coroner was the identical attorney who had conducted all the prosecutions hitherto carried on against the Lees. Whether his judgment was warped by prejudice, or whether he hoped to conciliate the good-will of the landed aristocracy by involving one member of a detested family in trouble, or whether he acted as charity would dictate, in accordance with his own sense of duty, I cannot tell. Certain it is, that a verdict was returned according to his recommendation, and, under the coroner's warrant, Joe Lee was removed to gaol.

It is needless to describe with minuteness the circumstances which attended the young man's imprisonment and trial. Neither is it necessary to observe that the misfortune in which their son was involved, gave to Simon and his wife the deepest concern; more especially as they dreaded a degree of interference from certain high quarters, which they considered capable of carrying all before it, even to the conviction of an accused person, in defiance of the clearest evidence of his innocence. Simon and his wife, however, only fell, in this respect, into the double error which frequently possesses the minds of the lower orders in this country. They groundlessly imagined, first, that their betters would desire to pervert the course of justice for the sake of furthering a selfish purpose—a crime of which some, no doubt, may be guilty, but from which the aristocracy of England are, as a body, entirely free; and, secondly, they erroneously conceive, that wealth and rank are able to overwhelm innocence and poverty—a calamity from which our glorious constitution effectually guards us all. Had Joe Lee been arraigned before a bench of county magistrates, it is just possible that his general character might have told against him; but he was given over to be dealt with according to the judgment of twelve plain Englishmen, in whose eyes there really are some crimes more heinous than that of killing game without qualification, license, or permission. Nor did the jury which tried his case disappoint my expectations. In spite of the formidable sentence which, in the view of the subject taken by the coroner, rendered a verdict of manslaughter inevitable, Joe Lee was fully acquitted; and he returned home, after a sojourn of a week or two at Maidstone, to follow his former occupations.

If the Lees had formerly been objects of general dislike, they now became so in a tenfold greater degree. The gamekeepers on all the neighbouring estates entered into close alliance with the tenantry, for the protection, as it was said, of their master's property, but more justly, I believe, to revenge the death of their comrade. The farmers, again, resolved to give neither work nor relief to characters so desperate; and the very labouring classes shunned them, as if they had been polluted creatures, and a deadly infection rode upon their breaths. Simon and his family were aware of this. It had the effect, not of softening or reclaiming, but of rendering them more ruthless than ever; and it was now pretty generally understood, that both father and son were resolved to follow their vocation at all hazards; whilst strong, and even armed parties, were nightly abroad for the purpose of intercepting them.

It was in vain that I sought to reason with either party. The world would not give way to an individual; that individual would not give way to the world: indeed, I soon found that, by attempting to make things better, I only made them worse, and weakened my influence over each other of the contending factions. Matters at length attained

to such a crisis, that I anxiously desired to hear of Simon's capture and conviction; for I had little doubt that the latter event would be followed by his banishment from the country; and I was quite sure, that nothing short of his removal would prevent some act of desperate violence from being sooner or later committed. A single month had barely elapsed from the return of Joe out of prison, when, on wandering to Simon's cottage one morning, with the view of making a last effort to reclaim him, I found that my worst fears had been realized.

Having knocked at the door several times without receiving any answer, I raised the latch, for the purpose of entering. Instead of the watchfulness of Simon's four-footed companions, a sort of broken growl, something between the sound of a bark and a howl, alone caught my ear. It was accompanied with a wailing noise—the noise of a woman weeping; but, except from these noises, there was no intimation that the house was inhabited. I stepped in; there sat Simon in his cold corner, with his head bent down, and arms crossed upon his bosom; of his dogs, only one was near him, the identical black terrier, which usually accompanied his son; and it lay upon the ground, with its tongue hanging out, and its limbs at full stretch, apparently in the agonies of death.

Simon either did not, or would not notice me. The wounded dog, however, for on a near inspection I saw a desperate wound in its flank, made an effort to raise its head and repeated the melancholy growl which it had given when I had crossed the threshold; but the head dropped again to the earth, and the sound ceased. Still Simon took no notice. I went up to him, placed my hand on his shoulder, and called him by his name; he looked up, and in my life I never beheld such expression in the human countenance. Agony, grief, rage and despair, were all depicted there. His eyes were bloodshot, his cheeks pale as ashes; there was blood upon his garments, and his whole form was defiled with mud. Without apparently knowing what he was about, he sprang to his feet. In a moment the butt-end of a gun was brandished over me; and, had I not quickly stepped back, it would have dashed my skull to pieces. As it was, the blow, falling upon the unfortunate dog, put an end at once to its agonies.

"Simon," said I, "what means this? Why lift your hand against me?" The unhappy man stared at me for a moment; the savage expression gradually departed from his face, and, falling down again upon his seat, he burst into tears. I know no spectacle more harrowing than that of an old man when he is weeping. The grief must be deep-seated indeed, which wrings salt tears from the eyes of such a man as Simon Lee; and I accordingly trembled when I again requested to be made acquainted with the cause of behaviour so extraordinary, and so unlike that which I usually met at his hands.

"I thought you had been one of the blood-hounds, sir," cried he; "I thought you had tracked us to our very home; but go up stairs—go, and you will see, for I cannot speak of it."

I went up accordingly, and beheld, upon a miserable pallet, all that remained of the stoutest wrestler, the fastest runner, and the best shot in the parish.

His mother was standing near him, wringing her hands in pitiable agony; his little brothers and sisters were clustered round him, and joining, some of them scarce knew why, in the lamentations of the parent. I was much affected.

"How has this happened?" asked I, hardly able to articulate.

"Oh, my boy! my boy!" exclaimed the unhappy mother, "my first born, and the dearest of my children, has it come to this? Was it for this end that I reared you with so much care, that you should die by the hands of common murderers? Look here," cried she, at the same time rolling down the bed clothes, "look what they have done."

I did look, and beheld a wide wound upon the left breast of the corpse, as if a whole charge of slugs, or swan-shot, had entered. The left arm, too, I saw was broken; it was a horrible spectacle. I covered it up again. It was plain enough that a encounter had taken place, during the preceding night, between some one of the keepers and Simon and his son; and that it had ended fatally, the proof was now before me. I could not, however, inquire into particulars just at that moment, for the parents were too much overcome by the fate of their child to repeat them; but I learned them soon after. They were as follows:—

After ten o'clock on the preceding night, the moon being in her first quarter, Simon and his son, each armed with a fowling-piece, and attended by their dogs, set out, according to custom, in quest of game. As they had placed several snares in the woods of Denne, in the course of the preceding morning, they directed their steps thither; not only because they were tolerably sure of filling their bag in a moderate space of time, but with the view of ascertaining whether or not the wires had availed them.

The distance was considerable. They walked seven good miles before they reached their ground, consequently midnight was hard at hand when they began to penetrate the preserves. Their object being to



obtain as many head of game, and with as little noise as possible, they had taken care to provide themselves with brimstone matches, for the purpose of smoking such pheasants as they might happen to see at roost upon the boughs.

They had succeeded in bagging a brace without the necessity of firing, when the dogs starting a couple of hares, both father and son discharged their pieces almost at the same moment. All this occurred close to a particular corner of the wood where they had placed no fewer than three wires, at short distances from one another. No doubt the wires had been observed; and the keepers rightly judging that those who set them would return at night to take away their spoil, laid themselves in ambush in their immediate vicinity. The report of fire-arms drew them instantly to the spot; neither Simon nor Joe considered it at all derogatory to their dignity to escape, if they could; so, seeing three men advancing towards them, they took to their heels. The keepers followed. Joe might have escaped with ease, but his father, grown stiff by years, was unable to keep up with him. The pursuers gained upon him rapidly.

"Run, Joe; run, my boy," cried the old man; "never mind me. Remember your mother and sisters; run and take care of them."

"That I will not, father," answered Joe, "where you are, I am; let them come on."

Old Simon was by this time pretty well spent with running. He stopped to breathe: Joe stopped also. He endeavoured to load his gun, but had only time to ram home the powder, when the assailants came up. One of them made a blow at the old man's head with a bludgeon, which, had it taken effect, would have put him beyond the reach of surgical art; but Joe caught it ere it fell. His left arm received it, and was broken. Still the right remained to him, and with a single stroke from the butt of his gun, he laid the fellow flat upon the earth.

A desperate struggle now ensued between the two remaining keepers and the poachers. Though powerless of one hand, Joe was still a match for most men; and Simon, having recovered his breath, fought as if only half the load of years had been upon his back. The keepers gave ground. The sole object of the Lees being escape, they abstained from pursuing them, and made the best of their way for the high road, and along it towards their home. But they were not permitted to go unmolested. The keepers followed. By way of checking their further advance, Joe unfortunately turned round and levelled his piece. He had hardly done so, when one of the pursuers fired, and his gun being loaded for the purpose with buck-shot, its contents made their way through the young man's clothing, and entered his chest. The wound was not, however, immediately fatal.

"I am hurt, father," cried he; "fly, and leave me to my fate."

Another shot was fired while he was yet speaking, which took effect upon the only dog that stuck to them. Wild with rage, old Simon would have loaded his gun, and revenged his son or perished, had not the latter assured him that he was still able to proceed. By darting down a deep ravine they managed to evade the keepers; and then taking most unfrequented ways, they made for the moor. But just as the light in their cottage window became discernible, Joe's strength forsook him; he reeled and fell; nor was it without much waste of time, and almost superhuman exertions, that the old man continued to drag, rather than carry him home. Poor Joe never spoke after. He was laid upon his bed in a state of stupor, and about half an hour before day-break breathed his last.

Such is a brief relation of the events that brought about the melancholy scene to which I was now a witness. From it I learned that the blood upon Simon's gaberdrine was his son's. The state of frantic sorrow, too, in which I found him, was sufficiently explained, as well as the impulse which drove him to raise a murderous arm against any intruder; and though I could not acquit this old man of blame, though, indeed, I felt that the death of Joe was entirely owing to his lawless proceedings, I could not but pity him to a far greater degree than I condemned him. I did my best to comfort both him and the lad's mother; but my words fell upon inattentive ears, and I departed, much troubled in my own mind, and without the consolation to reflect, that I had in any degree lightened the troubles of others.

The affair, fatal as it was, never came before a court of justice. It was not, of course, to the interest of Simon, had he been capable of attending to his interests, to stir in the matter; for he could not bring his charge home to any definite person, and the very attempt so to do must have involved him in additional trouble. The fact, however, is, that Simon was never, from the hour of his son's death, in a fit state to conduct any business, or even to take care of himself. His stubborn temper, if it could not bend, was at length broken. All his misfortunes, real and imaginary, seemed to press upon his mind with double violence, now that the child of his pride was taken away from him. I have myself seen him weep at times, like a woman.

Long after his wife had regained her composure, Simon was incon-

soluble; and the ravages made by sorrow upon his health and frame were many degrees more visible and more serious, than those which three score and three winters had effected. Simon was an altered man. The gun and the net were laid aside, but the spade and the hoe took not their place. At first he was deemed lazy; the parish refused to assist him; he was cited before the magistrates, and committed to gaol. Having remained there till the period of his sentence expired, he was again set at liberty. But of his liberty he made no good use. His very wife now complained of him. He would sit, she said, for hours at a time, with folded arms, staring into the fire. He seldom spoke either to her or her young ones; and when he did, it was incoherently and wildly. At length he was missing. He wandered forth one morning unshod and bareheaded. In this plight he was seen to pass through the churchyard, resting for a minute or two on Joe's grave. But what became of him after no one can tell. He was never heard of again. By some it was surmised, that, under the influence of a crazed brain, he had wandered into a distant part of the country; and hence that, sooner or later, tidings would certainly arrive. By others it was insinuated, that he must have thrown himself from the cliffs into the sea, or fallen over and been destroyed. That the first report was groundless, an absence of five years, during which no intelligence of his destiny had reached his family, furnishes ample ground for belief; whether either of the latter surmises be correct, I am ignorant. All that I know is, that he has never been seen or heard of in these quarters since the morning above alluded to; and that his wife, and four surviving children, are now wholly supported from the poor's rates.

## FAREWELL!

Farewell to the home where in youth's giddy hour

I revell'd and laugh'd 'neath it's ivy-topp'd roof,

Where I grew in life's dawn, like a bright smiling flower,

And thought not of trouble, and knew not of reproof,

O! sweet were the dreams then that came to my pillow,

When I rested at night in my soft tiny bed;

But now chang'd are those dreams to a trouble-toss'd billow,

And painful the visions that flit thro' my head.

Farewell to that hearth, where my dear mother taught me

To pray to that Being, who guardeth the weak,

Where trifling presents my friends often brought me,

And whisper'd the path that was proper to seek;

No more shall I gaze on their sweet beaming faces,

That smil'd on the laughing and venturesome boy,

No more shall I feel their heart-warm'd embraces,

That made me each meeting so dearly enjoy.

Farewell to the room where the sun's early rising

Of I gazed on with pleasure and youthful delight;

To the stream's dashing waters, to me then surprising,

A tear for thee starts as thy beauties I write;

The old crumbled bower where oft in my gambols

I climb'd on each gable decaying with years,

No more shall I see thee, nor talk of those rambles

That have fill'd my fond mother with doubtings and fears.

Farewell to those spots where so often I wander'd,

And gazed with glad feelings on brier and brake,

The seat where I've sat on when thoughtful, and ponder'd

Which folly relinquish, which error forsake;

Those scenes which I painted in boyhood's ambition,

Have vanish'd in vapour, all hope hath now fled,

For the future appears but a sorrowful vision,

And I look for the morrow with feelings of dread.

Farewell to the halls where my forefathers revell'd,

And fill'd the huge goblet with rich sparkling wine;

Its walls are now crumbled, it's bowers are level'd,

No more shall the ivy around them entwine;

The song's cheering echo that sounded once gladly,

Shall ne'er again ring in the merry old hall,

All gone are its joys, and my heart is now sadly

Enchain'd to the sorrows that follow its fall.

Farewell! O, farewell, no more shall I view thee,

Dear scenes of my childhood, I bid thee adieu,

E'en friends are all fled, who once gladly knew me.

Alas! that their friendship should prove so untrue.

Farewell! ne'er again shall I gaze on thy towers,

Thou home of my fathers, art gone to decay;

No more shall I taste of those sweet happy hours

I've spent 'neath thy roof 'mid the festive and gay.

H. J. CHURCH,



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CXXXIX.

THE MEETING BETWEEN HORACE SINGLETON AND MARGARET AT THE CONJUROR'S.—THE INTERVIEW WITH THE CONJUROR.—THE SUMMONS.

MARGARET HOME stood for several moments on the step of the door of the conjuror's house, gazing after Horace Singleton with an expression of countenance scarcely to be defined. Her dark eye seemed to emit sparks of fire, and her small lips were compressed, and her whole form seemed as if within some dire conflict of contending passions was going on.

She stood in this attitude for several minutes—one foot raised on the step, the door partially open, and her small hand was firmly clenched.

"So," she at length muttered, and her bosom heaved as with a deep sigh—"so, he affects to treat me thus; and yet I will persevere. I will not be thus baffled by one who has only the will of a boy; I will yet convince him of the truth of my assertions, and the falsity of all that Alice or her father may say.

"The hour of triumph must surely be at hand; the moment when the avenger shall step in and rescue me from my present chain of distressing circumstances; but while Sir Charles has a home, I must and shall be an inmate of it. He dare not turn me out. But my mission—ay, that is, how can I find out the mysterious being, who signs his letters 'The Avenger.' I wonder if he be connected with this man. The ways of both are dark, and perhaps dangerous."

As these thoughts passed through Margaret's mind, she entered the dark passage, and allowed the door to close behind her, which it did with a bang. Of this she took no notice; indeed, her mind was too much occupied with the interview she had had with Horace Singleton, and the probable nature of the information respecting that mysterious being who had influenced in so great an extent her whole conduct, and indeed, whose pernicious counsels had formed the tone of her character.

Margaret approached the door of the room in which the man she was about to see usually sat. Pushing open the half-closed door, she entered the room, and perceived the conjuror seated in his abstracted mood, with his eyes intently fixed upon the burning brazier of charcoal; that object which seemed to attract his attention, whether from real interest or habit we know not, but he was always seen gazing upon that, and seldom raised his eyes to those of his visitor.

She was much struck by the singular appurtenances here, as well as by the strange appearance of the conjuror himself. Her own portrait, too, so accurately and beautifully executed, greatly excited her attention. The singular sickly green light of the room—the green flame that suddenly sprung up from the brazier—all tended greatly to bewilder any one who made a visit for the first time, and keep their minds from being fixed on any one object, and regarding it with undivided attention.

"You are welcome, Margaret Home," said the conjuror, in a calm tone—"you are welcome;" and he pointed, as he spoke, to a chair, on which she sat down.

"You knew of my coming to you, then?" said Margaret, in a tone of inquiry.

"I did," was the laconic reply.

"Then, perhaps, you can tell me the nature of my visit, and its object?"

"The Avenger," replied the conjuror, in a hollow tone.

Margaret started slightly, for that name had created certain sensations and ideas which had much of mystery connected with them; neither had she before this heard that name ever pass the lips of another; never had the sound audibly reached her own ears—it was new, and full of significance, and recalled her wandering faculties to the consideration of what was before her.

"Yes," replied Margaret, "it was he who directed me hither. You know my name, and therefore I need not scruple in telling you the object of my visit."

"The being you name is not unknown to me, and you did right in thus coming. You may be free and open in your confidence to me."

"Who is the Avenger?" said Margaret. "Cannot I see him—cannot I receive from his mouth all that he could say to me?"

The conjuror shook his head, and, after a moment's pause, he said,—

"Who he is I dare not tell. It is a secret scarce belonging to earth, and he who meddles with such brings down the wrath of beings far more powerful than he is."

"Indeed," said Margaret, incredulously; "this savours of the marvellous most strangely. Am I not to have confidence reposed in me—

I have had ample in him. I have followed out every suggestion; every command has been obeyed, and even anticipated; and yet——"

"And yet, Margaret Home, you cannot see or know who the Avenger is. I do not break my faith with those to whom I have pledged it; but be assured it is from no lack of confidence, but from the nature of things. Be not displeased at this; you deserve all the confidence that can be given, and will have it—nay, a time may come when you yourself will acknowledge the propriety of this, as well as the absolute necessity of it."

But may it not cease to exist?" said Margaret, much interested in the words of the conjuror.

"It may."

"And then——?"

"Circumstances not being the same," replied the conjuror, "events not now contemplated may then happen. I may be released from my promise, and you may hear of him you now desire to see."

"Well," said Margaret, "I had hoped to see him from whom I have so often heard, and by whose advice I have so often been guided; and he in his last letter referred me to you for satisfactory inquiries."

"And those I have answered as closely as I dare; and now tell me how Sir Charles Home and yourself have contrived to act in opposition to each other?"

"Now is the time," said Margaret, "for the interposition of the Avenger."

"Ay. Is it so?"

"It is. We have come to open defiance. I have been foiled, and unless I have more information—more knowledge—indeed, more power, that which I have had will become useless, and turned to my own hurt."

"Of that," returned the conjuror, "be not apprehensive. I will not come to that; Sir Charles Home will never openly dare one who has, in so many encounters, shown herself so much his superior."

"But he has found means to foil me. All that I have attempted to effect has been counteracted by him, and whenever he has attempted explanation, he has succeeded in inducing others to believe him rather than me. Now, the horrors of his conscience, though great, will fast lose their effect upon him. He will become habituated to what I can do, and by degrees know the worst, and that once arrived at, my power ceases. You know, therefore, to what a condition I am reduced, and the necessity that there exists for my being placed in a condition to effect something more."

"You speak truly enough. Something will be done—something has been done. Sir Charles's state becomes daily more precarious, and though you think he knows the amount of what you have to threaten him with, he does not; it is but uncertainty that renders his present position so harassing, and himself so helpless."

"It may be, but Alice Home refuses every intercourse with me, and I have no means of communicating to her anything I desire, save at a forced interview. I would that it were in my power to let her feel that I hold her destiny and that of her father in my hands."

"That has been done partially," replied the conjuror. "Alice knows not, it is true, what is the nature of your quarrel with Sir Charles Home; but she must see that there is some dreadful secret between you; that her father dreads you, and, in short, bears with you, because he dares do no otherwise: this is enough to disturb her quiet."

"It may be—it may be so," said Margaret, musingly; "and yet, I doubt if her feelings upon that point amount to a bare uneasiness, especially now, that——"

Here she paused for a second or two, and the conjuror said,—

"Conceal nothing from me; but tell me, truly, what is it that you were about to allude to."

"The renewal of the intimacy between Horace Singleton and Alice Home."

"Ah! and have they become once more lovers?"

"They have!" exclaimed Margaret, in a sudden and energetic tone, "they have, and they both disbelieve my assertions, and without new power I can do nothing. I must disturb this new harmony. I must break this newly cemented love, and you must assist me."

"Ay, indeed; tell me, Margaret Home, does Horace Singleton occupy a place in your heart—is he dearer to your soul than any other human being; tell me, and tell me without reserve, do you love him?"

"I love Horace Singleton!" exclaimed Margaret, suddenly; but checking herself, she added, in a lower tone; "but what needs my denial? You may assist me. Yes, I do love Horace Singleton—long—long have I struggled against the insidious approach of the passion. I love! I laughed the passion to scorn, and yet it has attacked me in a form I cannot battle with. I thought my soul would admit of no passion but revenge. I believed that no other emotion could exist in my soul; but—no—no, I was wrong, and love has wound me to my purpose much stronger than hate. Tell me, if you knew aught beyond what others know, will Horace Singleton ever become my suitor—will he ever love me?"



"Have you received encouragement from him in any trifling degree?"

"None—none," replied Margaret.

"I fear the passion of love is difficult to raise in another; hate is much the easier passion to excite."

"Tell me, shall I succeed in my desire, and shall Alice fail in love? you can surely predict so much."

"I would advise you to discontinue this wild passion. It is easier to struggle with now, and be nipped in the bud, than when it has affected the mind greatly."

"Impossible; my passion is like the foaming torrent—it must have its course, else destruction stands in my way. Say—say, shall I ever be his?"

"I cannot predict that you can; but I can predict this much, that Horace Singleton and Alice Home are never united—she will not have him. But now, hear my advice. Return to Sir Charles's abode. Continue in the same course of action, and all will be well. Success is certain. Excite Sir Charles Home's curiosity and suspicion, and, if possible, cause him to watch you about, and when you know he is watching you, come here to me. Once here, he will be desirous of knowing the cause of your visit. I shall then have an interview with him, and then our object will be advanced. Think over what I have said, and now return to Sir Charles. Farewell."

Margaret rose, and bidding the conjuror a hasty farewell, she left the house in a state of mind scarcely to be described. Her whole frame seemed shaken by contending emotions, hatred and love by turns assumed the empire over her soul. She felt her utter desolation. No human being sympathised with her, and there was none to give her comfort. At one moment she felt all the bitterness attached to her condition, and deplored the fate that placed her in the position she held, and contrasted her fate to that of Alice; but then arose feelings of deadly hate and jealousy, which soon chased away all sorrow or gentle feelings.

In this state of mental excitement Margaret reached the residence of Sir Charles, and immediately proceeded to her own apartment, and throwing herself into a chair, she fell into a fit of deep musing, from which she was awakened by the entrance of her maid, who waited a moment or two, and when, at length, Margaret looked up at her, she said,—

"If you please, Miss Margaret, Sir Charles Home has been waiting to see you in his library for some time, and desired me to tell you when you came in, that he wishes to speak with you there."

## CHAPTER CXL.

### THE PAINFUL CONFERENCE.—THE RENUNCIATION.—SIR CHARLES HOME'S PECUNIARY EXAMINATION.

ALICE HOME, who was at any time incapable of a falsity, said no more than the bare truth, when she informed Horace Singleton, in her last letter to him, that her father fully concurred with her in her entire renunciation of him, in consequence of the extraordinary manner in which, while professing the utmost love and admiration for her, he held a clandestine meeting with one allied to her by the ties of relationship, but professing no feelings or opinions with her in common, and acting with the most open and avowed hostility towards her.

Still this second struggle of Alice's with her own heart was, if anything, more painful than the first, for, after once feeling that the dream of affection in which her young heart indulged had been broken, and then, again, restored to her in all its pristine strength and beauty, she had thought that nothing else could possibly interpose to disturb the even current of her affection for Horace Singleton; and she had looked upon the treachery and singular conduct of Margaret with a feeling approaching almost to absolute forgiveness, as she said to herself,—

"Could I have known how much I loved him—how much he loved me—if this cross had not occurred in the progress of our hearts' devotion?"

But then, again, to find that her judgment had been stultified, and her feelings outraged a second time by the same person, was so humiliating, as well as painful to her, that she felt far more acutely than on the first occasion of suspecting Horace's infidelity.

When she and Sir Charles had returned home, she had begged her father not to mention the subject to her, until such time as she could bear to speak of it to him with more composed feelings than she could at present call to her aid.

With such a request, Sir Charles Home of course, instantly complied, and Alice had shed tears of bitterness in the privacy of her own apartment, before she again descended to the library, where he had told her he would await her coming.

It was no small aggravation of Sir Charles Home's many anxieties, real and imaginary, to find that this last and only chance of acknow-

ledging one act which he could reflect upon with pleasure, had slipped from him.

The reader is well aware how he had always clung to the notion of lifting his darling child far above those contingencies of fortune and fame, which might so sensibly at any time affect himself.

He had gloried over the fact, that, by her marriage, she would no longer bear his name; and that, if the finger of public execration and scorn were pointed at him, there must be few, comparatively, who could be able to identify, in the happy Mrs. Singleton, the daughter of perhaps the convicted murderer.

But now all these hopes had vanished; the cup, if not of happiness, at least of partial contentment, was again dashed rudely from his lips, and he felt all the abandonment of despair which such a state of circumstances, in such a state of mind as his, was so eminently calculated to produce.

His own cheek was nearly as pale and wan as that of Alice's, when she came to him in his library, after enduring the one hour of bitter anguish she had suffered in solitude, and with none to watch her heaving heart, but the compassionate eye of Heaven.

Still she strove to bear herself nobly under her heart's affliction; true, there was a tremor in her voice as she spoke; but it was comparatively firm to what it might have been expected.

"Father," she said, "he is unworthy, and I will renounce him for the last time, and hold no communication with him. We will have no more explanations, father—no more plausible and well-put together excuses. I will write a renunciation, which shall be final and complete."

"God help you, Alice!" said Sir Charles, "for I cannot. A frightful destiny pursues us both, and we may not avert it. Oh, was it not enough for me to suffer?—but you, with all your angelic purity—but this is idle—quite idle. Hence I shall have no more hopes, Alice—no more fervour—no more buoyancy. All seems dead within me."

"Father, time will roll onward, and the pang that I confess I have felt, and still do feel severely, will become mitigated and entirely destroyed. I will endeavour with a pride, which I am sure you will tell me is becoming, to felicitate myself rather upon an escape from one who might have led me into a labyrinth of error, rather than regret that his iniquity took so early and apparent a shape."

"But, Alice—Alice—"

"Nay, father, you tremble—but I do not. You shall see me write to this man—this Horace Singleton, whom even now I will not deny that I loved—as insulted candour and honesty ought to write to guilt and dissimulation."

Sir Charles Home looked at her with wonder and admiration, as she bent her delicate and beautiful form over her writing desk, and produced the note, which seemed to Horace Singleton such a confirmation of his very worst fears; that done, she handed it to her father, who read it with a deep sigh, merely saying,—

"It is sufficient—it is sufficient."

"Then, from this moment, dear father, this shall an interdicted subject between us; if we cannot forget it wholly, we will not keep memory alive by conversation upon so painful a topic. Henceforward I may be without such gleams of mental sunshine as have shone upon my heart; but then I shall be without that dark despair which follows without those glorious tints, and, perhaps, shall be much happier."

"Be it so," said Sir Charles, despairingly—"be it so."

The letter was then duly despatched—its effect upon Horace Singleton, and the duel it produced between him and Viscount Hilliers, we are aware of; but neither Alice nor her father could guess that its remote result would be to clear Horace Singleton's mind from all suspicion, and convict Margaret Home of the most terrible treachery.

Such, however, was the course of events: and while Sir Charles Home was giving himself up to despair, and Alice was endeavouring to steel her heart against her former lover, such a revulsion of feeling was taking place in the breast of Horace Singleton, as would soon again bring him a suppliant at her feet.

That Horace was blameable throughout the transaction, we freely admit; but our fair readers, who may be disposed to quarrel with him for a supposed want of that entire and trusting confidence in her he loved, which shall characterise a true passion, will recollect that his meeting with Margaret in Park-lane, was rather to convict her of falsehood, than of dissimulation; and that the first shadow of suspicion which crossed his mind that what Margaret said might be true, arose from the letter he had received from Alice renouncing him for ever.

Thus true love, such as Horace Singleton's, is ever very sensitive, and wishes perfection in its idol. Had he been interested in his affections, had he wished to unite himself to Alice for any other purpose than from pure and disinterested affection, his imagination would not have been so powerfully affected as it was when suspicions of her excellence were insinuated to him.

And who, despite all the wickedness which has characterised his



career, can refuse some share of pity to Sir Charles Home? for, let him be as bad as possible, still he had the one redeeming trait of love for his child; and consequently he had the one consolation of believing that she would be rescued from the wreck of his fortunes and his reputation; but now that such a fondly-cherished idea was gone—now that the only one who he would most gladly, and with entire confidence, have resigned her to, had shown himself unworthy, heartless, and abandoned, poor Sir Charles Home sat in his library in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

The idea which had been now for so long frightfully familiar to him, of suicide, did recur again with a stunning force. But he found an argument against it in the very circumstances that had produced his additional pangs of despair.

"What," he said, "would become of Alice now, if I were to rush from the world and leave her friendless and alone? True, she might be able to retain possession of some portion of this world's goods which I can call my own, but where could she look for one honest, trustful heart, where turn for that loving sympathy I fondly imagined I had provided for her abundantly in encouraging the addresses of Horace Singleton?"

"I cannot leave her," he said, mournfully—"I dare not leave her. If she suffers now, what would she suffer then, with the stigma upon her that her father was a suicide? No, I cannot yet leave her; still must I linger in my miseries. Alas! alas! it has come to this, that death even is denied me!"

Of course a considerable time elapsed before consolation in the shape of Horace Singleton's letter could come to Sir Charles Home. The greater part of that time he spent in a careful analysis of his affairs—an analysis he had not made for some time, for he had been quite satisfied that Alice was provided for, and what became of Lady Home he cared not. His reasoning had always amounted to this.

"I can at any time procure a considerable sum in ready money to hand to Alice on her wedding-day, so that Horace Singleton shall not say he had a portionless bride; and, after that, I care not what happens."

Now, however, the circumstances were changed wholly, and it became necessary for him to see that Alice had a provision for life from his own resources. As he came to a calculation of them, his cheek turned pale, and his heart beat painfully to find that they were much more limited than he had at all supposed, and that he was, in truth, scarcely at that time solvent.

In addition to his other woes, this was a serious one. The future looked all blackness and despair. Defy Margaret, or attempt any revenge against her for the part she had taken in the production of his miseries, he dared not. Where to turn for succour he knew not; and he sat locked in his own room for many hours, a prey to the bitterest reflections and the most gloomy apprehensions.

Alice thought he had left the house, or she would certainly have sought him, and endeavoured to pour comfort and consolation into his wounded spirit, although she was suffering so acutely herself.

Thus passed a day and a night. It was nearly eleven o'clock on the following morning, when a letter was handed to Sir Charles, the superscription and seal of which told him at once it came from Horace Singleton.

(To be continued in our next.)

### SONG.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark  
Over the ocean green;  
And gaily, gaily springs the lark  
Up to the sky serene.

But the sea so bright, and the sky so light,  
Shall soon be shadowed o'er;  
And the ship so fleet, and the lark so sweet  
Be seen and heard no more.

Gallantly, gallantly wave the plumes  
O'er yonder chieftain's crest;  
And lightly, lightly love assumes  
Dominion o'er our breast.

But the warrior's braid in the dust is laid,  
His dim eye sealed in clay;  
And Love's young dream is a meteor gleam  
That fleeteth fast away.

FREELOVE HAMMOND.

Moderation is most commonly firm, and firmness is commonly successful.

## THE TOURNAMENT.

In the year 1390, a tournament was held at Gondibert Castle, which had been heralded for many weeks previous to its celebration in France as well as in England. It was rumoured that it was to be a prelude to the nuptials of the baron's daughter of that name, with Valence de Mowbray, one of the most gallant of the English knights that had brought home a harvest of renown from the Holy Land. As the most favoured of the baron's guests, and the hope of his house, Sir Valence, two days antecedent to the chivalric display that had long been anxiously anticipated by him, was, with his retainers, squires, and heralds, prepared to take his departure from his own ancestral halls, for the castle, where Adelaide Gondibert, his betrothed, no doubt longed to behold him. It was in early spring, and at a prime hour after sunrise, that the cavalcade were astride, and ready for their thirty miles' journey, through, at that time, one of the most densely wooded but picturesque parts of the kingdom. It was a genial morn, and never did the lark soar towards Heaven with a bolder wing, nor thrill with a more rapturous song the bosom of an impatient lover, than it did now the gallant and generous Sir Valence. He sprang on his curvetting steed, and at once displayed the symmetry and splendour for which he was so famed. A lion and lily emblazoned his shield, and his appropriate motto was "Honour and Truth." But the instant that the portcullised gate was raised, he sped beyond its protection, and was on the steep declivity overlooked by the turrets of his castle before his armoured squires and stately heralds were well aware of his departure.

As soon, however, as Sir Valence crossed his drawbridge, and ere he could rein in his proud charger, he perceived the gleam of a mailed horseman at full speed approaching, and threading his way among the venerable oaks in the vicinity. He was a stranger, but bore himself like a knight of high degree. His rich scarf, which flaunted in the breeze, and his ample plume, that nodded from his helmet, might well be taken for the ensigns of love and peace, while a large brilliant upon his breast betokened wealth. At the same time his lance was of strength to do service, and the Spanish blade which he wore in his baldric indicated a tasteful if not a skilful swordsman.

"If I address myself to Sir Valence de Mowbray," said the stranger, "I need use few words of apology for this abrupt intrusion."

A courteous assent from the other assured the stranger, and he continued,—

"My name is Malvoise, and I am of France. Since my return, however, from Palestine, where Sir Valence de Mowbray's exploits have often been made familiar to my ears, time has been a laggard with me; but hearing of the feats of chivalry that are about to be enacted at Gondibert Castle, which I thirst to behold, and thinking it also a shame that such near neighbours as France and England are, should in any case be strangers or aliens, I have made my way hither, determined to throw myself upon your courtesy and gracious knighthood, not doubting that you will allow me to join in your train on this gorgeous and auspicious occasion."

Sir Valence was of a generous nature; he was also at this time happy, for his soul basked in the love of Adelaide Gondibert. He therefore frankly acceded, not only to the prayer of Malvoise, but invited him to be his personal companion in the journey just commenced. It may well be supposed that the manly appeal of Malvoise would, on such an occasion, readily find an equivalent in the breast of Sir Valence, nor need we wonder that in the course of their first companionship there should be interchanged such an amount of confidence as might well unite them in a bond of brotherhood for life. The English knight, indeed, from the first, looked upon the other as a man of rare address, and found him, as they rode together, every hour gaining upon his complacency. Malvoise's language was so well conceived, his knowledge so copious, and his sentiments so characterised by a sustained elevation, that when they got the first glance of the grey turrets of Gondibert Castle, the lover could no longer resist the felicity of expatiating upon Adelaide's merits, nor fail to confess that she was his betrothed. If the stranger had before this won the confidence of Sir Valence by his tact and address, the manner in which he now sympathised with the lover's enthusiasm, and seemed to be gladdened, because the other was overjoyed, became a still surer ground of respect on the part of Sir Valence. If he had been charmed by Malvoise's testimony to the beauties of forest and plain as they were successively witnessed, how much more so must he have been affected, when in the most elegant though seemingly artless style he felt the stranger feeding his soul with the most blinding of all flatteries—that of appearing to be the listener, while in fact the same is the guide and instructor. In short, by the time that these two recently-made companions had reached Gondibert Castle, Malvoise might be said at the time to be second only to Adelaide in Sir Valence's estimation.

It is needless to dwell on the manner of the lover-knight's reception



By the baron and his daughter, since it was all that the most hopeful anticipation could have imagined. Neither is it necessary to delineate particularly the qualities of person and mind that made Adelaide the admired of all, the adored of many. Melody of voice, grace of speech, playfulness of spirit, power of imagination, and propriety of judgment, united to the most exquisite attributes of person, might be enumerated, and declared to belong to her, and yet there would have been felt by the stranger who had listened to all this, as soon as he came within the radiance of her soul's sphere, that nothing aught or sufficient had been told of her. Indeed she was very lovely, but in nothing more so than her considerate respect and tenderness towards her widowed father, whose only child she was.

It has been mentioned that Sir Valence's admiration of Malvoise had speedily grown so strong as to carry with it an unlimited confidence, which the knight proved by heartily recommending him to Adelaide's esteem, which, indeed, his consummate accomplishments and knowledge of the world could scarcely fail to gain.

The chase was chosen for the pastime of the knightly visitors at Gondibert Castle, during the day intervening between their arrival and the tournament; but while most of the cavalcade thought chiefly of the sport, Sir Valence and his new-made friend, together with Adelaide, who, with her dappled palfrey, was accustomed to the huntman's horn, rode astray from the chase, and were soon lost in all the delightful bewilderment of a forest. But such dreaming heedlessness cost some of them dear. In the first place, a terrific thunder storm had been gathering over head long before they marked its approach, and when it did come down, they were on almost every side beset with swamps or precipices—while the hail was blinding.

The first sheet of Heaven's fire, that almost singed where it flashed, and the first peal of Heaven's dread artillery, that seemed to rend the rocks, sent steeds and palfrey adrift. Flash upon flash, and the thunder's ceaseless roar, as if the four quarters of the world vied which should most distract the creatures of earth, made that day memorable in the annals of England, and the archives of Gondibert Castle. The shouts of the lovers and friends were hardly distinguishable by each other, or when heard it was chiefly the voice of Malvoise, who called out, but to mislead. This he fully accomplished; for while Sir Valence's steed was floundering in a morass, the hypocrite and villain bore off the maid, who, by this time, was senseless, and as one dead from the terrors of that hour.

Malvoise, though of France, was not a stranger in England. His passions were the grossest—murder and rapine were familiar to him, and yet his acquaintance with the world, and his genius for deceit, were perfect cloaks, before strangers, on the unwary. Acquainted with the fact of the proposed union of Adelaide and Sir Valence, and not aware of her exceeding beauty, or of his generosity of character, Malvoise had made his arrangements with certain servile accomplices, should fate favour any desperate or diabolical scheme of his, that they should be amply rewarded for their assistance; nor could anything be more acceptable to the criminals of that age, than to be parties to the abduction of the fair of high degree. In the present instance the arch intriguer had succeeded far beyond his anticipations—the facility of Sir Valence, and the occurrence of the thunderstorm, affording him advantages of an extraordinary nature.

By the time Sir Valence had extricated himself from the morass, Malvoise with his prey was joined by some of his hirelings, nor was it long before the beautiful Adelaide, scarcely yet conscious of existence, was lodged in one of the numerous caves that still exist in the neighbourhood where they were. And even when she began to question the menials of the place where she found herself, their well-tutored responses rather served to convince her that she had been saved by them from the storm which still raged without, than betrayed, while her fears for Sir Valence, and the other supposed kind gentleman, were increased. Indeed, she was informed that the lightning had slain one of the knights, but which of them, her informant was unable to tell. At this moment Malvoise entered the cave, as if guided thither by one of these charitable gentry, and in so far as his safety went, Adelaide's gratitude was as true, as his version of the whole matter, from the time that she lost all recollection of what passed, was false.

While the pitiless storm continued, the villain used all his arts to gain the consent of Adelaide to allow her to be removed to an asylum, which some of his agents declared was at no great distance; but her determination was resolute, either that she should be conveyed to the spot where Sir Valence had been last seen, and as she supposed lay dead, or that he should be brought to the cave. Malvoise was obliged to affect an acquiescence in the last alternative, and with one of his three agents, started on the supposed mission. But quite different was his object. He determined to make for Gondibert Castle at once, where he arrived about midnight, as the storm began to abate, and by a false version of the story, represented that he had been separated from the lovers, and knew nothing of their subsequent condition. There was in

this some solace to the old baron, regarding his daughter, believing, as he now did, that she must, with Sir Valence, have found shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and that they would, doubtless, appear with the return of tranquillity, which was fast approaching. At any rate, it was deemed advisable to employ any means of search till the morning. It had been already mentioned, that the storm was long remembered for the devastation it wrought, yet, in its height, it surpassed not the storm of Sir Valence's despair throughout the night, which he spent in the woods, sometimes searching, and sometimes shouting for the lost ones.

The morn arose bright and lovely, as is not unusual after such turmoil of the elements as has been described, and the hero of the story wended with all the speed of his favourite charger and companion for the night towards Gondibert Castle. The sun had mastered the vapouring grey streaks that brooded over the saturated valleys and hills, as Sir Valence once more caught a glimpse of the castle, which he hoped had many hours ago sheltered his beloved, who, he supposed, must have found, with Malvoise, some direct mode of reaching her home, owing to her knowledge of the surrounding country; nor could he blame this precipitancy (although he pondered on it), since she and her companion were to be presumed equally hopeful of his speedy arrival. He had, however, some misgivings, amid these hopes; for, might not the storm have divided his betrothed from his friend, as widely as it had done her from himself? And might Adelaide not be still in a wood, dead, or more frightfully situated? The exhilaration of the morning, however, and still more a sight of the battlements of Gondibert Castle, where already floated and fluttered on the gale the wanton streamers and pennons, awoke a stronger hope, and pointed to redoubled joys for the bygone disaster. He gave additional rein to his gallant charger, and at every turn beheld more numerous symptoms of delight. Cavalcades were urging forward to the same scene with himself, joyous troops were trudging along. There were gorgeous trains, martial pomp, and lovely display on every hand. He beheld in his rapid career beauteous forms and faces on ambling palfreys, guarded by richly caparisoned horsemen. The bugles thrilled in his ear, the trumpet's clang from the field of play resounded through his soul. And now he alights at the castle gate.

The story of that day at Gondibert Castle is now short. "Where is my betrothed?" exclaimed the gallant De Mowbray, as he beheld Malvoise amongst those that crowded round him. A question of a similar import passed from Malvoise; but it smote Sir Valence de Mowbray's ear as evasive; and "Villain—treachery—coward!" was the reply. The tournament field was turned into one of single and bloody conflict. The gauntlets were flung—the lists were opened—and boasts and reproaches were exchanged for kindly greetings. The combatants bound to the charge. "Honour and Truth" were the words shouted by Sir Valence, swelling with the magnanimity belonging to these virtues. "Courage" was the no less vehement exclamation of Malvoise, filled as he was by such a multitude of evil passions, as required the courage of a demon. They met—the lances flew splintered from their hands, but the villain was hurled to the ground. The victor sprung upon him, and with his foot upon his breast, and the quick uplifted blade, now ready to deal summary justice, forced a confession of the truth from the miscreant.

Adelaide was recovered, and wedded on the same day; but Malvoise, instead of meeting with condign punishment, was branded on the forehead with a red hot iron, the rudely cut inscription containing these words—"Malvoise the ravisher."

## DEATH.

Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, nor fear;  
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

The sun shall shine, the moon shall glow;  
But night, nor day, the dead shall know;  
The cold wind o'er their graves shall creep,  
But nothing disturb their tranquil sleep.

ANONYMOUS.

WE are all alike destined to dissolution; whether carved in sculptured marble or humble earth decomposition, will work its destined change, and we must return to the dust from whence we sprang. This truth occurred to us as we passed the churchyard of \* \* \* \* one fine summer's morn, and found the old sexton at his accustomed duty, surrounded by a group of rosy children, who were gambolling among the green mounds, approximating the edge of a newly-formed grave, watching the old sexton toss up the bones of some of the rude forefathers of the hamlet.

There is something hallowed and sacred in a country churchyard—one cannot walk with a gay, sprightly, and heedless step, over the silent



habitations of the dead. The echoes of our footsteps upon the chiselled pavement reverberate with a hollow and mournful sound to the heart.

Death always connects itself to our ideas of sleep, and *vice versa*. Sleep has been mentioned as the image of death. "So like it," says Sir Thomas Brown, "that I dare not trust it without my prayers." There are few who have not experienced the hour of affliction—who have not had to grieve for some beloved parent or friend—to witness the last sad and solemn duties which we are required to perform. How silently and softly do we move through the chamber of death, with a sort of instinctive apprehension of disturbing the sleep of those who wake no more in this world!

Death assumes a far different appearance in a country village to what it does in a metropolis; one is all softness, simplicity, sincere and heartfelt sorrowing—the other, all pomp, pageantry, hired mourners, and careless indifference—the contrast is striking. The empty ostentation of a funeral procession moves slowly through the crowded streets of a metropolis with its train of plumed horses, mutes, and pages, attracting merely the idle and ignorant gaze of the rabble—there is no sympathy—no sorrow. It is the last splendid mockery of human vanity. The marble vault receives its destined tenant, and, as the escutcheoned coffin sinks into its hereditary home, so subsides all remembrance of its frail inhabitant. In the country town or village death makes a wide gap—the passing bell resounds fearfully on the ear—the event stands recorded on every mournful countenance—the name quivers on every lip. The King of Terrors is amongst them, and the self-inquiry whom will He summon next? Groups of villagers are gathered together talking in whispers, whilst others are creeping by the house of mourning, and stealing a glance at the half-opened casement and the fitting blind.

The coffin is carried out by some villagers, eager to testify their respect to departed worth; the friends who were linked in closest intimacy with the deceased bear the pall. A long train of relations follow him to the grave with stifled sobs and tears.

It is soothing to reflect that, after all the harassings and buffetings of the world—after all the varied impressions of dejection and delight, that we have reserved for us one narrow bed of native earth for undisturbed tranquillity and placid repose.

The churchyard to which we are indebted for these impressions is sacredly simple the very resting-place we would choose. Even so shortly after sunrise the rosy beams of morn tinged the dark yews, throwing its streaky reflection through the dreary aisles of the church, whilst the diamond dew sparkled on the rank weeds without, and upon the verdant sward. The river that rolled beneath in its eternal flow, seemed almost by its flashing playfulness to mock the frailty and nothingness of humanity. The time-corroded and moss grown tombstones—sole remnants of long vanished ancestors,—spoke more forcibly to the heart than any of the prolix precepts of morality.

How does such a limited portion of earth as the grave remind us of riven ties of affection—hopes withered—hearts broken—tears, sorrow, and distress; still one calm asylum to be found at last. "Bless'd are the dead, who see not the work of their own dissolution."

Sleep on;—there is peace in the watchword. May we find as sweet and sequestered a resting-place.

FREELOVE HAMMOND.

**TIME.**—Time is of so great importance that it cannot too often employ our religious meditation; there is nothing in the management of which wisdom is more requisite, or in regard to which mankind display greater inconsistency. In its lesser divisions they appear entirely careless of it and throw it away with a thoughtless profusion, and till it is collected into greater portions, and viewed as the measure of their continuance in life they are not at all sensible of its value.

**FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE SOLDIER.**—During the reign of Frederick the Great, a soldier being detected in making too free with the offerings presented by the pious to a celebrated image of the virgin, was searched, and two silver hearts found upon him, he was imprisoned, tried, and sentenced to death as a sacrilegious robber. In the course of his trial he firmly denied having committed the theft, and asserted that the virgin herself, out of compassion for his poverty, had ordered him to take these offerings from her shrine. After this the sentence, together with the prisoner's defence, being as usual laid before the king, he asked several of the Polish divines whether such a miracle was possible, and they unanimously answered, that although the case was very extraordinary, it certainly was not impossible; upon which the king wrote as follows:—"The culprit cannot be put to death, because he positively denies the charge, and the divines of his religion declare that the miracle wrought in his favour is not impossible, but we strictly forbid him, under fear of death, to receive any more presents from the Virgin Mary, or from any other saint," and the soldier was instantly discharged.

Deception is the twin-sister of Falsehood.

## MIRANDA;

OR,

### THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CXXXIX.

##### THE RESUSCITATION OF TWITTER.—THE PLAN OF FORGERY.

WHEN Varley rose the following morning, he eagerly ran his eye over the newspaper which lay upon the breakfast-table, and with a flashing eye and burning cheek he read the following paragraph:—

"ATTEMPTED MURDER ON THE RIVER.—Last night the attention of a party on the river was attracted by cries of 'Help!' arising from some one apparently suffering violence, but before they could reach the spot from whence the sounds proceeded all was still. Some time afterwards, however, the Thames, the Shot tower by Waterloo-bridge, and the coal barges, were thrown into a state of indescribable consternation by the finding of the bleeding and inanimate form of a man in the water. The vital spark was not quite extinct; and by the praiseworthy and active exertions of Mr. McEudge, a medical practitioner in extensive practice, he was restored. We have ascertained from the very best authority that his name is Twitter, and the first word he uttered when he recovered consciousness was Harley, and something about the Grange at York. At present the affair is involved in considerable mystery, and a great number of rumours keep perpetually floating about concerning it. The active inspector, Gobbles, assisted by the enterprising officer, A 227, who is further associated with B 122, will, no doubt, ascertain some interesting particulars in time for our next impression."

"Alive—alive," groaned Varley. "Curses on him—water will not drown him; he is born to be hanged."

A shudder came over Varley's frame as he pronounced these words, for they had a disagreeable significance as concerned himself. He again read the paragraph; after which he began to calculate the chances of what Twitter would do.

"Dare he, for his own sake, confess all?" he muttered. "No, surely not. In a crime of such magnitude as that we have together committed, there can be no mercy shown to either party. Perhaps after all, this attempt upon his life, may convince him how dangerous it is to hold any further communication with me; and I may never see him again, while, at the same time, the fear of compromising himself fatally will prevent him from implicating me in any way."

This was a consoling train of reflection; and Varley resolved that he would not, as had been his first impulse, seek safety in flight, but remain where he was, trusting to the fears of Twitter for his safety.

And so far Varley exercised a sound discretion; for whatever efforts Twitter might make to be revenged upon him would necessarily require some time to arrange, seeing that he must place himself first in some country, such as America, where every vagabond is welcomed, provided he brings some money with him in order to secure his personal safety, before even he could make a charge against Varley, and then such charge must fall to the ground for want of evidence of a legal character to support it, since a mere assertion on the part of Twitter could not suffice even for the temporary detention of Varley; and to come into court to substantiate his accusation, would be to place himself as a prisoner by his (Varley's) side.

"I will not fly even from this danger," he muttered; "I will still persevere in hunting Rowland Percy; and in my pursuit of Miranda, whose scorn only adds to the passion which was already sufficiently consuming, I will spend the Grange estates ere I relinquish my pursuit of her, and then, if I have been unsuccessful, I am content to die."

During that day he doubled his spies, and gave a *cart blanche* to the officers, who were immediately in his employment, to spare no expense whatever in pursuing the inquiry. In fact, the spirit of vindictiveness he exhibited surprised even them, and they were not without their suspicions that there was a great deal more in the whole affair than met the eye.

Nevertheless they were not going to be too curious in inquiring into the motives of a man who paid so liberally, and from whom they got more money from a run of ill success than under ordinary circumstances they ever succeeded in handling when most successful.

In the meantime Twitter was lying at a little public-house, whither he had been conveyed after being taken from the river. There he was restored to consciousness, or, at least, to life, for it was not until he had awakened from a long sleep that he became aware of what had occurred to him, and could trace circumstance to circumstance, until he found himself rescued from a death which seemed inevitable.



"The villain, Varley, would have murdered me," he thought. "Oh, what an escape I have had."

A sudden accession of pain now, from the wounds he had experienced, caused him to utter deep groans, and he was advised by one who was watching in his room to keep himself quiet.

Not only had he received serious scalp wounds, but the barbarous manner in which Varley had cut his hand had, in all likelihood, disabled that member completely, for the tendons had been divided quite through.

A wandering thought did occur to Twitter that it might have been better if he had been killed outright, but only for a moment such an idea found a haven in his breast, and, with a shudder, he told himself,

"Yet it is something to live. Let me have life, and I will endure anything."

The amount of that endurance, however, presented itself to him in alarming colours when he came fairly to think of it, and he asked himself a variety of pertinent questions with regard to his ways and means for the future.

Could he possibly, knowing what had occurred, once again appeal to Varley for that assistance which he had no means of getting elsewhere? No; that would be to place his life again in the most imminent jeopardy; for he who had once attempted his destruction was likely to repeat the attempt with a greater prospect of success, arising from the experience of his first defeat.

"What am I to do?" groaned Twitter;—"what am I to do? What will become of me? Friendless, homeless, with but a few pounds in my possession, and prohibited, by a fear of actual murder, from applying to him, against whom I have any claim in this world."

These sad reflections were by no means of assistance in recovering Twitter from the effects of his wounds and his immersion in the river; a deep melancholy came over him, and when the active Inspector Gobbles called again at the public-house, in order to get the full and interesting particulars of the attempted murder from the mouth of the rescued victim, he was amazed to find that victim most unwilling to hold any communication upon the subject, and apparently as anxious to bury the whole affair in oblivion, as if, instead of being the attacked party, he had compromised himself by a considerable amount of criminality.

"But," said Gobbles, "you'll tell me who did it; consider the ends of public justice, and the reputation of the metropolitan police."

"Don't trouble me," said Twitter; "I don't care about public justice or the metropolitan police either."

"But," urged Gobbles, "you said somebody tried to murder you."

"But I didn't say who."

"Ah, but you did though; you said it was Harley, or Larley, or Barley, I don't know which; you see we inspectors of the metropolitan police know everything."

"Then you may decide between Harley, Larley, and Barley, at your leisure," said Twitter.

"But, my dear sir, we must take up somebody."

"Very well," said Twitter.

"Very well! yes, it's all very well to say very well, but you must tell us who to take up. Come, come; are you aware that you are compromising a felony, and we inspectors of the metropolitan police never suffer that."

"You may be d—d," said Twitter, who was fairly provoked, thinking it was hard enough that he was placed in a position to be nearly murdered, and yet dared not accuse his enemy without being pestered to death by the active Inspector Gobbles upon the subject.

"Hilloa, hilloa!" cried Gobbles, feeling for his staff; "do you mean to say you won't say anything more about it?"

"I do—go to the devil."

"I shall go to Scotland-yard," said the inspector, jumping up and stamping with great fury. "Ay, I shall go to the commissioners—I shall go to all the magistrates—d—d it all, I have never had a case of murder since I have been an active and exemplary inspector. I shall go mad. What do you say to that, eh?"

Twitter had coiled himself up in the bed-clothes, and would say nothing, so that the inspector, after shouting out "eh, eh, eh!" four or five times, was compelled to jam his hat violently on his head, and leave the house in a most unsatisfactory state of mind, which he resented upon the first policeman he met, declared that he smelt a mile off that he had been drinking gin, and when the unhappy lobster ventured to insinuate that such was not the fact, and that he only wished he could smell some gin, he was reported for insolence to his superiors, to be made a great example of.

When Twitter was alone, he groaned out—

"Oh, if I only dared accuse him! If I only dared have him put into gaol and hung afterwards; but I dare not, I dare not; he might keep the secret until the morning of his execution, till he saw that there was no hope, and then he would tell all about the murder at the Grange, and I should be hung too. Revenge is sweet, but sometimes too expensive."

Twitter then felt exhausted, and fell into a deep sleep, after which he awoke, greatly refreshed both in mind and body, and more capable, by a great degree, of coming to some accurate conclusion as regarded his peculiar position.

"I must put," he said, "my long cherished scheme into execution, and take for myself advantage of the means which Varley has taken to secure his own safety. That yacht which he has purchased so wisely, and the particulars concerning which I so strangely, but fortunately became acquainted with, shall be put to my own use. When I am in some foreign land then I can take active measures against him; nay, what is to hinder me writing a full statement of the murder at the Grange, and placing it in the Liverpool post-office before my own departure, but only so short a time before it, as shall ensure to me the advantage of many hours start before it can reach its destination. Yes, that will be a good scheme, a most admirable scheme, and one which surely cannot fail of success. All I require is a sum of money to support me abroad, and free me from the necessity of striving for a subsistence. I have before thought of a plan of procuring that—a plan, which, under ordinary circumstances, would be attended with much danger, but which, as I am situated, can do me no harm if it does me no good. I can commit a forgery upon Bernard Varley, and dare he accuse me of it? No, certainly if I am so situated with regard to him that I dare not accuse him of an attempt to murder me, he dare not charge me with the crime of forgery—nay, he must admit the signature to be his own. I have taken the opportunity of possessing myself of blank cheques from his cheque-book, and well I know his hand-writing—what is to hinder me from filling up one for a large sum?"

This was so pleasant an idea to Samuel Twitter, that in the contemplation of it, he almost forgot his numerous wounds.

He eagerly ran over in his mind all the probabilities and possibilities connected with the scheme, and he wondered to himself that he had not conceived it before, for he saw how very safe it must be.

"What risk can I run," he muttered; "none—none. Let them at the banking-house suspect the cheque and refuse to pay it, well, what then? I offer to wait there until Bernard Varley be sent for—he is sent for—what then? Dare he repudiate the cheque? No, a glance of mine will be sufficient to assure him, that my being given into custody on a charge of so serious a nature, will be the signal to me to tell at once all the particulars at the Grange. Oh, the plan is an admirable one, and very safe indeed."

Twitter then amused himself by considering for what sum he should draw the cheque. Varley's account at the bankers he knew to be very considerable, and he had no fear of overdrawing it. After much consideration he resolved that the cheque should be drawn for eight thousand pounds.

"As well that as eight hundred," he thought; "so far as the safety of the proceedings is concerned. Tremble, Varley, I have you now in my grasp—you cannot escape me. Not only shall you pay me handsomely for the assistance you have had from me, but you shall suffer, and that at once too, the full penalty of murder."

## CHAPTER CXL.

### THE ARREST OF JONES AND WITLET.—THE DETERMINATION OF MIRANDA.

WE left Miranda and her friends, Witlet and Jones, in a very precarious and awkward predicament at the Star and Tinder Box, in Drury-lane, after Rowland Percy had escaped from the officers who had so very nearly succeeded in capturing him.

After Miranda had made the exertion we are aware of, in order to rescue Rowland from the grasp of the officers who held him, she abandoned all resistance, and suffered herself to be seized, which was done rather roughly by one of the Bow-street runners, while two of them rushed into Drury-lane in pursuit of the fugitive.

When they had got there, however, they had not the remotest idea which way he had gone, and they were compelled, after making inquiries of several persons, and receiving no satisfactory information, to admit to each other that, at all events, for the present, the attempted capture had failed.

During this absence Jones made an effort which said more for his generosity than his prudence. There was quite sufficient force remaining to prevent him and Witlet from both escaping; but he would have done everything to secure the freedom of Witlet, and, watching his opportunity, he closed with the officers who were left, and engaged them so completely in a desperate struggle with him, that Witlet was comparatively free to go or stay, as he pleased.

"Bolt, Noddy, bolt!" shouted Jones.

"And leave you? No."

"Don't be a fool. Cut—cut!"

Witlet did make a rush to the door; for, although he was as full of



generosity and good feeling in such a matter as could be, his reason told him that there was no policy in two being taken when one would suffice; and besides, he knew he could do a great deal for Jones out of prison, and nothing in. These thoughts darted through his mind in an instant, and he would unquestionably have effected his escape, had he not, at the very door, encountered the two officers who had gone in pursuit of Rowland Percy, and were returning so much disappointed.

These pounced upon Witlet in a moment, and, exhausted as he was by the precious struggle, he was no match for the sudden attack of two powerful men; but, after one desperate attempt to pass them, he was compelled to surrender himself a prisoner.

He was brought back into the bar of the public-house; and, when Jones saw him, he shook his head, saying,—

"Well, Neddy, it wouldn't do—better luck another time. Where's the odds as long as you are happy."

"I have still to thank you, Jones."

"Thanks be blowed!"

"Thank you both for nothing," said one of the officers, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Curse you."

Handcuffs were expeditiously placed upon both the prisoners, and then a consultation ensued as to what was to be done with Miranda.

"Take her to Bow-street," suggested one; "I'll charge her for obstructing me in my duty, and be hanged to her. Here's a lump on my head as big as a turnip."

"I've seen little turnips," remarked Jones, "striking agin big ones, and that accounts for it. Now, I tells you what: you are all very clever fellows in your way, but you've been rather done to-day, and you knows it. Least said is soonest mended, you know. Now, if you are such out and out flats as to interfere with this young lady, because she laid the poker over your heads, you'll never hear the last of it. Leave her alone, and nobody will know much about it. Don't be fools. What will you take to drink?"

"There's some truth in that," remarked one of the officers to another.

"Besides," whispered his companion, "this, you may depend, is the identical girl that Mr. Varley wants to find out. You know, he offers a cool fifty to whoever will bring him word where she lives."

"So he does."

"Well, then, let's allow her to go, and one of us can watch her. Who knows but we may light upon Percy by so doing, for sate's a bit of a sweetheart of his, as we have all heard."

This little conference was, of course, carried on in a whisper, so that it did not reach the ears of the prisoners; but they tolerably well guessed what its purport was by one of the officers suddenly saying,—

"Well, well, let the girl go. We don't want to trouble her for all she has done."

"Miranda Rankley," said Witlet, "beware! Your footsteps will be dogged—your every action will be watched—beware!"

Miranda clasped her hands, and, with a despairing look, said,—

"What will now become of me? Are all my friends lost to me? Alas! alas! where now shall I find succour?"

"My advice, miss, now," said Jones, "is to go to York."

"And good advice, too," cried Witlet. "Follow it, Miranda Rankley, I implore you. At York you will find, as you well know, dear friends, who will warmly welcome you. Do not hesitate. The landlord of the house will, I am sure, on my account, furnish you with the means. Do not, I pray you, sleep another night in London."

"That's the dodge," said Jones.

Miranda looked inexpressibly distressed; the idea of leaving Rowland in more difficulty and danger than he had ever yet been in was terrible to her, and yet her reason assured her how powerless she was to do him any good, while she felt what injury she might do him by any attempt, closely watched as Witlet assured her she would be, to find him out, and breathe one word of consolation in his ears.

"I will go," she said; "I will follow advice which, I know, is given me by true friends. I will go to York. Farewell to you both!—Heaven help you; I have nothing but prayers to offer in your behalf."

"We don't want nothink," said Jones. "Jest you take care of yourself, Miss Miranda. Don't bother yourself with nobody; and when you feels queerish and uncomfortable, in consequence o' things not toddling on jist as they ought, don't take to gin, as I did, but console yourself with a *hidea*, which is that it's all the same a hundred years hence."

"God bless you, Miranda Rankley," said Witlet. "Something even now tells me that happier days are in store for you, and that the clouds which have hitherto obscured your destiny will dissipate, leaving a brighter sun behind them than has ever yet shone upon your fortunes."

"Lawks," said Jones. "There's a speech. Well, well—it's all the same. I wishes you luck in a bag, and shake it out as yer wants it."

"Thanks—thanks to both," said Miranda, mournfully. "I have nothing else to offer."

"Didn't you say something about something to drink?" remarked one of the officers.

"Yes, I did," said Jones. "What's it to be?"

"Oh, anything mild. Suppose we have some hot brandy and water?"

"Very good."

Miranda slowly left the room, in obedience to the beckoning of the landlord, and when she reached the next apartment he said to her,—

"Never mind what's happened, my dear. Percy has got away again. It seems as if he wasn't to be nabbed. You wait here till these chaps are out of the house, and then, if so be as you do wish to go to York, I'll put you in the coach to-night, and see you off."

He then left her and proceeded to the bar, where divers glasses of brandy and water were brewed and discussed, during which all sorts of disagreeable feeling were washed down.

"This won't do, you know," remarked one of the officers to the landlord, in a tone of voice, half jocular and half earnest. "How you go on baulking us continually."

"Baulking you? Nonsense. What could you do without my house, I should like to know. Look you, now, the matter stands this here way. You are like sportsmen after game. Well, my house is a preserve; and when you want to bring down any particular bird, you naturally come here, thinking you have a good chance."

"There's something in that."

"Something? There's everything in it. You'd be all abroad without houses like mine, and wouldn't know when and where to light on anybody."

"Well, I suppose—that is—just fill this glass again."

"Certainly; and you see you must not grumble if now and then I take a fancy to some one, and try to keep him out of the fire. Any more sugar?"

"No. Yes, of course. It's all right."

"I knowed it was," said Jones. "Now, I'll tell you what. You are all of you getting tin from that vagabond, Bernard Varley, to carry on the war. Now, I can tell you there isn't such a rascal unhung, and some day he will be hung."

"Well, what's the odds so us? Here's luck. Come, we must be off now."

Jones drank freely enough of the brandy and water, but Witlet could not be induced to touch it. A gloomy depression seemed to have come over him, and he scarcely spoke in answer to the various remarks which were made to him.

"Come, come, Neddy," said Jones, "don't be down-hearted, man. All isn't lost as is in danger."

"It is not for myself—it is not for myself," said Witlet. "But, no matter—no matter."

The party now proceeded to Bow-street, where both prisoners were, after a very slight examination, remanded till the morrow, in consequence of the officers stating that by then they would be prepared with more serious charges against them than merely obstructing the apprehension of a criminal, and harbouring and aiding a condemned felon.

Witlet said nothing at all; but Jones, when asked if he had any statement to make, replied,—

"What's o'clock?"

"Come, come," said the magistrate. "You will do yourself no good by any low impertinence here."

"I only asked," added Jones, "cos it will take some time for me to make the speech as I intend to make, and I don't want to interfere with your worship's dinner time."

"Remove him—remove him, officers," cried the indignant magistrate. "We cannot have the public time wasted in this wilful manner."

"Here's injustice," cried Jones. "He axes me what I've got to say, and then won't hear it. I tell you what it is, old *habeas corpus*, I'll have you removed from the bench. Mind what you arter."

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER (Bristol).—The whole of "The Convict's Return" was published in one week, two numbers having been issued.

FREELOVE HAMMOND.—Communications, such as our correspondent's, are, like the recorded visits of angels, "few and far between." We shall be glad to hear from him again.

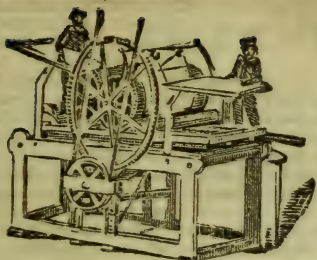
J—N D—N.—We should be glad to see the tale referred to, though we have a dislike to commencing a "series" without having a sufficient quantity of MS. in hand. The JOURNAL will not be open for "Correspondence," but we will always endeavour to find a place in the columns of the MISCELLANY for a meritorious article.

J. S. T.; A. Y. S., (Lewisham); W. C. H. M.; M. A. T.; and W. T. PULMAN.—We cannot say precisely; probably in a few weeks.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## THE KNIGHT OF THE RED PENNON.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

THE sun was sinking in the west, its bright rays glanced over the wide expanse of waters, and over many a league of moor and sea-shore. It was a wild and dreary prospect, and almost devoid of any human habitation, except here and there could be seen the hut of a solitary fisherman, who gained his precarious living on the shores of the Mediterranean. But these were shortly at rest, as if with the sun-down all thoughts of motion were at an end, and universal rest began.

But there was one solitary exception to this—this was a solitary knight, who rode at little more than a foot pace along the shore, his bright arms glancing in the sun, and his plume proudly nodding on his helmet, as it was shaken by the motion of his horse, for there was scarce a breath of air stirring. The knight sat listlessly in the saddle and occasionally turned his head to one side and then to the other, as if he despaired of seeing aught that might shelter himself or his good steed from the effects of the chill night dews; but none appeared, and he rode onward at the slow pace his wearied horse travelled.

"I fear, my good steed, we must both of us sleep under the canopy of heaven, and that, too, superfluous,—the more to be lamented, as I see no prospect of procuring a meal for thee on the morrow, unless a few miles onward brings us to some spot where the soft verdure clothes the shore, instead of shingle and sand."

He rode onward for some time, until the moon's silver light in some measure compensated for the absence of the sun's, and the character of the scene began to change. The ground became uneven and rocky, and now large masses of rock rose up abruptly from the earth and the margin of the water, and ran round a portion of it, forming a basin of deep water, in which he could perceive several small craft lying securely at anchor.

"Here, then," he thought, "I can at least gain food and shelter for myself and horse."

And, as if animated by the knowledge of the vicinity of rest and food, the good war-horse of the knight pricked up his ears and expanded his nostrils, and then voluntarily mended his pace. They soon arrived at a fisherman's hut, on the outside of which, and seated on a block of wood, was a beautiful girl of about sixteen. Health sat upon her cheek, and pure benevolence in her soft blue eye.

"Maiden," said the knight, after he had gazed upon this apparition of beauty for several moments, "maiden, canst thou tell me where I can get food and shelter for myself and horse during the night?"

"Sir Knight," answered the maiden, "you will find little in the huts of those who live here that will assort with you; but if you can endure our fare, my father will never refuse it to a stranger."

"Where is thy father, maiden?" inquired the knight, as he dismounted.

"He is in yonder bay—I am now awaiting his return; but, follow me, and I will show you where you can place your horse for the night."

So saying, she led the knight round the back part of the cottage, where there was an old shed, which would at the least shelter the horse from the extremes of the weather, and showed the knight where he could obtain some coarse fodder, which the hungry animal quickly ate with much apparent zest.

When this was done, she then led the way back, and entered the cottage at the entrance of which she was first seated when the knight rode up.

"For your supper, Sir Knight," said the maiden, as they entered the hut, "you must in some measure be indebted to the success of my father's day's work, whom I see coming towards the shore."

As she spoke she pointed towards the little bay, and by the aid of the silver rays the fisherman's boat could be seen stealing along the rippling waters towards the spot below them.

"I shall be quite content, be it what it may, as a man should who has not tasted food since break of day."

As he said this he took off his helmet, and then the various other parts of his armour, the weight of which to one faint with fatigue and hunger was now become inconvenient in the extreme. By the time he had accomplished this the fisherman had climbed the steep ascent which led to the house, and entered. He looked in surprise at the stranger, and then at his daughter, when the latter said:—

"The stranger is weary, father, and requires rest for himself and his good horse; neither has he tasted food since the sun rose."

"He is welcome to both, such as we can give. Though it be rude, yet it is freely given."

"I desire no more, and may the benediction of the traveller rest upon your threshold."

The fisherman now disburthened himself of his nets, which he hung up, and then produced a few fish, which were the extent of his success on this day. The largest and best of these was selected, and immediately cooked. The table was quickly spread by the daughter, and though the fare was homely, yet cleanliness and welcome were apparent in all that was done.

"Your success has not been very great, friend," said the knight. "Do these waters not abound with fish?"

"In their season they do; yet I have not for some weeks past experienced the success I used to meet with. But I complain not, since others are no better off than I am in that respect."

They ate their supper in silence. They were two singular beings, who seemed to possess more than the ordinary intelligence attributed to this class of people. The old man's hairs were silvered, and his face, though bronzed, yet possessed a pleasing expression. His large blue eye seemed to possess a latent fire, and his features were regular, his forehead high, and he wore an air of content that spoke of happiness.

His daughter was a model of beauty that might have served a painter or a statuary, and with her beauty of form and feature was that quiet and contented air which distinguished her father. There was, it is true, youth and buoyancy of spirit, more activity, and more liveliness in her large blue eye, and a smile would often play round her delicately formed mouth, that seemed as if to invite an occasion to mirth, that her beautiful lips might part and show the ivory teeth within.

The knight gazed intently on the maiden and on her father as often, perhaps oftener than good manners warranted, yet no ice was taken of it, and he continued to eat with a keenness of zest that fully bore out his assertion—he had tasted nothing that day in the way of food. At length, the supper over, the maiden rose to clear from the table that which remained.

"The stranger will partake of our evening draught?" Then turning to the knight, he said, "We have a peculiar method of extracting the juice from the grape in these parts, which, perhaps, is not suited to your taste: it is stronger than usual, and well calculated to bring sleep to the eyelids of the weary, and those who have exerted themselves, will find it a great source of comfort. Will you partake of it, sir knight?"

He gave his assent, and a large bottle was produced, from which a strong drink was poured into cups, and drank off. It being late, the knight was shown to a place where he could repose for the night. It



was composed of boughs and leaves, covered over with dried skins. This he found to be extremely soft and easy, and it was not many minutes ere he was fast locked in heavy sleep.

The sun had risen and was high in the heavens before the knight arose from his couch, but he did so in haste, and well refreshed from his slumbers. On leaving his room, he found the next one was tenantless, but on going to see after his horse, he found that Janette, the fisherman's daughter, was very carefully giving the animal its provender, and had seated herself by it looking at the animal while feeding.

She arose when she perceived the knight, and said, with a cheerful voice,

"I perceive you have found your way from the house, and I dare say you are ready for your breakfast, but I thought it best not to disturb your rest, as there was time enough."

"Thanks, maiden," replied the knight; "I see thou hast not forgotten my steed."

"The poor animal wanted his fast broken early," she replied.

He returned, and sat down to some rude though abundant fare—dried fish and fresh cooked also, helped to make up his breakfast. He ate heartily, and was attended by Janette, who watched him with great assiduity.

The knight, from time to time, cast looks at the beautiful nymph that attended him, and could hardly divest himself of the idea that it was the effect of enchantment.

"Certain," he at length exclaimed to himself, "she is the most perfect beauty I ever beheld; indeed, the court cannot boast of such—more courtly dames, and better skilled in all that bessems wealth and splendour, than this lowly damsel, yet deceit lurks under the fairest mask, and a court dame will as readily disguise her intentions as a monk would his doctrine, while here is beauty with no guile—virtue, and no insincerity. Surely it can be no sin to love one of Nature's loveliest forms, because it is dressed in a lowly garb. Oh, no—no; it was never intended that such a lovely girl should pine away here."

He now finished his meal, thanked her for his bounty, and then said,—

"Damsel, thou hast doubtless many lovers—so much beauty could never go unadmired in any community. Is it not so?"

"I have none," was the short and simple reply of Janette.

"None whom thou acceptest. Well, be it so—yet thy beauty is well qualified to grace a court."

"I have no ambition," said Janette, "to mix with those above my sphere; it cannot be done without loss of honour on one side or both."

"Say not so. It could dishonour no true knight to love thee and make thee his lady," said the knight.

"It may bring displeasure and discredit, and these will bring dishonour and shame on such a one, and certainly I would not have this much to answer for on my conscience."

"But you would not refuse the true love of a knight if such were offered thee?"

"It will be quite time enough for me to do so when it is offered," she replied, smiling.

"You are wise, damsel, for what saith the proverb, 'you must first catch a bear before you skin him.' But I tell thee, maiden, thou hast made such havoc with my heart, that I am willing to plight my troth to thee, if thou wilt do the same to me, for I am persuaded that one so young and so beautiful must needs be pure and chaste within."

"Bethink you, sir, what would your kindred, your companions in arms, say of one who had bowed his knightly knee to one of my degree?—they would laugh you to scorn."

The knight's anger was for a moment his master, and the colour came to his cheeks and temples in a manner that showed how sensitive he felt upon the point of honour.

"Know, then, maiden," returned the knight, his anger having been ruled, "that whoever dared to speak of or act towards me otherwise than becomes a knight and gentleman, must answer it to me with his body in battle, and I have acquired that renown which few would willingly attempt to wrest from my brow."

"The greater right hast thou to seek some maiden of higher degree; you wrong yourself in looking upon such a poor weed as I am," replied Janette.

"Nay; I swear by all that a knight holds most worthy in knight-hood, that you wrong yourself. Do not refuse my proffered love—it is sincere, unless thou art already beloved by another whose love is more worthy than mine."

"Sir knight," she replied, "though often sought by my equals, none have ever gained my love; if thou persist in the demand you have made, I may not refuse you; yet, should you ever prove false or unkind, you will do great wrong to one who only loved too well."

"Fear it not, damsel; take this ring—it was given me by one whose champion I was, and whose love saved me from captivity and death; it was all the reward I craved, or would accept—to none but you would

I give it; but do thou keep it till thou seest me, as a pledge of the love I bear thee. I will make thy name known all over Christendom. Farewell, and be true."

"And, on my part, I swear to be true to thee, and to preserve this ring as a token of your knightly vow."

As she said this, she took off a small string of coral from her neck.

"Keep this," she said, "in token of my faith; it is but an ill exchange for thy costly gift; but it is all I have to offer, and may God guide thy course as it best suits thee."

"I hope it may maiden; and, should you ever hear of the Knight of the Pennon, believe that thy lover hath done his devoir."

Pressing her fingers to his lips, he turned, and harnessed his steed, which he mounted, leaving the little village behind him. His good steed was fresh, and left the spot at a better pace than that in which he came; but its master's heart was heavy, and felt not the speed so willingly. Often would he look back, and as often did he see the beautiful being whom he had exchanged vows with.

It was altogether a romantic affair; such, indeed, as may be considered proper to knight adventurers. His thoughts often wandered back to the scene he had just quitted. He went on achieving various adventures, adding glory and renown to his name.

But some months after this the good knight fell ill of a fever, and was believed to be dying. He desired the assistance of a confessor, and after much delay, one was procured. To him the knight made a full confession of his love for the lovely daughter of the fisherman. The spot where he lay was not perfectly secure from intrusion; but he made the whole of the confession.

Great was the trouble of the listener when he heard the confession; but he kept his counsel, and, when he saw the knight again recovered from his fever fit, he immediately set out to the abode of his friends, and to them he communicated the secret of which he had thus possessed himself. Great was the wrath of the knight's parents, when they heard that he had sworn fealty to a maid of such lowly birth.

They immediately took grave counsel how they should act; and, after much discussion, they came to the determination of compelling the unhappy maiden to take the veil, and thus rid themselves of all fear relative to any rashness he might otherwise have been guilty of had she remained at liberty.

They had thoughts of poisoning or stabbing her, but they agreed to give her the alternative of taking the veil. They, with much care, traced her out, and could not but acknowledge that beauty was an ample excuse for almost any knight to commit an error; but yet they relented not; they seized her, and informed her in whose power she was, and that she must renounce the love of her knight.

She replied she would never do so; his love was freely offered, and she could not give it up unless he desired it.

They then threatened her with instant death if she refused to take the veil. It was long ere she would listen to either, believing they could not mean to execute their dreadful threats; but she found they were resolute, and said to them,—

"I will dedicate my services to my God and the saints, hoping that I may by penance and prayer find mercy for breaking my vow, even under this compulsion; but ye are hard-hearted people who envy me my little lot of happiness upon earth; but administer the oath—I will take it, since I can do no better. I would that my true knight had been by my side, ye would not have long threatened me with death, but it would have been thine own lot."

They, regardless of all she could say, administered an oath, by which she bound herself to take the veil. Not satisfied with this, they carried her away, and placed her in a convent, where her persecutors had great interest, and there she remained shut up during the year of novitiate. She could communicate with no one, nor did her father even know where she was, much less did he know the cause of her absence.

At length he was informed that she was now a nun, and for ever shut out from the joys of the world. He groaned in the bitterness of spirit, and wept till the source of his tears was dry. He sat drooping his head on the very seat where his daughter used to watch for his return from the water, and to greet him as he approached the house with his prey.

Lost in the many recollections which this gave rise to, he became insensible to all that was passing round him; nor was he aware that a knight in full panoply sat erect in his saddle and had called thrice to him. At length the knight dismounted and approached him, and placed his hand upon his shoulder, and spoke to him in a loud tone.

He arose up and perceived the Knight of the Red Pennon stood before him, and inquired for rest and shelter. He most amicably did what he was required, and having placed his horse in safety, he put what food he had on the table. The knight looked round as if he missed something, and then at the disconsolate father, and seeing his grief, feared to inquire for her he saw not; but suspense was worse than bad news.

His inquiries were soon made, and his worst fears dreadfully realized,



for if she were still living, she was dead to him. Nay, the one he might have borne with something like fortitude, but to know that through her love for him, or rather his for her had been the cause of all her misery, it was more than he could with equanimity bear—but the tears gushed forth in a manner that showed their sincerity.

He stayed there that night, but he slept not; he spent the night in vigil, and grief was rife in his breast, but next day he left the old man and proceeded towards his own home, whither he arrived, and found out the share they had in the event that destroyed his earthly hopes of happiness.

This he told them, but he was first upbraided and then jested with for his love of a maiden of low degree. But he could brook neither reproaches nor taunts, and made his determination to serve the church for the remainder of his life. His friends endeavoured to combat this resolution, but it was ineffectual, and he became a monk.

The seclusion of the cloister afforded him the opportunity he sought of burying his grief and hiding his remorse from the eyes of the world. He had by time gained a degree of tranquillity which he never hoped to obtain.

Unfortunately, as if to prevent his enjoying that tranquillity of mind, he was called upon one day to confess a nun. Gracious Heaven! who should paint his emotions when he discovered that the nun was his lost Janette, the fisherman's daughter.

The fire of hell shot through his veins—his brain was on fire; his former love, his former passion, returned with ten times its original force. It was many minutes ere he recovered the use of his faculties, and then he spoke not, but lifting his arm up and throwing back his hood, he showed the string of coral which Janette had given him in return for his ring.

She no sooner saw it than she buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly. This was too much for her reason. She started up at first and then examined him attentively, but immediately sunk senseless into his arms.

We will draw a veil over what happened, but merely say that that night a monk and a nun fell; they were unfaithful to their vows. The wild torch of love was lighted, and required more than mortals to quench it. They fell even as our first parents fell.

Many months had not passed ere the abbess and her nuns met in secret conclave. What was the object of this? A nun had been discovered who was faithless to her vows, to her order, and to Heaven. She was found to be guilty, and a small dungeon, a bottle of water, and some bread, were all that was given to her; placed in this spot she was enclosed within the living tomb.

The shrieks of her who lived in the midst of solitude and death, were subdued by the walls, but they were heard, and caused a slight tremor through the body, and the involuntary devotee would creep to some place that was far from the tomb, and where she could not be heard, and there pray for the soul about to leave its earthly abode.

The monk's soul became harrowed by a consciousness of his crime and the misery he had inflicted upon the lowly cause of his guilt. He grew delirious and left the monastery, no one knew whither. But a monk was afterwards seen among the rocks where he first met the fisherman's daughter. Here he continued for many years, known as the Hermit of the Bay. At times he was furiously mad, and would rush among the many rocks with which the place was studded, with incredible swiftness. All agreed that at times he was like a man bereft of reason, but at others he was a pious man.

**MOUNT ARAFAT NEAR MECCA.**—From the summit of Arafat, Burckhardt counted about three thousand tents scattered over the plain, but the greater number of pilgrims were without tents. The number of persons assembled here from all the Mohammedan countries he estimated at about seventy thousand, and that of the camels of from twenty to twenty-five thousand. "There is, perhaps," says he, "no spot on earth where, in so small a space, such a diversity of languages are heard. I reckoned about forty, and have no doubt there were many more."—The essential part of the ceremony at Mount Arafat consists in a procession of all the pilgrims towards the hill, the sides of which they cover from top to bottom, and in hearing a sermon, which is usually delivered by the kadi of Mecca, and which lasts from about three o'clock in the afternoon till sunset. No pilgrim, although he may have visited all the holy places of Mecca, is entitled to the name of haji, unless he has been present on this occasion.

Such as depend most on themselves for entertainment, will not always be best able to entertain others: who is so well pleased with himself as a fool?

Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes, but, on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

## ANNA AND EUDOSIA; OR, THE COUSINS.

A POLISH LEGEND.

THE Zamoiski is one of the noblest and most powerful families in Poland. The last Count Zamoiski ruled over ten thousand vassals, and was beloved and respected by all of them.

He married a daughter of the proud and noble house of Czartoriski, whose love for her husband was only equalled by her extreme beauty. After some months the count had the prospect of soon being a father; but alas! his days of happiness were over. The Countess of Zamoiski died in giving birth to a daughter.

The wife of one of the vassals, whose son was born the same day as Anna, was immediately established at the castle as an attendant on the young countess, whom she nursed at the same time with her son. The foster brother and sister were brought up together. A cousin of Anna's, named Eudisia, left an orphan when only seven years of age, became the companion of their youthful sports and studies.

Young Jean displayed so much talent that the count allowed him to share the lessons of his daughter, and even sent him three years to Wilna to finish his education. On his return he was entrusted with the administration of the count's immense estates.

Jean was so well fitted to command, his bearing was so noble and lofty, his notions and ideas so completely those of a gentleman, that, proud of the title of Anna's brother, he had entirely forgotten his own mean extraction, having lost his parents while still very young. On another account this title of brother was all-sufficient; for he fancied that he only loved the cousins as sisters; if he felt the least preference for Anna, he ascribed it to their having been nourished at the same breast.

As to the count, he loved Jean as a son; he felt that his good qualities and high acquirements were due to his fostering care, and spoke of them with real pride.

The two cousins first discovered that the affection they bore to Jean was not the regard one feels for a brother. Their characters were vastly different. Anna was lively, volatile, high spirited, and unused to contradiction. Her father had, unknown to himself, encouraged her impetuous disposition, by indulging all her whims and caprices. Accustomed to see everything yield to her wishes, Anna would have been amazingly astonished by any opposition to them; for if even in their plays she became offended and looked sulky, her brother and cousin would instantly give up their opinions and wishes, and endeavour to restore her to cheerfulness.

Eudisia, though tenderly beloved by her uncle, had early learned that she was but an adopted daughter. More timid and more refined than her cousin, she grew absent and even melancholy as she grew up. Handsomer than Anna, she attracted less attention at first, but on better acquaintance, attracted longest.

When Jean was gay and happy, he always sought Anna; when depressed, Eudisia was his companion. But as Anna was more affable and more encouraging in her manner at first sight, one would have imagined her his favourite. When Eudisia first noticed this, her melancholy increased; but Jean instantly redoubling his attentions to her, Anna became silent and depressed; and Jean's attentions were again bestowed on Anna.

Yet neither of the cousins understood thoroughly the nature of their feelings for Jean. If Count Zamoiski had ever had any doubts or fears on the subject, his impartial friendship for both cousins must have satisfied him. The count's determination with regard to his daughter and Jean, was still unknown. He could not bear to part with them, and adjourned this important subject to some distant period, when he was suddenly obliged to leave home on business. He took Jean with him, and was absent about a month.

The day on which they were expected to return, the ladies planned a little festival to surprise him. Some friends assembled on the occasion, were seated at the window with Anna and Eudisia awaiting the arrival of the travellers.

It was sundown before they were seen; anxious to get home, the count and Jean galloped on, leaving all their suite behind.

Almost all Polish villages are built on the side of a mountain, below which is a placid lake, over which is a narrow causeway. Along one of these narrow bridges the impatient count, having spurred his Ukrainian horse, and Jean, were galloping. Towards them a herd of oxen were slowly and quietly approaching. Suddenly a large ox, startled by the rapid motion of the travellers, threw himself on the count's horse, and gored him so terribly, that the wounded animal, rearing in agony, fell with his rider over the side of the causeway into the lake. Jean sprang from his horse and plunged into the water to rescue his benefactor; but that was both difficult and dangerous. The count's foot being still in the stirrup, he was dragged on by his horse, who, in spite of the blood he was losing, swam rapidly on. Jean, encumbered by his clothes,



could not keep up with the horse. At last, after many hurried attempts, he succeeded in disentangling the count, and kept his head above the water till a boat was sent to their assistance.

Meanwhile the most dreadful confusion reigned in the castle; nothing was heard but weeping and sobbing. Anna fainted in the arms of her cousin, and both were borne, apparently lifeless, from the window. Anna recovered her senses only to learn the extent of her misfortune. After bleeding the count twice, the physician declared him past recovery: his days were drawing to their close; and though he still breathed, there was no hope for him.

His friends left the castle to prepare for his funeral—for, until then, they were intruders.

After some hours' repose, Jean, still pale and feeble from his violent exertions and hopeless grief, joined the two cousins to mingle his tears with theirs.

Towards midnight the count revived for a few minutes and gazed wildly around him, and faintly articulated the names of Anna, Eudisia, and Jean. He was made to swallow a cordial, and was then raised and supported in the bed.

Taking Jean by the hand, and pointing to the two orphans, he said,

"My son, thou wilt soon be their only protector."

His three children fell on their knees by his bedside. He put Anna's hand in Jean's—blessed the kneeling group, and then calmly expired. Anna threw herself on her father's body, and force was necessary to remove both the weeping girls from the chamber of death.

In every room they found garlands and bouquets which that very day they had tied up in the happiness of their youthful hearts; and these flowers only made the mourning and gloom, which surrounded them, seem deeper. Jean repressed his grief with a manly courage, and, having caused all the appearances of the intended feast to be removed, he arranged and superintended the funeral of his kind and ill-fated benefactor.

For more than a year after the death of the count, the cousins lived perfectly secluded, without seeing a soul. To Jean's eyes Anna appeared the most unhappy; and his consolations and kind attentions were principally addressed to her. He thought he preferred her, and Anna fancied herself the favourite; interpreting, as she chose, the dying words of her father, she considered herself as Jean's betrothed, and sought no longer to conceal her passion.

Eudisia, on the contrary, lost all hope of ever being his, at the very moment she discovered that, like her more fortunate cousin, she, too, loved Jean. She suffered in silence all the torments of an ill-requited passion, and alleged her uncle's death as the cause of her depression; but suddenly the gloom and melancholy, which had for so long a time overwhelmed Eudisia, disappeared—and again she smiled, and seemed to share the happiness of others.

Since Anna's open declaration of regard for Jean, Eudisia had avoided the latter; but now, again, their intercourse was renewed; and even in Anna's presence she would gaze upon him, as if to say—"Yes, I am happy."

This sudden change excited Anna's suspicions, and soon her jealousy. Too proud to complain, she carefully concealed her suspicions from all but Catherine, her faithful waiting-maid, whom she directed to watch the conduct of her lover and cousin. She learnt that they were to meet the next morning, before daylight, in a secluded part of the garden—

"Madam," said Catherine, "you are betrayed!"

"What proof canst thou give?"

"Jean threw himself at Eudisia's feet, and implored her pardon: she raised him in great agitation, and he tenderly embraced her!"

Grieved to be thus betrayed and deceived by those she loved best on earth, Anna watched for an opportunity to punish their perfidy and ingratitude.

This opportunity soon offered itself. For many days Eudisia's servants had been busily engaged in preparing their lady's travelling coach, and fresh horses had been ordered at several stopping places. These, however, were the only indications of her resolution to leave the castle.

In the course of the evening she sought Anna, and said to her timidly, while her eyes filled with tears,—

"My dear cousin, I must leave you to-morrow. I hope it will be but for a short time—though, at present, I can fix no time for my return. Countess Sophia Dalgouriska, who is my only remaining relation, beside yourself, is dangerously ill, and wishes to see me—perhaps for the last time. I must hasten to fulfil this sacred duty, and shall therefore leave you to-morrow at day-light; I shall only take one of my women. Jean has promised, during my absence, to take charge of my other domestics. Farewell, forget not your Eudisia, who, believe me, will love you to her latest hour."

At those words she threw her arms round her neck, and clasped her to her heart.

Such violent agitation and such a solemn farewell, for so short a time,

confirmed all Anna's suspicions. She imagined that Eudisia and Jean planned their flight, and that this feigned journey was but a pretext to insure the execution of their plan. Eudisia was too much agitated to notice Anna's cold and restrained manner. The countess shut herself up in her apartment with her confidant, Catherine.

"It is too true," she exclaimed; "those ungrateful creatures mean to abandon me, and to repay mine and my dear father's numerous kindnesses by breaking a heart whose only fault was too great a reliance on their affection. Fly, Catherine—lose not a minute; follow them; discover their plan, and return and tell me what thou hast heard."

Catherine obeyed, and Anna, overwhelmed with grief and jealousy, threw herself weeping on a sofa. There, thinking over all the proofs of Jean's devotion and tender friendship of her cousin, she endeavoured to dispel the cruel idea, that she was betrayed by persons so fondly beloved. But the return of her messenger renewed all her doubts and fears.

"Speak, hast thou seen them?"

"Yes, this instant have I left them."

"Where? when?"

"In the same harbour where I before told you they met every morning."

"And what didst thou hear?"

"They had probably been there some time before I discovered them. Jean was at Lady Eudisia's feet, and held in his hand a paper, which she had probably given him, and which he wished to return."

"Nothing can change my determination," said your cousin; 'it is irrevocable. Be prudent; you have promised me, and I rely on you. In three days we shall have nothing to conceal.'

"In three days," repeated Anna, with a sigh.

"At the altar," added Eudisia, 'I will relieve you from your oath, but until then, keep our projects still a secret from my cousin.'

"Jean still kneeling, entreated her to defer her departure, if only for a day."

"My dear Jean," replied Eudisia, 'to-morrow, at daylight, we will both have done our duty; and their tears flowed in abundance.'

"At last they left the harbour, and Jean said,—

"My dear Eudisia, I have placed that paper on my heart; it will remain there with your secret and the affection I swear to you. They will remain there till death."

"Farewell, Jean," replied Eudisia; 'do not allow Anna to be awakened to-morrow morning. I have not fortitude enough to keep our secret, and I would willingly avoid an explanation distressing to us both.'

"They then parted, and I hastened back to tell you all, for it is nearly day-light."

Anna no longer doubted that she was sacrificed to a rival, and a bitter contempt, for a moment, smothered her indignation; but, determined to confound the two traitors, she threw herself all dressed, on her bed, to be ready by daylight; but, entirely exhausted, she fell asleep; and, after many agitated and painful dreams, she awoke just in time to witness the departure of her cousin. She ran to the window and saw Eudisia snatch herself from Jean's arms, after giving him a box, which he pressed to his lips. She then threw herself in her carriage, and drove from the castle. Anna, furious at this sight, rushed from her room, and ran down stairs, to reproach her with perfidy; but Eudisia was gone, and Jean alone remained, gazing with tearful eyes on the road which the carriage had taken. At last he became conscious of Anna's presence.

"My dear Anna," he said, "I am sorry to see you here. Eudisia and I had determined to spare you the pain of a last farewell."

"Your plan was indeed well arranged," said Anna, with an ironical smile; "but it is not yet too late to defeat your perfidious designs, which have filled me with horror and contempt, and those are henceforward the only sentiments with which you can inspire me."

"Anna," exclaimed Jean, in a tone of surprise and grief, "are you speaking to me?"

"Yes, to you, Jean Ivanowitch, to you; and I command you instantly to give me the box and papers you received from my cousin."

"Anna, dear Anna, you are angry and unreasonable. Recollect that we are surrounded by servants. Come with me—this is no place for explanation."

"The only proof of my want of reason was being so completely your dupe. But I am now undeceived, and I command you a second time to give me those papers. Dare you refuse me?"

"Your mode of asking for them, Anna, would alone preclude the necessity of obeying it, even if I were not bound by a solemn oath."

"That is too much. Give them to me instantly, I say." And then rushing towards Jean to snatch the papers from his bosom, she fell, and struck her head violently against a stone. She was instantly raised, but the pain and violence of her fall exasperated her to fury. "Jean Ivanowitch," she exclaimed, "you have betrayed me—you are



a vile traitor—your wretched perfidy deserves the punishment of a slave."

"A slave!" repeated the astonished Jean,—"a slave! Anna? Your father's kindness has made me your equal."

"Insolent slave! how dare you speak thus to me?" replied the countess. "Show me the deed of your manumission. You are a vassal still. You are a rebellious vassal, and as such shall receive a slave's punishment. Seize him," added she, to the peasants that surrounded her,—"tear from him those papers—those papers he has refused to give me, and then let him be scourged. One hundred gold pieces to the one who executes my orders, and first brings me those papers."

One must have witnessed the servile obedience of Russian and Polish peasants, and have seen them at the command of a subaltern tyrant, unhesitatingly inflict the punishment of the knout upon women, and even on their own relations, to comprehend the promptness with which were executed the orders of the enraged and almost frenzied Countess Zamoiski. Besides, men of all classes delight in humbling those whose superior merit has excited their envy, and the promised reward was irresistible.

Jean was, therefore, forced to submit to the most degrading of all punishments. His natural high spirit would, in any rank of society, have ill-brooked this cruel treatment; but the liberal education which he owed to his benefactor, and which had promised to embellish and enliven his existence, only made him more bitterly alive to his dishonour.

Anna's passions were always dreadful, and, when convicted of injustice, her remorse was always proportionate. She shut herself up in her room, and gazed in an agony of shame on the picture of her father, whose stern glances seemed to reproach her with cruelty. But who can describe her feelings, when she opened the long contested package. She recognised the box as one which she had formerly given to Eudisia, with her picture and a lock of her hair. It merely contained some deeds and a letter to herself from Eudisia. Anna hastily opened it, and found that Eudisia, after vainly endeavouring to overcome an unhappy and ill-requited affection, had determined to take the veil; that, wishing to give her friends a last proof of her attachment, she had left all her fortune to Jean and her cousin, on condition that they would liberate and provide for all her servants, who had been with her since her birth. Her letter finished with the following words:—

"Farewell, my dear Anna!—May you be as happy as Eudisia prays for, and may Jean's love console you for my loss. If I restore your picture and hair, it is to prove to you that I have bidden adieu to all earthly ties, and mean to think only of another world, and where one day I think we all shall meet."

Who can describe Anna's despair?

"Oh, woe him," she exclaimed, to such of her vassals as claimed the promised reward; "bring him to me—let me ask his forgiveness, and then die at his feet! He who finds Jean shall be free!"

The peasants dispersed in search of Jean with as much eagerness as he had executed the cruel orders of their lady. But their search was not successful, and nothing was seen of the unfortunate victim.

Enraged by his degrading punishment, and his love entirely smothered by a burning thirst for revenge, Jean had fled with shrieks of rage and despair into the neighbouring forest. Three days he wandered about, penetrating into the thickest parts of the woods, even to the habitations of wild beasts. The third night was approaching, and the rain which fell in torrents, drenched his clothes without calming the fever by which he was devoured.

"I will rid myself of this burdensome life," he cried, "and my death, my only refuge from misery and dishonour, shall fill with remorse the turpitude of that one who has so cruelly insulted me. To make her remorse more bitter, I will die in her presence."

He walked towards the castle; the lightning guided him through the reary forest. At last he perceived the turrets of the castle, and he heard the clock strike one. He gained the garden without being discovered; a single light glimmered in the darkness, and it came from Anna's room.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "sleep has fled from her eyes, and I will banish her by ever by dying at her feet!"

He entered the castle—ran to his room—seized a pair of richly-mounted pistols, given him by the count, which he hid in his bosom, and then repaired to Anna's apartment. His footsteps made her start.

"Ah!" she suddenly exclaimed, "have you found him? Is it he?"

"Is it he?" replied Jean, presenting himself to her in the deplorable condition to which three days and two nights of despair had reduced him. "It is he, come to let you enjoy a sight worthy of you!"

As he spoke he put one of the pistols to his head, but Anna arrested him arm with the rapidity of lightning.

"Seek not to save me," said Jean, "for you have dishonoured me. I will avenge myself, for your life is in my hands, but I disdain to take it."

Live to reproach yourself with the death of one who only lived to love you."

Anna threw herself at his feet.

"Jean, dear Jean," she said, "forbear for one instant! one word, one single word, and I will die with thee!"

"My heart is still too soft to refuse your request," replied Jean, who could not resist her solemn appeal.

"Jean," said Anna, "in the sacred name of my father, and of the mother who united us both, abandon this dreadful project! Your sister—your betrothed, acknowledges her crime, and implores your pardon! Pity her tears and despair!"

"Did you think of the memory of our parents, Anna, when, on a slight suspicion, you condemned me to a life of ignominy, were I coward enough to survive?"

"I will share that ignominy by becoming your wife."

"What, I give a dishonoured man to the daughter of Count Zamoiski? that is worse than slavery, Anna. Your father forgot to enfranchise me, because he thought his friendship rendered such formality useless, particularly to his daughter, whose love to me was a title of honour. I absolve you from your oath. One day you would blush to be the wife of a slave. I come to spare you those blushes, and to die at your feet!"

At these words, having lost his reason from grief and fury, and three days' wandering without food in the woods, he pushed the young countess from him, and she fell senseless to the ground. The report of the pistol roused the whole household—Jean was dead!

Meanwhile, Eudisia's resignation, as she fled from Jean and her cousin, was fast giving way.

"Alas!" said she, as she gazed for the last time on the noble castle, "I feel I have bidden adieu to happiness for ever!"

She endeavoured to console herself by thinking of their felicity; but, alas! it is painful to sacrifice ourselves even to those we love—and that is why such a sacrifice is called virtuous and heroic. Who could blame Eudisia's regrets? During her journey she met a number of peasants, whose master had allowed them to be free and happy for one day. They were celebrating a wedding, and Eudisia turned faint when she beheld the happy couple.

"It must be because they recall Jean and Anna," she thought.

"Have I undertaken a sacrifice beyond my strength? Ah! I fear I never shall have courage to gaze on her happy face! I will live with the unfortunate, and forget that there is happiness in the world!"

When she arrived at Wilna, she determined to devote her time to some hospital.

"For a year and longer, if necessary," she said, "I am determined that no one shall know my retreat. When I am separated from all worldly objects, then will I ask if Jean and Anna enjoy that happiness for which I was not destined."

She dismissed her servants, and gave them liberty, on condition that for one year they would not return to Zamoiski Castle, and then repaired to the chapel, where she prayed to be cured of her unfortunate passion. A little relieved by this prayer, she went at the close of the evening, entirely shrouded in a large veil, to an abbey which she had remarked on the road to Wilna. She rung, and the door was opened. She asked for an asylum, and was told that this was a mad-house, founded by a rich Polishman, whose daughter had been crazy for a long time.

"God himself inspires me," exclaimed Eudisia. "I am come to devote myself to the unfortunate of this establishment."

She was presented to the superior, and begged as a favour to be admitted among the sisters of charity, to whom the care of the insane was committed. She soon became a favourite with her companions, and who admired her patience and gentleness. Her care and kindness to the patients committed to her charge were such as to check the paroxysms of several, and one was returned to her family.

A year had expired, and the cell of Eudisia's patient still remained vacant. At last it was filled by a young girl found in the streets of Wilna, one who, from her unconnected complaints, was supposed to be crazy from love. Sister Eudisia ran to her cell with her usual zeal and alacrity, and, at the first sight, she felt much interested in this new comer, and she explained this unwonted feeling by some points of resemblance between this ill-fated girl and a well-known and beloved countenance.

"Good God!" she cried, "I thought at first it might be —; but, no, this is not the sweet, sweet expression of Anna's eyes. How wild she looks! that dreadful sneer bears no resemblance to my cousin's soft and happy smile. Anna is happy with her husband, and in my absence sometimes clouds their mirth, poor Eudisia is soon forgotten by Anna and Jean."

"Jean!" This name, pronounced aloud, attracted the attention of the maniac, who had hitherto hung gazing on her with vague mistrust.

"Jean!" repeated the unhappy girl, rushing up to Eudisia; "Jean! what name do you pronounce? Where is he? seize him—scourge the traitor! An hundred pieces of gold for the papers in his bosom!"



"Heavens! that voice! Who art thou? Speak!" said Eudisia.

"Who am I? that is my secret. Jean has cursed my name—my name, which, noble as it is, he would not share. That cursed name you wish to learn, and I wish to forget it, for it has been my pride and has been my misery; Jean prefers that of Eudisia, because she is not so haughty. Eudisia liberates her slaves, but I—tremble if you are not free—I have them scourged!"

These words were articulated with a dreadful laugh, which a few minutes before Eudisia had compared to the sweet and well-remembered smile of her cousin. But her doubts were banished; it was indeed Anna she beheld. Anna, deprived of her reason by Jean's death, had escaped from her castle, where for a year past she had been tenderly and carefully nursed. Some of her vassals who were in pursuit of her arrived at the abbey the next day, and told the deplorable story to Eudisia, who thought that henceforward she should hate her cousin; but her heroic friendship got the better of this feeling. She devoted herself to Anna, and her pious cares were rewarded. The countess's paroxysms became less frequent; but during her lucid intervals, she was so miserable that Eudisia almost regretted the skill she had acquired in the hospital of Wilna.

### MARTIAL FAME.

Come, gentle muse, define our martial fame;  
Is it not fame to lead brave armies forth  
To death and slaughter, to see mangled heaps  
Of fathers, sons, and husbands, as they lie  
Weltering in blood; to see the manly forms  
Trod ruthlessly beneath the iron hoof  
Of mighty steeds; to hear the cannon's roar,  
Rise high above the din of arms? Behold  
Man, whom the Lord Jehovah did create  
In his own image, slay his fellow man?  
Yes, this is martial fame; for this the crowd  
Of young and noble youths aspire to wear  
The glittering sword; for this the warrior pants;  
For this, the high and noble of the house  
Doth gird himself in war's rich panoply.  
Come, tread with me awhile the battle field,  
Whereon the warrior fought for, died for fame.  
Behold the sun has risen high; dispell'd  
The gloominess and horror of the night.  
Oh, what a night of misery is past!  
But see what mangled form is that which moves,  
And sighs, and groans? Oh, God! a limbless trunk.  
And this is man, proud man, who yesternorn  
Came forth in all the pride and pomp of war;  
Behold him now, his left arm stow away,  
His cheek, whereon the bloom of youth was wont  
To bloom in all its freshness, what a gash  
Some monster, in the shape of man, hath made;  
His legs, where are they now? the murderous ball,  
Cast from the roaring cannon's deadly maw,  
Hath left him here a sightly, ghastly trunk.  
What now is fame to him or his? Will fame  
Become the orphan's father; will it guide  
Their youthful steps, or ease their anguish'd hearts  
When those who loved the father shun the child?  
Will fame become the widow's husband,—be  
To her a shield from wrongs, should they assail  
The widow'd heart? Alas! such fame is cold,  
And worthless, heartless, pitiless, indeed;  
And yet he fought for, bled for, died for fame.  
Yet, hold, methinks I hear the votaries say,  
Your heart is cold to glory; be it so.  
Such glory suits not me, and yet my blood  
Flows free and fresh, and I would win a name  
As proudly and as worthily as they  
Who would become my Mentor.

E. H. WHITE.

"Without knowing particulars," says Bishop Butler, *one*, at least, of the soundest reasoners that ever lived, "I take upon me to assure all persons who think that they have received indignities or injurious treatment, that they may depend upon it the offence is not so great as they imagine."

Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself. Avoid trifling conversation.

The severest wounds are those we least expected; the greatest pleasures, those we are least capable of bearing.

### ASMOLAN.

WHEN Schah Nessim reigned over Persia, the superb city of Schiras, then the abode of kings, owed to him a part of its splendour and its glory. Schah Nessim possessed great qualities, but tarnished by still greater defects; he was brave and intrepid, but sometimes cruel and ferocious; he loved and esteemed virtue, but refused to acknowledge its claims when opposed to his boundless despotism. That powerful monarch had, like all his subjects, like all men, the desire to be happy. Crowned with laurels acquired by valour, master of a vast and flourishing empire, surrounded by flatterers who seemed to adore him as a god, intoxicated with their incense, possessor of the choicest scragth in the world, Schah Nessim believed he possessed more rights to happiness than any one; he was unacquainted with it. Ennui and disgust, inseparable companions of the enjoyments in which the heart is reckoned for nothing, had seated themselves on his throne, and upon his carpets of Tyrian purple, resplendent with gold and pearls. Verily did he seek to vary his pleasures; they changed their form, but to him preserved the same physiognomy. In short, the interested praises of his flatterers, the splendour of his glory, the caresses of the most beautiful women of Asia, were unable to conceal from him that he was not happy.

His character became gloomy and irritable, and Persia groaned beneath the weight of his frightful tyranny. The slightest murmur was punished by death, and hired spies insinuated themselves into the bosom of families, there to penetrate into the most secret thoughts of the heart. The people groaned in silence, they dreaded to let their tears be seen. Schah Nessim seemed to have said to himself—"Since I am wretched I will cause every one else to be the same." It shall not be said that a single one of my subjects can boast of possessing a treasure it is not in my power to obtain." But, filled with pride, he did not wish that shameful thought to be divined by his victims; he would have blushed to let the state of his heart be seen, and, all the while avenging himself for his misfortune upon his innocent subjects, he had the mania of passing for the happiest of men. Not being able to deceive himself, he believed himself able to deceive others. That is why he made so many persons wretched; he punished even the appearance of happiness, and if no one dared to sigh in public, they were also obliged to restrain every sign of innocent joy.

At that time, a young man named Asmolan, blessed with all the gifts of nature and of fortune, possessed the finest house in Schiras, where he had parties of his numerous friends attracted by his liberality, his frank and noble manners, his lively disposition, his kind-heartedness, and every quality that commands respect and admiration.

Asmolan one day gave a sumptuous repast to his friends, and about the end of the repast, excited by the pleasure of seeing himself surrounded by men by whom he believed himself beloved, he exclaimed—"Yes, my friends, I am the happiest of the children of Adam."

That imprudent expression was eagerly noted down by a man who had introduced himself into the festival hall.

That man, named Abderab, had long been envious of Asmolan's prosperity, and only sought for the means of destroying it.

Next morning, at daybreak, the worthy Asmolan was arrested, and taken before the terrible Schah, who said to him—

"Imprudent fool! thou then believest thyself happier than I am; I the favourite of Heaven, and whom the holy Prophet crowns with his favours; than I am, who hold in my hand the destinies of Persia, and who can, with a single word, reduce thee again to the dust from whence thou sprang! It would only depend upon me, vile insect, to tear from thee thy life, but for the first time I am willing to spare thy blood, and to attribute thy crime to thy youth. I wish to see if thou wilt still have the imprudence and the folly to believe thyself happier than thy master."

Asmolan had heard these words with the utmost calmness; he left the royal palace, and hurried back to his house to reassure his friends, but the tyrant had ordered it to be razed to the ground, and that fatal order had already been executed.

The whole of Asmolan's possessions had also been confiscated to the profit of the informer. He went to demand an asylum from his friends; not the slightest change was observed in his countenance, in his character, or in his habits. His brow seemed still to preserve the same serenity, and bore the impression of happiness.

A week had passed since that terrible catastrophe, when the Schah again sent for the young Persian, and said to him—

"Well, then, young madman, dost thou still boast of being happier than I am? Thou art now plunged in poverty—thou hast nothing left remaining to thee in the world, but repentance and humiliation."

"O, King! thou deceivest thyself," mildly replied Asmolan; "my wealth did not render me proud; how, then, should my poverty humiliate me? Thou believest to have ravished everything from me, and I



came to thank thee for thy benefits. Thou hast made me to know, O, Schah Nessim, that I am the possessor of the rarest, most precious of treasures next to virtue. Thanks to thee, I have just learnt that I have friends independent of fortune. They have not treated me like her. I have again found in their hearts more than thou hast taken from me; and in wishing to destroy my happiness thou hast only increased it."

Schah Nessim, on hearing those words, remained undecided; he was astonished at such disinterestedness and greatness of mind; his pride was humiliated; he was indignant at seeing the audacious young man brave his power and his glory; but he at the same time felt himself subjugated by that virtue, that tranquillity, that weakness and resignation. He was going to give way and dismiss Asmolan, but a perfidious courtier observed to him that Asmolan was a dangerous person, who prided himself upon braving him, even on the throne; he advised the tyrant to cast him into prison, if it was only to see how far his audacity could go, and to subdue that courage he called rebellion. The monarch let himself be persuaded; he blushed at his momentary virtuous emotion, and considered its having for a moment made him waver, as a victory gained over him by Asmolan; he resolves to punish him for it, and orders him to be thrown into a dungeon, there to undergo the severest privations, until he should own himself unhappy.

The young Persian was immediately thrown within the narrow walls of the gloomiest dungeon in Bagdad, and by an excess of barbarity, Abderab, the author of all his woes, was given him as a companion. That wretch had long been the favourite of the prince, but having recently been disgraced, had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment in that dungeon, which he made resound with his cries of despair.

Asmolan looked unmoved upon his new dwelling.

"I would prefer," he said, "being at home, or seated at the table of my friends. But let us conform ourselves to the will of Heaven. Will my abandoning myself to grief produce any change in my situation? Will my murmuring against the decrees of Providence render Mahomet more favourable to me?" Then approaching his companion—"Abderab," he said to him, "the tyrant is not so cruel as he thinks, since he has been pleased to confine us both together in the same dungeon. The misfortune that is shared is deprived of half its weight, and I shall not complain of my fate if I am able to console you."

Abderab, on hearing those words which breathed so much kindness, when he so justly deserved the bitterest reproaches, fell at Asmolan's feet, and conjured him to punish him, to satisfy a legitimate vengeance, and deliver him from the torture of his misfortunes and remorse. Asmolan raised him from the ground, and said to him,—

"Poor Abderab! why recal the remembrance of the past? Is it to embitter the present and poison the future? The past is no more, and Heaven only gives the present to man for him to enjoy it, and the future to Hope. That is all we, in reality, possessed before entering this place; that is all we still possess. We are both of us in prison; it must be owned that our prison is not very comfortable; but reproaches and hatred, far from embellishing it, would render it still more frightful. I forgive you all the wrong you may have done me; then think of it no more, for I have not suffered from it. Let us consider the best means of rendering our fate as little disagreeable as possible."

The two prisoners now turned their attention to softening the horrors of captivity; they invented different methods of shortening their time; but Abderab would often again fall into deep melancholy. The remembrance of the past still haunted him, and the future presented itself to him without hope, and without consolation. Asmolan again raised his courage, and showed him that which he looked upon as his future, was only one instant, that did not extend beyond the bounds of life. He proved to him that the future of man is not upon this earth, where all our hopes are deceitful, where the day of prosperity is often the precursor of the day of adversity; he spoke to him of the virtues, taught him to know, and consequently to love them.

The mind of Abderab was imbued with new strength; the tumult of his passions subdivided, and his regret insensibly lost its bitterness. He was unable to conceive how he could so long have been ignorant of those so sublime, so consoling, and so simple truths; he offered to Heaven all the misfortunes he had just experienced, as an expiation of his past faults; he even thanked the tyrant; it was to him he owed another heart (enjoyments he even had no idea of), and treasures that all the powers of the earth cannot ravish from him who possesses them. Those days, so long, so terrible before Asmolan's arrival, now passed on with rapidity in the sweet conversations of confidence, of wisdom, of friendship, which were sometimes enlivened by gaiety.

A month had elapsed since the first day of Asmolan's captivity, when Schah Nessim wished to see how far the young Persian's obstinacy could go; he had him brought before the whole court, bound like a criminal, and said to him, with a bitter and disdainful smile,—“Well, then, Asmolan, are you happy now?”

“Oh, king!” exclaimed Asmolan, “must I every day be indebted to

thee for fresh benefits? I had a cruel enemy, and I can now, thanks to thee, reckon him in the number of my dearest and most faithful friends. Thou hast given me for my companion of misfortune a wretched man, who was unable to look at me without blushing; he was the slave of vice, and I have rendered him the disciple of virtue; I have given him, to enable him to support his destiny, the noblest, the most sublime hope of man. O king! it is thou who hast procured me the means of doing so much good, and I thank thee for it.”

“Ah!” said the infuriated monarch, “let this madman be instantly led away to the place of public execution, and there perish on the scaffold, in sight of all my people. We shall then see, haughty rebel, if thou wilt brave me with thy head beneath the scimitar of death.”

“I do not brave thee,” said Asmolan; “I yield to the power of doing evil, given thee by irritated Heaven. I adore God, even in the scourges his anger sends upon earth to punish the sins of the children of men. I do not brave thee; but thou demandest of me if I am happy and I tell thee the truth.”

The scaffold was raised; the whole population of Schiras, attracted by a barbarous curiosity, flocked to the grand square, where the Schah was seated on his throne, overlooking the preparations for the death of the virtuous Persian. Asmolan had preserved all his courage; it was not the affected courage of pride, which struggles with nature at that terrible moment when man ought to be far removed from pride; he walked without pride as without fear, and with a firm step ascended the scaffold. The headsman raised his arm to strike, when Schah Nessim with an ironical smile, cried out aloud,—

“Well, Asmolan, are you now more happy than I am?”

“O king,” said Asmolan, “if thou didst want to render me unhappy, you must have employed all your power to make me commit a crime, or a dishonest action. What have I done that can render me unhappy? Dost thou then believe that the justice of God has placed the happiness of a man in the hands of another, and that the tranquillity of virtue can for one moment be disturbed by the caprices of a tyrant? I am going to die, and thou demandest of me if I am happier than thou art? Oh! if thou couldst read within my heart, thou wouldst envy me my felicity. I have employed the short time I have lived in doing good, and thou employest every instant of thy existence in making men wretched; I tread upon the moment of receiving the recompence Heaven promises to the just man, and the time is not far distant when thou wilt pay the penalties due from the wicked. Thy heart is unceasingly torn by remorse, filled with remorse and satiety; mine is flying towards its God, pure, and filled with hope. Answer me, Schah Nessim, at this solemn moment, when man has no longer anything to hope for upon earth, no longer anything to dread from the wicked—answer; it is I who interrogate thee; it is I who demand of thee, Schah Nessim, art thou more happy than Asmolan?”

At those words, at that unexpected question, the Schah rose from his throne. Not a word was heard throughout that vast assemblage;—all the people, the whole court remained motionless, in breathless expectation. Schah Nessim advanced towards Asmolan, and said to him,—

“Young man, come down from that vile scaffold my blind fury had condemned thee to; thy courage has vanquished me, thy virtue has subjugated me. Be my friend, be my adviser; I will henceforth be no more separated from thee; happiness is with thee, near thee, within thee. I now see that it consists in greatness of mind, in that strength of character more powerful than all human power, and which, without effort, raises us above all destinies, and without disturbing the unalterable tranquillity of virtue. Come to my court; thou shalt be my grand vizir; thy wisdom shall be my axis; thou shalt share my power; inayest thou make me share thy happiness.”

“I accept the rank thou offerest me,” replied Asmolan. “I perhaps shall not be more unhappy in a palace than in my dungeon. We will study together how to promote the happiness of thy subjects; it will be promoting thine own! O Schah! happiness is very easy to be found; it is present everywhere. If it does not exist upon a throne, it is the fault of the monarch who reigns.”

The first care of Asmolan was to release Abderab from his prison, whom he always regarded as a friend, and who never ceased to deserve his confidence and esteem. Though invested with great power, the vizir's character underwent not the slightest change; he preserved the same cheerfulness, and was surrounded in his greatness by the same friends who had not abandoned him in misfortune. At the height of glory and prosperity he knew how to enjoy his power and his wealth.

One day, when Asmolan, at a splendid fête, had united all the rarest and most precious things that Asiatic luxury can boast, all the most exquisite productions of the arts; and, when radiant with mirth and pleasure, he was receiving the homage of every heart, one of his friends leaned over to him, and smilingly said,—

“Well, Asmolan, art thou happy now?”

“Yes,” replied the vizir, “yes, I am happy, nearly the same as when I was in prison.”



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CXLI.

THE REMONSTRANCE.—THE LETTER FROM THE AVENGER.—THE PROMISED ESCAPE.—SIR CHARLES'S BETTER PROSPECTS.

SIR CHARLES HOME's hands trembled as he opened Horace's letter, and for some moments the words swam before his eyes, defying his attempts to apprehend its meaning. When, however, he came to comprehend its purport, and to find that it contained a full account of how he, Horace Singleton, had been deceived by Margaret—what spurious tales she had told to him, and how strangely many circumstances had conspired apparently to corroborate her statements, a feeling of exquisite relief came over his heart, and with great pleasure he read an account of the causes of the strange clandestine meeting with Margaret—the duel with Viscount Hilliers, and its result, together with the concluding statement, that loving Alice dearly and fondly, he threw himself upon her reason to forgive indiscretion, but never apostacy.

The letter dropped from the hands of Sir Charles, and even he, versed as he was in all the world's hypocrisies, and almost a stranger to any straightforward course of action, was amazed at the web of deceit Margaret had woven around all her actions, and the temporary success she had experienced in waging war against him and his dearest hopes.

"Gracious heavens," he exclaimed, "I suspected her of much, but I could not have believed she had talent for such desperate duplicity as she has practised. By whom has she been advised, is the question, for it is next thing to impossible, that a young and inexperienced girl, bred up in the seclusion of an educational establishment, should be able to imagine such a course of conduct as that she has pursued."

Sir Charles soon passed from a consideration of Margaret's iniquities, and what he was to do with her to the more important thought of how he was to induce Alice to see Horace's conduct as he saw it, and in what he really believed to be its proper light.

"She is incensed at him," he muttered, as he paced to and fro in his splendid library. "She takes high ground on the subject, and the offence she sees in the matter, is that she should for one moment be suspected. Again I must reason with her, and try to compose her wounded feelings. If I could but see her Horace Singleton's wife what a load of care would be removed from my mind. I am sure she would be happy, for there is mutual love. True Horace Singleton has not the force of character which adorns many men, or he would not have allowed himself to be so easily duped by Margaret, but notwithstanding Alice may be very—very happy as his wife. As for Margaret, I will think of some means of out-generaling her yet, perhaps. At all events revenge will keep."

He folded Horace Singleton's letter carefully again, and hastily proceeded to his daughter's apartment. Alice was alone, and hearing her father's voice, she opened the door. Sir Charles thought she had been weeping, and he augured well for the tale he came to plead, that her heart had been giving way to softer emotions than those of insulted pride.

"My Alice," he said, "you are not happy."

"Happy, father?"

"And why should you not? Surely, dearest, such as you were born for happiness, as perfect as can be formed in this world. Have you been weeping, dear?"

"My acts shall show that I am firm," said Alice. "However, weakness will sometimes come over my heart. I have not wept for Horace Singleton—I have wept to think there should be baseness where there ought to have been honour."

"But, Alice, my child, are you quite sure?"

"Sure, father?"

"Yes—consider. Let your imagination conjure up some plots which would involve in inextricable confusion the best, the bravest, and the most noble. Fancy machinations, which, if for a time successful, would make the gallant soldier seem a coward—the soul of honour a thief—the true devoted lover a mere thing of empty words, breathing vows for amusement only, and playing with the heart he knew not the real value of. Can you not, my Alice, imagine so much?"

Alice looked amazed, for she could not but understand the drift of Sir Charles's words. He saw, or fancied he saw, he was making an impression upon her mind, and he continued, after a few moments' pause,—

"Poets and novelists will tell you many such doleful chances, quite

vexing the very soul by the apparent reasonableness of the suspicions that are cast upon those who are really spotless."

"Are you defending Horace Singleton, father?" said Alice, fixing her beautiful eyes upon his face.

To prevaricate with Alice he knew would strike a death-blow at the confidence she felt in his love for her, and his judgment in all that concerned her, so Sir Charles answered at once boldly and wisely,—

"I am,"

"More misery!" said Alice, clasping her hands.

"No Alice—say not misery. Here is a letter."

"I cannot read it, if from him."

"To favour me —"

"Do not use that word, father. Your commands will be sufficient."

She took the letter from his hand, and carefully read it. Then she returned it to him with a deep sigh.

"Well, Alice," he said—"well, dearest."

"Father—father! This may be all true, and yet Horace Singleton be unworthy of the heart that he could believe, for a moment, unworthy of him."

"But, Alice, remember, he did not—he declares he did not meet Margaret because he suspected you, but for the purpose of making an attempt to expose her heartless machinations against your peace and his own."

"Grant me judgment, Heaven!" said Alice. "Forgive me, if I judge harshly, but Horace Singleton has vacillated where he should have been firm; he has been weak where he should have been strong; he has wanted candour where candour would have saved a world of misery; he has —"

"Alice, Alice—do you expect to find along with a fond, loving heart, a faultless judgment?"

"No, father; but yet —"

"Nay, hear me. Think of this. I will come to you again in four hours. Be charitable and honest in your judgment. I will say no more to attempt to sway you, than that my earnest, only strong wish in this world is to see you the happy wife of one you could love. God bless and direct your judgment, my darling child."

He kissed her cheek, and then hurried from the room; for he rightly enough imagined that Horace Singleton had really quite as strong an advocate in her own heart as he, Sir Charles, could possibly be with all his powers of oratory.

When she was alone, Alice burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly. We shall leave her for the present to her own meditations, following Sir Charles, into whose hands, the moment he got down stairs, a letter was placed.

"Who from?" he said.

"I don't know, Sir Charles," was the reply. "No one recollects taking it in. We found it on the marble slab in the hall."

"Ve y well—very well."

A glance at the black seal put Sir Charles Home in mind of the communications he had already received with the ominous signature of "The Avenger," and hastily entering the library, he tore open the epistle, when his suspicions were at once verified by seeing at the foot of the letter that word. The epistle ran thus, and created in Sir Charles Home's mind mingled feelings of hope and fear.

"The Avenger writes again to Sir Charles Home, Baronet, and M.P. If you wish to extricate yourself from the embarrassments both of conscience and reality which surround you, there is one way which he who writes this never, till lately, could have imagined would have occurred; so easy is it, so largely to your benefit in every possible way.

"If acceded to, it will blot out the memory of fearful injuries—save you from destruction and a miserable death, and enable you to continue your political career unshackled by the thought that danger is hanging ever over you.

"You will receive back the yellow handkerchief, as well as other tokens of guilt, and you will be for ever solemnly freed from the dread you now live in.

"Meet me at the old house, near Hendon, where you murdered Abraham Benn—where Margaret Home, the wife of your cousin George, breathed her last, amidst destitution and despair. At nine o'clock this evening, meet me there, and you shall know the terms of what may be truly called your liberation. You have but to enter the old ruins, and you will soon be made cognisant of the presence of

"THE AVENGER."

Sir Charles Home remained in deep thought concerning this epistle for nearly an hour. He paced restlessly to and fro in the room, and at the end of that time he opened a drawer, and took from it a case of pistols, which he carefully loaded.

"Yes," he said, "I will risk all in another attempt to get rid for ever of this unknown pest to me. I will keep this appointment—the conference cannot take place without our meeting face to face, and by



the Heaven above me, at the first convenient opportunity, a pistol bullet shall reach his heart. I will bear the condition upon which I am to escape the evils enumerated in this epistle, which evidently comes from one having a most dangerous knowledge of me and my past acts, and then I will make a much easier one myself—namely, by his death, be he whom he may."

Sir Charles had made up his mind to go at once to Horace Singleton, pending Alice's four hours consideration, but so entirely absorbed did he now become in the pleasant idea of first getting rid of his tormentor that he abandoned that notion, and determined to await until the morrow.

"I shall meet him and Alice both," he said, "with more power of reason and persuasion if I succeed in this evening's adventure. If I fail, I cannot well be worse off than at present. It is a desperate chance, but it shall be tried."

He then wrote the following note to Horace,—

MY DEAR SIR,—I have duly received your epistle. Expect me to call upon you to-morrow morning, when we will talk the subject over. I hope, satisfactorily and with happy results. Believe me to be,

My dear sir, yours truly,

CHARLES HOME.

Having despatched this little epistle, he went to his daughter's room again, and gently tapped for admission.

Alice immediately appeared, and said in a surprised tone,—

"Have I been so long thinking, father, as four hours?"

"No, my darling, you have not. I have come to say that matters of great importance will take me from home until the morning."

"Father," she said, as she threw herself upon his breast, "I will give my judgment and my heart into your keeping. Dictate to the one and dispose of the other as you please."

"You shall be happy yet," cried Sir Charles, as he embraced her tenderly; "and I—"

He paused, and then tenderly added,—

"No matter—no matter. I have but one caution to give you till I see you again. Do not seek any explanation or quarrel with Margaret. Leave her to me. Remember that we triumph, and can afford to be merciful. At all events, my darling, I can more efficiently than you, rid us of this incubus Margaret, whose infamous conduct, when found out, as it is, has quite astounded me. Farewell—Heaven guard you—all will be well."

The moment he was gone, and Alice had closed her door, another on the same landing was opened, and Margaret appeared with such a flush of anxiety and anger on her face as made her appearance truly terrific.

"All well!" she muttered; "happy—found out—what—what has occurred?—have I failed?—can it be that all is revealed?—are my arts known?—has Horace—no—no—it cannot be—and yet when did I ever hear Sir Charles Home speak in such a tone of confidence? My brain burns; I—I shall go mad—Horace—Horace Singleton—I will make a last effort—yet, first to the man by St. Paul's, who is the arbiter of my destiny—I will away to him—all discovered—all well? No, there shall blood flow ere all shall be well. If there be peace, it shall be the of the grave."

Hurrying on some garments fitting for the street, she in a few moments left the house. Sir Charles saw her pass the window, and rushing to the hall, he said to a lounging footman,—

"Follow Miss Margaret Home secretly, and tell me where she goes when next you see me."

## CHAPTER CXLII.

THE JOURNEY TO THE OLD FARM-HOUSE AT HENDON.—A NIGHT OF TERRORS.—THE APPOINTMENT.

As the hour approached in which Sir Charles Home was to meet with his mysterious correspondent, he became uneasy and tremulous. He had ordered his carriage a little after eight o'clock, and in the meantime he locked the door of his library to remain undisturbed until the arrival of the moment for starting.

Many thoughts crossed his excited brain, but the purpose of his soul might have been read in his eye; he had wound himself up to such a point, that his powers of endurance were such that he felt himself equal to the task that he had set himself.

He took a pair of pistols, which he carefully examined and loaded, and placed them in his pockets, so that he could, at a moment's warning, produce them fit for use.

Having made up his mind fully, to meet and deal with this Avenger in the manner spoken of, he had taken care to so order his measures, such as were under his control, that they might be subservient to this purpose, and by the time the carriage drew up at the door, he was fully prepared to quit the house.

Sir Charles opened his library door just as Thomas was about to enter it, and announced the arrival of the carriage, and nearly overturned him. Thomas was about to make an apology, but there was such an extremely strange and excited air in Sir Charles's manner that caused him to shrink from him in silence.

Sir Charles's appearance was unexpected in the hall, for Davis, the hall-porter, and Andrew, had been guilty of enjoying a game at cribbage, which they did not think it worth while yet to put an end to, believing that Sir Charles would scarce make his appearance so quickly as he did. The cards and cribbage-board were quickly gathered up by Andrew, who, not knowing what to do with them, threw them in the great chair, and then forced Davis to sit down upon them to hide them, which he did with many wry faces, for the ivory pegs were not altogether pleasant and soft.

Sir Charles, to the great wonderment of the domestics, took no notice whatever of the occurrence, though they well knew he must have noticed it. There was something in Sir Charles's features that appalled them, for they involuntarily shrunk aghast from him, and when he had entered the carriage, Thomas shut up the steps, and said,—

"Where to, Sir Charles?"

He answered, in a stern tone that made him start,—

"To Hampstead."

"Certainly, Sir Charles," replied the man, and he shut the door, saying to the coachman, "that his master desired to be driven to Hampstead."

The carriage soon drove from the door, carrying Sir Charles Home along at a rapid pace towards his destination. It was some time ere he attempted to break the monotony of the silence in which he was wrapped, as thought on thought crowded through his brain, and his mind became a very whirlwind of passion and contending emotions, and at length he said,—

"Yes, it must and shall be done; not a day's, not an hour's repose can I know while this strange inimical being lives. Yes, his death is resolved upon. He brought it upon himself; my destruction or ruin—he would doubtless murder me, and I am justified in taking his life."

But then the thought crossed his mind—"If he were to attempt mine—if this appointment be made as a trap to catch me, why, I can sell my life dear, and then he can obtain no result save the little money or the booty he might find on my person—or the gratification he might feel in taking a bloody revenge upon one whom he believes has injured him—no, no—whoever he is, he has other objects in view, and when I get to Hampstead I will dismiss my carriage, and travel towards the old house near the Hendon road on foot."

"It is now many years since I was there. I wish the house had long since been buried beneath the surrounding grass."

Thus communing with himself, Sir Charles Home sat wrapt in his own meditations as his carriage rolled rapidly along towards Hampstead, and he could just tell on what part of the route he was as the horses slackened their speed at the commencement of the steep hills leading to the town of Hampstead.

When he had reached the town he pulled the check-string as they arrived at a wide part of the road, and the coachman drew up.

"I will alight here," said Sir Charles, as the footman opened the door of the carriage.

"Shall we wait here, Sir Charles?" inquired Thomas.

"No, return, I shall not need you."

Thomas looked amazed at his master, with the coach-door in his hand, saying,—

"Well, I'm blessed if I know what to make of him to-night; he beats me hollow. Where can he want to go to here, I wonder?"

Thomas slammed the door to, and mounted the box, telling the coachman, that as they were not again wanted, they could indulge themselves going home by calling at the different taverns in their way, where they might meet with some old acquaintance.

Sir Charles Home, immediately he quitted his carriage, made his way through the town, and speedily came out on the heath.

The wind blew in moaning gusts—the clouds were heavy and low; but all was enveloped in darkness, and it was with much difficulty that Sir Charles contrived to cross the heath, but at a very slow pace, for there were no hedges, nor any fence.

Large drops of rain fell, and Sir Charles drew closer his cloak, and endeavoured to pierce the gloom that surrounded the place, but he was compelled still to travel onwards, without even having the satisfaction of seeing his road before him.

Thus he continued until he came to the Castle, when he was somewhat reassured on finding that he had not missed his way.

He was now fairly on his road to Hendon. At first the road was steep, and passed between high banks; but after the descent is accomplished, and you pass through North-End, the road runs open, and some waste land lies on either side, full of holes and rushes, containing water all the year round, or most of it.



More than once did Sir Charles lose the road; but an occasional momentary beam of moonlight issuing through the broken clouds, showed him his error, and the danger he more than once incurred of falling into the deep holes that were on either hand.

After much trouble and fatigue, he contrived to cross this piece of waste, and made across some rising ground towards the old farm-house. After he had walked some distance over the fields that intervene between the road and the old farm-house,

"Yet, this must surely be the place," muttered Sir Charles, as he came to a thick quickest hedge; "but it is so dark and so grown that I can scarce recognize it again. It is long since I was near this accursed spot; but if I fail not in my scheme—if I be as fortunate in its execution—as I was on a former occasion—"

Sir Charles stopped in the low muttering his lips made—a cold shudder passed across his frame as he thought of the scene he had once witnessed; in which, indeed, he was the chief actor on that spot, and he turned to another part of the fence in search of some place that was eligible as a means of ingress.

It was not until he had searched for some time that he perceived a rent in the hedge, and with some difficulty he contrived to climb over it, into the paddock or shield, or it might, at some distant date, have been a garden; but it was now clearly a piece of meadow, in which grew long rank grass.

When Sir Charles found himself standing alone within the precincts of the well remembered premises, he paused awhile.

Many thoughts crowded on his mind, memory was active, and conjured up the pictures of bygone events, and the perspiration stood in large drops upon the forehead of Sir Charles Home as he thought of the deed that was done fifteen years since, near, perhaps, the very spot where he stood.

The rain now rapidly increased, and fell in great quantities; the subdued sound it made upon the leaves of ivy that had overgrown the hedge, and the stumps of the old trees that grew around, conveyed a still greater sense of loneliness and discomfort to the mind of Sir Charles Home, than he might otherwise have felt. The wind blew freshly, carrying the shower in a slanting direction, against which there was no protection, and the pitchy darkness that reigned around, rendered it difficult to seek for any shelter.

To add to the horrors of the night, the sound of distant thunder came booming across the sky in solemn and dreadful mutterings. The inclemencies of the elements were not more ill assorted than the emotions that throbbed in the breast of Sir Charles Home.

Standing there as he did, on ground that had drunk the blood of a victim of lawless violence, and that victim, one who had fallen beneath his hand; his frame shook with fear and agony as the recollection of the past rushed through his mind, and yet he strove against himself—against nature. He stood up against that which would bear him down—he would go through that night with determination and resolution. Though calmness and nerve were denied him, his mental energies, shattered as they were, would fight against and overcome those weaknesses of the body.

A vivid flash of lightning now lit up the scene, and as the thunder rattled in the vault of Heaven, a full consciousness of the precise spot he stood on came upon him, and with a smothered cry of horror he rushed towards the building, and entered it by the open door.

That spot which he had so hastily quitted was that on which Abraham Benn had fallen after the pistol shot had taken effect.

Without knowing whither he went, he found himself in a dilapidated apartment. Time had done much towards its utter destruction, for the tiles had in many places fallen in; here the weather at all times found a free admission, and on this occasion the rain fell in large pools—the place smelt damp and earthy, as if decay had so far taken its hold of the materials, that they were fast returning to their first elements, and becoming in that state that they eventually become mixed up in new combinations.

In this room, however, he was doomed to find no quiet shelter. It was dark, very dark, so much so that he could not even perceive the dark walls that enclosed it, nor could he see the large openings through which the deluging rain freely entered.

Yet, Sir Charles Home knew he was in a measure sheltered from the weather, and more, he knew he no longer stood on the same sod that had been bathed with the blood of Abraham Benn.

Still the thunder rattled over head as if it would shake down the old ruins—for more they could not be called, and yet Sir Charles had seen no one, nor heard any one. What should he do?—call? No, he dared not trust the sound of his own voice in that lone and desolate house, and he determined to await the arrival of the mysterious individual who was to meet him there; scarcely had this determination been made when another flash of lightning more vivid than the last, illuminated the whole building, and Sir Charles Home at once saw that he stood in the same room in which Margaret had breathed her last. Reeling towards

the door, he in an instant quitted the apartment, and was about to quit the house, when, as he passed through the dark passage, a heavy hand was placed upon his arm, and a deep voice said,—

"I am here."

(To be continued in our next.)

## HOPE.

"Hope told a flattering tale."

THESE are the words of the old song. They may be true, to a certain extent; but if there was no such a thing as hope, we should be very deplorably situated; for, having nothing to bear us up under trials and difficulties, we should sink under them in despair. Many of our pleasures are purely ideal, and exist only in the imagination; indeed, those which put on a tangible shape, are, comparatively speaking, very few to those which hope furnishes us with.

An individual without this blessing is, indeed, wretchedly situated—despair takes possession of his soul—he regards with a listless eye, and fixed countenance, the happiness and prosperity of others—he inwardly curses the day that gave him breath, and earnestly desires death to relieve him from his sufferings; but to no purpose, it flies from him. The "insatiate monster," which spareth not the young nor happy, who dreads his appearance, leaves the wretched one who courts his approach to still continue in his misery. This is a strange perversion of circumstances; but it is, no doubt, intended for our good, and it affords us a salutary lesson on the instability of human enjoyments. If we are attentive observers of life, we shall see many men who are entirely bereft of hope; but it is a great consolation to us to know that they generally bring this curse upon themselves by their own wickedness. We see, for instance, the gambler who has lost his all, plunged into the depths of destitution and misery; from plenty he is reduced to want—his companions desert him, and he is alone in the world, unloving and unloved; he, perhaps, makes one grand effort to restore his fortune, it fails, and, to add to his crimes, he puts an end to his existence. The speculative, the ambitious, and the covetous, all bring upon themselves this evil by their own iniquitous designs.

Let us turn to the other side of the picture. Observe the fond mother watching beside the reclining form of her infant, who is afflicted with one of the diseases "that flesh is heir to;" her eye is unusually bright—her bosom heaves—her whole frame is in a state of perturbation. What is it that causes this excitement? It is hope! She sees a change for the better has taken place, and the hope of her child's recovery lights up her heart with joy. With what anxiety has she watched over her infant, alternate hopes and fears taking possession of her soul; and when, at length, the gratifying intelligence is announced, of the probability of her child's recovery, it is too much for her, and she cannot conceal the delight it has occasioned her.

The kind father who bids adieu to his son on his entrance into the world, experiences less pain at parting, on account of the hopes he entertains of his son's advancement and well-doing in the scale of society; if this were not the case, the very idea of separation would be death to him. The lover who watches for one smile from the being on whom he has placed his affections—on whom his future happiness depends, is induced to continue his efforts by the hope of eventually overcoming her objections, and creating an impression of love on his behalf. The author who devotes his time to study, wishes not so much to obtain pecuniary compensation, as a name that shall never fade, and the hope of obtaining this enviable position stimulates him to fresh exertions.

And last, though not least, what is that which serves to cheer and enlighten the dreary path the good man has to tread during his residence in this "vale of tears?" What is it which enables him to put up with the contempt and contumely of his fellow-creatures? What is it that buoy him up against sorrow and affliction? What is it that renders the sting of death inert, and the arrows of misery fall powerless to the ground? Reader, hear the answer! It is the hope of another and better world, where "the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

This is a subject that opens a wide field for instruction and improvement; in fact, when we look into it, it seems to be endless, and I think, after due deliberation, all will agree with me in saying that hope is one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon man.

J. B. GOGGS.

Truth is not only a man's ornament, but his instrument; it is the great man's glory and the poor man's stock. A man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letters of credit.

The only disturber of men, of families, cities, kingdoms, worlds, is sin. There is no such trouble, no such traitor to any state, as the wilful wicked man; no such enemy to the public, as the enemy of truth.



## THE TWIN SISTERS.

There are two lives to each of us, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other—the life of our actions and the life of our thoughts.—BULWER.

I saw a moment's interval divide  
The rose that blossomed from the rose that died.—

ANSONIUS.

THE honourable Charles Montague had given dire offence, at the age of five-and-twenty, by marrying a beautiful girl of seventeen, who was educated in a convent with the idea of taking the veil; but, whilst visiting some of her relatives, she was seen by Mr. Montague, who secured her tender affections, and at last, after violent opposition between the families, succeeded in rescuing from rigid seclusion the lovely Imogen.

Her constitution, naturally delicate, could ill brook the change from the south of France to an English climate, and the adoring husband relinquished lands and home, and hurried her to Italy, where he secured a beautiful residence on the borders of the Gulf of Venice. In this sweet retreat she gave birth to twin daughters, Ianthe and Imogen.

For a few years the phantom, Happiness, seemed to rest upon that dwelling; but, beloved by all, and idolized by her husband, she was "snatched away in beauty's bloom" at the early age of twenty-nine: when her daughters had attained their thirteenth year, she expired.

The bereaved father gave way to a passion of grief; he had watched the hectic flush, and the too bright eye, day after day, and the same glad smile had always greeted his approach, until he could not think that eye would ever look coldly on him, or that smile cease to play. One night, as her head rested on his shoulder, while the soft tones of a lute fell sweetly on the waters, she pointed his attention to the pensive beauty of the moon, and said,

"Charles, dearest, the night of this world darkens upon me, but there is a holy light which cheers the prospect, as yon moon forbids gloom on earth. There is no use in deceiving ourselves—a few more such evenings as these, and yon moon will beam on another tomb, and, if it is permitted, my prayers will breathe peace to thee from Heaven; dear, dear Charles, guard our children from sin—may the blessed Virgin keep them from pollution; and, oh! may we reunite that chain of love which may be separated but cannot be broken."

The agonized husband had listened entranced in woe, and when she ceased speaking, and looked into his face, it was of a marble paleness. Alarmed at the effect of her words, she threw her arms around his neck, and he, ever watchful for her, fearful over-excitement, stemmed the lava flood, and carried her from the window to her couch, and seating himself by her side, rested her drooping head upon his shoulder; a murmured blessing fell from her lips, a few stifling sighs, and ere the morning star had departed her pure spirit was at rest.

Who shall describe the fearful agony of the bereaved husband—who can paint the horrors of that laughing dawn, and those singing birds, which burst merrily into the chamber of death as the sun rose in its gorgeous splendour, and the soft zephyrs crept through the citron boughs, and fanned the cheek of the corpse—

"Before decay's effacing fingers  
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Still clasping her to his bosom, entranced in woe, the wretched Montague remained until forcibly removed by friends and attendants. We will draw the veil over that week of anguish.

On the morning before her last remains were committed to the earth, the doating husband was kneeling by the coffin, with one stiff cold hand in his, when the door softly opened, and his twin daughters entered the room.

"Pray with papa, Ianthe," said Imogen, "and we shall go to mamma, in Heaven."

And there those lovely children did pray, and hung round their father's neck until his sorrow softened, and vowing to give every thought to their welfare, and the blessed hope of joining the one who was still in spirit bound to him, he suffered the receptacle of that loved form to be closed, and though a sorrowful, became a resigned and holy man.

A year passed by, and a veteran soldier was sitting by a broken bridge, which was over a narrow part of a beautiful river; the white anemias bent over his head, and choice flowers were bathed in the stream; the old man's eyes were on the placid waters, and he thought of the tide of life which was running from him as swiftly, and he blessed Heaven that after his long pilgrimage he again saw the home of his father and the scenes of his youth. The quietude was suddenly broken by merry voices, wafted by the breeze from a neighbouring avenue of orange trees, and soon a gay group was seen advancing to the spot where the old man

leaned on his crutch; they were gay in word and attire as the birds of the east, and sported from flower to flower—the eldest appeared to be sixteen and the youngest five.

As they bounded over the stream, their white garments floating o'er its banks, they looked like sylphs or water nymphs just risen from the tide.

The eldest, a tall, graceful creature, could have been mistaken for Calypso, with her attendant train; a tear was in the eye of the old man as he thought of the bitter world these fairy girls were entering—their first steps, like those of love, were on the rose, but their second would find the thorn. As he gazed upon them with that expressive benevolence which the old, who have not had all their kindly feelings withered, regard the young, his crutch fell from him, and he tottered as he tried to regain it. A fair girl darted from the throng, and raised it for him; as she did so, he observed that her dress was unlike the rest, gay and bright—she was robed in deep mourning garments, as also another lovely creature, who, at the moment, joined her. Touched by the kindness of her attention, he begged the sweet girl to tell him her name.

She threw herself on the grass by his side, and, exhausted with the day's delight, rested her head upon his arm, and related the little history of her life; then springing forward was lost in the orange trees, as she regained her companions.

The old man never saw her more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years fled by—a gondola was skimming the blue waters of the gulf, the beautiful Gulf of Venice; it stopped before a window where hanging flowers fell in rich festoons; a fair hand leaned on the branches. In a moment a young man of elegant appearance sprang up the marble steps, entered the lofty hall, rushed through the winding corridors, and in another moment that little hand was clasped in his.

"Ianthe, dearest, sweetest Ianthe, my brain is distracted; I am ordered to foreign service. War has broken out suddenly, and we leave at break of day; tell me, tell me, sweetest, that you will love me—tell me none shall replace me in your love, and, comparatively, living or dying I shall be blessed."

She heeded not another word, she sunk in speechless grief upon his neck; they had known each other but a few short months, but their course of love had seemed to run so smooth that they had not thought of sorrow. Ianthe was then seventeen, Eugene Nivernois not quite twenty. They met the first time Ianthe and Imogen had been seen in public; it was a grand masquerade, and the playful girls were entranced with delight. After conversing a long time with a handsome domino, and telling him she was hidden like the veiled prophet, as too horrible to look at, and was, in fact, a very shrivelled hag, the lovely Ianthe partly raised her mask, and Eugene alternately sunning himself in her beauty, and delighting in her elastic vivacity, felt that a very witch she was in truth.

In Italian climes a lover is still fervent, ardent, and desperate; he sought her father, "a round, unvarnished tale delivered," and obtained a promise that if time confirmed the mutual love which had sprung so rapidly, his own Ianthe should become. Their joy was sunny as the skies, their love pure as the crystal tide. Ianthe seemed born to bless and to be blessed—a bright exhalation of the morning—a Peri spared the pains of common earth. Imogen was as lovely, but not so gay; and though their tender father loved them equally, Ianthe was his sunbeam—his Psyche—the fair enchantress of his life. To Eugene she was indeed

"A phantom of delight,  
When first she came upon his sight—  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament.  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,  
Of twilight, too, her glossy hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the purest dawn—  
A figure light, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

\* \* \* \* \*

Another year passed by—what was Ianthe then? A wreck on humanity's wave! Accounts had been unavoidably few—Eugene was still in dangerous service, and in distant lands. Not once had the devoted girl been lured into gaiety; her slender frame was gradually sinking, and her gay laugh slumbered in its sepulchre. At length came news of the cessation of war, with the list of killed and wounded. The name of Eugene was not there, and he might be expected in a few short weeks. Her delicate form rallied, like a tender annual after a shower; and about three weeks after the joyous tidings, she consented to accompany her father and sister to a grand *fete*, given in honour of victory. Her health had sustained too severe a trial not to show that



the delicacy of her mother's constitution was there; but still so much were her spirits raised on the evening in question that her fond father and sister abandoned themselves to joy, and seemed once more to revel in her smiles. Another week, and Eugene would be with her. Oh, ecstasy! her foot scarcely touched the ground, and but for the hectic tinge on each delicate cheek, none could have guessed that health had not there found a throne. It is said that the Medicean Venus looked as if she had been fed on roses—the only applicable term for Ianthe on the brilliant evening in question.

They returned early to their chateau, where Mr. Montague perceived dispatches on the table. Ianthe leaned over his chair unknown to him, and in an instant her eye darted over the fatal, appalling name of Eugene Nivernois among the dead. The dispatch went on to say, that the previous omission had occurred from his being slightly wounded, but mortification had ensued. The paper was dated Cintra, a fortnight back. There was one deep groan, and Ianthe was caught in the arms of her father—a corpse! The overstrained nerves could bear no further struggle—the extremes of grief and joy had been too severe, and the last revulsion was the death-stroke. There she lay, her head in her parent's arms; the old man's face writhing in agony; the lovely Imogen kneeling in frantic woe by her side; their dresses of white and gold—their jewelled arms, and their glistening tresses, all the same. There were the deep blue eyes of Imogen turned, in tearless agony, to Heaven—there were the deep blue eyes of the lost Ianthe glaring upon the vacant wall—there were those twin-born beauties, alike in form and feature—but, oh! the livid hue which was settling its rigid shade on the one, while breathless and immovable were those lineaments through which the pulses of joy used so freely to beat. There was the cold hand which would never again return the kindly pressure—there were the senseless eyes which would never again discourse so eloquently—there were the fading lips which would breathe the tones of sweetest sound never, never again—there lay the little foot, which would bound no more over the sylvan plain—there was the stilled bosom which would never beat again with joy or woe—there were the delicate arms which would twine no longer round the father's or sister's neck. It was all, all over—the spirit had flown with that stab of agony, and she had sunk, like the bird when the arrow enters its breast. The father and daughter spoke not, moved not, but gazed on the frail tenement, equally immovable. So did the

"Moment's interval divide

The rose that blossomed from the rose that died."

The door of the room opened hastily, and (with a face radiant from a lover's and a wanderer's joy) discovered Eugene Nivernois!

An old man, with wrinkled brow and silvered hair, was tottering through the streets of Venice, when he caught the sound of a funeral-bell, and some remarks by the Canaglia, of the shocking death of the beautiful Ianthe Montague. He remembered the name of the fair girl who had raised his crutch and begged for information. He learned the sad details just told, with the addition, that having seen the false report, notwithstanding all his endeavours to prevent it, Eugene Nivernois had travelled day and night, as soon as he became sensible from his wounds.

"Happiness can find no resting place here," said the old man, "and that beauteous blossom will open in the skies."

He wiped off a tear, which fell from his aged eye upon the crutch which supported him, and retraced his steps to the broken bridge where he had met her, to muse upon the illusive pleasure of the present world, and the unchanging ones of the next.

It will be a satisfaction to some to know that Eugene Nivernois did not survive the object of his undivided love many days, and was buried by her side, under a flowering acaia.

**DEVOURING BOOKS.**—It is recorded of Madame de Stael Holstein, that before she was fifteen years of age she had devoured six hundred novels in three months, so that she must have read more than six a day upon an average. Louis XXI., during the five months and seven days of his imprisonment immediately preceding his death, read one hundred and fifty-seven volumes, or one a-day. If this species of gluttony is pardonable in circumstances like those of Louis, it is less so in those of a young lady of fourteen or fifteen. No one can have time for reflection who reads at this rapid rate; and, whatever may be thought, these devourers of books are guilty of abusing nature to an extent as much greater than those who overcharge their stomachs, as the intellectual powers are higher than the animal propensities. Thousands of young persons spend their time in perpetual reading; or, rather, in devouring books. It is true the food is light; but it occupies the mental faculties for the time in fruitless efforts, and operates to exclude food of a better quality.

## SONG OF DEATH.

I come! I come! and no mortal arm,  
Though strong and stout it be,  
Can stay my hand, when I command  
That man shall come to me;  
I sit on my throne with a satisfied groan,  
And a ruthless king am I,  
For I rule with a frown, and tear life's crown,  
And dim the mourner's eye.

I come! I come! and ye all do feel  
My mighty power and sway,  
E'en the proud and free must humble to me,  
And my decree obey.  
I laugh at their tears and dying fears,  
And scorn their urgent prayer,  
For I know right well my potent spell  
Their thread of life will tear.

I come! I come! and the widow's tears  
I cause to flow with pain,  
Her bitter sighs I make arise,  
And all her callings vain.  
I heed not her cry, nor her weeping eye,  
I fill her breast with woe,  
And hurry her pace to my charnel place,  
Where mortals all must go.

I come! I come! to the infant's cot,  
And bear its load away,  
To the mother's heart I then impart  
A feeling of dismay.  
I rattle her breast with a grave-yard rest,  
And rob it of every joy,  
The bloom on her face I soon displace,  
And her peace of mind destroy.

I come! I come! to the gentle bride,  
When she least expects my blow,  
When the bridegroom's smiles her heart beguiles  
With love's own mutual glow:  
My dart I send, and all joy I rend,  
And turn the bridal day,  
From a happy time, to a scene of mine,  
The cold and lifeless clay.

I come! I come! to the old man's door,  
But he motions me away,  
And clings with delight to a short respite  
Of another, another day;  
I visit again, but still he would fain  
A further boon receive,  
And he quits his life with feelings of strife,  
And deems it hard to leave.

I come! I come! to the glitt'ring halls,  
Where Pleasure holds her sway,  
And the flatter'd lord, from his festive board,  
Anon I hurry away;  
His mirth and joy I soon destroy,  
And stiffen his haughty frame,  
While on his face, you know, but trace  
My own unblushing name.

I come! I come! to palace and cot,  
As o'er the earth I roam,  
And I strike my blow where'er I go,  
And sadden each heart and home;  
All nations to me are equally free,  
My sword none can withstand,  
And no monarch nor hege can e'er besiege  
My well-tried conqu'ring band.

H. J. CHURCH.

**ACCIDENTS ON THE WATER.**—Many methods have been suggested for saving lives in case of accidents on the water. The following was stated as an experiment actually made by the relater: he had thus supported himself in the sea at Plymouth for twenty minutes, and could have done it much longer. As danger of overturning or of sinking appears, have your hat in readiness, and place it under your chin, holding it with your hands in the same position upon the water as upon the head. The air in the crown will prevent the water from rising, and is sufficient to keep the whole head above water.



## A LEGEND OF THE CASTLE OF DEVRAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THAMES," &amp;c.

It was about half a century or more ago, when a Baron de Marielle dwelt in the Castle of Devray. He was a man of majestic and commanding stature—imperious and tyrannical—haughty and proud. Surrounded as he was by numerous attendants, who cherished for him feelings of the greatest dislike, he became a subject of hatred to the many, whilst scarcely loved by the few.

But, despite all these imperfections, which dwelt in the possessor of Devray, there lived one who had so entwined herself around his heart, that, for her, he would brave every danger—nay, for her he would have died.

She was beautiful and lovely in the extreme—affable and endearing to all; no pencil could pourtray her charms—eyes had she that would surpass the sun—cheeks that were tinged with the loveliest bloom, and sweet ruby lips encircled teeth, that glittered like pearls of the briny deep. But why do I pen these feeble lines? "The more one gazed, the more there was to see," whilst all her movements spoke of Heavenly dignity and grace. Such was Adele de Morville.

My tragic tale is drawing to a close. The night was tempestuous, and the winds rushed here and there with their loud and shrill monotonous tones, whilst not a star in the sky appeared, which thus increased the dark and solemn scene.

Thus was the night, when a shadow stole stealthily along the numerous corridors of Devray Castle. He was a man, who, if we may judge from his haggard looks, must have experienced a world of woe—peace he knew not, for vengeance took possession of his heart.

Not a sound arose, save the storm without. Within, all seemed peaceable and still.

Deep was the sleep of Marielle; 'twas the sleep of life; the heaving bosom proclaimed the beating heart, yet all appeared lifeless as the tomb; but ere a few moments had elapsed, a figure hovered near him, who, guided by hell's furies, made his uplifted hand sheath deeply a burnished weapon in his heart. A loud groan arose—a gurgling sound—'a stifled moan, and all again was still, and Marielle was no more. He was asleep; but that sleep was the sleep of death.

Adele was in that state between waking and watchfulness, the violence of the storm had long disturbed her repose, when, for a moment, there breathed a calm, that came to speak and herald woe. A stifled groan now rose and met her ears. Intently she listened to hear it repeated; all she heard was the beating of her own heart—she fain would scarcely breathe. "I dream! I dream!" said she, and ere an echo could repeat her words, the sounds of retreating footsteps arose around. An idea of danger immediately rushed to her mind, and ere another moment flew by, she, the faithful and affectionate Adele, was by her father's side. The warm, yet pallid corpse, met her view. She uttered a loud shriek, and fell senseless on the now inanimate father of her being. Attendants, in rapid succession, now rushed in; not a tear dimmed their eye, nor sorrow decked their face; but, statue-like, each stood and gazed on what appeared a dream. The pallid cheek, and the dull eye of Adele, suddenly became intensely bright; she arose, stood motionless, and pointing to the corridor, she cried in a loud voice,—"Seize Lafontaine!—'twas he—I saw him fly!" For when she entered her father's room, she saw a shadow at the further end of the corridor, which strove eagerly to pass along—that shadow deceived her not—it was that of Lafontaine, her father's deadliest foe.

Reason then flew from her, and uttering a loud hysterical laugh, which made those who were present fall back in wonder and astonishment, she rushed between them, and with wing-like speed, bestride the wide and expanded battlements. They pursued her; but heavens! they were too late, for, with a loud shriek, and an almost miraculous spring, a form, sylph-like, though her robes were disarranged, seemed descending rapidly in the air, from the rude and dizzy bright above. A plash was heard from the waters below, when all again was silent any still. It was but the work of a moment—the beautiful and lovely Adele, and the haughty and imperious De Marielle, were no more. A deep ravine below awaited to receive her, whilst a vigorous stream bore her on to the distant treasures in far distant seas.

A remnant of a scarf, which often had entwined the fairest form, long lay fluttering from a small projecting portion of rock—it was that of Adele's, her form had but just ceased that never-to-be-forgotten spot.

Since then the castle has been deserted. The owl and the robber now make Devray their home, whilst the ivy luxuriantly creeps o'er the time-beaten embattlements, save that spot where was taken the fatal leap. Sorrow now reigns there triumphant.

Even to this day, courteous reader, the mouths of the superstitious and ignorant assert that, at midnight, the haughty voice of De Marielle may still be heard to call and speak of the lovely and beautiful Adele.

## THE PEDLAR'S GHOST.

ANDREW SOMERVILLE was a rich old man, whose heath-environed cottage-door was never closed against the poor, nor ever did the hungry or wretched leave his threshold unrelieved. Though fond of company, he spoke little, and mused much, and his gloomy, wrinkled brow, and troubled eye, bespoke the troubled and anxious spirit.

The night was dark, and the northern blast blew with piercing violence, when a weary stranger's eye caught the blink of Andrew's taper afar off, and with hasty steps, and many an impatient look, he bent his way across the bleak moor, to seek shelter and lodging at the house which contained the welcome light. Soon, however, he was seated by the blazing fire, and having told his story, solicited permission to stay till bright Phœbus illumined his dreary road.

"I never," replied Andrew, "lodge strangers, though I willingly allow their wants; so rest awhile, and share the humble food my cottage affords. You cannot, however, lodge till day."

The poor wanderer, glad even of this, made no reply, and thankfully sat down to a humble, but welcome and wholesome repast of cakes and milk, and other simple viands.

The tempest spent, at length died away in hollow moanings, and Andrew rising, said,—

"Traveller, now that the tempest's o'er, depart in peace."

The reluctant traveller rose, and prepared to set forth again, when suddenly a thundering blow shook the cottage wall; Andrew trembling violently, stood, his hair standing erect, the sweat rolling in beads down his throbbing brow, and his eye-balls wildly staring, when a hollow voice pronounced his name three times. The earth rocked to and fro, and the shivered glass fell in fragments on the floor.

"I come—I come," cried Andrew, and strode from the room, while the stranger sunk on his seat, speechless with wonder and fright.

A short solemn silence now succeeded, more frightful even than the previous uproar or the fury of the tempest. Andrew soon returned with hasty steps.

"Stranger," said he, "you need not leave the house to-night—'tis now too late."

He then, seizing a light, showed him to his couch, on which he long, long lay musing on what he had seen, until at length the gentle, but irresistible hand of Morpheus, closed his eyelids. A dazzling light broke on him, and a voice cried,—

"Traveller, sleep not on that!" and he looked up, and beheld an aged form, with a large knapsack on his back, while three ghastly wounds on his bosom were dropping crimson gore. "I am the spectre," said he, "of one that long, long toiled for gain. I travelled through many lands, and amassed wealth. The owner of this house was poor when I arrived seeking shelter; he but too well knew my riches, and while on this very bed I lay, refreshing with sleep my worn and wearied frame, the base murderer robbed me of my life and gold! He now thinks to ease his conscience and gloss over his horrid crime, by hospitality and kindness to the poor and wanderers; but the curse of blood, my dying curse, is on the murderer's head. I am permitted by the Dispenser of Justice, nightly to haunt him, and at a certain hour display to his agonised sight my bleeding wounds, wherefore he allows no guests to remain till that time, lest they be witnesses of his punishment, and become acquainted with his crime! Oh! traveller, avenge my murder! My body lies buried beneath that chest in yonder corner of the room! Do as justice requires thee! I must now be gone! Farewell!"

The traveller could sleep no more, and at the first dawn of day he rose, and left the blood-stained roof. He went immediately to the magistrate of the nearest town, to whom he detailed all his adventures, and who requested to be instantly conducted with his officers to Andrew's house. When they arrived there, they took Andrew into custody, and searched beneath the chest, and dug up the dead body in a state of decomposition.

Andrew Somerville, who had been in an awful state from the moment he was taken by the officers, when he saw they had found the body of his victim, confessed fully his horrid crime, and ere long expiated it on the gallows.

P. T. BEATON.

A companion that is cheerful and free from swearing, and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning, nor men that cannot well bear it to report the money they spend when they are warmed with drink. And take this for a rule, you may pick out such times, and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money. "'Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast."



# MIRANDA; OR, THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CXL.

ROWLAND PERCY AT THE HOSPITAL.—THE ATTEMPTED CAPTURE BY THE FAT PORTER.—A NEW PLOT.

WHEN Rowland Percy entered the room in which the sad remains had been placed, his mind felt the full force of the misfortune that had befallen him. Up to this moment self-preservation and active exertion had engrossed much of his thoughts—they, indeed, forced him from the indulgence of gloomy and melancholy images.

But grief, sooner or later, will have its way, and indulgence in sorrow is, perhaps, the safest means of ultimately banishing the painful reminiscence from the mind. It exhausts itself—the well of grief becomes dry, and the elasticity of the mind is gradually restored, and though the event be never banished from the mind or forgotten, yet the occurrence of sad images seldom bring back the full tide of grief as when it first exerts its influence upon the mind.

Rowland's thoughts, for some hours, had been directed into a different channel; indeed, instinct was the most active principle within him from necessity; but this had now ceased, his mind now came, for the first time, fully to contemplate his heavy bereavement, and his present situation.

These were no happy topics. Despair almost seized his heart, and dried his tears—his heart beat violently, and his head swam as he neared a part of the room where a screen had been drawn round at some distance from a truck bedstead.

"This," he thought, "then, is the spot where they have placed the remains of him to whom I owe life."

He turned round the screen, and with a slight tremor—a slight quiver of the lip, and certain motion of the eye, approached the body.

It was in this apparel he died in. Meagre and thin, he had evidently suffered much from exhaustion, for now Percy saw him, he appeared emaciated and brought to a mere skeleton.

"It is my father—it is my father," he murmured, when he lifted the sheet from off the features of the corpse, and gazed at it intently for several minutes in silence, during which his heart heaved with inward emotion; "and I have brought him to this. I have been the cause of this sad end of one who would willingly have laid down his life to save mine. Oh, it is a hard thing to bear, and yet I am told to submit in silence. Can there be such a superintending Providence as we are sometimes told of, and yet such deeds allowed to be enacted? The good and great to be a sacrifice to the unjust and the vicious; the real criminal is allowed to lie in peace and serenity, and enjoy the fruits of crime, while the innocent are hunted from spot to spot, and the fear of death and ignominy ever present to the mind. It cannot—it cannot be."

"Oh, father, forgive me—forgive your proscribed but innocent son, for all the misery he has caused you, and should it ever be in his power, a terrible vengeance shall be exacted from your enemies."

"I live but to exact it. I live but to protect that dear angel, Miranda. Oh, protect her—no, that were, indeed, too much to expect from me. I protect any one. I have not a home—not a shed that I can call my own to lay my head under. I am an imbecile to her. She, the young, beautiful, and good, will ever find protection. So much innocence and angelic beauty, can never be at the mercy of villainy."

"Oh, Bernard Varley—Bernard Varley, what a terrible day of reckoning will one day come upon you. Here is more blood upon your hands—hands already deeply-stained with the blood of Sir George Rankley."

For a few moments the thoughts that crowded fast upon his brain almost drove him to a frenzy, and with a blood-shot eye, he stood gazing on the cold inanimate form of old Mr. Percy.

How long he might have remained in this state, it is impossible to say—nay, he knew not how long he had been there himself; but he was suddenly awakened to a sense of his own precarious situation, and he started on hearing his own name pronounced in a whisper, on the outside of the door.

He listened attentively for a few moments—a shuffling of feet ensued—a voice said,—

"It must be him—there can be no harm done if it be a mistake, so go in, Jobbins, and seize him—you are big enough, and ugly enough."

"Very like, sir—very like, sir; but you will hold me harmless with the governors, if it should turn out wrong?"

"I will—I will. Remember, I will reward you handsomely, if I get all they have offered."

"He's a desperate man—eh?"

"You are big enough," replied the other.

"I know that; but I am not so slim as I was twenty years back, and I can't run, so you must stop him from coming out."

"Oh, yes, I'll shut you both in, and then you must have him any how."

"Oh, Lord, no—don't do that, he'll be having me. I can't abide being shut up with a murderer. You know he may be used to it, and then he'd make no bones in cutting my throat."

"Well, I'll undertake to sew it up for you, and all will be well again. I dare say."

"Oh, yes; but I'd rather somebody else's throat were cut than mine, and the idea of a needle being run through my flesh, makes me nervous and chilly. I recollect seeing a man's throat sewn up once—it was done by a young gentleman—one of your pupils, who —"

"There—there—go in and take him," said the other, interrupting him, and opening the door, the fat porter entered; but was at first staggered to see Percy within a few paces of him. After the first start, he made a rush at Percy, saying,—

"Surrender—you're my prisoner. I've got —"

He had got so far, when a catastrophe occurred that stopped his exclamation, and rendering him incapable of finishing, for, as he rushed at Rowland Percy, who, when he saw the other's situation, stepped back, the fat porter came in violent contact with the screen, with which he got mysteriously entangled, and falling down, the screen fell over him, and completely hid him from sight.

"Murder—help—fire—oh! oh!" screamed the fat porter. But Rowland Percy heeded not his cries, and instantly stepped on him and made towards the door, which was being opened by the house-surgeon, who was coming to the assistance of the porter, who appeared to be in such peril.

"Hold him, Jobbins—be quiet, my —"

His further converse was cut short by a tremendous blow on the nose, which Percy dealt him. The house surgeon's eyes flashed a thousand lights, and he fell heavily to the floor. Percy immediately rushed down the stone stairs, that led to the hall door, which, by good fortune, had been only left latched—that is the wicket that let out of it, and thence across the yard, where, after a moment's delay, he passed the iron gates, and emerged into Smithfield.

Rowland Percy was once more free—another escape had been effected. A second time that night had his capture been considered safe by his enemies, and a second time had their schemes been rendered abortive. The pursuit was long and hot, how much longer it was to continue, and how much longer he was, by strange good fortune, to be able to baffle his enemies, he knew not; but the day must speedily come when all would be unavailing, and that he would probably fall into the hands of his enemies.

He felt harassed and fatigued, and careless and indifferent, as to where he went and what he did, and after walking about for a short time, he entered a public-house, and seating himself in the first room that presented itself to him, he called for some refreshments, with the determination to stay there for some time.

"I am not known to any one save the officers who have seen me and Varley and Twitter; I may pass through London and never be detected; at least, I shall run no more risk than when I was hiding in places supposed to be safe, but upon which the officers of justice always have their eyes and are carefully watching."

While these thoughts were occupying his mind, the guests in the room were engaged in earnest conversation, but in too low a tone for Percy to hear distinctly what was said, and there being many others in the room he did not attempt to listen.

The room itself was large and low roofed, divided off into several compartments, or boxes, as they are called; on the top of these partitions were small brass handrails, on which hung little dingy, dusty curtains, so that the occupant of one box could, by drawing these, render himself invisible to the occupants of the next.

It was in the smallest of these that Rowland Percy had ensconced himself, scarcely noticed by the numerous guests, many of whom, indeed, had departed, leaving only the more inveterate toppers behind.

Percy's state of mind was such that he heeded little what passed around him. His thoughts were with the dead. The decease of his father preyed upon him—it was a chill to his heart beyond what he had yet felt, a heavier blow than he had yet experienced. Relentless was the fate that pursued him.

Beggared and proscribed—his dearest ties—those whom the bonds of blood and affection drew closer to his heart than all the world besides, were all suffering alike; one deep grief seemed about to swallow them up, the extreme of suffering and despair sat heavy on their hearts, and yet he, Rowland, was unable to help them, to aid them in any way;



may, he was the greatest bar to their happiness; he it was that caused the suffering of the beautiful and heroic Miranda Rankley.

That name acted like a charm upon his mind, it seemed real; the very thought rushed through his frame, and appeared palpable to his senses, as if it had been uttered by some one present. He awoke from his dreamy trance, and listened to the sounds of conversation that was being carried on by several individuals in the next box to his own.

It was no delusion, the name of Miranda Rankley had been uttered. Nay, it was with almost a start of surprise that he heard it coupled with his own.

"I tell you," replied one, "we should run—as fair a chance of finding him as the officers themselves."

"That is very doubtful," remarked another, "but I don't mind making one; I have time on my hands, and so we all have."

"Yes, and the reward is heavy, very heavy, and would be an object to us."

"Of course it would be the only object that we should have in view; to seize him would be merely the means of obtaining that object; other considerations apart, I'd rather the young fellow escape than not; he has tried hard for his life, and well deserves to save it, after the efforts he has made, especially as I think his guilt is doubtful."

"Yes, but we have nothing to do with that; you know that an attentive and respectable jury of twelve enlightened and intellectual human animals have declared him guilty, and that is enough for us. There's no gainsaying that, I believe."

"Of course you can't. Let me see, there are five of us; well, we will all take our chance of meeting with him about town; we will walk about, look and pry into everything, and should one of us succeed, the reward is to be divided among the lot—the whole five are to have equal shares in the same."

"Agreed, agreed," said several voices, and then the subject was with one consent dropped, and other topics resumed.

"So," thought Rowland Percy, "my danger thickens as the number of those intent upon my capture increases. Well, well, it must come to that at last. I begin to fear that Heaven and earth have alike deserted me; but I have one resource yet, I will not be taken alive—my bloody corpse they may indeed insult and degrade, but life itself will be beyond the reach of their malice. These men, however, know me not; they have already seen me, and I will wait here until they have gone."

## CHAPTER CXLII.

MIRANDA AND THE LANDLORD OF THE STAR AND TINDER-BOX.—THE DEPARTURE FROM LONDON, AND THE HEAVY OUTSIDER.

It would have been a singular sight to any one who had known Miranda Rankley, in her palmy days of wealth and happiness, when she had but to form a wish and it was gratified; and who had been acquainted with the landlord of the Star and Tinder-box, with his mode of life and his associates, to have seen these two walking arm-in-arm through the streets of London, much in the guise of father and daughter.

Could Sir George Rankley, a baronet, have returned to this life, he would indeed have been surprised at this association, of his beautiful and dearly loved daughter being thus levelled with the companion of thieves, and the worst characters the metropolis abounds in.

But these men are not lost to all sense of justice, and it often happens that they display more untiring sympathy towards the oppressed than those who, from their wealth and station, are better qualified to afford, yet they lack the desire to do that good which they are so well able to give.

Poor Miranda Rankley felt but too glad to have the arm of the kind-hearted landlord to lean upon, for she was nearly worn down with fatigue and the harassing anxieties that she had been compelled to bear up against. Her whole frame seemed bowed down, since Rowland's escape; her spirits indeed were better—her heart felt a little less of the load it bore, but she could not hide from herself the fact that Percy was in a precarious position.

The landlord of the Star and Tinder-box had allowed her to walk by his side for some time in silence; he thought that it would not lessen her sorrow should he attempt to divert her attention from them, and in which he felt he should neither be doing a good or a kind action if he succeeded, which he would not have done.

Now, however, that they had nearly reached the coach-office, he thought he should no longer be acting for the best if he remained silent, but proceeded to give her some advice.

"Miss Rankley," he said, "now that we are nearly at the spot you will start from, excuse me if I give you a little advice. I have lived some years; no matter how I came by it, but I have had much experience in the world and its ways; have as little communication with those

who may be your fellow travellers as possible; but as soon as you arrive at York, seek out your friends and there remain with them till some event or other calls you imperiously away again; but believe me it will be safer for Rowland Percy that you should be no longer in London."

"I will be guided by what you say," replied Miranda, "as I am sure your advice is the best, for you are well qualified to give it. I see I can be no longer useful here; my presence but endangers him I would sacrifice my life to preserve."

"Exactly," replied her companion, "and hope for the best. Stay there until something happens that shall change the aspect of affairs. The desperate efforts that are made to capture Rowland Percy are, in my mind, so much evidence of his innocence, and that those who accuse him well know it—they think, he once executed, then they would have nothing to fear."

"Do you think so?" inquired Miranda.

"I do indeed, and you may rest assured, that should he succeed in escaping the search that is making for him, he will yet live to see his innocence established."

"Thank you, thank you," replied Miranda, "for those words; they convey comfort to my mind, though it be but small. The risk he runs is fearfully imminent—I pray to Heaven that it will befriend him—that it will protect the innocent from the vile machinations of the wicked, and poor Rowland Percy is as innocent of the horrid crime imputed to him as Heaven itself, and as sure is it that Bernard Varley is the man."

"In my mind, Miss Rankley, there is no kind of doubt respecting the share these two men, Varley and Twitter, had in the death of the unfortunate Sir George Rankley—they are guilty."

"They are, they are; and yet the one professed to be the bosom friend of my father, and the other was indebted to him on the score of gratitude, for Sir George was a kind and liberal master."

"Well, Miss Rankley," replied the landlord, "we will not speculate upon their motives, but the fact is evident, and will be, I hope, as apparent to all, one of these days. Here we are now at the office—come in here and I will inquire if there be a place vacant."

The landlord now entered a gateway, from which opened a door into the booking office, and entering this, he inquired of the clerk if there was an inside vacant for York; being answered in the affirmative, he immediately secured it, and turning to Miranda, he said,—

"Your place is now secured, you had better follow me, and at once take it, as I saw that the coach was being got ready outside."

It was indeed quite ready, merely waiting for the coachman to ascend and assume the sovereign control of the whole machine. The landlord, therefore, handed her in and saw that she was safely bestowed, at the same time he gave her a small parcel, which he desired her to take care of, as she would need it on the road.

She had barely time to thank him and express a hope that Rowland Percy would be safe, when the coach began to move slowly away.

"Have no fear of that," replied the landlord, still holding by the door, and willing to give what comfort he could; "he shall not want a friend while I have it in my power to be one to him."

He could not hear the reply, for he was compelled to let go his hold of the door, and the coach drove off.

Thus was Miranda now fairly on her way back to the very place from which she had escaped with so much difficulty and danger.

Under what singular and different circumstances did she leave the metropolis, and journey towards York! And what changes had taken place since she first set out from York!

Since then many hair-breadth escapes had happened, and poor Mr. Percy had died, and still lay an unburied corpse in a public hospital. These were sad and dismal thoughts to pass through the mind of a young and beautiful girl, one who had barely touched the cup of life, with which no pleasure ever seemed to accompany it.

The coach now rattled on through the streets, and attracted her attention to many objects that she now saw as they passed them at a quickened pace. The lights and shops appeared more numerous than ever, and the people more busy, and in greater numbers than ever; the fact was, the pace at which she was going through the street brought her a quicker succession of objects, and their number hence appeared to increase.

After stopping at one or two places for more parcels and passengers, they fairly set off at a travelling speed; yet it was some time ere they were fairly free from London, either its shops or its lights; they ran along the road-side for some miles, and it was not until the first change of horses took place that Miranda opened the small parcel the landlord of the Star and Tinder-box had given her, the contents of which she found to be a silk purse, somewhat the worse for wear, well filled with cash.

Miranda looked at the purse and its contents; a tear of gratitude started to her eye as she thought of the sympathy and kindness she had experienced from people who could scarcely have been expected to show any. This last act of kindness from one whom she had never seen but



once, and who probably she would never see again, came forcibly to her mind.

The horses were quickly changed, and off they started at a good rattling pace, passing objects in the dark roads at a great speed; but these were invisible, or mostly so, to the inside passengers.

The night was very dark, and the wind blew very keenly over the fields, and over heath, and over moors; the old trees rustled to the sound of the eastern tyrant, who stripped the branches of their summer foliage, leaving but the bare and naked branch.

It was a cold night, and the outsidcs must have felt it; but many of them wrapped themselves up in a wonderful quantity of great coats and shawls, continuing, nevertheless, to dismount and refresh at every inn the coach stopped at to change.

Wonderful men those outsidcs were, and it was wonderful to see the quantity of refreshments they consumed, more especially in the way of liquids; they found, in the end, that getting down was easier than getting up, and it was performed with much greater celerity, especially when, as one outside did, they felt numbed from the cold, or some other cause, in the hands, and let go his hold of the handles intended to assist ascent or descent, he came down very quickly, and, being a very heavy man, he experienced a deal of inconvenience, which he declared he could not recover from under two glasses of brandy-and-water.

The guard advised him not to indulge in so great a libation, saying that the gentleman will find one quite enough; and, if the gentleman must have two, why he, the guard, to save the gentleman any inconvenience he might, and no doubt would, feel, if he drank them, why he would, purely out of disinterested friendship, drink the other, and so save the gentleman any disagreeable occurrence in consequence, and run all the risk.

The said gentleman, being charmed with the affability and attention of the guard, at once acceded to the request, and they soon put the brandy-and-water out of the way, and very soon after the coach was rolling onward at a rapid rate, the journey being enlivened by snatches of songs, which the gentleman and the guard sang alternately, to enliven each other.

Thus they travelled onwards till daybreak.

Miranda felt the position to cramp her much; she had never seated herself in one position for so many hours before this; the weather was bitterly cold, and she drew her shawl around her closely, to screen herself from the weather.

They stopped and had an early breakfast, and at several other inns Miranda had the opportunity of alighting, refreshing and warming herself at a good fire.

It was near night ere they reached York. The Minster spire she could just see before they reached the town; and, when she felt the coach rattling over the stones, she said,—

"So here I am again at York! What events now will happen to disturb the peace and repose of this now quiet city?"

The coach now stopped; they had arrived at their destination.

(To be continued in our next.)

**THE HAMSTER RAT.**—On the approach of winter this rat retires into its subterraneous abode; shutting the entry with care, it remains in a state of tranquillity, feeding on the provisions it has collected till the frost becomes severe, when it falls into a profound slumber, which soon grows into a torpidity so profound, that the animal continues rolled up in its abode, being perfectly cold and without the least appearance of life. It may even be opened, when the heart is seen alternately contracting and dilating, but with a motion so slow as to be scarcely perceptible, since it does not exceed fifteen pulsations in a minute, though in the waking state of the animal it beats one hundred and fifty in the same time. The fat of the creature has then the appearance of being coagulated, and its intestines cannot be made to exhibit the smallest symptoms of irritability, the electric shock passing through them without effect. This lethargy has generally been ascribed to the effect of cold alone, but later observations have proved, that unless at such a depth beneath the surface as to be beyond the access of external air the animal does not fall into this state of torpidity, and that on the contrary, when dug out of its burrow and exposed to the air it infallibly awakes in a few hours. It first loses the rigidity of its limbs, after this it begins to move, opens its mouth, and utters a sort of rattling sound, and having continued these operations for some time, it opens its eyes and endeavours to rise, when it reels about in a state of intoxication, but resting for a small space it perfectly recovers its ordinary powers. A process somewhat similar is supposed to take place in the whole tribe of dormant animals.

The Emperor Constantine said his life was something more honourable than that of shepherds, but much more troublesome.

Activity may lead to evil, but inactivity cannot be led to good.

## A SKETCH.

And all was silent, all was still,  
When, like the torrent from the hill,  
Burst o'er fields the Tartar horde;  
Rapine his hope—his right the sword.  
Wide o'er the land his savage band  
Swept wildly—his is not the hand  
To spare whilst aught remains to die—  
And his is not the pitying eye;  
And his is not the heart to feel  
A pang—save of the foeman's steel.  
They tore me from my cot; I gazed  
Upon it as it redly blazed,  
I saw by its unhalloved light  
My father mingling in the fight;  
His grey hair streamed on the breath of night.  
I saw an arm upraised—he fell,  
I heard the Tartar's victor yell,  
I heard the tread of man and horse  
Come trampling o'er his heaving corse.

'Tis past—they bore me far away—  
I sat upon the tall ship's deck,  
As fleet it cut its foamy way  
Until my land seemed but a speck  
On ocean's d-isk, and then I wept;  
Yet still her course the vessel kept,  
And on the reckless billows rolled—  
And on the keen blast roughly swept.  
'Tis past—and I'm a slave to day;  
To-day! and, aye, perchance to-morrow—  
But life will yield at last to sorrow.

FREELove HAMMOND.

**BIRTH PLACE OF JOAN OF ARC.**—The village of Domremi, on the left bank of the Mentz, close to the north-west border of the department, possesses historical interest as the birth-place of Jeanne, or Joan of Arc; it takes from this circumstance, the distinctive epithet of Domremi-la Prieelle. The house in which Jeanne was born is still standing near the church, and is easily recognized by its gothic doorway, surmounted by three escutcheons with fleurs-de-lis, and by an ancient statue, representing the maid covered with her armour. The late proprietor of the house, M. Gerardin, after refusing 6,000 francs, or 240*l.*, for it, offered by a Prussian count, who wished to purchase the place, sold it to the authorities of the place for a third of that sum, in order that it might become national property. Louis XVIII. granted him, in reward of his patriotic conduct, the grand cross of the legion of honour, and gave 8,000 francs, 320*l.*, for the establishment of a free school in the house of Jeanne for the girls of Domremi and the neighbouring communes, 3,000 francs for an endowment to maintain a sister of charity as teacher of the school, and 12,000, 480*l.*, to erect a monument in honour of Jeanne. This monument consists of a fountain with a quadrangular base, surmounted by a bust of the heroine. It stands in the public place of the village, and has this simple inscription—"A la memoire de Jeanne d'Arc." To the memory of Joan of Arc.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the Editor, at the office, when they will meet with immediate attention.

Accepted.—"The Truaduced," and "Oh, There's None Like My Own Love," by H. J. Church.

PHILADELPHIA TRIPODOURS.—We make a shrewd guess at the magazine from which he has copied his original article.

ACHILLES.—We really cannot see any cause for complaint.

A CONSTANT READER (Essex).—The verses shall receive insertion.

Of course you can bind as many numbers as you like in one vol. Declined with thanks.—"On the Enjoyment of Human Life;" "Verses," by C. E.; "Freedom," by R. C. T.; and "Forget Me Not."

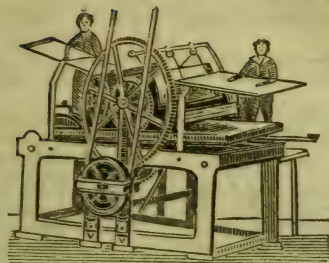
C. PICKFORD.—The question has already been answered in the MISCELLANY.

J. B. GOGGS.—We beg to decline the essay on "The Mind," having inserted several on the same subject. The tale mentioned cannot be inserted in the JOURNAL; but, if possessing sufficient merit, it shall receive instant attention in the MISCELLANY.—Since writing the above, we have received "Hope," which is accepted.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 109.] PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 12, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET. [Vol. III.

## INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A BACHELOR.

IN an easy little drawing-room, with goodly curtains to keep out the cold, and goodly furniture to make it look cheerful, and a goodly fire in the well-polished stove, which made it warm and comfortable, sat a cosy little gentleman, of something like forty years of age. Now, of all the roundest, plumpest, merriest, shortest, little gentlemen, Mr. Simon Dapperwell was the most complete; good humour shone in his jolly face, and sparkled in his little black eyes, which beamed still more than ever from his frequent attacks upon the decanter by his side, on a small, very small table.

Mr. Simon Dapperwell had sat some time by the fire, and there he still continued to sit, though his broad, rosy cheeks were ready to crack with the heat; he was evidently in a brown study, and it might have become more profound still, had it not been interrupted by the entrance of the smallest, neatest, prettiest, servant imaginable. She lighted the candles, drew down the blinds, swept up the hearth, and was about to sweep out of the room herself, when Mr. Dapperwell exclaimed,—

"What sort of a night is it, Mary?"

Some wicked persons affirm that Mr. Dapperwell winked at the pretty servant; but this must be impossible, for he was a man of good morals; however, the pretty Mary blushed and smiled, and replied,

"It is a dry, frosty night, sir."

Whereat, Mr. Dapperwell said, "Oh!" and the pretty servant smiled again, and withdrew.

And now Mr. Simon Dapperwell was again alone; he had been alone many hours, and no wonder, with the magic of the pretty Mary's smile working over him, that he felt more lonely still; and it occurred to him more forcibly than ever that he had been alone all his life, and that he must continue so, unless some means were taken to prevent it, and it was not too late yet. "Oh! no, he was but forty!" And as these thoughts rose to the mind of Mr. Simon Dapperwell he laughed, rubbed his hands with exquisite glee, and applied himself with renewed vigour to the aforesaid decanter. After that he worked his body into his great coat with desperation, buttoned it up to the very top button, and drew on his gloves with such precision that every stitch was engaged, and proceeded down stairs. Here the pretty servant arrived in fluttering haste to light him down the passage. How attentive! gratitude demanded him to give her a smile. She put out her hand to open the door. What a tiresome lock that was, it would not push back; so Mr. Dapperwell put forth his hand also to assist her; and in doing which, he placed his hand upon Mary's, thinking it was the latch, of course; he pressed it. "Oh, dear! how unfortunate!" he hoped he had not hurt her?

Pretty Mary, with pretty confusion, said, "No, sir," and looked prettier than ever.

And so Mr. Simon Dapperwell thought as he sallied forth into the street.

Now Mr. Dapperwell chuckled to himself as he proceeded to his friend's house, whom he was going to consult with, and he chuckled more as he wondered what that friend would say about his coming at last to the determination of being married. Married! how delightful; he wondered he had never thought of it before; however, he was glad he had thought of it now. In this state of mind he arrived at the friend's house.

The cold influenced the tips of Mr. Dapperwell's fingers, and caused him to give an extra rat-tat at the friend's door, which was opened by the small servant in an agony of terror, lest it should be the tax-

gatherer, to whom her master had taken a positive dislike, and wouldn't see him on any account. However, peace was restored to the bosom of the servant when she discovered it was a different visitor; and soon was Mr. Simon Dapperwell shown up to the drawing-room, and into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Lawson. Now this lady and gentleman were engaged in the domestic game of backgammon, and Mrs. Lawson had contrived to gammon her lord several times during the evening; for, notwithstanding his acute knowledge of law points, it did not extend to those of the gammon-board; this, too, is unprecedented, for lawyers and gammon are generally close companions. The youthful Lawsons were all arranged in a semi-circle round the fire, which burnt very bright, and made all their little chubby faces very red; all which, being very delightful, made Mr. Simon Dapperwell shake hands with all round him twice very heartily, and remark that Mrs. Lawson looked more young and blooming than ever. Whereat that lady smiled and blushed, and cried, "Nonsense," and shook hands with Mr. Dapperwell more violent than before. The shaking of hands being over, Mr. Dapperwell sat down and contemplated the picture of domestic felicity for a few moments in mute admiration; then, drawing a long breath, while his face beamed with delight, he said,—

"Ah, my friend, you must be a happy man; I often wish I had thought of getting married in my young days. I should not then have been alone in the world as I am. But I am too old now—too old."

"Nonsense," replied his friend; "why you are quite a sprightly young fellow yet. Too old, indeed! try, man, try."

"Well, now, upon my life," said Mr. Dapperwell, "I had thought of that myself, but really I had not courage to tell you so at first. Yes, I will try my fortune and strive to gain a wife yet. A fine, charming woman, like Mrs. L., eh, my boy? Ha, ha, ha! oh, glorious! I will be married."

At the bare mention of such an event taking place, Mr. Dapperwell laughed very heartily, and slapped Mr. Lawson, who laughed too; then Mrs. Lawson laughed, and the children screamed, and altogether there never was such fun; even the very servant, who heard it in the kitchen, joined in the mirth, though she laughed, like many more people, at what she knew nothing about.

At ten o'clock the supper was served, and a delicious supper it was. The steaks were a miracle of mellowness, tenderness, richness, and flavour, and cooked to a turn; and then the oyster sauce, oh! never was such sauce as that; there large, plump, real natives floated in a little ocean of rich liquor; the potatoes were like balls of flour, and the greens, as Mrs. Lawson remarked, "like grass itself." All this being washed down by very brown stout, in very robust glasses, was delightful. And this charming repast was all prepared by the fair hands of Mrs. Lawson herself, without so much as even soiling, with one spot, the neat black silk dress, or little muslin apron, in which she was decked.

Mr. Simon Dapperwell saw all this, and he determined with renewed courage to provide his dull home as soon as possible with such a charming mistress. They all sat down to table, and did ample justice to the delicacies spread before them. Mr. Dapperwell, in particular, ate and laughed till he was nearly choked; came too again, and eat more vigorously than ever. Supper over, Mr. Dapperwell threw himself back in his chair, and smiled still more when Mrs. Lawson, with much grace and many sweet smiles, arranged the bottle and glasses on the table; that lady then, with the most exquisite good breeding, bade the gentlemen good night, and left them to make merry over rare old port; and merry enough they were, I promise you.

Mr. Lawson launched forth in praise of his excellent lady; afterwards they discussed with mutual gusto on the joys of wedded life, the



pineness of making a good choice, and the pleasures arising from similarity of tastes and dispositions.

Mr. Simon Dapperwell announced his intention of seeking an amiable partner to share his heart and fortune, and Mr. Lawson instructed him how to set about it.

"Be not allured by beauty, my friend," said Mr. Lawson; "seek a woman who will make it her study to render your life peaceful and happy."

Mr. Simon Dapperwell smiled, and replied,—

"That is what I mean to do—seek a woman of worth, even though she is poor. I shall seek one who has not been spoiled by the modern system of education; I wish for an affectionate, simple hearted woman, the lustre of whose virtues are unshadowed by intercourse with what is termed fashionable society; for my opinion is, that a good woman should ever feel happy in the company of her husband and his friends, without wishing to gain the vain admiration of the world."

After a great deal more talking and a great deal more wine, the gentlemen's faces grew rather flushed, and their noses assumed a deeper hue,—it might have been the fire which did it—but I should say it was the wine aforesaid. Mr. Simon Dapperwell at last pulled out his watch and exclaimed,—

"Bless me, I did not think it was near so late!" and intimated his intention of going, whereat Mr. Lawson expressed much grief, and prevailed on Mr. Dapperwell to take another glass, and then another after that, to drink the health of Mrs. Lawson. Much shaking hands then took place, with many protestations of eternal friendship, which lasted all the way down stairs, through the passage, till they came to the street-door; then they wound up all the previous shakes with one so hearty, that they nearly dislocated each other's wrists.

"Good night," was repeated several times, and the door closed, and Mr. Dapperwell wended his way home, singing—"I'm a brisk and sprightly lad," which disturbed many a weary sleeper, who wished him at Bath, or, perhaps, a place not quite so pleasant, for breaking their repose.

"Twelve o'clock, dear me!" How Mr. Dapperwell started, and hastened his steps, when he heard the church bell peal forth that hour; he had never been from home so late before in all his life. What would Mrs. Crumby, his landlady, and pretty Mary, think of him? All the shops were closed, and the small pot-boys of various public-houses were in a fever of anxiety to whirl up the last shutter, and turn out those who had been sitting there all day, and shut out a few customers who, mad with haste, strove for a last drop. Oh, what a crowd of miserable creatures were expelled from these dens of degradation; some, sad and wretched, crept to some hole to pass the night; others, noisy and riotous, were beaten by the police, and taken to a horrid place, from whence, the next morning, they were liberated by paying a fine, with the money which should have bought bread for a starving family.

It takes a great deal to damp the spirits of a man when they have been stimulated by good bumpers of choice old port; yet those of Mr. Dapperwell were saddened as he viewed these creatures, and gloomy thoughts came over him; his song was hushed, and he walked on in silence, and more slow than before.

Presently a low, trembling voice, soliciting charity, sounded in his ears—stealthy footsteps followed his own; he turned round, and the light of a lamp fell full on the miserable object—it was a young girl with one hand she held together her tattered clothes, and the other she extended for alms; it was a small white hand, but, oh! so very thin; her face was pinched with cold and hunger, and her eyes were red with weeping. She cried in a low, earnest voice—

"Stranger, charity! for the love of God."

Had it been a man, Mr. Dapperwell would have given something and passed on; but as it was a woman, and one in distress, he turned back and said, as he put some silver into her hand,—

"My good girl, this is a late hour to be in the streets; have you no friends, no home?"

"Yes, sir; but they are as poor and miserable as myself. My dear mother is dying, and our cruel landlord threatens to turn us into the street if we do not pay the rent we owe him, and we have had no food since yesterday morning."

"Poor things—poor things!" said Mr. Dapperwell, while two large tears rolled down his plump cheeks. "Where do you live?"

"No. 6, Bartlett's-buildings, sir."

"Oh, very well; good night, God bless you."

As Mr. Dapperwell said "God bless you," he pressed something more into her hand, and hurried away, to prevent himself hearing the thanks and prayers which the girl poured upon him.

Mr. Dapperwell again bethought himself of the lateness of the hour, and hastening on, he with a light heart soon arrived at his lodgings. The door was soon opened, and by pretty Mary herself. Mr. Dapperwell looked at her, for she was very pale, and her eyes were red as if

with crying. What could be the matter? Perhaps it might be with sitting up later than usual; actuated by his thoughts, Mr. Dapperwell said kindly, as she lighted him up stairs,—

"I am sorry I have kept you up, Mary, but I was detained unexpectedly."

Mary replied, "Oh! pray don't mention it, sir;" and she lighted his chamber candle, placed his slippers by his side, and left the room.

Mr. Dapperwell thought Mary seemed very sad, but it was nothing to him; why should it be anything? So, being sleepy, he thought no more about it, but took his light and went to bed, and found were the slumbers and sweet dreams of Mr. Simon Dapperwell.

The next morning the bright rays of the golden sun peeped into the eyes of Mr. Dapperwell himself, ere he was fully aware how late it was; then calling to mind some particular business he had to perform, he jumped up, hastily performed his toilet, and walked down stairs into the sitting-room, where he found Mrs. Crumby herself in all the glories of pink gingham, and pink ribbons, busily engaged in dusting the apartment.

"Good morning, Mrs. Crumby," said Mr. Dapperwell, with most polite gallantry. "I assure you, ma'am, the vexation I felt in sleeping so late, is totally banished by the pleasure of seeing you."

Sly rogue; he did not say how much rather he would have seen pretty Mary.

The landlady simpered and blushed till she became as rosy as her ribbons, and replied,—

"Oh, well, I never in all my born days, heard such a man as you are, Mr. Dapperwell, so very gallant—what a pity you wasn't a knights errant."

Mr. Dapperwell looked as if he thought it was a pity too; but he could not answer, for he had taken his seat at the breakfast-table, and had made fearful inroads upon the French rolls, the eggs, and ham; when, however, he had cleared a passage for his voice by means of a long draught of coffee, he said,—

"How is it, Mrs. Crumby, that you are performing the duties of your handmaid this morning? I am afraid I am causing you a great deal of trouble."

"Oh dear no, sir," murmured the landlady, "I always feel a pleasure in waiting upon you. To be sure, I shall now, for a time, have a great deal to do; for this impudent creature, Mary, has left me without any previous notice, all in sixes and sevens."

Mr. Dapperwell alluded in the act of conveying a huge mouthful of ham to his lips, and exclaimed—

"Dear me; when did she leave?"

"Oh, early this morning, sir; she asked my permission to go out, at first, on account of her mother being ill; but that was nothing to me,—of course, I couldn't let her go, so she took herself off without my leave. But I'll not pay her a farthing of wages—no, no—I know better than that."

And Mrs. Crumby drew herself up with much dignity, and said, by way of a wind-up to her speech—

"For my part, I can't think what has come to all the young women now-a-days; they never think of work; nothing but gadding about is their delight, I declare."

Now, the fact was, that Mrs. Crumby had long suspected that her lodger admired the pretty Mary, and Mrs. Crumby being a widow, had marked Mr. Dapperwell for her own, and was therefore glad to get rid of her servant, whom she had often thought strove to rival her in the affections of the single gentleman. Poor Mary, far, very far was such a thing from her thoughts.

That same morning, booted and—no, not spurred,—but great-coated and well gloved, with a smiling face, and a light heart, Mr. Simon Dapperwell proceeded along the Strand on his way to Bartlett's-buildings. There, as a small gate at the entrance to those buildings, and it was a pleasant sight to see Mr. Dapperwell forcing his very stout, round little body through that same gate; and it was pleasant to hear the little boys laugh, and then shout, when he did get through.

At last he came to the house No. 6. Mr. Simon Dapperwell's appearance scared away about a dozen little dirty children from the door, which stood open, and brought a woman in great haste from the parlour, to see what was the matter.

Mr. Simon Dapperwell described the person whom he wished to see as well as he could; whereupon the woman led him up three flights of very old perpendicular stairs, and after tapping at a door then left him. In a moment the door was softly opened, and, judge his surprise, at beholding Mary. She looked very pale, and her eyes were red with crying. She whispered—

"God bless you, sir, for your kindness to my sister and my dear mother. I did not know they were so bad; they would not tell me before. But last night my sister feared our mother would die, and so she came to me. She also told me the kindness she had received from a stranger. Oh, sir, that was you! God bless you for such goodness."



Look, sir, my mother sleeps. Oh, it is a long time since she has slept so sweet, so calm as this."

On a low miserable bed lay the poor woman asleep; by her side knelt the sister of Mary, the girl whom Mr. Dapperwell met the night before. There were no chairs; so he sat down on the side of the bed, while Mary carefully and silently prepared some simple refreshment for the sufferer when she awoke.

As Mr. Dapperwell sat gazing on the pale, wan face of the sleeper, he fancied that it was not strange to him—that he had seen those features somewhere before, blooming in beauty and health. They seemed to recall the joys of days long past, and the image of one whom he thought slumbered with the dead. Hope rose to his heart; his frame shook; and, unable to subdue his emotion, he exclaimed—

"Time and grief have made deep ravages in thy youthful beauty; but something still remains to tell me you are my beloved and long-lost sister, Sarah. Awake, Sarah! Look upon and embrace your brother!"

The invalid started, opened her eyes, and said in a feeble voice—

"Who calls me Sarah? None have called me by that name for years."

"'Tis I, Sarah, your brother. Do you forget me?"

The sufferer spread out her arms and said—

"Yes, I know that kind face. You are my brother."

The two girls stood in amazement, and could scarcely collect their senses to attend to their mother, who had fainted in her brother's arms.

Poor Mr. Dapperwell, when he thought of the attentions he had formerly paid his new-found niece, Mary, felt rather confused; but he proposed to make ample amends in future in the character of her uncle. He embraced her, and also her sister, and promised to be a friend to them and their beloved mother; which promise was most faithfully kept.

Sarah Dapperwell, the sister of our hero, was, at the age of eighteen, a very beautiful girl, and her parents thought they had secured an excellent match for her with a rich wharfinger, very old, and very ugly; but being very wealthy, his age and unprepossessing appearance were overlooked by her parents. But not so by Sarah, who regarded with abhorrence the person of her destined husband; and being long beloved by one of the young clerks in her father's counting-house, to him she gave her hand, and shortly afterwards sailed with him to America; but they lost the goodwill of all her friends, except her kind-hearted brother, who, while he lamented the errors of his sister, pitied and forgave them. But it was not then in his power to assist her, being solely dependent on his father.

Three years after Sarah's marriage her husband died, leaving her a young widow with two little girls, and only ten pounds in ready money to struggle with the cares of the world.

Sarah was too proud to make her family acquainted with her distress; and thus sixteen years rolled over, without their knowledge of her existence, and during that period her brother had succeeded to his father's fortune. But fruitless were all his attempts to discover his sister, till the incident we have recited. Sarah often heard of Simon Dapperwell, but pride, as we stated before, prevented her making him acquainted with the sorrow and disgrace she had brought upon herself. But when Sarah found her brother, and the same kind-hearted creature as ever, it is needless to speak of the delight that filled her heart.

The kind attentions of Simon Dapperwell soon restored his widowed sister to health; and he nearly drove Mrs. Crumby mad with vexation by quitting her apartments and taking a handsome house, and splendidly furnishing it from top to bottom; and having taken possession, he fully established his sister there as perfect mistress of his domestic affairs, and for his two nieces he employed various masters to finish their education, which, owing to their mother's reduced circumstances, had been much neglected.

From this happy change in the dull routine of Mr. Dapperwell's life, he gave up all idea of marriage, being certain that he never would be happier than he was; and after his nieces married, which in good time they did, and were happy and prosperous, the brother and sister lived long together in mutual peace and affection. Years passed on, and still hand in hand they journeyed through life; and long after they had ceased to live were their good deeds remembered. Every one spoke with the warmest gratitude of the kind old bachelor and his sister.

L. N.

Philosophers and physicians need good looking after, for they often leave more to cure than they have cured.

If your life has been so irreproachable as to leave your enemy no opportunity for detraction without inventing a calumny against you, consider what a comfort it is that malice cannot hurt you without the aid of falsehood; and where this is the case, you may trust to the genuine fairness of your character to clear itself in the end.

## CLARA BURSDEN;

OR, THE MISANTHROPE'S REVENGE.

THE silver moon had some hours risen, and cast her resplendent beams over lake, hill, and forest, while a deep shadow was thrown by every object that opposed her rays. Within his solitary hut sat Almutz, leaning pensively upon his hand; a straggling ray shot through the broken window, and cast its pale beam upon his pallid face, while his dark hair hung in matted clusters upon his sinewy shoulders. While he sat thus musing, the clock tolled the hour of midnight.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, starting suddenly up, "is it so soon twelve; my kiln will want replenishing. I must away, and burn more charcoal in the forest. How weary 'tis to watch the burning bough first redden in the flame, then blacken in the air; yet do I feel a joy in woe—a triumph in the hate I bear mankind. Yes; it is music to my soul to hear the fat and lazy citizens cry, as I pace along the streets,—'There;—mark him well!—there goes the misanthrope, Almutz, the charcoal-burner!' No matter, let them; the rabble's praise is as good as its censure."

While thus the charcoal-burner soliloquized, he was startled by the sound of a footstep, and immediately the voice of a stranger called,—

"Ho! there!—within—house! house!"

"Come in, and don't stand there barking at the moon," said Almutz, petulantly.

"Unlock the door, then," replied the voice.

"It does not want unlocking," said Almutz. "Locks, indeed!—egad! they must be clever scoundrels, indeed, that could find anything here worth locking up."

"Well, then," said the stranger, "we shall not have to quarrel on the score of poverty."

"If you mean that you are poor in spirit," replied Almutz, "you are poor, indeed; but as to your being poor in pocket, I know better."

"Who do you take me to be?" replied the stranger.

"You would charge me something for telling you even that," answered Almutz.

"Not I—not I."

"Then, sir," replied Almutz, "I take you to be a rogue."

"You're candid, too," replied the stranger; "although, at present, I do not see how you can so easily come to a conclusion upon that point."

"It is written as plain as a pike-staff upon your face," said Almutz. "They say the face is the index of the mind. Do you feel satisfied with the answer?"

"Yes," replied the stranger; "but you are an impudent rascal. I must have a better look at you."

"You are very welcome," said Almutz. "Now how do you like me?"

"Not too well," replied the stranger; "you are rather ragged. Pray what do they call you in these parts?"

"The Wild Man of the Woods."

"A very good name, too," replied the stranger. "Pray who is your tailor?"

"I am my own tailor and breeches-maker, in ordinary and extraordinary," replied Almutz, with a grin, that displayed a double row of white and very long teeth.

"You—you, a tailor?" said the stranger, with surprise. "I should as lief supposed the devil to be a tailor as you. Pray where is your workshop?"

"In the corn fields," said Almutz, with another grin. "I exchange clothes with the scarecrows, and am generally a gainer by the bargain."

"But, my good fellow," continued the stranger,

"I am not a jot too good," replied Almutz, "so don't think to flatter me."

"Do you mean that?—eh?"

"Mean it?—to be sure I do! Are you any better than you should be?" returned the charcoal-burner.

"You don't seem prepossessed in my favour, I think," replied the stranger.

"I am sure that I am not, so I don't deceive you. Your face made an impression upon me the first time I saw it, although I forget your name. What is it?"

"My name is Gifford Malden," said the stranger.

"Malden—Malden!" said Almutz—"that is not the name I mean; still I know you for the far-famed miser that has lately returned from abroad, with more gold than he could well manage to carry."

"'Tis true that I am that merchant," said Malden, with a frown; "but in what have I acted like a miser?"

"You put a penny in the poor-box," said Almutz, "and reported to the world that it was a pound; was not that a miser's act, eh?"

"A man may be no miser, and yet dearly love gold," said Malden.

"That's true," replied Almutz; "there was a time when I loved gold, but I did so like a man—I was its master; but you, Malden, are



its slave. There was a time, too, when I loved honour and virtue, but, like the other varieties of life, they are fled for ever, and Cleophas Almutz has become a charcoal-burner."

"I want to rest my weary limbs," said Malden. "I have walked a sore, long distance. Will your hospitality grant me an hour's repose?"

"Yes," said Almutz; "there is a couch within—perhaps you may find it hard."

"Harder where there's none. I am aged now, and in my time have snored upon a rock; but I want to borrow of you."

"You mistake me, friend," said Almutz; "I am not a man who has money to lend."

"I did not ask it; I only want a spade and mattock," continued Malden.

"What can you want them for at this hour?" demanded Almutz.

"I am a botanist as well as merchant," said Malden.

"But will not the day-time suit you?"

"No," said Malden: "the herb I seek, like mushrooms, come forth at night."

"You can have them."

"Thank ye. Now I will take an hour's rest;" and so saying, the old man went into an inner chamber, and casting himself upon the mattress of the charcoal-burner, soon began to slumber.

As soon as the old man had gone to rest, Almutz again was preparing to go to his work in the forest, when the voice of another stranger arrested his attention.

"Whose house is this?" said the stranger, who was dressed in the uniform of an officer of lanciers.

"Mine," said Almutz.

"Will you shelter me?" said the officer, looking round the naked walls of the hut.

"Yes," replied the misanthrope.

"Well, that's hospitable, too."

"No, it is not," replied the charcoal-burner.

"Then why did you admit me?" asked the officer.

"Because you are like the element," replied Almutz, "you would come in. The rain trickles through these old rafters, and the night winds sigh through every crevice like funeral dirges."

"I admit," said the officer, "it is not the most comfortable residence in the world; but what do you do here? I did not think to find any one up at so late an hour."

"Sometimes I bite my nails, sometimes I guide strangers through the forest, and sometimes I burn charcoal for a living."

"Well, that's an honest confession, too," replied the soldier. "Could you direct me to Bursden Hall when this storm, which has come on so suddenly, has passed? I'll pay you."

"I require no payment," said Almutz, "so you may keep your money."

"I think you rather rough, friend; but I like your honesty. I'll trust you," said the soldier.

"As you like," said Almutz; "but for my part, I trust no one. You must be in love."

"Love—love!" repeated the soldier, with a sigh; "'tis true I once did love."

"And, if I mistake not, you do so now," replied the charcoal-burner.

"I am fresh from the wars," replied the soldier, "and to-morrow was to have been wedded to the beautiful daughter of Sir Herbert Bursden."

"I know her well," replied the charcoal-burner. "She is a lovely creature."

"She is as lovely as her father is avaricious," continued the officer. "He is prejudiced against my squandering propensities, as he calls them, and insists, as a return for what he gives his daughter, that I shall pay down a thousand pounds upon the altar at our wedding."

"Indeed!" said Almutz, musing.

"Now, five hundred of the thousand pounds I had, but, like a fool, —"

"Spent them," said the charcoal-burner.

"At the gaming-table," continued the soldier.

"Is there no one of whom you could borrow the sum?" asked Almutz.

"I have a relation that they say is rich, one Richard Malden; but he is in a distant country, and this money I must have upon my wedding day."

"When is that?"

"To-morrow."

"'Tis a short notice until then," said Almutz; "for, if I mistake not, 'tis now past one."

"Ah! indeed!" exclaimed the other, in a tone of astonishment.

"But if your relation were within call, could you lay much strength in his generosity?"

"I feel very sure he would assist me," said the soldier, brightening up at the thought of the ideal assistance.

"Then we will try the experiment," said the charcoal-burner, going into the inner chamber. "Here, Master Malden," continued he "is a relation of yours, and waits to see you."

"Eh! what?" said the old man.

"A relation."

"A relation!" repeated the old man. "I have but one in the world, and he must be some distance from here."

"Here is your relation, Albert Malden," said the officer, thrusting his head into the inner room.

"That certainly is the voice of my nephew Albert," continued the old man, rubbing his eyes.

"My dear uncle Richard," said Albert, taking the old man's hand;

"I am really glad to see you. I thought you were in a foreign land. Who could have thought of meeting a relation in so lonely a spot as this, and at such an hour?"

"Humph!" said the old man. "I am sorry you should find me so poor."

"I am more sorry than you, my dear uncle," said Albert; "for I wanted to borrow a little from you."

"Borrow from me!—from me!" exclaimed the old man in a note of surprise. "Where, in the name of Heaven! do you imagine that I can find money? Do you think I coin it?"

"No, my dear uncle, I do not think you coin it, but I think you can lend me a little," said Albert, playfully.

"Your extravagance would bring me to the workhouse," replied the uncle, in a miserable tone.

"Poor man!" said Almutz, ironically; "my heart bleeds for him. You know he only possesses about twenty thousand pounds."

"Hold your sarcastic tongue," said Albert, wrathfully.

"That is all I get for the trouble I have taken," replied Almutz; "but it is a fault of mine; I can't help talking; I even do it in my sleep. But I must be content; it is the coin that is most current in the world. Kick down the ladder that has helped you up the ladder of prosperity."

"Come, come, uncle," said Albert, coaxingly; "this money I must have. You can spare it easily, and I will repay it early."

"I might be able to lend it you in a year or so," said the miser.

"Now or never!" said Albert, laying his hand upon the old man's shoulder.

"What!" continued the miser; "you surely don't mean to murder me? For God's sake, take your hand off!"

"Really, uncle, you astonish me!" cried Albert. "What on earth can you possibly mean?"

"Mean!" replied the old man, pettishly. "You imagine that I possess wealth, and would therefore rob me—perhaps murder might ensue—my white hairs stained with my blood, and —"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Albert, as he raised his eyes. "Is it come to this? to be thought a murderer—an assassin—and by one's own relative? It shall not be, old man," he continued impressively.

"Were the wealth of Cæsar at your disposal, I would scorn to receive a mite from your accumulated hoard."

"I dare say," replied the miser.

"Now, Almutz," continued Albert, "the storm is over, lead me to Bursden Hall."

"I will."

"And you," continued Albert, turning to his uncle, "keep your ill-gotten gold, and let the joy you have in counting it be poisoned by the thought of the wrongs of those you wrenched it from. May your heart flutter with fear, and each nerve quiver at a step. May—but enough; 'tis curse enough for the wronged to know that wretch is ever an alien to happiness, whose soul denies it to another. Forward to Bursden Hall."

"Before you go," said Malden, "just tell me where I shall get the spade and mattock."

"I don't see what you can want with them," said Almutz; "but you will find them behind the hut." Having said this, he turned to conduct Albert to Bursden Hall.

The moon now shone brightly again on every object, and her beams danced merrily on the rippling brooks which Albert and the charcoal-burner crossed in their path, while the nightingale caused the grove to resound with her minstrelsy. At last Albert exclaimed,—

"Yes; as I said before, I wrote to Clara Bursden the way that I had squandered the money."

"The more fool you," said Almutz, drily.

"Now, how is it possible for me to gain her consent?" asked Albert.

"Don't ask it," replied his companion; "carry her off without."

"No," said Albert; "without her father's consent I am sure I shall never gain her's; but my resolution is taken. I will see her for the last time, and then bid adieu to her for ever."

"No," said the misanthrope, a sudden fit of unaccountable feeling taking possession of his mind; "sooner than such should be the case I would pay the money myself."



"You!" said Albert, starting.

"Yes, I. Here, hold forth your hand—'tis a weighty affair; but here it is, in gold and notes."

Albert hesitated for some time; he doubted in his own mind whether it had been honestly attained; but the present urgency of the case, and the sound of the coin, induced him to accept the proffered sum.

"Need you no document—no bond—no security?"

"No," said his companion, with a fixed and rigid countenance. "Think me not generous in what I have done. I give it you because I want it not. My pride is in my poverty. If I knew a mine of wealth was concealed beneath my feet, I would not dig an inch, nor disturb the green carpet of nature to secure it."

"Generous man!" said Albert; "how shall I be ever able to repay this act of disinterested service? but I will, and that handsomely. We meet again?"

"No," replied Almutz, in a melancholy tone; "our fates are different. Mine is to be wretched—yours to be happy. Your couch will be to-morrow night the arms of a young and blooming bride—mine the burning charcoal. Meet! why should we meet? Why should rags come in collision with the gaudy trappings of your scarlet uniform?"

"You would wish to forget me then?" said Albert.

"I shall never forget you, though I may not wish to remember," said the misanthrope.

"If so," replied the soldier, "accept this as a memento; it was a present from my Clara, but I will give it you." At the same time he put a richly inlaid pistol into the hand of the charcoal-burner.

"Well—well!" said the misanthrope, "when I am weary of life, 'twill do to put an end to my existence."

"Nonsense, man—nonsense!" replied Albert, half jestingly.

"This not such nonsense, either," said Almutz; "but ere that happen, you shall hear my tale. 'Tis many a day since I related it."

"I thank you for your confidence," said Albert; "I have no objection to listen."

"'Twas some years ago," continued Almutz, "at a time when I was verging on the borders of manhood, that my father went to a neighbouring city to scrape his wealth together, that he might end his days in the glens of his native vale in peace. The day of his return arrived, and I was written to, to meet him on the journey. I did meet him, but he was bathed in blood, and stretched upon the road, weltering amid a pool of clotted gore."

"Did he live?" inquired Albert, as he shuddered at the thought.

"He lived till the next morning, when he died within these arms," replied the charcoal-burner.

"Did you seek the murderer?"

"I did."

"Who was he?"

"Myself."

"How? what?" said Albert. "You—you the parricide?"

"Yes, I," replied his companion "though not in wish or act; but hear—my horse was weary—I stayed to bait him at an inn, and there, (boy that I was) in the joy of my heart I boasted that my business was to meet my father returning with a sum of money. There were robbers in the room who heard me, and one or more met the good old man by a nearer path, robbed him of all, and left him a bleeding corpse."

"And you?" said Albert.

"Am now a misanthrope!" replied his guide.

"But the murderers," inquired Albert; "could you never learn their names?"

"Before my father closed his languid eyes in death," said Almutz, "he told me that when they had stretched him, as they supposed, a corpse, one ruffian called the other Walter Varley."

"Walter Varley," repeated Albert, in tones of amazement; "that was the name of my own servant, whom I had discharged from the regiment for being concerned in a robbery. And the other—"

"His name was Barnard Cavan."

"Merciful God!" said Albert, in wild surprise, "it was the name assumed by my uncle, Richard Malden; but how did you discover it?"

"It was a twelvemonth afterwards," continued Almutz, "that I was digging for peat upon the spot where the murder had been committed, and in so doing, I turned up a soldier's haversack. The name 'Barnard Cavan' was upon it. I opened it, and it contained one of the very purses (for there were two) that were my father's, and this is one. I could swear it was my father's—I could swear it; and the man whom I hated by instinct—the man whose face I could have sworn I had seen before—the wretch!—the catiff!—thy uncle—the miser, and my father's murderer, are one."

"Almighty God!" cried Albert, as the recital riveted him to the spot for the moment, and the perspiration streamed from every pore; can such things be? Here, take back your money—not a moiety will have."

"Not so," said Almutz; "the money is lawfully mine, though it is

the price of a parent's blood—you are a worthy youth, take it and prosper. Here is Bursden Hall. Farewell!—farewell!"

"Stay!—stay!" cried Albert, "where go you now?"

"To rouse up sleeping justice from its couch. Shall justice sleep, and my murdered father's spirit clamour night by night for its revenge? No, I have long waited for a fitting monument to his memory, and now that shall be your uncle's gibbet. Farewell!"

For some minutes Albert stood gazing upon the form of his companion, until his shadow was lost, and blended with the gloom of the surrounding trees. "Singular being!" he exclaimed; "strange compound of humanity; thou callest thyself misanthrope; but I deem that it is misapplied; yet thou hast cause to hate mankind. My uncle, too, not content with having disgraced his family by receiving the bounty of a common soldier, and forsworn his name, must commit a murder—horrible!"

Having thus spoken, he turned and went to the gates of Bursden Hall.

As soon as Almutz had left Albert, he turned his steps towards the city, and as he passed the spot near where he had discovered the body of his murdered father, he suddenly stopped as a voice struck upon his ear. It proceeded from beneath the shade of a small ruin a short distance from the road side. The moon shone with intense brilliancy, and the cold clear atmosphere wafted the slightest sound to his ear.

To prevent being discovered, and that he might know the cause of what he heard, he proceeded to the ruin, hid from observation by the shadow of a row of trees, and having arrived within a few paces of the speaker, carefully observed his motions, and to his surprise, discovered old Malden, the miser, hard at work with his own spade and mattock.

"Hark!" said the old man, as he suddenly ceased his labour; "I thought I heard a footstep;" and after listening attentively for some moments, he said, "No, it was but a rain-drop pattering upon the leaves below from the ones above. This must be the spot. I marked it well—seven feet from the corner of the ruin. Somebody must have been here before me. Near here, did I and Varley commit the murder, and, taking off my knapsack, I put my share into it, and buried it here, till some future day, when the affair would be blown over; but I could never muster sufficient courage to come near the spot till now. Well, it is not here. Perhaps I am too much to the left, so here goes to work again. When I have secured it, I will leave the neighbourhood."

While the old assassin talked thus, the face of the sky became suddenly obscured, shrouding everything in an obscure light, while the sound of distant thunder rolled lazily among the clouds, and Almutz, suddenly starting from his ambush, exclaimed, as he presented the pistol that Albert had given him to the old man's head, "Monster of iniquity, your hoary head shall not protect you from avenging the murder of my father! Night after night, his restless spirit, leaving its sepulchre, has cried to me for revenge. Receive, villain, the reward of your iniquity!" He pulled the trigger—there was a bright flash—a loud report, which echoed among the ruins—a heavy groan, and the lifeless body of Richard Malden, the assassin—the miser, rolled upon his blood-stained ground.

Upon Albert's arrival at Bursden Hall, he was greeted with the warmest cordiality. The eyes of Clara beamed and sparkled with the most lovely joy; but that of Albert was damped by the news that he had received from the charcoal-burner, and pervaded his spirits during the remainder of the day. Clara's watchful eye detected the gloom that seemed portrayed in his features, and in vain rallied him upon the subject. Then she suspected that the idea of his approaching nuptials weighed upon his mind. Her pride took the alarm, and she in her turn became moody and thoughtful. She wrote a letter, demanding an explanation; and, as she retired for the night, left it upon the table, where she made sure Albert must perceive it.

Upon gaining her chamber, the idea struck her that Albert, being so wrapt in his own contemplations, might possibly overlook her letter, and not wishing that any one else should peruse it, she returned to the sitting room when the family were at rest to fetch it; but what was her surprise to find the letter still untouched, and her lover, Albert, seemingly worn down by fatigue, asleep.

"How pale he looks," she exclaimed—"how death-like; the hall is still, and not a sound disturbs the silence of the night. Ah! here is a purse of gold, yet he wrote me that he had squandered the last farthing. Does he trifle with me; can I believe that he is deceiving me? Hark! he dreams. I will speak to him. Albert."

"Yes," said Albert, as the sound met his drowsy faculties.

"He answers me. How came you by this purse?"

"Murder!" said Albert, as the tale of the misanthrope floated through his brain.

"Ah! murder!" said Clara, starting, and her eyes rolled fearfully.

"I murdered him," repeated Albert.

"Gracious Heavens!" ejaculated Clara.



"I murdered my uncle!" continued the drowsy sleeper.

"For what?"

"The purse—the purse!" replied Albert, to his interrogator.

"And this, then," said Clara, taking up the purse, "is the price of blood. Oh! that he would answer me this one word. Albert—Albert," continued she, "as you love Clara, are you speaking truth?"

"True, true—too true."

"Mercy—mercy! Then shall my wedding garment become my shroud!"

Thus saying, Clara sunk senseless upon the ground. The fall aroused the sleeping Albert, who started with surprise on seeing his beloved Clara senseless beneath his feet.

"Do I dream?" said he. "What can all this mean?"

"No—no; take him not hence," cried Clara. "Blood stained murderer as he is, he is still dear to me."

"Does some new sorrow await me?" cried Albert; "is it possible I have a rival, and that rival a murderer?"

"Yes, yes—though the scaffold be his doom, I would embrace his lifeless form."

"Clara—Clara, awake—speak to me!"

"Ah! surely my brain rocks in its very seat, or that was the voice of Albert."

"Yes, yes—'tis I, thy Albert; even though thou art faithless, still would I risk wealth and fame for thy sake."

"Hide him—hide him, I entreat of you!" cried Clara.

"Clara—Clara, speak to me!"

"Hush—hush! But see, here comes the charcoal-burner. How pale he looks; but he is not a murderer, he is only a harmless misanthrope."

"Here is mystery—deep, deep mystery," cried Albert.

Here Clara arose, and fixing her bright eye upon Albert, exclaimed,

"Albert, my beloved, one gleam of reason flits across my aching brain. I know thee as a murderer, but my very soul is wedded to thine; and though the executioner may claim thy body—thy soul, thy heart is mine!" she wildly exclaimed, and then casting her arms around him, pulled him with violence to the earth.

Albert uttered a cry so loud and deep, that in an instant the apartment was filled. Judge the surprise and despair that was depicted on every countenance on finding the reason of Clara had fled. None knew how to explain the awful mystery; but time—wonder-telling time, ere another week had passed, revealed, to the satisfaction of all, the truth of the circumstances.

The father of Clara no longer opposed the nuptials of his child and Albert; while the charcoal-burner, who had been arrested as the murderer of Malden, was rewarded with a free pardon and the sum of three hundred crowns which had been offered for the capture of Varley or his companion, who had been outlawed for committing sacrilege, by stealing the property of the church. And now was the hated and despised misanthrope respected and admired by all, as he had nobly revenged the treachery of the insatiable Malden; while the bright charcoal fires in the splendid mansion of Albert and Clara was ever a lesson to them and their offspring, by teaching them not to judge by appearances, but to await the decision of time and reason.

**DEFENCE OF LONDONDERRY.**—When King James landed in Ireland, after the revolution, the Rev. George Walker raised a regiment at his own expense, to oppose him. On the approach of James to Londonderry, he went out to meet him at the head of a body of troops, at Long Causeway, but after a resolute defence, was obliged to retire into the town, which he found Lundie, the governor, preparing in all haste to leave. Destitute as the place was of all apparent means of standing a siege, Walker, and Major Baker, who had succeeded Lundie in the command of the garrison, determined to hold out as long as possible, in the hope that King William would, before they were quite exhausted, be able to throw in supplies by sea. This was about the middle of April, 1689. The besieged were soon reduced to the most terrible extremities. Baker died on the 20th of June, and the command solely devolved on Walker, who, however, showed himself quite equal to the emergency, directing and assisting in every operation, preserving the strictest discipline under the most difficult circumstances, and dividing himself between the most opposite duties, now heading a rallying party, now reviving the hearts of soldiers and citizens, by a rousing sermon in the cathedral. The end was, that the siege was at last raised on the 30th of July, by Major-General Kirk making his way with three ships over a boom, which James had thrown across the river. Walker received the thanks of the House of Commons for his heroic actions. He afterwards served another campaign, and was killed at the battle of the Boyne, on the 1st of July, 1690.

Many are much discontented with the name of idler, who are constantly content to do worse than nothing.

## A MISERABLE DAY.

We left Sienna, and drove along the road with joyful hearts, for it seemed to us that Rome was at the further end of the double row of trees that lead to the seven hills; that illusion is of short duration; the landscape becomes insensibly more gloomy, the trees wider apart, the hills sink down on a level with the plain; you feel yourself bidding farewell to Tuscany, that life has lost its sunshine, that you are entering on a fresh domain; it is like the first shade of disenchantment after the intoxication of adolescence. The country unrolls itself empty and monotonous; calcareous rocks bristle up at intervals from the midst of the corn fields, like the first links of a volcanic mountain, that seems to lower indistinctly amidst the mists of the horizon. There are, certainly, a few villas with green casements, here and there, that bloom in an oasis, and seem to pretest against the sad aspect of the plain; but they pass and re-appear no more. The grass becomes thinner and thinner, the soil petrified, the high road covered with a black dust; a chilling wind whistles through the reeds of the marshes, bringing along with it a slight odour of sulphur and feverish exhalations.

The little hamlets you find on the road have a desolate aspect; the countenances of their few inhabitants are careworn and savage; they inspire fear or pity. Sometimes you distinguish a poor shepherd in a red cloak, seated amongst the furze, on the fragment of a rock, and tending a few sheep, still leaner than himself. Such are the only figures that animate the melancholy landscape.

At Polderina, another group of huts, a road commences that makes you regret all you have just passed; it seems strangled between high mountains of sinister forms; the Roman way becomes a pathway for goats or banditti.

"Where does this road lead to?" you inquire of the shepherd.

His sepulchral voice replies, "To Riccorsi," and a skeleton hand is stretched forth from beneath the folds of the cloak to receive payment for the intelligence.

That name reminds me of one of my miserable days; and were I to write these lines for no other purpose than to give a charitable warning to travellers, I should believe I had done enough for my countrymen who may pass after me into this valley of desolation.

I had set off from Polderina on foot and fasting. That Riccorsi was to me the promised land, where I did not expect to find honey, but I reckoned at least upon milk. At the bottom of the most frightful valley of the Apennines, I perceived a cottage, which I took for a house in advance of Riccorsi; I ran down the rude path on the edge of the precipice, and nearly fell over the cottage. That cottage was Riccorsi, as I learnt from a little sign, glued on the door, "Riccorsi hostelry, welcome for man or beast." I entered a dark room, where the rank compound of villanous smells, nearly brought my heart to my mouth; it was the dining-room, the bed-room, the kitchen, and the slaughter-house. Two young women emerged from a cloud of smoke; those two girls were handsome. What business have they in that horrid country? I begged of them to bring me something for breakfast, I was dying with hunger. They shook their heads dolefully, and chaunted forth an homocidal *niente* (nothing). I knelt down, recited to them two of Petrarch's sonnets. I conjured them to find me some bread and eggs in the hotel. Eggs, at the least, they are to be had in every part of the globe; again they replied,—

"We have nothing."

What an hostelry! A ray of compassion passed over their fresh and rosy countenances.

"Are you alone?" said the eldest.

"No, I have two friends, who will be here in a few minutes. In the name of our lady of Riccorsi, get us the shadow of a breakfast; put a cloth, at the least, on the table, if you have a cloth and a table; and while we are resting ourselves, hold council together, and you will, perhaps, elicit some idea. We are going to Rome, we will bring you a blessed holy week chaplet, and we'll pay for your eggs like Roman cardinals."

"Well, then," they said, quite vanquished, "we'll make you some pigeon soup."

Pigeon soup! it makes one shudder to think of it. "But," I said to them, "since you have pigeons, let them be roasted."

"We have but one, and we were keeping it for a paschal lamb, next Sunday."

"Well, we'll make shift with that pigeon; but where is it?"

"That we can't tell."

We set out in quest of the pigeon, and soon found it on the little calcareous rocks, that nearly surround the hostelry of Riccorsi; it let itself be taken with touching resignation, and in half an hour after it was served up to us, drowned in three quarts of broth, clear as water.

We left that valley of famine, and pursued our way with a fainting at the heart, still more aggravated by the ironically appetitive breeze of the Apennines. I cast a last look upon Riccorsi from the summit of



the mountain, and perceived the two young women in a melancholy attitude on the threshold.

Those two unfortunates have often reminded the traveller of that Latin proverb, invented in their country:—

"Sine Cere et Baccho Venus frige."

Without Ceres and Bacchus Venus is frozen.

The landscape which surrounds them can only have its copy or its model in the kingdoms of non-existence, whose heroes were conducted by the sylph; you there see the gaping gulfs of exhausted cataracts, where the water is represented by tufts of lichen, bleached like the beard of an old man; you there see beds of dried up torrents down which reeds and gravel are rolling; to the north a frightful valley buries and loses itself in distant and mysterious abysses; in winter, that valley is a river, which bears along, God knows where, fragments of rocks, trunks of trees, forests of reeds and osiers, wooden bridges. The hostility of Ricorsi witnesses that destruction, those tempests, those inundations, while waiting for summer, which comes late, and travellers, who never come. Poor Ricorsi! poor girls!

At length, here is a village, a fine subject for an artist, seen at a distance, for when close, it is very black and poverty stricken; it is San Quirico, built upon a mountain that the inhabitants may breathe a pure air, an excellent precaution for them who live chiefly upon it. I like San Quirico, clasped in its green belt of olives, and which commands a broad verdant shelf of the mountain.

Melancholy again overtakes you on the high road, the country is again seen in all its nakedness; everything announces the volcanic mountain, the black and ferruginous village of Radicofani.

Radicofani is weeping amidst the clouds; it is an Etna, which has extinguished its furnaces, because it had no more towns to bury, no more fields to burn. Geologists have not explained the mystery of its ancient eruptions; science, in general only explains what is already understood; here, it says to you, Radicofani was formerly a volcano. But what a volcano! Its domain consisted of all the heaped up mountains, which stretch from horizon to horizon as far as Bolsena. It was an incendiary train, the lava (which dividing themselves into two rivers of fire, ran on until extinguished in the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. At that time neither Evander, nor Romulus, nor Persenna, were born. Italy was in fusion, the Peninsula was a tongue of fire, which crossed its flames with Sicily, over Sylla and Charybdis. All that was one day congealed by a breath on high; all that was extinguished like a lamp when the oil is all burnt out. The torrents of lava, the overturned rock, and the melted mountains, kept the form they had when the icy breathed gale first blew over them. That is the marvellous spectacle Radicofani gives to the traveller.

On descending from that wild peak, black as an extinguished furnace, you come to a domain without name and without master; it is neutral ground no one cares to own, neither the grand duke who has but little, nor the pope, who takes all. I don't believe that such a soil could be found anywhere, except, perhaps, in the moon, as that which lies beneath Radicofani. As far as the eye can reach, the earth is covered with lavas and embers, as if they had just been extinguished; one would say that an immense subterranean convulsion had launched the mountains up into the air, and that they had fallen down again in pieces. The mind is unable to imagine that verdure can receive beyond that burnt up horizon, those dissolved mountains, that plain of bronze which does not permit a single blade of grass to refresh the eye of the traveller.

As for myself, who gave way to the impression of external objects, I was chilled at the sight, as with a misfortune; I regretted on that road to Rome, the paradise of the artist, the path of thorns and thistles announced by the Gospel, for thorns and thistles have, at least, some life, and, at a distance, they resemble field flowers. I cast a rapid glance from all the volcanic summits round the new horizon in search of the phantom of a tree, a cultivated furrow, a stone erected by man; always nothing, no living thing, everywhere death, metallic lakes, plains furrowed by the lava, pyramids of dead coal, pits of craters, cones of granite polished by the flames. At length the edge of that field of hell melted away about evening into marshes. I perceived a shepherd and a few lambs, who certainly were not cropping lava; joy again returned to me; a vague ray of sunshine glided over a clump of bulrushes, which rose in relief on the bank of a river, bright as a mirror. I recognised the waters of the Paglia; I was going to enter the states of Rome; that little hamlet on the left was Ponte Canino; on the right, its back to the mountain's flank, the ancient capital of the Volsci, the city of Persenna. An eagle was at that moment hovering over Ponte Canino; I halted the omen, and I forgot the horrors of Radicofani.

Here begin the prosaic details of the custom-house—of that terrible custom-house which dissects the travellers, which plunges into your portmanteaus, throws itself on your books, albums, manuscripts, to discover amongst them a Rousseau, a Voltaire, a Hume, a Gibbon, a Society's Italian Bible, those formidable enemies of the Vatican. I

walked, trembling, towards that den of robbers; the office was closed—the office, however, is always closed; the officers are always on the lookout from the level eminence in front of Ponte Canino, singing Rossini's airs, with their eyes constantly fixed on the volcanic road of Radicofani; as soon as they perceive any travellers they close the office; and they are then authorized to insist upon a fee, which is entitled "After Hours;" the amount of the fee is left to the liberality of the traveller, who desires nothing better than to have a passport signed after the closing of the office, and the fine imposed never exceeds tenpence. If you ask the officers at what hour the office closes, they always reply that if you had arrived five minutes sooner, you would have found it open. The traveller is ceremoniously introduced into a hall, ornamented with three desks. On the centre one is painted "Minister primo," to the left, "minister secundo," on the right, "minister tertio." The hall is hung with decrees of the senate, sealed with the tiara, and signed by Cardinal Somaglia. The three ministers seat themselves with all solemnity, and read the passports, or pretend to do it; the traveller during that ceremony has the resource of contemplating the capital of the Volsci, and to think of Mutius Scaevola. The passports countersigned, they proceed to the inspection of the baggage—that's the terrible part.

I opened my portmanteau, on the gracious invitation of the first minister; I had only two books, my college Virgil and my Horace; they were in a very bad state, and had a suspicious look—two books, quite black, like those of a carbonaro. The minister said to me,

"What book is this?"

"It is the work of one of your countrymen," I replied; "of a man named Virgilius Maro, who lived at Rome under an emperor, before there were any sovereign pontiff."

"What does the book contain?"

"Not much; rules to be observed by the countryman in the cultivation of the vine, and then he has written a great quantity of sonnets upon a certain Eneas, surnamed the Pious, who had founded the city of Rome, where you, by the blessing of God, first saw the light."

"Is it written in Italian?"

"Yes, in Italian Latin."

"And this other?"

"It was written by a friend of Virgil, named Virgilius; he has composed songs upon the Falernian wine, and upon a little villa he possessed at Tivoli."

"That's good; you have no other declaration to make?"

"No, your excellence."

"You may go."

A squad of pontifical soldiers, the corporal at their head, then came to recommend themselves to our generosity; they were not very extortionate; we gave them a few bayoccas, and distributed a trifling something to drink to the three ministers, who bowed as low as their desks would allow them. And thus ended the formidable visit to the custom-house. The inn is opposite; there is nothing repulsive about it; it is clean, and whitewashed; it has even a separate kitchen, and, fortunately, the landlord was an Irishman; he had served under Wellington, and related his campaigns to us. He is fond of the English; for, he says, he don't consider them as foreigners, and secretly serves them with real good wine. The bedrooms of this inn have doors, but neither keys nor locks; but, however, there is no fear of brigands, for the pontifical guard-house is opposite the inn gate, and I heard the soldiers singing the choruses in *The Barber of Seville* in perfect unison. After a few hours sleep we set out for Aquapendente.

He who has not seen Aquapendente knows misery only by name. Aquapendente is a village in liquid putrefaction, on a crest of the Apennines. It is the capital of the miserable world; the roofs of its wretched sheds, patched with damp, and brown and yellowish moss, seem coated with leprosy; dripping rags are hanging from every ar-hole; transparent shadows of men, almost human, are dragging themselves along the slimy alleys; a greasy atmosphere, an hospital perfume, a breath from fevered lungs, a poor-peoplish smell, all the epidemic miasma of hunger and indigence, surround the traveller in this perishing country. You, however, console yourself with one of the most magnificent landscapes Nature has exhibited in her museum of the Apennines. The eye hovers over a circular horizon of abysses, of overthrown mountains, of forests suspended in the clouds, of luminous cascades, of rustic bridges thrown over the torrents. But all that does not give one ounce of bread to the famished village.

Aquapendente is fortified with weak walls, a very useless precaution against a siege, for no one in the world would think of impoverishing himself by such a conquest. A phantom of a douanier asks you for your passport at the gate, according to custom; not that he cares a farthing about your passport, for there is, perhaps, not a single person in all Aquapendente who would be able to make out a phrase of it; but it is for the purpose of levying the town dues, and we must do them the justice to say, that this eternal tax, though at times the cause of



dispute, is never burthensome. The sum to be paid is often left to the liberality of the traveller. The collector of Aquapendente demanded two pauls for my two friends and myself; we gave him a five paul piece, begging of him to return us three.

There was the difficulty.

The town treasury was empty! we were the only travellers who had taken the Viterbio road; all the English caravans going to Rome to witness the Easter festivals, had diverged into the Perugia road. A recent tragic event had determined that choice; an English family had been stopped by six brigands near Ronciglione, and taken up into the mountains. It was a fatal disaster for the innkeepers, the custom-house officers, and the beggars of the Vite-bio road. The Aquapendente collector took our five paul piece, and begged us to follow him to the receiver-general. That functionary was dressing himself; he had on satin breeches, with silver buckles and silk stockings, all of the highest antiquity; he wore a powdered perriwig and tail; his face was flushed and jovial: after powdering us with salutations, the receiver-general told us he had no change in the house, but that he would get us change in the neighbourhood.

We followed him into the opulent streets of Aquapendente, we knocked at all the houses with doors; the receiver-general at our head, held up the phenomenon, and conjugated the verb to change in all its tenses; but the inhabitants started back stupefied at the sight of the monster piece of silver, and shook their heads with rapid signs of refusal. It required twelve notables, who mustered change for the five paul piece, by a joint contribution.

We inquired for an hotel, it was an unknown word; but on running about the town, we perceived a greasy kind of glass door, surmounted by a sign, with these words:—"The Sans Pareil Coffee-house." Our postillion affirming we would find ourselves very comfortable, we entered the Sans Pareil Coffee-house. The dining-room was about five feet square, set off at the corners with four tables, the size of a drum-head. Two fashionables, in fresh renovated but patched cloaks, were drinking sugared water, while standing before a table, for the luxury of stools and benches had been banished from the place. The master wore his Sunday suit of all colours; the cravat floated like tow over his oily waistcoat; his tight pantaloons revealed the skeleton form of his limbs; but his black eyes, his Italian nose, his wide mouth, the play of the muscles of his cheek, announced more gaiety of heart than shines beneath a cardinal's hat.

"What have you to give us for breakfast?" I said to him. With a long and delicious smile, he let a most cheering "niente" (nothing), glide from his lips.

"How! you have nothing in this café—the first and the last coffee-house in Aquapendente? You have not even coffee?"

"Coffee! yes, but I have no sugar; my stock is out, but I expect some from Viterbio."

"Have you any chocolate?"

"Yes, sir, but raw."

"Well, then, get it cooked."

"Immediately, if your excellencies will have the goodness to wait a little moment."

The master drew aside a heavy curtain which concealed a door, and called his whole family to his aid. Three cups of chocolate were wanted; but it was first requisite to have a fire, and not a spark was to be seen on the hearth, which seemed to have long been cold; the master took up two pieces of touchwood, and began rubbing them together like the savages, but we had fortunately a box of phosphoric matches. At that sight, the master started with joy; in the twinkling of an eye, the flame rose up the chimney. The young lady, who had run in to assist her husband in preparing the chocolate, made several curtsies to the company, which the two fashionables acknowledged by a low bow. The Penelope of Aquapendente is remarkably ugly; her tarsi of hair was surmounted by a colossal comb, with her pale complexion, her fleshless hands, her rumpled and white-brown gown, she resembled a soul in pain, escaped from the grave in its winding-sheet. The master of the café had the self-satisfied air of a happy and envied husband, and affected to take certain familiarities with his wife, that made the two fashionables bite their nails, and turn away their eyes, to avoid seeing so much conjugal felicity, cruelly displayed in public, to the tantalizing of a whole town. The little moment lasted an hour, and when the chocolate was at length ready, it was found there were no cups, which were, however, replaced by three glasses. The chocolate poured out, not an ounce of bread in the house; the husband was going to run to the baker, when a sudden thought held him back. How could he leave his wife unprotected, in the company of two fashionables, and three foreign milors. At the word bread, a hundred times repeated, the curtain of the inner room was raised, and we saw the white form of a little girl ten years old, appear from beneath it; it was the human skeleton in its smallest dimension. The poor child was only covered with a ragged shift, and its sunken cheek and hollow eye, be-

spoke the extremity of hunger. The mother gave a look of fury, and the curtain fell upon the apparition.

We had sent our coachman in search of bread, and as it was fortunately Sunday, a day on which they eat in some of the houses of Aquapendente, he was enabled to procure some, when each of us took possession of a table, and commenced our breakfast. The crowd of idlers had been gradually increasing, and at sight of the magnificent repast we were enjoying, every pane of glass in the door was filled with faces, whose dazzled eyes cast looks of fire upon our tables, upon the red collars of our cloaks, and above all, upon the adorable hostess. The master wept with joy, and devoutly joined his hands before an image of the Virgin, as if to thank her, in a short, mental prayer, for a prosperity unheard of in the Sans Pareil café. He next fell into a gentle reverie, during which, a magnificent future doubtless revealed itself; he, in imagination, heard the detail of our breakfast, the theme of admiration upon all the Roman roads; he saw his café thronged with travellers, his sign adorned with Fame and her trumpet, his wife covered with jewels like a madona, his daughter married to a Parisian travelling clerk, his house visited by a cardinal, and all owing to our three cups of chocolate.

We demanded our bill. That was the solemn moment; the master assumed a grave attitude, was five minutes making a calculation on his fingers, and summoning all his audacity, he demanded balocco, about twopence each.

The wife, frightened at her husband's effrontery, turned pale and cast her eyes on the floor; the two fashionables inwardly protested against the master's enormous charge, and their telegraphic signs passing through the glass window, told the crowd that the jealous husband was robbing the travellers; a sedition in our favour was on the point of breaking out amongst the youth of Aquapendente, but the master courageously persisted, and repeated twelve balocco. The wife was this time unable to withstand the shock, and sat down upon the floor far whiter than her gown; the two customers gave the master a terrible look, and placed themselves in our rear, as if to support us in the inevitable discussion about to take place. We gave the twelve balocco, the same sum for the waiter, and as there was no waiter, the whole went to the master.

What a triumph for the master. His eagle eye had fathomed and comprehended us; his wife rose up radiant, and rendered homage to her husband's sagacity; the two fashionables, vanquished by that fortunate audacity, had sunk into the corner; the crowd outside contemplated the shining treasure, as the master made it rebound on the counter. On our going out every cap was raised, every head bent, every hand stretched forth to touch the step of our berline standing before the café. From every alley fresh inhabitants poured forth to see the twelve balocco travellers; the mothers pointed us out to the little children; in order to finish the fête in a manner worthy our country and ourselves, we showered from the window eighty pieces of copper coin, value tenpence. Oh! then was the enthusiasm at its height; plaudits rose to the skies; all the blessed palms for the festival of the day (it was Palm Sunday,) were thrown into the road before our carriage, from which the peasants were about unharnessing the horses, when the carriage drove off full trot amidst a volley of Italian acclamations; an improvisatore pursued us for a long time with a sonnet, in which I was compared to Plutus. Nor were we delivered from that tyranny of gratitude, till we came to the old highway, which leads to St. Laurence the ruined, a surname that might be given to all the villages on the road.

**THE GOWRIE CONSPIRACY.**—On the 5th of August, 1600, James I., being then at Falkland, was induced by Alexander Ruthven, a younger son of the Earl of Gowrie, who was executed in 1584, to accompany him with a few attendants to the house of his brother, the Earl of Gowrie at Perth. Some time after his arrival, he was led by Ruthven into a retired apartment of the house, there a struggle took place between the two, in the presence only of the earl's steward, who was in full armour, but either did not interfere at all, or, according to his own account, only for the king's protection. Meanwhile, what was going on was perceived from the street, on which the peopled assembled, and the king's attendant rushed to the room; in the end the king remained unhurt, but both Alexander Ruthven and his brother, the earl, were killed. These are nearly all the undoubted facts of this strange transaction; they seem to establish a design on the part of the Ruthvens to obtain possession of the king's person, and there are some circumstances leading to the conjecture, that they were prompted by the English government. That they intended to take his life, as James endeavoured to make it appear, the whole circumstances of the case will scarcely allow us to suppose. The passage, however, is one of the darkest in history, and after the expenditure of much ingenuity in the attempt to clear it up, it may be pronounced, that no explanation of it, which is satisfactory at all points, has yet been given, or is likely ever to be attained.



## THE PARTIAL MOTHER.

No woman was ever more severe upon those of her own sex in the marriage state, who were partial to their children, than Mrs. Boothby: no woman ever showed more indiscreet partiality than herself when she became a mother.

Mrs. Boothby was a very good wife to a very amiable husband, but she did not shine so much in her maternal as in her conjugal walk. She had two daughters, and her behaviour to them will sufficiently, perhaps, mark her character.

Miss Boothby, the eldest, was a fine girl, and generally allowed to be a beauty. Her figure commanded attention—her face inspired love. She was tall and well proportioned; and, with a great deal of dignity, she had also a striking gracefulness in her every motion. Features happily ranged, and a glowing complexion without any false colouring, arrested all beholders at first sight; but her eyes were absolutely alluring. Whenever she appeared in public, which was frequently her custom, she dressed in the most advantageous manner; she drew a train of admirers, who followed after her, but the admiration which she excited was rather of disservice to her, as it gave a coquettish turn to her whole carriage, and, unfortunately, her inward charms were not so numerous as her outward attractions. To say that she was flattered by the incense of adulation which was perpetually and sometimes very fulsomely offered to her by men of professed gallantry, is not to make use of an expression halfstrong enough—her head grew giddy after her first exhibition at the Soho assembly, just when she had entered into the seventeenth year of her age, and from that animating evening she became less and less able to conduct herself with that propriety which, though it may keep mere admirers at a distance, will have a magnetic force over those who entertain thoughts of settling in matrimony. In short, for want of a good understanding to correct it, her levity was insufferable, and for want of a good disposition, she, on many occasions, figured with all her personal powers in an unfavourable light.

Miss Sophia Boothby, the youngest daughter, had not the least pretensions to beauty; she was neither handsome nor well made, but her good sense and good nature prejudiced most people who conversed with her in her favour—even those to whom her exterior was rather forbidding. Of both she continually gave the strongest proofs by her behaviour to her mother and sister, for she bore the unkind treatment of the former without deviating in any shape from the duty of a daughter, and she showed her resentment at the insolent airs exhibited by the latter in consequence of her mother's excessive partiality for her, by pitying it. Sometimes, when her insolence was carried to an extravagant pitch, she laughed at it, but she never displayed the slightest signs of anger or discontent.

While Mr. Boothby lived, Sophia was much better enabled to keep up her cheerfulness under the unkindness which she almost every hour experienced. He, being thoroughly acquainted with her intrinsic merit, appreciated it highly, and frequently took her part when Mrs. Boothby found fault with her looks, her dress, or her conduct, with a severity very little to her honour, and endeavoured, by numerous attentions, accompanied with some substantial marks of his approbation, to make her amends for her mother's mortifying, not to say monstrous treatment.

The death of Mr. Boothby was severely felt by his wife; she had lost an indulgent husband, and the fortune which he left behind, though a handsome one, was insufficient, when added to her jointure, to enable her to live in that style of life to which she had been accustomed, as the greatest part of Mr. Boothby's income was from a couple of lucrative employments under government.

Harriet and Sophia behaved in a very different manner when their father lay in his last moments. The former beheld his dissolution dry-eyed—the latter almost wept herself blind to see him breathless upon his pillow.

In a very short time after her father's death, Sophia had more and more reason every day to lament it, and lament it she did with the most sincere sorrow that ever swelled a dutiful and affectionate daughter's bosom.

Harriet was at this juncture about nineteen; her sister was about two years younger.

Encouraged by her mother, Harriet treated her sister with the utmost insolence and contempt, and perpetually levelled satirical speeches at the plainness of her person, because she frequently drew off her admirers by her sensible and entertaining conversation.

Mrs. Boothby carried her partiality to Harriet so far, that she made a most invidious distinction between her and her sister, in point of dress—a distinction which would have, between many sisters, produced very disagreeable if not unhappy consequences; but Sophia, by her prudent behaviour, and from the natural sweetness of her temper, seemed to be no way affected by the unjust conduct practised towards her, though unfortunately, her philosophical composure, under the af-

fronts which she daily received from her mother and sister, provoked them but the more. In proportion to her apparent insensibility was their dissatisfaction. They would have been delighted to have seen her uneasy, and pained by their injurious treatment. They were mortified to the highest degree to find their ill-natured efforts to disturb the calmness of her mind, and to ruffle her temper, ineffectual.

Mrs. Boothby, at last, not being able to see a daughter about her to whom she had conceived a most unnatural aversion—so ridiculously was she attached to her foolish, though handsome Harriet—sent her down to Devonshire to board with a farmer's wife, who had formerly been a servant in her family. The sum required for board by Mrs. Williams was small; Mrs. Boothby took care not to allow a considerable sum for the support of her wardrobe, and for her pocket expenses.

Sophy having taken leave of her mother dutifully, and of her sister affectionately, notwithstanding all the provocations which she had received from them, set out with a cheerful countenance, without the slightest complaint, for the cottage to which her mother had thought proper to send her, under the care of a Mrs. Burnaby, an old maid, a humble companion, a good sort of a necessary woman upon odd occasions.

When Mrs. Burnaby returned from Devonshire, Mrs. Boothby and Harriet were both curious to know in what frame of mind she had left Sophy at Mrs. Williams's, imagining that the Devonshire journey might have raised disquieting emotions in her, and hoping, indeed, that such emotions had actually been excited by her removal from London. But great was their surprise that she liked her rural retreat very much. A letter from Sophy, which Mrs. Burnaby delivered at the same time to Mrs. Boothby, confirmed all that she had asserted, and served to increase the uneasiness which her intelligence had occasioned.

In a few days, however, Mrs. Boothby's attention was called off from the daughter whom she hated, by the addresses of a gentleman to the daughter whom she loved—on whom she doted.

Mr. Jolliffe, possessed of a large landed estate, was so much struck with Harriet's beauty and graceful carriage, one evening at the ridotto, that he could not help entreating Mrs. Boothby, when he handed her into the coach, to be permitted to wait on her daughter the next day. Harriet's behaviour, during his conversation with her, pleased him so much that he renewed his visits frequently. In less than a month preparations were making on both sides for their marriage.

On his coming to town late one night, after having made a little excursion for two or three days, Mr. Jolliffe, to his infinite astonishment, found a card upon his table from Mrs. Boothby, that an event of a particular nature had hindered her from fulfilling her engagement with him, and to desire him to give himself no farther trouble about her.

Strongly induced to believe that the card in his hand was not really written by Harriet, but by some of her good-natured female friends, in order to break off the match, he hurried away, late as it was, to Grosvenor-street.

The answer which he received at the door was, "My lady and Miss Boothby went to Windsor early this morning."

To Windsor he flew the next morning; but Harriet had been married to Sir George Minden before his arrival.

It cannot be imagined that his stay was long in a house in which he saw the woman to whom he was on the point of being married indissolubly united to another. His stay was short—his departure abrupt—his disappointment galling.

Miss Boothby, from the moment she became Lady Minden, was quite a new creature; naturally of a haughty temper, and extremely conceited, she gave herself most disgusting airs, and behaved in a manner particularly indefensible to her mother—to that mother who had so glaringly but so imprudently distinguished her from her sister. Mrs. Boothby, with all her fondness for Harriet, was, it must be owned, very liberal of her admonitions and documents, and could not help treating her like a girl who wanted instruction. After she was married Lady Minden could not possibly bear the sort of treatment which she received when Miss Boothby. On her mother remonstrating with her one day, on the self-sufficiency and undutifulness of her carriage, she plainly and pertly told her that she knew exceedingly well how to conduct herself in every shape; and that she desired to see her no more in her house in the character of a schoolmistress.

Mrs. Boothby having no small quantity of pride in her composition, returned a warm answer, and as that answer produced a still warmer reply, she left the room in a violent passion.

"I will never see you again, child," continued she, while she hurried towards the door, "till you have made proper acknowledgments for your undutiful behaviour."

"Then you won't see me in haste, madam," returned she, and turning immediately from her, sat down to her harpsichord, and rattled the keys to drown her mother's tones.

Mrs. Boothby, as soon as she got home, gave vent to the various emotions which her daughter's disrespectful behaviour had excited by a shower of tears. When she grew a little calm, she began to hope



that Lady Minden would come and make satisfactory apologies for her late conduct. Her ladyship not being used, however, to make such apologies, took no steps towards a reconciliation.

Mrs. Boothby, highly piqued at her favourite daughter's studied neglect of her (for she went to all public places, and visited everybody she knew but her mother), and keenly reproaching herself for having treated her youngest daughter with so much unkindness, fretted to such a degree, that she brought on a disorder upon her spirits, which all the prescriptions of the college could not remove. She was, in a short time, pronounced to be in a dangerous situation by the physicians who attended her. In that situation she sent for Sophy. She felt almost ashamed to see her; but she could not endure the thoughts of her approaching death, unforgiven by her injured daughter.

Sophy arrived but just time enough to take her final leave of her. Mrs. Boothby having raised herself in her bed to embrace her, threw her feeble arms round her neck, wept over her for some minutes, and then addressed her,—

"Pardon me, my dear Sophy, for all the ill-usage you have received from me. I have, indeed, been much to blame; but I sincerely repent. May Heaven bless —"

She could say no more—she fainted.

"Oh, madam, this is too much—this is too much for me to bear," replied Sophy, with her eyes streaming. "Heaven knows how I forgive you from my heart, and may that Heaven be merciful unto us both! Speak, madam—speak to me—another word —"

Mrs. Boothby then recovering from her fainting fit, grasped Sophy's hand, and conjured her not to follow her example if ever she became a mother. "I am justly punished for my partiality as a parent. Do you —"

At that instant she fell back and breathed her last.

### A THOUGHT.

I saw a lily smiling fair,  
Fresh in the morning beams;  
Dew-drops like pearls were glist'ning there,  
Or stars in fairy dreams;  
But in the eve I look'd, and then  
I saw a sadd'ning sight:  
The lily was a shrivell'd stem,  
All torn, and sear'd, and blight.

I saw a primrose newly blown,  
Bedeck'd with fragrant dew,  
And sweet and beauteous it had grown,  
As diamond's dazzling hue;  
I look'd again, some cruel rain  
Had wash'd it from the earth,  
It's beauty had been all in vain;  
Like infant dead at birth.

I saw a gentle daisy's flower,  
So innocent and free,  
Most simple of gay Flora's bower  
It is, the eye can see;  
I turn'd my gaze a moment from  
Its pleasing little head,  
And look'd once more, but ah, 'twas gone,  
Its every beauty dead.

Such, such is life—a fragile flower;  
In youth we're bright and gay,  
But soon we feel time's weak'ning power,  
And sink into decay.  
Old age is as a stricken tree  
Whose branches are bent low,  
The sap is dry, we scarce can see,  
And then death strikes his blow.

H. J. CHURCH.

**PHOSPHORUS.**—Three young men at Padua, in 1592, having bought a lamb, some pieces of it which had been kept shone like candles when casually viewed in the dark. The phenomenon excited the astonishment of the city, and a part of the flesh was sent to a professor of anatomy to divine what could have occasioned so wonderful an occurrence.

When one was speaking of such a reformation in the Church of England, as in effect would make it no church at all, the great Lord Bacon said to him, "Sir, the subject we talk of is the eye of England. If there be a speck or two in the eye, we endeavour to take them off, but he were a strange oculist who would pull out the eye."

### ALICE HOME;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CXLIII.

#### THE CONFERENCE.—REPARATION, AND THE FIRST INSTALMENT IN PAYMENT OF THE ORPHAN'S DEBT

"I AM here," repeated the same sonorous voice in accents that stayed the life current in Sir Charles Home's veins, when the sounds reached his ears.

Sir Charles Home was for a moment or more completely paralyzed with fear; he reeled against the wall, which saved him from falling; his breathing was difficult, and he gasped in convulsive efforts to speak, but no sound passed his parted lips; perhaps no bodily or mental suffering was ever experienced, and the painful consciousness that he was unable for the time to extricate himself by speaking, was ever felt, by any one man, and yet remain without becoming insensible for so long a time.

"I am here," for the third time the mysterious and unseen being repeated. "I am he whom you seek. Speak, Sir Charles Home; or does the recollections that this spot conjures up paralyze your faculties, and render you dumb as you think of the enormity?"

"What would you—what would you?" at length gasped Sir Charles, the sound of his own voice in some measure restoring the power of speech, though it left him but little reason to be grateful, since his mind was so bewildered, that he was scarcely capable of making use of it to do any good.

"What came you here for?" inquired the stranger. "Ask yourself that question, and answer it. You had a purpose, I presume!"

"I had," replied Sir Charles, who was anxious to gain time, and to see to what extent the knowledge of the stranger went, or at what he aimed.

"You had. Then name it. It is not such as have been enacted within these walls, and therefore you need not fear to name it."

"I had a letter," said Sir Charles, "sent me, signed by the —"

"The Avenger," interrupted the stranger, in a solemn tone of voice.

"I had; then you know my object since you know the signature, and are doubtless the writer. My object was to meet you according to your appointment, and hear what your object was."

Sir Charles Home thought that by thus throwing all the onus of the meeting upon the stranger, he would then compel him to proceed to an explanation, in the course of which he might learn something of this dread being and his power; but in this he was baffled, for the mysterious stranger remained silent for many minutes, and Sir Charles felt uneasy in the extreme, for he knew himself to be in the presence of a man who well knew where he stood, while he himself was perfectly invisible, and he knew not what object he might have in thus inveigling him, Sir Charles, to such a lonely spot, and so far from human aid. Sir Charles could yet forget the adventure of the clock weights, and a cold sweat came over him, as he heard the stranger's voice in the stillness of that spot, saying,

"Charles Home, do you not recollect this house? Does not the past events crowd fast and thick upon your heated brain? Can you calmly stand in the house of misery and of crime? Does not your own heart beat high to breaking as your memory traces the events that occurred here fifteen years since? Have you no sorrow—no remorse? Has repentance for the past never yet seized upon your soul?"

"I—I—recollect," gasped Sir Charles, thrown off his guard for the moment; but, quickly recovering his breath, he continued, "What mean you?"

"I mean the murder of Abraham Benn," replied the stranger; "the Jew whom you pistolled,—the hurrying of an old man full of years and enormities to an untimely grave; but is there no other deed that strikes thy guilty soul with awe? Is there no other deed, to avenge which men live through years of pain, misery, and privation?"

Sir Charles remained silent; he knew not what answer to make, without either increasing the anger of the being he dreaded more than any other, or committing himself unnecessarily.

"In this house," continued the stranger, his vehemence increasing as he went on to a pitch of frenzy, "in this house, Margaret Home died—your cousin's wife. She sunk beneath the infliction of miseries caused by you."

"No, no," replied Sir Charles, betrayed by a sudden impulse, "say rather by her own choice, and her husband's folly."

"Hypocrite," replied the Avenger, "ever false and specious—your crimes are known—the blood of the innocent is on your head, and the blood of such men as you, Charles Home, stains your hands. Time



flies on, and the day of retribution is at hand when the guilty shall be punished, before the face of all men, for the crimes he committed in secret, and that much dreaded, but not sole proof of your evil deeds, the yellow handkerchief, shall be brought to light."

Sir Charles was stunned; he had waited in something like patience to seize upon any point that would enable him to divine the object of the individual who thus dogged him; but he was not prepared for the course of conduct that was pursued; the horrors of the night, the many recollections that arose to his mind shattered his nerves, and rendered him almost incapable of thought; added to which, they were in such impenetrable darkness that he could not guess where the stranger stood, save by the sound of his voice, and of that he was by no means sure, therefore, he could not as yet avail himself of the means he had about him of destroying the mysterious being.

"What," at length he inquired, "would you have me do to escape such a fate as that which your words would imply?"

"Make reparation—that at least remains—not reparation in full—your worthless life could not atone for what you have done; but a partial reparation remains in your power, it is the rope that is flung to the drowning man—seize it, seize it, and you may yet be safe."

"Reparation," repeated Sir Charles; "how, and to whom?"

"The orphan yet lives; Margaret Home is entitled to the fortune of her father; restore what you so guiltily obtained—make her the inheritor of her father's fortune; denude yourself of that which will otherwise bring with it premature death."

Sir Charles Home listened to the preceding with feelings somewhat different from those which filled his soul when he first heard the tones of the Avenger's voice; he was more cool now that he had exchanged a few sentences with him, though they were of fearful import; not that Sir Charles Home had, or could, divest himself of a feeling of dread, an almost breathless expectation of some circumstance occurring, of some word being uttered of more than ordinary import that would blast his hopes, his very life, and render him and her, whom he loved so tenderly, wandering, homeless, and characterless beggars.

Thoughts like these rushed through his mind, but he said not one word: he felt for the pistols with which he had armed himself, and endeavoured to ascertain the precise spot where the stranger stood.

"Shall this free me from the persecution I endure—shall this act free me from the constant fear of an accusation being made of the nature you allude to?"

"This is not all," replied the Avenger, solemnly.

"Not all! what more can you require?"

"Much. Alice Home must never marry Horace Singleton."

"Indeed! how can I help it?" inquired Sir Charles, in a hasty manner.

"By confessing to Horace Singleton that all that Margaret Home alleged, concerning you and your daughter, is true; and endeavour to promote a marriage between Margaret Home and Horace Singleton."

"But Horace Singleton," replied Sir Charles Home, who now imagined he saw the confederacy that he believed must exist between Margaret Home and his enemies, "but Horace Singleton may have an insuperable objection to Margaret Home, as strong as the love he bears towards Alice."

"It does not necessarily follow, that because he loves Alice he must hate Margaret."

"No; but it may not be in my power to effect any union between two so opposed to each other in temper and taste. I cannot control the affections of one who has already bestowed them with my sanction."

"Fortune will do much," replied the stranger. "You must be well aware that the possession of riches was the ruling passion that drove you into the headlong career of crime you have so recklessly followed."

"Not entirely," replied Sir Charles, coldly.

Here was a short pause, during which neither spoke; but when the stranger again spoke, it was in a tone of increased bitterness and energy.

"This must be done—it must be attempted. Horace Singleton must not be the husband of Alice. Nay, more, you must instantly promote to the fullest extent of your power an union between Margaret Home and this young man, who is easily moved either to love or anger; and should you require instructions as to the course of conduct the most likely to attain such a desirable end, you shall hear from me occasionally, with ample rules to enable you to effect all that I have spoken of."

"Indeed!" said Sir Charles.

"Yes; this must be done!"

"What," inquired Sir Charles Home, in a subdued voice, "would be the consequence of my refusal to comply with such conditions?"

"The gibbet would be your doom before many days had elapsed."

"Indeed!" again answered Sir Charles, in the same slow and low tone in which he before spoke. "Then it shall be done. Retribution shall be made, and the first step towards it shall be made now."

"Made now?" said the stranger, inquiringly.

"Yes," replied Sir Charles; "and you may take this as payment in full of the debt I owe to the orphan and her coadjutor."

As Sir Charles spoke, he raised the pistol he had held in his hand for some minutes past, and carefully listening to the spot whence the sound of the Avenger's voice proceeded, fired.

A hasty execration followed the report, and then something between a blow and a push sent Sir Charles headlong to the floor, and a heavy tread passed over his body, as if some one had escaped, and then he became insensible.

How long he remained in this state he knew not; and when he became thoroughly sensible of his situation it was broad day.

The sunlight came full through the many large chinks and holes in the roof and walls. The door, too, was open, and he, Sir Charles Home, lay extended on the floor of the passage. The sound of birds was heard, and the broad shadows of day were visible.

This helped to reassure him, and with much difficulty he arose. On looking around him, he saw the marks of blood. He followed them along the passage towards the door—marks of blood, too, were on his clothes, and the full tide of recollection of the occurrence of the preceding night came across him.

He followed the traces of blood with slow, staggering steps to the door, as if he expected to see some sight he feared to look upon. When he arrived outside the door, the traces were lost in the long rank grass and weeds, and no body was to be found.

"He has escaped," muttered Sir Charles to himself, "he escaped."

#### CHAPTER CXLIV.

MARGARET FOLLOWED TO THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S.—A STORM MEETING.—ADVICE NOT FOLLOWED.—THE DESPERATE RESOLVE.

THE footman Sir Charles had ordered to follow Margaret from his house, and let him know where she went, felt quite elated at the confidential nature of the business he was employed upon, and he determined in his own mind that he would do it well.

The footman found, however, his task not so easy a one as he had anticipated; not but what following Margaret in her present state of mind was an easy task, for she never once looked behind her, but hurried onward with a speed certainly unbecoming in one of her pretensions and appearance, and which caused more than one passer by to turn round and gaze after her, but because Thomas's intimate knowledge of how to do the task assigned him in a proper and business-like manner caused numberless little adventures that otherwise would never have disturbed the monotony of his walk.

First he dodged across the street; and, fearful that he might be noticed in pursuing one path parallel to that which Margaret pursued, he recrossed, and came close behind her; then, falling back, and getting up behind doors, waiting till she was nearly out of sight, when he would suddenly rush from his place of partial concealment, and dart after her at a speed that astonished everybody, besides occasioning much inconvenience and alarm to many staid individuals.

Indeed, more than once he was believed to be an insane footman, following his mistress in an elfin or goblin-like manner, totally unknown to her; and, so impressed with the truth of this idea was one old gentleman of amorous temperament, that he absolutely turned back to inform Margaret of the occurrence, and introduce himself to her notice at the same time; but she walked so fast that he knew at a glance there was no hope of overtaking her.

Thomas did not merely excite the attention of the spectators, for he got up a little pantomime between himself and a sweep; for, as he darted out of a doorway suddenly, he encountered one of that fraternity, heavily laden with a sack of soot, whom, in the violence of the concussion, he overturned, and he himself rolled over both man and sack, raising not only an outcry on the part of the sweep, and a little boy who was with him, but a cloud of soot also, under cover of which Thomas was fain to retreat; and, being unable to see his way, blinded as it darkened as he was, he rushed headlong into the midst of a perambulating ladies' school, the members of which set up divers screams, in all the high notes—in more varied keys that ever grated on the ear of a musical teacher in his studies.

Great as this disaster was, it did not stop him; the dreadful language of the sweep, instead of raising ire and pugnacity of spirit in him, but increased his desire to increase the distance between them.

By the time he had recovered his eyesight, he found that he was completely an object of attention, and many people considered that he had been suddenly drawn through a chimney that was on fire for the purpose of extinguishing it.

Thomas was greatly distressed, for he believed that he had entirely lost sight of Margaret; but no sooner had he regained the use of his



visual organs than he found his late haste had brought him up to her, and he was now nearly at her shoulder.

Fearful the scent of the soot should attract her observation, he respectfully fell into the rear, determined, if possible, to follow the remainder of the walk soberly, but which object he rather anticipated he should not be well able to effect, on account of his own personal appearance being attractive, especially to boys who could not withstand the temptation of criticising so singular an object.

Passing, however, a pump, he could not withstand his inclination to dodge behind it, and then the thought struck him that he could wash the sooty particles off his face, and be more Christianlike than he at that moment certainly seemed.

Seeing a lad pumping, he thrust his face underneath the stream of water, regardless of the pitcher beneath.

Now the lad, who was filling the pitcher, at first pumped on, thinking the amusement of pumping very hard on a footman's head very delectable, and he pumped on with great spirit, while he gloated on the streams of water that ran down on either side of Thomas's neckcloth and his back, for he had brought out such a stream that took Thomas completely by surprise, and momentarily deprived him of breath; but when he saw the dark stream flowing from Thomas into his own pitcher he suddenly ceased pumping—his anger quickly rising, and dodging round the other side of the pump, he caught Thomas, we cannot say how, but the effect was a very hard rap on the head from the pump handle.

Nothing daunted, Thomas, with the heroism of a martyr, rushed on, and was once more fortunate in recovering the sight of the object of his watch, who now entered St. Paul's Churchyard.

Margaret's own mind was so engrossed with the contemplation of her own feelings, that had much more happened than that which had occurred to attract her attention, she would have passed it.

Her thoughts run upon Horace Singleton—the words of Sir Charles Home to his daughter, Alice, fell like fire to her soul. That he should endeavour to reconcile Alice to Horace Singleton, she did not so much wonder at; but in Alice's language and conduct, she believed she saw a future reconciliation, if she did nothing to disturb the harmony of events that were likely to happen.

But her mind was made up; she would seek the fortune teller, and, if his advice coincided with her inclination, would take it; but come what would, her firm resolve was, that the grave should open ere Horace Singleton and Alice Home should be man and wife, and with this resolution she entered the apartment of the fortune teller.

A very superficial observer indeed would have seen in a moment that some more than ordinary feeling agitated the breast of Margaret Home, and that man who was so well versed in human nature—who had read the passions, the feelings, and the frailties of humanity his deep study, gazed in her face as if he would read her very soul, and there find, worded on some dark page, a cause for the wild emotion that shook her frame so fearfully.

"I have come again," said Margaret, in a voice of unnatural calmness; "with less faith than heretofore, I have come again."

"Less faith?"

"Yes. I did not think you infallible, but I did think your advice worth the following. All has failed—signally failed."

The colour forsook for a moment the cheeks of the fortune teller, and, averting his head, he said,—

"Is—*is* Alice married?"

"No; but —"

"Peace, Margaret. Hear me. Dare you come to taunt me with failure in preventing a union until that union has taken place? How know you but the very circumstances you came here, so full of passion and anger, to deplore or to have about, may be part of my plan to give you an ultimate triumph? I tell you, Margaret Home, as I have before told you, that Alice shall not wed Horace Singleton. By the memory of your father's wrongs — by the memory of your mother's virtual murder—for, although no assassin's knife reached her heart, she died from a want of the common necessities of life—I swear that Sir Charles Home shall be foiled yet in his pet scheme, and through his dearest, tenderest affections shall even his obdurate heart be reached at last. You have heard my oath."

"These are words."

"Ay—but they are the precursors of actions."

"Why, then, is scheme after scheme tried uselessly? If you can see the failure ere it comes, why plot so needlessly?"

"You speak of that you know not, Margaret Home. Passion surely disturbs your intellect. Your wild love for Horace Singleton makes you impatient."

"You know that secret of my heart. I do not deny it. I do love Horace Singleton. When a heart like mine will acknowledge such a passion, it is one of no ordinary character. Upon such a superstructure must be reared much happiness, or despair ending in destruction."

The fortune teller uttered a deep groan.

"Margaret, Margaret," he said, and his voice slightly faltered as he spoke, "to chide your passion would be madness; to implore you to chase it from your mind would be like praying to the angry winds to cease their blustering war, and leave some fated bark to reach in safety the haven to which it is bound; but still as a mere passing observation wrung from me by the circumstances, and conveying with it a great truth, I will tell you that this love of yours, of so sudden a growth, has nearly marred every plan of revenge which you have been taught to entertain against Sir Charles Home, and is the true cause of every difficulty that has arisen."

"Say no more on such a head," replied Margaret. "Speak not of the past. You profess to look deeply into the future. Tell me of that."

"I will. You shall yet triumph, or —"

"Or what?"

"In your wreck, in your despair, shall be involved the wreck and the despair of all who stand in your path. I too shall fall with you."

"You?"

"Yes; and he, your mysterious adviser—the Avenger—he, too, will fall, if you fall. We have both bound ourselves to your fortunes so solemnly, that with you we must triumph, or with you we must despair."

"I have a suspicion," said Margaret, "that the two persons you speak of are one."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Tell me truly, is it not so?"

"No. But we waste time. Relate to me distinctly all that has occurred at the house of Sir Charles Home. Tell me clearly the cause of your present despair."

Margaret vehemently related to him the conversation she had heard between Sir Charles and his daughter, concluding by saying,—

"I have not a doubt but a few short hours will bring Horace Singleton to the house again, as the accepted lover of Alice—rendered dearer still to her by the temporary absence that has occurred. What am I to do? I will hear your advice; but it must contain measures prompt and certain."

"Then my advice must have a few hours to mature it. I cannot tell you precisely what to do until to-morrow morning, because to-night Sir Charles Home, from my private knowledge, I know has something to do and say which may materially affect that advice you require."

"Enough," said Margaret. "I cannot help thinking you are foiled."

"On my soul, no."

She rushed to the door of the room, and before he could rise from his seat she had left the apartment.

"Stay, Margaret, stay," he cried, "yet a moment."

"Enough—enough!" she muttered, as she rushed into the street. "Now for Horace Singleton."

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE PAST, OR REMINISCENCE.

The past—what magic's in that simple word—  
Who can forego the memory of the past?  
The past—that word speaks volumes—calls to mind  
Our days of boyhood, days of pleasure—peace,  
When all was bright before us, when our hopes  
Were fresh and buoyant; sunny days gone by;  
Who can forget yu' days of youth, and hope,  
Of love's young dream, when maidens fair and young  
Glided around us in the mazy dance;  
Or, while enraptur'd at the dulcet sounds  
Which flow'd from beauty's lips, we list'ning stood,  
And dar'd not move or breathe, our very soul,  
Our eyes, our ears were spell-bound. Blissful hours,  
Ye've vanish'd, never—never to return!  
Who can forget his first essay to tread  
Ambition's steep and slippery path? to soar  
Above the common herd? to stamp his name  
Indelibly 'mongst nature's worthiest, best?  
Oh, man! what changes time doth teach thee; age  
Comes o'er thee; ere thy waywardness hath fled  
Strong in thy weakness—weak in all thy strength,  
Slave to thy passions—love, ambition, gain,  
Alike control thee; youth, full manhood, age  
Hath each her idol for a little space,  
Till death in all his terrors steppeth in  
And closes all with funeral pageantry.

E. H. WHITE.



## THE TOMBS OF THE SCIPIOS.

We were driving along the Appian way in a calash, to visit the ruins of the circus of Antoninus Caracalla, now the property of the banker Terlonia. The inheritance of the Roman emperors has fallen into the strong box of the exchange. We had left the pyramid of Caius Sextus on our right, the catacombs of St. Sebastian, the baths of Antoninus, and the basilica of St. Paul on our left.

We were crossing a country sprinkled with holy water and with lustral water—[lustral water, blessed by the pagan priests, and applied to nearly the same purposes by them as the holy water by the Catholic priests]—a country with a double face, like Janus, who cultivated it—heathen on the one side, Catholic on the other. Our coachman was whistling the overture to Semiramis. As I was thinking of the spectre of Ninus the coachman suspended his overture, and pulled up his horses. We leaped out of the carriage, looking all around us to discover the circus of Caracalla.

We were boxed up between two greyish walls, festooned with ivy and vines. There was nothing to announce the grand imperial ruin, the domain of the Roman Rothachild.

"Where, then, is the circus?" I said to the coachman.

"A long way off yet," he replied; "but I have stopped here because I thought you would be glad to see the tombs of the Scipios (sepulchri de Scipione)."

Although the Italian is only bastard Latin, it has always a charm, a grace, a melody, and even a solemnity, that enchants the ear and the heart, when it falls from a Roman mouth, in the atmosphere of the Appian way. We were subjugated by that phrase, which was wound up with the sonorous appellation of the tomb of the Scipios—we forgot the original purpose of our excursion. The great family of the African had greater attraction for us than Caracalla.

We thanked the coachman, who opened a ruinous gate on our left, and pointed to an avenue, at the end of which rose a tumble-down farm-house, that looked more like a den of banditti than a mausoleum of the Scipios. We, notwithstanding, were unable to contain our joy. I said to my two companions—

"Do you know, my friends, it would have been very unfortunate for us to have left Rome without seeing the tomb of the Scipios. These coachmen are valuable cicerone. Now, what Scipios can they be who are interred here? Is it Publius Scipio, who fell in an ambush along with his brother Cneius? It's possible; it's even probable that the army may have brought their bodies from Spain, and that they have been deposited here. As for Scipio the African, his tomb is at Li ernus; but his brother, Lucius Scipio, who fought against Antiochus, ought to repose here. We shall, without doubt, find by his side Scipio Nasica, the inventor of hour-glasses, and Scipio Emilian, who burnt Carthage. I even believe to have somewhere read that their cousins, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, have been inhumed in a family vault. That wouldn't astonish me, for these unfortunate tribunes were massacred quite close to this spot. This funeral field, where we are, would then have been the sole portion allotted them by their own agrarian law. What a lesson for levellers! Let us prepare ourselves to see the most touching collection of tombs that can be found in the whole world."

While thus speaking we had reached the door of the funeral farmhouse. A being resembling a woman was awaiting us there; a girl of fourteen, half covered with rags, and most repulsively ugly, was crying by the side of that sybilline phantom.

As soon as they knew that our excellencies were come to visit the tombs of the Scipios, the girl lit three little tapers, gave one to each of us, and beckoned us to follow her into a kind of cellar, containing nothing but an empty hoghead and some very antique implements of husbandry.

"Can the family vault of the Scipios be really here?" I demanded of our guide.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "We are going to enter it."

We did, in fact, enter a very narrow and damp cave. We touched the greasy sides right and left; the floor was quite slippery. Our tapers gave only a very doubtful light, and again I questioned the girl, who made no reply.

"It's a brigand's tavern," I whispered quite low to my two friends. "We have fallen into an ambush, like Publius and Cneius Scipio, in Spain. The passion for antiquities has always made travellers act like fools. We are done for. Our count y will not have our bones, as said Scipio Africanus, expressly for us."

And we still kept advancing in this subterranean passage. Behind us all was darkness, before us the vault kept getting lower and lower; the water oozing out and dropping upon our heads. We were quite unable to comprehend this strange mania of the Scipios—those men so wise, who restored lovely captives to their husbands—who passed whole nights conversing with Ennius upon astronomy, and who afterwards had

themselves buried a hundred feet under ground, instead of having a handsome marble pyramid, like Sextus; or a magnificent tower, like Crassus the Cretan.

"Shall we soon see the tombs?" I said to our young sybil.

She stopped and turned towards us. Our tapers made her full grey eyes sparkle, and her cheeks flushed with feverish heat. She stretched her arm out towards a sombre cavity, and said in a sharp voice—

"Behold a Scipio's sepulchre."

"What Scipio?"

"A Scipio."

"But which of the thirty?"

"I know not."

We held our three tapers down to the place pointed out to us—there was neither tomb nor Scipio. The girl told us that tomb was at the Vatican; she had shown us the place where it had been.

And she again walked on about ten paces, when she stopped, repeating her—"Behold the sepulchre of a Scipio." We saw nothing at all; she added, with the same coolness, "the tomb of this other Scipio is in the Vatican gallery." It was always in that manner she showed us ten or twelve absent tombs. It is true we sometimes discovered hieroglyphical letters on the walls, illegible characters, a few ON, some COSS, and SC. We also found a monogram, SPQR, on the fragment of a piece of yellow marble; but not the shadow of a tomb. That subterranean passage has two issues, and we came out of it without the labour of retracing our steps; our tapers were just expiring when we again beheld the country and the daylight.

The hideous mother was waiting for us at the door, and held out her burnt and bony hand, an eloquent pantomime always understood by travellers in Italy; it was vexing enough to pay for an underground promenade, and to reward an imposture; we were, however, forced to resign ourselves. We gave three pauls (two shillings and sixpence).

"It is not for the Scipios," I said to the mother, "it's for the three tapers, which are not worth three baiques." I expected an explosion of thanks.

"Three pauls!" cried the mother and daughter in chorus (and never have the furies of Virgil been more hideous with anger); "three pauls! never will we show the tombs of the Scipios for that price! We—we do not receive charity, we are Romans. The tombs of the Scipios! three pauls! you have no shame in you, oh, strangers!"

"But where are your Scipios' tombs?" I said, laughing.

"They are here," replied the mother, in all the delirium of rage; "they are here! Yes, it is written in books, everybody knows it; you are ignorant, like foreigners; but you shan't go out till you pay; do you hear, pay me. We never show the tombs of Scipio for less than a crown—give me a crown!"

We were obliged to use violence to make way to our calash, stationed on the Appian way. Our coachman who, under apparent indifference, dissembled his complicity in the business, left us exposed for a quarter of an hour to the cross fires of the mother and daughter.

They held themselves bent over the wall, like the harpies of Virgil, and their duet of maledictions, of anathemas, intermingled with pauls and Scipios, followed us a long time on the high road. The horses of the calash trotted leisurely along, for the perfidious coachman did not wish to make us lose a single note of that hurricane of Italian syllables hurled on our heads from the tomb of the Scipios.

On our return from the circus of Antoninus, we were necessarily forced to repossess before the tumular farmhouse of the Scipios. Our two Megeras had resumed their place on the wall, and recognized us as soon as they perceived the open calash. We this time ordered the coachman to pass full gallop under the battery of maledictions, but with a malicious smile he affected not to comprehend our Italian. We were expecting a shower of stones upon that very spot where so many martyrs have been stoned to death; we were fortunate enough to meet with nothing but a rolling fire of pauls, bigands, cheats, Scipios, and sepulchres, that injured none of us.

Before that day I had a secret veneration for the memory of the Scipios; since then I never utter the name without shuddering. When I read the battle of Zama, or the ruin of Carthage, or the continence of Africanus, I always think of the three tapers, of the two sybils of the three pauls, of the absent tombs; I am even vexed that Hannibal did not beat Scipio at Zama. I bear the Roman people a grudge for not stoning Scipio when, instead of accounting for the public money he had squandered, he proposed to the senators a walk to the capitol to return thanks to the immortal gods, who had nothing whatever to do with the figures of the budget. It is thus hatred becomes generated in the heart, against the most venerated, the most illustrious men. I am, nevertheless, far from wishing the same causes to produce the same effects upon other travellers who may come after me to make an excursion along the Appian way, under the guidance of the coachman stationed upon Monte Citorio, before the Cura Innocentiana; they are all in the pay of the Megeras of the tomb of the Scipios. I, like the mariners who mark



upon a chart a fresh shoal they have discovered, point out the farmhouse of the sybils to future tourists; it is much more than a mere cheating imposition they will subject themselves to; they incur a very probable chance of the earth falling in and burying them alive. Now it would be a very vexatious thing, while seeking for a tomb that does not exist, to be crushed by the vault tumbling on your head and digging your own.

## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER CXLIII.

#### WITLET IN NEWGATE.—THE FRIENDLY VISIT.—THE BLACK HOLE.

NED WITLET'S capture was perhaps the severest blow which a malignant destiny had still to give to Rowland Percy. It had deprived him not only of a sincere friend, but one of almost boundless resources, from his great popularity among all classes of persons.

Witlet himself felt as keenly as any one could in the situation he was placed. We need scarcely now inform our readers that, however he had determined never to exhibit such a sentiment—however he had resolved that he would never, by word or action, let his heart's secret be known, he loved Miranda Rankley!

How different, though, was his love in its manifestation to the wild passion which Bernard Varley affected to feel for the beautiful girl, who, through his vices, had been "toppled from her high estate," and reduced to such dire extremities of evil fortune; Varley's passion was a purely selfish one, looking only to its own gratification, heedless if its object were its victim or not. With poor Ned Witlet the case was widely different. From a knowledge of her noble endurance of the many trials she had gone through—from an appreciation of her heroic virtues—from an admiration of her more than mortal beauty—he loved her—but his love was a pure and holy passion, seeking unselfishly the happiness of its object only. He never dreamed of attempting to disturb the feeling which he knew lay deeply rooted in Miranda's breast for Rowland Percy, because he thought Rowland Percy deserving of such a feeling.

"No," he told himself, "he shall never know a pang by being made acquainted with my hopeless passion. Blessings on her! may she be happy with the object of her choice, and I shall think some of my own misdeeds in some measure compensated, and my life altogether not idly spent, if I succeed in rescuing her from the calamitous circumstances in which she is placed, and uniting her to him in whom I am convinced her happiness is so much bound up."

From such reasoning Ned Witlet had come quite to devote himself, in the manner we have seen, to Miranda's service; he thought that he could be of great assistance, and truly he was; he knew there was no other one, if he had the ability, could act for her as he had, because sympathy in his breast had really ripened into love, and what will not that feeling inspire its votaries to do or dare?

Under ordinary circumstances Witlet would have considered his imprisonment as one of the natural chances of the dangerous profession in which he was engaged, and so considering it, he would have endeavoured to arm himself with patience to endure his abstraction from the world when he had nothing very particular to do in it. But in his present circumstances the case differed much, and when he found himself utterly powerless for Miranda, when he found his liberty of action gone, and that he was immersed in the cell of a prison, a feeling of such impatience took possession of his mind, that for four-and-twenty hours his sufferings were extreme.

At the expiration of that time they only received some slight amelioration from the fact that his imagination became deeply interested in devising some means of escape from the misery and gloom of his confinement.

He had been again examined much earlier than he had anticipated, and fully committed for trial for several daring highway robberies, the magistrate intimating that, should those charges fail, which was next to impossible, he could be criminally arraigned for aiding and assisting in the escape of a felon.

He was then conveyed to Newgate, that awful building, at the portals of which hope seems to leave the unhappy wretches, who are compelled to enter it, and from which so very few have been able to escape. Still his good heart did not leave him, and although he felt that his attempt would be more difficult, he was not, on that account, inclined to give it up.

"There have been escapes from Newgate," he thought, "by persons who were only actuated by a desire of avoiding punishment; surely I, who have a stronger and better motive—namely, the intense desire to aid Miranda Rankley in the present sad state of her fortunes—may succeed."

He would fain have had Jones with him, for he knew well he could have implicitly relied upon his courage, fidelity, and abundant ingenious resources. But such good company was denied to him, for it appeared more difficult to fix any particular overt act upon Jones, beyond aiding in Percy's escape, so that he was still kept in the prison at Clerkenwell, pending the inquiries of the officers concerning him.

"If I were but alone," thought Witlet, "for a night, I would see what could be done by perseverance, and a strong arm, towards freeing myself from this horrible abode, and lending some assistance to Miranda Rankley. In this crowd, among which I am condemned to live and wander, I can scarcely think, far less adopt any efficient course of action."

He then got in converse with some twenty or thirty more prisoners awaiting trial, who slept in a large ward, in which they were locked at night, while in the day-time they were allowed to perambulate a yard of confined dimensions for the purpose of air (such as it was), and exercise. Under such circumstances, and with so many jealous eyes upon him, to attempt an escape would have been madness, and he much longed for the system which would have left every prisoner to the silence of his own dungeon, and the company of his own thoughts.

While in this state of mind, he was accosted by a fellow-prisoner, who said,—

"So they have you in for coming the old dodge on the highway?"

"Exactly," said Witlet.

"Well, when I once get out, I'll do the same. I've been a crackman, but the latter is more gentlemanly. You haven't been served out though, as I have."

"How was that?"

"I have been in the black-hole."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; one of the turnkeys called me an ugly name, and I called him another, so they put me all alone into the black-hole."

"All alone," murmured Witlet; "for how long?"

"For twenty-four hours, and only left me a pitcher of water and a quartern loaf."

"Where is the black-hole?"

"It's a dismal place. Rather dark, you may suppose, and not over cheerful. It seems to me to be somewhere underneath the chapel, or thereabouts."

"Well, well, we must keep oneself out of it as long as possible, I suppose."

"You are wanted," said a turnkey, laying his hand on Ned Witlet's shoulder; "your brother has brought you something or another."

"My brother?"

"Ah, we understand those kind of things—it's a pal, of course, but if you say nothing, we won't. Come along, you'll find him at the grate."

Witlet said no more, but following the turnkey, found himself placed against a grating, beyond which there was a space of about four feet, and then another grating, behind which was his visitor, who he at once recognised as the landlord of the Star and Tiander-box, in Drury-lane.

"Well, Ned," he said, "how are you?"

"As well as I can be here. Is she safe?"

"Quite. It's very ridiculous, but I've brought you a pie."

"A what?"

The landlord made a significant sign, to imply that he, Witlet, should not contradict him, and then continued,—

"I've brought you a pie, as you used to be so fond of it. It's nearly spoilt, though, for they lifted off the crust, and had a regular rummage among the fruit, to find if I had concealed any small, well-tempered saws there, you see; but Lord bless me, I never thought of such a thing as concealing a saw among the fruit, Neddy—the fruit, a-hem!"

"Now then," said the officer, coming up, "where's your d-d pie?"

"Here you are," said the landlord, pushing it into his face. "It ain't over delicate, now it's had the crust lifted off, and been stirred about with an old key."

"Then you shouldn't bring such things here. Baccy and spirits we doesn't let in, and in consequence we're bored to death with rubbish like this here. Oh, d—n it!"

"How amiable you are," said the landlord. "Don't you see me a weeping?"

The officer mumbled an oath as he unlocked a little wicket gate in the grating next to the visitor, and then another where Witlet was standing, and banded him the pie.

"Don't eat it now," said the landlord; "good bye, Neddy. The idea that I should hide a saw or anything among the fruit of a pie. Oh, gracious! It's agen all law. The ideal!"

Ned Witlet felt quite certain that the pie contained something, and



he took the very first opportunity of getting into a corner unperceived thoroughly to examine it.

Lying along the crust were three half saws of exquisite sharpness and temper, capable, in the hands of a skilful operator, of sawing through, noiselessly, the thickest bar of iron, perhaps, that Newgate could boast of.

In a moment Witlet concealed them, and then he shared his pie with some of his fellow prisoners, after which he set himself seriously to think how he could render available the efficient instruments he had now in his possession. It struck him that, if he were to make the attempt at all, it must be done alone, for not only could his fellow-prisoners not be trusted, but the love of liberty was equally strong in their breasts as in his own, and if he should succeed in making one successful step towards escape, he was sure they would ruin everything by perpetually trying to take advantage of it.

"Cannot I," he thought, "get easily enough placed in this black hole they talk of for four-and-twenty hours, and from thence make my attempt? It must lead somewhere, and surely in that time something may be done."

The more he thought of this project the more feasible it appeared, and even its failure he considered could not possibly place him in a worse position than he was, for, after all, they could but imprison him; and, on the whole, he considered solitary confinement as more congenial to his thoughts and feelings than being mixed up in the coarse companionship he was then compelled to endure.

"I will try it," he said to himself. "These saws have not been supplied to me for nothing. If my escape seems possible to one outside of the prison, it shall not seem impossible to me that am within it."

With this view he waited until one of the officers was passing through the yard, and walking then up to him with the remains of the pie in his hand, he said,—

"Was it you who stirred my pie with an old key?"

"Eh?"

"Was it you who had the infernal impudence to stir the fruit in my pie with an old key?"

"You be ———!"

"Take that," said Witlet, and smash went the remnants of the fruity compound in the officer's face, who spluttered, and stamped, and swore, and finally rushed off to lodge a formal complaint against Witlet for insubordination, exhibiting his face in corroboration, which, being all over smashed red and black currants, had certainly rather an awful appearance. The result of the fracas was predicted to Witlet by the other prisoners: who, nevertheless, much admired the manner in which he had acted.

"You'll be in the black hole, old cock of wax," said one, "as safe as the bank, and safer too for this. Never mind, though. It will be all one in the end. Lagged, scragged, or let off, it all comes to the same thing in a hundred years."

"Ah!" said another, "Queen Anne's dead. Here come the grubs."

A couple of officers entered the yard, and laid hold of Ned Witlet.

"What now?" he said.

"The black hole, my gentleman," said one. "You'd better have eaten yer pie, than wasted it."

"What, the black hole for twelve hours, I suppose, for throwing a bit of pie in a man's face?"

"Four-and-twenty hours will be a deuced sight nearer the mark," was the reply, "so come along."

Another moment and Witlet was on the damp floor of a dismal cell in nearly utter darkness. He had taken the first step, he thought, towards escape, and his heart felt lighter, even in that dismal abode, which was intended as a terror to the refractory, than it had done when comparatively in freedom and association with his fellow unfortunates in that prison-house.

"For thee, Miranda, for thee," he cried, "I will risk all, dare all. There have been wonderful prison escapes ere now, and why should not I, with health, strength, energy, and a powerful motive of action, add one to the list?"

#### CHAPTER CXLIV.

THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.—DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES.—THE TURNKEYS' CAROUSAL.

THE black hole at Newgate, in which refractory criminals who were waiting trial were placed, was very comfortable indeed. It was not entirely dark; perhaps it would not have been quite so bad if it had been, for the light that was there only sufficed in a dim spectral-like manner to show the wretchedness of the dungeon, and point out the whereabouts of a pitcher of water, and a loaf of not the most delicate bread in the world.

This light came in between some rusty iron bars, which were let in

near the roof, and towards which there came a borrowed light from some other place. Truly that black hole was amply sufficient to quell any ambitious strivings at an escape, and to make the most bold tremble at the hopelessness of emerging therefrom, save by the entire and full consent of the outraged authorities who might have placed him there.

Still Ned Witlet was not discouraged. His first object was thoroughly to accustom himself to the darkness of the dungeon-like place, and this he did by shutting his eyes for some time, so that, after all light had been for some moments excluded, the little that found its way into that gloomy place became to the senses much more welcome and clear than it had at first appeared.

Witlet then found that the floor was of earth, and the walls of stone dripping with moisture. The slightest investigation assured him that to move even one of the huge blocks that formed the sides of his cell, would be quite out of the question. Then he thought of undermining the wall, but he had heard of the amazing depth of the foundations of Newgate, and he shook his head as he said with a sigh—

"No, I will not attempt that desperate piece of work. Heaven knows how long it would take me to dig with my inefficient means below the foundation.—I have but one hope, and that must be the removal of those bars."

It was easy to determine upon the removal of the iron bars, and it was easy to imagine that the highly tempered and exquisitely finished saws he had, would suffice for that purpose, but it was far, very far from easy to imagine some means of getting from the damp slippery floor of that cell, a height of somewhere about fifteen feet, in order to get a hold of the iron bars at all situated as they were.

For a considerable time Witlet remained in deep thought. Then he approached the large earthen pitcher, in which was the water that was to suffice him for four-and-twenty hours. He took a deep draught of the liquid, and then saying—

"It is the last drop I shall have to recruit my strength for many hours," he, with one kick, smashed the pitcher into many pieces.

He then selected from among the fragments those which were the strongest, and with one of them he felt carefully between the masonry of the wall, immediately under the iron bars, but to his chagrin, he found that he could not insert it sufficiently to afford the least prospect of its making a step sufficiently strong to support him.

Yet he would not abandon his idea, but with incredible labour, by the aid of one of the saws, he succeeded in cutting between two of the stones an opening, that admitted two strong pieces of the broken pitcher, just leaving them standing out sufficiently to make a step, for his foot. It is said that the first step in any enterprise is the only difficulty, but Ned Witlet found such a statement extremely fallacious as far as he was concerned, for to make another step above the one he had already achieved, was indeed a most troublesome piece of work, although, by dint of hard labour, during which he scratched and tore his hands frightfully, he succeeded.

These two steps raised him about four feet from the earthen flooring of his cell. Being a tall man, he could reach nearly another seven feet, but all that brought him still some distance under the floor, and what was more provoking, his standing upon the inserted pieces of earthenware was far too insecure to enable him to jump the distance, and make a snatch at the bars, which otherwise he certainly would have attempted.

There was no resource but to manufacture another step, and that he had to do standing upon the first one, expecting each moment that it would give way under him, and precipitate him to the ground. Such an accident, however, did not occur, and he felt thankful when he had succeeded in making another step, which he did higher than the other, as well as broader, although he had his doubts about its stability. To get up to it was a task of the greatest difficulty, and only to be achieved by inserting his fingers as far as possible between the blocks of stone, and so drawing himself up the face of the wall.

With a sense of great relief he at length got hold of one of the iron bars, which eased his weight from the frail support on which he stood.

With one hand he disengaged from his neck a stout silk handkerchief, and then tied it firmly to one of the bars, and round his waist, so that he had another support quite independent of his hands.

He then considered himself tolerably safe for commencing operations upon the bars themselves. He calculated that if he got away two of them, he should be able to squeeze himself through the aperture, and, although much fatigued, and his hands dripping with blood, he began slowly, but surely, to saw the bar nearest to him, close to its insertion in the solid masonry.

He was astonished before he had got half through the huge piece of iron, to hear a clock faintly in the distance strike eight.

"Have I already," he asked himself, "been nearly four hours getting thus far on my task? Heaven aid me, not for my own sake, but for Miranda Rankley's. I can help her and hers, although I have no hope for myself in a world with which I have been at war too long to expect it to show me any mercy."



He renewed his work with fresh vigour, and in ten minutes more the low grating sound of the saw ceased, and it passed through the iron bar completely.

By cutting it where he had done, he obtained a powerful leverage against the other extremity of it, and with one effort he succeeded in wrenching it altogether from its hold. That bar he cast to the floor of his cell, and scarcely pausing a moment, he attacked the one next to it with like success, but that he kept, for a more powerful weapon he could not well have had to aid him in his further operations.

By a tremendous exertion of strength, he drew himself now through the grating, and found himself overlooking a passage, while above him was quite a perpendicular wall, the sloping appearance of the bars being managed by making them jut out on to a stone sill, which afforded Witlet an excellent foothold.

By the dim light which now remained, for the last gleam of daylight was nearly gone, he thought the depth from where he was into the passage, did not exceed the depth of his cell floor from where he was. To attempt scaling the wall was out of the question, and he must either remain where he was, or drop into the passage. He adopted of course the latter alternative, and hanging by the stone sill to which one end of the bars had been attached, he dropped as lightly as he could into a paved narrow passage.

The moment he did so, he saw a flash of light, and he heard footsteps approaching. Springing to his feet, he moved on in the opposite direction to the sounds, feeling the wall carefully as he went. He had not so proceeded many moments, when a door gave way under his touch, and that so suddenly too, that he could not recover himself, and hearing footsteps close upon him, as well as the sound of voices, he passed through the doorway, finding himself immediately in a little room in which was a bright fire burning, but no other light.

The thought struck him then, that into that very room the men whose voices he heard might be coming. There was no other door but the one he had entered at that he could perceive, and he made a desperate effort again to pass through it, and recover the ground he had lost. To do so, he saw in a moment would be instant detection, for the men were close at hand. With a sensation of utter abandonment of all hope, he recoiled into the room again, and crept under the table just as the men reached the threshold of the door.

One of these carried a light, and the other had a quart pot full of some enticing liquor in his hand. They seemed extremely sociable, and were laughing very much as if they had achieved something that was quite of a desirable character.

"Ha! ha!" said one, as he placed the candle on the table, "it's all very fine, but I'll have my pot and my pipe if twenty governors were to say nay to it."

"Well, Billy, you're right enough, you is; and, if there's a pipe and a pot to be got into the gate arter hours, you are the covey to get that same into the gate."

"I believe you; here's luck."

"Amen. Do you want to see the bottom o' that quart pot afore you're done?"

"No—got it? pon my soul it's out and out that half-and-half. It's meat and drink, ah!"

"It ain't to be sneezed at, ah!"

After these two hearty pulls at the quart of half-and-half, it was placed upon the table considerably lightened, and the two men drawing chairs, sat down, one of them remarking, as if in continuation of what they had been talking of in the passage,—

"Well, as I was saying, there was, to my mind, something more in that smacking the pie into Wilkins's face than there looked. The fellow as did it wasn't the sort o' fellow to do it, mind you."

"Ah—yes—no."

"You see he was one o' your old fashioned out-and-out highwaymen as have gone down, you see."

"Ah—won't you take a pipe?"

"Thank you. Well, as I was a saying, I think, and I said as much to Wilkins, I think there's a something in it as wants a magnifier to see it."

"I do, do you?"

"I do. Take my davy."

"Now don't be a goose. You're always a supposing this and supposing t'other about the prisoners, whereas, with me, it's quite t'other. All I thinks of, from morning to night, is how many—"

"Hilloa! are you going to finish it—leave a drop."

"Ah, pots of half-and-half I can get inside the walls more than the governor says shall be riglar."

The other turnkey knocked his knuckles ruefully against the bottom of the empty pot as he said,—

"It's all very fine, but I'm blessed if you hav'n't had a pint and a half out of it."

"Never mind. *Genus* must have its reward, though it's very seldom

as it gets it in anything so substantial as half-and-half—hush! you wait here, and if I don't get in another quart, call me a goose, that's all."

He rose, and immediately left the room.

"Man to man," thought Witlet, "what is to hinder me securing this fellow, who is now without assistance."

(To be continued in our next.)

## A SONG OF LOVE.

By the Author of "A Few Words on Poets and Poetry," &c.

Oh! where shall our bounding hearts then roam?  
Beneath these spotless skies above;  
Where—where shall we make our fairy home,  
And tell of all those tales of love!  
Come hither! come hither! come hither to me!  
And I'll tell thee of love in my fond melody.

Oh! why do the roses so fondly bespeak  
What I fain would behold in the eye?  
Oh! why should the crimson appear on her cheek?  
Why breathes he so often a sigh?  
Come hither! come hither! come hither to me!  
And I'll tell thee of love in my fond melody.

What is that makes the dull eye appear bright?  
What is it that kindles the flame?  
It is only the heart which has cherished the light,  
But 'tis love that has given the name.  
Come hither! come hither! come hither to me!  
For I've told thee of love in my fond melody.

**THE COUNTRY MADAM.**—The following pleasing sketch of the manners of the little gentry in the early part of the reign of King George the Third, is by a pleasant collector and describer of antiquities. When I was a young man there existed in the families of most unmarried men or widowers, of the rank of gentlemen, residents in the country, a certain antiquated female, either maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin. Her dress I have now before me. It consisted of a stiff starched cap and hood, a little hoop, a rich silk damask gown, with large flowers. She leant upon an ivory-headed crutch or cane, and was followed by a fat phibistic dog, of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, occasionally biting their heels, with impunity. By the side of this good old lady jingled a bunch of keys, securing in different closets and corner cupboards all sorts of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Daffy's Elixir, a rich seed-cake, a number of pots of currant-jelly and raspberry-jam, with a range of gallipots and phials, containing salves, electuaries, juleps, and purges, for the use of the poor neighbours. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkeys, and to assist at all lyings-in that happened within the parish. Alas! this being is no more seen, and the race is, like that of her pug dog and black cat, totally extinct.

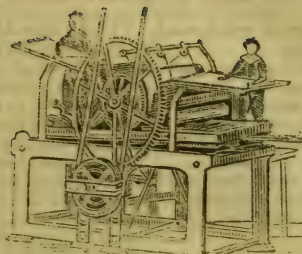
**SOUNDS OF PLANTS.**—The sounds of plants are not to be overlooked, for, when agitated by the winds, most of them emit sounds peculiar to themselves, and which produce harmonies, or contrasts, the most agreeable with situations of the places where they usually grow. In India, the hollow canes of *bamboo* which shade the banks of the river, imitate, as they rustle against each other, the gushing noise excited by the motion of a ship through the water, and the pods of the *tissamon*, agitated by the winds of the mountain-top, the tictac of a mill. The trembling leaves of the poplar convey to our ears, in the wood, the bubbling of a brook. The green meadows and calm forest, fanned by zephyrs, represent in the hollow v-lies and on declivities of rocks, the undulations and murmurs of waves breaking upon the sea-shore. The early inhabitants of the globe, struck with these mysterious sounds, imagined that they heard oracles pronounced from the trunk of the oak, and that nymphs and dryads inhabited under their rugged bazicks the mountains of Dodona.

**THE GREATEST MAN.**—The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptation from within and from without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

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## THE RICH GOLDSMITH OF BISHOPSGATE.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY W. UPSHER, AUTHOR OF "THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

### CHAPTER I.

THE OLD MINT.—THE COINERS.—THE CAPTAIN'S DISCOVERY.—THE RESOLUTION OF THE GANG.

At the period of commencing this history, which occurred during the eventful reign of Henry the Eighth, St. George's Fields (now covered with houses) were nothing but a marshy and desolate waste of land. From the ancient village of Newington to the archbishop of Canterbury's palace, no signs of any habitation, with the exception of one or two wretched hovels, met the eye, the same scene of dreary desolation continuing from Bankside, unless a few wretched dwellings, erected in the Mint, inhabited by the most profligate and worst of characters, were taken into consideration.

It was seldom that any of the citizens of London, or inhabitants of the borough of Southwark, ventured as far as where now stands the Obelisk, the Blind School, or the new Bethlehem Hospital, unless in great numbers and well armed. If they did not, gangs of daring robbers and highwaymen were sure to beset, rob, and ill-treat them. Old records inform us of the numerous murders and robberies which frequently happened, the villains escaping to their safe retreat and refuge, the Mint, which in those remote times was a safe sanctuary for the worst of criminals.

Once within the precincts of that district of crime, even the law had no power over them.

It was in this place that a daring gang of coiners and burglars had fixed their abode, and set the civil powers at defiance.

"Comrades," said Frank Forge, rising among a number of ruffianly looking men, who formed part of the gang last spoken of, and who sat carousing in a wretched hovel in that neighbourhood, "I propose we drink our noble captain's good health."

"Our noble captain's good health," responded all, rising and emptying their cups.

"When he returns," continued Frank, who was second in command to this well-organised gang of coiners, "we shall have our work to do."

"Yes," added Will, "the disguises each of us are to tog ourselves in are quite ready, and we only wait to know what part of the city to commence work in."

"Ha! ha!" continued Frank; "our splendid new coinage is ready for the blind ones, and we have got plenty of it, too."

"Well," said Will, joining in the loud laugh set up against the victims who were so unfortunate as to take the base coin, "all that we have got to do is to get rid of it in a tradesmanlike manner."

"We do that where'er we go," remarked Frank, a signal from without interrupting further conversation.

"Comrades," exclaimed Mark Seymour, the leader of the gang, entering the door having been opened to his well-known signal, "since we parted I have made a discovery, which, in my opinion, will turn to our advantage."

"That is nothing new," said Frank, who, with the rest of the gang, surrounded Mark Seymour, who wore the garb of a gentleman in those days. "Noble captain, you're continually discovering things to our advantage."

"Tell us all about it," exclaimed Will; "is it to break open a crib, where we can borrow some cash and plate, or where we can pass —"

"Neither," answered Mark Seymour, interrupting him; "listen;

most of you must recollect Christopher Wilford, who deserted us seven years since."

"The vagabond! I do well," said Frank, his face colouring with rage; "he was our treasurer."

"He was; and decamped with all our cash," continued Mark; "I have found him. This is the discovery I spoke of."

"Revenge! revenge!" exclaimed all the coiners at once, drawing their daggers.

"By the laws among us," said the chief, "death is his lot. But hear the particulars: on leaving here last night, I repaired, as I frequently do, to a gambling house in the city; you are all aware of my success in these places. Whilst there I challenged a person to play who was extremely profligate of his money, which challenge he readily accepted. Methought, whilst scrutinizing his features, they seemed familiar to me. To be brief, I discovered, in the person of my antagonist, Christopher Wilford!"

"Did you suffer him to escape?" eagerly inquired Frank, with a look that indicated he should like to stab the fugitive to the heart.

"Silence!" vehemently cried Mark Seymour; "allow me to finish my story. To-morrow I am to meet him again."

"He dies! he dies! our law! our law!" exclaimed all the coiners at once.

"For the present, I advise not," said Mark; "it is in his power to enrich us. By what means he became so I did not inquire; but the fawning villain is head managing clerk to one of the principal goldsmiths in the city of London."

"Will he not betray us, now he knows of our retreat?" said Will Stafford.

"Fool!" cried Seymour, annoyed at the question; "do you suppose me so lost to the value of my brave followers as to inform the traitor? No; I knew him too well; I gave him to understand that our gang was broken up when he betrayed his trust, by robbing us of all our cash at Canterbury; he fancied me alone, and has promised to meet me near the Bridge. Should he not be true to his appointment, I have learnt where to find him. Once in our power, we can make our own terms." This seemed somewhat to allay the deep feelings of revenge manifested by the gang, and they listened with eagerness to what Mark Seymour had to say. "Immense sums of money and plate are entrusted to his care," resumed Mark, adding, with a cunning expression in his countenance:—"and, my lads, if we only manage well, we shall gain a rich booty."

"Leave us alone for that, captain," said Frank, his companions nodding assent.

"The artful hypocrite," continued Mark; "he don't deceive us a second time; an honest character, forsooth, to be head manager at a goldsmith's, and where so many of the citizens deposit their money for safety. Now, lads," added the captain, sitting down and giving his doublet to one of the gang, "let us drink success to our new enterprise."

Finishing these words, a flagon of sack was given to Mark Seymour, who we will leave for the present, for the purpose of introducing Geoffrey Fisher, the rich goldsmith of Bishopsgate, and other personages connected with this narrative.

### CHAPTER II.

THE GOLDSMITH OF BISHOPSGATE.—THE LOVERS.—THE TREACHEROUS CLERK.—THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

"No man, in my opinion, is more worthy of the esteem of his fellow citizens than Geoffrey Fisher, the goldsmith," said a citizen of London to another, whilst passing the shop of that wealthy individual,



situated in Bishopsgate-street, and which, at that remote period, was the most splendid and extensive of any in the metropolis.

"Neighbour, I agree with you, and always deposit my cash and plate to his keeping for safety," answered the other, who, with his companion, was journeying towards the Guildhall, it being Michaelmas Day, for the purpose of choosing a Lord Mayor and other officers.

"Depend on it, his establishment is the safest firm in all London," continued the first citizen.

"Never any mistakes," added a third, who had joined them, and overheard the correctness: "Geoffrey Fisher's connections is proverbial; what say you, brother citizens, will you support him, should he be proposed as our chief magistrate for the ensuing year?"

"We will, we will," was the reply.

"I would lay down my life to serve him," continued the first citizen, in the hearing of Walter Dudley, a wealthy woollen merchant, a neighbour of the goldsmith's, who was leaving his house for the purpose of calling for, and accompanying him to the election.

"No doubt, should he be chosen," added the third, "he will fill the civic chair with honour and credit."

"Geoffrey Fisher," exclaimed Dudley, as he came near to the house of his friend—the other citizens being now out of sight, "is now at the height of prosperity, consequently, he has an abundance of friends and supporters; was adversity to overtake him, those very men who just passed, talking about respect, esteem, laying down their lives in his cause, fulsome flattery, they would be the first to desert him."

"Friend Dudley," said Geoffrey Fisher, coming out of the door at the moment Walter had reached it, and interrupting him in his soliloquy, "may I not venture to assert, that you are bound for the Guildhall to-day?"

"Most assuredly," replied Dudley, "if it's only to support my friend and neighbour."

"Whom do they talk of proposing?" inquired the goldsmith, ignorant of the canvass in his favour.

"Yourself, to be sure!"

"You surprise me; but should I be chosen, I will do all in my power to deserve that confidence placed in me by my fellow citizens."

"Thus promises every candidate," continued Dudley, touching Geoffrey in a familiar manner on the shoulder; "but, methinks, fortune has greatly befriended you. Not many years since I knew you as a working jeweller; now you are the principal goldsmith and banker in the City of London, with every prospect of being chosen Lord Mayor."

"It's a source of self-satisfaction and pleasure to me, knowing that, entirely through my own industry and perseverance, I have risen from a poor lad to what I now am."

"Hold, friend, the hand of Providence has been at work as well, and could, should it so ordain, bring you to poverty and wretchedness."

"True, neighbour; but so wealthy as I now am, methinks that is very unlikely to be the case."

"Riches and prosperity are not to be depended on; high as you stand in the estimation of your fellow citizens, some unforeseen circumstance may cause you to become the object of public abhorrence. Exalted stations and flattery sometimes make men forget themselves."

"You generally look on the worst side of passing events, that will never will never be the case with me."

"I own I never flatter," continued the merchant, perceiving Geoffrey did not relish his frankness, which does not suit some people; smooth-tongued men stand highest in their estimation; "but give me your hand," he added, taking that of his neighbour, and shaking it heartily; "we have known each other years enough to prove sincere and disinterested friendship exists between us. All I mean is, whatever happens, we ought to attribute it to a higher power, as well as to ourselves."

"I believe you," said Geoffrey Fisher, following Dudley the way the citizens had taken, which led them to Guildhall.

"What a long time those two old fellows stood gossiping before they started," exclaimed Peter Snibs, a young soldier, and servant to Master Dudley, an officer in the army, son of Geoffrey's neighbour, the merchant.

"Minutes seem hours," added Peter, advancing cautiously towards the door of the goldsmith, "when one wants to see his adorable. Oh! love! what fools you do make of us weak mortals to be sure."

Several other remarks he made to himself ere he found courage to give the well known signal, which would inform Alice, the goldsmith's daughter's attendant, her lover was waiting outside.

"I am certain I heard Peter's signal," said Alice, a rosy-cheeked, pretty damsel, opening the door, and looking around; "where can he be?—how provoking."

"Here I am, my queen of sweets," replied Peter Snibs, popping out of a recess, and imprinting a kiss on her pouting lips.

"What impudent varlets you soldiers are! queen of sweets, wasn't it you said?" answered Alice, pulling his ear, "there's a taste! ha! ha! ha! You don't look very sweet, at any rate."

"I don't know how I could with that sour pull of the ear," exclaimed Peter, rubbing his ear; "but tell me, is that sly, artful knave, Master Goosequill, out of the way, for look, yonder stands Master Dudley, as impatient as a landlord for quarter-day, to see his lady love."

"Goosequill, as you call him, is out of the way—at least, he is busy in the counting-house; so you can tell your master there is now a favourable opportunity of seeing Mistress Margaret."

In a moment Peter beckoned to the merchant's son, who, unknown to both parents, for some time had been paying his addresses to Margaret Fisher, the goldsmith's daughter, a young lady possessing great personal attractions, and who, although her parents had a great aversion to a soldier, returned the ardent passion of the young officer, whose father, discovering his inclinations were bent on serving King Henry, purchased him a commission in the army.

"Ah! my pretty Alice," said the young aspirant to military fame, "tell me—can I see your mistress?"

"See, she comes—stay at the door—you must not enter for fear of Wilford," answered the maid, adding to herself, "pretty Alice!—how very pretty that sounds!"

At this moment Margaret appeared at the door, and, with eager looks the young soldier advanced towards her.

"Margaret, once more then have I the happiness to behold you? What indescribable felicity I experience in meeting her I so dearly and sincerely love," exclaimed the impassioned lover, kissing Margaret's snow-white hand.

"Were our correspondence known, and met with a father's approbation," answered the beautiful girl, "my heart tells me I should experience the same pleasure."

"Would that were the case; but you look pale and agitated, has any circumstance occurred to render my beloved Margaret unhappy?"

"There has—I am, indeed, wretched."

"Disclose to me the cause—I'll sacrifice all, even my life to remove it, if it is possible."

"My father wishes to unite me to one I detest—ah! even loathe."

"Impossible! wed his only daughter to one with whom her existence would be rendered miserable and unhappy; curse——"

"Hold! Henry Dudley," exclaimed Margaret, interrupting him, "curse him not; recollect he is my parent, and not aware of our attachment. But listen, and I will inform you who is your rival."

"Alas!" said the desponding lover, "the world, with all its fascinating allurements, would indeed be a blank without my dear Margaret. Yes, beloved of my soul, rather than lose you, Henry Dudley would cease to exist. But his name, my detested rival's name."

"Christopher Wilford."

"Your father's clerk? the man whom he took out of the streets a beggar?"

"The same; no other than that two-faced, smooth-tongued, hypocrite, who, I firmly believe, would sell his generous and confiding master for a bag of gold."

"Margaret, you may be mistaken."

"I am not; Alice overheard my father promise him my hand. But no, rather than unite my fate to his, I'll end my days in a convent!"

"That assurance has quieted my fears, and probably on reasoning with your respected parent, he may alter his determination."

"Mistress, Christopher Wilford is coming this way," exclaimed Alice, hastening towards the lovers, followed by Peter.

"Curses on Christopher Wilford! I'll die rather than resign such a divinity to so artful a knave," muttered the young officer, adding to her he so fondly adored, his feelings almost choking utterance, "Margaret, whatever troubles may happen, I swear eternal constancy—farewell!" Saying these words, he hastily embraced his beloved, and ere a few moments, was out of sight.

"How aggravating to be interrupted when courting," said Peter, in a low tone, looking as displeased as a man who has had his pocket picked. "I wish Mr. Pen-and-ink was at his relation's, old Nick; but in spite of all the clerks in the world, I'll do as master did."

Saying this, he kissed Alice, and followed Henry Dudley, leaving Margaret Fisher and Alice at the door, as if looking at a number of citizens who were passing on the other side, and hastening to vote at the city election.

Alice uttered an exclamation of satisfaction on seeing that Peter and his master had got away without Wilford discovering them, who had now joined her mistress at the door.

"Margaret standing at the door," softly exclaimed Christopher Wilford, the person of whom Mark Seymour spoke to the gang of coiners, assembled at the wretched hovel in the Mint, and of whom it is here necessary to relate a brief history.

At the time Wilford deserted from the gang of coiners, with the whole of their cash, they were practising their treasonable and unlawful trade on the inhabitants of the renowned and ancient city of Canterbury. Great was Mark Seymour's surprise, and likewise the rest of



his associates, one day, on returning to their haunt, which was in the ruins of an old castle, a few miles distant from where they passed off the base coin, to find Wilford had absconded, taking with him all the money belonging to the gang, and which, such was the confidence placed in this artful, and dissimulating man, had been entrusted to his care and keeping for a length of time.

Wilford, heavily loaded with wealth, and meanly attired, succeeded, in spite of the numerous gangs of robbers, who at that time infested all parts of the country, in reaching London, where he purchased gay clothing, and commenced the life of a gentleman. But that did not last long; money ill got is generally ill spent. Suffice it to say, in a few months, such was his extravagance and profligacy, he became a wandering beggar and an outcast.

It was on one cold winter's night, in the month of January, the snow falling amid a piercing north-east wind, when this wretched man, who had been wandering almost without clothing, and not having tasted food for two whole days, fell exhausted at the door of Geoffrey Fisher, the wealthy goldsmith, where probably he must have perished had he not been discovered by that worthy and humane individual.

Not a moment was lost, both by Geoffrey and his beauteous daughter, who, although then only fourteen years of age, assisted in using every means that humanity could suggest, to restore the unfortunate man, who, had he remained exposed to the cold and wintry blast a few minutes longer, must have inevitably perished.

"He lives, he lives!" exclaimed Margaret, observing the wretched object open his eyes.

"Thanks, thanks!" echoed Geoffrey, his humane heart leaping with joy at the thought of having been thus instrumental in saving the life of a fellow creature.

Many were the blessings bestowed by Wilford on his generous benefactor, who, pitying his forlorn and wretched situation, suffered him to remain in his house till he was sufficiently recovered to go hence, and obtain his livelihood.

With that peculiar art of flattery and dissimulation with which he was gifted, assisted by a good education for that remote period, he so won over the goldsmith, as to be retained in his service, where, in the space of six years, such was the confidence his master placed in him, he was made the principal clerk in the establishment, and all monies, which in those days was left in sealed bags, regular banking-houses not being established, were entrusted to his keeping. But to return to our narrative:—

"Margaret out of the house," repeated Wilford to himself, "and so soon after her father has quitted it; I suspect I have a rival, and a meeting has taken place between them."

"Would I could avoid him," exclaimed Margaret, in a whisper, to her attendant.

"I hope I have the gratifying pleasure of beholding my amiable young mistress in good health and spirits," said Christopher, bowing.

"Thanks, Master Wilford, for your kind disinterested inquiries," coldly answered Margaret, "you have."

"That assurance adds to the indescribable happiness I already feel in hearing your kind father, my benefactor, is likely to be chosen chief magistrate of the City of London," continued Wilford, adding to himself,—"I like not her coolness, but, no matter, should I succeed in obtaining her hand and fortune, I'll break that haughty spirit, or I'll break her heart."

"I hope," resumed Margaret, assuming dignity, "the great and apparent zeal you express for our welfare is sincere."

"It is, indeed," replied Wilford.

"Then," continued Margaret, "we are fortunate, indeed, in possessing the services of so faithful and valuable a servant. Good morning; I'll leave you to enjoy that serenity of mind such conduct you pursue towards your benefactor merits."

"How very happy you must be," added Alice, her mistress having entered the house, "Master Christopher Wilford, knowing as how there's no deception about you, not like some people, who says one thing, and means another."

"They read me, or why those sneers," exclaimed Wilford, as Alice followed the goldsmith's daughter. "I must be cautious; the least suspicion would ruin me; my accounts will not bear scrutiny, owing to my accused propensity for gambling; the deficiency is enormous, but to meet Mark Seymour is worse than all; to quiet him I must agree to enter into all his plans; no matter, if I play my cards well I may, ere Geoffrey Fisher discovers the true state of affairs, obtain the hand and fortune of his daughter, which, with as much of the treasure entrusted to my care as I can carry off, I ———. He is chosen, and returns, attended by his supporters," said this trustworthy clerk, interrupted in his honest soliloquy by the approach of Geoffrey Fisher, amid the plaudits of his supporters, and the waving of handkerchiefs from the fair hands of the ladies, who came to the old-fashioned windows on the first floor for the purpose.

"Thanks, fellow-citizens," said the goldsmith, halting at the door of his house, "it shall be my study to deserve the distinguished honour you have this day conferred on me."

"Huzza! huzza! Geoffrey Fisher, for ever," vociferated the citizens.

"I must likewise congratulate you," rejoined Walter Dudley, "on attaining the highest honour man can arrive at in the City of London; may it be attended with success and happiness," adding, shaking him by the hand, "good day, Geoffrey Fisher."

"I am glad my kind benefactor's excellent qualities have been duly appreciated," said Wilford, Walter Dudley and all the other citizens having gone their way. "Chief magistrate of this renowned mercantile city, I am at a loss to express the delight I feel on the joyous occasion."

"Christopher Wilford," said the goldsmith, as they both entered the counting-house, "I firmly and truly believe in you. I can boast of a friend, and a faithful servant; your tried fidelity shall, as I have already promised, be rewarded with the hand and fortune of my daughter; that accomplished, instead of a servant, I shall look on, and own you as my son-in-law."

"What unheard-of kindness, for one ———"

"Say no more," interrupted Geoffrey; "I will now go on and converse with Margaret on the subject. I shall not ask you any questions concerning the business; such is my confidence in your honesty, I feel convinced there is no occasion."

"And to gain my ends," exclaimed Wilford, on his master quitting the counting-house, "I must scheme well ere that confidence is lost; self, as is the case with many, shall be the only consideration; the sharks at the gambling-house robbed me, and I have robbed my employer—that frequently happens. I promised to meet Mark Seymour near the gate-house on the bridge,—would my dagger was now reeking in his heart's blood; serving him and the gang the trick I did, he will not be trifled with. Yet I flatter myself I can a second time deceive him; if not, I'll betray him into the hands of justice. Now to my books, and wait the result of the goldsmith's interview with his daughter."

### CHAPTER III.

THE GOLDSMITH AND HIS DAUGHTER.—THE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.—A WOMAN'S AGONY.—THE BLIGHT OF A YOUNG HEART.

"Alice, are you positive Wilford did not observe me in company with Henry Dudley," said Margaret to her attendant, whom she had summoned to her apartment.

"I am, my dear young lady," answered Alice, adding to herself,—"both Peter and I looked after the sly fox while we were courting in the passage."

"That is well," continued Margaret, adding, as her father entered the apartment, "Alice, retire."

"I'll lay my life on it," said the waiting-maid, as she was leaving the goldsmith and his daughter, "master is a going to talk to her about Wilford; I don't have such a sneering fellow for a husband for all the fathers in the world."

"Poor Alice, she's a faithful servant to me," exclaimed Margaret, softly, "would Wilford was the same to his confiding master."

"No doubt, my child," said Geoffrey Fisher, who seldom or ever entered the apartment in which the amiable and beauteous young lady generally amused herself either in reading or needlework, "you are surprised at this visit, but the object, I assure you, is, your future welfare and happiness."

"Now for the dreaded confirmation," whispered Margaret, "of what Alice overheard and confided to me."

"Margaret," said her father, handing chairs, and sitting by her side, "you have now arrived at the age of twenty, and it's my fondest wish to see you comfortably settled."

"Settled, father!" exclaimed the astonished maiden.

"Yes, settled," repeated the goldsmith, adding, with a smiling countenance, which indicated the delight and unlimited confidence he unhappily placed in the deceitful man he was about to propose to his only daughter; "and I have selected one whom I esteem worthy to become my son-in-law."

"Honoured father, I am indeed surprised; this is an event the least expected. But tell me, who is he that stands at so stupendous a height in a parent's estimation that he would even bestow on him his only daughter?"

"That tried, confidential friend and servant, Christopher Wilford."

"Wed me to your clerk? Oh, no—no; never can, or will I consent to join my fate with that deceitful man."

"Do you refuse the choice I have made?" exclaimed Geoffrey Fisher, sternly, rising from his seat. "Beware, Margaret—do not incur my displeasure!"

"Father," answered the spirited maiden, "I not only refuse, but scorn your choice. A hate, detest him; and it is contrary to the laws



of nature for a woman to bestow her hand where she cannot her affections also."

"Hate, detest the man who would sacrifice his life to serve me!" passionately cried the goldsmith—"shame on you!"

"You are deceived. The man you have fostered, and who professes so much zeal, is a counterfeit—fair to outside show, but base within," continued Margaret, terrified at the enraged appearance of her parent, and falling on her knees at his feet. "Father, I have always hitherto been obedient, but in this I cannot. You have often expressed how dearly you loved me; would you, then, like to see me unhappy?"

"Rise, foolish, undutiful girl; I'll hear no more," sternly replied Geoffrey.

"In pity," continued Margaret, rising, "do not demand so great, so cruel a sacrifice. I implore you, in the name of my departed mother, whose memory you so revere, to have more respect for the happiness of your only surviving child; do not render me wretched for the term of my earthly existence, by uniting me to a man whom I believe to be a villain."

"Dare you still persist in speaking thus of one I so highly esteem—one in whom the greatest confidence may be safely trusted?"

"Father, the serpent will coil round its victim ere it stings, and on that fiendish principle, aided by all the craft and subtlety of a demon, is Christopher Wilford coiling round you. Cast him from you; if you do not, my own heart tells me you will feel——"

"I cannot, will not hear him spoken of thus," interrupted Geoffrey.

"Then if you will not shake off the viper while opportunity remains," resumed Margaret, "hear me—my affections are already towards another."

"So—so!" exclaimed Geoffrey Fisher, with great severity, fixing his countenance on Margaret; "that accounts for the disrespectful manner in which you speak of the honest, upright Christopher Wilford; but tell me, and quickly too, who is he you have dared to form a correspondence with without my knowledge and approbation?"

"An honourable man," replied his daughter—"one who has fought in the defence of his country, the son of your sincerest friend."

"What, Henry Dudley?" passionately cried the enraged parent; "would you wed a soldier? May a father's——"

"Do not curse me," interrupted Margaret, clinging to him—"spare me. I will obey you in whatever you propose, with the exception of this hateful union; I will remain as I am, and still dwell with you. Dear father, you have always shown me tenderness; I implore of you not to alter. I know it would grieve you to behold your Margaret pining, and gradually sinking into the grave broken-hearted."

"A fond father's heart cannot resist so eloquent an appeal to his feelings," exclaimed the goldsmith, taking her to his arms, and embracing her affectionately, the tears streaming down his aged cheeks. "This union shall not be; I will sacrifice my wish for the sake of a daughter's happiness."

"Dear, dear father," said the delighted maiden, "you do indeed love me. Oh, that every parent would thus listen in such cases as this, and save a daughter from a life of wretchedness, too frequently caused by a detested union."

"Mind," continued the goldsmith, "it's on condition of your breaking off the correspondence with Henry Dudley, I consent to your wish in setting the marriage aside."

"Be it so," replied Margaret. "I would make any sacrifice rather than incur the displeasure of so kind and indulgent a parent."

"I shall acquaint Wilford," said the goldsmith, "it is your wish to remain in your present condition; and I require of you to behave towards him as you would to a stranger."

"It is hard," exclaimed our heroine, on her father quitting the apartment, "to give up him I so dearly love; but I have promised, and will not forfeit my word. Now to write a letter, which will cause me many a pang. Alas! unhappy Margaret!"

Finishing these words, the disconsolate maiden sat down and penned a letter to Henry Dudley, informing him, without assigning the reason, she could no longer keep up the correspondence which had existed between them.

(To be continued in our next.)

**METHOD OF PRESERVING APPLES.**—Many different methods of keeping apples have been recommended, and most every one has a different plan of his own. As far as our own experience goes, the best mode is to allow the fruits, after being gathered, to lie till their superfluous moisture has evaporated, which is what is technically called sweating the apples; they should be wiped quite dry, wrapped in tissue paper, and stowed away in jars or chests of pure silver sand, which has been previously dried in an oven. They should always be taken out of the sand a few days before they are wanted, and laid in dry fern, or some such substance; they then absorb oxygen, and acquire a little sweetness, which is necessary to their perfection.

## ANTONIO GASPERONI;

### THE LAST OF THE BRIGAND CHIEFS.

I ONE evening entered Terracina singing the verses of Horace's "Trip," to the tune of "Fra Diavolo's March." I had found an inn-keeper with empty larders, like all his fraternity on the high-ways. I had asked him to serve me with some tales of robbers in guise of dinner; his memory was empty as his furnished hotel; he had nothing to tell me.

"How!" I said to myself; "the reign of adventures in this territory is terminated! One can walk, then, the same as from Paris to Rome, purse in hand, without meeting a pistol to demand it from you? Fra Diavolo is dead without posterity!"

Thus do the grand dynasties die away and are extinguished! What will become of those poor English who have thrown more gold to the banditti of the Pontine Marshes than it would take to drain them? Those English who reckon upon the tragic emotions of the high road; who, before undertaking the tour of Italy, promise themselves the pleasure of studying the manners and customs of the mountain banditti, remitting the price of their ransom beforehand to their Roman banker, who fortifies their post-chaise like a half moon? Thanks to our holy father, the pope, the wives and daughters of the Huguenots will have no more hysterics on the Applan way; the pontifical dragoons have laid the evil spirits with their sabre; the demons of the mountain have been converted by the argument of powder and shot; the midnight hour in the defiles of Terracina is no longer the opening scene of a nocturnal drama. See to what the men of strong emotions are now reduced!

Two or three nights ago, Lord S——, after taking the shadow of a supper at Terracina, sent two of his outriders forward on the road, disguised like banditti, after the designs of Robert; the noble Englishman was stopped in the open country by his servants, who knew no other words of Italian than the sacramental talisman, "Your money or your life!"

Twenty rounds of blank cartridges were exchanged; unfortunately, one of the outriders was wounded in the thigh by a ball his lordship had, through dramatic absence of mind, slipped into his pistol; the other, frightened at the serious and unexpected turn the affair had taken, threw himself into one of the Pontine Marshes, drained by the late pope, and would infallibly have been drowned, but for the arrival of a pontifical patrol, who saved his life, to have the pleasure of shooting him afterwards. The generous lord drove up to the dragoons to explain the joke to them in English, but the brigadier happened to be a Frenchman, of the ex-guard, who was infuriated against the English, and who had been looking for one to eat alive since Waterloo; after twenty years service in the pontifical troops, he had forgot French, and had not learned Italian. Unable to conceive that a traveller could so warmly undertake the defence of banditti who were besetting him, and suspecting complicity between them, he had his lordship, who was rather violent, bound hand and foot, and shut up with the two outriders in a barn, in charge of two sentries. At daybreak his lordship wrote to his ambassador and to the commissary-general of police, Cardinal Semaglia. The ambassador had gone to see the antiquity-seekers at the Adrian villa; it is the cardinal who, deservedly a great favourite with the subjects of Great Britain, settled the whole business by requiring from Lord S—— a voluntary gift towards the fine colossal statue of St. Paul, by the sculptor Torwalsen. The servant underwent amputation.

Behold the Pontine Marshes pacified. That's well. Let us take a glance at Viterbio.

An idea strikes you at Viterbio; any day when no work is going on, and that is nearly every day, five thousand Viterbios are proudly walking, wrapped up in cloaks of four generations, waiting till it pleases our Lady of Viterbio to send them bread. The greater number boldly demand alms as soon as they see any one who seems likely to put his hand in his pocket; they would all kiss your very shoe-ties for a penny. The traveller who calculates the perils of the road from the poverty of the country, is very excusable if, on leaving Viterbio, he looks to the priming of his pistols. Besides, at the very gates of the town, rises a celebrated mountain, which veils in mist its formidable forest with many a hollow tree and cross of murderer. Here are no pontifical dragoons. The garrison of Viterbio is composed of four military spectres and an absent cardinal. Well, you leave the town as lazily as a French diligence; you climb the mountain long before dawn; you pass before a double phantasmagoria of tragically placed trees; you reach the summit of the mountain, where the brigands who might stop you are in communication with the clouds, and no living being appears on that antique cemetery of the traveller, and you arrive safe and sound at Ronciglioni, after a six hours' harmless ride on the domain of the horrid romance, and the terrific melodrama. It's enough to make you believe in the non-existence of crime!



For a single instant I have felt some doubts as to the actual morality of the Viterbois. It was at sunrise, and on the meridional face of the mountain, when my fellow-travellers pointed out to me, in an open part of the forest, five men armed with fowling-pieces; they were looking at our vehicle with the meditative immobility of courtiers. To consider them only in an artistic point of view, they made a fine addition to the landscape. It was like the original of Salvator Rosa's painting of "The Hunters." On my questioning our Florentine postilion, he replied, "They are hunters," and he, doubtless, spoke truth; but those men who left the town hunters, might very well improvise themselves brigands on the next day, at sight of a berline, in the forest of Viterbo. What risk did they incur in thus suddenly changing their profession! They had the tools of the trade in their hands. The solitude of the place was a bad prompter to five hunters in rags, and seeking after game but rarely to be met with. Honour to Viterbois honesty! to me it will henceforth be proverbial. Those men turned away from us, and went down by a rude path into the plain where sleep the melancholy waters of the Vico lake.

I was then on the point of quitting Italy without having seen the face of a brigand; to me it was an extinct race—another dead mythology on the land of fiction. It was, however, reserved for me to see the last of the banditti, as Cooper has seen the last of the Mohicans.

At Civita Vecchia, we were seated at a table d'hôte. After dinner I asked mine host what there was worth seeing at Civita Vecchia.

"Nothing at all, sir; unless you obtain permission to visit the citadel, where you will see the famous Antonio Gasperoni, the brigand of Terracina and the Pontine Marshes."

"Why the devil didn't you tell me that before? to whom must I apply for permission?"

"To your consul; he will get it for you."

In a few minutes I obtained my entrance-card, and one of the pope's officers to accompany me.

The citadel of Civita Vecchia has been built by Michael Angelo, who was also an engineer, because he was everything; it is in the style of his frescoes and his statues—every stone bears the impress of his genius. The citadel defends itself, it has neither soldier, nor cannon, nor anything to oppose its enemies, but the papal arms incrustated over the gate. They stand in lieu of batteries and garisons.

As the officer and myself were going along, he spoke to me of Antonio Gasperoni, and his forty-five murders.

"It's enough to make one shudder, sir, to find oneself in the presence of that terrible bandit. During seventeen years he has ravaged the Campagna Romana, but this is the most frightful of his crimes; listen, sir:—

"On the Naples road he stopped the carriage of an English gentleman who was travelling with his daughter; he took all the gentleman's money without otherwise ill-treating him, and let him go; but he detained the daughter, a lady of great beauty. Gasperoni conveyed her up into the mountains. The wretched father, on arriving at Rome, set a price upon the brigand's head.

"The pride of Gasperoni was indignant at the audacity of the lord. A mere private individual to dare set a price upon the head of an illustrious chief who had declared war against the popes, and fought twenty pitched battles with the pontifical dragoons—it was an insolence that wounded the brigand's pride. The Englishman had a trunk left for him one morning at Rome; he eagerly opened it, and the wretched father beheld the head of his daughter!"

At that denouement, I started back ten paces; I even felt some regret at having entered the citadel; the monument of Michael Angelo's genius was no longer in my eyes anything but a menagerie of tigers. Curiosity, however, got the better of my impressions of horror, and I desired the terrible door of the prison to be opened.

On the left of the gallery were twenty open cells; on the right, long casements, overlooking a court-yard, and in that gallery were walking a score of brigands, who stopped short at my entrance. I could not help smiling at the idea of my having stopped Gasperoni's band.

They politely saluted me, which somewhat reassured me, for I was not quite at my ease in the midst of that dreaded band of felons. I hastened to ask for Antonio Gasperoni, when every hand pointed towards him as he stood in the doorway of his cell. He did not deign to come forward to meet me, but contented himself with bowing with a slight smile. I began the conversation by an insignificant question, and giving my voice more boldness than I felt in my heart.

"Well, Gasperoni," I said, "do you find yourself comfortable here?"

"A man is never comfortable when he is not free," he replied, shrugging up his shoulder, a custom habitual to him upon almost every occasion.

"You then have let yourself be taken by the dragoons?"

"Me! no one would ever have taken me; I gave myself up with my whole troop. The holy father had promised me liberty; he has only given me life; the holy father has broken his word."

The officer, my cicerone, took me aside into an angle of the gallery, and said to me,—

"I will explain to you, sir, how that happened. Gasperoni was tired of the life had been leading for fifteen years. He went one day to confess to a village priest, and communicated to him his desire to abandon a bandit's life. The priest promised him to write to the holy father for his pardon, and the right of returning to social life. Gasperoni added the express condition of his companions being included in the favour demanded for himself. Negotiations were commenced. Our government had great interest in ridding itself of the banditti; they intercepted the road to Naples, murdered travellers, raised contributions, committed a thousand excesses. Soldiers were sent against them, but the soldiers, instead of fighting against, drank with them. The peasants, besides, took part with the banditti against the soldiers, because they always received a small share of the booty taken from the travellers. The pontifical dragoons alone would stand no nonsense; but the mountains served as a shelter for the brigands against those terrible horsemen. Thus the government made no hesitation to treat with Gasperoni through the medium of the priest, and this is the decision that was forwarded to the chief of the band. The holy father grants Gasperoni his life; let the sinner hasten to prove his Christian submission by constituting himself prisoner, with his whole band in the citadel of Civita Vecchia, and he shall receive a full pardon. The astute Gasperoni, hesitated for a long time; the priest used his influence; it is even said he promised to intercede more efficaciously, and to obtain an entire pardon if he obeyed the holy father, and that the gates of the prison would assuredly be opened to him, as soon as he should have entered within them like a respectful and submissive Christian. Gasperoni, beset by the priest, and always more fatigued with his criminal life, at last consented to give himself up. His companions, long since habituated to obey him, cheerfully followed him to prison. For some years they have been expecting their pardon, but I think it will never be granted them. Besides, the holy father has given what he promised—he'll go no further—these men are too dangerous."

I again went up to Gasperoni, who was still in the same place. He does not in the least resemble the brigands of our melo-dramas. He has a mild countenance, very regular features, an amiable and intelligent smile. His hair is black and straight, long behind, and negligently tied with pack-thread. He relates a thing with simplicity, and without amplification; he is sparing of gestures, to the reverse of Italians, who are lavish of them; but let a bold question force from him an unwilling answer, then only the superior man reveals himself; his countenance becomes threatening, his eyes flashes fire, his lip quivers, his language rapid, energetic, picturesque; you at once recognize the brigand of forty-five murders.

"What is your real name?" I said to him. "I have been told it is Baibonne."

"That is my surname in the mountain; my family name is Antonio Gasperoni."

"You have made for yourself a great reputation; you are spoken of in Italy like Catilina, Spartacus, and others of your illustrious compatriots who had declared war against Rome."

He smiled and made a modest bow.

"From what motive, Gasperoni, have you thrown yourself into this profession?"

"A quarrel at Naples."

"A quarrel! that's but little; it's but a slight motive for breaking off all connexion with society."

"Yes, but in that quarrel I killed my enemy."

"Ah! that makes a difference. How long have you followed your profession?"

"Seventeen years."

"Have you been wounded?"

"In every limb of me."

"You then have fought very often?"

"Oh! very often; yes, very often."

"With the pope's soldiers?"

"The soldiers, no, (contemptuously) with the dragoons."

"I have been told of your adventure in the charcoal burner's hut (his eyes sparkled, and his countenance darkened), would you be kind enough to relate that story to me? I shall consider myself your debtor."

The whole band gathered round us to listen to the terrible narrative from the mouth of its chief.

"They were seventeen in number," said Gasperoni,—"seventeen charcoal burners; they had sold me to the pope's soldiers. I believed them my friends. We were eating and drinking quietly in their hut. I had posted no sentries—a great fault, sir, as I had always said to myself. The charcoal burners are brave fellows. You shall see. In the middle of the night I hear the tread of soldiers, for I know that tread a mile off. 'Betrayed! betrayed! comrades!' We seized our



arms. The feather-bed soldiers were about twenty paces from the hut, thirty of them—we were only twelve. We fired a volley, and then cut our way through the rascals. I killed four for my share. I was wounded in the arm, here; look at this scar. The cowards let us pass, and neither took nor killed one of us. They are very bad hands with the carbine, and still worse with the bayonet. That's nothing yet—listen. Three days after we came down from the mountain at night, and I led my men to the charcoal burners' hut. They were asleep, the wretches. A voice from within cried out,—‘Who's there?’ ‘Open the door,’ we reply; ‘it's your friends, the soldiers.’ A burner cries, ‘Don't open, it's Gasperoni!’ I burst the door open with the butt end of my carbine; in we go foaming at the mouth, and massacre the whole of 'em. Wasn't it an act of justice? They deserved death, the banditti, for their treachery. I afterwards counted the dead bodies; there were only fourteen! I searched the hut, I looked everywhere,—nobody: three had escaped; only half revenge! Tears of rage ran down my cheeks.

“Oh! I'll find them—I'll find them!” I cried to my comrades. I would have searched all Italy to find them out.

“Well, sir, two years afterwards, we one evening went into a lonely cottage near the sea side, to drink. We were no strangers in the place. Some peasants were sitting round the table, and, in a corner, I perceived our three charcoal burners, seemingly asleep on some straw. I knew them at once, for I have a keen eye. Oh, how heartily glad I was.

“Here they are at last,” I said to myself. “Here, this way, you fellows! Come, let's have a sight of your faces. Are you frightened?”

“The three banditti were pale and trembling.

“I have been looking for you this long time,” I said, laughing as I laugh now, as they threw themselves at my feet to demand mercy. I made a sign to my executioner, and, with the pistol shots in their ear, he settled the business in a minute.

“As for myself, I never shed blood, except when in combat. I have never killed any one in cold blood, not even those wretched charcoal-burners who had sold me.”

All the brigands attested the fact by a nod, and by placing their hands on their hearts. It was a pantomimic certificate of morality given to their respectable chief.

“There are a great many stories of you current in the world,” I said to him.

“Yes, yes—I know—I know. You will hear a hundred fables.”

“The daughter of the lord who set a price upon your head?”

“It's not true,” he said, hastily interrupting me. “I have never had women put to death.”

“You have, however, sometimes taken them up into your mountains?” That question made him smile, but he made no reply, leaving me to interpret his silence as I thought fit.

“It is, perhaps, natural for you to regret the independent life you have quitted of your own accord. If the holy father was to release you, what use would you make of your liberty?”

“I should become an honest man. I would go to Naples and work.”

“You would find it difficult, Gasperoni. You have habits —”

“No—no, sir; the mountain life wearies me. I have followed it for seventeen years. I was young, and fatigue was agreeable to me; but I am growing old—my wounds pain me—I have need of rest.”

“Would you be responsible for all your comrades?”

“For all.”

“Is he here—the man who was your executioner—he who killed upon your account?”

“Yes, there he is.”

A snake slipped into my hand would not have startled me more. That hideous hangman was close beside me, touching my left arm. I was so entirely taken up with Gasperoni, I had not noticed his man, who never leaves his master, but is always by his side night and day, the same as on the mountain, as if he was still expecting in the dungeon some fresh sentence of death.

It is impossible to fancy a more horrible-looking being. The stupidity of crime is impressed upon his long, meagre, and pale face; his eye seems fixed and glazed, like a dead man's. While I was examining him, he was considering the buttons of my coat with strange attention, counting them over and over.

“What do they call you?” I said, to divert him from his singular employment; but, without giving himself the trouble to raise his head, he growled out,—

“Geronimo.”

“It's you, then, who was the headman?”

“Yes, sir,—his eye still on the buttons.

“And have you killed many, Geronimo?”

“Why, yes. Every time they said to me ‘kill!’ (Amazza.)

“As for you, I defy you to obtain your pardon from the holy father.” Here the whole band joined chorus in a loud laugh. I addressed myself to the company:—

“It seems,” I said to them, “that you are very merry, and that you don't get thin in prison!”

A bandit, who had an enormous corporation, a rare thing amongst banditti, replied that the holy father kept them very well.

“We have fish, meat, good vegetables,” he said; “everything we want; and we have each of us two pauls a day (11d.)”

“Why, you are happier here than the one-half of Italy—than all the mendicants of the Roman states! How! they give you two pauls a day?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Gasperoni; “it's a good policy on the part of the government. Those who follow our trade, or who may follow it, know, that by surrendering themselves prisoners, they live well, sleep in good beds, and are well paid. They don't always find that in a mountain life. That may engage them to give themselves up, when disgusted with the highway; and then there are presents from travellers.”

“Well, I am glad to find you all so comfortable.”

My guide confirmed to me all I had just been told of the pope's generosity.

Before leaving that den, I for a long time, and in detail, examined Gasperoni's band. There was not a figure to paint, the chief and his hangman excepted. They have such homely, such prosaic faces, you might take them for honest fellows, victims of a police mistake.

I am ignorant whether they have ever worn the picturesque costumes artists give to Neapolitan banditti. Their prison dress is the same as the dress of the Italian workmen. The brown jackets, the blue stockings, destroy all the poetry of their profession.

They had none of those picturesque attitudes we admire in the lithographic prints. They contemplated, without the least expression of remembrance of bygone days, the luminous sky, the Roman atmosphere, the mild spring sun, which gilded the arcades, and glided, like a friend of the mountain, under the vault of the cells.

The ocean waves that dashed against the foot of the citadel, plunged them into no reverie. They seemed indifferent to everything, but yet not depressed in spirits; and, without any visible emotion of hope or despair, they stood with folded arms, the smile upon their lips, smoking their cigars.

Such is the band which for fifteen years has been the terror of the Pontine Marshes—which has made the soldiers of the Pope tremble—has bravely fought and baffled the dragoons, and despoiled so many of our rich countrymen, the English; for it is scarcely worth a brigand's while to stop the travellers of any other nation, for those who have anything to lose, take care to provide themselves with a good escort along dangerous roads, while Englishmen have so much confidence in their own bull-dog courage, that they forget a pair of double-barrelled pistols are no match for the carbines and daggers of a dozen brigands, though only Italians.

The men I visited will probably die in the citadel, while waiting for their free pardon, and with them the last of the bands will become extinct. We shall, perhaps, still hear of some isolated cases of marauders between Viterbio and Ronciglione, between Rome and Terracina, but of no more organized collection of banditti, having a chief, an uniform, and a flag.

It is a fortunate thing for the travelling world, but a misfortune for artists. The Campagna of Rome, without banditti, is the desert of Syria without caravans. Thus is poor poetry everywhere perishing stifled by morality and civilization.

The East was still the domain of the poet and the artist. Alas! behold the Turks, who dress themselves in blue frock coats; the milk-and-water Bavarian is invested with the inheritance of Pericles, and the Grand Signor wears top boots and a Parisian beaver hat.

**THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.**—Bracini descended into the crater of Vesuvius shortly before the eruption of 1631. He gives the following account of it:—The crater was five miles in circumference, and about 6000 paces deep; its sides were covered with brushwood, and at the bottom there was a plain on which cattle grazed. In the woody parts boars frequently harboured. In the midst of the plain, within the crater was a narrow passage, through which, by a winding path, you could ascend about a mile, among rocks and stones, till you come to another more spacious plain covered with ashes; in this plain were three little pools, placed in a triangular form, one towards the east, of hot water, corrosive and bitter beyond measure; another towards the west, saltier than that of the sea; the third, of hot water that had no particular taste.

**EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.**—Life may be eked out with pleasure, but it must be mainly filled up by business; and he who should persevere in the vain attempt to fill up his time with amusements, would then find it too late to take up any serious pursuits, and be compelled to drag on a miserable existence, haunted by the ghosts of his defunct pleasures, in the shape of ennui, restlessness, and melancholy.



## JOSEPHINE HERMAN.

"Love not! love not! the thing you love may die."

THAT "truth is stranger than fiction" is as certain as that its being so is beyond doubted; how many there are who, while they sympathise with a record of ideal misery, are unwilling to credit the sorrows of reality. Yet, thus it is—there are many who wend their way through this world's wilderness (for such it is to them), and endure deep afflictions which they know full well can end but with existence.

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth," says our great bard of Avon; and does not this hold good with everything that brings gladness to the heart? Is not all that we prize most the hardest to attain, and even when attained, the soonest lost, to be regained no more?

These reflections occurred to me more strongly than usual while listening to the recital which I am about to present to my readers; nor will it, I trust, be the less welcome, when they are informed that the events have in reality occurred, and with the exception of change of names, and a few necessary additions, the tale is strictly true.

It was at a social evening party that I was attracted by observing a lady, seemingly past the meridian of life, who sat apart and alone. Though but little noticed by the others, she appeared interested in observing all around her; she was in deep mourning, and might, in early youth, have been beautiful, but the deep and settled melancholy of her features told of unforgettensufferings.

Upon inquiry I was informed that her name was Josephine Herman, and that she was the last surviving member of her family.

As the evening advanced the mirth became general, for there were glad young hearts in the gay circle that knew not sorrow; and as the jest went round one of the youthful group, approaching Josephine, asked her why she had never married.

I looked upon her, expecting to see the look of acerbity which is often the effect of railery on such a subject, but there was no such expression upon the face of Josephine, all appeared calm and peaceful; yet none, save the bereaved and lonely mourner, knew how that simple question, asked in pure, guileless innocence, had laid bare the heart's deep wound, which time and prayer seemed to have closed from worldly shafts for ever.

The young people had by this time surrounded her, and seemed to await her answer; all became silent, for with the quick imagining of youth, they felt there was a cause for the look of sorrow and the mourning dress, they had before observed in her for whom they had become so suddenly interested.

"You ask why I have never married," said Josephine; "mine is a mournful history—it is hardly just to mar this joyous hour, but the recital of my sorrows may prove to all here that earthly hopes and earthly happiness are fleeting and uncertain—there is no real joy but that of faith in Heaven!" She paused, and drew forth a miniature, which she presented to her attentive auditors; it was that of a young man, apparently about twenty years of age. I never beheld a face of more uncommon beauty; though fair, the features were noble and expressive, the light of youth and gladness that beamed in the dark blue eyes, bespoke a spirit akin in perfection with the outward form. All were simultaneous in their admiration, and Josephine, replacing the miniature, proceeded with her recital.

"I am a native of Germany, and was reared in the enjoyment of opulence; my early youth passed on, without a care to dim its buoyant happiness. I had one friend in early childhood, and only one—need I say it was Ernest Vanheim, he whose portrait you have just beheld? His parents and mine were distantly related, and the proximity of our residences rendered the intercourse between our families as constant as it was sincere.

"Ernest was two years my senior; you have seen the semblance of the form which once enshrined a soul almost perfection; and even now, though years have passed away, I feel a portion of the bliss of youth return while thus describing him, and I could wear out the longest life in dwelling on his virtues; for while I think of them, and picture him as he once stood in life and happiness, I seem to rise beyond the cares of earth.

"But to be brief—'we lived and loved together;' years passed like days—we did not dream a night of woe would close upon so fair a morning of existence.

"Ernest was nearly twenty, when, with the concurrence of our friends, preparations were commenced for our marriage; Ernest had a splendid residence at —, a town about ten miles from my home, and as he wished to superintend the arrangements himself, it was determined that I and our friends should join him there: having named the village at which he would meet me, he departed.

"My bridal morning dawned, and never did a brighter day smile on the earth; my friends, my young companions, rose with the sun and I was soon attired in my bridal dress. They told me it became me; it

might have been so, for the silver hair you look on was then black as the raven's wing, and contrasted well with the rich pearls that bound it, while my long flowing veil

'Mellowed all that pomp and light  
Into something meekly bright.'

But I will dwell no longer on the remembrance of that day, lest the calm that years have shed upon my sorrows be dispelled, to be regained no more.

"We set out, amid the joyful congratulations of our friends, and at every village through which we passed our party was increased by the addition of several young girls, who, clad in festive garments and carrying flowers, appeared to swell the train of the then happy bride.

"At last we reached the village at which Ernest had appointed to meet us; he had not arrived—I would not acknowledge how much I felt his seeming neglect, nor the presentiment of coming evil that I vainly endeavoured to suppress. After waiting some hours in such suspense as made those hours seem years, it was resolved we should proceed.

"We did so, and reached the house of Ernest; all was still, no one appeared to welcome and receive me on entering my future home; the servants looked upon me with compassion as they led the way to his chamber. I entered first, and beheld Ernest upon his bed of death! There was no need of words, one glance told all—the quick and failing breath, the sunken eye, dim with the film of death, spoke volumes to the widowed bride. Ernest was dying! By his side stood a clergyman, about to administer the last duties of his faith. On seeing me, Ernest requested I might partake with him the holy chalice for the last time. He had delayed the rite as long as possible, that I might share it with him. He had been attacked but the day before with a contagious malady, whose effect was sure and fatal, and only prayed that he might live till I arrived; my presence seemed to call his fleeting spirit back to earth. He did not ask me to remember him, nor to hold his memory sacred, for Ernest knew the heart of Josephine, and more was needless.

"He lingered on, through the long watches of that dreadful night, and prayed for fortitude to quit a world that held so much to bind him to its joys. The next day dawned, he saw the glad bright sun, but he no longer heeded it, his prayers had brought the peace he coveted; before that sun had reached meridian, Ernest was sleeping the calm sleep of death!

"It is for him I wear this garb of mourning, the outward symbol of my lasting grief. I asked of Heaven to free me from a world that had become a desert to me; I asked to follow him, that we might meet above: but Providence had willed it otherwise.

"As years rolled on, I have beheld the grave close over my friends and kindred, and I am now alone in the world; time has brought resignation with it, and I live calmly on, in all the joy of firm and humble faith that we shall meet again to part no more."

Josephine ceased, and the countenances of her auditors bespoke their sympathy.

The sounds of hilarity were hushed, as by general consent, and we soon after separated, but not with the mirthful spirits in which we had met: all felt for the sorrows of her, whose only hope was fixed on "a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens!"

## SONG.

The red sun is sinking  
Below the deep sea,  
And, lady, I'm thinking  
But only of thee.  
Then come to my arms, love,  
And bless with thy voice.  
That one whom thy charms, love,  
Hath made to rejoice.

Oh! hasten then, lady, oh! hasten to me,  
For my heart is nigh breaking, sweet maiden, for thee.

The pale moon is throwing  
Her silvery light  
O'er the wave that is glowing  
With visions so bright;  
There's a star in the west, love,  
Whose twinkling blaze,  
Seems but there to be blest, love,  
By thy gentle gaze.

Oh! hasten then, lady, oh! hasten to me,  
For my heart is nigh breaking, sweet maiden, for thee.

H. J. CHURCH.



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

*(Continued from our last.)*

## CHAPTER CXLV.

## THE VISIT TO THE CHAMBERS OF HORACE SINGLETON.—A STRANGE INTERVIEW.

In the excitement of her feelings, Margaret did, indeed, project a desperate course of conduct. Once or twice before she had thought that, as a last resource, she would go to the chambers of Horace Singleton, and at once proclaim her love for him, offering any sacrifice, provided he would give up Alice for her. She had thought how she would, under such circumstances, set at naught all religion, all morality, and even, not as his wife, reside with him, rather than he should take to his arms her whom she so much hated, and whose very virtue was a source of horror and disquietude.

Still such fearful thoughts had presented themselves but as dim and shadowy forms to her imagination; but now that she felt her fortunes were desperate, and that she fancied she was put off by the fortune-teller, not on account of what he had told her, but really because he was at his wit's end, and could not advise her what course to pursue; then rushed in a moment to her mind the conviction that some desperate resource of her own could only turn the tide of affairs, and save her from the consequences of utter failure in all that she had been striving for.

When she reached the street her mind was in a perfect tumult; but still she remained fixed to the one idea of going at once to Horace Singleton, declaring her love, and throwing herself in the most embarrassing manner on his protection.

Had Margaret Home possessed ten times her real knowledge of human nature, she could scarcely have hit upon an expedient more likely to succeed. There was every calculation in her favour and success, she could easily mould to suit her own purposes; for Horace Singleton, once so fallen as to carry on an amour with her, Margaret, would never again, she felt certain, be looked upon save with loathing by the pure and noble-minded Alice.

Here was a young girl, beautiful unquestionably—intellectual and loving, about to throw herself at the feet of a young enthusiastic man, who, we know, is rather of an impulsive and thoughtless disposition. Alas! what shall save him, if it be not his deep adoration of Alice? If her image does not step between him and guilty passion, he is lost.

Thinking all this, but scarcely to its full extent, Margaret reached the western side of St. Paul's, where she got into a hackney-coach, ordering herself to be driven as speedily as possible to the Albany.

Her feelings during that solitary journey were of the most painful description; and if she had been candid to her own soul, she would, indeed, have confessed that, even upon the threshold of existence, she made a great mistake in fancying that any gratification was to be found in the pursuit of the turbulent path she had chosen. She could, indeed, have told herself that there was a retributive justice, even in this world, and that every unholy aspiration—every unrighteous prayer, had its own particular thorns, which, sooner or later, would make itself most heavily felt.

"I have now gone too far to retreat," she muttered; "nor do I wish to retreat. I dare not, and will not, look back upon the past. The future shall be my only prospect; and be it for joy or bitterness, I will persevere in the path I have chosen, although Heaven itself should oppose my progress."

By a strange obliquity of intellect, such as will come over the most acute-minded in times of great excitement, she then almost convinced herself that Alice and Horace Singleton would have themselves to blame for any great evils they might encounter, in consequence of not succumbing to her (Margaret's) machinations sooner.

"I cannot, will not be foiled," she said. "Had they separated, and never seen each other more, I should have been content. Their fates be on their own heads. They have driven me to desperation, and they must abide the consequences of my despair."

Thus wildly reasoning upon such false assumptions, as at a cooler moment she would have been the first to detect, Margaret felt the coach suddenly stop. In a moment after the door was opened, the steps were let down with a loud clatter, and the coachman presenting his arm, said,—

"Now, ma'am, here we is."

"Is this the Albany?"

"Yes, ma'am. You've nothink to do but to walk in. Five shillings, if you please, ma'am."

She paid the fare, and found herself in the narrow covered way,

which leads from Vigo-street. A cold sensation came over her heart, as she felt that the awful experiment she was about to try was now near at hand. Even despite all her storm of passions, and the wild feelings that influenced, her some yet unstified remains of female modesty rose in her breast, and for a moment she shrunk from the unfeminine act she was about to commit, in throwing herself into the arms of one who might be reluctant to receive her—one whom she was seeking to plunge into misery; for, if Horace yielded, what could such weakness ultimately bring to him but deep regret and much wretchedness?

This shrinking, though, was but for a moment, and then passion resumed its sway—the pang was past.

"Refrain—refrain, my heart," she muttered. "This hour decides my fate in this world. Revenge or death! If the former fail, I care not how soon, or in what form, comes the latter."

A man was parading the Albany, who, by his official dress, seemed to her to be connected with the place. Him she asked for Horace Singleton's chambers, and he civilly enough pointed them out to her. Her hand trembled as she placed it on the knocker of the outer door, and then summoning all her resolution to her aid, she made the demand for admission.

Horace's man opened the door, and looked surprised to see a lady visitor alone.

"Is Mr. Singleton within?" said Margaret.

"Yes, he is."

"Tell him a lady wishes to see him."

"What name shall I say, madam?"

"None."

"Oh, will you please to walk in?"

He led Margaret into an ante-room, which was used as a temporary waiting-room for visitors, while he proceeded to the next apartment to announce to Horace his visitor. In a few moments he returned, and said,—

"Mr. Singleton will see you, madam, if you will step this way."

Margaret followed him, and during the few brief moments it took to cross a passage and reach another room, it seemed to her as if her very brain was on fire. A mist came over her eyes—she saw nothing until the voice of Horace Singleton, in a tone of the greatest surprise, met her ears, as he pronounced her name.

Then she recovered, and found herself in a handsome apartment with Horace Singleton, looking the picture of astonishment.

"Yes," she said, "I am Margaret Home."

"To what may I attribute the honour of this visit?" he said, coldly, at once suspecting that some new plot was on the tapis to involve him, perhaps, inextricably with Alice and her father.

She drew a long breath ere she replied, and then in a low tone she said, slowly,—

"Horace Singleton, this is a momentous hour for both of us. You are surprised to see me here; but from that very surprise I will extract a reverence for the strength of the motive that has brought me hither."

"Indeed!" said Horace, "I may well be surprised at your visit. When a lady visits a gentleman alone in this place, with no plea of near relationship to warrant the act, he is either much surprised or much flattered and gratified. I am much surprised. You quite understand me, Miss Margaret Home?"

"I do, Horace Singleton—I do, and if I thought your heart was fully in your words—but no matter, I have come to plead a cause, and I will do it. You are deceived—still terribly deceived by Sir Charles Home. Were these my last words, I would speak them. He is a murderer. There are those living who have proofs of his guilt that would bring him yet, despite all his wealth—all his influence, to a public scaffold. Would you wed the daughter of a murderer?"

"I will hear no more of this," said Horace. "Enough has been already said and insinuated by you to give me many a heart pang. I will open my ears to no more of your fabrications."

"Fabrications?—well, I can bear even that."

"You may well, Margaret, bear to hear uttered a word, which, I grieve to say, is singularly applicable to your conduct. Even to you I would fain not forget what courtesy is due from a gentleman to a female; but you remember you have sought me—not I you. I pray you now to go."

The colour deepened on Margaret's cheek, and she trembled.

"Horace!" she gasped. "Horace, have you no mercy?"

"Mercy?"

"Yes. I—I—"

She sunk into a chair, and such a gush of tears came from her eyes, accompanied by such frightful hysterical sobs, that Horace was alarmed beyond measure.

"Miss Margaret Home," he cried, "pray compose yourself. God knows why or wherefore you have come here to-day; but for Heaven's sake, control your feelings."



"Control a boiling torrent," she exclaimed. "Oh, Horace—Horace, are you so dull as not to see the heart that—that —"

"For the love of virtue, peace, and innocence, cease," cried Horace.

"No—no—I have come to make a confession, and I will make it.

Horace Singleton, forsake her who would wed you from selfish cunning to make a new home, when the one she has is sliding from her—Alice loves you not—she loves only rank and station, wealth, and the luxuries with which you would surround her."

"Margaret, if this is the cause you come to plead, you may spare your advocacy of it. Your words are vain. I believe in the faith, the purity, and the innocence of Alice Home, with a faith only equal to that I have in Heaven."

"Oh, blindness—blindness!"

"Nay, Margaret Home, 'tis you are mentally blind, not to see at once that your word has no more power—your insinuations against Alice no more force. Thank God, I have shaken my mind free from the awful incubus of your dreadful suggestions!"

"You love her?"

"By Heaven! I do; I adore her!"

"And to find that love unrequited, were a pang worse than death?"

"Worse than a million deaths."

"Then I could pity you—can you not pity me? Oh! Horace—Horace—are you so dull you cannot interpret into plainer language my words? Speak to me—speak to me!"

"I tremble at the interpretation I cannot refrain from giving to your wild speech," said Horace. "Margaret Home, your secret shall remain locked up for ever in my own breast. I will now escort you from hence. You have my forgiveness and my pity."

"Great God! have I come to this? Horace—Horace—have you no feeling?"

"Much—much! Margaret, you have a great victory yet to gain—a far greater one than you have ever proposed to yourself. It is to conquer your own heart."

"I feel," said Margaret, "that I may never be your wife; but, Horace Singleton, love such as mine scorns ceremonies."

"Hush! hush! For Heaven's sake! Margaret, recollect yourself!"

She threw herself at his feet with a loud shriek. "Mercy—mercy!" she cried. "Upon this moment hangs the fate of many. Horace Singleton, say that I am yours, and I render myself to you soul and —"

"Now Heaven aid me!" said Horace, as he strove to disengage himself from her embrace. "Margaret—Margaret! by my soul's hopes I swear, I will call for assistance to take you from this place!"

She rose to her feet. One gasping sob escaped her, and then she tottered to the door.

"There shall be blood—there shall be blood!" she said, and in another moment she was gone.

Horace threw himself into a chair with a deep groan.

"Is this a dream?" he said—"is this a dream?"

## CHAPTER CXLVI.

MARGARET AT HOME.—THE NEW PLOT.—CHARLES HOME ERRS.

It was some time before Horace Singleton recovered from the agitation he had been thrown into by the singular interview he had gone through. Repeatedly he thanked Heaven that had given him power of mind to go through it as he had, and he trembled at the thought of how all his happiness in this world would have faded away, had he, in a moment of weakness, allowed himself to be allured by Margaret from honour and from his allegiance to Alice.

How long he sat in a state of mind of the most painful nature he knew not, for he was aroused by Biggs, who entered the room suddenly, exclaiming,—

"If it wasn't she it was her ghost, I declare. Horace—Horace—what do you think?"

"Why, really, just now," said Horace, "I am in such a state of bewilderment that I don't know what to think."

"So am I. As I was coming up your staircase there was somebody coming down, and, very politely, I moved on one side, to allow him or her, as the case might be, to pass. I had on my blue spectacles, and so could not be quite sure—because everybody looks of the same complexion through them—but, if I was put on my oath, I should say, to the very best of my belief, it was Miss Margaret Home."

"Ah! like enough—like enough."

"The deuce! Well, when I thought it was she, I gave a great jump. I don't think I trod upon her toes, but I am quite sure she gave me such a thump on the head, that I nearly fell down the stairs. I declare, there's a bump quite apparent."

"It was Margaret Home, Biggs."

"The devil!"

"Yes, and I have something to tell you that will astonish you."

Horace then stated to the surprised Biggs the recent interview he had had with Margaret, concluding by saying,—

"This affair, Biggs, we will bury in the recesses of our own breasts. It shall not be mentioned to Sir Charles Home, and I hope that this girl, who seems to have such a fund of wild, uncontrollable passions about her, will some day awaken to better thoughts and feelings."

"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed Biggs; "what a wife she would make anybody."

"She would make a violent one indeed. Nevertheless, Biggs, if you like to venture to have her, your cool and accurate judgment might, you know, control her violence."

"I venture to marry her,—I? Good gracious, Horace, what put such a frightful notion into your head? I think I see her, Mrs. Biggs—oh!"

"Well, Biggs, at all events, there can be no longer any doubt of the cause of Margaret's determined hostility to Alice. I cannot now believe one word of her insinuations against Sir Charles."

"And yet," said Biggs, "I am convinced there is something not quite right about Sir Charles Home's history or affairs, although I believe Alice to be all that she appears—purity, innocence, and beauty."

"You never made a more sensible speech in your life, Biggs. Whatever dilemmas Sir Charles Home may be in, it would be hard indeed if poor Alice were to be visited with them."

"The sins of the father will be visited upon the children," said Biggs, solemnly.

"Do not," replied Horace, "take a narrow and restricted view of an admirable text which is intended as a warning to parents to be careful in their lives, lest their evil actions should bring shame to their children and bad repute upon the very name they bear."

"You are right, Horace, you are right. There is no such thing as vengeance in Heaven, and no such thing as injustice. I suppose you are all impatient for Sir Charles Home's visit, which he has promised you by the little friendly note you have read."

"I am. I augur well from the tenor of that most welcome epistle; and something seems to whisper me, now, Biggs, that the cause of my true love will run henceforward smooth. Our only enemy, Margaret, is now innoxious."

"Quite, and you have nothing to do but to get married, I suppose, as quick as you can. Then if, as Margaret says, Sir Charles Home will be hung, they can't do anything to you for merely marrying into the family you know."

"I am of your opinion, that Sir Charles Home is labouring under some embarrassments, but I think they are more likely to be of a pecuniary character than any other; and if so, they are surmountable, and can form no barrier to the happiness of my Alice."

"I hope they are; and I tell you what, Horace, when you marry, the best thing you can do for your father-in-law, is to get your uncle to send him abroad as consul, or some such thing, to a foreign court. Then Margaret cannot torment him, and he cannot torment you, you see."

"And what in the name of Heaven is to become of that wretched girl, Margaret?"

"Why, if there is to be any hanging, I think it much more likely for her to hang herself than for any other of the family to come to such an end."

"Heaven forgive her."

"Amen."

An awful calmness came over the heart of Margaret Home when she left Horace Singleton's chambers. A calmness more terrible than the wildest riot of despair; because, to the imagination it is suggestive of something more horrible than any human passion could exhibit; she walked to Sir Charles Home's house instinctively—she could not know which way she was going, for she started, and nearly fell with the suddenness of the surprise of finding herself at his door.

On her route she had formed no distinct resolution as to what she should do; but when she did reach the door, she spoke, for the first time since she left the Albany. They were but few the words that passed her lips, but they were sufficiently indicative of her state of feeling.

"I must have revenge," she muttered; "and that I may have revenge I must dissemble; yes, dissemble."

By a great effort she got over the strange look of discomposure which had sat upon her face, and roused many a passenger to bend an inquiring gaze upon her as she traversed the streets between the Albany and Sir Charles's princely residence. To her great relief she found, upon inquiry, that Sir Charles was out, and she immediately repaired to her own chamber for the purpose of communing with herself, not how she should atone for the past, but how she should be revenged for her own blighted hopes and projects.

Her rage against Horace Singleton was as great now as had been her sudden affection for him. It knew no bounds, and she would gladly have run herself any risk, so that it would have brought pain and



degradation upon him. Amid, however, the storm of passions that agitated her mind, she could form no rational plan of proceeding, no scheme that carried with it the remotest prospect of success. All was despair and blank disappointment.

"What can I do—what can I do?" she half murmured, half shrieked. "Is there no way for revenge? Surely the heart and soul that is willing to sacrifice itself for an object may attain it. People fail in their designs often because they shrink at the price of their accomplishment; I do not, and, therefore, must succeed. I will succeed,—I will have patience enough. Oh, most exemplary patience! I will even wait until those fond trusting lovers are on the eve of marriage. The cup of joy shall be at their very lips, and then it shall be rudely dashed away, leaving them, if not to death, to such despair as I am left to now. Yes, death shall walk with me hand in hand, and aid me in my revenge. If I cannot plant thorns in the breast of both, one shall die, and the other live a monument of grief and sad despair."

Margaret paced her room with agitated steps for many minutes, and then suddenly a thought came across her in that extremity of her fortunes, that even the much despised and openly insulted Lady Home, might be made useful in the furtherance of her schemes. The idea once started in such a mind as Margaret's, grew into strength each moment, and in about a quarter of an hour she had matured a plan, which she hastened to attempt putting into execution.

She rang the bell, and when an attendant appeared, she asked,—

"Is Lady Home in her own room?"

"Yes, madam," was the reply; "but—but—"

"But what?" cried Margaret, impatiently.

"I—I think," added Andrew, "she is dr—, I mean asleep, madam, from the effects of her medicine."

"No matter—no matter."

Margaret walked hastily past him, and with a quick step proceeded to Lady Home's room.

"Well—I never," soliloquised Andrew; "there's a row brewing. I don't mean to say my lady is positively drunk, but I do mean to say that she's comfortable. Ah, well, we all have our failings—I like a drop myself, especially on an evening. My lady takes it all day, but there's no accounting for tastes."

Margaret had found Lady Home as Andrew had intimated, fast asleep; but when she had any scheme in progress, or object to attain, Margaret was no great respecter of the convenience or the repose of others, and she accordingly, without a very gentle hand, gave her ladyship a shake, that effectually aroused her.

"Murder!" cried Lady Home; "murder! I'll have a separation—fire—where's the bottle? gracious powers, where am I? 'tis but a dream."

"Lady Home, arouse yourself, and listen to me," said Margaret.

"Who are you?" said the half stupid compound of viciousness and dignity. "Oh, now I know. You are the wretch's low connection."

"I am in no humour to brook insult just now," said Margaret; "and if I really thought you could not run out of the flames, I should have very little hesitation in setting this house on fire, and leaving you to roast within it."

"Help!" cried Lady Home; "you common wretch."

"Peace! It so happens that my interest is identical with yours at present. You must consent to serve me, and I can serve you most effectually."

"Serve me. Do you mean me?"

"Are you still dreaming? Listen. You seek a separation from Sir Charles Home."

"Yes, but I will have my fifteen hundred a-year—I won't go without my settlement—oh, no."

"It is of that I wish to speak. Are you aware that Sir Charles Home is in very embarrassed circumstances?"

"Good God! Do you mean that he has got no money?"

"No, I do not go so far as that, but if you will listen patiently, I will explain to you circumstances which materially affect your interest—circumstances which, perhaps, you little dreamed were taking place, while you were indulging yourself with—"

"The black bottle," cried Lady Home; "good God, what's become of my black bottle? I had my black bottle here—where's my black bottle?"

"Exactly," said Margaret, drily; "you have not interrupted me, but well filled up the sentence. While you have been indulging yourself with a black bottle, Sir Charles Home's affairs have been going to rack and ruin. He has but one great care and solicitude in this world, and that is, to marry his daughter well."

"I know it. I know it. I can't find it."

"In order to effect that object, he is turning the whole of his property into ready money, which is to be given as a bribe to Horace Singleton, in order to induce him to marry Alice."

"Gracious powers—oh, the wretch—and—and so means to—where can my black bottle be?"

"The consequence will be, that your hopes of your settlement will then vanish, as Sir Charles intends to become a bankrupt after he has given all to Horace Singleton."

"The villain!"

"He is, indeed; but there are means, perhaps, still, for preventing the match between Horace Singleton and Alice. If you will be dictated to by me, I will show you a mode of action that may be successful."

"I will be dictated to by the devil," cried Lady Home, "provided I get my fifteen hundred a-year."

"Tis well. You must write a letter then to this Horace Singleton, stating that Viscount Hilliers has made to you some time back, an offer for Alice's hand, and that you expect another, stating likewise that Alice herself lives in hopes of his having her, if he can be made jealous enough to persevere in his offers. You must offer to show him, if he will call upon you, a draft of a letter to Viscount Hilliers, in Alice's own handwriting, in confirmation of what you state. Such draft I will furnish you with."

"Yes—yes—anything and everything."

"Tis well—I will come to you in an hour for the letter, which must then be despatched by a special messenger to the Albany."

So saying, Margaret left the really bewildered Lady Home, who, what between the effects of her last dose of *nervu llixivium*, and the startling nature of the communication which had been made to her, hardly could decide if she were awake or not.

Scarcely had Margaret been gone a moment, when Andrew crept from behind a statue which stood on the landing, close to the door of the room, and placing his finger knowingly on the side of his nose, he said,—

"Good, very good—I knows what I knows."

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Oh, Erin, my country, I love thee, yet leave thee,  
For ever I leave thee, dear land of my birth,  
No more shall my eyes ever feast on thy beauties,  
No more shall my feet ever tread on thy earth.

Oh, Erin, I weep as I gaze on thy meadows,  
In sickness and sorrow I weep; we must part;  
In madness I gaze on thee, tomb of my fathers,  
As tears of affection do gush from my heart.

My curse on the Sassnachs who drive me thus from thee,  
My curse on the traitors who sold thee for gold;  
My blessings on thee, gallant friend of Old Erin,  
My blessings on thee, Dan O'Connell the bold.

Oh, long may you flourish, the pride of Old Erin,  
Thy name be renowned when thou art no more;  
Thy sons may they follow the path thou hast led them  
Till the Sassnachs are thrust from Erin's green shore.

Again shall the shamrock then flourish in Erin,  
Thy sons all so brave and so manly shall be,  
Thy daughters, none purer or fairer have ever  
Been born than now dwell on thee—gem of the sea.

Again shall the pibroch resound on thy mountains,  
Thy sons and thy daughters rejoice and be free,  
Gaunt famine forsake thee—peace, plenty await thee,  
Dear land of my fathers—fare—farewell to thee.

E. H. WHITE.

**LIGHT HEARTS.**—Light hearts—light hearts—where are ye to be found? Not amidst the rich, for there are care and avarice; not amidst the poor, for there are vice and poverty, want, care, and disease. Light hearts, where are ye? Not in the child, for there is some longed-for toy, or some wished-for playmate. Not in youth, for there are blighted hopes and cherished affections. Not in manhood or in age, for there is some regret for the past, some dread of the future, or some seeking after an unattainable object. Light hearts, where are ye? We ask our old friend and close companion, conscience, and it answers in its usual mild and quiet way,—Nowhere. There may be found light heads, light fingers, and light sovereigns, but there are no light hearts.—F. D.

**CHARACTER OF SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.**—Hatton was a man of singular piety to God, fidelity to the state, incorrupt integrity, and extensive munificence in charitable donations, and (which is not the least part of his praise) gave the kindest encouragement to learning. His praise will live in the annals of literature,—better immortalised than by the splendid monument, worthy of so great a man, erected, at a great expense, in St. Paul's Church, London, by his adopted son, Sir William Hatton.



## NORAH, THE ADOPTED.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

NEAR the town of Fermanagh, in the north of Ireland, lived Dennis Shene and his wife, Bridget, as worthy and benevolent a couple as ever the sun shone on. After an industrious life of many years, no child had blessed their wedded love, and their family circle was confined to themselves, and a humble dependant of the canine species, named Teague, named after a deceased brother of Dennis's, who shared alike their disquietudes or joy.

Should the harvest prove unfavourable, the eye of Teague bore alike the look of dejection with his master, or should any circumstance arise which gave unusual pleasure, it was evident the dog shared equally the satisfaction.

One night, in the month of December, the wind blew in fitful gusts around the cabin of Shene, and the accumulated rain having swollen a neighbouring stream, caused a rushing sound, which, added to the howling of the storm, caused all without to be a scene of dreary cheerlessness.

"The Virgin protect the luckless soul that should be out to-night," said Bridget, drawing the stool a little closer to the peat fire, which every now and then hissed as the rain found its way to it from the hole in the roof, which supplied the place of a chimney.

"An awful night truly," said Dennis, following her example. "I would not even turn Teague out in such a storm as this."

The dog, who was lying with his nose between his paws, upon hearing his name pronounced, looked up in his master's face, conscious that he was being spoken of, while Dennis, patting his head, continued, "Yes, my boy, 'twould be even a sin to wet your jacket."

At this Teague wagged his tail, and then suddenly pricking his ears, commenced a short internal growl, and immediately afterwards commenced snuffing at the threshold of the door.

"What now?" said Dennis.

"Was there a knock?" asked Bridget.

"I did not hear one, a cusle!" returned Dennis, while Teague commenced a piteous howl, and scratched more violently at the cabin-door.

Dennis, who was well acquainted with the language of Teague, continued, in a voice of surprise, "There is something wrong!"

"God between us and harm," returned Bridget; "but had you not better open the door?" and here the dog looked pleased at his master.

No sooner had Dennis opened the cabin-door, than Teague rushed with swiftness past him.

"Shall I follow him?" said Dennis.

"For the love of Heaven, no!" replied Bridget, crossing herself devoutly; "who knows," continued she, "but he has gone out on purpose to prevent some mischief?"

At this moment Teague was heard making his accustomed cry for entrance, and on Dennis opening the door, he perceived the dog anxiously endeavouring to drag in what appeared to be a bundle; and after a hearty tug, succeeded, and laying it at his master's feet, wagged his tail with evident delight at having accomplished his task.

The cabin door being secured, the worthy couple were about to inspect the contents, when the feeble cry of an infant met their astonished ears.

"Holy Virgin!" ejaculated Bridget; "surely that was the cry of a child."

"If my ears do not deceive me it was," replied her husband, taking up the bundle.

After having loosened several fastenings, an infant wrapped in a piece of fine cloth met their view.

"Look! look!" said Bridget.

"What, mavourneen," said Dennis, turning his head, and to his surprise saw the paws of Teague upon the table, watching the whole proceedings with intensity. "Musha! then, Bridget," continued he, laughing heartily; "but this is a queer piece of business entirely."

"Faith, and it is," answered Bridget, as she beheld the hands of the little stranger extended towards her, and taking the child in her arms, exclaimed, "May bad luck attend the murdering villain, my little jewel, that would lave a beautiful, harmless cratur like yourself, to be trampled on by the pigs, or any harm that might happen to you."

"How shall we act?" asked Dennis.

"Faith, and it's meself that can't guess!" said Bridget.

"If Teague could spake, perhaps he could tell us?" replied Dennis, looking at the dog.

"Perhaps so!" returned his wife; "but what is this?" continued she, taking up a small locket from the wet bundle that lay upon the table.

"By Jabs, but it's mighty grand!" said Dennis.

"And here's some reading on it."

"I wish we had Phelim O'Toole, the schoolmaster, here, he'd be after telling us in a jiffy; perhaps it's some great lord."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bridget. "Musha, then, are ye blind; sure it's a little girl."

"Och, and is it then? Meself didn't see that," exclaimed Dennis, laughing at his blunder; "but, see if the storm is over, for I'll fetch Maister O'Toole; he's a knowledgeable man, and he'll give us a power of wisdom about the child."

Bridget did as she was desired, and the weather proving fair, Dennis started.

In the meantime, Bridget busied herself about the little stranger, and by the time she had warmed and given it some food, Dennis, with the schoolmaster, entered.

"God save you! Mistress Dennis," said O'Toole, entering the cabin without his shoes, for in his hurry he had not waited to put them on, they not having seen daylight since the last Sunday at mass.

"Ye're welcome, Mister O'Toole," said Bridget, as Teague rubbed his nose against his mistress's hand, to signify that he had been forgotten.

"Sure you've forgotten Teague," said Dennis.

"Musha! then, I had in the hurry," said O'Toole. "God bless him, he's a fine baste."

"And so he is," said Bridget, bringing forward the child; "here is the youngster he has brought us."

"And a mighty bargain too," replied O'Toole; "and where is the quate thing Dennis tould me of?"

"Here it is, Maister O'Toole," said Bridget, holding up the locket; "and, as ye're a mighty great scholar, we'd be thanking ye jist to tell us what's the meaning of those two mighty big letters, and the reading underneath?"

"Thank ye, Mistress Bridget, it's meself has got a stock of larning, and though it's meself as says it, there's not a boy in Fermanagh or Ennis-killen, that could bate me in Latin or the like," said the schoolmaster, drawing himself up, and looking as dignified as he well could, *sans* shoes, *sans* shirt, and, taking the locket from the hand of Bridget, read aloud the letters "N. D. Tyrone, August 3rd, 1798."

"I have it, by Jasus!" said O'Toole, putting his own construction upon the initials; "don't you see, by the reason, because that as A stands for apples, and B for the blessed boys of ould Ireland, that N manes Norah; for this reason, bekase there's no other female name begins with N in the big book that I have at home."

"But the other letter?" asked Bridget.

"I'll be afther telling ye soon," said Phelim, scratching his head in perplexity, to think that he could not show his learning, by answering directly, and at last exclaimed, "Och, and sure I have it, man, it's Drogheda! No, it ain't though; but I'll tell you what it is—it's Delany, by the powers! and if it isn't, sure enough, it's Doran; for the same reason that D stands for Dublin, or dram drinking, and putting these two together, it means Norah, Shene, seeing that you can't find a father for it; and if you can, you can call it Duffey," as the name flashed on his brain, he gave it, to show the depth of his knowledge.

"Thank ye, kindly," said Dennis; "and, perhaps, you'd be afther telling us, what's the thing for, at all, at all, that the letters are on?"

Here again Phelim scratched his head in deep perplexity, and scarcely knowing what answer to make, replied,—

"'Tis myself that's sorry for ye, Mister Shene, to see ye have so little knowledge, and," continued he, opening the locket at the back; "don't ye see, it's a mighty fine bacey-box, that the young leddy may smoke if she has a liking."

"Ay, to be sure, Maister Phelim O'Toole," said Dennis, "and, by the way, that the child's being young, is the reason that it would hold so little."

"And here is something falling out," continued O'Toole, picking up a lock of hair wrapped in paper, which fell from the locket; "'tis tobacco, I'm afther thinking," said he, handing it to Dennis.

"By Jasus, it is!" said Dennis, opening the paper, and winking knowingly at O'Toole. "Pigtail, I'm thinking, you call it," handing him back the lock of hair, and laughing heartily.

Upon this O'Toole threw the hair upon the ground, piqued at the repartee of Dennis, and replied, "Musha, ther, Mister Shene, I've no doubt but you think yourself mighty 'cute, but I'm yer match."

"Don't be angry, acushla!" said Bridget, "he was only laughing at Teague, who sits there looking so mighty quare."

This apology having satisfied O'Toole, they gave him a poteen of whiskey, and having thanked him kindly for the assistance of his erudition in solving the mystery of the locket, he departed well satisfied with the reputation his learning was held in.

Every endeavour to discover the being who had so heartlessly exposed the child to the pelting of the merciless storm, having proved vain, Dennis and his wife were contented to adopt the infant as their own; and not being satisfied with the names O'Toole had found for it, they therefore agreed to call it by their own, and the child was named Norah Sheen.



For the child, Teague seemed to have the greatest fondness, and would scarcely ever be found to leave its crib; and, as the infant's years increased, it seemed to strengthen the attachment of the faithful animal, while, on the other hand, the little Norah returned his caresses with her childish fondness, and an intimacy of the closest friendship seemed to exist between them.

Fifteen summers had rolled away since the events above described, and Norah Shene was about to bud forth in all the charms of an Iberian beauty—her neat-made form was the admiration of the surrounding neighbouring youth, while her laughing blue eye and flaxen hair completed a tableau that the daughters of the more wealthy might be proud of; in spite of the roughness of her education, the traces of more gentle birth might be discovered, while her kindness to her adopted parents was the theme of every tongue, and they spared no means to gratify the little inclinations of her humour their humble circumstances would allow.

About this time Mr. Finley, a new landlord, took possession of the estate, and all the tenants were invited to partake of a dinner given to the surrounding peasantry, and among the number Dennis and Bridget Shene, with the pretty Norah.

The merry pipe and fiddle added to the pleasures of the day, and many a light heart and foot beat in unison to their melody.

At the dinner, and during the evening's amusement, Norah appeared to be the reigning belle, and Charles Finley, the landlord's son, lost no opportunity in ingratiating himself with Dennis Shene's adopted daughter; he paid every attention to her during the feast and dance, much to the chagrin of many an interesting beauty of the sister isle: but their hopes revived when they discovered that Norah Shene received his attentions with indifference, and that her eyes wandered to the smart but dissolute Terence Malone, who seemed totally to engross her mind.

When the day's festivities were ended, Charles and Terence both stepped forward, and solicited the favour of seeing Norah home, and, much to Finley's disappointment, was refused.

He, however, bore this denial patiently, feeling assured that, as the landlord's son, he should have more influence with her friends, added to which the well-grounded report of Malone's idle habits gave him great hopes that his future suit would be better listened to, and that eventually he must supplant the man he considered, for the present, as his rival.

In the course of business it became Charles's duty to collect his father's rent, and on the appointed day he visited the cabin of Dennis Shene.

"Good morning, Dennis," said Charles, entering the cabin.

"Good morning, and good luck," replied Dennis; "and it is the rent you're after wanting, Mister Finley."

"Not exactly," said Charles, "but —"

"What then?" asked Dennis.

"If you are prepared, I have no objection to receive it; but I came to pay a friendly visit, and inquire after your pretty daughter."

"And it's meself that's mighty glad to see you," returned Dennis. "Will your honour be seated?"

"Thank you," replied Finley, drawing a stool; "how are Mrs. Shene and Norah?"

"She'll be telling your honour herself; she'll be here directly," and at this moment Bridget entered.

"Is it yourself that's here, Mister Finley?" said Bridget, as she entered, curtseying low.

"Yes," returned Finley, "and I'm happy to see you; but where is pretty Norah?"

"Gone to the wake of Patric Riley! God rest his soul!" said Bridget, fervently.

"Indeed! Will she soon return?"

"Not until night!" said Bridget.

"Will she then return alone?"

"Och! no, yer honour! meself will be going there this blessed night, and independint of that, Terence Malone is there: he fetched her this morning, and will be sure to return with her."

"I understand," said Finley, "that Norah is an obedient and affectionate daughter!"

"She's not our child!" said Bridget.

"Not your daughter?" replied Finley, with surprise.

"No," returned Bridget.

"We may call her Teague's child!" interposed Dennis, laughing.

"And who may Teague be?" asked Charles.

"Don't you hear jontlemen axing after you, you spalpeen?" said Dennis, turning to the dog; and, upon this, Teague wagged his tail, and, placing his paw upon Finley's knee, looked inquiringly in his face: at this Charles looked surprised, and patting the dog upon the head, replied,—

"You're pleased to jest with me, Mister Dennis!"

"Faith, it's meself that's in real earnest," said Dennis; and forth-

with, to the mingled surprise and gratification of Finley, related the circumstance of the discovery of Norah, which still farther tended to enlist his feelings in her behalf.

"Faith," said Bridget, when the narration was ended, "and well she pays our past trouble; and the highest lord in the land might be proud to have such a jewel of a creetur for a wife."

"I do not doubt it," said Finley.

"Faith, and you need not," replied Bridget.

"But," said Finley, "I understand that the young man, Terence Malone, is to be her future husband."

"God forbid!" said Dennis.

"Then why do you allow Norah to keep his company?"

"That's the point we differ on!" said Bridget; "but I do not like to be spoiling her in her wish, seeing she is so good on every other point!"

"But he is idle and dissolute," continued Finley.

"Musha! and I know it, then, to my sorrow," continued Bridget.

"And if all be true," continued Finley, "I understand there is a stain upon his name; and it would be a thousand pities that so fair a form should be thrown away upon an idle vagabond."

"Indeed, and you may say that same, Mister Finley," said Dennis.

"I have often told Norah," said Bridget, "that she will sup sorrow if ever she should be Mistress Malone."

"I myself," replied Finley, "feel a deep interest in your Norah, and should be proud to make her my wife."

"The blessings of the Virgin on you for that same," returned Bridget; "and would you, indead, condescind to marry my own acushla, seeing she has got no houses or land? Many's the bright ledgy that would be proud to hear yourself say that same!"

"If," said Charles, "you will endeavour to make Norah think the same, I shall never sufficiently repay you."

"Did I not tell you," said Bridget, "that Norah was born to be a ledgy, by way of the letters on the gold 'bacey box which Mister O'Toole translated for us so kindly with his mighty larning?"

"What gold tobacco-box?" asked Charles.

"The one that we found in the bundle," replied Dennis.

"May I beg the favour of looking at it?"

"It's meself that will be glad to show it to your honour," returned Bridget, taking the locket from a drawer.

"Thank you!" said Charles, taking the article from her hand; "but I thought you said it was a tobacco-box?"

"And is it not?" asked Dennis.

"To be sure it is," replied his wife; "did not the learned schoolmaster say it was?—saving your honour's presence," continued she, curtseying to Finley.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Charles; "a tobacco-box, indeed! Do you not see it is a golden locket?"

"A lock—what, yer honour?" asked Dennis.

"A locket," replied Charles.

"Is it lock the bundle ye mane?—for sure there was no box at all, at all," said Dennis.

At this Charles laughed heartily; and, having minutely examined the article in question, explained to the worthy couple its use and value.

Upon this information Dennis rubbed his hands with glee; and, raising his right leg in a comical manner, and performing a pirouette upon the heel of his right brogue, which it would have puzzled the most eminent opera-dancer to imitate, exclaimed,—

"Och! by the powers, but I'll be down on ye now, Mister O'Toole, with all your larning;" and then, drawing himself up, after the fashion of the schoolmaster, and repeating his words, exclaimed, "'Tis meself that's sorry for ye, Mister O'Toole, to see ye have so little knowledge, for it's not a bacey-box at all, at all."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Finley at the scene before him; and, as he was about to depart, Bridget said,—

"Haden't yerself betther come and be *spaking* to Norah."

"I will; and will trust to your kind assistance to gain a hearing," returned Finley.

"She must give yer honour a hearing," said Dennis, whose feeling of pride was enlisted in the cause.

"Thank ye—thank ye!" said Charles; and, encouraged by the assurance, departed.

In the evening Bridget dressed herself in her holiday clothes, and departed to the wake of Paddy Riley, where she met Terence Malone; and, having rated him soundly on the reports circulated about him, treated him with marked indifference, and evinced much displeasure towards Norah for "keeping company with an idle blackguard, when a real jontleman was dying to make her his lawful wife." In this state of feeling she continued till their return, when she read a long lecture to Norah on the folly of her conduct.

On the following morning Bridget repeated the conversation she had had with Finley, and urged all she could in favour of his suit; but, to



her disappointment, said that Norah lent a deaf ear to all she said and declared, "that none other than Terence Malone should be her husband."

"Norah, Norah!" said Dennis, stepping forward, "this is the first time I have had to speak harsh to you; but come, come, my vourneen," continued he, "do not make your only friends turn their backs upon ye."

"Father," said Norah, calmly, "if the banshee were now wailing for my death, and I, by marrying Charles Finley, could live a hundred years, I wouldn't; and if the faults of Terence were ten times as great, 'tis myself that would choose him before the greatest gentleman in all Fermanagh!"

"Norah," said Bridget, "sure you wouldn't break the hearts of us who brought ye up on our own floor, and trated ye as if ye were our own hearts' blood," and here she burst into tears.

"Come, come, mother," said Norah, "who knows yet but that my mind may change!"

"That's my own aushla!" said Bridget, rising up, and, kissing her cheek, spoke no more upon the subject. Norah then left them, and retired into an outer room of the cabin, and, after being some time absent, Dennis said to Bridget,—

"Bridget, aushla!—had ye not better fetch Norah in, and not let the poor thing give way to thinking."

For this purpose Bridget proceeded to the door; but, on calling Norah, received no answer. "Wurra! Wurra!" said she, returning; "sure she has gone again to meet that idle spalpeen, Malone."

"Then I am after her," said Dennis, and in another moment left the cabin. He had not gone far before he was assured that it was the voice of Norah speaking to Terence which he heard, and, on coming nearer, heard her say to Terence,—

"It is no use for them to persuade me to marry any other than your own dear self."

"Whisht! whisht!" said Terence; "I hear some one coming."

"Do you?" asked Norah, in surprise.

"Yes," said Terence; "perhaps it is the landlord's son."

"And if it was," said Norah, in a low voice, "what would you say to him?"

"Say," replied Terence; "it's little meself would be saying at all; but, if he ever again visit the cabin of Dennis Shene, it will not be my fault, and at the same time pressed his fingers around the slender neck of Norah, to convey an idea how he would prevent his future visits."

"No, no; you would not, my own Terence," said Norah, well understanding his meaning.

At this moment Dennis stepped forward and, seizing Malone by the collar, exclaimed,— "Och, you murdering thief, p'raps you'd like to be after sarning me the same," and gave him a hearty shake.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mister Shene," said Malone, "'tis not yerself, nor any man in Ireland, that'll make me give up the hand or heart of my Norah."

"Get along wid ye," said Dennis, addressing Terence; "and, if I ever again catch ye within a league of my cabin, I may be after sarning ye as ye threatened to sarve the young squire;" and, taking Norah under his arm, he led her home.

Upon arriving at the cabin, Dennis found the young squire had arrived a short time before: but, thinking it unnecessary to mention what he had heard, said to Finley,—

"I see your honour is thrue to your appointment, and little Norah here has been anxiously waiting for ye."

"Do not say so," said Norah, at the same time curtsying to Finley; "you know well that I should not have been here if you had not brought me."

"Norah!" said Finley, "you are now aware of my intentions towards you; and, if you are willing to become mine, it shall be my study to make you happy. I now acknowledge that your consent will make me happy; but, if rejected, truly miserable."

"Father, father," said Norah, "have I not before told you that I would not marry any other than Terence Malone, even if you turn me as a beggar from the cabin?" and, turning to Finley, said, in a firm voice, "there's many ladies in Fermanagh more fitting to be your wife than Norah Shene."

Overcome with contending emotions, Charles Finley grasped the hand of Norah, and entreated her, in impassioned strains, to listen to his suit.

"Oh, Norah, Norah!" said he, "you little know the pangs o' this moment that are tearing my heart; once more I entreat you to pity me; consent to be mine, and I swear never to leave or forsake you in sickness or in sorrow."

"I thank you kindly," said Norah, releasing her hand; "but my heart is fixed on Terence, and I can listen to no other."

"Musha!" said Bridget; "can this be my own Norah which can refuse the young squire after the bright promises he has made? But,"

continued she, turning to Finley, "it is no use, your honour; the cross is before her, and it seems she must follow it."

Upon this stout denial Finley ceased his importunities, but said, "It will be well for you, Norah, if you do not live to regret the choice you have made."

"Should I," said Norah, "I will not bring my sorrow to your door."

As she said this Finley rose, and, with a look, more of despair than resentment, departed, while, at the same time, the dog, which was reposing on the hearth, roused, and, approaching Norah, uttered a dissatisfied howl. I may here mention, that, although Teague was firmly attached to Norah, he always showed evident signs of dissatisfaction whenever she was in the company of Malone, and was with difficulty restrained flying at him whenever he came near the cabin.

After the departure of Finley few words were spoken by either party for the remainder of the day; and at the fall of evening Norah sought her pillow, and endeavoured to chase away the troubles of the past day by balmy sleep; but in vain did she invoke its soothing power; a wearying restlessness oppressed her, and she lay tossing on her bed of inquietude.

At length she fell into a kind of slumber, and while the moon's cold ray streamed into her chamber, she fancied in its silvery beam she saw the figure of Charles Finley; his countenance was pale and melancholy,— "more in sorrow than in anger," while, in a pensive strain, he sung the following:—

"Norah! dear Norah! the pride of my soul,  
How vainly my passion I strive to control;  
Love's fatal anguish now fills my poor breast,  
And without thee, dear Norah, will never find rest."

My rival will leave thee in sorrow and shame,  
Will sully thy virtue—thy now spotless fame;  
Then list to my warning, ere it be thy sad fate,  
And Norah be left to repentance too late.

Then, Norah! dear Norah! once more I entreat  
You'll listen to one who is void of deceit,  
To one who would shield you in life's thorny way,  
Whose affection and kindness from thee ne'er will stray."

When the strain had ended, Norah woke, and rubbing her eyes, gazed with fearful wonder round the small chamber, but nothing met her view save the misty moonbeam's ray; and, in a state of trepidation, she anxiously awaited the breaking of the morning.

So firm a hold had Terence Malone upon her mind, that, in spite of her dream, or the solicitations of her friends, she continued to give her company to him, and the result was, that before many months had passed away, she yielded up her virtue to her seducer's arms.

It was now no longer any use for Norah to endeavour to conceal her condition from her friends, who wept over their fallen child with all the grief of the most heartfelt sorrow; and to conceal her shame from the public eye of scorn, the best method they could adopt was at once to yield their consent, and allow her to become the wife of Malone.

For this purpose arrangements were made for Norah's wedding, during which time Teague showed the greatest symptoms of uneasiness, and would lay whining for hours at the feet of Norah.

"Holy Virgin!" said Bridget, "protect our poor Norah from any further misery."

"God between her and harm!" replied her husband; and the morning of the appointed nuptials arrived which was to make the pretty Norah and Terence one.

But now the strangest part of the tale is to be told. Amongst the anecdotes of the various animals whose intonations of voice have resembled those of the human race, the dog has been frequently noticed by many naturalists; and whatever credence may have been given to them, the following is freely circulated and believed by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood where the scene of the tale is laid:—

The wedding party were now about to leave the cabin, and upon the approach of Terence, who was about to lead Norah to the chapel, Teague sprung between, and growled at Terence.

"You had better proceed to the chapel!" said Dennis, noticing the anger of the dog; "and Norah and her friends will follow," to which Malone consented, and departed.

Norah was about to leave the cabin, when Teague seized hold of her garment, and dragging at it violently, induced her to follow him to the inner part of the cabin, and in a few moments she was heard to utter a loud scream.

Upon Bridget going to her assistance, Norah, trembling with fear, told her "that she was about to wed a murderer."

"Musha! are ye mad?" said Bridget, when, to her surprise (as the tradition informs us), the dog, laying his paw upon the shoulder of Norah, again said, as Norah had before heard, that "the bones of



Cathleen Kirby were hid in the bog of —; and that Terence Malone was the murderer."

Upon the recital of this to the friends assembled, they were mute with fear and astonishment; but none ventured to contradict the assertion, and showed by their silence that they considered the dog's statement to be true.

"Sure," said Dennis, "myself heard him say that he would grip the throat of the young squire," and this confirming his opinion of Malone's character, he immediately proceeded to the chapel, and seizing him by the collar, exclaimed, "Blood and 'ouns, you murdering villain, I have you once more, and so you wanted to marry my Norah, and when tired of her, to murder and bury her in the bog of —, beside the body of Kathleen Kirby! Father Flannigan," continued he to the priest, who was waiting to perform the ceremony, "there is one of God's witnesses in my cabin, who has just informed us that this yagabond now before ye has murdered the beautiful young creature, Kathleen Kirby, who, your reverence must remember, kept his company some few years ago, and was suddenly missing."

On this Terence struggled violently to loosen himself from the grasp of Dennis, roaring out, "By the mortal man I'll strangle ye, if ye do not let go ye'r hold."

"And so you would the young squire," said Dennis, calling on the priest to aid him.

"Is it a living witness?" asked the prisoner.

"Faith it is!" replied Dennis; "and one that has lived in our family for many a long year."

By this time the remainder of the party (Norah and Bridget excepted) entered the chapel, and taking Malone by force, carried him, despite of his resistance and vociferations, to the mansion of Mr. Finley, the new landlord, who was now made magistrate, and the circumstances stated to him; but he at first treated the matter lightly.

However, on hearing of the wild and dissolute habits of Terence, he at last granted a warrant for his detention, and ordered a search to be immediately made.

Immediately the parties went off to the spot in question, followed by the dog Teague, who, without hesitation, ran at once to the spot where the bones were laid, and set up a piteous howl, and after digging some time, they found the bones of the unfortunate Kathleen some feet deep in the bog, wrapped in the remains of the clothes known by all present to have been worn by her, and near them a knife, which, upon examination, was proved by the name being rudely cut upon the handle, to have been his.

Upon these facts being fully proved, he was convicted of the murder, and the case was further corroborated by his own confession upon his being found guilty, and he suffered the extreme penance of the law.

But to return to the young and lovely Norah. The fatal discovery had given a death blow to all her fancied dreams of happiness, and her love for Terence still lasted beyond the grave; to her life was now a weary blank; hour after hour her form wasted away, and the once beautiful Norah, the pride of the country round, was now a raving maniac, and before many months had passed, her once beautiful form was laid in the silent grave, over which the worthy Dennis and his wife poured their lamentations with unceasing grief.

Some time after a letter was received by Mr. Finley, requesting him to make inquiry in the neighbourhood, if the body of a child had been found about December, 1799, as a lady on her deathbed had confessed that she had been secretly confined, and the child left near the door of one of the inhabitants of that neighbourhood, having a locket inside the bundle, and bearing the initials, N.D., Tyrone, Aug. 3, 1798.

Charles Finley opened the letter during his father's absence, and without hesitation came to the conclusion that it could refer to no other than his beloved Norah, who now reposed in the churchyard of —, and upon forwarding the particulars to the individual requiring the information, and no doubt remaining as to the identity of the child alluded to, the worthy Dennis and his wife were well rewarded for their benevolence and humanity, and were enabled to live comfortably to the remainder of their days.

**ARANCANIAN GUNPOWDER.**—The Arancanians have never been able to discover the secret of making gunpowder. They were at first very anxious to possess it. Having observed some negroes among the Spaniards, they supposed that gunpowder, from its blackness, was extracted from their bodies. One of these poor negroes having had the misfortune to fall into their hands, offered them the opportunity of trying the experiment. He was flayed from head to foot, and then burnt to cinders; but the result only served to show them the fallacy of their chemical knowledge. They have occasionally made use of the guns which they have at different times taken from the Spaniards; but perhaps, from the strong prejudice against anything derived from the Europeans, they have never generally adopted them.

## MIRANDA;

OR,

### THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CXLV.

##### THE ATTACK ON THE TURNKEY.—THE GOVERNOR'S LADY.—THE ESCAPE.

IF such an idea as making an attack upon the one man who was left in the room was worth anything at all, such value could only arise from the rapidity with which it might be carried into execution. Moments were precious. The other turnkey would, doubtless, return at quickly as possible to the comfortable fireside he had left, and the noise consequent upon overcoming two men, should he be so fortunate as to do so, would render his victory of no account to Ned Witlet within the precincts of those walls, where the least alarm would assuredly bring him an overwhelming host to contend with.

These thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of Ned Witlet, and even as they did so, he slowly insinuated himself from under the table. The man who had left the room had taken the light with him; but the fire was burning cheerfully, and sending forth a glaring lustre upon every article in that little snug room, making the face of the turnkey, who sat by it, look like burnished copper, and lending a warmth to the otherwise cold-looking walls.

"Ah!" soliloquised the man. "He is a famous hand at getting half-and-half into the prison. He thinks of nothing else. Now I do, and, as I said before, something strikes me uncommonly hard —"

These words had no sooner passed his lips when something did strike him uncommonly hard, and that something, as the reader may surmise, was the fist of Ned Witlet, which came against the side of his head with a momentum that sent him sprawling, chair and all.

One glance upon the table shewed Witlet a bunch of keys and a pair of pocket pistols. He secured them in a moment, and darted from the room before the bewildered and partially stunned turnkey knew what had happened. In fact, when his comrade returned triumphant with another pot of half-and-half, he could not exactly tell how it had occurred that he was sitting on the floor, and there was a great lump on the side of his head, which, like the blood upon Macbeth's air-drawn dagger, "was not there before."

When Witlet reached the passage he took the contrary direction from that whence the turnkeys had come, as more likely to lead away from the regular entrance to the goal than towards it. The passage was long and tortuous. Here and there it was lit by a small dismal-looking lamp placed in a little bracket. The walls were of stone, and the flooring of small red bricks, through the interstices of which a dampness was continually exuding. Doorway or branch-passage he could not find for some time, and he began much to wonder where the long pathway would lead him, when he came upon the opening of another passage exactly at right angles to the one he had been so long pursuing.

He turned down the new passage without a moment's hesitation, and a little in advance of him he saw a door, above which was one of the small lamps which seemed to be currently used for lighting the interior of the prison.

He placed his hand on the lock of the door, and it yielded directly. He had made one step into just such another little room as the one he had been concealed in, before he saw that a man was there, apparently nodding with sleep, by a fire, while a candle with an enormous wick showed the inattention he had been bestowing upon it.

The sleep of the man, if sleep it could be called, must have been very light, for the slight noise that Witlet made in opening the door aroused him, and he started to his feet in an instant, crying loudly,—

"Hilloa—hilloa, who are you?"

Ned Witlet was out of the room in a moment, and slammed shut the door—a key was in the lock. To turn it, which it did easily and glibly, was the work of a moment, and then Witlet darted off with great rapidity.

The danger he had already gone through would have been amply sufficient to appal many men, but they only served to excite Witlet to still greater exertion, and he thought to himself,—

"Surely I shall scarcely be so unfortunate as I have been. Here have I encountered no less than three turnkeys, and yet escaped a capture. I would to Heaven I had any idea of where the passage led to."

With increased caution he continued to pursue the narrow way, determined to be more careful before he again opened any door which might present itself to him. In fact, he began to think the safest plan would be to lock all doors where he saw a key, as by such means he might be allowing himself much longer time to proceed while his foes were in vain trying to escape from their places of confinement.



As these thoughts were passing through his mind, he came to a flight of stairs, which he ascended to a landing, from whence opened two doors. They were both fast, as he ascertained by carefully trying them. Above him the staircase continued, and he was for a moment or two considering whether he should try the keys he had upon one of the doors, or ascend the remainder of the staircase, when a strange hollow sound, like the deep toll of a bell from underground, met his ears. It only sounded twice, and then he fancied that a murmur of voices, and a rushing of feet succeeded.

"What can that mean?" he said. "Is it an alarm?"

It was an alarm. The turnkey who had been locked in his room by Witlet had succeeded in making himself heard, and being liberated, had declared that a prisoner must have done it. As the locking one of the night-watch in his room was much too serious a joke for any of the officials to perpetrate, an immediate alarm was given throughout the prison, and the governor was at once aroused with the intelligence that there was something wrong, although they, the turnkeys, did not know exactly what.

Before Ned Witlet had time to decide upon what he should do, he heard a key placed in the lock of the door before which he stood, and he had just time to spring up half-a-dozen of the stairs above him, when the door was flung open, and a glare of light shot out from a large lantern carried by a man, after whom came two others well armed, and then one who, from his dress and general appearance, Ned Witlet at once guessed to be the governor.

"Here, Burdon," said the governor, for it was indeed he, "you keep this door; I don't believe anything is the matter, after all."

The man he had addressed as Burdon stationed himself at the doorway, which Witlet at once presumed led into the governor's apartments, and the others, accompanied by that official personage, rapidly descended the staircase.

"Humph!" said Burdon, as he cast a knowing glance round him; "it's all gammon, I dare say. It's impossible for anybody to get out of any of the wards without a regular row, and there's nobody in the cells at all; if there was, I'd give 'em leave to get out if they could."

With these remarks Burdon, who was a man of immense size and strength, stuck his back against the door-post, and, putting his hands in his pockets, looked the picture of patience while he whistled a tune.

"Man to man again," thought Witlet; "this is my best—last—only chance. I must overcome him, if possible."

The principal difficulty to Witlet's mind in making an attack upon Burdon was to descend the stairs quick enough to be upon him before he should be aware of the danger. As Burdon stood, the side of his face was leaned towards the upper staircase; but then the slightest noise would have induced him to turn his head, when he would inevitably see Witlet, and have him at a disadvantage.

Each moment appeared an age as it flew past, and Witlet could not make up his mind what to do. At length he thought he would creep down about two steps, and then jump the rest, which would give him all the advantage of a good spring upon Burdon, who he might so overcome, powerful as he was.

The determination to adopt this course was strengthened by his fancying he heard the sound of returning footsteps in the passage below the first flight of stairs.

"They are returning," he thought. "This is the crisis of my fate. Good fortune assist me!"

He crept down the two steps, and then, gathering all his energies, he made a desperate spring full against Burdon, whose throat he succeeded in grasping with both hands, at the same moment that he nearly knocked all the breath out of his body by the violence of the tremendous concussion.

Before then Burdon could recover from the shock, Witlet gave the back of his head such a bump against the door-post, behind him, that when he left go of him, Mr. Burdon slipped down quite stunned, and went bundling down the staircase like a great log of wood.

Witlet was not wrong in his supposition that the governor was returning; for at the instant that he had got rid of Burdon, the flash of the lights, carried by a strong body who had joined the governor, came up the staircase, and it was clear that they saw Burdon, for the governor cried out,—

"D—n it, he's up-stairs, and has killed Burdon. Fire on him—fire!"

The report of several pistols succeeded; but Witlet darted through the doorway, and immediately locked it on the inside, where the key had been left.

A green swing-door next presented itself, and then a short passage, after which there was a strong door partially open. Witlet dashed through it, and found himself in a handsome bed-room.

A scream came from a lady who was in bed, and she pulled a bell-ropes violently.

"I really beg your pardon, madam, for this intrusion," said Witlet;

"but it's quite unavoidable; I have the honour to bid you a very good-night."

He darted from the room by an opposite door, at the same moment that the bell-ropes came away in the lady's hands.

A well-carpetted staircase presented itself, which he was rapidly descending, when he met a woman carrying a light, who, the moment she saw him, cried,—

"Thieves—thieves—help—fire—murder!"

Witlet seized her arm with one hand; and, placing the muzzle of one of the pistols he had in her mouth, he said,—

"If you speak another word, I'll blow your head off."

She dropped the candle, and stood aghast. Some light from below, however, afforded an ample illumination to the staircase, and Witlet added,—

"If you want to save your life, show me the way to the outer door directly."

She could just gasp "yes;" and, trembling dreadfully, she led him down the staircase, which terminated in a long, narrow passage, at the end of which was a heavy door. That she opened, and, holding it in her hand, said,

"For God's sake go!"

"Good night," said Witlet; and, springing over a little iron gate that was at the bottom of some stone steps, he found himself in the Old Bailey, exactly in front of the governor's house.

#### CHAPTER CXLVI.

MOONLIGHT AT NEWGATE.—THE ESCAPE OF JACK SHEPPARD TRULY RENDERED.—THE PURSUIT.

It seemed to Witlet as if a new existence had been suddenly given to him the moment he set his foot beyond the walls of that dismal prison-house from which he, with such toil, trouble, and danger escaped.

He drew a long breath as he exclaimed,—

"Free—free at last! Thank Heaven I am free!"

Then, darting across the road, he dived into the darkness of an inn-yard, and there took counsel with himself as to what course he should immediately pursue to ensure his safety, and prevent, if possible, the risk of recapture.

The little likelihood of their looking for him anywhere in the Old Bailey made him believe himself secure where he was for a few minutes; besides, his position commanded a view of the prison, and, if any parties emerged from it in pursuit of him, he could note which way they took, so that he might be better enabled to avoid them.

A delicious calm seemed to have spread itself over the face of nature. By the aspect of every object Witlet thought it must be very late indeed, but he had no means of accurately ascertaining the time; for, so excited had he been during the progress of his escape, that, for all he knew, he might have been one hour or ten in getting clear of Newgate; still he could not but admire the beauty of the night.

The moon shone upon the slumbering city in silent splendour, but often obscured by passing clouds which intercepted her silvery rays for a time from the earth; but they would presently pass over and all again appeared under the magic of her borrowed beams in silver light, and objects were again visible in the strong contrast of shadow and light.

The streets were now empty, scarce a single individual was seen, save some wretched outcast who had no place where to lay his head, or shelter his ill protected body from the cold autumnal wind which, though light, was still cuttingly keen. The drowsy watch indeed patrolled the street, rather in a sense of his own security from personal depredation than from any sense of the benefits he conferred upon the surrounding houses.

A noisy reveller or two might be heard occasionally carolling forth some song or the choros of some bacchanal, which he had but just heard in some tavern or public-house, and reeking hot from scenes of mirth and festivity he rolled to his home to sleep off the effects of the liquor he had imbibed to excess.

Newgate, the giant building of that extremity of the city, from which it has derived its name, shone in these occasional moments of splendour in all the gloomy majesty that could be imagined of a strong and extensive prison; one that indeed became the receptacle of the evil doers of the greatest city in the world.

Its blackened stone front, its massive doors, and iron stanchioned windows, was a sight to strike terror to the heart of the unfortunate captive that for the first time was brought to this abode of sin and sorrow. Its massive front received the full rays of the moon as often as she shone out, and its timeworn walls, blackened by many a storm, in fine relief of light and shade.

The high walls and carefully guarded and secured portals, produced a stern feature in the still life of the scene; the termination of the prison towards the Ludgate-hill end, was the New court, built to try the



prisoners who were consigned within its walls; while in Newgate-street the prison, terminated by running up some way, and then the ordinary's house was the only house that contained any one belonging to the prison that did not reside there—the governor of course living in the prison.

The houses in the neighbourhood looked gloomy, and the four thoroughfares that met at the corner of the prison—namely, the Old Bailey, Giltspur-street, which opened into Smithfield, Newgate-street, and Skinner-street, were quiet and sombre. The dead hour of midnight tolled from the bell of St. Sepulchre.

St. Sepulchre—what a saddening influence hast thou upon the heart of the condemned, who is doomed to die in a few short hours. Each booming hour as it sounds from the dismal-toned bell brings him nearer to eternity. At the hour of eight on the next morning—a Monday morning—the criminal dies.

A Monday morning is the day of the week that is chosen for an execution, and then a scaffold is erected during the night and placed in front of the debtors' door, awaiting the hour of execution. Then the expectant crowd gathers together awaiting the time when the wretched fellow-creature comes forth to make his last appearance in the drama of life.

The anxious crowd turn their eyes towards the clock, and watch its hands as it points towards the hour, and at the stroke of eight the criminal appears, when his troubles shortly cease to be, and he is launched into a state where it is to be hoped he meets with more mercy than he has in this.

The moon, which had been bright for the most part, now buried herself beneath a mass of clouds that completely obscured her light, and the city was once more wrapped in utter darkness, save what was derived from the street lamps—but all else was cold, dark, and dreary.

The wind too, though not loud or strong, yet swept by the old chimneys with a hollow moaning sound, as if it bore along the wailing of some departed spirit, who sadly lamented its departure from the scenes of its joys and sorrows. It was a night of doubtful appearance, and one upon which no sort of prediction, as to the weather, would be at all likely to hold save by chance.

Much more rapidly than we can record, then, did these and many such chequered reflections pass through the mind of Witlet, when he was suddenly aroused from his reverie by seeing the governor's door open and six or eight persons rapidly descend the steps.

They paused in the street and appeared to be consulting a moment or two. Then in couples they separated—some going towards the heart of the city, while others went westward. In a few moments all had disappeared.

Witlet then crossed the road and walked slowly up Newgate-street. He had got past the wall of the prison, and was going leisurely on, when from a doorway two men pounced upon him.

"So, my fine fellow," cried one, "we are as artful as you, are we?"

"Not quite," said Witlet, and the foremost one he knocked down with a blow. Before then the other could lay hold of him, he darted off and turned into Newgate Market.

He could hear that he was hotly pursued, and he paused an instant when he felt sure that more than one man was after him, not only by the sound of the footsteps, but by the voices that came upon his ears. He felt much exhausted, and a feeling came over him that it would be impossible for him to keep up such a chase long.

"I must find some place of shelter," he thought, "be it where it may. Am I to be hunted down thus by these human blood-hounds like a beast of prey?"

A glare of light down a narrow turning attracted his attention, and without any defined object he darted towards it. It proceeded from a slaughter-house, where several men were engaged at that silent hour in their vocation in order to be ready for the morrow. A desperate expedient suggested itself to Witlet. It was his only chance. Darting in among the men, he said,—

"The bailiffs are after me, my men. Will you see a poor fellow hauled off if you can help it?"

"No," said one. "I laid in Whitecross-street a year myself."

"Can you hide me?"

"No. But this is better."

The man took off his own apron and worsted nightcap, in which he hastily attired Witlet. Then giving him a knife, he said,—

"Stoop down by that bullock. Leave the rest to us."

The other slaughtermen laughed outrageously, and when the officers arrived paunting at the spot, and inquired if any one had passed, they were most solemnly assured to the contrary, and they went on with sad misgivings that they had lost their man.

The consternation in Newgate at Witlet's escape was immense. Every turnkey on duty was suspended till an inquiry should take place, and the manner of the escape was a theme of gossip throughout the entire edifice.

"Well, he's gone. that's clear enough," said a fat turnkey, as he

seated himself, puffing and blowing for want of breath from recent exertion and exercise.

"Gone, I should say so; there'll be a pretty job about it, I'll lay a wager, the governor will be poking and prying about, asking this question and wanting to know that, as if a fellow was one of the 'Delfy Oracles,' and could tell everything they could find time or patience to ask."

"It's a sad thing, Master Nightingale, that his Majesty's gaol of Newgate should thus be set at naught, and people what we looked upon should get out again by any means at all. I am scandalized, I am indeed."

"Oh! pho—pho. What's the odds—hold your tongue about being scandalized, except you want to revive that ere story of the young woman who lodged at your mother's. Oh! you shocking old man."

"Come, come, Master Nightingale, none of your chaff, I am down upon you if you don't. I mean as how it's a dead do, a regular swindle upon us all. It's as bad as that there business of Jack Sheppard."

"Jack Sheppard—nonsense; he never did anything half so clever—he hadn't got it in him—he hadn't strength enough, indeed he was little more than a boy."

"I say that Jack Sheppard's escape was much more wonderful than that which has just occurred. Didn't he break through almost every door and wall in the old building? was there any place that was free from his visits?—tell me that, I say."

"And so I will," replied Nightingale. "It's all moonshine. Jack Sheppard never did one-half that fools now say he did do, and what he really is believed to have done, he was greatly assisted in by others."

"How, Master Nightingale, how? tell us that—come to the point, and bring your proof that's all; we want to be reasonable—come to the point."

"That's easily done," replied Nightingale; "my father knew all about it; he knew the turnkey who was here when Jack Sheppard was hanged."

"Did he now?"

"Yes, he did; he was a very old man when my father was but a very young one, and he assured him that it was a put up job between him and the turnkey, who was here at the time."

"I'll never believe it."

"You are an unbelieving brute then, that's all I have to say," replied Nightingale; "but I'll tell you how it happened, nevertheless, that you may know better for the future."

"Jack Sheppard had been taken by Jonathan Wild, and contrived to escape him very cleverly, and got clear of him. There was an officer named Inglis, a clever enterprising fellow, who knew a few things, and among them the way to catch a runaway gaol bird. Wild set him on, but knew not how to do it himself, and so left the whole management of his recapture with Inglis, save that he walked about and endeavoured to meet him, and had he done so, it was likely he would have taken him."

"Inglis, however, got scent of Jack, and after much dodging about, and going to one place and then to another, he contrived to come up with him near Leadenhall Market. To make sure of his man, Inglis contrived to obtain the aid of a butcher who lived there. A big active fellow."

"The two you may be sure were more than a match for little Jack; they both pounced upon him, and after a short struggle they contrived to secure him and clapped the darbies upon him, bundled him into a coach, and were soon at the wicket of Newgate."

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed (post paid) to the Editor will be promptly attended to.

J. B. GOGGS.—We beg to tender our thanks for the tale forwarded by our old correspondent. It is accepted, and we shall be glad to hear from him again as soon as convenient.

C. I. S.—"Ellen Mowbray" is intended for insertion. We thankfully accept C. I. S.'s offer of future favours.

Thanks for "A Tale of Love." It shall receive immediate attention. A place shall be found for the poetry.

ALBERTUS.—Both metre and rhyme false. *Hours and sorrows; disturb, word; breadth, seizeth, &c.* are no rhymes.

Declined, with thanks.—"To Ellen the Departed;" "The Dustman;"

"A Fragment;" and "Farewell."

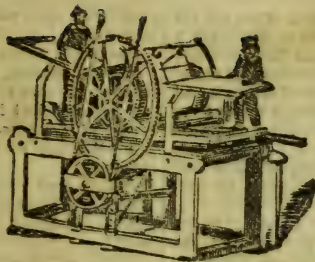
W. B. DEAN.—Hardly up to the mark. Declined.

M. A. L. H.—We like the style of our correspondent's writing, and at once accept the two pieces forwarded.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

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## MARY MELVIN; OR, THE TRIALS OF LOVE.

### CHAPTER I. THE LOVERS.

"The mightiest monarchs of the peopled earth  
Are still the subjects of caprice and fortune;  
And when she frowns, the height on which they sit  
Makes but their fall more dreadful and conspicuous."

MARY MELVIN was indeed the *beau idéal* of loveliness. At the time our story commences she had just attained her eighteenth year. In form she was perfect; and the lineaments of her features could not but fail to strike every beholder with admiration. Her dark brown hair fell in natural tresses around her fair bosom; her jet-black eyes shot fire; a continual smile of good-humour was ever playing around her finely-formed lips. In short, her whole appearance was faultless. But she was possessed of gems which far surpassed the beauty of her person. I allude to an amiable temper, and a mind free from suspicion and vanity, that bane of woman.

Her mother had been dead some three years, and she was now residing in the town of S—, with her father. She was an only child; and, therefore, it is not a matter of surprise that he regarded her with even more than parental affection. His whole happiness seemed to be centered in his charming daughter. He lived for her alone. The world now had no charms for him; and were it not for Mary, he could freely have laid his head upon his pillow, and have died. And well did she repay his affection. She adored him, and, mingled with filial love, was a reverence for her only protector and adviser. Did anything ail him—in a moment she was at the couch, administering to his wants, and soothing his pangs by her sweet voice. For hours would she sit, watching at his bedside, unmindful of herself, until he imperatively commanded her to retire to rest. With such a daughter as this, it is no wonder, I repeat, that he regarded her with all the love and affection possible for one human being to feel for another.

In the vicinity of the residence of Mary's father resided Henry Blissard, a young man of good family and connexions, with a clear income of five hundred pounds a year. There had been some transactions between his father and Mr. Melvin, which ended in their being sworn enemies. This hatred on the part of the father of Mary descended to the son; and though even living within a stone's throw of each other, no intimacy was existing between them; and when they met (which they frequently did), they passed each other without speaking.

Although Mr. Melvin regarded this young man with hatred, there was one individual in his family who entertained very different feelings towards him. Vows of constancy and love had passed between Mary Melvin and Henry Blissard; for it must be confessed that she could love with true ardour and devotedness.

Who will attempt to describe the feelings of Henry, when he clasped her to his bosom, and heard the gratifying intelligence from her own lips of her affection for him? His felicity was complete when he beheld, as he thought, the fair form before him all his own. But, alas! how transient are human enjoyments! When we think the cup of happiness full, and are about draining its contents, it is rudely dashed from our grasp, and we who but a short time before were reveling in happiness, are in one moment plunged into the depths of despair. We are

just about obtaining the summit of our wishes, when some unforeseen circumstance occurs which wrecks all our hopes. So it was with Henry. He, poor youth, fondly adored Miss Melvin—indeed, he worshipped her. Such was his love, that he would have freely laid down his life to have served her.

In his imagination he had pictured the realization of his utmost desires; he had seen her the partner of his joys and sorrows, and the dear wife of his bosom; he had persuaded himself that in a few weeks he should be united to the being of his choice, by the links which no man can put asunder. Imagine, then, his consternation and alarm, when having asked her father's consent, he was repulsed with scorn and disdain. It must be confessed he retired from his presence with feelings in which pride was predominant. The truth is, Henry's family was fully equal, if not superior, to Mary's, and the thought of being rejected had stirred up his dignity.

It was with these very unenviable feelings that he sought his beloved one in the garden adjoining the house. He found her in the arbour, deeply engaged in reading. He seated himself by her side, and unobtrusively took her hand.

"My dearest Mary," said he, "I have seen your father; but he has absolutely forbid me entertaining any hopes of your own dear self. Now what is to be done?"

"To tell you the truth," she answered, "it is no more than I expected. You must allow that I have better reasons to know my father than yourself, and the peculiarity of his feelings towards you; but I hope time will soften down those unaccountable prejudices, which now exist, and that we shall eventually overcome all his scruples."

"I do not see much hope," responded Henry. "If you could have seen the smile of derision on his countenance—the cold politeness of his manner—the stern rigidity of his gaze, when he told me to dismiss all hope from my mind—I think, my dear Mary, you would be of the same opinion as myself. Nay, do not smile so provocingly. If you could truly appreciate my feelings, you would not seek to enhance the misery I now feel."

"You mistake me, Henry. I do not smile at your misfortunes, but rather at the enthusiasm in which you deliver yourself. But cheer up; all may yet be well; let us hope for the best."

"My beloved Mary," answered Henry, fervently, "you are indeed a paragon of your sex. I must sincerely thank you for your endeavours to cheer my spirits; but I have a sense of danger oppressing me which I fear will overwhelm me. I know you will laugh at my superstitious fears; but my mind is ill at ease. I am persuaded some unforeseen danger awaits me. Heaven grant it may not encompass you in its trammels! But it is indeed a source of consolation to me to know that I am possessed of the affection of such a being as yourself."

"Nay, Henry, I must have no flattery."

"Heaven is my witness that what I now speak is the true sentiment of my heart—a heart, Mary, that beats for you alone; and to be thus deprived of the prize when it is within my grasp—oh, God! it is too much to bear—it is madness to think on it."

Here his feelings quite overcame him, and his head sunk powerless between his hands. He had remained in this position some minutes, when starting up with fearful energy, he exclaimed,—

"No, Mary—no; I cannot believe you will desert me on account of your father's prejudices—you will not be so heartless, you will not be so cruel—it is foreign to your amiable nature. Say, dearest, you will become mine, disregarding your father's hatred. Let us be united by those bonds of affection which we have so often breathed in the hearing of each other."



"Hear me," exclaimed Mary, "for I will be explicit. That you are beloved by me, it would be mere affectation on my part to deny; but it is my opinion that our duty to our parents demands our first attention. Is it not to them that we are indebted for all our comforts and enjoyments? and doing our duty towards them is but a small return for all their kindness towards us. Therefore, Henry," continued she, "I can do nothing that my father would disapprove of; his curse would be upon me, and follow me to the grave. Do not press it, I beseech you, for it gives me pain to refuse; but nevertheless, nothing on earth shall remove me from my firm resolve. Let us, rather, endeavour to overcome his scruples, and not act with rashness."

This last speech was delivered with emphasis and decision. It was indeed a beautiful sight to see the form of the lovely girl dilating in the sense of her duty, which not even the tender passion she felt could turn aside. And so thought Henry Blissard; for he looked upon her with a beaming eye of tenderness, and imprinting a kiss upon her lips, he answered,—

"I do not know but what you are right, after all, dearest. I am too presumptuous, and must crave your forgiveness. It is true time may accomplish wonders; but the night advances, and I am acting wrongly in keeping you exposed to the night air; therefore, dearest Mary, I must bid you farewell for the present. Good bye; God bless you, and enable you to withstand the trials which await you."

So saying, Henry, after giving her another kiss of love, rushed from her presence.

The night was beautiful in the extreme; the air was soft and mild, and the moon just rising from a bed of clouds, greatly enlivened the splendour of the scene. All nature seemed in repose, not a sound was heard, excepting the song of the nightingale as it was wafted on the still breeze. The prospect from the garden of Mr. Melvin was delightful to behold; in the distance might be seen the noble river Welland, silently rolling on its course, on one side of which was a noble row of beach trees. The spires of the various churches of the town were plainly visible, and the elegant edifice of Mr. Melvin formed a bold relief to the foreground.

Such was the scene which met the gaze of Henry on his departure from his beloved one. At any other time he would have truly appreciated it; but now he heeded it not; but with arms folded and eyes bent to the ground, he turned his steps towards his own home.

What "a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream!" What a different strain had his thoughts passed into! But one short hour before, he was all hope and elasticity, now he was in deep despair; before, he had walked along with a joyous air, now his step was slow. His countenance would at intervals assume a frown, but which eventually gave way to more melancholy feelings.

It must be confessed Henry's temper was none of the best; but he was naturally hasty and could not brook contradiction to his will, therefore it is not a matter of surprise that he should acutely feel the rejection of his suit, the more so when it is considered that no reason had been given why or wherefore; but more on account of family differences which had their origin before his birth.

Poor Henry! he was indeed sincerely to be pitied, after having formed an attachment worthy of him to be thus crossed; but a storm was hovering around his head, which would soon burst upon him with terrific violence. Had he been able to have seen the difficulties and dangers which awaited him, he would have considered the trial he had just undergone as but a mere trifle.

With the feelings I have attempted to describe he entered his own domicile, and throwing himself upon his couch, endeavoured to court the approach of "balmy sleep;" but to no purpose, it seemed to fly from him. His imagination pictured images frightful to behold, and such was his state of mind that he found it impossible to continue longer in a reclining position. He started up and hastily donning his clothes, betook himself again to the open air.

By the side of his house rose a narrow path, which went by the name of "Melancholy Walk." It was flanked on either side by a row of elm trees, the branches of which united at the tops and formed a natural canopy over head. Into this walk Henry proceeded; the moon had now attained her zenith, which rendered objects extremely visible. He had not advanced many steps when a faint noise reached his ear, resembling a footstep; he started and turned his head, when he found himself close to an individual whom he recognized as Mad Bess, a crazy old woman, who resided in a small hut at the outskirts of the town.

Mad Bess had seen better days. She was the daughter of a farmer, who had long since paid the last debt of nature; she had been deceived by a gentleman of fortune, who, having deprived her of her virtue, basely left her. This perfidy had so preyed upon the poor creature's mind, that it had turned her brain. She was now about forty years of age, although she looked much older. She was extremely haggard, her chin projected, and her whole appearance would tend to excite dis-

gust. Her curse was ever upon those who offended her—but to return to our tale.

She caught Henry by the arm, and greeted him with a hoarse laugh. "Away, woman, away," exclaimed he; "I am in no humour for trifling! get thee gone to thy den."

"Ha! ha! ha! Master Henry, you are crossed in love, and that has soured your temper. Ha! ha! I like to see mortals miserable; but you will soon have greater trouble assail you—then how will you get on?"

"Have done with your childish prating, I want none of it. Go and preach to the ignorant and make them believe your wild ravings. Come, Mad Bess," added he, more mildly, "take my advice and seek your bed."

"No, no," answered she, "why should such an abject wretch as myself take rest. Let the rich and powerful revel in their wealth—but it only remains for me to die. But, Henry, pay attention to my words; advance no further on that path, for, if you do, great dangers await you. Ah, I see you smile; I know no one believes what Mad Bess says; but do let me persuade you."

"Nonsense, Bess! do not detain me any longer, I must not be turned out of my path by your pratings. What danger can await me?"

"Very well, Henry, do as you will—do as you will; but remember, I have given you warning, and now I repeat, for the last time, that if you proceed in that path, you will get yourself into great danger."

So saying, the old hag departed, leaving him ruminating on her last words.

"Psha! psha!" said he at length. "I must not be so superstitious as to give any heed to that beldame's words. It is true I feel very low spirited, and have a presentiment of danger, but I must not forget that I am a man."

So saying, he proceeded down the path in question.

"Ah, Mary," soliloquised he, "why did I ever entertain the presumptuous idea of obtaining your hand? fool that I was, I might have known better." Here his feelings overcame him, and he struck his head violently with his hand; "but," continued he, "I will not take it too much to heart; she may yet be mine. Yes, yes, I will hope."

He had now reached the end of the walk which terminated in a stream of water, over which was thrown a rustic bridge. He was about crossing it, when in the middle of it he saw an object which made his blood run cold. He started back in amazement. It was too much for him in his highly excited state. He lifted up his hands, reeled, and fell senseless to the ground.

What it was that had such an effect on him, we must refer our reader to another chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MURDER.

"The air of death breathes through our souls,  
The dead all around us lie;  
By day and night the death-bell tolls,  
And says, prepare to die!"

We must now refer our readers to events which took place twenty years prior to those mentioned in the last chapter. At that time, Mr. Melvin was a sprightly young man; he had just succeeded to his father's estate, which was considerable. To say that he was not possessed of a kind heart would be untrue; but, nevertheless, he was of a volatile disposition; rather gay in his habits, and altogether was an individual whom we should think could not entertain a very lasting attachment for any one—and so the sequel proved. He was possessed of a very handsome exterior, united with gentlemanly manners, and a good address; therefore, it is no matter of surprise that he was a favourite with the ladies.

Upon his estate resided a farmer who lived under him, of the name of Egan. He was a worthy man, of industrious and frugal habits, and was said to be worth money.

His family consisted of himself, his wife, and an only daughter. It is of the daughter of whom we shall speak; she was just budding into womanhood, and in form and features was extremely beautiful. Her figure was exquisite, and her being rather above the medium height gave her a very commanding appearance.

Mr. Melvin in riding over his estate chanced to catch sight of this lady; he was struck with the beauty of her features, and having learned her name, the next morning made an excuse to call upon her father. From that time his visits were regular, and it was whispered about that he intended to take Sarah Egan for better or worse.

Things went on in this way for some time until he had gained the poor girl's heart. She was flattered at his high-flown compliments—by his ardent professions of attachment, and in the simplicity of her



nature, believed all that he said, and as he assured her his intentions were perfectly honourable, he was permitted to continue his addresses.

In an unguarded moment he prevailed, and she who before was chaste and beautiful, fell from the high estate which nature had assigned to her.

Alas! what a sorrowful sight it is to see those who are the comforts and chief stay of a man's existence, put too great a confidence in them—at least to trust them with their honour. When this is the case the unfortunate female is always sure to repent of it. She is generally deserted, and at length is left to shame and disgrace. Poor Sarah! What bitter tears of repentance did she shed? What agony of mind was hers! How truly did she wish she could recel her lost virtue—but it was too late, the die was cast!

Mr. Melvin endeavoured to console her; he assured her that he would make her the partner of his life, but must put it off for the present. It was evident that his affection for her was declining; his visits every day became less frequent, and at length were totally discontinued.

Sarah was heartbroken at his perfidy; she sent him many affectionate letters, demanding restitution, and that he should do her justice by marrying her according to his promise, and by that means hide her shame from the world. For a long time she obtained no answer; but one day the following letter was put into her hand:—

“—Park, June, 182—.”

“MY DEAREST SARAH,—Circumstances, over which I have no control, forbid me to entertain the thought of making you mine. I have enclosed you a bank note for one hundred pounds for the support of the unborn babe, and when you want more you shall have it. I must entreat you to endeavour to forget that there is such a person in existence as myself, as it will do you no good. With the most fervent wishes for your happiness and prosperity, believe me, my dear Sarah, yours, sincerely,

“CHARLES MELVIN.”

It would be impossible to describe the grief and indignation of Sarah Egan on receiving the above. She tore the letter into a thousand pieces, and invoked curse upon curse on the head of her betrayer.

How different was her demeanour from the gentle, endearing creature she was before. Her eyes shot fire; the flash of indignation mounted high into her face, and at length, overcome by her efforts, she sank senseless to the ground. In this state she was conveyed to her room, when the excitement she had undergone brought on a premature labour, which left behind a raging fever.

For two long months was she in danger, and when at length her strength of constitution prevailed, it was to follow the remains of her father and mother to their last resting-place.

What a spectacle was the poor creature now! She who had before been all joy and life, was now a wretched maniac. Her cheek, which before was tinted with the ruddy glow of health, now assumed a deadly pallor—and this was the work of a human being.

About a fortnight after the death of her parents, she was one day missed, and nothing more was heard of her.

Nineteen years have been swallowed up in the vortex of time; many changes have taken place, and among them Mr. Melvin has had his share. He has been united to a lady of ample fortune, but who has been dead two years, leaving behind her an only daughter. The once sprightly young man is now getting into years; furrows of care are upon his brow, and he seems to be ill at ease; his conscience upbraids him for his heartless cruelty, and he passes many hours of heartfelt misery.

It was one night towards the latter end of the month of December (about nine months previous to that in which our story opens), that a terrific storm occurred; the rain and hail beat with dreadful violence; consternation was in the face of almost every individual. It was on this night that a solitary being entered the town of S—. It was a female of about forty years of age, although she looked much older; there was a supernatural glare in her eye that at once pronounced her to be deranged in mind. She seemed to have plenty of money, and wanted for nothing. She engaged a miserable hut at the entrance of the town, where she took up her residence. No one knew whom she was, or where she came from. The only answer they could get to their inquiries was that she was Mad Bess. Her language was wild and incoherent, but now and then a shade of tenderness would be evinced in her conversation. At such a moment she appeared to be almost rational; but she would soon forget herself, and launch out again in denunciations and curses.

Having trespassed on the attention of the reader, in referring to these by-gone events, we must now call his attention to the morning of the day on which our story opens.

In a spacious room was seated a man advancing into years. He was of melancholy aspect; sorrow seemed to have made great inroads into his appearance, but the traces of handsome features were still discover-

able. He was busily engaged in reading a letter, the contents of which ran thus:—

“If you would regain your peace of mind, you are requested to meet a person at ten o'clock this evening, at the foot of the bridge, situated at the end of Melancholy Walk. You are earnestly requested not to treat this summons with contempt, as it is prompted by a feeling for your welfare. If you disregard this summons, ample vengeance will be taken against you.”

“This is strange,” muttered Mr. Melvin (for it was he who spoke); “what can any one want with me? Now, shall I go or not? Yes, I think I will go; at all events, there can be no danger in it.”

Having come to this conclusion, he seemed more at his ease. He was now interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who gave him notice that a gentleman wished to speak with him. He immediately issued orders to show the individual up stairs.

This gentleman was Henry Blissard, the success of whose application is already known; therefore we shall say nothing further on that head, excepting that they parted in anger.

The night, as we have said before, was calm and beautiful. It wanted a quarter to ten when Mr. Melvin wrapped himself up in his coat, and prepared to fulfil the appointment.

What very trifling circumstances sometimes conjure up images of the past, and call back to our remembrance past events; and so it was with the father of Mary. This mysterious letter had forcibly recalled his first life to him. He remembered his boyhood, and from that his memory recurred to the wrongs he had committed towards Sarah Egan. That inward monitor, which none can withstand, his conscience, upbraided him. He cursed himself for his heartless cruelty, and the more so for not having done her restitution while it was in his power. He had now become tired of the world; he had no bosom companion to whom to unfold his mind except his daughter, and he shrunk from fear to let her know what a villain her father had been. Oh, how he wished he could recel those bygone days, and the actions he had then performed. As I have said before, he was not naturally of an unkind disposition, and the wrongs he had committed were more the result of youthful imprudence than depravity of heart, and, therefore, this made him feel still more acutely.

Such was the tenor of his thoughts as he proceeded to the bridge, which had been fixed on as the place of assignation. When he arrived there not a soul was visible.

“Ah!” exclaimed he, after waiting a quarter of an hour, “some one has made a fool of me; but it is not now too late to repair my errors—I will return.”

He was here interrupted by a slight noise, and turning his head, he beheld a female figure by the side of him. She was wrapped in a cloak and hood, which completely disguised her features.

“So you are the person to whom I am indebted for the letter received this morning,” said he, at length.

“I am.”

“And what might your business be with me? But before I proceed further, I must know who and what you are.”

“Hear me,” exclaimed the figure; “who and what I am you shall know anon; but I now go by the name of Mad Bess.”

“What folly is this? Away, silly woman; ‘is it to hear your foolish prating that I have come here? I will stay no longer.’”

“Stop,” answered Bess; “I have a question to ask you—what punishment does that being deserve who will gain the affections of a confiding girl—will seduce her, and then basely desert her?”

“I—I do n—not understand y—y—you,” he answered, his lips quivering with emotion.

“Ah! have you so soon forgotten? Perhaps I can recall some circumstance to your remembrance,” so saying, she handed him a letter, which he recognised as the one he had sent twenty years before to Sarah Egan.

“No, no—it cannot be,” he exclaimed, hurriedly. “Who are you? Speak, I adjure you. Keep me no longer in suspense!”

“Who am I? Seducer, hear the answer, and tremble—I am Sarah Egan!”

After this declaration, he sunk on his knees before her.

“Pardon—pardon, dearest Sarah. Oh, did you know the agony I have felt—the misery I have endured, you would deem me worthy of forgiveness.”

“Ha! ha! ha! This is indeed a glorious sight. It does my poor old heart good to see it; but, vile betrayer, hear the curse of your victim! Your days are numbered. No breath of forgiveness shall issue from my lips. Remember, when I asked you for restitution, what answer did you make?—that I was to forget there was such a person in existence as yourself. But did I forget it?—No! Day and night have I harboured the thought of revenge. It has been an incentive to keep me alive, and the time is come at last. Now you are in my power; and I will exercise it to the utmost. Prepare to stand before your God,



there to answer before his unerring and just tribunal for your numerous crimes."

As she uttered this denunciation with fearful vehemence, she drew a short dagger from underneath her cloak, and plunged it into his breast.

He uttered one groan, and fell a corse at her feet; with an exclamation of terror she rushed from the spot.

It was five minutes after this occurrence that Henry arrived at the place. There he saw the body of Mr. Melvin, and on the ground the murderous instrument which had inflicted the wound. He fell prostrate to the earth, and in his fall convulsively clutched the dagger.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ACCUSATION AND TRIAL.

"I looked upon his brow; no sign  
Of guilt or fear was there.  
He stood as proud by that dread shrine  
As even o'er despair  
He had a power; in his eye  
There was a quenchless energy,  
A spirit that could dare  
The deadliest form that death could take—  
And dare it for its daring's sake."

WHEN Henry revived he found himself lying by the side of the body of Mr. Melvin, with his clothes steeped in his blood. He was preparing to quit the horrible scene, when he was made aware that he was not alone, by a man seizing him by the collar of his coat, and another pinioning his arms behind him; he recognized these two persons to be tradesmen residing in the town.

"There has been foul work done here," exclaimed one of the individuals in question, "and there can be no doubt but that this is the man who has committed the deed. As I live it is Henry Blissard. Ah! sir, I am sorry that you should have done this act; but although strongly against my inclination, I feel it a duty incumbent upon me to take you before a magistrate."

"My good sirs," answered Henry, "I am perfectly innocent of this crime; nevertheless, I own appearances are against me; but I have no doubt, I shall be able to prove my innocence, and, therefore, am willing to accompany you wheresoever you please to go."

Feeling himself guiltless, he strode forward with a firm step to the residence of the magistrate, where, after due deliberation, he was remanded until the next day.

We must now return to Mary Melvin. When she became aware of the death of her only surviving parent, her grief knew no bounds; she could not contain herself; and her feelings were such as it would be impossible to describe.

Who has not felt pangs when a dear relation has been snatched away? Who has not experienced acute agony of mind when a bosom friend has proceeded to his last home, and not felt a sense of loneliness and dreariness? How much, then, must that grief be enhanced when the object of our affection meets with an untimely end. He who before was conversing with, was sharing our sorrows, and enjoying our pleasures, and in the possession of good health, is at one stroke severed from us. Oh! what anguish—what agony must we feel; but did Mary, while she was lamenting her father's decease, ever harbour the slightest suspicion concerning the perpetration of the deed by Henry? No, she spurned the idea with disdain; on the other hand, she was persuaded of his innocence. How it was that he had been found with the dead body of her father she did not know; but she felt assured everything would be rightly explained.

In the morning Henry was again brought up for examination; his version of the affair was as simple and unaffected as it was true. When he had finished his statement, the magistrates shook their heads, and every individual in the court, by the despairing looks of their countenances, showed how lame a defence his appeared to be. Every search had been made for Mad Bess, but to no purpose; she was missing, and nothing had been heard of her. After a lengthened examination the magistrates addressed Henry as follows:—

"Henry Blissard, after due deliberation, it is our mournful duty to inform you that you stand committed to take your trial at the ensuing assizes, for the wilful murder of Charles Melvin."

The prisoner was then removed from court.

We will not attempt to describe the emotions of Henry on finding himself immured within a cold dungeon; but he buoyed himself up with the consciousness of his own innocence. He could fully imagine what the feelings of his beloved one must be, and that was the only remaining cause of his uneasiness. That he should be ultimately cleared from all suspicion, he did not for one moment doubt, as he put his trust in Providence. With true fervency and devotedness he offered

up a prayer to his Maker, beseeching him to release the oppressed, and bring the guilty to justice. After having finished this fervent appeal, he felt more composed, and having requested writing materials, penned the following letter to his Mary:—

"MY DEAREST MARY,—I feel assured that you will pardon my presumption in addressing you at such a time as this; but I am persuaded you cannot think me guilty of the crime imputed to me. No, dearest, you can never believe me to have been such a monster.

"If you could spare a few minutes, I wish very much to see you; but, for Heaven's sake, my dear girl, keep up your spirits. I fully sympathise with you in the loss you have sustained, but I must beseech you not to give way too much to grief.

"With the hope of shortly seeing you, allow me, my dearest Mary, ever to subscribe myself, yours devotedly,  
"HENRY."

After having despatched this letter, he retired to his pallet, there to rest his weary limbs; and, strange to say, he slept more easy and comfortable than he had done for some weeks previous.

He rose early the next morning, and having partaken of his breakfast, he awaited with some anxiety the arrival of Miss Melvin. He was not long kept in suspense; she arrived, dressed in deep black, which had only the effect of enhancing the beauty of her charms.

Henry clasped her to his breast, and imprinted a burning kiss on the lips of the lovely girl before him.

"My dear Mary, this is, indeed, kind of you," said he. "I was right in supposing that you would never for a moment harbour the thought of my guilt."

"You were, indeed, right. Be circumstances ever so strong against you, knowing you as I do, I can never believe you guilty; but rest assured that God will ever protect the innocent. Let this gratifying fact bear up your spirits under all your dangers, and all will yet go well."

"Thanks, dearest; a thousand thanks for your kind endeavours to cheer me; rest assured your good advice shall not be thrown away."

Henry then proceeded to explain all the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted. After having spent a pleasant half hour together, they separated with reiterated vows of unchangeable love.

When we are pressed down by sorrow and affliction, how great a blessing it is to have a bosom friend to whom we can confide our griefs, and excite their sympathy? We feel a great load taken off from our minds; and so it was with Henry's avowal of everything to his Mary. Her good counsel and advice had tended considerably to shake off from him those dull feelings which would sometimes enter his imagination.

The day of the assizes at length arrived; the only trial of any importance was that of Henry's. It came on first; the court was crowded to excess, and very able counsellors were engaged both for the prosecution and defence.

The prisoner entered the court of justice with a firm step; he placed himself at the bar, and looked with an unquailing eye at those around him. To the answer to the indictment, he pleaded, with a loud voice, "Not Guilty."

The counsel for the prosecution opened the debate with considerable ability. He traced Henry from his departure in anger from Mr. Melvin to the time when he was found standing over him with a drawn dagger in his hand; he ended by saying, that he never, in the whole course of his life, saw a more clear case of wilful murder than the one before him, and howsoever reluctant the jury might feel, it was their duty to bring in a verdict of guilty.

The witnesses were then called, and truly a formidable list they were. Their evidence went to show how the prisoner had parted in anger from Mr. Melvin, and the situation they found him in with the drawn dagger in his hand; and, altogether, a more damning evidence was never brought forward. When the last witness was examined, the whole court seemed convinced of the guilt of the prisoner; but even at this point the courage of Henry did not desert him; he resolutely continued his ground.

The counsel for the defence then arose. He had no witnesses to bring forward touching the matter in question, excepting to show the high estimation the prisoner was held in by his fellow men. He gave the simple and true version of the affair. He mentioned everything concerning Mad Bess, and after a brilliant display of eloquence, he ended by calling upon the jury to acquit the prisoner at the bar.

The learned judge then summed up; he commented with ability on the various points of the evidence, and directed the jury to retire and satisfy their own consciences.

They then retired to the chamber set apart for them. With breathless anxiety the whole court waited to hear the verdict, although they felt certain what it would be. After waiting for upwards of an hour, the jury returned to their box; from their very countenances their decision might be gathered.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

The foreman answered, in a low and distinct voice,—



"Guilty."

A cry of anguish here ran through the court; but the features of Henry continued calm; perhaps a slight pallor and quivering of the lips was perceptible, but it immediately passed away, and the only answer he made was,—

"The Lord's will be done!"

The judge here drew forth the fatal black cap, and having adjusted it, addressed Henry in the following words:—

"Henry Blissard, you are found guilty of the wilful murder of Charles Melvin by a just and impartial jury of your country. It is, therefore, my mournful duty—a duty I owe to my fellow men, to pass sentence of death upon you. The sentence of this court is, that three days from the present time you will be taken to the place of execution, and then hung by the neck until you are dead, and the Lord have mercy upon your soul."

Having thus delivered himself, he was about to dismiss the court, when a strange noise was heard without the doors, and almost immediately afterwards a woman entered, who was recognised as Mad Bess.

"Stay your proceedings," said she, "Henry Blissard is innocent, I did the deed."

She then related the whole particulars, which fully corroborated Henry's statement. Having finished, she drew a knife from her pocket, and plunged it into her breast.

Exactly one year after these circumstances, the bells of the various churches of the town of S— rung a merry peal. On inquiring the reason, I found it was in celebration of the wedding of Henry Blissard and Mary Melvin.

J. B. GOOBS.

## THE TRADUCED.

They told him she was false, and fill'd his ears

With rank and garbled tales of his abuse;

Of how some favour'd rival for some years

Had revell'd in her love. Oh! bitter news;

His brain seems burning, and his heart

Feels like to burst; all peace for him hath flown;

No more her voice can joy to him impart,

However sweet and musical its tone.

Oh! ye, who poison with your treach'rous tongue

The hearts where all before was mutual flame;

I'd have that vile and wicked organ wrung

From out thy mouths, so oily, smooth and tame;

For thou art plotting, and too rank

To dwell 'midst unsuspecting wedded souls,

Thou'rt like an everchanging river's bank,

Or some calm lake with deep and eddying holes.

They told him she was false, and he bellow'd

Their subtle whisperings, and their wicked lies;

How galling 'twas to think he'd been deceived

By her who seem'd so pure to his fond eyes;

A madd'ning feeling soon assail'd his brain,

And frenzy held him in her direful hand,

With all her horrid dark and blood-link'd chain,

Disease too common on this groaning land.

The innocent wife,—at length her troubles came;

She heard the charge, and felt, alas, the blow;

Yet still she knew that she was free from shame,

Although it brought a bitter cup of woe

To see her husband mad, and through the art

Of those with Christian guise who call'd her friend;

The wound was too much for her gentle heart,

She call'd on death his summons now to send.

Another week, and she lay cold and dead;

Her husband, prison'd in a place for those

Whose intellect, like his, had fled,

And left distemper'd brain, and madhouse woes.

Oh, what do they deserve who cause these scenes,

Who poison hearts with demoniac glee?

There's not an earthly misery, but seems

Too kind for them, whatever pain it be.

Oh! slander, thou art vile, and doubly cruel,

Thy breath is venom, and thy workmen—knaves;

Thou tarnishest the best and purest jewel

That lies beneath life's foaming troubled waves;

Many's the flowering plant by thee cut down,

However fair and innocent it be;

Though bright and beautiful the spot, thy frown

Will crush its beauties and its pleasantry.

H. J. CHURCH.

## THE RICH GOLDSMITH OF BISHOPSGATE.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER IV.

THE LETTER.—THE CLERK'S ENTANGLEMENT.—THE FALSE COIN.—THE OATH.

"WHAT a bothering creature you are," said Alice to Peter Snibs, she having clandestinely admitted him; "it's no great length of time since you left me. What would master or Christopher say, if they were to see you, particularly in the counting-house?"

"Alice," answered the young soldier, "I have come back to ask where that black rascal, Christopher, is?"

"Closeted with master, who has actually been trying to persuade his daughter to accept him for her husband."

"Gunpowder and cannon-balls! you don't say so. And has she consented?"

"No."

"I'm glad of it; why, it would be a lamb joined to a wolf—as for my master, he'd fret himself till he got as thin as a hearing out of season."

"No doubt; and his poor heart —"

"Heart," interrupted Peter; "why, he'd soon have no heart at all—he'd waste away till there was not even his ghost left; but, Alice, dear, can't I take a message to him?"

"By-the-bye," answered Alice, "my young lady is writing a letter; perhaps it's finished. I'll go and see; if you hear Goosequill coming down, don't be such a goose as to let him find you."

"I'll avoid him as a cat would a vessel of hot water. Courting is a bother, where they don't allow any followers," said Peter, on being left alone; "for instance, masters and missuses ought to bear it in mind, servants are flesh and blood, and like courting as well as themselves. Ah, and do all they can, it's a game they can't prevent; what won't a man do to get at the woman he loves? the more difficult, the more persevering it makes him."

"Here is a letter," said Alice, entering, and interrupting Peter in his soliloquy; "and, as I suspected, it is for your master. I don't know what it is about, but my dear mistress was in tears when she gave it me; but I hear the clerk coming."

"How very disagreeable to be interrupted when courting," said Peter, taking the letter and putting it into his pocket; "I've hardly had time to say one tender word, but I'll have one kiss in spite of all the clerks in the world."

"Peter, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," cried Alice, he having taken the liberty of saluting her; "but do go, for were he to see you, I should lose my place."

Alice and Peter now stole gently out of the counting-house, which they had hardly quitted, when Christopher Wilford entered, his countenance evincing considerable agitation. He threw himself into a chair, and in accents of the deepest passion, said,—

"Curses on the old idiot—why not exercise a parent's authority. Farewell to her marriage portion! I am foiled every way," he added, suddenly starting from his seat, and pacing the counting-house with hurried steps, the fast coming shadows of evening dark'ning his disturbed features. "Yes; I am entangled in a web, which will require more than ordinary ingenuity to get out of." And he stood a few moments wrapped in the most profound meditation.

"By the assistance of a false key," whispered Mark Seymour, creeping softly, unobserved by Wilford, who stood like the fiend meditating mischief on mankind, "I have contrived to gain admittance. Ah! he I sought is here."

"Fertile as my imagination is in general in extricating myself out of difficulties," resumed the clerk, savagely striking his forehead with his clenched hand, "in the present instance I am at a loss how to act; it is now past the hour I appointed to meet that hell-hound, Mark Seymour. I must fly —"

"Mark Seymour is here, and will save you the trouble!" exclaimed the chief, coming forward.

"I am lost," whispered Wilford, adding, in a low tone, to Mark, "you here,—by what means did you gain entrance?"

"Leave me alone," softly replied Mark, displaying a bunch of false keys, "to find my way into any house; but why not keep your appointment, Wilford?"

"I—I—I," muttered the clerk.

"I'll have none of your I—I's; traitor, you do not, a second time, escape from me."

"Speak lower," whispered Wilford; "unforeseen circumstances prevented me—quit the house, I entreat you; whatever you propose, I'll agree to;" adding to himself, "get him hence, my dagger reaches him



heart! Yes, I'll accompany him to the bridge—it is now dark—then shall I be rid of him for ever."

"Experience has proved you are not to be depended on," exclaimed Mark, arousing Wilford from his demoniacal contemplations; "thy life is forfeited, to save which, you must obey my orders. Behold, this bag," he added, displaying one well filled, the moon having risen, and shedding its bright and silvery rays into the counting-house.

"What mean you?" answered the terrified clerk.

"Innocent lamb," sneeringly replied the captain, putting the bag into Wilford's hand, "have you forgotten you were once a coiner?—but, listen,—that bag contains three hundred counterfeit crown-pieces.

"What am I to do with them?"

"Why, they say exchange is no robbery; that being the case, to-morrow, I'll call for the same number of good; you understand now,—methinks."

"Change so great a number!" said the entrapped traitor, adding in a savage whisper, to himself, and secretly drawing a dagger, "now, yes, now, his life or mine; should I succeed, it is easy to make the goldsmith believe he's a robber."

"You hesitate," cried Mark, watching his movements and laughing three times, which brought a number of the gang in an instant to the spot, they having entered with their leader; "drag the traitor hence, and, when at the water-side, slay him, and throw his carcase into the Thames," continued Mark to his comrades, they having rushed forward just in time to save him from falling by the dagger of Wilford.

"Mercy—mercy," implored the would-be assassin.

"Swear, then, to obey me," said Mark.

"I will—only save my life," answered the terrified man, who was released on a signal being given by Mark Seymour.

"You find I am still obeyed," said Mark Seymour; "pronounce the oath, which, if broken, dread our vengeance."

"I will—I will," repeated Wilford.

Here the coiners forced him on his knees, and made him swear to be true to their captain, and do his bidding whatever that might be, on pain of death, which solemn oath Wilford took, those around him standing with their drawn daggers during the time; which being done, Mark Seymour waved his hand, and he, with the rest of the gang, in an instant vanished, leaving the astonished clerk to contemplate on his rather awkward situation, and how he was to act in consequence.

## CHAPTER V.

THE EXECUTIONER.—SUSPICIONS AGAINST THE RICH GOLDSMITH.—DUDLEY'S DOUBTS OF WILFORD.

"My copper feels precious hot," exclaimed Jacob Tyrrel, an executioner, undertaker, and carpenter, whilst passing the shop of Geoffrey Fisher, with his basket of tools on his shoulder; "ah, I shan't be right till I have a cooler—hie, hie, hie,—curse the hiccups; a body would think I've been drinking, but I've not had a drop since I left the Blue Boar, Aldgate. Ah, here comes the citizens from the Exchange; how are you, Master Gluefield," he continued, holding out a hand to one of the foremost; "what, not shake hands with the finisher of the law? Marry, come up, here's a pretty falling off in taste!—Why, you has no occasion to be frightened; it's not your turn yet."

"Insolent varlet," replied the citizen, offended at the executioner's familiarity.

"Insolent varlet!" repeated Jacob, reeling against him, nearly knocking him down; "what mean you by that?—how dare you insult the principal law officer?—hie, hie, hiccup; but it's no use a man of my respectfulness talking to such ignoramuses; so I'll just go back to the Blue Boar and have some—more—hie, hie,—curse the hiccups."

"I am glad the fellow is gone," said the offended citizen, as the drunken executioner reeled and sung whilst on his way to have some more sack, a liquor he was extremely partial to.

"So am I," added another, "one would suppose a man of his profession would appear surly and unhappy."

"His senses," added a third, "are always drowned in liquor."

"Ah," continued the first citizen, the man who, on a former occasion, said he would lay down his life to serve Geoffrey Fisher, near whose house they had reached, "it will not be long before he has to exercise his abilities—coiners are busy in the city."

"Well I know it," replied the second citizen; "I discovered no less than twenty base crown-pieces amongst the money I left in the care of Geoffrey Fisher."

"I found the same number," exclaimed the third; "was it not for the upright character he bears, I should suspect they had been changed; I may be mistaken, but so many—it's very odd."

"A neighbour of mine complains in a similar manner," continued the first citizen, Walter Dudley coming from his house at the moment, unobserved, and hearing their conversation.

"Then I do not hesitate," rejoined the second citizen, "in declaring Geoffrey Fisher a cheat, and no longer worthy of our support and confidence."

"Foul slanderer," said Walter, addressing the citizen who spoke last, "how dare you calumniate an honest, upright man?"

"I—I—I," answered all the citizens at once; "examine these," continued one of them, displaying some counterfeit crown-pieces; "twenty like these I found in the bag I sent for from Geoffrey Fisher; I could venture to swear, what I deposited at his house were all genuine."

"He is Fisher's particular friend," sneeringly remarked, he who, a short time since, professed such great friendship for the goldsmith, "and will not credit our assertions; let us leave him to enjoy the good opinion he entertains of this wholesale coiner."

"I am confounded; the man, who was almost idolized, to be thus spoken of," said Walter Dudley, on being left alone; "it appears a dream; unfortunately, he is absent from home, calling on his agents, who dwell in different parts of the country, to settle affairs previous to commencing office as chief magistrate; what a blow these foul reports will be to him! To unravel the dreadful mystery, I myself will deposit a hundred crowns, and thus prove if there is any foundation for what I just heard; I have that sum about me, in a bag, counted and examined."

"That letter," exclaimed Peter Sniba, coming towards the shop of the goldsmith, at the moment Walter Dudley entered it, "has given my master the blues; it was cruel of Mistress Margaret, to send such a one; it has made him look as sorrowful as a cow who has lost her calf."

"What a horrid thing it is to be crossed in love," continued Peter, giving a signal, which he was aware would engage Alice's attention, and probably cause her to come to the door. "Poor Master Henry, he has got as thin as a roasting-spit; I know if Alice was to send me such a letter, it would be all over with me. Ah, if my heart could but be seen, I'd venture a whole twelvemonth's pay, Alice, in large capital letters, is imprinted on it."

"Peter," said Alice, making her appearance as the young man uttered these words,—"I am in too much trouble to listen, at the present time, to such nonsense; how can I, when my dear mistress is so unhappy?"

"Unhappy,—so is my master—so is his man; she ought to be unhappy for sending that abominable letter. I know it will be the death of him."

"Poor young man! but you try and console him, and I'll try and persuade my mistress to grant him an interview."

"What a darling creature you are."

"So all the men say," replied Alice.

"They had better not let me hear them," said Peter.

Alice put her finger to her mouth, and drew him aside, observing Walter Dudley issuing from her master's house.

"I have left the crown pieces," said Walter; "to-morrow I call for them. I like not this Christopher Wilford, there is a lurking cunning, which his fawning flattery and politeness cannot conceal; but to judge thus, is uncharitable. I may be wrong—a few days will decide, when, I trust, the citizens will esteem Geoffrey Fisher, my old friend, as heretofore."

"Alice, he has left money at your firm," said Peter, as Walter Dudley entered his own house, which was only a few doors off.

"Ah, Peter," answered Alice, quickly interrupting him, "I have no time now to tell you what I think is going on; but I have seen such strange, ferocious-looking men with Christopher since master has been away, I am afraid something terrible is about to happen."

"Look sharp after the varlets," replied Peter.

"I will," said Alice, "and I will likewise try and save your master from falling a victim to the tender passion."

"In which I hope you'll succeed," answered Peter, adding, kissing her, "a little one at parting. Good-bye, my darling Alice, good-bye!"

Saying these words, he darted away towards the Tower, where the regiment he and his master belonged to at that time was quartered, where, on arriving, he related to Henry Dudley an account of the interview he had with Alice, which inspired him with hope, and in some measure revived him from the painful despondency he had been labouring under, since receiving the letter from her he so dearly loved.

## CHAPTER VI.

CHRISTOPHER WILFORD'S TRIUMPHANT REFLECTIONS.—THE CHANGED GOLD.—THE MERCHANT'S DISTRESS.—MARGARET'S FOREBODINGS.

"I HAVE taken the liberty of changing forty of Dudley's crown pieces," said Wilford, rising from a desk in the counting-house, having just finished sealing and retying the bag, so as to give it the appearance of being exactly in the same state as when left by the woolen



merchant. I know he deposited them for the purpose of being convinced if there is any foundation for the reports which have already been circulated against his particular friend. I have taken the precaution," continued the ungrateful villain, pacing to and fro, "not to change from monies entrusted to my care, since the goldsmith has been away, with the exception of Walter Dudley's."

"There is no danger of his calling till to-morrow; by then Geoffrey Fisher will have returned. I expect him hourly; thus shall I be clear of suspicion; several have made trials with their bags, more careful than usual, sealed and tied; but as they were left, so I returned them. Ha! ha! ha! what wry faces some of those who are gone abroad will put on when they discover it. Ah, as I expected, master has returned."

"Christopher Wilford," exclaimed Geoffrey Fisher, entering the counting-house greatly agitated, "ere I commenced the journey which my election to the honour of chief magistrate compelled me, for the purpose of settling affairs which I could not attend to after commencing office, I quitted, as I imagined, my native city, respected and esteemed by my fellow-citizens."

"No man more so," replied Wilford, adding with great simplicity, "which I believe is still the case."

"You are mistaken," replied Geoffrey Fisher, his countenance much troubled. "On my arrival with a company of merchants from the city of Bristol, I met several that hitherto had shown me the greatest respect; but who, to my great surprise, did not even return my salutation. Others that formerly gave me the honourable side of the path, kept on their straightforward course; even the name of cheat and coiner was insinuated against me. Explain, if possible, the cause of this sudden change."

"They cannot be thus lost to reason," answered Wilford, affecting great sorrow and surprise, "to treat in so degrading a manner an upright man; but with all due respect," added the fawning hypocrite, bowing, "you must be labouring under some delusion—your long and fatiguing journey, and anxiety concerning the mayoralty; you must be deceived. Not long since, Walter Dudley deposited a hundred crowns in my possession."

"Then it must be delusion!" exclaimed the goldsmith; "he would be the first to hear of any circumstance as would tend to injure my credit and reputation."

"I am as rich as ever," added Geoffrey Fisher, cheered and composed by the artful manner of Wilford; "I have never defrauded any one, neither did any person ever call twice for money. Ha, ha, ha!" hysterically laughed the old man, tears of joy streaming down his cheeks, "I have been deceived, it's merely imagination. Geoffrey Fisher, lord mayor elect, of the renowned city of London, a coiner and cheat; it's a mistake—ha, ha, ha!"

"To behold my benefactor in trouble, would break my heart!" exclaimed the fiend, who, in the meantime, was plotting his destruction; "believe me, I feel paralysed at what you have just stated; the business during your absence has increased, and I experience a heartfelt satisfaction, knowing I have more than usually exerted myself."

"Wilford, I am satisfied," said the confiding master; "now to see my daughter."

"May every ill that can happen light on your daughter," sayagely exclaimed the traitor, on being left alone; "ere long shall the proud girl feel my revenge. The recollection of her contempt and scorn at my offer has sank deep into the inmost recesses of my soul; in a few days shall she be in my power, then will I glut my vengeance."

"Now to meet and plan with Mark Seymour," continued Wilford, on gaining composure; "yes, from him I will obtain coining implements, secret them in this house, and write an anonymous letter, giving information to the officers of justice; they will ensnare Geoffrey Fisher, and the scaffold will be his fate; the treasure I'll take care of; perish all, rather than I again feel the stings of poverty!"

Finishing his demoniacal contemplations, he left the house, and repaired towards London Bridge, for the purpose of meeting, according to appointment, Mark Seymour.

On the goldsmith's entering the apartment where Margaret was sitting, he affectionately embraced her, whilst the tears streamed in profusion down her cheeks.

With pain the fond father beheld the sad change which had taken place since his departure; grief had made a sad alteration in her countenance; a suspicion of the danger her confiding parent was placed in by the treacherous schemes of Wilford, haunted her day and night,—sleep was banished from her pillow,—she was wretched and unhappy; when he left her to commence his journey her cheeks bloomed with the tint of the fragrant rose, and her eyes sparkled with the lustre of the most costly brilliants; but now, a deadly paleness overshadowed her countenance,—all appearance of joy had vanished. In fact, the once lovely girl appeared as if being consumed by some hidden trouble.

With great tenderness the anxious father inquired the cause.

"Need you wonder," exclaimed Margaret, "at the alteration you behold in me, when I have been in such anxiety concerning your safety; my very soul seems to have been consuming, seeing the snares by which you are surrounded. Once more I warn you, Christopher Wilford is a villain, and plotting to destroy both you and me."

"Margaret, have a care; recollect your promise."

"Ah, I see," continued Margaret, frantically, "you will not cast him from you; spell-bound, like the weary traveller, deceived by a treacherous guide, you'll only be convinced, when too late, of your danger."

"What mean you? even now, when others treated me disrespectfully, he —"

"Father," interrupted Margaret, "the fox gazes with fascination on his victim till it falls into his power, and thus will it be with you; Wilford's hollow zeal and unmeant friendship has fascinated you; but as soon as opportunity occurs he will, in spite of your unheard-of kindness, destroy you."

"What proof have you?"

"Alas, none; only a true prophet in suspicion," said the troubled daughter; "he is too wary; yes, the evil one himself cannot be more subtle."

"Margaret," answered the goldsmith, "I will not—cannot hear more. No man ought ever to be condemned on suspicion."

"You are lost, dear father; you're lost!" resumed Margaret, as Geoffrey Fisher quitted the apartment, leaving the agitated girl alone to her sorrowful contemplations on the infatuation and blindness of her parent, in placing such unlimited confidence in a villain.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE MEETING NEAR THE BRIDGE.—WILTON DISCOVERS HIS RIVAL.  
—THE PROPOSAL OF MURDER.—DUDLEY'S RESOLVE.

"HAD my master been kept a prisoner in the guardhouse," said Peter Snibs, whilst standing at no great distance from the bridge, "he could not have looked much worse. Ah! it's all through love. What havoc the tiny vagabond makes among hearts, to be sure," added Peter, taking another look to see if Alice was coming; "it's barbarous; he spares neither age or sex. To have one of his skewers sticking in one's gizzard, makes a fellow feel. Egad, I don't know how I feel. I wish Alice would come. How very dark it has got, to be sure."

"Oh, Peter," exclaimed the long-expected maiden, suddenly advancing towards him, "we are in such trouble—such wicked reports against my poor master."

"What the deuce is in the fire now?" exclaimed Peter to himself; adding to Alice, whose eyes were swollen with crying, "before you tell me any bad news, tell me if there is any good news for my poor master? has your hard-hearted mistress consented to—? there, you know what I mean."

"What do I behold?" said Wilford, he, likewise, having been waiting near the spot for the purpose of meeting Mark Seymour; "yes, it is Alice; I must hear her conversation with this young soldier."

"I do know what you mean," replied Alice, not perceiving Wilford, who had crept, unobserved, to where they were standing; "Miss Margaret will see Henry Dudley again; she has consented to meet him near this spot."

"Then Henry Dudley, the woollen merchant's son, is my rival," whispered Wilford, withdrawing farther from the lovers, "and will meet her here. Can I but persuade Mark and his associates to use their daggers, I shall be rid of him."

"Will she?" said Peter; "then he will speak to her once more, kiss her pretty lips, and behold her precious pair of bright sparklers again. Oh! I am so happy."

"You would not be," sorrowfully answered Alice, "were you aware how truly miserable and wretched my dear young lady is."

"That alters the case," replied Peter, looking sad in his turn; "no man can be happy, at least if he has any pretensions to that noble title, when he beholds a woman in trouble—I know I could not."

"She is, indeed, unhappy," said Alice (Wilford and Mark Seymour, who had met as appointed, advanced softly and cautiously); "she fancies that wicked clerk is plotting to destroy her father. Depend on it, Peter, he is a downright villain."

"If there is anything wrong," rejoined the young soldier, "I'd lay my life that snake is at the bottom of it. If he belonged to our regiment he'd soon be drummed out."

"Wilford," whispered Mark, who with him had overheard the conversation, "there is an old saying, that listeners seldom hear any good of themselves—this is a proof of it."

"I wish I could root out their babbling tongues," growled the clerk.

"But quick, Peter," resumed Alice, "run and tell Master Henry Dudley to hasten to this spot; it will not be long ere his lady-love is here to meet him."



"Run! egad, I'll fly," said Peter. "Ah! I'll be as quick as lightning. Good bye, dear."

"I declare he's going without even giving me one kiss," exclaimed Alice to herself, as she turned away. "Sweetheart, indeed! a body might as well have a wooden image for a sweetheart."

"This, then, is the cause of her hatred and contempt for me," exclaimed Wilford; "she loves Master Dudley, but never shall he possess her."

"How can you prevent it?" remarked Seymour.

"By plunging a weapon like this to his heart," replied Wilford, displaying a dagger.

"Would you murder him?"

"Not myself; but it shall be done."

"By whom?"

"Two or three of our gang must waylay and rid me of this bold aspring boy."

"What! assassinate a man, merely because he happens to be your rival in a love affair! Psha, you cannot mean it."

"I do mean it; Christopher Wilford would sacrifice a dozen lives to gain his purpose; so oblige me, give the order, and that will be his death-warrant."

"Fiend! thou worse than devil!" passionately cried Mark Seymour, indignant at his base cowardly proposal, seizing him by the throat, and throwing him with great force on the ground.

"Miscreant," continued the chief, "did ever you know Mark Seymour imbrue his hands in blood? I order those under my command to commit a cold-blooded murder! rather would I here, on this spot, deprive thee of thy worthless existence."

"Noble captain," cried the prostrate villain, assuming his usual dissimulation, "it was merely a stratagem of mine; yes, you are still the kind-hearted humane Mark Seymour."

"Well, here is my hand," answered Mark, sheathing his sword, and helping him to rise, "but bear it in mind, although I lead a lawless life, I am not, or ever will be, an assassin. Now to business."

"Yes, to business," repeated Wilford; adding to himself, "and it shall be my business to bring you to the scaffold."

"To-morrow I wait on you disguised as a foreign merchant, with a fresh supply of our new coinage," returned Mark Seymour, "when you can instruct me how to gain possession of the immense treasure you spoke of. What we do, must be done quickly; in a few days we start for the City of York."

"My plan shall be drawn out for you," answered Wilford.

"The sooner we quit our haunt the better," replied Mark Seymour; "too sharp a look out is now made; follow me over the water, and I'll supply you with a few of the moulds we use in our business."

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed Wilford, whilst following the chief; "put him in possession of the goldsmith's treasure. Fool, more likely a place on the gibbet."

"This is the spot," exclaimed Peter, coming towards the place the two confederates had just quitted, and showing Henry Dudley where he passed with Alice.

"Peter," answered the young officer, almost breathless with walking so fast in his weak state, "your tried fidelity shall be rewarded."

"It is already," said Peter; "the pleasure a true servant feels in serving a good master sufficiently repays him at any time."

"That shall be a future consideration," continued his master; "return to town and await my coming."

"With your permission," said Peter, "I'd rather observe the movements of your inveterate enemy, Wilford the clerk; there is a deep plot laid to ruin the goldsmith, depend on it, sir."

After a little further conversation, it was agreed on that Peter should closely watch the movements of Wilford, and give instant information to his master, should he make any discovery.

Various were the contemplations of the young officer as he paced to and fro during the time he was waiting to behold once more her so idolized; numerous conjectures crossed his mind as to what might be the troubles of Geoffrey Fisher, both himself and Peter not having heard of the reports against the goldsmith, Henry having been closely confined through indisposition in his quarters since the period of receiving Margaret's letter.

What hours of time he thought it appeared whilst waiting to behold the object of his soul's adoration; never did he experience such suspense.

"I hear footsteps," he exclaimed, taking his eyes off the splendid scene caused by the silvery rays of the moon then at its fullness. "It is my beloved Margaret."

"Henry Dudley, we meet once more," said Margaret Fisher, on reaching where he stood.

"Had we not," replied Henry, embracing her affectionately, "I should soon have ceased to exist; the world to me, without my beloved Margaret, would be void of all pleasure."

"In so doing," continued the goldsmith's daughter, "I have broken the solemn promise I made to my father, but bear in mind it is not as lovers we meet."

"Not as lovers!" answered Dudley, with astonishment.

"I repeat it again, not as lovers; it is not a time for a daughter to be spending her time in wooing, when a fond and aged parent's life is in danger."

"Margaret, what mean you—explain the deadly mystery?"

"What mean I—have you not heard Geoffrey Fisher, the rich goldsmith of Bishopsgate, spoken of as a coiner, an utterer of counterfeit coin, a cheat?"

"No, I have not till now quitted the Tower since I received your letter; but tell me," he added, laying hand on his sword, "who is the author of so vile, so d—d a calumny; by Heavens, whoever the villain may be, he shall repent inventing such a fiendish report."

"Alas! my poor father," sobbed Margaret, her heart almost bursting with grief.

"I will be your friend," soothingly exclaimed the gallant soldier; "I will clear him of the foul imputations cast on his character, or die in the attempt."

"Thanks—a fond daughter's thanks—I knew your goodness of heart—I felt conscious you would not desert a friend in the day of trouble."

"Again I ask who is the foul calumniator that thus accuses so upright—so honest a man?"

"Alas! we know not, so secret and subtle has been his vile schemes; I suspect it is the work of Christopher Wilford."

"Does your father think so likewise?"

"No, such is the confidence he still places in that two-faced man, he will not even hear the least insinuation against him. What shall I do, Henry?" continued Margaret, almost frantic; "advise me how to act, to save an honoured and aged parent from becoming the victim of so heartless a villain; picture to yourself the horrors of my situation; should base coin be discovered in the house, which I suspect it will, the scaffold will be the fate of—oh! horrible!—the thought alone is madness, despair."

"Margaret, cheer thee," said Henry, holding the almost fainting girl in his arms; "do not, I beg, thus give way to despondency; place your hopes above, an Omnipotent Power will not suffer such an outrage against justice to happen."

"I am distracted—bewildered."

"Dearest Margaret, I entreat of you to rouse yourself; I will do all that man can do to unravel this fearful plot, and clear your father in the eyes of his fellow-citizens, and the world."

"Heaven in its infinite mercy grant you may succeed," replied the maiden. "Wilford is crafty, and his diabolical schemes carefully and deeply laid; but I must return. Was my father to discover we have met, I should incur his displeasure—for the present, farewell."

"Fondlest of my soul," replied Henry, kissing her hand, "for the present farewell," adding on finding himself alone, Margaret being in an instant out of sight, "yes, I will save Geoffrey Fisher, or perish in the attempt."

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE ACCUSATION.—THE OATH BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR.—THE WOOLLEN MERCHANT'S ADVICE.

As Christopher Wilford sagaciously predicted, Walter Dudley called the next day for the bag of money he had confided to his care; and great was his horror and surprise, on taking it home and examining the contents, to find that the enormous sum of forty crown pieces had been exchanged in the hundred.

As might have been expected, Walter Dudley hastened back to the house of Geoffrey Fisher, demanding an explanation how it was so glaring a fraud and breach of trust had happened, at the same time displaying to the goldsmith the base coin he had received in lieu of the genuine ones he had deposited with his clerk.

Geoffrey Fisher, confounded at the foul charge laid against him, and by his most particular friend, was so taken by surprise, that he could scarcely answer; on recovering from his astonishment, at what appeared to him a horrible dream or vision, he insisted on Walter Dudley accompanying him to state the case to the chief magistrate of the city, whose place he was to have taken in a few days, feeling confident of his own innocence, and the matter being cleared up.

"Now, where has all the bad money come from?" said a citizen, coming out of the justice-room at the Guildhall, to one or two more who were standing by. "Forty changed in a hundred!"

"And to serve his most intimate friend the woollen merchant thus,—shameful," added a second, following him.

"I always expected he was a cheat," said a third, the same individual who professed so much friendship when the goldsmith was at the height of prosperity.



"And what's the pity," said a fourth, "Walter Dudley will have to put up with the loss, for the goldsmith has taken an oath he has not changed them."

"His career," continued the second citizen, "will not be of long duration, now the eyes of the officers of justice are opened. He will soon be quitting the hall—let us avoid him."

"Here's a stir!" exclaimed Peter Snibs, coming to the spot, having just left his master, entering the goldsmith's house—Margaret having sent Alice with a note to the Tower, wishing to see and consult Henry concerning what had happened—"I declare the whole city is in an uproar. Forty changed in a hundred they keep saying," continued Peter. "It's that vagabond clerk's doings. Poor Miss Margaret! what trouble the dear young lady is in! I'm glad she sent for master; we'll spoil that cunning fox yet; I've some clue as to who are the real coiners. Here comes the goldsmith; I'll run and tell Alice, so that he may not pop on the two lovers by surprise."

"Geoffrey Fisher!" exclaimed Walter Dudley, as they quitted the justice-room together, gaining the outside, "in you I am indeed deceived, taking so solemn an oath, and thus perjuring yourself is worse than the crime."

"Base slanderer!" retorted the goldsmith, "there is a foul plot laid to ruin me, in which I suspect you have a hand. Yes, your mean-spirited soul envies me the honours conferred on me by the citizens of London."

"You wrong me, Walter Dudley is still your friend. Your taking the oath before the magistrate was voluntary."

"Would you not have done the same, if placed in a similar situation, and felt a consciousness here," said Geoffrey, placing his hand to his breast, "you were innocent?"

"I certainly should," answered Walter, Christopher Wilford coming to the spot unobserved, and listening to their dispute. "But once more I give you my most solemn assurance, I carefully examined every coin. It's impossible I could be so greatly deceived."

"Quarrelling," whispered Wilford, his eyes flashing with exultation. "I always thought," said Geoffrey Fisher, "in you I could boast of a sincere friend; but alas! I find there is no dependance in man."

"Accused," continued the goldsmith, with great emotion, "of being an utterer of base coin!—horrible! I shall sink under the infamy thus cruelly cast upon me."

"Are you convinced of your principal clerk's honour and integrity—Christopher Wilford, I mean?" inquired the woollen merchant.

"I am," answered Geoffrey. "Never had master a more faithful servant. I would trust my life in his hands."

"You have trusted your life in his hands," replied Walter with great emphasis; "but ere it is too late, convince yourself of his honesty. Hasten home, and examine his accounts. I never knew a gamester honest yet, and I can prove him one. Again I caution you, beware of Christopher Wilford."

"Beware of him yourself," muttered the enraged clerk aside, putting his hand to his dagger.

"Beware of Christopher Wilford!" exclaimed the astonished goldsmith (the woollen-merchant having abruptly left him)—"oh, suspicion flashes across me; that man alone, for some time past, has had the entire management of my business, but he, a traitor, a gambler—oh, no, no, it cannot be—yet!"

"Now to act my part," said Wilford, in a whisper, adding, (feigning to be almost breathless with the haste he had made to fetch his unsuspecting master) "oh, sir, how fortunate I have found you, he is now in your house, quick, or your daughter will elope!"

"Who!—what mean you—explain," said Geoffrey.

"Master Henry Dudley, your most inveterate enemy. I beheld him stealing cautiously in—he who, aided and countenanced by his father—changed the forty crown pieces, and bribed a number of men to raise the false reports against you."

"Henry Dudley in my house with Margaret!" cried Geoffrey; "Wilford, thou art, indeed, a watchful friend; I see the plan he is taking to be revenged for refusing him the hand of my daughter, but I'll tear them asunder—quick! follow me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" grinned Wilford, adding, as his confiding victim hastened towards his house for the purpose of surprising the fond lovers, "run, thou poor weak old man into the snare I have laid for you! Examine my accounts, forsooth! It's now too late; ere long the officers of justice will call (through the anonymous letter sent by me); the remainder of Mark Seymour's base coin, and the coming implement I have contrived to secrete in the goldsmith's chamber—how my plot fail!"

Leaving the treacherous clerk to pursue his fiendish contemplations whilst following his benefactor towards Bishopsgate-street, we will return to the two lovers, who little dreamt their meeting had been discovered by Wilford.

(To be continued in our next.)

## Alice Home;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CXLVII.

SIR CHARLES HOME AND THOMAS.—THE INTERVIEW WITH MARGARET AND THE DEFIANCE.

SIR CHARLES, when he had in some measure recovered from his extreme nervousness and debility, induced by his fit and long insensibility, together with his lodging on the damp, bare boards, proceeded to quit a spot that brought nothing but horrors to his recollection, for no one reminiscence of the old farm house could be correctly called by another name.

The marks of blood were apparent—he could trace them to the door—on the step—beyond that all was lost—the rank weeds and grass grew over and choked every spot of earth that had years before been bare, and the search was a hopeless one.

"Had it not been so would it have been prudent to follow it? scarcely—but had Sir Charles Home seen the dead body of that man, whom he now feared so much, and whose dark insinuations and dreadful threats struck terror to his soul, his joy would have been scarce equalled by that for any other favourable event to himself whatever.

But no such sight met his view, and he was compelled to turn from the spot with the full knowledge that another attempt to rid himself of a deadly enemy had signally failed. This brought many aggravating circumstances to his mind, as he well knew the effect such an attempt must have had upon the individual who had escaped him, and would doubtless cause him to be more eager for revenge, and more vigilant in watching for an opportunity to strike the blow he so much feared; but as things were so, he, Sir Charles, must meet them, and his object was first to secure the happiness of his daughter Alice, and then he would defy the world, for he could anticipate any attempt that would prove fatal to himself by cutting short the thread of existence that presented but few charms, and that indeed to him at times appeared a burden that he should feel satisfaction in releasing himself of.

Filled with thoughts like these, he quitted the spot, making for the Hendon road, where he was fortunate enough to meet with a coach going to London. Sir Charles immediately ascended to the roof, the only seat vacant, and was presently on his journey homeward.

The fresh morning air, and the presence of individuals on the coach top, all tended to restore Sir Charles Home to something like consciousness and life, and though much lost in contemplation, he still appeared to be one of the members of society.

After a little more than an hour's drive, Sir Charles alighted, and ordering a coach, he stepped in, desirous to be driven to his own residence, where he at length alighted.

No sooner did he enter the hall than he was met by Thomas, whose important bearing at once recalled to Sir Charles Home's mind the fact that he had set him to watch Margaret on the yesterday after she left the house in such a hurried manner.

"Sir Charles," said Thomas, assuming as much importance as he dared, for he feared that Sir Charles was just as likely to cut him something short of his new made consequence. "Sir Charles, I have something to say to you, if you please."

Sir Charles pointed with his finger towards the small ante-room, where strangers were usually shown in to wait when it was necessary. Thomas immediately laid his hand on the door, and opened it, when Sir Charles entered, followed by Thomas, who again closed it.

"Well," said Sir Charles, "what have you to say to me about Margaret Home?"

"Why, Sir Charles," said Thomas, "I did as you desired me—followed Miss Margaret Home first from one place then to another—got into several dreadful scrapes—first with a sweep, then with a lady's school—and a pump, utterly spoiling my suit of livery, besides several of my own things; but I could not help—"

"Tell me not of this trash," exclaimed Sir Charles Home, hastily.

"Did you follow her?"

"Yes, Sir Charles, but—"

"Never mind—tell me where to?" said Sir Charles, in a tone that at once admonished Thomas of the necessity he had to be explicit; and he said—

"To Doctors' Commons."

"To Doctors' Commons?"

"Yes, Sir Charles."

"Whom could she go to there?" inquired Sir Charles.

"I don't know, Sir Charles; but it was to a quiet street—the houses



were high and dingy. If you were once to see the street you could never mistake it, or the house, though I forgot to look at the name of the one and the number of the other. The house," continued Thomas, "is a very dirty one, with many panes of glass broken, and appears empty. Miss Margaret went to it direct, as if she had been used to go there before."

"Indeed!" said Sir Charles.

"Yes, Sir Charles, and she never once looked back, and pushed open the door, which appeared to move of itself, and then she disappeared. I had a good mind, Sir Charles, to go in too, but I knew not what people might be there, and it was a very lone place—not a soul to be seen save a cats'-meat man, and he had just turned the corner, so you see, Sir Charles, I was all alone."

"That is all you know then?"

"It is, Sir Charles."

"That will do then," said Sir Charles, giving him a guinea at the same time.

Thomas received the coin with expressions of satisfaction and left the room, leaving Sir Charles alone, deeply meditating upon what he had just learned from Thomas. Many thoughts crossed his mind, and it was some time ere he could form any resolution; but at length he determined to see Alice, and plead Horace Singleton's cause to her himself.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "I will go to her—her happiness, I am convinced, is bound up in Horace Singleton—and he, however injudicious he has acted, and however weak he has made himself appear, still the dupe of circumstances and deception, is fully deserving of the love she bears him. The veil has been torn from the face of Margaret, and she can no longer deceive—she may attempt much—but can succeed in doing nothing that can sever them. Yes, I will see Alice—I will see Alice."

Sir Charles quitted the apartment and ascended to the drawing-room, but ere he had reached it, he changed his mind.

Fearful that Alice would decline another interview with Horace, he paused, and saw that should she positively reject him, there would be no alternative, and he felt he could not press her rudely upon the point, sure as he was that a reconciliation would be the only event that could, or would, reconcile her to life and joy.

He therefore made up his mind that he would not see Alice until Horace Singleton should come and plead his own cause to her, when he could more effectually serve them both than at the present. He determined to go at once to Horace Singleton's chambers, and bring him to his residence, that he might, introduce him into Alice's presence unannounced.

Turning, therefore, from the drawing-room, he at once proceeded down stairs with a view of putting into immediate execution the scheme he had conceived; when, however, he had descended but a few stairs, he fancied he heard some one following him down, and at once turned round to see who it was, and to his astonishment he beheld Margaret Home.

Her whole appearance betokened the workings of a mind torn by strong passions and conflicting emotions. Sir Charles for the moment gazed on her without attempting to move, and Margaret fixed her eyes on the features of Sir Charles with an inquiring gaze as well as with the well defined expression of hatred and revenge that she habitually wore in his presence.

Sir Charles, however, recovered himself, and, seeing that Margaret was dressed to leave the house, he determined in his own mind to follow her, and attempt to discover by whom she was abetted in her present course of conduct; and he at once commenced again his descent.

"Sir Charles Home!" exclaimed Margaret, in so strange a voice that Sir Charles involuntarily looked at her, "I wish to say a few words with you in private."

"With me, Margaret Home?" he inquired.

"Yes, with you, Sir Charles. They are of some consequence to you, and it is necessary that you should be acquainted with them."

Sir Charles turned back and, entered the drawing-room in company with Margaret, and then turning to her, he said,—

"Well, Margaret Home, I am ready to hear what you desire to say to me."

"I do desire to say a few words to you," replied Margaret, laying stress upon the words—but, at the same time, an evident agitation, or nervousness, pervaded her frame. "You are about to promote the more than once broken-up match between Alice Home and Horace Singleton."

"I am," replied Sir Charles, calmly.

"Then, sir, it must not be—the union cannot, must not, take place; they are parted now, let them continue so, and it will be the better that they should be separated early than late."

"Must not be, Margaret Home? you are surely distraught—it is a matter upon which you are not consulted, and which will take place,

Your malevolence and deceit are too apparent—all is exposed—your whole machinations have failed."

"But you must acknowledge the truth, Sir Charles Home, and that, too, to Horace Singleton, and sever the match between him and Alice."

"It is a matter upon which you cannot feel any interest—you cannot have any object in view that would render such a course necessary."

"I have," replied Margaret vehemently, "and I tell you, Sir Charles Home, that this marriage must never take place, or you may prepare yourself for the gibbet."

"The gibbet!" replied Sir Charles, faintly; "that is a bold word—much may happen, you know, before that could ever be, supposing there was any danger."

"Yes, much may happen, but it will be merely preparatory to such an event. I have but to utter the slightest intimation of my desire, and you would be arrested for the murder of Abraham Benn, at Hendon, and for the murder of another man, whose body was discovered in Abraham Benn's house, but lately pulled down."

Sir Charles, for a moment, was silent; a confused notion of danger, of past events and the future, all crowded upon his mind; but then he thought of his daughter Alice—for her he would dare all, even an ignominious death, if need be; but that he had latterly believed he might escape by cutting short the thread of life when danger should so beset him that escape was impossible. Margaret watched in silence the effect her words had upon Sir Charles, and the smile of triumph curled upon her lips as she said—

"You see the necessity of doing what I have desired, Sir Charles, and you will do it?"

"I will not, Margaret."

"You will not!" said, or rather screamed Margaret, at the same time a flash of colour mounted to her very temples, and angry glances shot like gleams of fire from her eyes. "You will not, Sir Charles! Know you not the fate you tempt—has death by the hands of the hangman so many charms for you that you thus brave it—know you not my power? then you must feel it, and I will have my revenge, and yet Horace Singleton shall not marry Alice Home."

"I know all that your malevolence can imagine, Margaret," said Sir Charles, in a determined tone of voice—"I defy you to do your utmost and worst—exert the power you have—I have no reason to fear it; had I, your conduct would reduce you to destitution, and thus avenge any injury you could possibly inflict upon me. I defy you!"

## CHAPTER CXLVIII.

MUTUAL ACCUSATIONS.—THE ARRIVAL OF HORACE SINGLETON, AND THE INTERVIEW IN THE LIBRARY.

For more than a minute after Sir Charles Home had uttered his full and complete defiance to Margaret Home, she appeared like some beautiful fiend whose deadly glances scattered mankind beneath her gaze never more to rise. All her faculties seemed paralyzed, and she became incapable of speech, but her silence was like that of the newly dammed up stream which silently gathers its waters till it reaches the full height, and then bursts over the bounds with resistless might and terrific sounds.

So broke forth Margaret in all the richness of invective, in which she appeared peculiarly well qualified to shine; but it was to no purpose, Sir Charles Home had once made his stand, and he determined to abide the result, the more especially as he believed he perceived in this extreme passion more of impotence than power; he began at length to hope that he had at last been the conqueror in this war of words, and appeared proportionately elated, while Margaret, seeing she was braved and her words no longer made any impression, said,—

"Well, Sir Charles, it is well we should know each other. You have defied me, and now you shall learn to your cost what it is you have to fear."

Thus speaking she turned to leave the drawing-room, and proceeded to the door. Sir Charles did the like, which Margaret quickly perceiving, she said with a sneer,—

"You will be well employed, Sir Charles Home, in playing the spy upon my actions; but you are mistaken if you suppose I will submit to be tamely followed by you."

"Such was not my intention, Margaret Home; do not imagine I am desirous of meddling with or spying into the affairs of others; it is a desire I am free from—I could wish the vice had as little infected you, so much of deceit and treachery would then have been wanting in this house."

Margaret felt an accession of colour at this reproach, though it was administered by Sir Charles Home; she contented herself, however, by saying,—

"A rebuke from Sir Charles Home must be valuable indeed, the source is so pure—however, I shall not now leave the house; do not imagine that my enmity sleeps, or that my threats are forgotten."



"Should I recollect them, Margaret Home," replied Sir Charles, bent upon having the last word, "it will be but charitable to consider you as insurers in these professions, as you are in those which more become your dependent situation."

Sir Charles then left the apartment and entered the library, determined to await and ascertain if Margaret left the house during the day; he, therefore, wrote a short note to Horace Singleton, requesting he would call upon him, Sir Charles Home, as shortly as he could.

This letter Sir Charles Home despatched by hand, with instructions that the bearer should await until Horace Singleton had read it, and then hasten back with his answer.

But a short time elapsed, barely sufficient to enable a messenger to go and return from the Albany, when a knock at the door announced the arrival of a visitor, and that visitor was, as Sir Charles rightly enough conjectured, Horace Singleton.

Sir Charles was still in his library pondering over the interview he had had with Margaret, also the scene he had gone through at Hendon. He was more than ever inclined to believe that he owed much of the terrifying effect of Margaret's and the stranger's threats to his own guilty knowledge of the truth, than to any real danger that might exist from them. "They knew nothing," he thought, "it is all surmise and supposition—my own fears have given them the power they seemed to possess; at all events, I will pursue the object I have in view steadily, that of uniting Alice and Horace Singleton; that once done, and I will stand at bay with them all—I can but die when I am overcome, and cheat them of that revenge they seek with so much pertinacity."

Thus thought Sir Charles Home, and while these thoughts were fresh in his mind, Horace Singleton entered the library.

"Sir Charles Home," said Horace, "may I hope that my visit here is not an unwelcome one, and that my explanation has been as successful as it is sincere?"

"Your presence, Mr. Singleton," replied Sir Charles, as he took the proffered hand of Horace, "is welcome, else I had not sent for you, and so me your explanation is satisfactory; for, however unfortunate things have happened, yet I cannot doubt your sincerity. You have been the dupe of the designing and artful; but, as every circumstance has been so clearly demonstrated, the like errors cannot possibly be re-enacted."

"You may rely upon that, Sir Charles. The mask has been taken off, and Margaret Home stands revealed in her true colours; but Alice, Sir Charles, do I stand excused in her eyes? Am I forgiven?"

"Alice," replied Sir Charles, "is not quite satisfied, for though she admits the truth of all you urge, yet she cannot but think you thought there was something to learn from Margaret; that, in short, you suspected her, else why meet Margaret at all?"

"Ah! Sir Charles, I am singularly unfortunate. There has been a chain of circumstances, all almost beyond my control, or following each other so insidiously that one has no thought of checking them until events happen that bring about consequences so important, that a long life may be spent in regret. I hope you may yet give me some encouragement to hope."

"Why," replied Sir Charles, "I have pleaded your cause as my own, but not yet with any success; but I have sent for you that you may make the attempt in person. I will place you behind this screen, and you shall there hear Alice herself; you may then judge how you are likely to succeed, and break in upon our conference at the most fitting opportunity."

So saying, Sir Charles left the room, while Horace walked behind the screen.

"Alice, my dear child," said Sir Charles, as he entered her room, "I have a few words to say to you, if, darling, you have sufficient leisure to attend to me."

"Leisure, father; certainly. At all times I have leisure to attend to what you have to say."

"Then follow me, Alice, to my library, and there I will explain to you what I wish to say."

Sir Charles Home drew his daughter's arm through his own, and led her from the apartment, and in a few moments more they both stood in the library.

Alice could not understand the mysterious conduct of her father in entering her to his library before he would at all enter upon a discussion of the subject which was so near her own heart, and which she had every reason to believe her father held so dearly.

She, however, followed him willingly, and when they reached that splendid apartment he locked the door, and with a face glancing with more pleasurable excitement than she had ever seen him exhibit, he turned to her and said,—

"Now, my Alice, can you, upon mature consideration, believe that Horace Singleton entertains for you other than the purest sentiment of devotion?"

"Father—father!" she replied, "when last we spoke on this sub-

ject, I gave myself—my pride—my scruples, and my honour—wholly and solely to your keeping."

"Yes, my darling Alice; but it is your judgment I wish to conquer; and not to owe any submission to your love alone."

"I cannot deny, father," she said, "I never have denied it to you that I did love Horace Singleton."

"And must you now, Alice, speak of that feeling as one gone past. True love, dearest, is a passion that never leaves the breast it once has entered while life there lingers."

Alice sighed deeply, then flinging herself into her father's arms, she said,—

"Father—father! what would you have me say? what would you have me do?"

"Forgive and bless one whose only fault, if fault it be, has been loving too well, too fervently, his heart's best, first, last, only idol," cried Horace Singleton, springing from his hiding-place, and throwing himself at the feet of Alice, who, with a faint scream of surprise, started back towards the door.

"Is this generous?" she said.

"Forgive me, Alice—forgive me. Oh, pardon the subterfuge which has enabled me thus to cast myself at your feet, vowing to love you as man never yet loved woman."

"Father—father!"

She turned to address Sir Charles Home, but he was gone, and Alice found herself alone with her lover; she sank into a chair, and burst into tears.

"Nay, my Alice," added Horace Singleton; "send me away from you for ever, if you will, but do not let me be the cause of one pearly tear from those eyes. I will be wretched if I have not the one consolation that you are happy."

"Horace, Horace," she said, "there has been much misery where there needed to have been none. Dare I trust my future happiness to you?"

"Yes, Alice—yes. A heart more faithful, truer, you shall not find. This moment is decisive of my fate in life. Give me one word of hope, and I am happy. Deny my prayer—discard my love, and I will still bless you, but never more shall you be grieved by a sight of my deep distress."

"The faith of such love as you paint," said Alice, "should have been boundless, and should never have known a doubt."

With a deep sigh, Horace rose to his feet. His voice trembled, and every accent betrayed his deep agitation as he spoke.

"Alice," he said, "I am human, and have human weaknesses and human failings. I can claim but one great mental impulse, which seems to lift me nearer Heaven—that is my love for you. It may be that you are right, that you are exercising great and scrupulous judgment in discarding me; I will not question the decree. You are young and very beautiful. Crowds of adorers will rush to your feet, and among them you may find one who will love you even as well as poor Horace Singleton. Heaven grant it may be so!—It would soothe the pangs of that death in another land, which I shall now sigh for and find in its armies, to hear that you are happy. I have been wrong—I have erred in judgment, never in feeling; dearly am I doomed to suffer for that error. May God grant me strength to bear it!—Alice! fondly loved—deeply regretted—cherished image of my heart's idolatry, farewell—for ever, farewell!"

His arms dropped to his side: an air of deep dejection overspread his features, and he moved to the door of the apartment as if his feet were loaded with lead. Then he turned like some passionate pilgrim departing from the shrine that was to him a hallowed and holy one, to take one last lingering look at her he had loved—still loved so well.

Oh, who shall paint the agony of that moment! He thought his heart would burst with its too full emotion. Alice turned her face towards him—she half rose from her chair, and stretched out her arms.

"Horace—my Horace!" she said.

A cry of joy escaped his lips; in another moment he had clasped her in his arms.

(To be continued in our next.)

**SCYTHIAN FUNERAL HONOURS.**—When the Scythians interred a sovereign, they strangled upon his remains his most favourite concubine, his cup-bearer, his master of the horse, his chamberlain, his gentleman usher of the chamber, and his cook; and upon the anniversary of his death they killed fifty horses, on which were mounted fifty pages, whom they impaled alive, and there left them stuck by way of state around his tomb.

**SIMPLICITY.**—"Fetch me a pound cake," said a lady to her servant, a raw country wench, as she placed a shilling in her hand. The domestic, after staring in amazement at the coin on the palm, answered, "It's not for me, ma'am, to get a pound cake for a shilling."



## THE BEQUEST.

In the suburbs of the town of Stockton, on the border of the river Tees, stands a cottage which, if content ever had a residence on earth, was her dwelling. It faces the Tees, and has a garden before it. An envious honeysuckle and vine hide its whitened sides in part from view, and from its windows, as you gaze upon a wide tract of land and water, you may gather the fruits and flowers as they seem to present themselves for your reception.

Towards this house of peace Francis Sedley, a youth of twenty, was returning one Saturday night from his labour, to greet his widowed mother with the hard earnings of his industry. He reached the green painted wicket, and putting aside a wide spreading rose-bush, whose unpruned branches seemed to deny him entrance, with quick steps trod the path, and as his finger lifted up the latch, a tender inquiry broke from his ready lip. The early supper he found waiting his arrival, and his mother wondered that he had stayed so long.

"Why, mother, I stopped in town to buy you a new gown; and, see, the draper has put it up in a London newspaper."

"Well, that's a treat indeed."

"But how dost ye like the gown?"

"Oh, it's a bonny pattern, and you're a canny lad. It shall be thy Easter gift, boy. But, come, let's to supper."

"And then to the London newspaper."

The dame put on her glasses to read the newspaper.

"Let me see," said she; "'Robbery and murder'—Gully and Gregson—'Four to one on Gregson.'"

"What!" exclaimed Frank. "Four on him at once! Dang me if that were fair."

The dame went on.

"'Yesterday morning the celebrated Captain Macnamara had a meeting.'"

"What, built a chagel, I suppose?"

"Ay, Francis, I suppose he did, good man. 'Elopement.—It is rumoured that the wife of a respectable attorney in the city has eloped with her coachman. If so, he has the whip-hand of the lawyer, and having ejected him, has become a tenant in tail.' Bless me, what a wicked world this is! 'Next of kin—Winifred Johnson, of St. Neot's, Huntingdon.' Why, that is my sister, as I live."

"No!—Is it, though?" said Frank, laying down his knife and fork, and fixing his eyes earnestly on his mother.

"It is, indeed, boy."

"Well, what's next?" he exclaimed, impatiently.

She again took up the paper, and read—

"If Jane Sedley, formerly of London, and late of St. Neot's, should be living, or her next of kin, will apply to Mr. Adams, solicitor, Gray's-inn, London, they will hear of something to their advantage."

"Mother!" exclaimed Frank, "I'll go to London, that I will. Who knows—we may be rich folks yet? I always thought I was born under a lucky star. Well, who would have thought that I should be a gentleman? Why, mother, you'll be a lady—ha! ha!"

"Hold your tongue, Francis, do," said the dame. "We must first speak to our black friend, Huron, and take his advice."

"Then, mother, I'll go and fetch him now."

"Well, do, Frank," said the dame.

"I woot, mither."

The words were no sooner spoken than he was out of the door, and with a light heart, panting with the idea of future greatness, he bounded towards the cot of the hospitable Huron, a man who could call his place his home, but who had been torn from every tie that binds the human heart to life—a wife, on whom he doted—children, whom he loved.

He was an African, who had been sold to a West Indian planter, and by him brought to England, in whose service he was treated with a benevolence seldom met with among such persons, for their hearts are estranged from mercy by the many scenes of barbarity they witness. At the death of his master, Huron retired to live upon a small annuity, to spend the remainder of his lingering existence in the county of Durham.

Here he was treated as an intruder by the very men who had stretched out the seeming hand of friendship to him, and led him from his native land to a distant country, deprived of liberty, of children, wife, and home.

There was something in the action and look of Huron that won the hearts of Mrs. Sedley and her son. He spoke English with fluency, and but for his colour he would have been taken for a native of England.

"Well, Francis," said the African, as he entered the door, "what is the matter? You have been running. Has anything happened?"

"No—yes, sir—some mortal heavy news! Mother has had a fortune left her by her sister—my aunt, sir, and I am going to Lunnun to fetch it all down here; and so mother wants to see you about it."

"Well," said Huron, "give me your arm. We will trudge together. But how do you purpose going, Francis?"

"Walk, sir—walk all the way there, and ride all the way back. I'll buy a chestnut mare; and, dang me, but I'll come down at a pretty rate wi' all the money."

"Ay, but you are too sanguine. You must not count your gold before you get it. Remember the old saying, 'There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.'"

"Why, that's what my old schoolmaster used to say, and I'll be shot if ever I could tell what he meant by it."

"His meaning was this, Francis: that life is uncertain—that everything is uncertain."

"No, sir; we shall get the money, though. Don't the London newspapers say so? And how should they ha' knowed anything about it, about mother, or aunt, if they hadn't got the money for us? I shall be a gentleman and mother will be a lady."

"There is some property left you, no doubt, but as it is uncertain, you must not dwell too much on the idea of becoming a gentleman. Remember what I have frequently told you: there are many vices and temptations that man is heir to, and if you were to mix with those who go under that denomination, you would find that many are only so by name."

"Why, sir, measter says there be no gentlemen now, they be all squires. I'd rather be a plain country lad than such a gentleman as our squire. He has got no more feeling than a post, sir. If I didn't see him bang a poor horse about her head, just as if it had been as hard as his own head. But, however, it served him right—the poor horse couldn't stand it long, but threw the squire, and has made such a confusion on his leg, that the doctors think it will come to an information. And now, as he thinks he shall die, he's turned good all of a sudden. So it's quite true what mother says—'Some folks be like drums, quiet till they are beaten.' But look, sir, there be mother coming to meet us, paper and all."

"Well, Mrs. Sedley, what is this I hear?" said Huron, as soon as he came near the dame. "But, Francis, are you going to leave us?"

"I am only going up the lane."

"To meet Sue, no doubt?"

A slight nod and a smile was all the reply he made, and, crossing a stile in the hedge, was soon at Farmer Harcourt's door.

"Oh, Sue!" he cried, as a blooming girl of eighteen flew to give him her hand. "I am so pleased."

"And so am I, Francis, if you are. But what has happened?"

"What has happened? Oh, nothing; only mother's a lady, and I be a gentleman—that's all."

"But tell me, what is it you mean?"

"Why, you see, I was buying mother a gown at Stockton, you see, and I am not here if the draper didn't give I a Lunnun newspaper to take it home in, and then I see my aunt was dead, and left a deal of money, and the lawyer in Lunnun has nobody to give it to, and so I am to go to Lunnun, to fetch it all down here."

"Then," said Susan, fixing her blue eyes swimming in tears on his face, "then you'll grow rich and forget me."

"Forget thee, no; now don't say that, you know I can't do that; I can never forget thee, Sue."

"Well, Francis," said the old farmer, extending his hand, "I am heartily glad to hear the news. I shall provide in comfort for my dear girl, and then I can lay myself down and die in peace."

"Die! thou sha'n't die yet; no, that you sha'n't; nor ugly ould steward sha'n't turn you out of the farm, though you can't pay the rent. Many a time have I gone to work with an aching heart, to think Susan and you'd had no home, but so long as mother had one, and I could work, that should never happen."

The old man's furrowed cheeks bore a streaming testimony of his gratitude. The tear of affection alike fell from the eyes of his daughter. Words were denied them, and Frank stood drying his eyes alternately with his sleeves and the tail of his coat.

"Well, dang it, we musn't cry, because I've grown rich. When I come from Lunnun I'll bring thee down such a lot of new ribbons, Sue."

"But, my dear Francis," said she, "when you are in Lunnun there are many fine folks and things that will lead your thoughts from me; perhaps may turn your heart. Oh, if it should be so, think of the misery it would bring on me—think, only think that there is one you would leave at your native place, whose heart would break should that happen, that would die if you should forget her."

"Come, come, don't thee—don't thee take on so. So, feyther be crying as well as thee, and rot me if I bea'n't, too; but, dang it, Sue, what be we, then, crying for? why, because we are pleased, that is all. There, don't cry any more, don't thee, Sue."

The affectionate embrace that followed these words made their tears flow the faster, and as he departed at the rustic gate, again they pledged their mutual loves.



When Frank reached his mother's cot, he found that she with Huron had fixed his departure for the following week, which accordingly took place; and on his arrival in London he inquired for Mr. Adams, who, being a man of considerable practice, was soon found. The newspaper with certificates of baptism and marriage were produced, and Frank with astonishment and delight heard the attorney declare that as soon as the necessary arrangements were made, and a few further inquiries answered, he would be let into possession of estates to the amount of six hundred pounds a-year.

"Jack," said Mr. Adams to his son, a dashing blood of the first order, "I think this gentleman had better put up with what accommodation we can give him; it will be better than continuing at his inn; what say you?"

"Ay, dad, I think it would, for he must go into training. Well, John Lump, how are you?"

"Me, sir; you're mistaken, my name bean't John Lump, it be Francis Sedley."

"Sedley—fine romantic name, and Francis is a beastly name; it is Frank with every one. Neat cut coat that of yours, sir."

"Yes, sir; I paid a matter of four-and-sixpence for it, before a single stitch was put in it; you may titter, but it's as true as I'm Durham and you are a cockney."

"Bravo, bumpkin, you'll soon make a man of fashion by your impudence; but you must have the rust taken off, and be polished a little. I'll make you another thing, quite. Your arm, Frank; come along."

In this manner Jack rattled off his new found acquaintance, and taking his arm, they proceeded to the residence of Mr. Adams in Russell-square.

My fair readers will wonder why young Adams made thus free with Sedley, but he had several reasons which would make an acquaintance with him very seasonable; he was looked upon by his fashionable friends as an original, and the idea of bringing out an immensely rich booby country squire would be the talk of the west.

Moreover, the young lawyer was in daily expectation of receiving a slight touch on the shoulder from those rude, uncivil wights y'clept balliffs, which, though such taps had ceased from their frequency to act as an electric shock on him, still, like a sensitive plant, he shrunk from the idea of seeing those rude weeds worse than the rue among the fair flowers in the garden of the law. By him, too, he thought to feather his nest anew, and none knew better how to pluck a pigeon than himself.

Young Adams introduced his friend, as he called him; when in the continual routine of dissipation, the heart of Sedley became gradually estranged from his former self, and soon he forgot the mother who watched his infant years with care, and the rustic maid to whom his solemn vows were pledged.

"Frank," said Adams to him one day, "it will be some time before you can touch. I'll put you up to a mode of getting supply until then; an old acquaintance of mine, Mr. Levi, of Jernyn-street, will let you have a trifle; but, by George, Frank, he'll make you pay through the nose for the accommodation."

The expression young Adams used of *paying through the nose* is as follows:—when any person is in want of a loan of a thousand pounds, for one, two, or three months, an application is made to the broker, who, after a great many hems and haws, consents to accommodate you with the sum, in consideration of which you purchase for fifty or sixty guineas, that which is not worth three, and give your bond for the sum with the interest at five per cent.; thus the only proof that appears in black and white is *legal*.

Sedley obtained five hundred guineas, and having given his bond for the sum, he made the usual purchase of a brooch, which the broker vowed he lost by, and Adams swore was worth double the money.

"Now," said Jack, "my lad, to Brighton; but first of all, to Tattersall's, and get a brace of bloods; you must be paymaster for the present—you know I can repay you. I cannot ask dad for any more cash at present, for I have cursedly run out at elbows lately."

To Tattersall's they went; a pair of brisk bloods were pointed out to them by the fashionable dealer to be the go. A curricule was hired, and the following morning named for their departure.

The same night Frank, at the persuasion of his tutor, gave a supper at the Thatched House, where the young lawyer drank confusion to the drudgery of the quill, declaring he liked no deed but a deed of gift, and no will but his own; writs and lattituts, bills of Middlesex, and the evils thereon, thereto, and thereupon, might all go in the custody of Lucifer, instead of the marshal of our lord the king.

Young Adams and his pupil, equipped as grooms, *a la mode*, drove, Jehu like, through the town, and took the road to Brighton, at which place they dined. The next morning the race-course was eagerly sought. The moment the dashing curricule entered the ring, a host of sharks, well-skilled in horseflesh, came to greet their arrival.

"Jack," said Turf Mellich, who that instant rode up, "I know you are a judge—who will be the winner to-day?"

"What horses run?"

"Volante against Devil."

"And wins, for a cool hundred," said Adams.

"Done," returned Mellich.

"I'll back the Devil for any sum."

Frank wondered how his friend would pay his bet if he lost; but this is an age when wonders should cease. In the end, however, the Devil was triumphant, and the bet was paid out of Frank's store. But this was nothing; was not young Adams teaching him how to get rid of his cash—was he not making him a complete blood of the ton—and could he do enough for him? No, it was impossible.

Frank thought himself a judge of cattle, and could not fail of success; but he did not know that the jockeys could win or lose according to the will of their master, and he was jockeyed out of another hundred.

Adams at night introduced him to a new species of entertainment—the fashionable game of billiards, and being a dab, no one will wonder that before they left off, Frank found that he had so far dabbled in it, that great part of his loan to his friend in the morning was wiped off. Yet he was likely to be introduced to company, and become a don himself, consequently he was under great obligation to Adams.

A letter was transmitted to Sedley from the elder Mr. Adams, inclosing one from Huron, in which he informed him that his mother was no more, and ending with a gentle reproof at his long silence. His own loved Susan added a few lines, which she thought would be acceptable to her Francis, as she termed him, and earnestly entreated him to hasten down and attend the last remains of his mother.

Frank was so unfashionable as to be capable of feeling an emotion, never before experienced, which agitated his breast, occasioned by his neglect to his mother; so that when Adams turned towards him, he saw the big drops of sorrow trembling in his eye.

"Why, Frank, you certainly are not crying? I'll be shot if you are not though. Give me the letter. From some tender piece of goods in the country? Mother dead—well, how can you help that? 'Tis very hard; the parish must bury her."

"The parish! Never. I will instantly go and —"

"Go!" said Adams, hastily seizing his arm; for he wisely thought, "if you must go, I must go too. Go—nonsense! Send them a trifle. Here, let me write. Who shall I enclose to?"

Sedley, with a sigh, said "Huron."

He took the pen and began,—

"Sir,—Yours has been received by Mr. Sedley, who is dangerously ill, and I am directed to transmit the enclosed bank note for 20*l*.

"And am, sir, your very humble servant,

"JOHN ADAMS."

"There, short and sweet, like a Bath bun. That's a rare dividend upon your bankrupt gratitude. As for me, I never dealt in it, and when a bill of that kind is presented at my shop, I always return it in the same way as the bankers do my bills—no effects."

In the evening young Adams went to the theatre. Sedley would not accompany him, and when left to himself, he read with increased emotion the letter of Huron. The thought of his departed mother, and his Susan, cut him to the heart, and he wondered how he could have lived so long from them. At length virtue resumed her sway, and he determined to leave his dangerous companion. A livery stable furnished him with a conveyance, and before Adams returned he was many miles distant.

When Adams heard he was from home, he asked the waiter what had become of the gentleman who had accompanied him. The waiter informed him that he had discharged the bill and left the house; that he had put on his chaise coat, and he expected the gentleman had returned to London.

Adams now felt himself in a very awkward position, and the next morning he wrote to his father as follows:—

"DEAR DAD,—That bumpkin Sedley has come York over me completely; for upon my returning from the theatre last night, I found he was lost, and I can obtain no tidings anywhere.

"You know the last hundred I had of you—well, all's gone. I lent it to Durham, who, by-the-bye, is as sharp as his native mustard; so I am unsuited, and shall be ejected if you do not send me a small supply. Only think what a cut the prince and half the world are having—races on, and I confined by roomatism. Ha! ha!—do you take? if you do, take pity on — Your affectionate son,

"J. ADAMS."

It is needless to say that within a twelvemonth Sedley and Susan were married at Stockton church, and lived many years to enjoy the unexpected bequest.

The only riches is a clear, an uncorrupted, an honourable independence.



## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE,

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

"Jack was very dull when he was brought back; he appeared to think that it was no joke, and stood in the lobby in rather a melancholy and sulky humour, till the turnkey, who I told you of, went up to him and slyly squeezed his hand.

"The hint was not lost, and Jack's countenance soon grew bright, and he chattered with one and the other with the freedom of an old acquaintance; and little did they think that they would have been so cleverly done by one of their own pals, and that all the credit was to be given to Jack Sheppard."

"Don't tell me that," remarked the fat turnkey, who had, like many others, pinned his faith to some popular ballad, or tale, and could not be reasoned out of it, though the truth glared as brightly in his eyes as the sun at noon-day, "don't tell me about your father's, or your grandfather's tale. I have heard all my life that Jack did it—and so he did—I'll swear to it any day against any man."

"I dare say you would," replied Nightingale, "and swear through one of the stone walls, too, if it pleased you; but yet what I tell you is true in spite of all your disbelief." His friend, the turnkey, did not forget him; on the contrary, he stirred Heaven and earth to assist him, gave him tools very different from those which are usually spoken of, and would scarce have made a scratch upon a piece of plaster; and more, he unlocked his cell, and enabled him to break through places from the outside instead of the in, so that his friend, the turnkey, should not be put in disgrace.

"He did more than that, too, for he obtained some stuff, and put it in their drink and hocussed them, so that they slept sound, and were unable to hear the din of the crow-bars and falling pieces of brick and plaster.

"Jack did much, I will allow, but his friend did more. This, however, is the case with all things—the saddle's put on the wrong horse—it's like tying up the wrong man.

"My father has told me, often enough, that Jack warn't strong enough, there warn't enough of him to do all that he is said to have done; his will might have been good, but it's no use of people talking and heaping up a lot of impossible adventures upon Jack Sheppard.

"The turnkey, when he found all was right below, threw off his coat and went to work in earnest, and their two crowbars did wonders, for Jack's friend was a big man, and a strong one to boot.

"It did not take them long to get to the roof; and here he again befriended Jack, by helping him over and lending him a ladder. When Jack Sheppard was gone, and fairly clear of the prison, then his friend returned, carefully arranging all things, so that the escape would appear as if effected by Jack himself, unaided by anybody.

"There was a desperate rumpus when it was discovered that the cell was empty: at first it was supposed he must have been secreted in the gaol, merely waiting an opportunity to escape; but their astonishment was great when they found the mischief there had happened in the upper part of the building.

"Of course all that had been done was placed to the account of Sheppard; the whole town rung with the fame of the exploits of Jack Sheppard, and even to this day there are those who know no better, and can think of nothing better or more novel than Jack Sheppard and his deeds."

Having delivered this oration, Master Nightingale left the lobby to go his rounds, and see that his department was all secure and safe. The big turnkey sighed deeply, and said, solemnly,—

"Well, I am flummoxed; to think as how all the story-books ain't true—all them ere rollicking novels is all gammon, and ain't true. I'll never believe in the Newgate Calendar arter this—no, I won't."

"Don't."

## CHAPTER CXLVII.

BERNARD VARLEY'S APPLICATION TO THE AUCTIONEER.—THE SOLICITOR'S LETTER.—VARLEY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

VARLEY, although he could not bring himself to think that even his last atrocious attempt upon the life of Samuel Twitter would induce that sagacious individual to attempt anything against his personal safety, inasmuch as he could not well do so without grievously committing himself, still began to be extremely uneasy at the whole aspect of affairs. The great difficulty of apprehending Rowland Percy—a difficulty which appeared really insurmountable, filled him with superstitious alarm. Then how utterly had he failed in his pursuit of

Miranda. How much more detestable and abominable had he made himself in her eyes by the very means he had adopted for the purpose of winning her to him.

Even he, half blinded as he was on the subject by passion, began to think his pursuit of the beautiful orphan one of the most hopeless of projects. He now knew well that no persuasion would avail to induce her for one moment to listen to his suit—not even the jeopardised life of her lover could wring from her one word of consolation. Truly did Bernard Varley feel himself defied by one who, with all his intellect—with all his wealth, and with all his most unscrupulous manoeuvring, he thought he should surely succeed in easily triumphing over.

"What is to be done?" was the question he continually asked himself; but he could find no satisfactory answer to it, and became completely involved in a labyrinth of painful thoughts and emotions. Slowly, then, but surely, the notion forced itself upon his consideration, that he would at last be compelled to seek safety and reputation in some country where his name was unknown, and where none could point to him as the despoiler of the orphan.

"It must be so," he muttered; "Twitter is quite harmless from his want of resources. Had I given him a large sum of money, he might have proved very dangerous, for he could have placed himself in some situation of safety from whence he could have made accusations against me. But as it is he would gain nothing by my destruction; on the contrary, he would give himself much trouble, and bring upon himself much detestation, even if his evidence against me was employed at the price of his own safety. I am quite free from any danger on Samuel Twitter's account; I have acted most wisely in holding my purse-strings tight against his large demands."

This point settled, Varley next thought it would be extremely desirable to carry into execution the plan in which he had been so signally foiled at York, namely, to sell the Grange estates.

"They will produce me," he thought, "a large sum in ready money, which I will invest in some foreign funds. The amount will be tolerably safe anywhere but in America; and then, should anything suddenly occur here to make it prudent for me to leave England quickly, I do not do so a beggar, but retain at least one of the objects I proposed to myself by the death of Sir George Rankley. If I cannot procure smiles from Miranda, I can purchase them from others."

As Varley uttered this sentiment he groaned aloud, for it was really quite different from his real feelings. Even then he would have given up all his wealth—all his hopes of revenge against Rowland Percy, for by that name he called his persecution of the young man, if he could but have received in exchange the hand of the beautiful girl upon whose innocent head he had heaped so much distress, and who had so much cause to think him a very fiend in the prosecution of his evil passions.

Putting aside, however, for the present, his pursuit of Miranda, and his hatred to Twitter and Rowland Percy, Varley left his hotel, for the purpose of at once putting in train the sale of the Grange estates.

Naturally he went to the most celebrated auctioneer in London; a man who, by vulgar impertinence, ignorance, and a large person, has raised himself to the top of his profession, and acquired a large fortune. This man Varley had frequently heard of; he knew as a fact that he procured larger sums for property placed in his hands, than any other of his profession. To him, therefore, he went, knowing nothing further of the man than his widely-spread celebrity as an auctioneer—a celebrity which the curious in such matters may indulge themselves in endeavouring to account for in vain, as we have often done. It is one of the phenomena of all ages, and all countries, that some men may do and say things broadly, and fill their coffers thereby, while other men would be ruined at the remotest approach to such conduct. Thus this great auctioneer seems to owe much of his success to coarse buffoonery, and insulting the very people who come to purchase the properties that change hands at the fall of his hammer. It may be that they consider him something in the light of the court fools, or *righte merrie jesters* of ancient times, who were at liberty to say what they pleased to any one, from the throned monarch to the tattered mendicant, and to take offence at whom would be as absurd and *infra dig* as to pass over an insult from a gentleman.

But, be this as it may, Bernard Varley repaired to this portly individual, and in his cold, distant manner, demanded an interview.

It was in an outer office that Varley propounded his request, and he did not know that the great man was himself there, for he could not imagine that the big individual he saw bustling about, and talking with great rapidity on all matters, was the real magician of the hammer.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the great man to a bewildered-looking boy who was present, "what are you about, what have you been doing, and what are you going to do? It would be positively refreshing to see you doing something. There, move those pedestals, fill those lamps, sweep out the office; take those letters. Come—come—come really—God bless my soul!"



"I wish to see," said Varley, "Mr. Bobbins."  
"Well, bless my soul! I'm Mr. Bobbins; don't you see me? What is it? My time's valuable, if your's ain't. Come, out with it, d—n it. Bless my soul!"

"You sell estates by auction?"  
"My good sir, I sell anything by auction, and everything by auction, from peg-tops to palaces. I'll sell you, if you like. Bless my soul! I sell everything and everybody."

"Indeed! I wish to place in your hands a large estate near York for public competition."

"Very good—that'll do. Come in. Now for the particulars. Here goes. York to wit; do you take—eh? Come along, this way—private room. How much do you think it's worth?"

"Not much," said Varley, looking round him, "if I may judge from its style of decoration."

"Pho—pho! I mean the estate, not the room. Come, what's its name? Out with it."

"It is called the Grange estate, and was formerly the property of Sir George Rankley, now deceased."

"Eh?—what is your name—Harley?"

"No."

"Barley?"

"No."

"God bless my soul! what is your name?"

"Varley."

"That'll do, it's all the same—here goes. Read that. Business is business. If your time ain't valuable, mine is."

He took from a file a letter, which he placed in Varley's hands, who, with unfeigned astonishment, read as follows:—

"SIR,—As a metropolitan auctioneer I address to you this circular, which has been transmitted to every gentleman of your profession in London, warning you against accepting instructions for the sale of an estate near to York, and lately the property of Sir George Rankley, Bart.

"The present holder is a Mr. Bernard Varley, and, as the solicitor of Miranda Rankley, the daughter of the deceased baronet, I am laboriously collecting evidence disputative of Bernard Varley's title to the estate in question. Should you, therefore, be waited on by him with an offer to undertake the sale of the said estate, you will do so on your own responsibility, and the purchaser may afterwards find he has no title.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES ANDERSON, solicitor,

"York."

"D—n!" cried Bernard Varley.

"Exactly. Good morning. That's the way out. No go. If your time ain't valuable, mine is. Tom—Tom, show Mr. Farley out—eh? Good morning. Bless my soul!"

Perfectly bewildered, and in a storm of passion, Bernard Varley found himself in the street.

## CHAPTER CXLVIII.

**TWITTER'S RESOLVE.—THE FORGED CHECK AND THE DETECTION.—VARLEY'S ATTEMPT TO POSSESS HIMSELF OF THE MONEY.**

It was in a perplexing and anxious state of mind that Samuel Twitter revolved the various modes of procedure over in his mind. Many things were desirable, he told himself, yet many were dubious or dangerous; the thing, therefore, that he endeavoured to encompass, was the most certain, and, at the same time, it involved the least possible amount of personal risk; for Samuel Twitter's recent adventures had but little tended to infuse a spirit of courage and adventure into his mind.

After much thought, he determined to provide against the next visit of the active and exemplary inspector, by decamping and leaving the nest empty. He, therefore, arose early, while the people of the house were busily employed about ordinary affairs, dressed himself, and after assuring himself, by carefully listening at the head of the stairs, that no one was at hand, he quietly descended the stairs, peering as he came down into every hole and corner, until he finally reached the door, which he opened and closed without disturbing any one of the household.

"There," said Twitter, "Mr. Inspector can now settle the bill if he likes, I shall not. I didn't go there of my own choice, nor did I order anything, so I ain't liable."

Twitter found that the exercise of walking was anything but pleasant; his limbs were stiff and sore, while his bruises required some attention, and, fearful of the consequences, he called a coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the hotel he had been living at, separately from Varley.

His appearance here was rather unexpected—at least, his personal appearance in such guise was scarcely looked for; and Twitter was much annoyed by being conscious that he was food for observation among the waiters. He, however, immediately retired to his own apartment, and remained some time in communion with his own thoughts, and then he ordered a large box to be brought to him, and when again alone, he opened it and began to make a careful search over its contents.

For some time Twitter's search appeared in vain, and his peevishness seemed upon the increase, for he turned the contents over in a hasty and angry manner, as if his patience and hopes were alike exhausted.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Twitter, in a low tone, "if I have lost them. I know I had some, for I always thought they would be useful, and now when they are most needed they are not to be found."

As he spoke, however, so much of Twitter's countenance as was capable of expressing satisfaction, did so, as he held in his hand a small piece of paper. It was a blank check.

He hastily thrust back the contents of the box, which he had taken out, and drawing writing materials towards him, he began to practice on a sheet of paper the name of Bernard Varley, imitating a signature he already possessed, written by Varley himself.

Many attempts were abortive, but at length he succeeded, and the signature was attached to the check, which was filled up with the demand of six thousand pounds. Twitter would have demanded more, but he feared that so much might not be there, and then he would get none. It was, however, much against his nature to seek a smaller sum, when he believed a larger one was to be obtained, even for safety sake, but he did do it, and the check was accordingly drawn for the sum of six thousand pounds.

"Now," thought Twitter, "the next thing will be to present it and obtain the money."

So greatly was he elated that he ordered some refreshments to be brought him; then, after a time, he ordered a coach, into which he stepped, and ordered the coachman to drive to the bankers'.

Twitter was not in the most imperturbable mood as he was driven along; on the contrary, now that his scheme was so near completion, he became slightly nervous as to the result, though he felt conscious that if he were detected, that Varley dared not do aught to injure him. Yet Varley was a desperate, bold, and bad man, altogether free from those fears which haunted his, Twitter's, imagination.

While these thoughts crossed his mind the coach stopped, and the coachman in another minute opened the door, saying:—

"This is the house, yer honner."

"Very well," said Twitter. "Wait awhile till I return, as I shall want you to go back."

"Yes, yer honour," said the coachman, with a touch of the brim of his hat.

Twitter entered the banking-house, and made straight for the desk where he saw checks were being cashed, and handed in his own. Twitter's manner betrayed embarrassment; indeed, he had scarce breath enough to speak, and he watched the expression of the clerk's countenance with a nervousness that was quite painful to himself.

The individual who took the check looked at the signature very hard, and then consulted a book, after which he left the room, and presently returned with another individual, who likewise consulted the book, and then they both came to Twitter.

"We cannot pay this check," said the clerk.

"Are there no funds?" inquired Twitter.

"Yes; but it does not appear genuine. The signature and filling up are different from what Mr. Varley usually adopts. I must detain it and yourself."

"Very well," replied Twitter, with more composure than he thought himself capable of, but which no doubt arose from his belief in the inability of Bernard Varley to do anything to his detriment. "You had better send for Mr. Varley, as my time is of consequence."

"Certainly, sir," said the clerk, somewhat staggered by the cool request; "have the kindness to walk this way, and we will immediately dispatch some one for Mr. Varley."

Twitter entered a small room, evidently used as a waiting-room, and seated himself before the fire, there to await until Varley came.

It was some time ere he could arrive, and Twitter took up the morning paper, feigning to amuse himself during the interval he had to wait, but, however well to appearance he effected this, he felt but wretchedly at heart.

"I wonder what he will say," thought Twitter, with an uneasy shift in his chair; "he cannot let me be taken for forgery, that's clear, because, though he would be very glad, indeed, to see me hanged, yet he would know very well that his fate would be similar to my own; for what motive should I have to keep the secret since my own life was no longer affected by it, and I could revenge myself upon him."

"No, he must admit the writing as his; but should they make the



inquiries without my being present, then I am lost," thought Twitter, with a groan.

There was a slight bustle, and one of the clerks uttered the name of Varley.

"Ah! he is come," thought Twitter, and, in another moment, Varley entered the room.

There was a strange mixture of malice and pleasure perceptible, as if he were glad that Samuel Twitter was thus safely lodged, and in his power. He looked more pleasantly than before, when he saw, too, the marks of violence he bore upon his person—evidences of his own brutality—which seemed to give him much delight.

"Ah! Samuel Twitter," he said, with a triumphant air, "I had not expected this interview. It is pleasant when friends meet unexpectedly, it brings joy to my heart, Samuel Twitter."

"Ah! you're very good—good," groaned Twitter, "and would, I dare say, be happy to have seen me at the bottom of the Thames."

Varley's colour changed for a moment as he met Twitter's eye during this reply; it brought with it a disagreeable reminiscence.

"Not at all," replied Varley; "not at all. You are here upon business, I dare say; you did not desire my company, though, so much, perhaps, as I desired yours. Our meeting is unexpected, Samuel Twitter."

"Oh, yes, very; but the people here sent purposely for you upon business."

"What is it that you sent for me?" he inquired of the clerk who was in attendance.

"A cheque has been presented to us, purporting to be drawn by you for six thousand pounds."

"Six thousand pounds!" echoed Varley, in a peculiar bland and subdued tone, that made Twitter groan internally.

"Yes, Mr. Varley; we were doubtful of the signature, and sent for you."

"You did very right," said Varley, in the same tone, but glancing at Twitter.

"Is it genuine?" inquired the clerk.

"Allow me to look at it," said Varley.

The clerk handed the cheque to him, and Varley carefully read it through, and after curiously and minutely examining it, he laid it down before him, and was about to speak, when Twitter, fearful of the consequence, interfered, with the desperate attempt of silencing Varley, and even compelling him to acknowledge the signature, through fear of the consequence.

"Mr. Varley," he said, "knows that I would not commit such an act as your suspicions would imply; he knows, too, that I would not do anything that would cost me my life, especially as he is well aware that the existence of another person entirely depends upon my own."

This had all the effect it was intended for; Varley at once saw his imminent danger—he turned very sick—the room appeared to swim round, when he made an effort to speak and said, in a faint voice,—

"I recollect now—it is my signature. It is all right. You must cash it."

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Varley," replied the clerk, much puzzled by what occurred, for he could not understand what had happened; in his own mind the forgery was clear, and he thought Varley knew it; but why he should suddenly admit the cheque to be genuine was beyond his comprehension, but there was no room for hesitation, and he continued,—

"I am very sorry for having given you so much trouble, Mr. Varley, and must apologise to this gentleman for the unpleasant occurrence of his detention, but it was our duty to make sure where a doubt existed."

"Oh, don't name it," cried Twitter, delighted at the turn events had taken, but yet nervously apprehensive of Varley; "it couldn't be helped, I dare say; but, as I have waited here long enough, perhaps you will have the goodness to give me the cash for this at once."

"Most certainly, sir," said the clerk; "step this way."

Twitter entered the public part of the bank, and once more stood at the counter, but closely followed by Bernard Varley, who watched every movement he made, and fixed his eyes upon Twitter, who felt as uncomfortable beneath his basilisk-like gaze, as it is possible to imagine, though he (Twitter) never once looked at Varley, or met his eyes. He hastily counted over the changes for the cheque, and carefully secured it about his person, and then turned to leave the hall.

In this he was followed by Bernard Varley, who kept close to his heels, until he came into the street, when the latter seized hold of him with a nervous gripe of the throat, saying,—

"Samuel Twitter, the money,—the money! I must have it. Give it up quietly, and save your life, or all the help you may call for shall not save you."

"Help—help! Murder! Police!" cried Twitter, as he felt Varley's grasp, and his endeavours to possess himself of the booty he (Twitter) had about him, and a desperate struggle ensued between them.

(To be continued in our next.)

## WAKE, FLORA, DEAR! AND HEAR MY LAY.

By the Author of "The Thames," &c.

Wake, Flora, dear! and hear my lay,  
Whilst tuneful notes appear so gay;  
Ere morn assumes her lovely train,  
Let echos not repeat in vain;  
From slumbers sweet, dear Flora, rise,  
Whilst whistling winds will waft my sighs;  
Then list and hear your lover say,  
"Wake, Flora, dear! and hear my lay."

Yes, Flora, cease thy pleasant dreams,  
As my silent heart with affection teems;  
What life can show, or who can tell,  
How sweet the influence of thy spell?  
Then let my lay with every strain  
Breathe till words repeat again—  
Until the morn proclaims the day,  
"Wake, Flora, dear! and hear my lay."

E'en waves may roll and rivers meet,  
And sounds speak of thy charms so sweet;  
The moon may shine on yonder green,  
Whilst spotless skies make all serene;  
Then let my voice repeat thy name,  
Whilst echos loud proclaim thy fame,  
O'er hills and dales, and ocean's spray—  
"Wake, Flora, dear! and hear my lay."

CARE OF BEES IN EGYPT.—M. Maillett, who was French Consul in Egypt, in 1692, informs us, that about the end of October, all such inhabitants of Lower Egypt as possess hives, embark them on the Nile and convey them upon that river to Upper Egypt, calculating to arrive there at the time when the inundation is subsiding, and the lands having been sown, the flowers begin to bud. The hives having come to this part of Egypt, are then placed pyramidically in boats prepared for that purpose, after being marked and numbered by the several owners. Here the bees feed in the fields during some days, and when it is supposed that they have got in all the honey and wax that can be met with within two or three leagues round, their conductors convey them in the same boats two or three lower, and remain there as long as it is necessary to enable them to collect all the riches of the new season. Then the earth forwards its productions, and the plants come into bloom in proportion as they come near to their place of abode. In fine, about the beginning of February, after having travelled through the whole length of Egypt, they arrive at the spots whence they had set out, and return to their respective habitations, for care is taken to set down exactly in a roll or register, every district whence the hives set out in the beginning of the season, their number and the names of the particular persons who sent them, as, likewise, the mark or number of the boats in which they were placed, according to their several habitations. Niebuhr saw upon the Nile, between Cairo and Damietta, a convoy of 4,000 hives, in their transit from Upper Egypt to the Delta.

Two gentlemen who had been schoolfellows, meeting after a lapse of years, inquiry arose after another companion of their boyish days, to which it was replied, that from the pulpit he had taken to the bar. Upon explanation it came out that his business was that of an auctioneer, and that he had married an innkeeper's daughter.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the Editor, at the office, when they will meet with immediate attention.

Y. D.—We shall be glad to receive the MS. of "Maud" at the author's earliest convenience. We entertain a favourable opinion of him from what we have already received, and will pay instant attention to the tale.

"Light Hearts" shall be inserted.

We are obliged for the article on "Greenwich Fair." It is in hand.

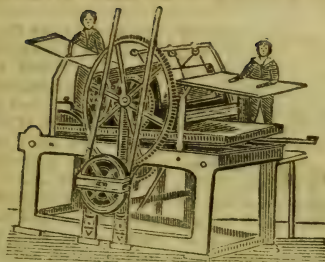
J. WRIGHT.—We are afraid the MS. is mislaid.

"GOD BLESS THE SURVEY."—Declined; not suitable.

H. S. C. N. can be obliged in future; but the articles must be short, as the space is confined.



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## THE PREDICTION.

A LEGEND.

"We will stroll to the ruined castle this evening, an' thou wilt, my sweet coz," said Emily Mordaunt to Hortense Hartville, who was on a visit to her.

"Gladly, my dear girl," returned Hortense. "You know I love to visit old ruins. This gloomy evening it will be delightful to witness the sun gloriously sinking to rest, and his departing beams gilding the dark-leaved ivy, and throwing fantastic shadows from each falling buttress and nodding tower. Come, let us go," she exclaimed, hastily tying on a simple straw bonnet, from which her bright hair escaped in wavy ringlets: "and, perhaps, there is a legend or something attached to it. You will tell me on the spot."

"And perhaps there is," said Emily, gazing on the animated face of the beautiful Hortense; "and if I forget any point in the story, fully accredited by the ignorant peasantry, Herbert Leyton will, no doubt, to please Hortense, fill up the faulty part."

"Herbert Leyton will be very clever, then," archly returned Hortense, with a slight blush, "to correct Emily Mordaunt's inaccuracies at the distance of a mile and a half; or, perhaps, his wisdom will be conveyed to us by owls. Oh, no. There will be no agent employed. Herbert Leyton knows better than to have a proxy. You talk enigmas, Emily."

"Not at all, child. Do but come two steps nearer me, and your own bright eyes can unriddle my riddle, if one, indeed, it be. Nay, nay, but you shall come and see;" and Emily laughing, led her to the window. "Now look, pretty innocent, at good Master Herbert coming in full earnest speed to escort us on our way. Come, come along!"

The fair friends descended the stairs, and, with Herbert, were soon on their way to the ruins, which gratified the gentle Hortense.

The happy trio, after wandering around, seated themselves on a grassy knoll, and Hortense begged of Emily to relate the promised legend, which she did in the following words:—

In the half-barbarous, unpolished days, when the barons of England lived in their strong stone castles, surrounded by broad fair lands, obedient vassals and dependents, like kings of absolute monarchies, the happiness or misery of their inferiors—nay, their very lives, hung on the caprice, or, perhaps, fancied well-being of those proud lords; when dungeons as deep beneath the surface of the ground as the castellated turrets were high above; when rack and torture were resorted to; when men were made prisoners without any hesitation, and had just sufficient food barely to keep alive the lamp of life, to be made more bright, or extinguished at pleasure; when the head of an innocent and upright man was cut off at the word or nod of his lord, and his body hung on a tree for carrion birds to pick at, not one daring to call in question him who willed it—no law regarded; when might was far more potent than right; when, if a baron could by force or stratagem obtain the person of his enemy, equal or superior, or could imprison or extirpate him, seize his land and heritage, unrebuked save by his own black conscience—to those days, then, this legend reverts.

This castle was then surrounded by a dense wood of forest trees, which, like the other parts of the country, was infested with wild animals. The owner of this proud castle was the Baron Rodulf Fitz Osbert—a man all feared, many hated, and no human being in anywise loved, save his own son, who was as unlike his father as storm to sunshine. And Fitz Osbert's love to his boy was the one redeeming trait in his nature—a solitary flower in a wilderness of weeds—in all else faulty,

dark, cold-hearted, cruel, superstitious, gloomy, and capricious—there were those who wondered at the love he bore even his gentle and innocent child.

So strange a contradiction to his very nature it seemed, and strange, too, it was, for pride and superstition were the fostering nurses of this passion in his breast.

A dark prediction had for generations been transmitted from father to son of this ancient race, and the proud Fitz Osbert dreaded to see the fulfilment which, from the aspect of things, coloured as they were by his gloomy imagination, he could not but think was near.

When from Fitz Osbert's Moor-like race  
Of swarthy skin and raven hair,  
And eyes as midnight dark, shall spring  
A branch of Saxon beauty rare,  
Fitz Osbert's chief had need beware—  
The strongest, loftiest tower shall fall,  
The eagle's nest will rear a dove.  
Light from a soul shall quick depart,  
Ere fate the words of Zoofna prove.  
Then the race of Osbert will decay  
As snow-built labours fade away.

Such is the interpretation said to be chaunted, accompanied by strange music, at the birth of each member of the house of Osbert, coupling the event with mystery and dread. Fitz Osbert, the only surviving member of the once numerous family, had looked forward with intense solicitude to the time when his wife, the Lady Blanch, expected to bestow on him the sacred name of father. The period arrived, marked strongly by concurring events, amidst the warring of elements, the deep roar of thunder, the fierce glaring of lightning, and the wild outbreaks of wind, drowning hail and rain against tower and turret, like missiles from some furious demon's hand, and above all, was heard the music and chaunt, with unearthly laughter, repeated, echoed, and again repeated, till the pale vassals were half dead, trembling with wild affright; loud, and louder raged the storm, and the wind assumed the force of a hurricane, when lo, the tower, in which was kept the armour and treasure, accumulated by generations, and reported to be strong and impregnable as Alpine rock, after a loud peal of thunder, fell with a crash that transfixed the haughty baron, like a statue of stone, to the spot on which he stood, and rendered nerveless the arm of the leech attending on the Lady Blanch, who was thrown into a swoon, so powerful, that from its dread influence her sweet spirit lost its pristine brightness. From that hour the past was lost to her, or, as if it had never been; gentle and harmless as a dove, she ever was; but all the high attributes of reason had fled, and she would fondle and caress her fair boy, who drew breath in that ill-starred hour, as if she were a child, even as himself, a dear, a loved, and loving playmate; the baron, too, was altered in his mood, the darkness of his nature showing itself in fits, which was before habitual. His wild un governable temper was checked, if not subdued, and his cold cruel-hearted nature somewhat softened. His feuds with the neighbouring barons were less frequent, and his power not so tyrannical and unjustifiably used as formerly, and in some of his wild moods, he opened some loathsome dungeons, and allowed their wretched inmates, whose existence there was only known to one or two of his creatures, comparative freedom and comfort, and sent large sums to the adjoining monastery, and he listened with something like complacency to the admonitions and exhortations of the pious ghostly confessor, he had before treated with superlative contempt; but his capriciousness did not leave him, for he would do severe and bitter penance for some violent outbreak of passion; and then he would call together a



goodly company, and presiding at the merry feast, and intoxicated by the contents of the overflowing goblet—the song of the minstrel which told of the prowess of knight or baron in overcoming all that opposed them, be it of mortal power or unearthly might, till he would fancy himself, like the hero, endued with godlike power, and he would bid the vassals bring the bright Edwy to his presence; and he would throw a proud glance round his rush-strewn hall, hung with trophies of the war, tourney and phase, and filled with guests and servants, and then his eye would rest upon his child, with all the pride of ancestry, father, and lord, and beam from his dark countenance, like sunbeams through clouds. And as each guest was loud in praise of the noble bearing, and the beauty of blue-eyed, golden-haired Edwy, who, in truth, deserved them all, for he was fair and comely as any on earth could be, the baron would vaunt, and boasting, ask if it was possible, so beautiful, so promising a bud could in any wise be the last, the means of withering a stately tree; and he would stroke back the burnished locks from off the boy's delicate purple-veined brow.

"What can touch to harm thee, Edwy, protected by my arm, and shielded by mine heart? Thou, smooth-limbed boy, shall grow to man's estate, and beard the wolf in his den on thine own broad lands; and hunt the wild boar in thy forests; the wolf, the she wolf and her cubs, shall yield their skins for thy foot to tread on, and if, thy father, will see thee, my children, ay, and thy children's children—a truce, I say—a bold company."

And then he would change and his lip quiver like the leaf of an aspen, as perchance the thought of the Lady Blanch would cross, like a dark precursor of storm, his bright horizon of imagination; her a living, every-day remembrancer of the evil prediction, and its some part fulfilment. And his mind would be racked with the agonizing thought that he was an indeed mortal, and could not intimidate or bribe death, and that it was possible for the fell destroyer of mankind to sweep away, as chaff before the wind, the peerless treasure of his ancient house; that his glorious golden bowl might be broken, and he descend, the last of his race, to the tomb of his fathers, a childless and desolate man.

In such like alternations of joy and gloom, in the mind of his father, twelve years passed over the head of Edwy, and he was graceful and healthy as the morn; health seemed to have set her mark upon him, and the angel of sickness to have respected the token as he passed over the earth, and ever and anon rested an unwelcome guest with the inhabitants thereof. When his lady mother faded and pined slowly but surely away, her spirit fled to its eternal home in the skies, and the frail tenement that had enshrined it, was consigned with tears and pompous obsequies to its kindred dust. From that time the baron could scarcely bear Edwy from his sight, so fearful was he aught of evil might befell him. But when some months had passed after the death of Lady Blanch, he was obliged to go a journey of some days; and upon mature deliberation, he determined on leaving Edwy at home, rather than have him incur the peril of journeying; and strict and manifold were the injunctions laid on each vassal and warder-keeper, to watch over the safety of the young Edwy Fitz Osbert, and generous rewards or fierce denunciations of unheard-of vengeance held forth, as he should find matters on his return. The baron went and returned again, and joyously embraced his boy, who flew to the portal to welcome him. The baron threw aside his helmet, and had removed the massy spurs from his heel, then laid his giant form at length upon a couch, covered with wild deer-skins, and after embracing, said to Edwy,—

"Whilst thou tend these hawks, mine Edwy, I will seek some repose ere the noontide meal, for I am weary, boy; we were on horse before the sun had torn one cloud from the blue above, so hie thee Edwy, and tell me when I waken how thy hawk's speed in their new gear."

He folded his arms, and soon slumbered, and Edwy took his favourite falcon on his hand, and proceeded to amuse himself; when in his own apartment something engaging his attention, he sat the bird down beside him which instantly began to hop about, eluding Edwy's efforts to take it, and at length became entangled in some array of tapestry, which Edwy, with all his strength, succeeded in putting aside, when perceiving a current of air, he inspected the wall, in which was the appearance of a door. Edwy's curiosity being excited, he opened it, the bird instantly flew down the aperture, Edwy pursued it, and guided by the fluttering of its wings, more than the glimmering of light, traced many turnings and windings, till finding himself involved in total darkness and his breathing oppressed by unwholesome pent up air, he determined on returning, when turning abruptly he stumbled and fell; groping about to regain his feet, his hand came in contact with something on the ground which opened, and he fell struggling into a loathsome cell.

The hour of noon arrived and the baron awoke refreshed from sleep; the board was laden with cheer, and Fitz Osbert being impatient, bade a vassal summon Edwy to the hall. Herbert sought the boy, but nowhere could he see or hear him; none had seen him since he left the baron; Herbert trembled to tell the baron, who met him at the door

and when he saw the disconcerted visage of the menial, sternly asked the reason of his lengthened stay, when Herbert answered,—

"Young Master Edwy could nowhere be found, and his apartment was in great confusion."

The baron turned pale and ordering all the household to the hall, he questioned each of them concerning his son in great wrath. He asked them of the boy's safety, and how they had dared to let him be one instant from their sight, and dispersed them in different directions of the castle in search. He himself with a chosen few went to Edwy's room; the discomposed arras immediately met his view; he looked with terror on the open door, and perceiving the dim light, he distractedly rushed along, bidding some light torches and instantly follow him; they soon appeared, and waving them about, espied the place through which Edwy had fallen.

It proved to be a trap-door, which time had rusted and disjointed, and the slight pressure of the child broke; they paused and gazed on each other horror-stricken. They soon got the means of descending, and the torches' glare revealed the lifeless form of Edwy.

The baron tore with distracted haste up from that pestilent vault, bearing the form of the only created being on earth he loved to the light and air of Heaven, but the silver cord was snapped asunder, the ethereal essence of life had fled, the rich tide of ruby blood had ceased to ebb and flow, the bright eyes closed, and closed by death. That blow gave the appearance of a heavy load of years to the iron frame of the baron; he spent the remainder of his days in morose seclusion, he occupied the chamber of his darling Edwy, and 'twas said he held converse with beings of another world. Be that as it may, when the last of the Fitz Osberts slept in the tomb of his fathers, 'twas found he had willed the half of his land to be divided between holy houses, by him named, for the holy brotherhood to say masses for the dead, and the repose of his own soul; the other half to the adjacent monastery, and the lordly castle to be left undisturbed by man, for the abode of the owl, and fawn, and bat, for reptiles to revel in, for the tooth of decay to feed on, and the ruthless hand of Time alone to level with the dust. This we now behold is all that is left of the once spacious edifice; 'tis said there are great treasures buried in the ruins, but it is looked on with superstition and terror by the neighbouring peasantry, as the unhallowed resort of evil spirits.

M. A. L. H.

## THE BETRAYED TO HER INFANT.

Oh, sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to-morrow  
Shall soothe me to slumber more tranquil than thine;  
The dark grave shall shield me from shame and from sorrow,  
Tho' the deeds and the doom of the guilty are thine.

Not long shall the arm of affection enfold thee,  
Not long shalt thou hang on thy mother's fond breast;  
And who with the eye of delight shall behold thee,  
And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest?

And yet does it grieve me to make thee, my dearest,  
The pangs of thy desolate mother to see;  
Thou wilt weep when the clank of my cold chain thou hearest,  
And none but the guilty shall mourn over me.

And yet must I wake thee, for while thou art weeping,  
To calm thee I stifle my tears for awhile;  
But thou smil'st in thy dreams while thus placidly sleeping,  
And oh, how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile.

Alas! my sweet babe, with what pride had I press'd thee  
To the bosom that now throbs with terror and shame,  
If the pure tree of virtuous affection had blest thee,  
And hail'd thee the heir of thy father's high name.

But now with remorse, that avails not, I mourn thee,  
Forsaken and friendless as soon thou wilt be,  
In a world, if it cannot betray, it will scorn thee,  
Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee.

And when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken  
The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek,  
When by all (but the God of the orphan) forsaken,  
A home and a father in vain thou shalt seek.

I know the base world will seek to deceive thee  
With falsehood like that which thy mother beguiled;  
Deserted and helpless to whom shall I leave thee?  
Oh! God of the fatherless, pity my child.

C. V.



## THE RICH MERCHANT OF BISHOPSGATE.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER IX.

THE UNMERITED ACCUSATION.—MARGARET'S APPEAL.—THE OFFICER'S SEARCH.—THE DISCOVERY.

ALICE, observing her master and Walter Dudley quit the counting-house for the purpose of going before the magistrate, and having overheard the cause, hastened to her mistress's apartment, and informed her of the circumstance.

Nothing could exceed the despair of Margaret on receiving the information, for she now felt the dreadful and heart-breaking conviction that her kind father's ruin was inevitable. Although a weak woman, her penetration was great enough to discern that Christopher Wilford, the man whom Geoffrey Fisher had saved from perishing in the streets, was one of those monsters guilty of that crime—base ingratitude—a crime so detestable, so horrible and revolting to every law in nature, that the greatest wretch in existence is ashamed to own it.

She well knew that exchanging genuine for those that were counterfeit, was no doings of the honest and upright Geoffrey Fisher, but felt convinced that Wilford, in whom was placed such unlimited confidence, was wickedly and traitorously betraying his trust, and craftily working his benefactor's destruction. Margaret, not knowing any other individual than Henry Dudley, on whom she could confide in this sad and mysterious affair, determined to consult him on the subject. Penning a hasty note, Alice was dispatched to his quarters in the Tower, where she fortunately found him.

With all the ardour of a lover, he broke the seal, and, reading the contents, lost no time in hastening to Bishopsgate-street, where he entered the house of the goldsmith, as he and Alice imagined, unseen; but, as already stated, they were observed by Wilford, who instantly, without discovery, left the desk for the purpose of informing his master of the clandestine meeting.

Such was the despair of Margaret, even when her lover was ushered into her apartment, that some time elapsed ere she could open her mind to inform him of the awful and dangerous situation her aged parent was placed in.

"Henry," she at length exclaimed, "I have sent for you, feeling convinced of your sincerity, to devise means, if possible, to save my father from the dreadful fate with which he is threatened; the murmurs increase against him; I am fearful," added the almost broken-hearted daughter, scalding tears flowing copiously down her deadly pale and woe-stricken countenance, "he will fall a sacrifice to an infuriated populace. How shall I act at this fearful crisis?"

"Dearest Margaret, quiet your fears; I will defend him with my life," answered Henry; "it will not be long ere the real villain is detected; already have we discovered Wilford is in league with a gang of coisers."

Further conversation was here interrupted by Alice abruptly entering, and informing her young lady of the sudden return of her master, at the same time bewailing her own foolishness for not doing so before, instead of gossiping with Peter Snibs, who, as may be recollected, left the spot where the citizens were conversing, for the purpose of informing his master that it would not be long ere the goldsmith would return, which he did, and so suddenly, that even Peter had not time to get out of the house, but took refuge in a cellar.

"Shall I leave you, Margaret?" exclaimed Henry Dudley.

"No, I entreat you to remain," replied Margaret; "we will together, knowing the purity of our intentions, endeavour to convince my deluded father of his danger."

"Sir, how dare you intrude without my sanction?" vehemently cried Geoffrey, entering the apartment; "are you not satisfied with the successful workings of so hellish a plot, but you would add to your satanic cold-blooded treachery, by robbing me of my daughter?"

"Such an accusation from any other person than the father of her I value, even above my own existence, should meet with the chastisement it merits. You are the victim of a designing villain."

"You are that villain," passionately replied the goldsmith; "instantly quit this house, or prepare to meet the just and merited resentment, of a deeply-injured parent."

"Father," frantically cried Margaret, rushing towards him, and holding the hand which was in the act of unsheathing his sword; "indeed, you are deceived. I implore, for the sake of your own safety, believe your own daughter, who would shed the last drop of her heart's blood to save you. It was I, alone," continued the dutiful girl, with agonizing emphasis, "who sent for him, to consult how we could snatch you from

the snares by which you are surrounded. There,"—added Margaret, beholding Wilford entering, his eyes glistening with delight at the misery his wicked machinations had caused, "yes, there," she repeated, "stands your ungrateful and secret enemy."

"It is false! base and degenerate girl," loudly answered Geoffrey, throwing her with force from him; "you are leagued together, to accomplish my destruction. Wilford," he added, "show you intruder the door."

"I will not add to your misfortunes, by resenting the foul stain you have cast on the honour and reputation of a soldier," answered Henry Dudley, with warmth. "But ere I go, I warn you to beware of you crawling hypocrite; it is he, who, whilst fawning and cringing, like the fowler, is spreading a net to ensnare and destroy you. Behold him, vampire-like, exulting at the misery he has caused."

"Be cool," sneeringly exclaimed Wilford, "these unjust censures become not a soldier."

"Sneer on, Judas," continued the woollen merchant's son; "yes, exult in this, thy hour, for it will not be long ere your foul plot is discovered, and the pit which thy ungrateful soul is digging for your generous and humane benefactor, you will fall into yourself. Margaret, farewell, soon shall we meet again in happiness. Heaven will not suffer such a monster to triumph in his unheard-of treachery."

"Dear master," soothingly exclaimed Wilford to the goldsmith, on Henry quitting the apartment, "it is useless to heed the incoherent ravings of a headstrong lovesick boy; had you but said the word, I would have chastised him for this bold intrusion and insolence."

"Not in Margaret Fisher's presence, though unmanly boaster," said the heroic maiden; "even I, a weak woman, in such a cause would be more than a match for so great, so remorseless a villain."

"Margaret," sternly exclaimed Geoffrey, "dare you speak thus to the only true friend I have? To your chamber; alas," he added, pacing to and fro despondingly, "even my own offspring is against me."

"Father," frantically cried the unhappy girl, "your unkindness will destroy me; I am not so unnatural as to be against you, but love you with all the true and natural feelings of a fond and affectionate daughter. Christopher Wilford," she piteously added, throwing herself on her knees at the feet of that callous-hearted man, "have compassion; do not, I implore, take a mean advantage of the influence you have gained over your kind and generous benefactor. On my knees—prostrate I entreat; hear the supplications of her who had a hand in saving you, on that fearful night, from perishing by cold and hunger; think on the wretched being you once were, and what you are now, through the kindness of him you are so cruelly persecuting."

"You wrong me," replied Wilford, breaking from the fair suppliant; "I would lay down my life to serve my benefactor."

"Thy fiend-like heart is incapable of either remorse or pity," continued Margaret, rising and fixing her eyes on him; "thou art a true emblem of the frozen snake, which the humane woodcutter found, brought home, and laid before the fire and restored to animation; the reptile, by way of gratitude, stung its preserver to death, thus are you acting to him who saved your life."

"As I expected," muttered Wilford to himself, hearing a noise below, "here are the officers; soon shall the proud girl repent her behaviour."

"Oh, master," exclaimed Alice, suddenly entering, "here are the officers of justice."

"What is your business?" calmly inquired the goldsmith to the individual who had the command over those by whom he was attended as they entered.

"We have received information," replied the officer, bowing to Geoffrey Fisher, "that coining has been carried on in this house by you for a considerable period, it has fallen to my painful duty to see that a diligent search be made if such be the case."

Finishing this address, his attendants commenced making their search, and it was not long ere they discovered the coining implements Wilford had secretly placed in his master's chamber.

"What do I behold?" despairingly cried Geoffrey, as the men returned from searching the house, bringing with them Peter Snibs, whom they had found concealed in the cellar. "What do I behold?" repeated the horror-stricken and astonished goldsmith. "Henry Dudley's servant, and coining implements found in my house! Pains have indeed been taken to ruin me."

"My rival's attendant," ejaculated Wilford, mentally; "excellent; this circumstance will strengthen the suspicion I have already instilled in the mind of my master against Henry Dudley."

"Geoffrey Fisher, you are my prisoner," exclaimed the officer; "that young soldier, found secreted in the cellar, I likewise arrest as an accomplice."

"Indeed," cried Alice, "he is no coiner, I concealed him there, because master would have been angry—he is my sweetheart."

"My father is innocent," said Margaret, rushing between the men



as they attempted to secure their prisoner. "You shall not tear him from me."

"Margaret," exclaimed the goldsmith, sternly, "attempt not to hinder these men in the execution of their duty. I feel conscious of innocence, and will bear this severe trial, which a power above, in its infinite wisdom, has decreed should take place. My enemies shall find that Geoffrey Fisher can bear adversity, as well as prosperity."

"Would that they hastened his removal; this suspense is awful," said Wilford, aside.

"Father, dear father, they shall not take you to a prison," frantically repeated his distracted daughter, clinging to him, the officers of justice forcibly separating them. "You shall not part us,—pity, pity, he is innocent."

"Alas! my unhappy child," resumed the unfortunate man, still believing her to be leagued against him, "repentance is now too late;" adding, whilst he affectionately embraced her, "but Heaven knows, I forgive you!"

"My father! mercy! mercy!" despairingly continued Margaret, still struggling to prevent his being taken away; "do not, I implore, separate us,—you shall not,—father! father!"

Vain were the efforts of Margaret in preventing her father from being dragged as a felon to a prison; they soon succeeded in securing him—the unhappy Margaret fainting in the arms of her faithful attendant, Alice.

Wilford, the vile schemer and contriver of this degrading change in the goldsmith's circumstances, was likewise compelled to accompany the prisoner, but was immediately released, he ingeniously inventing such an apparently plausible story as to his utter ignorance of the crime of which Geoffrey Fisher was accused.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE MEETING AT ST. SAVIOUR'S.—THE PLOT OF VILLANY DISCOVERED.—PLANS FOR ITS DEFEAT.

THROUGH the influence of Walter Dudley, on a clear explanation to the magistrate as to the nature of Peter Snib's business in the house of Geoffrey Fisher, he, like Christopher, was soon set at liberty.

Henry Dudley could scarcely refrain from laughing when Peter informed him of his being found secreted in the cellar; but it was only momentary, the thoughts of the unfortunate goldsmith being immured in a dungeon, for a crime of which he believed him to be innocent, and the painful situation of his beloved Margaret, filled him with woe and consternation.

The first thing the faithful Peter did, after his master had given vent to his sorrow, was to inform him of his suspicion of Wilford's intention, aided by others, to rob his employer of his immense treasures, and, as on a former occasion, gained consent to watch the proceedings of that treacherous domestic.

As soon as darkness threw her sable veil around, Peter hastened to a spot on the Southwark side of the bridge; having already discovered that Wilford was connected with some suspicious characters in that quarter, and if he should pass over the bridge, he could not do so without his observation.

"The idea of the thing," exclaimed Peter, as he stood waiting on the look-out; "a respectable man like me, to be sent to a prison, as a coiner! Ah! it was all through courting on the sly; never shall I forget the dark cellar; but what is my trouble to the poor goldsmith's? How I should like to pummel that scribbling clerk; I'd make the vagabond cry pen and ink—but I'll spoil him yet."

Finishing this soliloquy, he listened to hear if foot taps approached.

"Yes, some one comes," resumed the young soldier, wrapping the cloak in which he was enveloped closer around him, and entering farther into the avenue, a passage, which led through St. Saviour's churchyard.

"Who knows but what he may pass this way? I'll stay here," he continued, standing in a doorway of an old-fashioned residence.

"Mark Seymour not here,—I am first this time," exclaimed a voice on the footsteps coming near, which he recognized to be that of Wilford as he entered the passage.

"It is Wilford," whispered Peter, the extreme darkness which then reigned around preventing any danger of his being seen; "now to learn, if I can, what is the next act of kindness he intends performing, for the benefit of his master."

"I have heard," exclaimed Wilford, as he paced to and fro, this being the spot where he had promised to meet Mark Seymour, "that the surest way to gain your ends with man is, first to gain his confidence, then, like a bridled horse, you can guide him at pleasure. Thus have I acted with Geoffrey Fisher; even now, such is his opinion of my honour and integrity, that he fancies I am his only friend, and refuses to see any other person—even his own daughter."

"Now I shall, for the future," whispered Peter, "suspect any person

who bows and scrapes, and who has so much fal-lal flummery, as they call it, about 'em."

"With regard to Mark Seymour," continued the clerk, "my plans for his death are already laid. Some one comes; this may be him."

"Ah, there is another precious rascal depend on it," said Peter, in a low tone, Mark having gained the spot where Christopher stood.

"Birds of a feather flock together."

"Wilford," exclaimed Mark Seymour, both standing near enough for Peter to overhear their conversation; "there is no time to lose. We even risk our lives by staying so near now a knowledge of base coin being in circulation has taken place; quick, inform me when and in what manner we are to gain possession of the goldsmith's treasures? Our comrades are impatient."

"He-re's a plot," whispered Peter.

"Listen," replied Wilford, "to-morrow, so clamorous are the enraged and disappointed citizens, is the day fixed for the trial; so, while the city is in a state of confusion, you, and a few of our associates, come to the house; I will leave the door so that they may enter; the gold, jewels, and silver, I have packed in a large trunk of mine, ready for carrying off."

"Excellent, we will be there," said Mark.

"So will I," added Peter, in a low tone.

"And you will find me waiting to receive you," continued Wilford, adding, with a laugh, "ah, there will be sufficient to enrich the whole of us. You are aware of the conditions—Margaret is to be mine?"

"Yes, I understand; we are to seize and carry the maiden off," replied Mark; "but you do not intend that the poor old man should die?"

"I do," replied Wilford.

"What a cold-blooded wretch," muttered Peter.

"Had he not better die," resumed the treacherous clerk, "than we incur the risk of suspicion? Will not this affair end with his death? Geoffrey Fisher now bears the blame for all the counterfeit coin that has been circulated in the city for years."

"But I'll spoil you, my man," softly rejoined Peter Snibs.

"I do not like such cruelty," exclaimed Mark; "my blood curdles at the idea of an innocent grey-headed old man dying by the hands of the executioner. Will it not suffice if we gain possession of his riches?"

"Psha!" sneered Wilford, "you are too weak-hearted. It must be so; my plans are already laid, and rather would I lose all—ah, even my life, than alter them."

"Well, I suppose it must be so," muttered the dissatisfied leader.

"Be punctual," continued Wilford; "to-morrow night at the hour of nine; the trunk, bear in mind, is weighty, and the goldsmith's daughter, bear her to our retreat in the Mint. The execution of Geoffrey Fisher over, we will make further arrangements."

Finishing his diabolical and treacherous instructions to the more humane coiner, and the deep-toned bell of the clock of St. Saviour's striking the hour of nine, he hastily left Mark Seymour, and retraced his steps towards Bishopsgate, whilst his companion was soon lost sight of in the intricate windings which led to that vicinity, so noted for being the resort of the worst, and most degraded of mankind, namely, the Mint.

In a few minutes, Peter Snibs followed Wilford over the bridge, and on arriving at the Tower, informed his master of the important discovery he had made, who determined to frustrate the treacherous scheme, and save Geoffrey Fisher, or perish in the attempt.

On Henry consulting the colonel of his regiment, it was wisely agreed on that he should, accompanied by a number of soldiers, lay in wait near the goldsmith's house at the hour proposed for the abduction of Margaret, and the carrying off of the treasures, so that by this means, their plans would be entirely defeated, and a gang of coiners apprehended, who, in spite of the most active vigilance on the part of government, had hitherto skillfully contrived to elude the fate their crimes justly merited.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE HANGMAN'S SOLILOQUY.—THE VALUE OF POPULAR OPINION.—WILFORD AT THE COURT.

SO strong was circumstantial evidence against the goldsmith, through the crafty and wicked schemes of Wilford, on his being taken before a magistrate, that he was at once committed to Newgate to take his trial as a coiner and traitor to his king and country.

Alas! what a change was here; a man who had reached the loftiest step on the ladder of popularity, had attained to the highest and most dignified station a citizen of London could possibly arrive at, to become, in so short a space of time, the abject wretch he was suspected to be.

The name of Geoffrey Fisher, from being spoken of with the most profound respect and adulation, now was mentioned with the most bitter execrations and abhorrence; and so great was popular indig-



nation against the man who only a short time previous had been elected Lord Mayor, that the citizens demanded his immediate trial; and had it not been for a strong guard kept over the prison, the unfortunate man would have been dragged from his dungeon, and sacrificed to popular fury.

But a consciousness of innocence sustained him under this severe and unexpected trial; he was one of those beings who place their hopes on the Dispenser and Giver of all things. In the gloomy cell where he was confined, he poured out his soul in prayer, and experienced that comfort which the scoffers at religion are entirely aliens to when overtaken by trouble and affliction.

His greatest misery was the thought of the unhappy situation of his daughter, whom he still believed leagued against him. The only person he thought his friend was Wilford, who visited him as often as permitted.

To him Geoffrey Fisher confided the task of employing counsel, which the crafty villain did—one of his own diabolical disposition—one who would sacrifice a dozen lives for the sake of a sum of money.

On the third night of the innocent goldsmith's incarceration, whilst pacing to and fro in his gloomy cell, contemplating on his fearful situation, he was star led by the falling of the massive chain, the withdrawal of the stupendous bolts, and entrance of the turnkey, ushering in the two sheriffs of London, who came for the purpose of informing him, that to satisfy public clamour his trial was fixed to take place the next day.

Geoffrey Fisher received the intelligence with a composure and serenity that astonished the sheriffs, whose duty it was to wait on him on the sad occasion.

On their retiring, after offering up a prayer, he threw himself on his miserable straw bed, and, ere long, fell into a sound and refreshing slumber.

Early the next morning the whole city was in a bustle; the news of Geoffrey Fisher's trial, appointed to take place that day, having spread with astonishing rapidity.

"So here's a chance of a job after all," exclaimed Tyrell, the executioner, whilst pacing to and fro the court-yard previous to the gates being opened; "Geoffrey Fisher is to be tried, and if found guilty, there'll be the scaffold to erect; well, if some one is to do it, it's no matter if that some one is me; I'm sure they couldn't get a soberer, steadier individual than my self. But who'd ever thought," he continued, after taking another pace or two, and hiccuping from the effects of his last night's debauch, "that such a great man should come to be a customer of the executioner's. There's no accounting for such events. Oh, dear!" added Tyrell, after standing a few minutes in apparent sad contemplation, "the thought of it has given me the numps—I feel as miserable as a young lady with the toothache. Geoffrey Fisher a colner! I'd bet my basket of tools against a quart of canary it's all a m! take. Oh, they have opened the court-gate, and here come the citiz-ns—I'll stand aside."

"Now to hear the trial," exclaimed a citizen, one of Geoffrey's professed friends, as he rushed eagerly with others through the gate as soon as opened; the executioner withdrawing under the steps which ascended to the spacious hall where prisoners were tried.

"Even coining implements discovered secreted on his premises," remarked another, who, on a former occasion, publicly avowed he'd lay down his life to serve the goldsmith.

"Strong proof, no doubt, he's guilty," added a third; one of the most boisterous in shouting, when the unfortunate man was elected Lord Mayor, "Geoffrey Fisher for ever!"

"I hope he will be made a severe example of," said a fourth, as he followed up the stone flight of steps.

"So much for popularity," exclaimed Tyrell, coming from his hiding-place, when the rush was over, to obtain good places. "These are very men a short time ago almost worshipped him; ah, the poor fellow was up in the stirrups, then;—but it is the way of the world; if a man does ninety-nine good actions, they are all forgotten if the hundredth don't please. Here comes Master Softtongue," added this eccentric character, withdrawing under the steps; "one of those fellows that could murder an infant without blushing at the crime; I wish it was him they were going to try instead of his master—but I'll away from here, and pass the time away by making the condemned cell ready to receive his prisoner, should he be found guilty."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Wilford, pausing, ere he ascended to the Hall of justice, Tyrell passing under the steps into a passage which led to the interior of the prison, "the plot works excellently; I have employed counsel according to my master's request; he had better authorised me to have hired an executioner; the proof that will be brought forward in his favour will tend more to condemnation than to acquittal; besides, several have been bribed to appear against him."

"Kind Master Wilford," said Alice, entering the court-yard, and saying him as he was about ascending the steps, "do try and save our innocent master; I shall cry my eyes out," added the faithful

creature, sobbing convulsively, "if he is found guilty and sentenced to die!—oh, do, Wilford, Heaven will reward you for so kind an act—I implore of you to pity the misery of your almost broken-hearted mistress."

"Curses on her whimpering weakness! But I must appear to sympathise, and, if possible, hinder her from going into court," muttered Wilford aside. "Alice," he added, assuming his usual deceitful manner, "compose yourself; I can assure you his innocence will be fully proved, and those who unjustly accuse him put to shame. Quick—return—and comfort our kind hearted young lady; implore of her not to weep; tell her Christopher Wilford will do all in his power."

"Will you? Oh, how you have comforted me!—now I'll go back and comfort her," replied Alice, and saying, softly, "perhaps I've been speaking ill of Wilford when I ought not," returned towards Bishopsgate-street.

"Yes; I will try all in my power," resumed Wilford, as Alice quitted the court-yard, "but it shall be to end his troubles in this world. There will be numbers in court who have entrusted money with me during the time the goldsmith was on his journey; they finding it the same on being returned, no blame will be attached to me now to appear at the trial. I am entirely ignorant of any knowledge of the transaction; certainly my horror was only equalled by the agony I experienced on hearing the accusations against our firm. I must manage to insinuate that I delivered, as was the custom, on closing business every day to my employer, the keys of the money-drawers; they cannot doubt my honour—impossible!"

Finishing his treacherous contemplations, he entered the hall of Justice, where we will for the present leave him and the trial to proceed, for the purpose of relating what occurred at the house of Geoffrey Fisher during the time.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A DAUGHTER'S DISTRESS.—THE ABDUCTION.—THE ATTACK ON THE COINERS.—DEFEAT OF THEIR CHIEF.

HENRY DUDLEY, as anxious to save the innocent goldsmith, as Wilford was to destroy him, ordered his faithful attendant, Peter Snibs, to watch closely the house of Geoffrey Fisher.

Peter, according to his instructions, repaired early next morning to Bishopsgate-street, and took his station where he could plainly observe who entered and issued from the goldsmith's establishment; and, after waiting several hours, Wilford came out for the purpose of attending the trial. Alice followed soon after, and so closely, that Peter thought it would not be prudent, for fear he should be seen by the clerk, to interrupt her. Patiently waiting her return (what took place between the maiden and Wilford in the court yard has been already stated), which was no great length of time, he accosted her as she was about re-entering her master's house.

"That devil, the clerk, I know is from home," said Peter, as Alice cautiously ushered him into an apartment where there were several closets, "so I have taken the opportunity of calling to see you, my pretty little rosebud."

"I am glad you have, Peter," replied Alice; "but I don't feel quite so dull as I did, for Wilford has told me he would clear my poor master."

"Clear him off altogether, the two-faced serpent means. Yes; I've discovered the hypocrite's treachery. Alice, it is as I suspected; he is the real coiner."

"Wilford the real coiner!—then the innocent goldsmith will be saved. I'll go immediately and tell my dear young mistress; poor creature, she's frantic."

"If you do," said Peter, detaining the delighted damsel, "you'll just undo all our schemes for ensnaring the villain in his own net. Alice, on us two depends the life of Geoffrey Fisher; so, mum, not a word."

"If this is the case I'll be as silent as the grave."

"No doubt, woman like, you'll find that some difficulty."

"Shall I?"

"Yes; but tell me, have you any objection of secreting me, should Wilford return?"

"No; I'll agree to anything to spoil the schemes of that wretch; would you like to be stowed away in the cellar?—ha! ha! ha!"

"Not a word about the cellar: keep it dark, I beg."

"No doubt you found it dark enough. What say you to it?" continued Alice, opening one of the closets.

"Ah! if this was the worst lodging a soldier had for a night, he'd have no occasion to grumble," replied Peter, adding, on looking into the closet, "by the gridiron of St. Lawrence, here is a trunk concealed!"

"So there is, I declare," added Alice; "ah, and it belongs to Wilford; two days since I could swear I saw it in his chamber."

"Huzza!" exclaimed the young soldier; "I'd wager a whole year's



pay this is the very trunk the villain spoke of to that fellow he called Mark. Alice, it contains your master's treasures, and is placed here for the purpose of being carried off to-night. It is locked, and so heavy I can't even move it," continued Peter; "quick! lend me your bunch of keys; among so many there may be one that will open it."

"Here they are," answered Alice, handing her lover a bunch of keys; "but surely, Peter, you are not going to—oh, dear, I feel so frightened."

"Courage!" exclaimed Peter, trying the keys on the lock of the trunk; "that won't do, nor that, or that; I am afraid I shall be obliged to force it open. Hurrah! this has done the job," he added, pulling up the lid; "full of gold and jewels, by Jove!"

"How shall we act?" inquired Alice.

"I've got on a plan to cheat the rascals who are appointed to call for it," answered Peter; "quick, Alice, as-ist me to empty it."

"What do you mean?" inquired the astonished maiden, seeing Peter commence taking the treasures out of the trunk.

"Exchange is no robbery, as no doubt Master Goosequill said when he substituted bad crown-pieces for good ones," was the reply.

"I understand," answered Alice; "here, place the treasure in the other closet; we'll find something to refill the trunk, I warrant."

"Ah! a half hundred weight, or two fire-irons, pieces of lead,—anything," said Peter, after having placed the immense wealth of the goldsmith in the other closet.

"Oh, dear, this has been a warm job!" exclaimed Alice, almost breathless with assisting to refill the trunk with various heavy articles.

"That in the keyhole," said Peter, putting something in the lock. "Now he cannot open it in a hurry. Ha! ha! ha! I should like to peep when they discover their mistake."

"Footsteps approach!" exclaimed Alice, looking out at the door of the apartment; "it's my dear mistress. Quick, Peter, conceal yourself."

"Fortunately, we have just finished our job in time," he replied, entering the closet where they had deposited the treasure, adding, as he shut himself in; "mind, not a word."

"His fate is sealed!" piteously uttered Margaret Fisher, her luxuriant tresses hanging in disorder over her shoulders, and her countenance stricken with woe. "Doomed to die on a scaffold!" continued the frantic young lady, not observing her faithful attendant. "Just now, from my window, did I hear the shouts of an unfeeling crowd! There again!" added the distracted daughter, a loud and appalling yell from without taking place at the moment; numbers stopping in the front of the house for the purpose, whilst returning from hearing the result of the trial.

"Again!" she repeated, falling on her knees, and fervently clasping her hands in prayer, as the shouts were repeated by an unfeeling rabble. "Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated the poor girl, imploringly looking upwards, "do not suffer so dreadful and ignominious an end to be the lot of an innocent man; prevent a traitor's vile treachery from triumphing over honesty and ill-placed confidence; hear the prayers and supplications of an affectionate daughter, and save the grey hairs of her honest and upright parent from being polluted by the touch of the common executioner. Methinks," added the unfortunate young lady, rising in a frantic manner, "I behold my poor father."

"Mistress, my own dear mistress," interrupted Alice, unable to restrain herself longer, "that wicked Christopher Wilford assured me he would produce proof of master's innocence."

"Treacherous man! Too well has his cruel and deep-laid plot succeeded. Alas!" continued Margaret, sobbing, as if her heart was breaking, "I shall not long survive."

"My dear, kind young lady, cheer thee," said Alice, in a soothing manner, "you may yet be happy."

"Never!" frantically replied Margaret Fisher. "Am I not the daughter of a man branded with the foul stigma of coiner, and doomed to die on a scaffold? Horrible, soul-thrilling reality! See," she continued, in a wild and incoherent manner, "they drag him, felon-like, towards the place of execution—he ascends the scaffold. Behold the traitor, Wilford, devil, as he is, exulting at his victim's downfall. Hush, hear that knell; its awful sound has nigh severed my heart-strings, and maddened this tortured brain. My poor aged parent kneels, prays, and forgives his daughter. Hide so appalling a vision from me!" The fatal axe is uplifted, and the executioner is about to strike."

"Dear lady," weepingly exclaimed Alice, supporting her, she having fallen, quite overcome by the intensity of her feelings, into the arms of her kind and faithful attendant, who bore her back to her chamber.

"This scene," said Peter, coming from the closet and wiping his eyes, "has almost made me shed as many tears as when I lost my poor father. Oh, that cursed coedile! It shall come home to him, or I am no soldier. Ah! some one else comes. I must get back to my hiding-place."

"He is condemned; so that affair is settled," said Wilford, as he en-

tered the apartment cautiously, Peter having gone into the closet. "Fortunately for me," continued the traitor, with a demoniac smile, "I am still, in the weak man's opinion, his only true friend; and he attributes his downfall to be the workings of Walter Dudley and his son. Ha, ha!—never was a better managed scheme."

"Mine shall be a better, you devil's imp," said Peter, softly, peeping out of the closet.

"I have promised I would use my endeavours to prevail on his daughter to visit him in the condemned cell," resumed Wilford; "but no, that must not be; I have other views regarding the proud girl; and now, no one observes me, I'll just see that the trunk is safe."

Wilford opened the closet, and gazed for a moment with looks of exultation upon the trunk, which he supposed still contained the vast treasures of which he had so villainously made himself master; and having thus satisfied himself of its safety, he carefully closed the door again, and in a low tone said,—

"Now to discover what part of the house Margaret Fisher is in, so that I may direct Mark Seymour where to find her. He and part of the gang will be here shortly. I have left the door so that they can enter."

"There is a nice fellow to be a confidential clerk," said Peter, coming from the closet, Wilford having left the apartment.

"I have returned to let you out of the house," exclaimed Alice, re-entering, "I observed that deceitful villain cautiously ascending the staircase towards my dear young lady's chamber. He did not observe me."

"Alice," repeated her lover, "you must prepare to summon up abundance of courage. The goldsmith's daughter is to be carried off, as well as the trunk, by Wilford's associates."

"I will die before —"

"I don't want you to die," interrupted Peter. "My master, with a party of soldiers, is lying in wait to rescue the dear young lady. We have acted thus for the purpose of apprehending the gang of coiners."

"That alters the case," replied Alice. "So, to make sure of being safe, I'll leave the house with you. Hush! Footsteps ascend from below. This way, Peter; we can get out the back way."

"All is now ready, and Mark is coming up the stairs," said Wilford, entering just as the two lovers quitted the apartment by another door.

"You find I am punctual," exclaimed Mark Seymour, entering with six of the gang. "Where is the trunk you spoke of?"

"In this closet," answered Wilford.

"Out with it, lads," said Mark, "and away, whilst we look after the coiners."

"Comrades," said one of the gang, whilst assisting to get the trunk out of the closet—Wilford, Mark Seymour, and two others having gone to the apartment of Margaret Fisher—"we've got a prize here."

"Yes," answered another,—"full of gold."

"Worth coming after," remarked a second.

"My eyes, how heavy!" said a third, as they lifted it on their shoulders.

Scarcely had part of the gang left the house, with what they imagined a rich booty, when the cries of Margaret for help rang through the house.

"Mercy! Spare me! Why this cruel outrage?" exclaimed Margaret, as she struggled to free herself from the two coiners, who held her by the wrists.

"Silence!" cried Frank Seymour, holding a dagger to the breast of the affrighted young lady, Wilford standing by, and smiling with fiendish exultation.

"Ah, do!" exclaimed Margaret. "Plunge your dagger deep into my heart. Death will be far preferable than becoming the victim of you, Monster, who has hired you? It is gold that has urged you on. You shall have all you require, but do not, I implore you, force me away at a moment when I wish to behold a dying father."

"Drag her hence! Delay is dangerous!" said Wilford, observing Mark Seymour's countenance beaming with compassion for the goldsmith's daughter.

"Help! help!" screamed Margaret.

But the ruffians dragged her from her chamber, and, ere they reached the street, she fainted; which, being observed by Mark Seymour, he ordered one of the coiners to bear her in his arms.

Thus far had the diabolical plot of the treacherous clerk succeeded, the villain closing the door on Mark Seymour and his associates as they left the house with Margaret Fisher, little suspecting what was about to follow.

"In the king's name, I command you to surrender!" exclaimed Henry Dudley to Mark Seymour, when a few paces beyond his father's residence.

"Never!" exclaimed Mark. "I'll die first."

"Be it so," continued the young officer, commencing an attack on the coiner-chief.



Several soldiers, Peter being one of their number, followed their commander's example on the other two, those who had taken away the trunk having been already captured and marched off to prison.

Mark Seymour fought desperately for some time, but at length fell mortally wounded, his two associates avoiding a similar fate by surrendering themselves prisoners.

Peter, on leaving the house accompanied by Alice, soon met with his master, who ordered him to see Alice into the house of his father, and then to watch over the safety of Margaret Fisher; which the brave young soldier did, by disarming the ruffian who bore the insensible fair one, and rescuing her from his grasp, took her in his arms, and conveyed her to a chamber prepared for her by Walter Dudley, he anticipating the result of the attack on the coiners, being made a confidant in the secret.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## A TALE OF LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THAMES," ETC.

Sweet Love her looks a gentle radiance lends.—*Castle of Indolence.*

In one of the most beautiful valleys in the west of England there flows a stream, meandering and undulating through many a fairy grove and dell—that stream is the Tone.

It was in the summer of 1840, when the blooming fields and the flowery meads made sweet the heart indeed; at one place the eye would alight on scenes cloaked in the richest green; the perfumes of the new-mown grass would sweep commingled with the breeze, whilst the fond melodies of the loving and the true would make the heart joyful that dwelt in such a scene.

The day was fast declining as the sun's rays softly shone in the far-distant west; the verdant hills, whose tops were the last to be stricken by the fading and departing glow, now became obscured, and their bold outlines were lost in the general shade; the birds had retired to rest, worn out with the toil of the day, and their melodies were heard, for a time, no more; yet the stream rolled merrily on, whilst the bright blue sky was arrayed in its star-lit train—all was peaceable and still,—nature was almost in repose. It was evening.

We have said that the day was declining, and that all was still; the skies were clear, and the eve was warm; the oppressive heat of the summer had disappeared with the departing day, and solitude, that haven for the heart and the mind, now appeared in unison with love and the loved.

It was then, in the stillness of the eve, that all the ardent protestations of the heart were given and received; love, as it beamed in one eye, was reflected in the other; sighs, as they rose, gave forth their echoes; smiles hovered on each cheek and played on each lip; the fond embraces which pure affection can alone bestow were lavished freely, whilst those who participated therein,—need it be recorded, that they loved?

Towards the close of a summer's day, a boat glided softly on the murmuring stream. A canopy, which gave an air of grace to the gentle barque as it stole along, shielded from the evening's chilly breeze a form most lovely, most divine. Eighteen summers had bloomed for her; each year as it passed by would smile and rejoice at the lovely being it trained so well. Her beautiful forehead betokened well her powers of mind; it was smooth, like the most polished marble, whilst brows gave an arch to the eye, which nature drew with her powerful and unequalled hand; eyes had she that would speak every thought of the mind, whilst their lustre must have been borrowed from the blue skies above; her lips were tinged with the rose's bloom and the cherry's hue; whilst her hair, untrained by the hand, smoothly extended down, and made her fair face appear more rich, more rare. Her figure, as she reclined, was one that an artist would have prized, to have pictured. There was another by her side, apparently of a similar age. To have seen how cautiously he steered, and to judge by his watchful eye, it would have been manifest to the most indifferent observer how highly he prized the precious freight he bore. He was her lover.

"Eliza," said he, "have you forgotten the words of that beautiful song, which I once heard thee sing in other days?"

"When we were not so dear to each other—are those the days you speak of?" replied she.

"Dear! you were always dear to me. But before we loved."

"Oh, I remember. I will sing it you now."

"I'll think of thee where'er I roam,  
E'en o'er the dark and billowy sea;  
For then when far away from home,  
I still will think of love and thee."

Ah, if I pace the deck at night,  
With love's voluptuous pleasures free,  
There will affection's kindled light  
Still make me think of love and thee.

"Have you forgotten how we roved,  
Led on by fancies wild and free?  
Have you forgotten how you loved,  
When spoke you thus of love to me?  
Come here, and o'er our valleys roam,  
And o'er the wide expanded sea—  
There I will make my own sweet home,  
And talk of life and love to thee."

"Dearest Eliza," cried the enraptured lover. The words had scarcely fallen from the lips of the speaker, ere the boat was seen following the course of the stream as it descended down over an uneven projection of stones. The danger was too apparent to be remedied, and ere the shriek of terror and alarm that arose from the lovely Eliza had died away, the two lovers were seen struggling in the vortex of the contending streams.

Not many moments elapsed when the beautiful Eliza was seen, borne in the arms of her lover, to the treasured shore. Exhausted and speechless, he looked around him for help. She was as pallid as death itself. She breathed—oh, Heaven! she lived.

Some sturdy rustics, hearing the cries for help, came and removed her to a cottage that was near. Warmth soon restored the languid circulation; her eyes opened and sparkled as brilliantly as before. She smiled; "God bless you," escaped her lips, and she fell back into the arms of her lover, speechless and dumb; the eyelids closed, the cheek was pale, a clammy perspiration bedewed her sweet face, the lips were deprived of their enamelled hue—she had fainted.

Not many months elapsed when the village bells were heard merrily ringing for the marriage of Eliza. Often and often they strolled near that spot where their lives were nearly forfeited; and when they ponder on the danger they escaped from, a tear dims her bright eye, whilst both feel their love has increased. Respected by the old and the young, they looked up as a model for others to copy to the beautiful and lovely Eliza. And when pleasures were experienced in the hearts of the innocent, they were said to arise on account of her worth—of her name.

## O! THERE'S NONE LIKE MY OWN LOVE.

Of the many blooming daughters,  
'Neath the sunny sky so free,  
Oh! there's none like my own love,  
None half so dear to me;  
For her eyes beam forth a brightness,  
And a smile bedecks her face.  
Oh! there's none like my own love,  
For gentleness and grace.

Tho' their voices are as music,  
That comes mellow'd o'er the sea,  
Yet her rich tones, oh, are sweeter,  
And dearer far to me;  
And altho' in their fair aspects  
An angel's form you trace,  
Oh! there's none like my own love  
For gentleness and grace.

Then give me but my own love,  
And happier will I be,  
Than if ruling all the universe  
A monarch proud and free;  
No pain within my heart then  
Will ever hold a place,—  
Oh! there's none like my own love  
For gentleness and grace.

H. J. CHURCH.

EVIL SPEAKING.—It is not good to speak evil of all whom we know to be bad; it is worse to judge evil of any who may prove good. To speak ill upon knowledge shows a want of charity; to speak ill upon suspicion shows a want of honesty. I will not speak so bad as I know of many; I will not speak worse than I know of any. To know evil by others, and not speak of it, is sometimes discretion. To speak evil by others, and not know it, is always dishonesty. He may be evil himself who speaks good of others upon knowledge; but he can never be good himself who speaks evil of others upon suspicion.



## THE OLD MANSION; OR, THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

It had been a severe and long winter; but as yet the sun's rays were not powerful enough to cause the earth to doff its chilly mantle of grey, and don her more pleasing garb of green, so grateful to the senses of the lovers of nature and her works. On the banks of a deep and majestic river, stood a noble though an old-fashioned mansion, which had apparently seen many ages, for the nature of the various parts were different.

Some part of the pile was of one architecture, and another another; yet, nevertheless, there was great commodiousness in the appearance of the interior. Numerous long passages, with apartments ranged on either side, while the upper rooms were scattered about in great confusion, so that an individual, who only knew part of them, would inevitably lose himself in the intricacy of the rooms and passages, and he would often find himself coming out of a back door, when he desired to arrive at a front entrance. These mistakes were always rectified in the course of the day, and the visitor would generally feel much fatigued with the numerous expectations of discovery which he made, and which, like many others, ended in the same unvarying round of disappointment, and was at length given up in disgust, and the voyager determined to trust himself to the guidance of Providence, deeming it the safest plan to pursue.

Here, then, lived Sir Henry Fane and his daughter, the beautiful Clara, whose charms were often celebrated by the body of admirers which she was often usually attended by, for, independent of her own personal attractions and worth, there were few more wealthy and hospitable, and one who made better entertainments for the unfortunate and needy, than Sir Henry.

Clara was a beautiful girl of eighteen, much beloved by her father, as well as by all who knew her, and there were many who did, for she was well known by the surrounding peasantry, who often felt the benefit of her benevolence and liberality. She was as good and amiable as she was beautiful.

"Where does your walk lead you to this morning?" inquired Sir Henry of his daughter, as they sat at their breakfast.

"The morning is fine, and I think I shall go as far as Job Walton's; he has been laid up with the rheumatism I hear, and has not been able to work for some time."

"You are, I think, Clara," said her father, smiling at her, "a walking hospital. I never heard of any one who was ill but from you, or that you had been there."

"Why, we should do something for those who cannot help themselves, especially when we have ample means of doing so; indeed, I doubt if we are even entitled to credit for acting as we ought, when there are so many inducements to do so."

"Your self-denial is peculiar to yourself, for there are few who would do a good action, and then abstain from taking credit for it."

"But poor Job has a wife and several children to support, and no doubt but he is terribly pushed about for food."

"Ay, like enough, poor fellow. By-the-by, I forgot I received a letter from Sir Mark Tonbridge, yesterday, and I find that both he and his son are coming down to spend a few weeks here; you must make them welcome, and show them over the country, the estate, and the best ruins that are near the mansion; in short, I shall give young Mark Tonbridge into your charge entirely," said Sir Henry.

"I am afraid I shall be a very poor caterer of amusement for so gay and fashionable a man as Sir Mark Tonbridge is reported to be," said Clara, her cheek slightly tinged with colour.

"You need not fear that; it is his plan to be satisfied with what you do. He must be an insensible dog, Clara, could he feel, or show that he felt dissatisfied with your endeavours."

"I will do my best, sir, and yet there will be times when I must leave him to his own resources for amusement."

"Do not fear that, Clara; but let me tell you a secret; he comes here on a matrimonial trip. He is in search of a wife, and if you both like each other, you will find that I shall not act illiberal towards you."

"I am satisfied with what you have already done for me, sir, and do not desire to change my present happiness for one so uncertain as that," said Clara.

Clara hung her head, but made no reply; a tear glistened in her eye as her remembrance recalled the image of her beloved departed parent, who had been cut off in the early part of her life by a cruel disease. She felt a melancholy pleasure in recalling every feature and expression that was habitual to the parent she loved so well. The breakfast, after this, passed off in silence, neither liking to say more on that subject, and not knowing well how to broach another. The old knight sat reading his paper as an excuse for silence, and Clara sat in patient resig-

nation till he should rise. At length he put the paper down, and rose from the table—made his daily observation on the weather—noted the state of the glass, and left the apartment.

As soon as her father left the breakfast-room, Clara rose, and then commenced her daily inspection of various articles, and got ready to go out to her patients. There was rice for one, sage for another, and wine for a third, according to their several wants, which she packed with her own hands, and then sent them to their various destinations.

She was not long before she followed them; but her first call was at Job Walton's, where she went straight from her father's mansion. She entered, and the whole family immediately rose and greeted her with respect and gratitude.

"Well, Job," said Clara, "I heard that you were ill with the rheumatism, and came down to see you. How are you?"

"I am much better, ma'am, indeed, nearly well, for I can now work, and I could not do so all last week."

"I am sorry I did not hear of it before," she remarked, "and I would have sent to have eased you."

"You are very kind, ma'am; but there is, nevertheless, a favour or matter, which I wish to mention to you, and yet I know not now to begin it," said Job, hesitatingly.

"Well, Job, speak out, and if it be not unreasonable, and I can do it, I will."

"Thank you—thank you," said Job; "it is not for myself that I would ask it, but —"

"Do not be afraid, Job, but speak out."

"Then, ma'am, there was an accident happened last night as I was coming down the road. A gentleman, who was walking along the road before me, and had just got to the lane near Howel's farm, when a servant in livery came riding down as fast as he could, when the poor gentleman was knocked down, and the man got clear off."

"Was he injured?" inquired Clara.

"Yes, that is the worst of it; he has been insensible ever since, and we know not who to send to—the parish doctor does not seem to understand the case."

"No, I dare say not; I will get Doctor Monro to attend him; let me know where he lives, I will go to him myself."

"Shall I go to the doctor, ma'am, and one of the young 'uns will show you the way to the cottage where he lies?"

"I think that will be the best plan, Job, after all; but lose no time, for, recollect the life of a fellow-creature may depend upon your speed. I wish you had let me know this before."

Job left his cabin for Doctor Monro's, as fast as he could get along, while Clara, following her little guide, proceeded towards the cottage of Herbert Johnson, where the unfortunate man lay. When she arrived there, she found that he was placed on the best bed in their own room. He lay groaning and breathing heavily, but barely sensible of what was passing around him.

She did not wait long for Doctor Monro, who shortly after entered, and he immediately proceeded to cup the patient and set his arm, which had been broken, and after having prescribed for him, left him in an easier and more composed state than he had been in before. After a few hours sleep, he recovered his senses, and saw and understood what passed around him.

It was some days before he could articulate a sound, that he could see and be sensible of the kindness of those into whose hands he had fallen, and above all, Clara was like a fair vision that flitted before his eyes, but to mock him with her loveliness. His recovery, though certain, was slow and tedious, yet those who cared for him were well rewarded to find that their efforts had not been in vain.

Clara well rewarded the good people who had taken the charge upon themselves, and who could ill afford to do so, and informed her father of the whole of the transaction. He immediately gave her money, and desired her to apply it in the manner best suited to circumstances, and if the stranger were really a gentleman, she might invite him to the mansion for a week or two, till he recovered, for, doubtless, he would be much confined there.

"You have not, as yet, informed me, Clara," said her father, "how you like the company of Mark Tonbridge?"

"Not at all," she replied, hastily.

"I hope that is not a deliberate opinion, but as hastily formed as it is uttered?"

"Indeed, sir, he is not only distasteful to me, but I deem him a disgusting man."

"He has not, surely, given offence sufficient to warrant you in speaking in such language of him?" said Sir Henry.

"I know not that he did it on purpose to offend me, for I believe he did not do it on purpose—it is his manner, and I firmly believe he will never mend; it is his habits and his mode of life, and conversation that displease me so much."



"Well, child, you are not used to the world, and will learn more in time."

The next morning, Clara returned to the cottage, and found Mr. Shelton, for such was the unfortunate gentleman's name, sitting up, and, indeed, able to walk about, feeling himself much recovered from the effects of his injuries, which were severe. As Clara entered, he arose and said,—

"This is the lady, I believe, to whom I am under so heavy a debt of gratitude. I cannot express my feelings of thankfulness for the extreme care and kindness which I have received at your hands; but believe me, neither that nor your image, will ever be forgotten by a grateful heart."

There was something so unexpectedly dignified and warm in this address, that it brought the blood to Clara's cheek, and it was some moments before she could answer him.

"I am happy to see you have recovered so far, sir, but your gratitude is more due to Heaven than me; I, however, rejoice in your recovery, and, by my father's desire, beg to offer you a lodging at his mansion for a week or two, till you are perfectly recovered from your accident."

"I will avail myself so far of your invitation that I may express my sense of the favour he has done me in giving the invitation, but I cannot bring myself to intrude upon him further."

Clara did not press the stranger any further. If her father desired to do so, he could do it when he called. After some further conversation, Mr. Shelton left the cottage, accompanied by Clara, and proceeded towards the mansion of Sir Henry, who happened to be at home.

Sir Henry was so well pleased with his manners and conversation, that he begged he would make his house his home, and after some repetition of the invitation, he agreed to stay for a few days.

"You will be left somewhat more to your own resources than I could wish, for I have some country business to attend to, which will draw me a little from home; but Clara will be my substitute on these occasions, and as you are an invalid, you will doubtless not require a more adventurous guide than she is."

After expressing his acknowledgments, he at once followed Sir Henry over his house and grounds, for he was extremely fond of having them admired, and proud of being able to exhibit such a well-ordered household and well-cultivated estate as that he possessed.

In the afternoon he was left to himself, and retired to the garden, where he seated himself in a small bower, and rested from the fatigue of his previous conversation. His weak state rendered this necessary, and it was not long before he fell into a cool and refreshing sleep.

Clara came by, and seeing the stranger fast asleep, was induced to view his features more narrowly than she would have done had he been awake. They were noble and commanding, and when animated by the expressive eye and smile, were not only handsome but pleasing.

There was a fascinating grace in his manner, as of one bred in the highest circles. She sighed as she looked upon him, so different was he to the one whom her father had chosen as her husband. Mark Tonbridge was, in every sense of the word, a thoughtless profligate and sensualist. This he showed in his conversation and manners. He had not the good sense to veil his iniquity by a gloss of good manners and a seeming innocence—that homage which vice pays to virtue—but all was glaring and disgusting.

With many this conduct was considered an exhibition of favourable symptoms; his sincerity and openness of conduct was applauded, as if the absence of shame, and a desire of appearing to advantage, were sufficient to counterbalance his debauchery.

Clara thought of all this, and, being wearied with thinking, sat down at the farthest end, with the intention of waiting awhile, and leaving it ere the sleeper awoke.

Shelton, however, seemed disturbed, and he muttered in his sleep. At length her attention was aroused by hearing him repeat her name several times. He did so again, and invoked blessings on her head, and expressed a wish that found its way to Clara's heart. He continued to sleep, but so lightly that she rose and left the spot.

As she paced the long walks of the garden, and reflected on what she had just heard, her heart beat tumultuously, and her thoughts crowded upon her imagination so thick and fast that she required the aid of a support; she leaned against a tree and pressed her forehead with her hand, endeavouring to recal her wandering imagination. She stood thus some minutes, and was so absorbed with her disordered mind that she did not hear the approach of Shelton, who had awoke up and was walking down the walks, and perceiving Clara at a distance, he made towards her. He was much surprised to see her in such a posture as she stood.

On his reaching her, he came up behind, and gently taking her hand, he said, in a low, soft voice, which betrayed much feeling,

"I hope that Miss Fane is not unwell!"

This recalled Clara to a sense of her situation; she smiled, but faintly, and said,

"It is but a momentary fit of indisposition—I shall be better presently."

But as she said this, she trembled, and Henry offered his arm to support her, which she accepted, and he led her to the seat he had not many minutes quitted.

She seated herself and he by her side, but Clara still leaned upon his arm, though she was deadly pale.

"I fear you are unwell—very unwell," said Mr. Shelton.

"Indeed I am not; the fresh air will restore me. It is more an affliction of the mind than ought else; my poor mother was afflicted in a similar manner. I often grieve that she is not here to guide me—she would console me."

This was incoherent; but Shelton took up the vein. She appeared to be suffering from dejection of spirits, and he pressed her hand warmly, and begged she would allow him, if possible, to dispel her unpleasant thoughts and melancholy impressions.

The conversation went on thus for some time, gradually growing tender and more tender—each answer and reply—that at length a declaration of love was the result.

Pressing her beautiful lips to his own, he alternately kissed them, and thanked her for the admission she made, that his love was not without hope—was not without a return, as ardent, he believed, as his own. Little else possessed the souls of the two lovers but their passion. They passed most of their hours in each other's society, and in each other's society they experienced joy and bliss.

One afternoon Shelton appeared to be sad and trifling. Clara noticed the change in his manner, and inquired the cause.

"It is because I am compelled to leave you, dear Clara, that I feel sad, and could there be a better cause for melancholy than in leaving the beautiful girl I love so well?"

"Leave me, Henry, and how can you do that?—may I not expect to see you, then, as heretofore?" she inquired.

"No, my dear Clara, you cannot, for I fear I shall be detained, and then be obliged to travel on the continent, in which case it may be years before I return to this country."

Clara wept, and leant her head upon Shelton's breast. What could she do? Was there no method that could be devised by which they might escape their threatened separation? She put the question to Shelton.

"Yes, my love, there is one way of escaping from this dilemma."

"What is it, Henry?" she asked, "tell me, and gladly would I embrace it."

"The only way would be instant marriage, and then you could travel with me to many foreign countries."

Clara could not leave her father, but the measure was, nevertheless, entertained and debated, so that the possibility, and the way in which it could be done, was discussed, and at length her reluctant consent was obtained.

After taking leave of his host, Mr. Shelton withdrew himself, and awaited until nightfall, when he was joined by Clara.

They were married, and started off upon a foreign tour, the object of which was some secret service, for which he received a considerable sum, as Shelton's fortune was so limited that he dared not launch out into such an expense.

He despatched a letter to Sir Henry Fane, informing him of what had occurred, and assuring him that only his own want of fortune was the reason he anticipated a refusal, and he had married his daughter. He requested his forgiveness both for himself and wife, and when he again returned to England, he would repeat in person what he then wrote.

They now took their departure, and

"Journeyed over many lands;"

and at length, like the tired dove, when thrown out of the ark, they returned again when wearied with travel.

The first visit they paid, after so many years' absence—for they had left England for nearly four years—was to the mansion of Sir Henry Fane. Death, however, had been busy here, and poor Sir Henry had been gathered to his fathers, and reposed in the peaceful grave at rest, and in forgiveness of all the world.

Clara sighed, and dropped a tear to the memory of the kind, good man, for such Sir Henry really was.

Before his death, he wrote a long letter to either of them, in which he forgave them their unkindness—such was the name he gave it—and bade them live in peace and happiness with each other. He regretted that he was unable to see them as man and wife in this world; but they would meet, he hoped, in the world to come.

The property was left, unreservedly, to them both. They took possession of the old mansion, and gladdened the hearts of the peasants by again dispensing with a liberal hand the superfluous fortune had given them.



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

*(Continued from our last.)*

## CHAPTER CXLIX.

THE LOVERS.—SIR CHARLES'S DETERMINATION.—THE QUARREL AND THE OBSCURE THREATS.—MARGARET'S RAGE AND EXCITEMENT.

WHAT pen shall describe, what mind imagine the blissful feelings that now found a home in the hearts of Horace and Alice? What were all the doubts, all the difficulties, all the dangers they had passed through, now that they felt nothing could mar their future happiness? All was forgiven, all was forgotten, or if the sadness which had fallen upon their hearts when difficulty and mental mistrust chilled the warmth of their young affection was remembered at all, it did but, like some deep shadow in a glorious landscape, make the sunlight look still more beautiful.

Joy beamed from their eyes as they conversed in those low melodious tones which spring from the lips when the soul is full of the pure elysium of a hopeful passion. They compared their feelings when Margaret had succeeded for a time in making apparently an impassable barrier between them; and oh, what delight did they find from the mutual confessions that, in the circumstances of the greatest doubt and the direst suspicion, there were still soft tender feelings lingering around their hearts for each other.

"Nay, Alice," said Horace, "do not believe that I ever really loved you less. Even when I thought of bidding adieu to England for ever, in my hopelessness of ever calling you my own, I loved you dearly, fondly. In the words of Elvino, in *"La Sonnambula,"* I could have said, sadly,—

"False one, I love the still."

Alice smiled as she replied,—

"Indeed all seems but a dream, Horace. It is Margaret that is to be pitied, for to a nature like her's I can scarcely conceive a greater punishment than the utter failure of all the schemes which she had risked her very existence almost to make succeed."

"Yes, she is desperate in her resolves, Alice. She will, of course, now, I suppose, leave this house: I can pity her."

"And I, Horace. Oh, what a void must she feel in her heart; what human sympathies can she ever calculate upon, for in the midst of all her strange conduct, I have never been able in my own mind to fix upon a sufficiently strong motive for her actions."

Horace knew well the motive that had swayed Margaret from her visit to him in his chambers, but he would not tell so much to Alice, for he shrunk from raising the blush upon her cheek at the fact of one of her own sex, and one related to her, living under the same roof with her, so far forgetting all that was due to honour, discretion and virtue.

He waved the subject, and once again the lovers talked of themselves, that most delightful of all themes to parties so situated, and there they sat, for how long they knew not, as time flew by on rosy pinions, with clasped hands, gazing into each other's eyes, and enjoying as pure felicity as this world can afford to any of its denizens.

Sir Charles Home would not disturb the blissful meeting by his presence for some hours, but at length he did repair to the library. One glance was sufficient to let him see that a complete reconciliation had taken place, and advancing to Alice, he said,—

"My dear, you will forgive your father for the subterfuge which brought to your feet one who I was quite sure loved you as you ought to be loved."

Alice looked all the happiness she felt, and Horace immediately said, in a tone of grateful emotion,—

"To you, Sir Charles, and to your patient and kind consideration for the many mistakes into which I have fallen, I owe such a debt of gratitude that I may never hope to repay it."

"You can repay me easily," said Sir Charles. "Make Alice, the one only darling of my heart, happy, and I should think myself compensated for everything."

"If it be in the power of the truest love," said Horace, "to confer happiness upon its object, then shall Alice be the happiest of the happy."

"Well—well," added Sir Charles, "I sincerely believe you. You cannot leave here, Horace, while the rain, which is now pattering so violently against these windows, continues, so make yourself as comfortable as you can till my return."

"Will you, father, leave the house on such an inclement evening?" said Alice.

"I must, dearest; I am intent upon paying a visit which I wish over this night. I shall not be long detained, and in the meantime I think I may trust you to the care of Horace. Farewell, dearest. Good evening, Mr. Singleton. I shall see you on my return."

That Sir Charles's absence might be a protracted one was Horace Singleton's fervent wish at that moment, for the felicity of spending hours with Alice appeared to him so great, that he could have defied weariness for a week at the very least.

Sir Charles Home then again left the lovers, and wrapping a cloak closely round him, he muttered to himself,—

"Yes, even this night I will make an attempt to discover who it is that Margaret visits in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. Thomas tells me he dogged her to the house of a fortune-teller who resides in that neighbourhood—a man who affects to read human destinies from the stars. I would he could read mine, for, perhaps, never lived there a man to whom the future presented itself in such mingled colours of alarm and hope as it does to me. I can guess, though; it is not the fortune-teller she visits. I think her intellect of too masculine a character to be fooled by such mummeries. No; she may make use of his house as a convenient and safe place of assignment with some one, and if so, why, of course, he is paid for the accommodation, and being so paid, he will sell her and her secret to a higher bidder. So shall I discover with whom Margaret holds such secret conference, and from whom she has derived the information she evidently possesses of my past life."

With these reflections, and fully believing he had at length hit upon a clue to the author or authors of his miseries, Sir Charles left the house intending to get into a hackney-coach and be driven to St. Paul's Churchyard.

The inclement weather had, however, made such an unwonted demand for vehicles of every description, that he found he could not obtain one until he got quite wet from the pelting rain, mingled with sleet, that was carried about in showery gusts by the howling wind.

Having thus proceeded a considerable distance on foot, he resolved to go the whole way, and we shall leave him to pursue his uncomfortable journey while we retire to his house to report certain proceedings that ensued during his absence.

The arrival of Horace Singleton, and his long conference with Alice—a conference which to Margaret appeared endless, combined with what she had overheard, was quite sufficient to convince her that she had signally failed in all her plots, and that, figuratively speaking, the last arrow she had in her quiver was the statement she had prevailed upon Lady Home to make concerning the offers which Viscount Hilliers had not made for the fair hand of Alice.

It is quite astonishing how fine, aristocratic, and noble personages will tell lies quite like common people; but, perhaps, they think perversions of the truth one of the privileges of their order—at all events, it is a fact that, among the women of the aristocracy there is a laxity of principle in truth speaking of a very lamentable description.

Lady Home would quite have shrunk from any action which would have, in her opinion, looked low in the eyes of her caste—for example, she would not have lifted the most tempting morsel in the world to her aristocratic mouth with anything but a silver fork; but drinking gin and lying are quite different matters; so her ladyship never experienced the slightest pang of conscience in acceding to Margaret's request, which, by-the-by, had, from the imperious manner in which it had been propounded, assumed more the character of a command than anything else.

This, then, was Margaret's last stake, and now that Horace Singleton was in the house, she, with singular boldness and effrontery, concocted a plan which might drive him from it, and leave Alice in bitterness and despair.

She repaired once more to the apartment of Lady Home, which she entered without the least ceremony. This time her ladyship was awake and thinking over the letter she had promised to write, and she was agreeably pleased to escape that great exertion when Margaret said,—

"Madam, I have come to inform you that the object I told you was so important to your interests, and conformable to my wishes, may be accomplished easier than by letter."

"Oh, indeed!" said her ladyship. "Well, I'm very glad of it. You may sit down."

"I decline sitting down. What you must do is simply this,—in twenty minutes, or thereabouts, you must, if you cannot walk, be wheeled into the library."

"I walk! You know I never walk. Of course I must be wheeled in, if I go at all."

"Do not interrupt me. In the library you will find me and Alice, and Horace Singleton."

"Will the wretch be there?"

"Sir Charles Home has a few minutes since left the house."

"Very good—my bottle—oh, here it is—go on. Oh, what a dreadful thing it is to be forced to take such quantities of medicine! Oh—"



"When you reach the library, you must, in answer to inquiries of mine, aver that Viscount Hilliers has made you offers for your daughter's hand, and you must produce this as a documentary proof of your assertion."

Margaret handed a letter to Lady Home, who took it, and read the following words,—

"My Lord,—Need I say how flattered I am by your preference? This epistle extraordinary or not, you must produce. If you play your part well, you will save your settlement."

"Oh, gracious heavens! I'll do anything in the world to save my settlement. Fifteen hundred a year is better than nothing, by a great deal. If I could but get separated from the brute, Sir Charles Home, and go away with my settlement, I should think of nothing but—"

"I am, my lord, yours, ever,

"ALICE HOME."

"To Viscount Hilliers."

"Dear me," said Lady Home, "what an extraordinary epistle."

"This epistle extraordinary or not, you must produce. If you play your part well, you will save your settlement."

"Oh, gracious heavens! I'll do anything in the world to save my settlement. Fifteen hundred a year is better than nothing, by a great deal. If I could but get separated from the brute, Sir Charles Home, and go away with my settlement, I should think of nothing but—"

Here her ladyship took a deep draught at the black bottle, in doing which in her recumbent position she was compelled to cast her eyes up to the ceiling. When she looked down again, the forged letter was lying in her lap, but Margaret was gone.

"What an extraordinary young woman," soliloquised Lady Home, "that is—I declare she quite frightens me sometimes! For a low, common person, which, of course, she is, she takes a wonderful interest in me; I suppose she looks forward to my patronage in the *beau monde*, but she will find herself quite altogether mistaken—I never patronise anything, or anybody, but—"

Another pull at the black bottle satisfactorily concluded the sentence, so that really Lady Home had no occasion when she recovered her breath, to add the word, "myself."

In the meantime Margaret took care to ascertain to a certainty that Sir Charles Home had left the house, and that Horace Singleton and Alice were still in the library. Thomas assured her that he had taken in lights, and knew they were there.

"They are looking over some o' the picture books, ma'am," he said, "and Mr. Singleton don't seem to be going to go."

"Very well, that will do," said Margaret, and then she repaired to her own room, where she sat down for some moments, with her hands over her face, in deep thought. One groan burst from her lips, and then she sprang to her feet.

"Yes—yes," she cried, "this is the last effort; if that fails, then welcome despair. But revenge first! revenge first! Tremble, Alice Home! You know not the fierce flame of hatred you have kindled in my breast! You have slighted me! You have stooped to play me! I will not pity you—and your scorn and contempt of Margaret Home shall turn to wretchedness and despair!"

Slowly she descended the staircase—she was calm and collected—not a muscle quivered. In a few brief moments she reached the library door.

It was ajar, and she could hear the murmured conversation of the lovers within the apartment.

Then she trembled—it was indeed the bitterest agony she had ever felt to hear such words of murmured joy and tenderness from those whose path she had endeavoured to strew with thorns, and whose love she had tried so hard to ruin.

## CHAPTER CL.

AN INCREMENT EVENING.—SIR CHARLES'S VISIT TO THE FORTUNE TELLER.—HIS PLEASANT SPECULATIONS ON THE ROAD.—THE AWFUL SURPRISE.

THE day had been one of great inclemency—the weather variable in all things save one, its severity. It was initiatory of the coming season. Yet there were times in which a lull was experienced, in which neither hail, rain, nor snow, was felt; yet the cold wind and sloppy pavements struck a chill to the souls of those who were exposed to it. It was during one of these lulls in the storm that daylight merged to the darkness of a November evening.

The gay lights from the shop windows, and the gas lights in the streets, cast a shadow of warmth upon the main thoroughfares, for the imagination might think that where there was so much light and blaze, there would be warmth; but this artificial radiance had not long been in existence ere a renewal of the storms of the day put to flight this vision of comfort, and once more the city was enveloped in the drizzling shower of frozen vapour.

Round and round it came in its giddy course to the earth, until some

sudden and furious gust of wind would sweep it onward in straight but oblique lines. Then, again, the wind fell, and a sudden pause ensued, and the snow would again come dancing in its wild mazy round to the earth like minute spectres of some long forgotten being.

While this discomfort reigned in the mid-air, the streets were in a sorry plight, muddy, sloppy, and occasionally rendered dangerous to the pedestrian by the half-dissolved snow caking beneath his feet. The cold was so intense and raw, that to escape to the warm fireside of the nearest shelter was the dearest wish of the heart of him who was exposed to it.

But this was not all, the spirit of the storm had not yet emptied his quiver, for the cold northerly blast swept with howling vehemence through the thoroughfares with such strength that those who sought to escape it by taking temporary shelter in the first spot they believed to be free from the visitation in consequence of some sheltering corner or building, found they had escaped the direct blast of the storm but to encounter a concentration of all its evils in one spot, for here the wind whistled and whirled, carrying the frozen particles with it in violent and strong eddies, confusing the vision, and almost paralysing all efforts to escape from the momentary infliction.

Such a sudden change had come on during so short a space, and so furious was it, that Sir Charles Home had, to escape the fury of the elements, stepped beneath an archway on Ludgate-hill, where he watched the giddy shower as it descended to the earth.

While Sir Charles awaited there in the momentary expectation of a lull in the storm, again his thoughts wandered to the happiness of his beautiful daughter, whom he really valued more than his own existence; careless of all beside, he would sacrifice every hope of life and future happiness, had Sir Charles any hopes of the future, to obtain for her an hour's gratification.

"Alice," he said, "is now provided for, or at least so far that no accident can well happen to prevent her union with Horace Singleton. That happy event will now soon take place—all will go on smoothly in that quarter—Margaret's machinations have been so thoroughly exposed, that no fear can be entertained from that quarter; she can have no influence over the mind of Horace, and then my charming Alice will be happy."

"This event once settled, nothing remains for me to fear; my enemies I will face boldly, and should they be too powerful for me, I can elude them. They will never have the satisfaction of looking upon my death on a scaffold; no, no, I can prevent that; but with the marriage of Alice, the chief object of my enemies will then have been defeated, for they are evidently endeavouring to prevent this union. With that done, I may cease to be persecuted so much; at least a heavy responsibility is shifted from off my shoulders. I shall live the happier when I know that my Alice, my darling Alice is safe under the protection of her husband, and that husband Horace Singleton."

Thus Sir Charles's thoughts wavered between his daughter's happiness and his own miseries, and he now thought that he might yet spend his days in peace and security; that event once accomplished, and his persecution might cease, then the remainder of his life might yet be glided by the knowledge that all he desired had been accomplished, despite the dreadful opposition that had been offered to all his endeavours.

Then his thoughts would revert to Margaret, and the singular conduct she had pursued since she had been an inmate of his house. Strife and contention she had brought with her—suspicion and distrust she had fomented, and all her efforts appeared concentrated to cause the union between Alice and Horace Singleton to miscarry, and as that appeared to fail, as her hopes of causing a separation of two hearts that were devoted to each other had become fewer and fewer, so had her fury and exasperation increased. There must be some strong motive at the bottom of this.

But what most astonished Sir Charles was the pertinacity and skill with which plots were made, and, when defeated, reconstructed from the same materials with untiring energy, and the resolution with which they were carried forward.

Motives appeared wanting, revenge was the ostensible reason advanced. Revenge for one so young and inexperienced as Margaret!

There must be surely an extensive conspiracy formed against him, the ramifications of which ran in many channels, and worked by more than he could form any definite notion of.

At this moment the scene of Hendon farm-house recurred to his imagination; he started at the remembrance of the dreadful night he had passed there.

"Yes—yes," he muttered, "there are many of them, and they have poisoned Margaret's mind, filling her with these notions of revenge as vindictive and unquenchable as the Italian or Malay; but it will be strange, indeed, if I am not a match for them. The more they show themselves the more shall I see them; the stronger and more definite the attack, the more apparent the purpose, the more shall I be able to foil them in their object. Forewarned—forearmed. Margaret's knowledge depends upon what they choose to tell her, and her desire for re-



venge has been the offspring of the tutelage of these unseen, and, as yet, unmasked conspirators."

These thoughts passed through Sir Charles Home's mind in rapid but disordered succession, and the expression of care on his features was again visible, as it had been for so many weeks past, for these thoughts again brought fresh to his mind the subtlety of his enemies, and his own ignorance of who or what they were, their real object, or the extent of their knowledge.

Seeing there was no chance of the weather holding up a short time, Sir Charles boldly stepped onwards with a set and determined air towards his destination, and which he speedily recognised by Thomas's description.

The house, too, was easily recognisable, and it appeared as if it had been characteristic of the man and his profession who lived in it. Its dull dingy appearance cast a shade of gloom over Sir Charles's countenance; but he laid his hand on the door, and entered the dark and narrow passage.

It was so dark that Sir Charles stood still and knew not which way to move; he was about to turn round and open the door to admit more light, or rather, by the reflection of a solitary lamp on the other side of the way, to endeavour to explore the passage.

Before, however, he could do so, a voice of an unearthly sound said,—  
"Enter, Sir Charles Home; step boldly forward."

Much wondering how he was known, yet placing it to the account of the juggling of the conjuror, he did as he was bidden; but his attention was much distracted by deep sighs, low moans, and the sound of sobs met his ears. This affected Sir Charles more than all the vulgar machinery by which terror is effected, and he contrived to walk on until a loud voice called out,—

"Stay, Sir Charles, another step in that direction and mischief awaits you. Turn to the left and open the door."

A tremendous explosion followed this speech, and Sir Charles for the moment was nearly stunned by the report; he, however, instinctively did as he was bidden, and entered a dark but scarcely perceptibly lighted apartment.

A slight green light appeared to reign throughout the room, rendering objects just visible. In a chair immediately opposite to Sir Charles was seated a figure enveloped in a cloak, in a state of almost deathlike repose; no movement could be detected; the cloak had a hood or cowl, which came over the head of the person who wore it, leaving no feature exposed to sight.

"Are you," said Sir Charles, scarcely speaking above a whisper, yet thinking it absolutely necessary to speak first,—  
"are you the celebrated conjuror of whom we have heard so much daily, whose deeds have filled many with astonishment?"

The figure made no answer; but remained in the same attitude of repose, while the green light gradually gave way to one of a purer colour, and which gradually and slowly increased in intensity until the room became perfectly illuminated; but the principal concentration of light fell full upon the figure in the chair.

Sir Charles was much puzzled, not to say awed at this procedure; he knew not what to expect next, all was conducted so slowly and solemnly, and the light came from behind him, yet he turned not round to examine its source.

He repeated his question, but in nearly the same subdued tones, when the cowl and cloak slowly and gradually lifted itself off the figure, exposing the features of the occupier to Sir Charles's gaze.

A loud cry burst from the lips of Sir Charles Home, as his bursting eyeballs gazed upon that man's countenance.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

**MARVELLOUS MUSIC.**—Vorstegan, in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," relates the following strange story:—Halberstadt, in Germany, was extremely infested with rats, which a certain musician, called from his habit, the "Pyed Piper," agreed for a great sum of money to destroy. Whereupon, he tuned his pipes, and the rats immediately followed him to the next river, where they were all drowned. But when the piper demanded his pay, he was refused with some scorn and contempt; upon which he began another tune, and was followed by all the children of the town to a neighbouring hill, called Hamelen, which opened and swallowed them up, and afterwards closed again. One boy being lame, came after the rest; but seeing what had happened, returned, and related this strange circumstance. The story was believed, for the parents never afterwards heard of their lost children. This incident is stated to have happened on the 22nd July, in the year 1376, and that, since that time, the people of Halberstadt permit not any drum, pipe, or other instrument to be sounded in that street which leads to the gate through which the children passed. They also established a decree, that in all writing of contract or bargain, after the date of our Saviour's nativity, the date also of the year of the children's going forth should be added in perpetual remembrance of the event.

## EASTER MONDAY AND GREENWICH FAIR.

### A COCKNEY'S HOLIDAY.

**HURRAH!** ye lads and lasses, who for weeks, nay, months, have so anxiously expected it. Easter Monday has arrived, bringing with it a fine, merry, laughing sun, than which a jollier never shone on any former Easter Monday. Put on your best smiles, pinkest ribbons, whitest ducks; there are staring placards to make you wink with announcements of steam to Greenwich for 4d., both by rail and steam; think of the elysium those cheap purgatories conduct you to, and hasten, hasten to avail your-elves of such advantages.

But the advice is hyperbolic. Who among the many thousands possessing the prospect of a holiday on Easter Monday have ever thought of spending it in any other way than by taking a trip to Greenwich Fair? I should like to hear a party making arrangements for any other excursion!

How many heads were popped out of window this morning, the first thing after getting out of bed; how many anxious glances given at the cloudless sky; and how numerous the expressions of happiness at the satisfactory state of the weather! Eliza may sport her smartest gown without danger of detriment from any delightful rollings down grassy hills.

About two o'clock such a continued stream of holiday folks, in holiday attire, pour down the thoroughfares leading to the different wharfs and railway terminuses, with Greenwich-fair written as plainly, ay, as plainly as with a smile upon their countenances, that the wonder is their numbers will not cause a drought and famine in the land of their intent, however well provided the natives may be in expectation of such an influx.

As for myself, of course I had Greenwich Fair in my mind's eye for a long time previously, if I could procure a holiday, such things being not usual in "our" office. However, having obtained one, without tarrying to remark the amount of astonishment produced at the excessive vulgarity of my request, I hastened to Blackfriars-bridge, where I had appointed to meet two friends, found them just arrived, and, as we were rushing down the steps, had the satisfaction of seeing a Greenwich boat, with her weighty load, put off from the pier. Patiently, then, we promenade the landing-barge till it became too crowded to permit all motion; and, when this was the case, we amused ourselves by listening to the facetious, yet anxious greetings of the people on the bridge, those unhappy beings who were compelled to work while we on the barge took our pleasure.

The old bargeman was next pestered to learn when the next boat would arrive. The veteran, however, took it very coolly, assuring his interrogators that he couldn't exactly say to a minute; but he believed it would be somewhere 'twixt this and six o'clock.

At length, however, it hove in sight from beneath the arches of Waterloo-bridge, with the grace, agility, and about the rapidity of an excessively corpulent porpoise. As it approached nearer, it seemed scarcely a question whether the already crowded state of the vessel would admit of the some two or three hundred persons who were waiting with impatience to embark on board of her.

The hysteric efforts of some brass instruments, to make themselves heard, were discernible; but the music was drowned in the babble which reigned in every part of her. The people on the barge scarce waited till she was moored alongside; but, as soon as she came within distance, they began scrambling on board. How the new comers managed to stow themselves, only those who were inconvenienced by them can tell; for my part, I was fortunate enough to secure, with some danger and difficulty, a vacant place on one of the paddle-boxes, where I seated myself triumphantly on a pile of wet rope. My satisfaction was, however, somewhat damped when I reflected on my position, if it should happen to come on to rain.

Our progress up the river was beautiful; plenty of time was allowed by the considerate captain for viewing the interesting objects on either shore. When we came off London-bridge pier, where a couple of steamers were discharging their cargoes, some people wanted to come on board, and others on board to go on shore; but cries of "Go on, captain—go on!"—"don't stop!" resounded from all parts of the vessel, and the captain, after swaying his vessel backwards and forwards, as if in hesitation, acceded to the desire of the majority. "I insist upon being landed, captain; I don't want to go to Greenwich."

"You shouldn't come on board a Greenwich packet, then. Go on, captain—go on."

"But I've particular business——"

"You see, sir, I can't stop; you must go all the way; you won't be charged a bit the more."

"How splendidly she makes her way!" was the poetic exclamation of one who stood near me in reference to the vessel. I looked around. Some quarter of an hour before our bows had arrived opposite the



Tower; the old fortress was now staring out stern out of countenance. I have observed that in Greenwich steam-boat excursions alone English people spurn all idea of refreshments till they land; no lips could I see enjoying the succulent juices of that popular fruit, the orange; not even a solitary ginger-beer bottle uncorked! The cause of this remarkable circumstance I leave for theorists to speculate upon; I merely mention the fact.

Off Limehouse the persons detained against their will insisted upon being put on shore; and, as the captain landed about twenty, he felt justified in taking in a hundred more, though the other passengers viewed this proceeding with the utmost dissatisfaction. "Dangerous!" was shouted by fifty voices, while the screaming of women added a shrill treble to the tenors of the men. "The water's coming in below!" shouted some frightened cockney. This intimation so alarmed me (who was standing on the paddle-box), that I sprang from thence on to the pier, clearing the gangway which had just been drawn from the vessel. Just at that moment the boat gave a deep lurch; the water gushed over the deck; for a moment the situation of the passengers appeared really alarming, when she suddenly righted, and waddled majestically away, leaving me standing on the pier, with the watermen, gazing after the receding vessel, expecting every moment to hear arise from her a burst of derisive laughter at my hasty evacuation. However, nothing of the kind occurred; they who were in her were either too much alarmed themselves, or else, in the confusion, my sudden disappearance had been unnoticed.

Determined, as I had come thus far, not to be disappointed of my intended pleasure, I took a place in another boat, which arrived soon after, and was landed at Greenwich without further mishap.

Rare times these for the good old pensioners. Behold them in their quaint, but respectable toggerie, grouped at the head of the stairs, and at the open windows of the taverns, looking on the river; see with what glee they watch the cockneys land! How their dear, merry eyes twinkle with kindred glee at the strange, but happy faces swarming around them. Bless them, one and all! from the boatswain, with his little finery of gold lace, to the commonest seaman, whose only distinction is the proud and honest bearing which the consciousness of having done his duty to his country well gives to the meanest, as well as to the highest.

It is the fashion, upon landing at Greenwich, to run immediately to the park; accordingly, thither I hastened, elbowing my way through all opposition, passing the tempting stalls of gingerbread-nuts eight a-penny, and resisting, with a stoic's firmness, the blandishing invitations of the sylphs in white cotton aprons, and muslin-caps, "to take tea with them."

I doggedly pressed on my way, till, having mounted the summit of the principal hill, I paused to gaze around me. I need not speak of the beautiful view gained from this elevated spot over the green tree-tops, of the glistening Thames, meandering among rich and verdant fields, with here and there a stately ship sailing on its tranquil bosom; of the far-off metropolis, seen like a city in the clouds, with the massive dome of St. Paul's towering in the midst; and of the vast bright expanse which canopies the whole. It can be seen any fine day, either with the naked eye, or through the pensioners' telescopes, who will show it you side-way, up-side down, with every variety of atmosphere, blue, green, yellow, through glasses of cunning design. The scene which on this occasion pleased me most, was the bright mass of laughing life and happiness spread over the whole of the beautiful park, in every variety of grouping and pleasurable abandonment.

Little parties of picnics were feasting on the grass; some cracking nuts, peeling oranges, and drinking ginger-beer; others enjoying more substantial esculents, such as cold knuckles of ham, &c., while many were not ashamed to be seen publicly whispering with the utmost intimacy to very suspicious looking bottles. There were races of all kinds down the slopes of the hills, some manfully running (these were the ladies) some cautiously rolling, and some timidly shuffling, raising little columns of dust with their feet. Those who disdained such vulgar exercise, or who doubted the efficacy of their straps and braces, were engaged in the intellectual amusement of pelting from the top of the hill a crowd of ragged boys with apples and oranges, (which soon became a premium) or setting the little urchins to scramble in some mud for imaginary halfpence. Then on that sun-lit patch of bright green turf, the delightful (!) game of "kiss in the ring" was in full progress. The milliners' apprentices were in high gory, almost eclipsing that in which they shine at shilling weekly "assemblies." Everybody seemed happy and comfortable; on every side rang peals of heartfelt laughter.

Having gazed till I was nearly broiled on this animating scene, I descended, and joined the stream of people who were hurrying towards Blackheath. Here were the donkeys, with nice white hammercloths for the ladies, and awful looking saddles for the men; and witching gipsies, who predicted fortunes according to the consideration they received. Here I met my friends, and we all returned back, where I was tempted

to run a course with B., and in so doing, tumbled down and split my best Sunday black trowsers, quite an awful gap, through which my bare knee protruded. Here was a catastrophe! No visions of fine drawing consoled my horrorstruck imagination; the lips of the rent were too ragged, gagged, and frowning to present the slightest hope of reconciliation. However, there was no help for it, it was done; already a crowd had gathered round me as I sat ruefully meditating on my mishap, so I pined it up as well as I could, and hastened out of the park with my friends, (who seemed to consider the whole as an excellent joke), determined to hide myself until it was dark.

Just outside the gates were some tea-gardens, where we had tea, and then returned again to the park, which, as it was by this time almost dark, was fast emptying.

The energy of the fair gingerbread nut stall keepers, who line the narrow causeway leading to the open space on which the shows are erected, is truly surprising. The tact with which they make a plunge into the stream of passers-by, and grab forth some victim whom they think is likely to become a customer, is admirable. Such seducing stratagems too, to get you to buy! They well know—artful baggages—that the remonstrance, "Won't you treat the young lady to some nuts, sir?" never fails producing the intended effect.

Inveigled by the representations of a gentleman in the honest garb of a sailor in front of Richardson's, we were induced to enter that famous theatrical booth, and after some delay, during which we were amused by the extemporaneous witticisms of a numerous audience, the performers rushed down the ladder, very warm from having just been engaged in a country dance outside, and disappeared behind the green baize at the back. In about a minute the curtain drew up in a hurry to three scratchers of as many fiddles, and discovered the first scene of a tragedy, in which, in direct opposition to the usual course of things, there was no murder, nor even a single combat to enliven the proceedings, the ghost which incidentally appeared, being supposed to have been killed before the piece commenced. I can give but a faint idea of the precise plot, a clamorous gong at a wild beast show close by preventing the actors from imparting any information, except by dumb show.

Of course there was a young lady, (a virtuous cottager in spangled muslin), who possessed two suitors, one rich and wicked, the other poor and good. The bad suitor was very properly discarded for the good one, which put the former very naturally into a pet, and out of revenge he carries off the young lady to his castle, and shuts up his rival in a damp dungeon. In these disagreeable situations the constancy of the lovers is put to severe trial, but both remaining firm to their mutual vows in spite of every threat, the tyrant is about to have recourse to still harsher measures, when lo! an end is suddenly put to his crimes and his life by a message from the manager, and the appearance of the ghost of somebody, but who is a problem left to the imaginations of the spectators to solve, as is whether the young lady is ultimately restored to the arms of her lover, or whether the latter dies of cramp in his uncomfortable lodgings. A comic song followed the tragedy, and the performances concluded with a grand comic pantomime, in which the clown perpetrated one joke in the midst of a dismal silence. The entertainments lasted about fifteen minutes, and the audience were let out at a side-door, as a new batch came tumbling in over the wooden partitions of the "pit" and "boxes."

We next went into "Clarke's Circus." A little girl made some extraordinary efforts to keep herself erect on a tight-rope; a man dressed as a theatrical jockey rode two or three times round the ring, and then, very coolly told us the exhibition was over.

There were several dancing booths, but I did not think proper to enter either of them, and my companions followed my example. I just peeped into one through a hole in the canvas. About three hundred persons of both sexes were sived in the close, dirty tent, inhaling an atmosphere of gin, beer, and tobacco, one half of whom were perpetrating a country dance—Heaven save the mark! to the music of two miserable fiddles, and a wheezing horn; and the other half seated on benches drinking, smoking, quarrelling, and making every imaginable species of up oar.

Pushing our way through the fair with great difficulty, we arrived quite out of breath at the railway terminus. The crowd round the gates far exceeded that assembled round old Drury's doors the first night of Mr. Charles Kean's engagement. In about a quarter of an hour they were thrown open, and the rush for places was tremendous. After running the whole length of the line, some fifteen or twenty carriages, we were fortunate enough to secure standing room in a little box next the boiler. We passed several down trains all heavily laden, and when we arrived at the terminus, there were still an immense mob waiting for conveyance to Greenwich. I patted with my friends at the foot of London Bridge, and as I was "vibrating the tinkler," at my door, a neighbouring clock told forth the reasonable hour of ten.

FRANCIS B.



## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CXLIX.

TWITTER'S ESCAPE.—VARLEY'S ANGER AND DESPERATION.—THE VISIT TO JONES IN THE NEW PRISON.

TWITTER'S cries for help soon brought a crowd of individuals around them, though no one seemed inclined to interfere between them—not knowing the nature of the quarrel, and, moreover, it appeared as if the superior had merely committed an assault on the inferior, which, as all the world knows, is a very venial offence; but just reverse the order of things, and the punishment is not yet invented that is sufficient, as a punishment, for the audacious inferior who may be goaded by provocation to inflict a merited chastisement on his superior in society.

Thus for some minutes they were left to themselves to fight it out as they could. Twitter's outcries could not long remain unheard by the police; and Varley's attempts to introduce his hands into Twitter's pockets became evident to all the spectators.

This being a point that touched them all very closely, they soon began to give vent to their horror at the idea of one man's putting his hands into another man's pocket, and Bernard Varley, instead of being popular in the affray, which he was high becoming at first, ran some danger of being maltreated.

"Murder! murder!—help!—police!" cried Twitter, as he writhed and twisted in Varley's grasp, at the same time he kicked and bit very hard.

"Do you want to murder the man?" inquired one old gentleman, who was fat and short-winded. "Leave go his throat, you'll induce an apoplectic fit."

"Why, he's trying to pick the other's pocket," remarked another; "he deserves to be sent to the computer."

"Why don't you leave go, and fight it out like men?" interposed a brewer's drayman, who looked on both Twitter and Varley with great contempt.

"Give up the money," exclaimed Varley.

"Murder!—police!" screamed Twitter.

"I'll kill you if you do not instantly give me the money you have robbed me off," exclaimed Bernard Varley.

"Murder!—police! save me from this man, who has before tried to murder —"

Here his voice became drowned in the exclamations of several persons, who said,

"Here's the police!—here's the police!"

In another moment Bernard Varley was shoved off Twitter by force of blows, and both combatants were secured by two stout city officers, either of whom would have made but little matter of a contention with the two belligerents at once.

"What's the matter?—what's the row?" exclaimed the officer who held Twitter.

"Come, sir, no violence—you must not resist the city police, or my lord mayor will have to deal with you," said the other to Varley, who made several demonstrations to renew the attack upon Twitter; but the policeman intimated that would not be allowed by gently drawing him back by the collar, in a mode that rendered question as to the right of procedure useless.

"That man," cried Twitter, "has nearly killed me."

"Why, you don't look as if he had used you gently. What's the meaning of this?"

"That scoundrel has robbed me."

"It is a lie," screamed Twitter, furiously; "he knows it's a lie."

"Do you give him into custody for a robbery, sir?" exclaimed the officer to Varley.

"He dares not," vehemently exclaimed Twitter, though he trembled so violently in every limb from exertion and anxiety: "he dares not."

"I do; he knows he has robbed me."

"You know that you, Bernard Varley, are more likely to be hanged, than I am to commit a robbery, and that I see will be your fate before long."

"God bless me," exclaimed one of the officers; "Is this Mr. Varley from York?"

Bernard Varley trembled in every limb with passion, but by a strong effort he subdued it, for the last sentence and Twitter's growing violence and audacity showed him the brink of the precipice on which he stood,

and in reply to the officer's demand, if he should lock Samuel Twitter up, he replied,

"No, no—never mind now; I have another way to deal with the scoundrel. Recollect, Samuel Twitter, life is short and uncertain—your new-found treasure may want an owner."

Though Twitter was high sinking when he met Bernard Varley's gaze, yet he replied,

"Remember, Bernard Varley, the slightest act of yours may bring ruin upon your own head, and then your long life of scheming becomes too short to enable you to enjoy the fruits of it."

"Farewell, Samuel Twitter," said Varley.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that," exclaimed Twitter; "I suppose we love each other—eh?"

Bernard Varley turned and left the spot. Calling a coach, he was quickly on his road to his hotel, and Twitter had followed his example, thinking it safest, and being desirous of digesting his other plans.

When Bernard Varley was alone in the coach, his thoughts were busy with the scene he had just passed through. Samuel Twitter, with all his cowardice and all his want of intellect, had been a match for him, Varley, and had succeeded in possessing himself of money that he was most anxious to keep from him.

Twitter was no longer his slave; he had him no longer in his power; he could do nothing with him—he was independent.

Varley became sensible that he himself stood upon very insecure footing; day after day showed all his fairest schemes baffled and all his hopes annihilated, and his own safety threatened by the man of all others whom he affected to despise, and with whom he held himself to be in the safest keeping, and whom, if he chose, he could make subservient to himself in almost anything. Great, therefore, was his chagrin to find that he had been so completely and so thoroughly baffled in all his schemes respecting Twitter.

What to do he knew not; he was so completely at fault and so much annoyed at Twitter's getting so large a sum in his possession, without his, Varley's, being able to deprive him of it.

During these reflections the coach arrived at the door of the hotel, and, having dismissed it, he at once ascended to his own apartment, where he had been scarcely a minute when a waiter entered, saying,

"One of the police officers is waiting to see you, sir."

"Has he been here long?"

"Yes, sir; he came here just as you left."

"Then show him up to me immediately."

In another minute the officer entered the apartment, and when the waiter retired, Varley said,

"You bring me some news, I suppose, of Rowland Percy?"

"Yes, sir, some news, certainly, but nothing particular as yet."

"Indeed. It's a long affair."

"And a very troublesome affair, Mr. Varley," replied the officer, drily. "The fact is this, there has been a regular conspiracy to secret Rowland Percy from us; many individuals have assisted in it, and they have succeeded as yet."

"But I hope you will succeed better now you are aware of the means by which he has succeeded in eluding your vigilance."

"We shall, I believe, for we have succeeded in capturing the principal individuals by whose aid and advice he has been so long able to escape us."

"That is at least something towards a better conclusion than I have had as yet. Your exertions, I trust, will not relax now; you are nearer than ever in succeeding in catching your man, and the rewards will be yours as a natural consequence."

"Thank you, sir," replied the officer; "the exertions and dangers we have run have been very great, and the capture of these two men have cost us some hard blows, I assure you, for the struggle was of the most desperate character."

"You secured them, however?"

"We did; and one of them is now in Newgate, and the other is in Coldbath-fields."

"Who are these men?" inquired Varley.

"The one is a highwayman, called the Slashing Squire, and whose name is, I believe, Ned Witler."

"And the other?"

"His name is Jones."

"Is Jones at Coldbath-fields?" inquired Varley, after a few moments' thought.

"He is," replied the officer.

"What sort of a man is he?"

"A big, strong man, very powerful and wonderfully active for his weight."

"Ay, but I mean what is he?"

"A thief and housebreaker by profession," said the officer, coolly.

"Then I dare say money would be acceptable to him. Do you think he could be bribed?"



"Money usually effects wenders with these people, and I dare say that Jones will do as much for money as any man of his class, and you can't find one much lower."

"Very well," said Varley, "I'll try the experiment; but what do you intend to do about Rowland Percy?"

"Catch him, if we can," replied the officer; "those by whose assistance he has as yet lived are now secured; he is at large, it is true, but he has neither knowledge nor means; he, therefore, cannot hold out long, and there is every chance of our meeting with him every day, as he cannot lie concealed."

"Indeed!"

"No; he has no one whom he can trust, or who will do a single act for him; he must be reduced to the alternative of begging."

"In that case," said Varley, "the ends of justice will not then be long ere they are satisfied. I wish you a good morning."

"Good morning," returned the officer, who then rose and quitted the room.

"So," thought Varley, "events are fast hurrying on. Rowland Percy, once in the hands of justice, I shall then have more leisure to consider other things; but this Jones must not be forgotten, I will go and see him. I may make him useful to me, and Twitter will yet learn to fear me once again."

He rung the hand bell, and desired the waiter who answered it to summon a coach, which no sooner came than he entered it, desiring the driver to drive him to Clerkenwell prison, where he alighted.

It was not long ere he was informed in what part of that place Jones was imprisoned. It was a dark and dismal cell, intended only for the refractory, to which class Mr. Jones, it appeared, belonged, and into that gentleman's presence he was speedily ushered.

## CHAPTER CL.

### THE OFFER OF VARLEY TO JONES.—THE HORRIBLE FRIGHT.—THE SINGULAR MEETING WITH ROWLAND PERCY.

THERE was but a dim light streaming through a narrow grating in the cell wherein Mr. Jones had been placed, and it was some moments after Varley had been ushered into it before he could scarcely discern any object distinctly. At length, however, his eyes got accustomed to the dim radiance of the place, and then he saw Jones with his arms folded across his breast, and sitting very composedly on the pitcher which had contained water, but which he had turned bottom upwards in order to make a seat of it.

"Your name is Jones," said Varley, when the door of the cell was closed upon him.

"That'll do," replied Jones; "who are you when you are at home?"

"Do you not know me?"

"Now I do. You are the handsome gentleman as handsome does, or else quite the reverse. I won't ask you to take a seat, as the floor is rather damp. Howsomever, you are out-and-out welcome, if you like, both to the seat and the best rheumatism the place affords. I suppose as you are sent in here as an aggravation o' solitary confinement!"

"Cease this buffoonery," said Varley. "Have you any objection to a hundred pounds?"

"Not the least. You can't pison the money, old cock. Hand it over, I suppose you looks en it as a kind o' conscience money for the scrimmage we had at old mother what-do-ye-call-em, at Somers'-town, eh? Is that it?"

"Psha. You should be a man of the world."

"I was; but this here place is rather out of society, you see."

"Then you can have no objection to forwarding my views, provided you are well paid for your trouble."

"Let's see the views," said Jones; "I'll turn 'em over in my mind a bit, and guv 'em you back if I don't like 'em."

"I wish Rowland Percy to be brought to justice."

"So do I!"

"You do!"

"On my davy. When's it to be done? You can have a pick of that loaf there if you're hungry, and your finger nails are long enough. They guvs us yesterday month's basking here to put off the time. Some o' the gentlemen in difficulties as is here practices knocking up Macadamised stones with the loaves. They come in two with a crack as is enough to stun you."

Varley made a gesture of impatience, and proceeded,—

"You, from your companionship with the man Witlet, must be aware of the plans, and, probably, of the actual place of concealment of Rowland Percy. I will give you a hundred pounds for such information as shall enable me to have him apprehended."

"Apprehended, did you say?"

"Yes, apprehended, and executed pursuant to his sentence for the murder of Sir George Rankley."

"Lawks, here's a blessed mistake,—what mere mortals we is."

"What mean you?"

"Why, if you'd persevered another minute I should a told where he was; but now you've done it. Well, I never! Eggs is eggs."

"You speak in riddles, or are drunk."

"Drunk? Just ladle up in yer hand some o' that slop on the floor, and you'll soon taste whether what is in this here pitcher comed out of a cask or the New River. You said as you wanted to bring Percy to justice, didn't yer?"

"I did."

"Well, that's the way you imposed on my verdant innocence. Lor bless me, I find I'm quite a baby yet in the wickedness o' the world. I thought you meant to give Miss Miranda back her sticks—let her marry the young man—make a full confession of what a thundring rogue you are—give me a cool hundred for going to your funeral, and then hang yourself."

Rage seemed for the moment to get the better of Varley's discretion. A bitter oath escaped his lips, and he gave a stamp on the wet floor of the cell that covered himself with dirty water.

"There now," remarked Jones, "now you're done. What possessed you to take a shower bath that ere way? Don't do it agin, I begs on you. There's a drop comed in my eye already."

"Do you mean to say," cried Varley, "that you will be mad enough to refuse my offers for the sake of mere obstinacy in a cause which cannot really interest you?"

"We've been a driving at cross purposes," said Jones. "You talked o' justice when you meant law. That makes all the difference. The law would hang Rowland Percy if so be it caught him. Justice some o' these here days will hang you. There's the difference, you see. It's enough to make one cry like a *hinfant* to think how nearly one was being riglarly tooked in."

"Fool!" said Varley. "You cannot be serious. Will two hundred pounds tempt you to assist me in discovering Rowland Percy?"

"Two hundred," said Jones, affecting to consider. "I tell you what I'll do now."

"What—what?"

"You confess as you did the murder and get yourself hanged, and then I'll swear I saw Percy assault you. He'll be fined a matter o' twenty bob, perhaps. There'll be wengeance."

"Idiot!" said Varley, and turning to the door of the cell, he hammered loudly upon it with his clenched hand to be released.

"I tell you what it is," said Jones. "You are a prisoner here. There's been a fellow here this morning as confessed you killed Sir George yourself. You are nabbed, my tulip."

"No—no," shrieked Varley. "Great God! No. It's false—false. I did not do the deed. No—no. God have mercy! No."

"Hurrah!" cried Jones. "Here's a go. It's true. Hurrah!"

The door of the cell was flung open, and a couple of turnkeys appeared with surprise depicted upon their countenances.

"What's all this about?" said one.

"No—no," shouted Varley, while his whole frame was convulsed with terror, and his face was perfectly ghastly to look upon. "It is false. I did not do the deed. Mercy—mercy. Let me go. Let me leave this place. I—I am stifled by the air here. I will bribe you all. A thousand pounds to let me reach the open street."

"Go it," cried Jones. "Here's a go. What a lark. How do you feel now, old boy? Pick up your hat. Hurrah!"

"What is the matter?" shouted the turnkey. "Are you mad, sir?"

"Am—I am I?" gasped Varley. "Am I—"

"Are you what?"

"Your prisoner? Tell me, am I detained here?"

"Not as I know of. What put that into your head?"

"He—he," gasped Varley, pointing to Jones, and leaning heavily against the door-post for support. "Villain! you—you have unnerved me. I will make you suffer yet for this."

"What are you talking about?" said Jones. "I never seed such a old picture-card in my life as you are."

"Well," remarked the turnkey, "I'm blessed if I can understand what it's all about. Are you going to go, sir?"

"Yes—yes. I am free to go—of course I am going—who dare detain me? I am going now."

"Good bye," cried Jones. "Take care of yourself. Mind the step. Well, I never. Of all the bloaks ever I comed near, you beats 'em. What a go. Hurrah!"

Varley never had endured such agony in all his life; he could not even believe himself safe until he reached the exterior of the prison and the wicket gate was fairly closed upon him. Then when he could no longer doubt that he had been imposed upon by Jones, such a torrent of invective escaped his lips, as would have frightened any one to hear.

"The villain!" he muttered, when he had satisfied the first ebullition of his rage—"the desperate villain! to tamper with an imagina-



tion in the fearful state of excitement that mine is, in such a way. Oh, I will be revenged—I will be revenged!"

Varley rushed from the prison gates, heedless of a wretched night that had set in. He felt as if he had but just escaped from some terrible danger, and more and more did he, too, begin to feel the utter hopelessness of his pursuit both of Miranda and Rowland Percy.

The rain was now falling so thickly that he was fain to get into a doorway for refuge, where his reflections assumed as gloomy an aspect as the weather; for towards the close of the day the wind, which had shifted round the entire compass, now seemed to settle in the south, and blew with a freshness that many thought would carry rain, if any were likely to fall, off, though the clouds had been collecting fearfully for some hours.

The moon was near the wane, and her light was far from powerful, yet it was sufficient to show that there was a vast body of clouds passing beneath her; they hurried onward with a speed that appeared astonishing, considering the heavy mass of aqueous vapour with which they were charged.

The wind came up with increased violence as the evening set in, and scarcely had the street lamps been lit when something like a falling mist was felt by those who were in the streets, and they hurried on with an increase of speed, having a wholesome dread of the heavy shower that threatened.

At such a moment when the wind howls and roars down the chimneys, those who sit anxiously by the small fire tremble with apprehension for the unfortunate member or members of the family who are like to be exposed to its influence, for the poor and needy, the ill in health, the ill-clad, and ill-fed, are ever those who have to bear the greatest hardships, and bear the most frequent and the longest enduring exposures to the inclemency of the weather.

'Tis then the passengers hurry onwards with hasty steps, in hopes to reach their destinations ere the wrath of the Heavens shall fall upon them, and in hopes of getting through their daily toils and labours a little earlier, that they may change the discomfort of the streets for the warmth of the fireside at home.

The man of pleasure, the hunter after amusement, the mere perambulator, have now no inclination to indulge in their peculiar propensities, unless, indeed, they be housed at some midnight tavern, from which they find their way not until long after midnight, or nearer morning.

The rain, which was at first thought likely to discontinue, as the wind still blew fresh and hard, still continued, and, in fact, increased gradually, instead of abating. The shops were now all lighted up, so that, notwithstanding the dark obscurity of the Heavens, there was a certain life and gaiety in the principal thoroughfares that contrasted strongly with the dripping forms of the unfortunate pedestrians who had been compelled to weather the storm.

Save these, the streets were deserted and bare, and the bye streets were dreary and dark also, for the few lamps that gave a dim light rendered them, if possible, more dreary and dark, and none passed through them save the wretched inhabitants.

There were but few vehicles of any description, and those public ones; and these dashed onwards with unusual speed, and each moment decreased in quantity, till at length the main streets alone presented the spectacle of a few breathing creatures, rational and irrational.

The howling of the wind still continued, and the rain, too, beat with force against the houses, rendering the contrast of within and without the greater; the sound of the heavy pattering and plashing of the rain was monotonous and dreary, and the shops were fast closing; for though not late, such was the general desertion of the streets that it was hopeless to keep them open any longer, and thus what was before dull and dreary now became very nearly dark.

The light of Heaven is not to be seen, and the closed shops presented no brilliant glare of light; all that remained was the solitary spectacle of the distant lamps, whose very light gave the solemn stillness and deserted appearance a still more melancholy and dreary aspect.

Sure such a night as this was not fit for the traveller who desired to pursue his journey, but rather to stay by the ingle nook and listen to the pattering of the rain without.

In the course, then, of about half an hour the torrent of rain sensibly abated, and Varley was about to leave his place of shelter and hurry to his hotel, when some one turned into the door and commenced knocking the moisture from his clothes.

Varley made an effort to pass him. They met face to face. An exclamation simultaneously burst from each of them—Bernard Varley and the stranger.

"Rowland Percy!" shouted Varley.

(To be continued in our next.)

It is a well established fact that the temperature in London, during the day, is several degrees higher than in the suburban villages.

## THE POOR MAN'S ADDRESS TO SPRING.

Beautiful spring, thou wilt not bring  
One joy, one charm to me;  
Thy gay, light tread may blessings spread,  
But not to poverty.  
Though thy sun may shine with a lustre divine,  
My soul cannot welcome e'en thee.

The flower may smile and bloom for awhile,  
It seems but to mock at my fate;  
And the birds that sing on freedom's gay wing  
Try in vain my sad heart to elate.  
The soft zephyr's breath seems to whisper but death,  
While poverty frowns at my gate.

I inwardly sigh when the laugh of my boy  
Rings sweet from the daisied mead,  
For I know despair his heart will scare,  
And misfortunes like mine will succeed.  
Oh! the winter will come, and his cheerless home  
Will be dismal and wretched indeed.

H. H. H.

MARRIAGE IN ARANCANIA.—The Arancanians, a South American tribe, have as many wives as they can support, or rather are able to purchase; but, as in all other countries where polygamy is permitted, it is only the rich who enjoy this privilege; the poor content themselves with one or two. Celibacy is disgraceful among them. An old bachelor is called *vuchiapra*, which means a useless old man, and *eudepra*, a useless old woman, is the word by which they designate an old maid. The marriage ceremony is very simple, and consists in carrying off the bride by pretended violence. When the bridegroom has fixed with his intended father-in-law the sum that he is to give him for his daughter, he goes, accompanied by some of his friends, to surprise the bride in some retired spot. She is then seized, placed upon the horse of her future husband, and conducted to the house of the bridegroom, where the nuptial festival is celebrated. The first wife, called *unedomo*, is always considered the legitimate one, and respected as such by all the *inandomo*, or secondary wives. Each wife is obliged to present her husband every day with a particular dish, cooked by herself at her own fire. Thus the most civil manner of asking an Arancanian how many wives he has is, *miou cuthalgenni?* or, *how many fires have you?* It is, besides, the duty of every wife to furnish her husband with the necessary articles of dress, and with one *poncho* every year. The Arancanian women are noted for the cleanliness, not only of their houses and clothes, but even of their persons. They comb their hair twice a day, and wash their heads at least twice a week, with the bark of the *guilay*, or *guilaya saponaria*, which they make use of instead of soap. Their habitations are placed near the banks of rivers, in which, during the summer, the men bathe several times a-day, and in winter at least once a-day. The women also bathe regularly, and on the very day of giving birth to a child, they wash both the infant and themselves in the stream, and then lay it upon a sort of rush cradle, which is hung on the ceiling, covered with soft skins, and return to their daily occupations.

Mr. Frank Vandermyn, an eminent portrait painter, was so much attached to a pipe and porter, that he would not paint the portrait of even the first character in the kingdom, unless he was indulged with his pipe at the time, and on that account he lost the painting of many. His likenesses were good, and his fancy-heads of Turks, Jews, Rabbis, and Circassians, were much admired.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the Editor, at the office, when they will meet with immediate attention.

JULIAN DONIA.—Why not acknowledge your authority?

ALBERTUS.—We are sorry to give our correspondent the same answer as in No. 110.

J. B. GOGGS.—"Death and the Grave" is not below our correspondent's usual standard of merit; but we must beg to decline it, as an article on the same subject was inserted a few weeks since.

Under Consideration.—"The Miser."

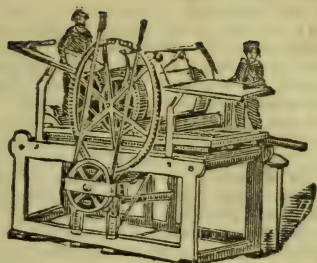
Declined, with thanks.—"To a Butterfly seen in a Prison;" "To the Flute;" "The Grave of Poor Joe;" "A Fragment," &c.; "Hornsey-wood House."

G. G. G.—The copy of "The Corsican" was destroyed immediately on rejection. We do not preserve any MS. unless expressly desired.

Printed and Published by E. LLOYD, at the Office of the "PENNY SUNDAY TIMES," 12, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street.



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



OF

# PENNY MISCELLANY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 113.] PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 12, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET. [VOL. III.

## THE CONFESSION;

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WOMAN'S HEART," &c. &c.

WHEN the cold hand of death has stopped the warm pulses of this throbbing heart, and these hands which commit to the paper the record of the past are mouldering in the tomb, how will they who read these pages wonder and say, "Can this be possible of him, of whom we thought such good things? The philanthropist—the mild, gentle, hermit-like man who would not injure a worm?"

I was a wild and wayward child, possessed of the most indomitable spirit, and even in infancy showed to those around, that within my bosom were the germs of the fiercest and blackest passions which sully human nature. All means to control or curb me proved utterly useless, and at a very early age I was sent to a distant school, to the inexpressible joy of every inmate of my father's household. My mother alone parted from me with regret; and, though I was very young, still well can I remember her pale features and expressive eyes; as she stooped over and kissed me tenderly, a tear fell upon my forehead.

Time passed, and I became, as I grew older, the terror of the master, and the avowed leader of the worst part of the boys. But still I progressed in learning, and, by the quickness of my perceptions, was enabled to execute the usual tasks, with the addition of many others, the punishment of bad conduct, always before the rest of my comrades. Indeed, I had a thirst for knowledge, and lost no opportunity in storing my mind from every source within my reach, good or bad.

I will not, however, dwell upon my school days, but pass at once to that period, the memory of which has haunted, and will haunt me, to my dying day.

My father was a merchant of London, and I, with an elder brother, his only children, he intended for his counting-house. My brother was many years my senior, and was already incorporated with my father in the firm. He was also married, by my father's consent, to the daughter of a wealthy merchant who traded with the firm, and he lived with his young bride at my father's mansion, as my mother was dead. She died suddenly, soon after my departure from home, and I believe I felt more real emotion at the receipt of this news than I ever felt before or since. Her kind and tender manner could always subdue my rugged heart, while the stern unflinching severity of my father rather steeled my bosom against him than otherwise.

It would be difficult to convey a just idea of the impression produced upon me at the first introduction to my beautiful, oh! how beautiful! sister-in-law; but it would, I conceive, be still more difficult to portray her own appearance. At the first glance, I saw in her eyes of living fire a similarity of disposition to my own. Yet she was beautiful as an angel, though the haughty cast of her voluptuous upper lip told of anything but submission or humility. In short, had I been an artist, and engaged to paint the subject, I would have selected her cast of countenance for the fallen prince of the archangels in Milton's sublime creation, "Paradise Lost."

It has ever been a matter of surprise to me that my brother, a man of the most placid temper and gentle disposition, should mate himself with so turbulent a spirit. Alas! it was his evil destiny; and I, who should have protected his honour, was the evil spirit who wrought the ruin of his peace of mind, and shortened a life which might have passed away in uninterrupted happiness. Each hour I passed in her company had served to strengthen the wild iniquitous passion which had sprung up within my breast at the sight of her wondrous beauty.

Its growth was rapid as the wild luxuriance of the rank weeds in a grave yard, and, truly, as rank as they. It was unchecked, too, by me, and I gave up every principle of virtue and honour to foster its unwholesome growth. Familiarity led to endearment, and at length to criminality. Madly intoxicated by her charms, I sought her society at all opportunities, and had not my brother been of a nature into which suspicion did not enter, he would have, time upon time, been aroused to a sense of our guilt and his own injury.

In the midst of this brutal licentiousness, an accident occurred which completely changed the aspect of affairs, though it left my brother as simple and confiding as ever. A violent epidemic, then raging in the metropolis, seized upon my frame, and I was laid upon a bed of sickness. For a time my recovery was doubtful, and in the still watches of the night, when pain and debility banished sleep, did the enormous guilt I had committed weigh heavily upon my conscience. Oh! how earnestly did I pray for life and health again, with a determination to abandon my wicked connection! And when, on my partial recovery, the physician advised a change of air, how happy did I feel at the consciousness of so excellent an opportunity being afforded to banish her from my bosom entirely by absence. Little did I know the deeply-seated wickedness of my own heart, and the terrible events which that excursion would produce!

I was removed into the country, to the seat of an old friend of my father's, in Kent, and there in seclusion did I again firmly resolve to tear her from my heart, whom to love was so great a sin. A circumstance which occurred while there, enabled me to carry my resolve into execution speedily; perhaps this more conduced to that effect than a consciousness of my brother's wrong. Located in the same house was a young girl, who acted in the capacity of governess to the host's children. I will not tire the reader with a description of her charms; she was, in my eyes at least, most beautiful, but of an order of beauty essentially different to that of my former guilty flame. Her manners were retiring and gentle, and added a thousand graces to her person, but she was poor and portionless, and, as I learnt, supported an aged mother from the pittance she received for her services.

I loved her; but my love was selfish as ever; and when I found opportunities of telling her my sentiments, and when she intreated me in moving accents to consider her station, and not bestow a thought upon her in her humble capacity, I but pressed her with greater ardour; and at length, after repeated refusals, and blindly regardless of my dependent condition (which I concealed from her) she at length consented to a secret marriage.

I had deceived her grossly with regard to my situation, representing myself as possessed of my mother's fortune, and she wrote a letter to her mother, at my dictation, painting her future prospects in glowing colours, as false as they were brilliant. In doing this I was not so deliberately deceiving her as may at first appear. I was also deceiving myself, and flattering myself with hopes of my father's kind regards when once we were united, though I well knew that such a step would bring down his anger upon my head, for a time, at least.

My principal thought, however, was now the gratification of my selfish passion, and I recked little of aught else. We were married, and for a time I was happy. Happy, did I say? Yes, happy! if it is possible for falsehood and guilt to enjoy so much!

As the time passed away my anxiety increased, and I eagerly watched the looks of the family, to read if they suspected the intimacy, which suspicion would infallibly lead to an explanation of the facts, and thus prematurely reach my father's ears.

At length the time arrived when it became necessary that I should



resume my duties in my father's counting-house. My recovery had long been perfected, and I had protracted my stay to a very long period beyond what was necessary for my health's sake, and I was compelled to tear myself from my disconsolate bride. Up to the last moment of parting, I had kept up a semblance of hilarity, as false to the real state of my mind as had been my conduct throughout; but when I was fairly away, and being whirled towards London, my heart and spirits sunk, and I performed the journey in a state of anxiety and perplexity perfectly indistinguishable.

I now found that I really loved my wife, and the sincerity of my feelings towards her agonized me for her situation, should my father cast me off in anger to rely upon my own resources. And to complete my misery, came the recollection of my guilty connection, which, perhaps, my sister-in-law might wish to renew.

It was not until the third day after my arrival at home that my sister-in-law found an opportunity to speak to me in private. I perceived by her looks that her passion was unaltered, and I had avoided her as much as possible. It was evening, and I had retired to my room, to write to Maria, for that was my wife's name. I was disturbed by a tap at the door, and upon my bidding the intruder "come in," the door opened, and presented the form of her whom I wished to avoid.

"Shall I intrude upon you, Henry?" she asked.

A sudden thought arose in my mind to trust her with my secret, as an excuse to break off a connection ruinous, and now doubly so to both ourselves and all around us. Would to God I had done so! but I wavered, and hesitated. I knew the violence of her disposition, and I was afraid of tempting her anger. In an evil moment I yielded to the fatal alternative of keeping up former appearances for a time, without again criminating myself. Fool—fool, that I was, to imagine the possibility of such a thing.

I had thrust the letter which I was writing into a drawer, on my hearing the knock at my door, and on her entering the chamber I rose to meet her. I received her with ease, and even cheerfulness, and I soon found that apology was unlooked-for, as she ascribed my coldness on my first arrival to cautiousness on my part in awakening her husband's suspicions. She sat down by my side, and looking into my face, congratulated me upon my convalescence, lavishing upon me all the fascinations which she possessed. Again and again I attempted to summon resolution sufficient to disclose my real situation, and as often did I fail; every time my faith so solemnly vowed to her who was far away becoming weaker as I gazed upon the sister by my side, and listened to the music of her voice. My cheek burns even now at the recollection of how at length love and honour were forgotten, and I became again immersed in the vortex of crime, deeper than before. After awhile she unfolded to me a project she had formed while I was away of leaving my brother's roof, and invited me to become the companion of her flight. She showed to me that her fortune, which was ample, was in her own hands, and she proposed making for the Continent at once, and living as man and wife together. I was already wearing anew her chains, and I with but little hesitation acquiesced to her desire, and the following week was fixed upon for the accomplishment of our purpose; and during this interval, the reader will haply say, had I not time for reflection? I had, and did reflect, but strange as it may appear, it is no less true, that I thought more of what the adulterous wife would suffer, should I forsake her, than of the grief, the heart-consuming anguish, the hope deferred of my gentle wife. So infatuated had I again become!

I forwarded a letter to Maria, inclosing a one hundred pound note, and stating that, from causes hereafter to be explained, our meeting again must be delayed; and I went so far as to fill up the letter with the warmest protestations of regard and affection.

We fled—but not from that stern inward monitor which uprises its thrilling voice within that seat of wickedness, the human heart! At least I could not; as to my companion, she exhibited no signs of compunction or remorse. From pleasure to pleasure, from scene to scene did we rove; through the sunny vineyards of France, the orange-scented groves of Spain, beneath the glowing skies, and amid the romantic scenery of fair Italy. We saw the giddy round of gaily and dissipation in the marble palaces of Venice, and gazed with awe-struck looks upon the ruins of the eternal city.

But my thoughts were away beyond the ocean, picturing in my mind's eye the feelings of my brother, my father, and her, who would look in vain for the coming of him who was to her fair and sinless bosom, as is the rank caterpillar to the fair flower.

We stayed at Rome; and now the state of my distracted mind began to show its effects more and more. I became gloomy and morose, until I found at length that even she began to loathe my company. Then came the means of excitement,—the wine-cup and the dice-box; and then came bickerings, and heartburnings, and jealousies between us; and so the fruit of our crime began to ripen, and bitter indeed did it prove, ere I, at least, had done with it.

One evening I lost considerably at the gaming-table, and left early;

and though I had drank largely of rich wines, I was more gloomy and abstracted than usual, and I sauntered towards my residence. As I entered the house, I thought I perceived a sneer on the porter's face; a slighter thing than that would have moved me, and turning suddenly towards him, I struck him to the earth, and passing through the hall began to ascend the staircase. As I passed the door of one of the rooms I heard voices—I paused to listen—they were those of my companion and a man. With one blow I dashed open the door, and entered in time to catch the glimpse of the retreating figure of a man through the windows. My mistress stood in the middle of the floor in a menacing attitude, and her eyes flashing defiance.

"Who and what are you, that dares to intrude upon my privacy?" she demanded, at the same time advancing a step or two towards me.

Her audacity struck me dumb for the moment, but quickly recovering myself, I answered—

"Wretch! have you no shame, no feeling, nor common decency?"

She laughed in my face.

"Do you talk of shame, and feeling, and common decency? Why you will preach next of the sin of seduction, and carrying off your brother's wife! Put up your sword," she continued, for I had drawn it at my entrance; "put up your sword; you look brave, now, with your weapon drawn upon a woman!"

"You say well," I replied, "you say well! but I hope to flesh it upon your vile paramour if I am fortunate enough to discover his name."

"Do so," she coolly replied, throwing herself upon the couch, with an air of the most complete *sans froid*. "I have no doubt you will have no objection now to end your miseries by the hand of the Signor Montagna as by any other way."

I heard no more, but rushing from the room, left the house, and never paused until I reached the gaming-house I had recently left. Here I knew I should find several English gentlemen, any one of whom would act as my second, and carry a hostile message to Montagna.

The signor was no stranger to me; on the contrary, he was a constant visitor at my mansion, and was also a renowned duellist. I was no mean swordsman, although I had hitherto managed to keep clear of a mortal conflict; yet I felt not the slightest fear or trepidation on this account, but nerved myself with the thirst for vengeance on the man who had but imitated my example, but with a less, an immeasurably less degree of guilt.

I soon found what I sought—"a friend;" and eventually, the signor having accepted my challenge, as a matter of course, the following morning was fixed for the conflict, and a retired piece of ground, surrounded by ruins, at a short distance from the city, as the place.

It was a lonely spot, and not a sound, when we paused and stood gazing out for the coming foe, not a sound broke the solemn stillness of that valley of ruins. I sat down upon the fragment of a fallen arch, and burying my face in my hands, I gave myself up a prey to the bitter thoughts which came crowding thick and fast upon my brain. And then the fell purpose for which I was there smote me. By what right dare I to lift my hand to shed his blood? What mockery was it for me, the defiler of a brother's bed, and the perjured husband, to talk of my wrongs? But here again my false reasoning came to my aid. He knew not but that she was my honoured wife—and he scrupled not at the breaking of domestic ties. 'Twas true—but were my hands clean to spread out for vengeance upon the seducer's head?

So strongly at length did these feelings work upon my mind, that I had more than resolved upon quitting the field without waiting for my adversary, when I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and my second exclaimed—

"They come—they come!"

In a moment my resolve banished, for I shrunk from the sneers of these men, and the imputation of cowardice, while I thought not of the probability of rushing with all my crimes upon my head into the presence of my Maker.

I rose and saw the signor and another man emerging from beneath a ruined arch, at a short distance from us. As he approached, I perceived a sneering smile upon his face, which roused me to the influence of my fierce and deadly passion for revenge, and I now thirsted for his blood.

My companion urged upon me the necessity of coolness; but he poured his admonitions into a deaf ear. The combat begun, and in a few passes I received a thrust in my sword arm. I dropped my weapon—and, blind with fury, rushed madly upon my antagonist. He received me upon his sword's point, and I fell in my blood upon the grass.

When I awoke to consciousness, I was in my own chamber. A surgeon was by my bedside, who had dressed my wounds, which he assured me were not mortal, but enjoined me to compose myself to rest and silence.

A long and weary while did I lay ere I became sufficiently well to leave my room, and then to find that she, the partner of my guilt, had eloped with Montagna.



I hastened, as soon as I was able, to a banker's through whose hands she received remittances from England, and there found a thousand pounds placed to my account; for, as the reader will perhaps recollect, we had been living upon her fortune, which had remained under her own control. With this sum I hastened to put into execution a project I had formed during my long confinement, which was, to return to England, and seek out some obscure employment to end my days in.

I will pass over the interval of my voyage, and come at once to the day of my landing in England. On the evening of that day I was in London, and wandering mechanically in the direction of my father's house. Each well-known object called up a thousand recollections as I neared the spot. I entered the very street—I stood before the house. Dreary and desolate as my own heart did it appear. It was empty and tenantless. The walls, as high as the first floor windows, were covered with bills of every description, and the panes of the upper windows were crusted thick with dirt.

Entering a neighbouring public house, I inquired of the landlord the cause of what I had seen. I learned the terrible news that my brother had committed suicide in that house shortly after his wife's elopement, and that my father was gone he knew not whither.

I left the place, and, passing through a narrow street, came into Cheapside. Scarcely had I walked a dozen paces, when I saw, gazing in at a shop window, the form of my deserted wife. She turned away, and our eyes met. It seemed to me as though she hesitated for a moment, for she ran towards where I stood, and clasping my hand in hers, burst into tears. I was unable to speak. I strove in vain to ejaculate her name, but the word stuck in my throat. At length she spoke; but there was a mournful cadence in her voice as she thus addressed me,—

"Is it indeed, you, Henry; is it, indeed, you? But how changed you are. You are surely unwell. Thank Heaven that we meet at last."

By this time I saw we were the observed of all observers. I intimated this to Maria, and she consented to my proposal to call a coach. A vehicle was soon at hand, and she directed the coachman to the western suburbs.

To my astonishment, I found her acquainted with every particular of my guilty connection, though I, at the first moment of meeting, had determined to unbosom myself to her; and, oh! how bitter were my self-reproaches, when I found the deep tenderness of the heart I had so lightly and so wantonly cast away.

"If you are repentant, Henry," she said, "God forbid that I should turn my heart from you. You are still my husband; you are still dearer to me than life itself; you were my first fond love, and shall I ever forget to love you now? Dear Henry," she continued, as she beheld my emotion, for her words were as daggers in my heart, "dear Henry, God alone is your judge, and to him look for forgiveness."

"Maria," I replied, "there is but one other beside yourself whose pardon I would gain."

"I know of whom you would speak," said she; "you are forgiven, and your father is now in Heaven."

It was too much for me to bear up against. I bowed my head upon my knees, and gave vent to my hot and scalding tears, and there was no relief in those burning drops. My heart beat violently within my bosom, and my brain throbbed till my head seemed ready to burst asunder. Heaven was merciful at length, and I became insensible.

It appeared that our marriage was discovered by the persons with whom Maria lived soon after I left England. They behaved kindly to her in her distress, and my father especially so; and she continued to reside in the same situation till within a short time of my meeting her. My father was but recently dead, uttering a prayer for his guilty child with his latest breath. He left nearly the whole of his immense property to Maria, fully believing in her goodness of heart, which she so eminently displayed towards her truant husband. There was a small but sufficient income settled in my name should I ever return to England.

We retired to the place where I had dwelt so long; but the weight upon my heart was never removed. And, as though Heaven was tearing from me all which afforded rest to my troubled spirit, I beheld her pine away before my sight—the only being who knew my heart, and yet loved me. She died, and I was left alone. I had gold in abundance, and I began to occupy my hours of leisure, and they were many, in scattering the shining and costly metal, where it has brought comforts to the aged and helpless; it has smoothed the pillow of the sick poor, and spread gladness in the heart of the industrious cottager, when it clothed his ruddy cheeked babes, and furnished out his humble home with comfort and content. It has made the young bride's smile grow brighter as she tripped from the church porch with her rustic lover for joy of the "good squire's" bounty, and my heart has warmed at their homely but fervent and sincere expressions of gratitude towards me. And a hone of forgiveness grows stronger when I remember that every night how many prayers are offered to Heaven for my sake by those who know me only as the philanthropist.

THOMAS POOLE.

## THE RICH GOLDSMITH OF BISHOPSGATE.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Concluded from our last.)

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE GOLDSMITH IN THE CONDEMNED CELL.—WILFORD'S AGITATION.—THE DEATH BELL.—THE DEPARTURE TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

LEAVING for a while all other parties connected with the narrative, we will return to Geoffrey Fisher, who was condemned to suffer death early next morning, on a scaffold erected in front of his own dwelling, the building of which had already been commenced.

The only circumstance which appeared to afflict the unfortunate man was the supposed unnatural conduct of his daughter, who by the cunning of Wilford was still made to appear leagued against him; loving her even more than his own life, and not beholding her since his unmerited incarceration, filled his soul with despair.

"Margaret, my beloved Margaret," said the afflicted parent, tears streaming down his aged cheeks as he sat in the condemned cell, "not even visit your unfortunate father! Surely, a fiend must have gained an ascendancy over your gentle soul; nature cannot support such unnatural conduct,—my heart will burst!"

Overcome by the almost indescribable horror of his situation, he threw himself on his straw bed in one corner of the cell, giving vent for some time to the agony of his feelings, from which he was happily aroused by his thoughts turning towards that omnipotent and merciful Being, who, when called upon by those that stand in need of divine assistance, will cheer, and enable them to overcome their troubles, however they may appear shrouded with despair, or darkened by the veil of hopeless despondency.

After a few minutes spent in sincere prayer to the Heavenly Creator, Geoffrey Fisher rose, cheered, and felt a great burden removed from his troubled mind.

Pacing his gloomy dungeon, the chains by which he was fettered scarcely allowing him to do so, he could not help contemplating on his hard fate.

"Well do I remember," said the goldsmith, "the words of Walter Dudley. 'Riches and prosperity,' said he, 'are not to be depended on.' I laughed, but these chains are a convincing proof that he was right, and, if his contriving, he has succeeded too well; but I merit it,—yes, I trusted in my gold, and offended Heaven is punishing me for such base ingratitude."

"Yet," continued the unfortunate man, after remaining a few moments in silent contemplation, "to find those men who professed such sworn friendship, so thirsty for my blood, harrows my feelings; not even the time allowed me to prepare for eternity that is allowed to the basest and worst of felons; to die this morning! Alas! my hours are indeed few. I must have sunk under such overwhelming trouble but for the kindness of Wilford."

"He comes," added Geoffrey Fisher, hearing the massive bolts of the door being withdrawn, "and I trust accompanied by my beloved Margaret. Oh! how my heart yearns to behold and bless her, ere I die."

"Alas! my unfortunate master," exclaimed Wilford, as he was ushered into the cell by the gaoler, who withdrew and closed the door after him.

"Faithful friend," answered the goldsmith, affected at the apparent grief of Wilford, "do not grieve for me; add on looking around, 'but tell me,—I do not see my daughter; where is she? would she not come and see me? Miserable, unhappy man, that I am.'"

"Oh, that it fell to the lot of some other person to relate the sad tale," answered Wilford, concealing his features with a handkerchief.

"Speak," frantically cried Geoffrey, "what new tale of horror have you in store for me? Quick, realise my worst of fear; she is dead,—yes, yes, it must be so, for Margaret Fisher, if living, could not have so far rebelled against nature, as to refuse visiting her dying father."

"She has fled with Henry Dudley," said Wilford, as if horror-stricken.

"This is the worst blow of all," continued the goldsmith; "but you are mistaken, it cannot be. Oh! no, no, no."

"Alas, it is too true," answered the fiend, adding, ignorant of the capture of the gang of coiners and rescue of Margaret Fisher, "the villain, aided by some soldiers belonging to his regiment, admitted, as I suspect, by Alice into the house, succeeded in persuading her to act as I have stated."

"I should like to have beheld her, but fate decrees otherwise," said the condemned man, the death bell of the prison commencing tolling at the moment.

"Wilford, hear that knell," resumed the goldsmith, an agonizing perspiration coming over his whole frame; "it bids me prepare for death—an unmerited, ignominious death, that of a felon and traitor;



there again," added the victim to a villain's arts, the solemn and deep-toned bell again vibrating on his ear; "oh, how truly terrific is that despairing sound, and doubly dreadful must it be to the guilty soul."

"Pardon this weakness," resumed the goldsmith, after a death-like pause; "to you, the only true friend I have found in my misfortunes, I have shown it. Oh, Wilford, what a comfort is your kind, sincere—"

"My benefactor, would I could lay down my life to save yours," interrupted the traitor, trembling with agitation, his guilty conscience stricken with the magnitude of his base, fiend-like treachery, and hypocrisy.

"Do not leave me till all is over," entreated Geoffrey Fisher, the fatal bell interrupting Wilford from saying more for the moment.

"Master, dear master," resumed the villain after a few minutes silence, "my heart will break;" adding aside, "what's to be done, should I lose Margaret? the treasure too? Yet I cannot refuse to stay; I must comply."

"Sit down, Wilford," said Geoffrey Fisher, assuming composure, "the worst is now past; my enemies and betrayers shall see that I can die like a man. I will now tell you how I wish you to act when I am no more."

If ever man felt a consciousness of his villany, it must have been so at this awful crisis with Wilford. Seated on a chair by the side of his benefactor and friend, he heard the innocent and too confiding man's instructions as to the disposal of his wealth; his heart-searching entreaties imploring him to be a friend to his daughter, should she stand in need and repent; and lastly, leaving him sole heir to what remained, when all claims were settled.

Just as Geoffrey Fisher had concluded what he considered the finish of his earthly career, to the great relief of Wilford, the bolts of the cell door were again withdrawn, and the chaplain of the prison entered, followed by the sheriffs of London, who had come for the purpose of performing their sad and painful duty of attending the prisoner to the place of execution.

Again did the unfortunate man entreat of Wilford not to leave him, who promised that he would not; and the awful ceremony commenced of preparing Geoffrey Fisher for his ignominious end.

After the worthy divine had concluded a short prayer, in which the goldsmith joined most fervently, the gaoler knocked off the chains by which he was fettered, and the fatal procession proceeded through the vaulted passages of the prison: first went the several officers of Newgate; next the sheriffs, followed by the condemned man, with the minister and Wilford on each side.

Geoffrey Fisher, on reaching the court-yard, and observing the hurdle, on which, as a traitor, he was to be dragged to the place of execution, felt a shudder; but it was only momentary; a consciousness of innocence inspired him with such courage as enabled him to bear the severe trial with a fortitude that awed and astonished his enemies.

Leaving the fatal procession to proceed to its destination facing Geoffrey Fisher's residence in Bishopsgate-street, it is necessary to return to other parties for the better development of the narrative.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE SCAFFOLD.—THE CONFESSION OF MARK SEYMOUR.—THE REPRIEVE OF THE GOLDSMITH.—THE DENOUEMENT.

It is almost impossible for a greater misfortune to happen to an individual than to incur popular indignation and abhorrence, particularly to so fearful an extent as had taken place with the innocent and unjustly-condemned goldsmith of Bishopsgate.

Net content with his death, and that death to take place by the hands of the common executioner, the enraged citizens insisted that the scaffold should be erected opposite the unfortunate man's house, where they intended gratifying their vengeance by even insulting him in his dying moments.

At midnight, Tyrell, the executioner, with others, by torch-light, began the task of erecting the scaffold, on which Geoffrey Fisher was condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

"That job is jobbed," exclaimed the executioner, on finishing, "and I've had the blues all the time I've been about it. Before his own door, too; it's making an example of the poor man with a vengeance. Oh, dear; only to-day he was the pride of the City, chosen Lord Mayor,—ah! and was this very day to have begun office. But," he added, the great bell belonging to old Bishopsgate church, solemnly commencing tolling, "we none of us know what we may come to; oh, dear, that bell seems to strike to my very heart; it won't be long afore it's all over with the poor old gentleman."

"So far have we contrived," said Peter to Alice, advancing from Walter Dudley's house, near to the scaffold, the executioner retiring for the purpose of preparing himself to perform his sad and painful duty, "to keep the death of Mark Seymour and capture of the gang a secret. It won't be long ere the real coiners are shown to the world."

"What is it they intend doing?" said Alice; "why not proclaim my master's innocence at once?"

"It is Walter Dudley's wish that Wilford's unheard-of treachery should be shown publicly. Little does the villain suspect that there is such a rod in pickle for him."

"And am I to remain here?" inquired Alice.

"Yes, close to the door of your master's house," replied Peter, speaking to one or two city officers, who had taken their station by the door of the goldsmith's residence, requesting them to protect her.

At this moment, it being now nearly nine o'clock, a company of soldiers was marched to the vicinity of Bishopsgate-street, and for what will be hereafter shown; a clear passage was kept from the house of Walter Dudley to the scaffold.

"See, the citizens and populace are beginning to crowd to the spot," exclaimed Peter, as he took his station by the side of Alice, who was almost overcome with the horror of the scene before her; "be on the watch, for it will be here that Mistress Margaret will have an interview with her father."

"We are in good time, neighbour," said one of the turncoat citizens, advancing as near to the scaffold as the soldiery would permit him.

"Ah! he richly deserves the punishment," answered another, who stood near him.

"I say it is not half severe enough," added a third.

"You're right," continued another; "he ought to be put to the torture, and then suffer death. It's my opinion he has been carrying on this system for years."

"So much for professed friendship," exclaimed Walter Dudley, he having left his house, and overheard their unfeeling dialogue.

"Now what is your opinion of the honest upright goldsmith, for whom yon scaffold is erected?" sneered the citizen, who had professed he would lay down his life to serve Geoffrey Fisher, observing Dudley.

"What it always was," bravely replied the blunt, honest woollen merchant; "and, if otherwise, I would not so far demean an Englishman's soul, like some have who almost licked the dust off his shoes when in the height of prosperity, to be the first to insult him in his misfortunes."

"They are no good who would screen so great an offender," savagely replied the enraged citizen.

"You—yes, you," retorted Walter Dudley, to him who last spoke, "publicly avowed you would lay down your life to serve Geoffrey Fisher, and nobly have you kept your promise, in being the first to propose that the unfortunate man should suffer a disgraceful death in front of his own dwelling. Behold," resumed Walter, after pausing a moment, "the fatal procession approaches! You will now have another opportunity of showing your sincere friendship by evincing publicly, in the presence of this vast assemblage, your joy at his downfall. I cannot bear the thought of beholding the painful sight," continued the merchant to himself, further interrupted by the near approach of the prisoner.

On the goldsmith arriving within a hundred yards of the scaffold, through the kindness of the sheriffs, he was suffered to alight from the hurdle, and walk the remainder of the way. With a firm step, and a countenance that displayed more composure than those of his enemies, he gradually advanced towards the spot where he had gained so much fortune and renown.

A clear conscience and full dependence on an Omnipotent Power, inspired him with courage to bear the sad and overwhelming trouble.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the unfortunate man on reaching the scaffold, slightly overcome on beholding his own dwelling, "give me fortitude to bear this severe trial."

"Geoffrey Fisher," exclaimed the minister, Wilford standing by, circumstances having compelled him to attend his victim, "I trust you are fully prepared to die, and allow the justness of your sentence."

"I am," answered the goldsmith, "and as far as circumstantial evidence was against me, I acquit the judge of all blame in my condemnation. Yet," added the innocent man, looking upwards, his dignified and solemn manner inspiring the assembled crowd, who at first was inclined to insult him, with awe and pity, "in the sight of Heaven do I declare, as I wish for salvation, I am innocent, and die, forgiving all men; ah, even those who have so successfully planned my destruction."

"I am forgiven; that is well," whispered Wilford.

"Could I take a farewell embrace of my beloved Margaret, I should die happy," continued Geoffrey, tears flowing down his aged cheeks, whilst those who were near enough to behold the affecting scene, were affected in a similar manner.

"Wilford," resumed the unhappy parent, after an apparent struggle with a natural affection for an only child, "tell my daughter, should you ever behold her, that her father, with his dying breath, forgave and blessed her."

"I will, I will," responded the villain.

"Thanks, my expiring thanks," answered the condemned goldsmith; "farewell."



"My heart will surely break," said Wilford, standing aside, after embracing his benefactor; "this delay and suspense is more horrible than the tortures of a hundred fires."

"Now lead me to my unmerited fate," exclaimed Geoffrey Fisher, advancing to the steps of the scaffold.

"A few minutes longer will seal his fate," whispered Wilford, whilst Geoffrey was engaged in prayer with the minister; "then shall I be amply repaid for the torturing suspense I have endured."

Sad and awful was the present moment—the deep-toned bell tolled its solemn and vibrating notes on the ear of the condemned man, whilst the act of ascending the fatal scaffold, on which stood, by the side of the block, Tyrell the executioner, leaning on his axe, resembling as it were, a minister of death. Every window of the ancient projecting houses was filled with spectators; scarce a whisper was heard, and ere a few short moments longer would have closed on the unfortunate man, he would have ceased to exist. But it was decreed otherwise. A loud murmur and buzz of innumerable voices arose, caused by the appearance of Margaret Fisher, at the awful crisis; she was attired in white, her luxuriant hair flowing in disorder over her shoulders, and forced her way from Walter Dudley's house, towards the scaffold.

"Confusion,—Margaret Fisher here!" exclaimed Wilford, as the goldsmith's daughter succeeded in reaching her father; "Mark Seymour has betrayed me."

"My child, my dear Margaret," said Geoffrey Fisher, embracing her affectionately.

"Horrible sight," cried the unhappy maiden, aroused by the solemn ringing of the church bell, and looking around, she having since her scene, till now, been unable through illness and unconsciousness, caused by her perilous situation, to quit the chamber where she was conveyed by Peter, in a state of insensibility. It was only a short time previous to the procession advancing towards Bishopgate-street, that the unfortunate maiden began to recover.

Her first inquiry was concerning the fate of her father, when Walter Dudley entered and related what was passing, the result of which was, as he wished it to be,—her forcing her way to the scaffold, which was of great difficulty, a passage being kept by the soldiers as before stated, by the order of their commanding officer.

"My eyes can scarcely credit the horrid vision," continued Margaret, having only just discovered her father was condemned to be executed in front of his own dwelling. "Oh, sir," added the almost broken-hearted daughter to the minister, "stay the execution. My father is innocent; he is indeed."

"Henry Dudley, then, has repented," said Geoffrey Fisher, "and sent on to take a last embrace of your dying parent; it was cruel of him to bar you from me at a time like this."

"Henry Dudley is your true friend," answered Margaret, frantically; but for that brave young soldier, I should not even now be in your presence; it was he who boldly rescued me from the ruffians, hired by Christopher Wilford to carry me off."

"I am, then, the victim of a villain," exclaimed Geoffrey Fisher, Wilford drawing towards and entering into a conversation with the sheriffs. Unheard of treachery!"

"Do you hear the absurdity of the accusation?" said Wilford to the sheriffs, who had the sole command over the awful proceedings. "It is, I assure you, as I have told you—she is a maniac, and even now has unduly the vigilance of her keepers, and escaped from confinement; observe, her wild manner and disordered dress confirm it."

"Men of London," cried Margaret, discovering Wilford, and seizing him by the throat—"behold the true coiner! This is he who changed your money, and who ought to suffer on yonder scaffold, not my innocent father."

"Help! help! save me! I choke!" cried the cowardly fiend, Margaret still keeping her hold, till separated by the soldiers, the assemblage looking on with paralyzed astonishment at the singular interruption of the awful ceremony.

"Take that woman hence—she is insane,—and proceed with the execution," said one of the sheriffs, crediting Wilford's assertion.

"You shall not separate us; we will die together," frantically cried Margaret, and rushing into her father's arms.

"It is useless to resist, my child," said Geoffrey Fisher, tears of agony rolling down his aged cheeks.

"Tear them asunder—she is mad!"—cried the sheriffs, enraged at the interruption.

"I am not mad," replied the heroic maiden, looking around, and appealing to the assembled crowd, "but as you value the names of honest men, do not credit yon traitor's assertion. For the honour of your ancient city, avoid shedding an innocent man's blood."

"Soldiers," cried the sheriffs, Margaret's pathetic appeal having used a cry in the goldsmith's favour, "we command you to do your duty. Proceed with the execution."

"Oh, my beloved child, I believed you were leagued against me," said Geoffrey Fisher; "how I have wronged you."

"Father, my innocent father, they shall not commit so foul, so cruel a murder," despairingly cried Margaret, her hair getting more disordered with struggling to resist the soldiers' efforts in separating her from her father.

"Ere she recovers, lead me to my fate; I have beheld and embraced her, and shall die happy," exclaimed the goldsmith, Margaret having fallen into the arms of her faithful attendant Alice, the affectionate girl getting near her beloved mistress on her first appearance.

"When all are summoned to the bar of judgment," said Geoffrey Fisher to the man who had betrayed him, "may your base treachery and ingratitude towards your benefactor meet with forgiveness; ah, as even now I forgive."

Finishing these words, and looking once more on the form of his insensible Margaret, he with a firm step commenced ascending the fatal scaffold.

Loud vibrated the sound of the deep-toned bell, and awful was the moment. Tyrell, the executioner, was seen preparing the unfortunate man for the block, in front of which, Geoffrey Fisher fell on his knees.

"Hold! stay the execution! Geoffrey Fisher is innocent!" cried Walter Dudley, rushing towards the scaffold with a paper in his hand, followed by his son. The executioner was standing over his victim with an uplifted axe, only waiting the signal of the sheriffs.

"Read this scroll," added Walter, advancing and putting a paper into the hands of one of the sheriffs, "he is the victim of yon cold-blooded traitor."

"I am lost! but in the confusion I may yet escape," whispered Wilford, endeavouring, whilst all eyes were fixed on the sheriffs, to steal away.

"No, you don't cheat the executioner, you varlet," exclaimed Peter, seizing Wilford and dragging him forward.

"This is indeed strong proof of his innocence," said the sheriff, ordering the executioner to retire, and Geoffrey Fisher to descend the scaffold, which the goldsmith did; when, as soon as silence could be obtained, the following confession of Mark Seymour was read aloud:—

"Confession of Mark Seymour, leader of a gang of coiners, in his dying moments.—Geoffrey Fisher is innocent. I supplied Christopher Wilford, his clerk, with base coin and coining implements, for the purpose of robbing and betraying his master. I die; but with my last breath declare, as I wish for mercy hereafter, Geoffrey Fisher is innocent."

(Signed,) MARK SEYMOUR.

Nothing could exceed the loud tumultuous joy and huzzas of the assembled multitude, on hearing this public declaration of the goldsmith's innocence, in which even those citizens joined heartily, who, a short time since, seemed so eager for the innocent man's death.

"I thought he was no coiner," said one, who wished Geoffrey to be put to the torture.

"Fisher for ever!" shouted another, who proposed that he should be executed in front of his own door.

"I thought," added a third, he who remarked that Geoffrey had been carrying on the practice of passing counterfeit coin for years in the city, "proof would be brought of his innocence; it was impossible so upright a man should be a coiner."

"Heaven has heard a daughter's prayers," exclaimed Margaret, recovering from the stupor into which she had fallen through the deafening shouts around her; "yes, yes, my father is saved."

"That is what you mean," said Peter in a whisper, touching Henry Dudley, that he might notice Wilford, who was cautiously drawing a concealed dagger, whilst Margaret was affectionately embracing her father.

"I am foiled," growled Wilford, his countenance resembling that of a savage disappointed of his prey; adding in a low tone, "there stands my rival, but he shall not exult over me. No, if he weds the proud girl, it shall be in her winding sheet."

"Thou worse than fiend," cried Henry Dudley, wresting the dagger from Wilford, who had rushed towards Margaret, and, but for his timely interference, would have plunged the murderous weapon into the heroic maiden's breast.

"Ha! ha! one chance more of revenge," muttered the villain, as he lay near to a soldier where Henry had thrown him.

"No you don't," said Peter, firing a pistol and shooting Wilford, who, whilst rising, suddenly wrested a sword from the soldier, and was in the act of plunging it in his master's body.

"Curses light on you all!" groaned Wilford as he fell; "may the remainder of your days be those of misery, want, despair, malediction! Curses!" added the dying wretch, pushing from him the minister who, observing what had taken place, knelt by his side to offer up a prayer for his departing soul. "Curses—curses!" groaned Wilford again, and making one more effort to rise, as if to grapple with his rival, but in which he could not succeed, and adding in a voice and countenance that resembled a fiend,—"Curses—curse—!" he died.



"Heaven," exclaimed Henry Dudley, "would not suffer so great a villain to escape punishment."

"Walter Dudley," said Geoffrey, "I have wronged both you and your brave son. I thought you fallen wretch my only friend."

"You are not the only man who has been deceived by appearances," answered Walter, shaking the goldsmith heartily by the hand and congratulating him on his narrow escape.

"I have indeed had a hairbreadth e-cape," said the goldsmith, his former friends greeting him with loud and continued acclamations, which, as soon as subsided, he continued, "and, as a mark of gratitude for my wonderful deliverance, five thousand crowns will I distribute among my poorer citizens this day."

Geoffrey Fisher would have said more, but was interrupted by the renewed acclamations of the people, and, after making several bows, he followed his daughter into his own house, where she had been conducted by her brave lover, Walter Dudley following the example.

"Unexpected happiness!" exclaimed the goldsmith, on entering the apartment, where Henry and Margaret were seated; "I am once again in my own house, Walter Dudley," he continued, taking his daughter's hand and that of Henry's, they having rose; "this," joining their hands, "to strengthen our friendship; may you both be happy."

"Thanks, thanks," said Henry, kissing his beloved Margaret's hand in an ardent manner, "I will endeavour to deserve her."

"You do deserve her," replied the goldsmith; "but for you —"

"And Peter," interrupted the woollen merchant; "where is the brave young soldier? to him may be attributed the discovery of this vile and treacherous plot."

"Alice," cried Geoffrey Fisher, opening the door of the apartment. "Is Peter in the house?" he inquired when Alice came, and being answered in the affirmative, she was ordered to escort him into their presence.

Both Peter and Alice felt abashed on entering, but soon gained assurance through the kind and friendly manner of Geoffrey Fisher, and the condescending affability of his amiable and beautiful daughter.

"Young man," said the goldsmith to Peter, "for your bravery and perseverance in rescuing me from an ignominious death, you shall be amply provided for."

"And I will see that Alice has a handsome dowry," added Margaret, smiling.

It has often been remarked, that a man who has tasted of adversity, enjoys prosperity more so than those who have not; so it was with Geoffrey Fisher and his amiable daughter.

Providentially delivered from a dreadful and ignominious death, and reinstated in the favour and former good opinion of his fellow citizens, his joy and gratitude knew no bounds.

In a few days Henry Dudley was united at Bishopsgate church to his beloved Margaret, and the same time likewise, was Peter to his charming Alice.

The day after the happy union, which strengthened the friendship of Geoffrey Fisher with Walter Dudley, at the request and numerous solicitations of the citizens, the goldsmith commenced office, as the chief magistrate of the ancient and renowned City of London, and with such approbation, honour, and integrity did he perform his duty, that at the expiration of the year, his brother citizens re-elected him to serve another year.

After a few years of uninterrupted health and prosperity, Henry Dudley, who had been promoted for his bravery and actions as a gentleman and excellent soldier, to the distinguished rank of colonel, at the request of his father-in-law, resigned his commission, and resided with him and his beloved Margaret, in Bishopsgate-street.

On the period of four years elapsing, the goldsmith's daughter had given birth to three children, two girls and one boy, which added happiness to all parties.

Peter gained his discharge at the same time as his master, took a small house near the village of Hackney, where he dwelt with Alice, she, likewise, being blest with a small family, in ease and comfort, Geoffrey Fisher having settled a comfortable annuity on them, as a reward for their fidelity and perseverance in saving him from a dreadful and disgraceful death.

Naturally partial to an active life, the goldsmith still kept on his business, which, since his providential delivery had increased tenfold, while the poor and needy felt the blessings of his property. Annually he distributed five thousand crowns, in remembrance of the narrow escape he experienced from the axe of Tyrell, the executioner, besides contributing towards every charity then in existence within his reach.

Walter Dudley, his tried friend and neighbour, still visited him, and much of their time was spent happily together, their grandchildren, whom they almost idolized, amusing them with their innocent prattle and interesting playfulness.

The dutiful and affectionate Margaret was likewise amply rewarded for the severe trial and nigh overwhelming trouble she had borne, by

the happiness which she afterwards uninterruptedly enjoyed with her husband and family.

Time rolled on, and still Geoffrey Fisher continued to prosper, the fame of his riches, honour, and integrity, reached all parts of the commercial world, and when death overtook him, which did not happen until he had reached the advanced and honourable age of eighty-four, he departed this life esteemed and respected by both rich and poor; in fact, no man ever quitted this world more lamented than Geoffrey Fisher, the rich goldsmith of Bishopsgate.

## Alice Home;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLI.

MARGARET'S LAST CHANCE.—ITS FAILURE.—LADY HOME'S CONFUSION.—A SPY IN THE CAMP.

It is an old proverb that listeners hear no good of themselves, or at all events if they hear nothing whatever concerning themselves personally, they do generally light upon some conversation which produces anything but a feeling of comfort.

So it was with Margaret as she stood by the door of Sir Charles Home's library listening for a few moments to the conversation which passed between the lovers. She heard nothing of herself—in fact, she was as utterly forgotten, as if such a being had never existed; but she heard quite enough to enrage her feelings, and give her that heat sickness arising from jealousy excited to an extent bordering on madness.

"My Alice," said Horace, in such a soft tender voice, that it conveyed with it a world of happiness; "my Alice, what a dream of joy our lives will be. We shall cheat the gloomiest season of its weariness, finding in our own hearts a sunshine which shall illumine the depth of winter."

"We shall be happy, because we will be happy," murmured Alice.

"How much is the happiness of all persons at their own disposal. Horace, I think that one half of the miseries of human nature are self-created."

"They are. Oh! how often, dearest, I have pictured to myself some pleasant home with you—some sweet, gentle spot, fashioned seemingly for long dreams of love—some little world of beauty, from which we could shut out all the jarring discords that disturb mankind, restoring to ourselves all the beauty, all the romance, and all the glory of man's first inheritance from Heaven. Yes, Alice, an Eden might yet be made by two loving hearts."

"I believe it, Horace—I believe it all," murmured Alice.

Margaret could bear to hear no more, and thrusting the door wide open, she entered the room.

A dark cloud suddenly spreading itself over a sunny sky—the hand of sickness blighting a fair brow, could not have produced a more painful effect upon those young and enthusiastic lovers than the sudden appearance of Margaret Home, when she had been, along with all her plots and schemes, so utterly forgotten. It was, at one rude grasp, dragging them back from a world of beauty and delight, formed by their own imaginations, to the world of strife, woe, and discord, which really teemed around them.

Horace immediately rose from his chair, and looked sternly and haughtily towards Margaret, whose intrusion there he justly enough considered as a piece of most unexampled assurance, while Alice could not conceal, had she been inclined, the surprise that depicted itself upon her countenance.

"I am unwelcome," said Margaret; "I knew I should be. The truth I come to utter will, I dare say, be likewise unwelcome to both of you."

"You are unwelcome," said Alice. "Oh! Margaret, Margaret—have you no shame left?"

The blood rushed to Margaret's brow, for she at once thought that Horace had related the particulars of her interview with him at his chamber. Such a supposition added a climax, indeed, to her hatred of him. If anything had been wanting to induce her to pursue the bitterest revenge, that would have sufficed. With an effort she recovered from the momentary confusion into which Alice's casual remark had thrown her, and added,—

"They who awaken others from pleasant delusions, are always unwelcome. Horace Singleton, I have to arouse you from one, and I will do it."

"Peace!" cried Horace. "Margaret Home, your intentions are in



vain. You are now known, and even the truth would be damaged, and have a stained character by coming from your lips. Begone—take with you the forgiveness of those you have attempted to injure. Begone, and make your peace with Heaven and your own conscience."

"Indeed! A most chivalrous speech from one calling himself a gentleman to a young, defenceless girl. But see, your bride elect trembles—she suspects that since we last met, I may have possessed myself of some irrefragable proof of her perfidy, and of the truth of what I have all along asserted."

"Horace, Horace," said Alice, "what does she mean? This strange language is to me quite inexplicable."

"Well acted surprise," cried Margaret. "You will make a fortune on the stage, Alice Home."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Horace, "who would believe in such effrontery? Margaret, Margaret, recollect what you are. Your sex, which protects you from the personal consequences of such conduct as you are now pursuing, should act as a check upon your actions."

"My sex," said Margaret; "you do well to taunt me that I am a woman. If I were a man, I would give you your choice of being flung from one of these windows, or kicked down the staircase yonder."

Horace looked perfectly amazed at this Amazonian speech, and it was some moments before he could recover himself sufficiently to say,—

"Surely, Margaret, there is some other room in this house to which you could retire, without intruding yourself in this?"

"Why, how the fool prates," cried Margaret. "'Tis you are the intruder—I reside here."

"I will put an end to this," said Alice, rising, "by leaving the room myself this moment."

"You shall not," said Margaret; "save by violence you shall neither of you leave this room until I have said what I came to say."

She placed herself in so threatening an attitude by the door, that Alice shrunk back quite appalled, and as for Horace engaging in a personal contest with Margaret, he could not think of such a thing, so that they really found themselves in the ridiculous situation of prisoners in Sir Charles Home's library until Margaret should graciously choose to let them go.

"This is uncommonly absurd," remarked Horace. "Margaret, you do most strangely forget yourself."

"At all events," she replied, "I will give you cause to hold me in remembrance. I come here to repeat what I have from time to time told you concerning Alice Home."

"I will hear nothing."

"You shall. You shall kill me or you shall hear me. I repeat that the great object of Sir Charles Home has been to wed his daughter here to Viscount Hilliers in preference to yourself, because Viscount Hilliers is rich, and you are living merely upon the charity of your uncle."

"I will not hear this," said Alice.

"You must look now at your lover—mark his heightened colour—he knows what I say to be true. Well, as I remarked, Horace Singleton living on the charity of his uncle, was not so good a match as the rich Viscount Hilliers, who could at once relieve Sir Charles Home from his great pecuniary embarrassments. But then the viscount, although a little smitten, was not fairly caught, and it required the stimulant of jealousy, to get his lordship to propose for Alice's hand."

"All this you have before stated," interrupted Horace, "and it has all been proved to be as false as your own heart."

"And yet shall prove true. Viscount Hilliers, inflamed by jealousy, in consequence of your attentions, did make an offer, and when he found it eagerly accepted, he again hung off, becoming cold and distant, for his lordship is one of those lovers who will not marry in cold blood. Then you were played off again against him, and he renewed his vows. It was fine sport. You were the worm by which the fish was to be caught. Even now, were his lordship to propose again, you would be shown the door."

"I declare," cried Alice, "on my sacred word —"

"Hush!" said Horace Singleton, "waste not one word, Alice, in a denial of these foul imputations; they are worthless and unworthy."

"You do believe, then, that Lord Hilliers never made an offer for Alice's hand?"

"I know he never did."

"But if convinced of that fact, your belief in the rest of the story would come as a matter of course?"

"I cannot be convinced of a fact that has no foundation. You rave, Margaret Home—you rave."

"Perhaps I do; but there is method in my madness."

A heavy bump against the door of the library, at this moment, attracted the attention of both Alice and Horace. Before they could start a supposition as to what it could be, another succeeded, and then the door was flung open, and the curved end of Lady Home's ottoman appeared, projecting into the room.

"My mother," exclaimed Alice.

"The devil," muttered Horace.

"Oh, it is Lady Home," said Margaret. "She comes very opportunely—she may possibly be a witness for me, and prove some of my reckless assertions to be true."

Andrew and Thomas were wheeling her ladyship as usual, and they paused not until they had conveyed her to the very centre of the library. Then her ladyship condescended to speak, and looking around her with tolerably well-acted surprise, she said,—

"Who is here? Well, really, I did not know a visiter was in the house. Perhaps I intrude—I am nobody in this house. Oh, dear, nobody at all."

"Madam," said Horace Singleton, "you wrong yourself much. If my presence here is intrusive, I shall feel bound at your commands to retire."

"Oh, dear, no—you need not go—not at all. Oh, that's you, Alice, is it? Really, I didn't see you at first; your figure is so frightfully insignificant, that I did not observe it."

"Your arrival in this room, Lady Home," said Margaret, "is most opportune."

"Indeed! Why, so? Don't alarm me in any way. I am so excessively nervous."

"Your ladyship need be under no alarm whatever. All I wish to trouble you with is, to answer yes or no to a plain question."

"A plain question? Well, what is it? I can't bear this fatiguing conversation much longer."

Horace and Alice looked surprised while this little dialogue was proceeding, and very much wondered what it would end in. They allowed it to go on without interruption, and their surprise was not a little increased, when Margaret, in the calmest and coolest manner, added,—

"I wish you to state truly, Lady Home, for the satisfaction of this gentleman, if Viscount Hilliers ever made an offer for the hand of your daughter, Alice, or not?"

"Oh," replied her ladyship; "Lord Hilliers. You mean the man who wore an extraordinary waistcoat?"

"Yes, he who was at Sir Charles's fête."

"Where all the low people were collected? Certainly, I know now, very well. He has made, I think, about three distinct offers for Alice's hand; but somehow or another, his passion always cooled down before he could be brought to name a day for the ceremony."

"That is sufficient," said Margaret, casting a glance of triumphant malice towards Alice.

"Mother!" cried Alice; "how can you make such assertions? Can I believe my own ears?"

"I really don't know," said Lady Home. "Don't worry me. I'm uncommonly nervous to-day."

"Mr. Singleton," said Margaret, "perhaps some lingering feeling of common decency that may remain in even your breast will bring reproach to your conscience for the manner in which you have doubted my word in this transaction. Can you have a better authority than that lady's mother?"

"Yes," said Horace, "I will believe Alice before a world of mothers. Do not weep, dearest. This is a last desperate plan against us; but, like others, it shall fail."

"Mother! mother!" cried Alice, and she sank into a chair with a flood of tears.

"Oh," said Lady Home, "you are, all of you, trying to make me nervous—wherever can be my *nervos livivium*? Bless me, Andrew, where have you put it?"

"Under the squab, my lady."

"Oh, here it is—very — good."

The reader may imagine the hiatus between very and good, to be filled up by such a dose of the *nervos livivium*, as would have stunned one of Barclay and Perkins's draymen.

"Really," said Horace, "this is all too ridiculous. Margaret Home, you have made a new ally. It is dreadful for a mother to thus attack her child; but I here record my entire disbelief in the statement just made."

"You wretch!—you low monster!" said Lady Home.

"Let us be calm," said Margaret; "we are right. It is for such a person as Horace Singleton to be angry. I blame myself much for ever condescending to hold the slightest communication with him; but having once made a statement, and having been much abused for that statement and most grossly contradicted, I owe it to myself to prove my assertions. It appears, Lady Home, that even your word will not suffice. I implore you, for the moment, not to allow your just indignation to carry you from the room, but to bethink yourself if you have any proof that must be conclusive upon the subject."

"Upon my word, I never was so horribly insulted in my life," said her ladyship; "but as you very sensibly remark, I owe it to my settlement—I mean myself to prove what I have said. Just let me think."



"You may save yourself the trouble, madam," said Horace. "The result of your cogitations can make sort of difference to me."

"Oh, now I think of it," added Lady Home, without paying the least attention to Horace Singleton's interruption, and looking right over his head, as if he had not been there at all, "in routing out a writing-desk to-day I found the draft of a letter in Alice's hand-writing, which she sent to Viscount Hilliers on receipt of his first offer."

"Mother, mother!" cried Alice, "are you dreaming?"

"No. I'm wide awake, Thomas—no—bless me, how strange! here is the very letter. Well, how uncommonly odd that I should have it about me."

"Very," said Horace. "Alice, let us, for amusement's sake, listen to this forgery."

"Oh! Horace, Horace, this is very, very sad."

"It is, dearest; but we were well aware of the unscrupulous nature of Margaret's animosity. Let her proceed as she pleases. Heed her not, dearest."

"I am very, very wretched."

"Perhaps," said Margaret, "you will spare your affectionate and exemplary mother the pain of reading the epistle, by yourself making a full admission of what I have stated."

"Do not answer her, Alice," said Horace. "It were too great a condescension on your part."

A flash of anger came from Margaret's eyes, and for the moment she was near losing her self-command; but she recovered it wonderfully, and said in a tone of perfect calmness,

"Lady Home, will you then oblige me by reading the letter you have?"

"Oh dear, yes, I'm sure I can have no objection. The truth is the truth, and there's no such thing as getting over it, do what we may."

"Your ladyship is quite right in that sentiment," remarked Horace.

Lady Home then read the epistle which we have before presented to our readers, to which Alice listened with the most profound astonishment, and at the conclusion of which Horace laughed aloud.

## CHAPTER CLII.

### THE PLOT DISCOVERED.—MARGARET'S DESPAIR, AND CONSEQUENT PROCEEDINGS.

LADY HOME was much put out by Horace's mirth, and she looked at Margaret as much as to say, "What shall I do now?"

"My dear Alice," cried Horace, "are you not amused? Can anything be more atrociously absurd than that epistle? Pray, madam, will you allow me to keep it as a literary curiosity? It will many a time amuse Alice and myself when I shall have the happiness of calling her my wife."

"Mother, hear me," said Alice; "you know well that from the very earliest infancy I have never had a mother's tenderness from you; but still you were only passive. This is the first act you have committed which shows a feeling of hostility towards me. Oh! mother, mother, reflect for a moment, and let your sins at least be those of omission instead of those of commission."

"Really, upon my word," said Lady Home, "this is a pretty way to be spoken to by one's own child—a very pretty way. Here, ring the bell, Margaret, for Thomas and Andrew to wheel me away. I declare I am quite affected—quite—oh, dear!"

It would seem that Thomas and Andrew were very near at hand, indeed, for the bell was scarcely touched when they made their appearance.

Alice was weeping, and Horace in vain striving to whisper courage and consolation in her ear, while Margaret, although she had not made so good a point of the letter as she had hoped, yet felt that whatever Horace might say to it, and however he might affect to treat it with ridicule, the testimony of Lady Home must have some weight in his mind upon after reflection.

So far she was, to a certain extent, correct in her reasoning, for Horace, as the reader is well aware, had an unhappy disposition for making the worst of everything upon reflection, and causing himself a vast quantity of unhappiness from dressing up in his imagination simple circumstances in new colours.

He never could believe that Alice had written the letter which had been produced, and although a disbeliever of that was strong presumptive proof that the whole affair was a vile conspiracy between Lady Home and Margaret; yet, he did feel a sensation of exquisite uneasiness to find the mother of her he loved so arrayed against her.

The lucky star of Margaret, however, was not in the ascendant, for a circumstance was about to happen which at once was to restore Horace Singleton to his equanimity, and expose the plot which had been concocted between the high-contracting powers, Lady Home and Sir Charles's "low connections."

Her ladyship had twice repeated her orders to be wheeled away from

the scene of action, and Andrew had placed his hand on the ottoman, and was only awaiting the assistance of Thomas, when that latter individual placed himself in an oratorical and imposing attitude, and with a loud "Hem!" claimed the attention of every ear in the room.

"Ladies and gentlemen," commenced Thomas, "it rather strikes me as I can throw a little light on this ere affair—a-hem!"

Lady Home looked aghast, and Margaret trembled, while Horace and Alice awaited Thomas's communication with the greatest interest and surprise.

"Thomas, Thomas," remarked Andrew, in an under tone, "is you drunk?"

"No. I ain't—I ain't much used to public speaking, but I've got a something for to say as must be said; *nolus bolus*, as we say in Greek."

"Fetch a constable," cried Lady Home.

"The man is intoxicated," remarked Margaret.

"Don't fetch a constable," resumed Thomas; "I'm as sober as a judge, and perhaps more soberer than a fine lady as is nervous, a-hem,—a-hem!"

Here Thomas executed so many winks, that the fact of his alluding to Lady Home could not have remained doubtful in the mind of the most obtuse individual in the whole world. He then proceeded,—

"A little while ago, Miss Margaret, she goes to my lady's room, and just promiscuous, no matter how, I heard what she said, and what she and my lady agreed about."

Every trace of colour forsook Margaret's cheek, and Lady Home fell back upon the ottoman with a deep groan, for she felt convinced that all was discovered, and that her settlement was lost for ever.

Thomas looked quite elated at the sensation he had produced, and continued, by saying,—

"I heard Miss Margaret tell her ladyship that you, Mr. Singleton, was a-going to marry Miss Alice, and that, *nolus bolus*, as I said afore, it must be perwented. 'Cos,' says Margaret, says she, 'you'll be done out of your settlement of fifteen hundred a-year if Miss Alice marries a poor man, as Sir Charles will give her all his tin,' says she. 'Now,' says she, 'you must swear as Viscount Hilliers made offers, and that this here Horace Singleton was only a bit of amusement to plague the t'other one on. Here's a forged letter,' says she, 'as will do the job,' says she. Oh, my eye, thought I, here's willany. Now you knows all. It's not often as livery servants can afford to keep a conscience; but I manages one when I can. A-hem—a-hem!"

"Your conscience this time," said Horace, "shall do you some good, for I will take care you shall not be hurt for this statement. Now, Lady Home, what do you say to that?"

"Wheel me away, I'm going to faint—wheel me away this moment. Where's my bottle?"

"Witue," continued Thomas, "is triumphant, and *vice* confounded. It all ends with —"

"There, that'll do, Thomas," cried Horace; and then turning to Margaret Home, he said,— "As for you, unhappy girl as you are, and must be, for your own evil passions will not allow you a moment's peace of mind, I will spare you any reproaches. I have but one hope connected with you, and that is, that I may never see you again."

"Oh, Margaret—Margaret," said Alice, "why do you thus persecute one who had all the wish in the world to befriend you? You have my forgiveness, although I shudder at the attempts you have made to destroy my happiness."

Margaret stood still as a marble statue while these words were being addressed to her. She seemed suddenly turned to stone, and fixed in an attitude of unutterable agony. Then suddenly she drew a long breath, and walked a few paces to the door. Before she left the room, however, she turned, and, facing Horace, said,—

"Enjoy your triumph while you may. Vengeance delayed is not vengeance stayed. We shall meet again."

She then dashed from the room, nor paused till she reached her own apartment. There she stood again for some time, with the strange, unnatural calmness upon her countenance which usually came upon her when her heart was most despairing.

"What is to be done," she muttered in deep, sepulchral tones—"what is to be done? Is all lost—have I no resource now but death?"

She sat down, and one gasping sob came from her breast. Then springing to her feet again, she cried,—

"This is weakness—weakness unworthy, totally unworthy of me. I will have revenge now. They shall not live to enjoy their triumph, and to think how Margaret Home tried her utmost against them, and signally failed. They shall find that, although they have successfully resisted one evil of minor magnitude, they have brought upon their devoted heads another of more frightful dimensions. Death—death! Yes, they little know the heart they have blighted; but we will go to the tomb together. Horace Singleton, you are a doomed man, and in your last hour of mortal agony you may regret that you scorned the love I offered to you."



She was then silent for a long time, during which she heard the rain and sleet pattering against the windows of her apartment. She heard, too, the howling wind, and from the storm without she almost gathered consolation for the wild tempest that was raging within her own breast.

Suddenly, then, she rose, and commenced hastily arraying herself for the street. She put on a cloak of ample dimensions, and clasping it closely around her, she left her room, gliding noiselessly down the staircase, and making her way in the dark to the hall.

There a lamp was burning, and as its rays fell upon her face, the hall porter started back at the strange and frightful expression that it wore.

"The door," she said.

He opened it, and she passed out into the storm. For an instant her slight figure was almost thrown down by the fury of the wind; but she made a gallant stand against the elements, and drawing the cloak still closer around her, she walked on rapidly.

"Once more," she muttered, "I will visit the astrologer. He shall furnish me with the materials for vengeance, or give me ample hope yet of success. To the astrologer—to the astrologer!"

(To be continued in our next.)

## ENGLAND'S COTTAGE HOMES.

"Now," said the emigrant maiden to her young foreign friend, as they walked together one bright evening in the far-off land, the fair young English girl admired, but could not love.—"I will endeavour to gratify you by describing, to the best of my poor ability, the cottage of a peasant in my own dear native land."

"I thank you, dearest Maud; let us take our seats beneath these flowers, and I shall list with pleasure to the tale told by thy sweet tongue."

"Well, to my mind, the very *beau idéal* of a cottage—not a Swiss cottage, not an ornamental cottage, not a cabin, not a hut; but a real abode—an English cottage, the home, the neat, humble home of an English peasant, is that of Master Maydew. Oh! I wish you could see it as I have, and do now in my mind's eye; but I will give you a notion of it; I will attempt to describe it to you, its locality, its exterior and interior, it might form a subject for poet and painter; the spirit of peace seems to have chosen it for her own. It stands rather isolated from the rest of the cottages at the farther end of the village, the path leading to it is from the road leading down a rural, shady lane, bordered on each side by oak and elm, whose broad branches meet in friendly embrace, and form a grateful shelter from the scorching sun. Emerging from that sweet recess, a scene I would not exchange for one of enchantment to look on, meets the delighted eye far, far before you; and to the left, bordered by the horizon alone, is seen the well-tilled land, smiling and joyous, teeming with its fruitful produce; fields of wheat, rye, barley, oats, clover, beans, peas, waving luxuriantly in the gentle breeze, and here and there a sloping meadow of rich emerald-like pasturage, skirted by the hedges, which resemble the setting to jewels, add to the beauty of the whole. Oak, elm, maple, holly, hawthorn, nut, ash, wild apple and plum, and the sweet wild briar rose, with the bramble, wood, ivy, and bind-weed intersecting, interlacing all; where the cuckoo bides, where the nightingale is heard, where all the wild, free song-birds, year after year, make their downy nests, and sing. Turning to the right is seen the cottage—pretty, dower, old cottage, standing in the very spot it should stand in, to show to advantage the dark waving thousand-hued wood, rising in a mountain of leaves at the back, and the garden bounded by the sparkling river, spanned by an old, brown, superannuated bridge, then dancing on through field and meadow, shining in the sunbeams like refined silver; then the cottage, looking precisely as all cottages should look, with its small, quaint porch, and shingle front, hung with the unrivalled tapestry of the gadding vine, voluptuous rose, and modest jessamine, climbing round and peeping through the small diamond framed windows, and mounting to the thatch, that thatch with the tufts of gold dust and houseleek, under whose friendly shade the martin builds its curious nest; then the ample chimney with the thin grey smoke ascending high up in the clear atmosphere in light, feathery, fantastic wreaths. The path to the cottage is by the sweet-briar hedge; unhasp the wicket gate, and we are in the garden, with the honeysuckle arbour, the neat flower-beds edged with the double red and white daisies. No foreign roots or exotic plants grow within that simple circle; but those that do grow there are bright and sweet, and give as much pleasure to the owner as the most costly conservatory ever did to noble lord; the tall sun-flowers and hollyhocks raise their aspiring heads to catch the first sun-beam; the centre-piece of one bed is a miniature tree of lavender, the other is garnished with rosemary; then there are larkspurs, and gillyflowers, sky-rockets, sweet-williams, dragons'-blood, Jacob's-ladders, bachelors'-buttons, London

puide, inoculated primroses, sweet peas, marigolds, white and orange lilies, a knot of sage, lemon-thyme, sweet marjoram, balm, and such like herbs; towards the river is the potatoe patch, the cabbage and onion beds, the Windsor beans, and scarlet runners, the mustard and cresses, the row of parsley, the currant and gooseberry bushes, the cherry, apple, pear, and plum trees. Not one inch of ground is wasted, each little crevice filled; and by the old ivy-covered moss-grown palings stand the straw hives of the busy, busy bee, partly overshadowed by the alder tree.

A pretty garden it is, and many a farmer's dashing dame might envy it, and be forgiven, too; albeit we should not covet our neighbour's goods. I know something of the economy of that garden. Part of the pears, bullaces and plums, gooseberries and currants, are sold, and the amount carefully deposited in a certain original-looking china jug, snugly laid by in the farthest and darkest corner of the well-polished walnut-tree beaufet; the onions and potatoes, apples, and sweet herbs, are winter store. The lavender flowers will be dried and laid in the clothes hutch; the rue is for the young chickens' ailments, the marigolds preserved, after being carefully dried, for drinks in fever, and the lily leaves for wounds; the flowers yield their sweets to the untiring workers of the hive. Dame Maydew sells the honey, and purchases sugar to make wine with the dark berries of the alder, to drink at the Christmas merrymaking, when child, and grandchild, brother and sister, cousin and friend, sit happy beside the crackling log, or to comfort the old gude-man, when his day's work is done, in the cold winter, when the storm whistles and snow lies thick upon the ground; the little yard on the other side of the paling is appropriated to another equally useful, if not so ornamental a part of Dame Maydew's economy—a warm little snuggerly has Dame Maydew's pig, and a fine time for a pig it has, for, indolent as the whole stupid looking tribe are, their whole duty seems to be, or all that we expect of them is to grow fat, and as their time is divided by very narrow partitions, as it were, of luxuriously rolling on a bed of straw, or nice soft mud, eating, drinking, and sleeping, one would not think this so very difficult to accomplish.

Dame Maydew's pig has a fine time; sleek as a friar of olden time, stretched on a bed of clean straw, looking all but transparent in the sun; beside the pigery is the do-mitory of some half-dozen hens. If we walk inside the cottage, there sits the good dame in her indigo dyed cotton gown, checked hemp apron, and snow-white neckerchief. I believe it is reckoned a piece of vanity in Dame Maydew by her less holy neighbours, for her to wear white kerchiefs. Certes, 'tis a very pardonable and inoffensive manifestation of the passion; looking, too, so clean and comfortable, and the neat clear-starched muslin round-eared cap surround the plain bands of her gray hair. She sits in her arm-chair knitting a pair of worsted hose; the well-used pins glitter to-and-fro in her expert fingers; all around is a picture of cleanliness and comfort; the cherry-coloured bricks powdered o'er with white sand, a fashion certainly not invented for train-wearing fashionables—the green mat at the door is made with rushes from the river's brink, the clean scoured deal table, the polished one by the wall, garnished with the well-read Bible and glass of flowers, is only used at holidays. The good dame in her time had used some pounds of her bees-wax in polishing her table, chairs, and walnut-tree beaufet; then the oak geranium on the window-sill, the large open chimney-place, with the low hob-irons, ornamented with a bunch of maple boughs, and the broad mantelshef, with different smart ecoteras, brought by a sailor brother from abroad, all primly ranged thereon.

Happy, happy is a tiller of the ground with such a dwelling. How blessed above thousands of earth's wayfarers are they, who, like the Maydews, have their lives cast in such pleasant places; how they might be envied by many, many of the talented, the rich and great; they are not talented, but they are exempt from the thorns and bitterness attendant on genius, and they are contented with their humble lot, free from ambition and corroding care; they are not learned, but wise enough for the concerns of their life, doing, as far as in them lie, their duty to their neighbours, and submitting to those put in authority over them, rearing their children up in modesty, and in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," meekly and simply relying on an Almighty Providence, and walking humbly with their God. Happy, thrice happy, such a lot: so easy attainable, healthy and blest; and pity 'tis the fair, the thrice fair villages of merry England, show not more of such like happy homes of the lowly sons of its rich soil.

M. A. L. H.

Bishop Hall says:—"I never loved those kind of salamanders who are never happy but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one. I will suffer a hundred rather than return one. I will suffer many ere I will complain of one, and endeavour to right it by contending. I have ever found, that to strive with my superior is furious—with my equal, doubtful—with my inferior, sordid and base—with any, full of inquietness."



## DON SEBASTIAN; OR, THE LIVING TOMB.

I HAD been taking a pedestrian tour through many parts of Spain, and at length found myself among the mountains of Andalusia. I was far from any habitation; and as the sun was about to sink beneath the western heights, I began to think of seeking a shelter for the night. The air was clear and balmy, and the evening breeze was fast rising, which carried off that sense of oppression which is induced by fatigue and heat. I had walked over many miles that day, and really felt tired, and my pulse slackened sensibly.

"I would I could meet with an inn, or road-side house of entertainment, though I am not sure that would be any gain, for Spain's public-houses have not always the most honest people to deal with."

I continued my walk for nearly another hour. When I was becoming exhausted, and had made up my mind to enter the first peasant's hut that I came near, on a sudden turn in the road, I came upon the ruins of an old castle, beautiful, though in decay. The fading beams of day shone through the deserted windows, and long slits in the towers, the broken walls, and the roofs and ornaments coming off, showed the handwork of Time, the destroyer of all things. It was beautiful in the extreme. Fatigued as I was, my attention was rivetted to the spot whence I had first seen the building. I was so lost in the contemplation of a view of such matchless beauty that I forgot my hunger and thirst, till I suddenly felt a tap on my shoulder, and some one said,—

"That is a fine piece of masonry."

I turned hastily, and perceived an old man, habited as a monk, who was calmly standing by my side.

"A fine piece of masonry," replied I; "it is the finest view I have seen for many a day."

"Yes," replied the monk; "it is; every one admires it, and says so."

"Do many people come this way?" I inquired of the monk.

"Not often," he replied.

"I should imagine not," said I; "for there appears to be no accommodation for travellers, as far as I can see. Can you inform me where I can safely rest for the night?"

"Yes; you can remain in the castle," he said, pointing to it with his finger.

"What!—that ruin?"

"Yes; I live there; and if you can fare upon the same food that I have, you may have a share of what I have got."

I thanked him for his civility, and followed him to the ruin; when, after entering the court-yard, he ascended a flight of steps cut in the rock, and which led to quite on one side of the castle. Here were several rooms, in very good repair, and with strong fastenings, that would enable the inmate to resist any sudden attempt to dislodge him.

He entered, and I followed him; and, as I did so, he fastened up the doors. After this we went to an inner room, in which was a fire and a lamp. This he quickly trimmed, and produced plenty of good viands, such as a piece of cold roast venison, pastry, and good wine. I felt on very good terms with the holy father, and he seemed communicative.

"It is a pity so great a place, and one so beautiful, should have run to decay."

"Yes," he replied; "but it is the will of Heaven, and what can mortals do?"

"Bear it, I suppose," answered I; "but why came it to be neglected—why is it left?"

"Because the last male of this house is dead, and those who could claim it either do not wish to assert that claim, or do not intend to keep it in habitable condition. The last lord expired under peculiar circumstances, and his lady died a horrid death."

"What was the cause of such a catastrophe?" I inquired.

"Jealousy—nothing but jealousy; though I cannot blame the poor lady, for she was married to a man whom she very much disliked. She was, indeed, compelled to marry him for family reasons. The parents in those days had great power over the destiny of their children. Don Sebastian was a very rich man; he possessed all the country round here for miles—he was the lord of many seignories—and, though a harsh, stern man, yet he was very well liked by the peasantry."

"Donna Inez, the unhappy lady, had, before she married Don Sebastian, who was much older than herself, pledged her vows to a young cavalier, of good family, but of poor property; but she loved him dearly, and would willingly have suffered death, rather than have married Don Sebastian; but her family made up a fictitious tale, which, playing upon her feelings, she, in an evil moment, married him."

"It afterwards happened that she wrote to a female friend an account of her state, and was imprudent enough to confess the love she felt towards the object of her former affection, and her aversion to her present lord. This letter came to his hands, and dreadful, indeed, was his wrath. He insisted that she should inform him who it was that

had dishonoured him, for he believed that he had been dishonoured, and that the letter was addressed to her paramour; but the letter not being finished, it was not directed, and he knew not to whom it was addressed. He desired to know the name of her lover. This she refused to tell, knowing well that he would be sacrificed to Don Sebastian's love of revenge.

"These events took place in this castle after two interviews, in which the unhappy lady was severely tried, and refused to comply with her lord's desire. She fell ill; but I will give the relation of the events in her own language. She, while in prison, wrote an account of her sufferings. She commences with her illness, occasioned by the violence of her husband."

The monk took a small time-worn roll of papers out of a recess, and then, trimming his lamp, read as follows:—

A fever, occasioned by the violent agitation I had undergone, obliged me to go to bed. My husband then appeared to feel the utmost anxiety; he dispatched an express for two physicians; he never quitted my bed-side; he affected the greatest tenderness for me before my women. When we were alone, he said everything to persuade me that his affection was much stronger than his resentment, and he positively assured me that, as soon as my fever had left me, I should see my child again.

At this promise I forgot all my former sufferings; I snatched one of his hands, and pressed it between mine, and bedewed with tears that barbarous hand, which, in a few hours, was to drag me from my chamber, and plunge me in a dreadful dungeon. The physicians assured him that my illness was not dangerous, and they returned.

The very morning after their departure, the anxiety which my husband manifested for me, seemed to me to be greater than ever; and, although I had no longer any fear, he obliged me to keep my bed. As he made my women sit up with me the three preceding nights, they were overcome with fatigue, and he now dismissed them for a whole day to take repose, declaring that he would nurse me himself, with one of his valets, and an old woman, the keeper of the castle.

The choice of these two witnesses was not the result of accident. He selected them in preference to any of his other servants, because he knew them to be equally credulous and weak.

The curtains of my bed were drawn, and I thought that my women were still attending me, when at noon I perceived that no one was in my chamber but the two persons I have just mentioned. I expressed my surprise at this; my husband came to my bed-side, and assured me that I should not be the worse attended on that account, and that he would not leave me.

"Oh! why then," I exclaimed, with great emotion, "keep me here? I am no longer ill."

To this question he gave me no other answer than begging me not to talk, and endeavour to compose myself. He then sat down by my bed-side. I felt a secret uneasiness, without knowing why, and my eyes were suffused with tears. He now appeared very much disturbed and agitated, and I observed a very extraordinary attraction in his countenance. About three in the afternoon he desired to see my arm; I presented it to him, trembling; he felt my pulse, and on a sudden started up; he ran to the two attendants, and he told the valet to go alone that instant to the stables, and send an express for a physician, and the old woman he dispatched for a chaplain. When he had given them orders, he exclaimed, in a voice of grief and consternation,—

"She is dying—she is dying!"

Imagine my astonishment and terror!—my first idea was to get up and escape; but I sunk down again upon my bed, without strength, with a palpitation of the heart that deprived me of respiration, and a terror which chilled me and bereft me of motion.

My two attendants having received orders that must take them at least an hour each to execute, instantly left me and my husband together. He then came to me, and presenting me with a cup, said,—

"Here, take this draught."

At these words my hair stood erect; a cold sweat ran down my face; it was the last moment, I thought, of my life, for I had not a doubt but that he was giving me poison.

"Drink it," resumed he.

"Alas!" answered I; "what is it you are giving me?"

"What you must drink."

"Leave me time to implore infinite mercy."

"Dare you suspect me? Do you accuse me of crime?"

"Alas! I accuse my own imprudence and hard fate. Oh! my God," I continued, clasping my hands, "forgive me, forgive my persecutor; comfort my father and mother, and protect my child."

After this short prayer I felt all my courage revive; I hoped that my resignation would render me worthy to appear before God. I looked at my husband with a steady eye. He was pale, trembling, and disconcerted. He spoke some words scarcely articulate; and then, raising



my head with one hand, he with the other presented the cup; I no longer hesitated; without the least resistance I drank all the liquor he gave me; and, believing that I had now received my death draught, sunk down on my pillow.

Some moments afterwards my eyes grew heavy, and closed; a total stupefaction deprived me of my speech and senses, and I fell into a deep and heavy lethargy, like death.

How long I remained thus I cannot tell, nor what happened, but by degrees I awoke. On opening my eyes and looking around me, I perceived my husband standing by my bed-side. I started at the sight of him, although I had not any remembrance of what had passed; but afterwards, looking steadily at him, I had a confused recollection that he was exasperated against me. I felt an emotion of terror; I turned my head away; and, being desirous of composing myself, that I might recollect some ideas of what had happened, a thousand vague and fantastic forms rose in my imagination, and I sunk into a stupid reverie, which was followed by a kind of drowsiness. My husband then gave me a smelling-bottle, and some liquor, which revived me.

I rose up, and looked around me in astonishment; my ideas growing clearer by degrees, I recollected that I had thought I was taking poison, and I almost questioned my existence.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, at last, "by what miracle am I restored to life?" "You have experienced only an imaginary terror," said my husband; "compose yourself, and banish these injurious apprehensions."

I durst not answer; I half drew my curtains; I looked round the room, and, seeing that I was alone with my husband, my terrors the more sensibly increased, as I had now entirely recovered my senses.

"Why, then," said I, at length, "do you watch me alone?" "You shall know presently," said he; "get up."

At these words he brought me a gown; he assisted me to put it on, and, supporting me in his arms, led, or, rather, carried me to a great chair. As he now saw me still weak and trembling, he made me take some drops, and, after a moment's silence, said,—

"I will now conceal nothing from you. The draught you took yesterday was a sleeping potion."

"For what?"

"Hear me without interruption. You have betrayed and dishonoured me. I have offered you your pardon, and you have refused it. Convicted of infidelity, you still cherish in your heart a guilty passion. Neither my anger nor my threats have been able to persuade you to declare to me the name of your lover. You thought, perhaps, that my regard for your family would prevent me from taking your child from you, and depriving you of your liberty. You thought, no doubt (for there is not a crime of which your hatred will not cause you to think me capable), you thought that the only method I could adopt to avenge myself was secretly to attempt your life, and your invincible aversion to me could easily determine you to die. But know, at least, that you shall live, and that you shall be torn for ever from your parents, your friends, your servants, and the whole world."

"Oh, Heaven!" I exclaimed, "and do you think, barbarous man, that an affectionate father, and the best of mothers, will not demand me at your hands?"

"They will receive to-morrow," he replied, "the false intelligence of your death."

"Great God! how will you be able —"

"I have already announced your death in the castle during your profound sleep—all my people beheld you, as they imagined, dead."

"Alas!" interrupted I, "I exist no longer then, but for you. I see all the horrors of my fate."

"You do not know all," said Don Sebastian; "learn that I have, under this castle, some vast caverns unknown to all the world, and to which the light never comes."

"Oh, God! I am undone—I am lost for ever."

"No," resumed Don Sebastian; "your fate is still in your own power. I can instantly go and awaken your people, and declare that you were only in a lethargy. I have not yet sent my letter to your father. I can yet restore you to the world, and forgive you. I only exact a word—a single word, from you. I must have a victim. I have already declared it. Name your lover, and I will restore you to your rights. I will restore you to the world—to life."

"What is it you propose to me? To deliver up to your resentment an object who, I repeat it, has never injured you. Oh, I should be unworthy to live, could I consent to it."

"Think better of it," said my husband, darting at me a furious look; "yet another refusal, and I will drag you to the dark abode from which nothing can release you. To-morrow your father and your mother will either be deploring your death or rejoicing at your recovery. To-morrow you will once more behold your daughter and the day, or you will be for ever deprived of light, and groaning at the bottom of a horrid dungeon. In a word, to-morrow we shall see you in this castle enjoying perfect health, or we shall be attending the solemnities

of your funeral. Reflect seriously upon it. This moment passed, not a hope of pardon is left. In vain would you implore it by repentance. I shall no longer have it in my power to grant it."

At this urgent and dreadful speech I rose in the utmost consternation. I turned with terror towards the door, and giving a lamentable shriek,—

"Ah, me," said I; "I am then abandoned by all the world. Oh, my daughter—am I to live and never to see thee any more? My father!—my mother!—to-morrow you will deplore my death. My child! Oh, let me see my child once more!"

"Speak but one word," answered Don Sebastian, "and in a quarter of an hour, your child shall be in your arms."

At these words I felt my heart receding. I remained silent for a moment.

"Who," thought I, "will assure me that this confession will restore my child?"

My husband, imagining I was hesitating, repeated his assurance, and urged me to reveal the name of my lover.

"The day," he said, "will soon appear, and it is time to determine. I am now going to awake the family, and inform them that you are living, or take you instantly to your tomb. Speak—will you name the author of your misfortunes and mine?"

At this question, I lifted up my eyes to Heaven, and summoning to my aid all my resolution, I answered,—

"I cannot."

"Wretch!" said Don Sebastian; "what is it you say?"

"No," I resumed, "abandon that hope—I will never name him."

"Perfidious woman!" exclaimed Don Sebastian; "thou preferrest thy lover to thy child—to liberty—to life—to the whole world. Tremble at thy fate—tremble—tremble at thy fate. The moment of vengeance is arrived."

As he finished, he was going to seize my arm. Penetrated with fear and horror, I escaped from him. I ran to the other end of the chamber, and flinging my arms round one of the bed-posts, I kept fast hold of it. Making this effort, my night cap came off, and my hair fell upon my shoulders. He was coming up to me, but he stopped and gazed me in silence for a moment; then forcing me from the bed-posts, he brought me opposite a looking-glass.

"Unhappy woman," said he, "contemplate, for the last time, that beauty which the most horrid darkness will conceal for ever. Lift up thine eyes—look at thyself—be not more inhuman than I am. Think of thy youthful charms—think with pity on the fate that awaits thee. It is yet in thy power to change it."

I could not then refrain from casting an apprehensive and languid look at the glass. I presently closed my eyes, and felt the tears trickle down my cheeks.

"Well," resumed Don Sebastian, "is your resolution yet unshaken?"

"Oh," answered I; "have you, indeed, sincerely offered me a sight of my child?"

Scarcely had I uttered these words, when, in a transport of rage, he caught me in his arms, and carried me out of the room. I made no resistance—in the excess of terror I was motionless and silent. After having crossed two or three rooms, he made me descend by a private staircase, and I found myself in a spacious court, at the end of which was a door, which Don Sebastian then opened. We went out, and I observed that we were in a garden. At this instant he perceived the day appear.

"This morning," said he, "is the last thy eyes will ever behold."

I threw myself upon my knees, and raising my head to Heaven,

"Oh, God!" I cried, "who knowest my innocence, wilt thou suffer me to be interred alive, and deprived for ever of the light of Heaven?"

At these words Sebastian dragged me about twenty paces, to a rock, and putting a key to a large stone, a trap-door sprung open—I trembled, and my husband stopped.

"This moment," said he, "is still left—this is your tomb—it is yet but half open! Repent! at least convince me of your remorse by an ingenuous confession, and I am ready to pardon you. You may imagine, perhaps, that in the moment of completely gratifying my just resentment, I may dread the consequence to myself; but I have long meditated my plan; I have been attentive to every circumstance, and nothing can deter me."

He then gave me a dreadful account of all the precautions he had taken. He said he had caused a pale and livid figure of wax to be made, which he should place in my bed, and that, under a pretext of discharging an act of piety, he would bury it himself, with the old woman, who would be a witness of the burial without his being obliged to place any confidence in her.

"Once more," added he, "will you accept the pardon which I now offer you, for the last time? Sacrifice your lover to liberty, to the world, and the light of day."



At these words I extended my arms towards the rising sun, as if to bid an everlasting adieu. The sight endowed me with fresh courage, and I looked with contempt on the earth, and then, turning to my husband,—

"Take," said I, with an undaunted voice, "take your victim."

At this instant he seized me—my heart panted with violence; we descended into a gloomy cavern, my trembling legs unable to support me. I was now dreadfully convulsed,—I struggled in the arms of my cruel persecutor, and then fell at his feet, without sense or motion.

I know not how long I remained in this state—I was to revive, alas! only to abhor such a shocking existence! How shall I describe the extreme horror of my soul, when, on opening my eyes, I found myself alone in these vast dungeons, encircled by darkness, and lying on dank mats. I screamed out, and the echoes repeating the dreadful sounds from the inmost recesses of these caverns, startled me, and redoubled the terror which oppressed me.

"Oh, God!" I cried, "is this then the only voice which will answer me—the only sound that I am henceforth to hear?"

At this idea I wept profusely.

While I was indulging in the violence of my grief, I heard the door of my dungeon open, and Don Sebastian presently appeared, with a lantern in his hand; he placed by my side a pitcher of water and some bread.

"Here," said he, "is your food for the future,—you will find it every day in the turning box opposite you. I shall bring it, and put it there myself, and shall never more enter this frightful dungeon."

At these words I looked around me, and saw a spacious cavern, the extent of which the eye could not reach. The part I occupied was hung with coarse straw mats, to keep it from the cold and damp, for the barbarian who had plunged me into this horrid place, had taken every precaution to preserve my life in it.

After having observed, trembling, the dismal scene around me, I turned again to my inhuman gaoler, and at last a hatred so merited and which could not be concealed, burst forth at once. I reproached him with the excess of his barbarity, and expressed, without reserve, all the detestation with which he had inspired me. He heard me for some time with concentrated rage, then, no longer able to contain himself, he flew into a most violent passion, and precipitately left me.

From that day, whenever he came to bring me food, he constantly knocked at the turning-box till I answered him, and then went away, without uttering a word. I soon repented of having thus, by my reproaches, incurred still more, if possible, his hatred and resentment. I recollected that he was the father of my child, and that dear child was in his power.

Besides, notwithstanding the horrors of my situation, hope was not entirely extinguished in my bosom. The more I revolved it in my mind, the less probable it appeared, that he really intended to detain me in my captivity for ever. I even flattered myself that he had not announced my pretended death, either to my friends or in the castle, and that he had found out some other method of eluding their inquiries, and that he had still reserved the possibility of making me reappear whenever he might choose.

How could I imagine that he had imposed upon himself the painful necessity of bringing me every day the necessities of life, and be reduced, in consequence, to the wretched slavery of never being absent from the castle more than two or three days since he was my gaoler? Alas! I did not imagine that hatred, in order to obtain its gratification, would impose those chains which the most ardent love would not bear without regret. As I was absolutely deprived of light, I cannot tell how many months I preserved this hope; but at last I entirely lost it.

I often wanted food; Don Sebastian sometimes brought me enough for two or three days, and I then imagined that he was compelled to make short journeys, and when my provisions were exhausted, I felt some anxiety. The death of my tyrant would be mine—and that idea made me utter prayers for his safety. It is true, I no longer felt aversion to him. Religion had easily led me to renounce every sentiment of hatred, and what could this weak effort cost me?

For some time I imagined that Don Sebastian resided in the castle, because he regularly brought me my food. But one day he failed to come at the appointed time, and I grew impatient at the delay. I had entirely finished the allowance. The next day I expected in vain the succour that every minute became more necessary.

There was no remedy but patience; anxiety, as much as hunger and thirst, deprived me of sleep, and I remained in this situation nearly another day. Then, absolutely exhausted, I had no other prospect than that of a speedy dissolution; I contemplated death with tranquillity, yet the remembrance of all that was dear to me would intrude to embitter my dying thoughts.

"Unhappy daughter, unhappy mother!" I cried; "in what a forlorn condition am I doomed to expire. My dear parents, must I, indeed,

die then, without receiving your last blessing! Oh! my child, I cannot give thee mine! I cannot enjoy the sweet fascination of dying in thy arms. Thou canst not forget me. In the dying moments of thy wretched mother, thou art, no doubt, enjoying the amusements suitable to thy age."

Dreadful idea! I am dying, and all that are dear to me are reconciled to their loss. But what am I saying, inconsiderate being that I am. I complain, I murmur, when all my miseries are about to terminate for ever. Great God! forgive this guilty weakness, which my heart rejects and disavows. Oh, my judge! my father! deign at last to call me to thyself, full of hope and confidence—certain of immortal bliss! I expect death with serenity. I would even invoke it did not resignation teach me to wait thy pleasure.

Here the monk left off, saying, that her body was found some years after, a mere mass of bones.

"And Don Sebastian—what was the cause of his absence?"

"He was out hunting and thrown from his horse, receiving an injury on the head; he was insensible for some time, and his lady perished. He died, and her daughter came to be possessed of the estate; when she found the real cause of her mother's death, she caused the castle to be dismantled and left as you see it."

"It is a terrible instance of revenge and jealousy," I replied.

"Even so," said the monk; "I deplore it; but who ever heard of a Spaniard that was not jealous?"

"True," I replied, and here our conversation ended. It was late, and the good man offered me his couch, as there was but one. I objected, but he pressed me to do so, saying, that he could easily sleep in his chair; indeed, it was as natural to him.

I therefore laid down, and was soon in a profound sleep, for fatigue would have enabled me to sleep upon a rock. I awoke next day refreshed, and, after breakfast, at parting, made the old man a present, with which he appeared to be well satisfied.

## CHILDHOOD'S HOUR.

Oh! well do I remember when,  
In childhood's early hour,  
I roved unwatched, as light and free  
As bee from flower to flower;  
My little heart then knew no care,  
My days, one round of joy;  
O! would I were but once again  
A merry, laughing boy.  
Oh! well do I remember how  
I spent each happy day,  
With giddy mates, the friends of youth,  
In heedless, daring play;  
The old church tower then oft we'd climb,  
To rob the martin's nest;  
Or scale the orchard's crazy wall,  
The rich, ripe fruit to test.

Oh! well do I remember, then,  
To school, how slow my pace;  
And how with knife, on desk and door,  
My name in full I'd trace;  
Or whisper'd words that I call'd love  
In little maidens' ears;  
Or led across the brook the poor  
Blind beggar, bent with years.

Oh! well do I remember then  
My wishes were but few,  
Nor deem'd I that I e'er should mourn  
My early hour for you;  
Full well I recollect how sweet  
The minutes came and went,  
When I enjoy'd my childish life,  
Gay, merry, and content.

H. J. CHURCH.

ALEXANDER AND THE INDIAN.—An Indian was taken prisoner who had a very high reputation for archery, and was said to be able to shoot an arrow through a ring. Alexander bade him exhibit a specimen of his skill, and on his refusal, the king, in a passion, ordered him to be executed. On his way to his death, the man remarked to those who were taking him, that he had not practised for several days, and was afraid of missing his mark. Alexander, hearing of this, admired the man, and setting him loose, made him great presents, because he preferred death to the loss of his reputation.



## JOACHIM MURAT.

Thou hero of the snow-white plume,  
Whose realm refused thee e'en a tomb;  
And was that laurelled head laid low  
By a slave's dishonest blow?  
Where the hostile line enlarging,  
Broke or fled across the plain,  
There, be sure, was Murat charging,  
There he ne'er shall charge again.

BYRON.

At Florence, at the Countess Lipano's (Murat's widow, and Napoleon's sister), as soon as the piano no longer accompanied the airs of Bellini, the intimate friends of the Grifoni palace always, about midnight, formed themselves into a little conversation committee, and they exchanged stories until the morning: there was an inexpressible charm in that privileged assembly.

The saloon was still in confusion from the concert or the ball, but the dancers and the artists had disappeared. The music books were scattered on the stands; the whist tables showed their extinguished lamps, and their four vacant arm chairs; after so much joyous noise came the family conversation; tea was served up, and delicate butter cakes, moulded with the arms of the Queen of Naples, by Madam Dubarry's eternal cook. No one thought of sleep in those delicious maternal soirees. The Countess Lipano would always say—

"Three hours' sleep are sufficient for me; it is a good habit I owe to my brother, the emperor."

And the intimates were proud of also conforming to a habit which came to them directly from Napoleon.

On leaving the palace it very often happened to us to see the reflection of the dawn upon the dark colonnade of the offices, and upon the dome of San Spirito.

The Countess Lipano sometimes related charming histories to us, with that Italian-French grace which never abandons her. The illustrious heroine had been present at so many dramas, at so many fetes, at so many misfortunes! she was never at a loss, when she deigned to furnish her quota to the stock of anecdotes. One night, the circle was drawn still closer than usual round her arm chair; she announced to us some not yet public, and her lovely and calm countenance visibly betrayed the impression of mournful recollections. After a short pause she said—

"At the time when Italy was French, a mutiny broke out in one of our regiments, doing duty at Leghorn; it was a very serious affair, that might have been attended with most dangerous consequences to the whole army. The emperor seemed extremely irritated when he learned that news, and resolved to make a severe example. Murat was charged by the emperor with the execution of his orders, which were precise and terrible; no courts-martial, but immediate execution. Murat arrived at Leghorn, and commanded a general muster of the regiment on the grand parade; he announced to the soldiers that he had received from the emperor the mission to punish, and that punish he would. The energy of his words, his impetuous and threatening gesture, and above all the authority of his name, had already overawed the mutineers, who bent before him humble and supplicating. The kind-hearted Murat was affected, but he had orders; he did not use violence to his emotion, and still preserving a stern countenance he cried out, with a formidable voice,—

"I am going to have one man shot out of every ten."

"The consternation was great, as you may well imagine; the regiment, closely pent up in their barracks, sent several deputations to Murat, to implore him to grant them a pardon. Officers swore to lose their lives in the first battle, under the eyes of the emperor. Murat was for a long time inflexible, at least in appearance; at length he seemed touched with so much submission; but the fault was so great, and the order so formal, that he required three soldiers, chosen from amongst the most guilty, should pay with their lives for the crime of the regiment. The three victims were selected, conveyed to the black hole, and their execution announced in orders for the day. The regiment remained confined to their barracks.

"In the middle of the night Murat sent secretly for the three soldiers to his quarters, where they were brought by a sergeant, whose discretion could be depended upon.

"You will be shot to-morrow," said Murat to them. The soldiers burst into tears. 'Prepare yourselves for death; and, to make your crime be forgotten, fall like brave men. I charge myself with transmitting your last farewells to your fathers and mothers; your families did not deserve children such as you; have you thought of your mothers? speak.' Their voices were choked with sobs. 'Those poor women would have been glorious and proud if you had fallen before the Austrian; but her! wretched men! Go, I will send you a priest

to administer the succour of religion; think of France and of God; from the present time you are no longer of this world.'

"The men threw themselves at Joachim's feet, not to ask him for mercy, but to demand his forgiveness before death. As they were going away, Joachim called them back.

"Listen," he said to them; 'if I were to grant you your lives, would you become honest men?'

"No; we wish to die," replied one of the soldiers; 'we have deserved death; let us be shot, it's just.'

"But suppose I won't let you be shot," cried Joachim; 'why do you want to die, when I wish you to live? I have never given the word fire, except against the enemy; I will not give it against you, who are my fellow soldiers, who are Frenchmen, though very criminal.'

"And Joachim wept like a woman; he, the bravest of men! was he not, gentlemen?"

After a pause she continued her story.

"Listen to me," said Joachim. 'You have been very guilty; but I am glad to see you possess energy and character. You will second me in my plan. I grant you your lives, but you must be dead to every one—above all, to your regiment. To-morrow you will be taken at nightfall through the Pisa gate on to the glaciis; you will receive the fire of a platoon at fifty paces, and you will fall stone dead. At that moment the last file of your regiment, which is changing garrison, will pass along the high road; the dusk of the evening will be in our favour. A man whom I shall pay will place you in a dead cart, and take you to the burying-ground, where you will find sailors' clothes, and a thousand francs will be given to each of you. You will remain concealed for two or three days in a village inn you will be shewn to; at the end of which time an American vessel leaves the port for New Orleans. It's there you'll go to live, and live like honest men. Do you understand? You'll be taken on board the moment the wind's fair. Be prudent, and do everything exactly as I tell you. Go. I will take care of your families.'

"The men bathed Murat's feet with their tears, and more than once repeated that he should be satisfied with them.

"Joachim's combinations were completely successful. A severe example was given to the regiment; there was no blood shed: and the emperor, fortunately deceived, thanked Joachim for having sacrificed only the lives of three men to the exigency of his discipline.

"The emperor had never the least suspicion of the generous stratagem my husband had imagined in that circumstance. It was for a long time a secret known only to myself and a few of our most faithful friends, who have never betrayed it. At present there no longer exist any reasons for concealing it, and I here reveal it to you."

After that confidence, Murat's widow, too much affected to prolong the conversation, retired to her apartment. Our emotion was not less than her own, and we remained silent. Every eye was fixed on the magnificent portrait painted by Gros. It represents the king, Murat, galloping on his charger along the shore of the Gulf of Naples. Vesuvius is seen in the back-ground, all in flames. Murat and Vesuvius! Two volcanos face to face.

The sequel of this history was related to me some months after, at Rome, by an intimate acquaintance of the imperial family. It resembles the romantic *dénouement* of a drama, which seems to belong less to real life than to the imagination of a romancist.

On the borders of a forest in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, a hunter knocked at the door of a neat farm-house, to demand shelter from a violent storm; it was in the autumn of 1830. The hospitable door was opened, and the stranger was introduced by an aged woman into a very clean room, plainly furnished, and with the walls almost entirely covered with Parisian lithographic prints, representing the principal battles of the French armies.

"It seems," said the stranger, in French, "that I have been fortunate enough to find shelter with my fellow-countrymen."

"You, sir, are doubtless a Frenchman?" said the old woman.

"Yes, madame; and a real Frenchman. I have even relations here, in this room."

"My son is in the garden. I'll go and call him. He will be very glad to see you."

"Your son is also French?"

"Yes, sir."

That answer was given with some little hesitation; but she added with more assurance—

"He has been settled in this country a long time, and, thanks to God, he don't repent it. This farm belongs to him. We want for nothing, and are happy."

At that moment the master of the house entered the room.

"This gentleman," said the mother, "has done us the honour to rest himself with us till the storm has passed over. He is one of ourselves—he is a Frenchman."

The master of the farm gave a military salute, and stammered out a



few words of civility. He was strangely struck with the figure of the stranger, and he was so affected that he was unable to reply to his questions. At length he ventured to address him.

"Sir," he said, "you will, perhaps, find my demand unbecoming; but I am obliged to ask you your name. Excuse me. Your features—"

"My friend," replied the hunter, "that is the only question I cannot answer. It would be easy to deceive you by giving a fictitious name; I prefer being silent. A man who bears my name knows not how to, and cannot, tell a falsehood. Now, that I have refused to tell you my name, I dare not ask you for yours."

The farmer made no reply.

"It seems that you are also obliged to conceal your name," added the stranger.

"Yes, sir. The one I bear in the country is not my own. What service would it be for you to know it? I pass by the name of Claude Gerard."

"At least," said the mother, "the gentleman must not imagine that my son has occasion to blush for his family name. There are reasons which—"

"It's the same with myself," said the stranger. "I only tell my name to those who deserve to hear it; and from this moment I believe you to be worthy of that favour. I am Achilles Murat—I am the son of the King of Naples."

Claude Gerard and his mother fell with their faces to the floor, as if thunderstruck by that great name.

The prince, now a citizen of the United States, was astonished at and unable to comprehend that excess of emotion. As soon as Claude Gerard had power to speak, he showed, on the wall of the room, a portrait of the King of Naples, in a frame of green laurel branches, to his son, and said—

"Behold your glorious father. He is the master and saint of this farm. It is to him I owe everything. One day that I was going to die your father saved my life."

"On the field of honour?" said Achilles Murat.

"No; on the field of dishonour. I—I had forgot myself. I had lost my senses—I deserved death—I had been taken outside the gates of Leghorn, with two of my comrades as guilty as myself. We were fired on with blank cartridges, and fell as if dead. It was Murat who had contrived it all. With his money I came to America. My two comrades died two years ago at New York. I am still alive, and my life I owe to your father. I have worked hard, and am now far above want. My mother, who had received the certificate of my death, received, some years after, a letter from her living son, inviting her to America. The poor woman who had wept so bitterly was near dying with joy on seeing me again. Now, if the son of my benefactor has need of my arm, my fortune, my life, all are his."

"Well do I recognise the generous Joachim," said Achilles Murat, with tears in his eyes.

"He has shewn mercy to many others besides," said Gerard.

"Mercy was not shewn to him," replied a voice.

## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER CLI.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.—THE PLACE OF REFUGE.—ROWLAND'S CRITICAL SITUATION.

PERHAPS in the whole of London no two men could have encountered with the same feelings towards each other as Rowland Percy and Bernard Varley. Feelings so very different in themselves, and yet so intense and vivid in their manifestation.

There was no man in the great city that Varley cared to meet but Rowland Percy. There was scarcely one that Percy cared to avoid but Varley, and yet by one of those strange accidents which bring people together where such a circumstance might be least expected, here had they met, face to face, in a narrow doorway, as if by appointment.

After the first exclamations of surprise on each side, the energies of both seemed for a few moments paralysed by the intense surprise of the sudden encounter. Rowland was the first to recover himself, and feeling in its full force the critical nature of his situation, he drew back, determined to rely for safety upon his speed, for the thought occurred to him, that he might have been watched, and that, possibly, Varley had plenty of assistance at hand to ensure his capture.

"Villain!" he cried; "Heaven will save me yet!"

He, however, had to turn in the narrow doorway before he could fly from the spot, and before he could do so, Varley, with a cry of exultation, sprang upon him like an enraged tiger, and clasped him round the waist, shouting,—

"Help! help!—help to seize the murderer, Rowland Percy. Help—police! A murderer—a murderer! Ha! ha! caught at last. Triumph—triumph. Help! help! help!"

The grasp was one of iron, for Bernard Varley's whole soul was bent upon the capture of Rowland. In vain did the young man strive to shake him off—disadvantageously as he was with his back to Varley, it was next to impossible. His danger was each moment frightfully increasing, for Varley never ceased his cries for assistance, and it was a mercy no one happened to be passing at the precise moment; but, then, in such a neighbourhood, the solitude of a street was not likely to last long, and Percy felt that each moment was a perfect age of agony while he continued in that serpent-like grasp, which rather tightened than loosened on him, compressing his very chest, and almost depriving him of the power of breathing, or moving his arms.

It was not to be borne. Instinctively, rather than from design, he lifted his foot, and with the heel of his boot, commenced kicking Varley with a power and rapidity which no mortal endurance could stand above a few moments.

With a perfect howl of rage and pain, Varley was compelled to relax his hold, and the instant he did so, Rowland faced him, and doubling his fists struck out with a rapidity and desperation that set all resistance at defiance. In about half a minute Varley's face was a mass of contusions, and he fell heavily upon his back in the narrow passage.

To turn then and dart from the passage was the work of an instant; but Varley's cries for help were not altogether in vain, and Rowland found himself opposed by a man with a constable's staff, about the size of a mop-stick, who said,—

"Hilloa, my fine fellow, don't hurry yourself. You are my prisoner."

Rapidity of action does wonders, and in this case, it overcame the constable in a moment, for Rowland seeing the staff held up so threateningly before his face, laid hold of it with such a sudden jerk that he whipped it out of the hand of the constable, and then, before he could recover himself, he brought it down on his head with such a stunning whack that it sounded as if he had struck a beer barrel with a heavy mallet.

Down went the constable, and Rowland Percy, who was in too great a state of excitement to be very particular, walked over him, and rushed down the street.

His dangers, however, were not yet over, for Varley, although partially stunned by the shower of blows he had received in the face, had managed to scramble to his feet, and he, too, rushed over the constable, when the first object his half-closed eyes lighted on, was the rapidly retreating figure of Rowland Percy.

With a shout, that was enough to fill the whole neighbourhood with terror, he gave pursuit. Rowland heard him, and increased his speed; but if he, Rowland, flew with desperation onwards to escape a fearful death for a crime of which he was entirely innocent, he was pursued by Bernard Varley with all the wild fury of inextinguishable hate. A more than mortal speed seemed to be given at that time to that desperate ruffian. Smarting with pain as he was too, from Rowland's blows, every wild passion of his soul was in arms. Had Percy dashed over a precipice, "deeper than plummet ever sounded," Bernard Varley would, at that moment, have madly followed him.

His wild hoarse voice, now and then, breaking into frightful screaming accents, came fearfully upon Rowland's ear. He could have well believed that he was pursued by some demon, instead of a mortal man, so strange and awful was the tone in which Varley shouted for help, to secure the murderer.

"Help! help!" he cried. "Murder—blood—blood! Hold him! See, he flies—help! Secure the murderer, Rowland Percy, the murderer! A thousand pounds for him, alive or dead! Kill him! Help! help! Murder! murder!"

These cries brought many people from their houses, and quite appalled the few chance passengers who heard them. They could not but think that Bernard Varley was mad, or that the retreating man he pursued was some great criminal indeed. At least a dozen pursuers joined in the chase, and added their shouts to those of Varley.

"Stop him—stop him!" sounded from many throats, and poor innocent Rowland found himself thus fearfully hunted through the streets of London, as if he had been some wild beast of prey that had suddenly made its appearance in the haunts of man.

Flushed, heated, and excited, he rushed on with amazing swiftness he knew not whither. Down one street and up another, heedless of his course, so that he kept a-head of those who would have brought him to death and to despair. A narrow turning now presented itself to his view, which was very steep, but he would not swerve from it, as he had partially turned into it, and with increased speed, from the descent,



he darted on. The place was of a dirty and squalid appearance, inhabited by low brokers, several of whom made a dart at the flying man, and in consequence of his speed, got rolled in the mud for their pains, or shot on one side with a great crash among their furniture and crockery which were exposed for sale.

But if Rowland had the advantage of increased rapidity in descending this thoroughfare he soon found that he had an ascent before him of a steep character. He heard the loud shouts of his pursuers, and each moment he fancied those shouts came plainer to his ear, and that his capture was certain, although he was in reality increasing his distance from them by the tremendous speed with which he ran. Indeed had he known the neighbourhood well, and all its resources of courts and alleys, there is no doubt he would soon have thrown those who were hunting him off the scent, but he was in such knowledge woefully deficient, and the consequence was that in taking a turning he was solely guided by the chance impulse of the moment.

Thus, then, although many saw him pass without attempting his capture, or joining in the chase, they added to the clamour, and eagerly pointed out which way he had gone.

When Rowland reached the summit of the hill he had been compelled to climb, he found a choice of several streets open to him, but being now alive to the danger of being pounced upon and captured, if he passed down a street of shops, he chose the quietest thoroughfare he could see, which happened to be Hatton-garden, and down that he darted at a tremendous rate.

He had got two-thirds of the way towards Holborn before his pursuers arrived at the corner of Hatton-garden, but there they were informed by several officious persons which way the fugitive had gone, and the chase was joined by several constables from the police-office near by, who, hearing the riot and alarm, eagerly took part in the business.

To reach Holborn did not take Rowland many minutes, and then when he saw the steep hill and the wide thoroughfare before him, he thought it would be more prudent to dart across the carriage-way into some obscure street, which might lead him from so very public a place.

This plan he immediately adopted, but it appeared that the clamours of his pursuers in Hatton-garden had reached the ears of the people passing in Holborn, and a little knot of persons had collected to see what was the matter.

None of them attempted to seize Rowland, and he got over the roadway in safety, but the moment he did so, a rush was made from the watch-house close to St. Andrew's church of several constables, who tried to seize him. To escape them he diverged a little from his course and stumbled over the steps of the church.

One man seized him, but Rowland shook him off, and with a feeling of desperation rushed up the steps, and finding the iron gates partially open, he went on, nor stopped till he reached the church-door.

A man was standing just within the porch with a lantern in one hand, and a large key in the other.

"Hilloa!" he said. "Who are you?"

"An innocent man," cried Rowland. "Aid me as you hope for Heaven's mercy."

"Hilloa! hilloa! You are a rogue—come, come, be off."

"Stop him—stop him!" cried dozens of voices. "Seize the murderer—seize him—the murderer!"

"Gracious!" cried the man with the key; "my flesh creeps—they mean you. Here he is—come on—fire! murder! thieves! Here he is—come up. I've doctored him."

With one blow Rowland dashed the lantern from his hand, at the same moment that he wrested the key from him.

"I'm a dead man," cried the beadle, for it was no other than that functionary himself, who had been making some visit to the church in the course of his onerous duties. "I'm a dead man—save my soul."

He then threw himself down on his back and commenced kicking with his feet like a crab newly captured, and reciting the church catechism.

Rowland found the church door unlocked, for when he arrived so suddenly, the beadle had only just emerged, and had been on the point of locking it. In a moment Rowland passed into the sacred edifice, and locked the massive door on the inside.

Oh! how sudden and how great was the transition from the noise and riot of the streets—the glare of the lights and the eager shouts of his pursuers—to the calm and beautiful stillness of the church. In an instant the very atmosphere of that place of holiness appeared to spread a delicious calm over the heart of the poor fugitive. There seemed to reign above, around, and about him, the spirit of gentleness and resignation. The air too was delightfully cool, and as it played sweetly upon the burning brains of the harassed Rowland, he could not help exclaiming,—

"Surely, surely, Heaven, which knows my innocence, has, in its mercy, sent me here for succour and assistance."

The busy hum of the city seemed completely shut out, or came in

such indistinct murmurs as made that deep solitude more strikingly apparent. A dim light came in from the windows, just enabling him, after a few moments, to see the objects around him, and to guide his course down the aisle easily.

He had scarcely any notion of what next could or would happen. How to escape from where he now was, should a search be made through the sacred edifice, he had no idea: and yet he felt a sense of security in that building devoted to God, which only his innocence could impart to him, and from that moment he told himself that come what would—let what apparent evil fortune environ him that night, Heaven would not allow him to suffer the death which it was sought by his erring fellow-creatures to inflict wrongfully upon him.

Impressed with the calm holiness of the place, and grateful for the relief it had afforded him, Rowland opened the little gate leading to the communion table, and there he knelt and offered up a prayer to Heaven—not a prayer of supplication for the future, but a pure and holy acknowledgment of his reliance upon God's mercy and justice—such a prayer as a thinking man may offer to his Creator in his humbleness before the Majesty of power, goodness, and intellect to which he is not arrogant enough to dictate.

The persecuted Rowland rose chastened but happier in spirit, and better prepared for any fate than he had ever been since the commencement of his long career of trouble. As he did so he was astonished by hearing a solemn strain from the organ, which with its sweet sounds filled the whole church with a very atmosphere of melody.

## CHAPTER CLII.

### THE ARREST.—THE MANIC FROM YORK.—THE STORM.

With surprise and admiration, Rowland Percy listened to the strains of music that came from the organ. For a moment a superstitious feeling crossed his mind that surely at such a time it was played by no mortal hand, but full of enthusiasm as was his mind at that moment, he quickly dismissed such a supposition, and scarcely had he done so when he was rudely recalled to the world and its concerns—its hopes and fears—its few joys, and deep distresses, by a violent hammering against the church door, and the confused hum of voices in the porch.

"They come—they come," he said, "and I shall assuredly be taken here. What means have I of escape from this sacred edifice? I am lost—lost."

The music suddenly ceased, and a voice from the organ loft cried loudly,—

"Who is there—who is there? Is that you, Bellamy? For Heaven's sake do not make that uproar. How can I practise here if you keep up that thumping?"

"Open the door—open the door," cried a voice from without.

"What?" cried the organist.

"Rowland Percy, you cannot escape, and may as well yield yourself quietly," added the voice.

"What?" screamed the organist. "Quietly—I was playing very quietly."

Rowland crept as close to the church door as he could. It opened inwards, and should they force the lock, as doubtless they would, he thought there would be just a weak chance of escaping out of the building when, as was probable, his pursuers made a rush into it which would carry them past him. This was a very forlorn hope, but it was his only one, and a drowning man will eagerly snatch even at a straw.

"Surrender yourself," again cried the voice; "open the door, it will be better for you!"

"You can but be hung, old chap," cried another voice, which produced a roar of laughter.

"Well, I never heard such an uproar in all my life," said the organist; and he commenced his descent from his exalted station, in order to inquire into the cause of the increasing tumult.

"Now, Mr. Locksmith," said one outside the door, "see what you can do."

"Stand back, then," replied a man, in rough tones; "why you all press on so I can't get at the lock at all."

"Stand back all of you—don't you know me?—good gracious, am I beadle or ain't I? A pretty upset I've had to be sure. You should have seen how the villain snapped a pistol twice at my head, which, by the special mercy of Providence, did not go off—ah!"

There was a strange rattling in the lock for some seconds, and then the door creaked on its hinges.

"There you are," said the locksmith.

"Seize him! all of you," cried the beadle, as he ran into Holborn, and never stopped till he got to the corner of Field-lane.

As Rowland anticipated, a rush was made into the body of the church; and that rush, too, was the more vehement, because the figure of the organist was just dimly discerned coming slowly up the aisle,



But there were more experienced officers now in pursuit of Rowland than those who went so headlong into the church, and such remained at the door quite satisfied that the prisoner could not escape, and content to take him should he, as they thought highly probable, dodge those within, and attempt to leave the building.

Rowland waited but for an instant. He saw the organist seized, and then he thought himself in possession of a good chance of escape, and he made the rush he had projected.

Alas! 'twas in vain; in an instant he found himself seized by two powerful men, to shake off the hold of whom was a matter of impossibility.

With a deep sigh he surrendered himself to his fate, and made no useless struggle for release. He said but one word, and that was,—  
"Miranda!"

In another moment Bernard Varley pushed his way forward, and, folding his arms across his chest, he stood within three paces of Rowland Percy with such a diabolical expression of exaltation upon his face, that it was terrible to look upon. However, he was smeared with blood and dirt; his apparel torn, and one side of his face, from the punishment Rowland had given him, was frightfully swollen. A more awful-looking object could not be conceived.

His voice was thick and hoarse from the exertion of shouting he had gone through; and, as he spoke, his whole frame quivered with emotion and excitement.

"At last—at last," he cried; "at last hunted down, Rowland Percy!—murderer, and my enemy!—Ha, ha, ha! at last caught. Death! death! Can you escape it now? Dream of the scaffold, and all his frightful paraphernalia, until the reality bursts upon your sight. Die!—die! and carry with you to the grave my curse!"

"Impious, wretched man," replied Rowland. "A thousand deaths, or a thousand scaffolds, to the innocent man, could not make up the sum of the mental tortures which are yours now, which may be yours for all time to come. I am hunted down, Bernard Varley, and yet even now, in this extremity of my fortunes, I can shudder and pity you."

"Well spoken," cried Varley, clapping his hands. "Condemned felon, you pity me! Ha, ha!—'tis well and bravely spoken. Curses on you! When I see your lifeless body swinging in the breeze, I will bring Miranda to look at it; and, as she does so, I will whisper such words of love in her ear as would make your very spirit mad to hear."

"Miserable man," said Rowland, "your every word bespeaks your wretched state."

"Ha, ha, ha! That is good—very good. I will post to York to see you hung, Rowland Percy; and ever afterwards I will hold the day as a gala-day. Rare sport—hunted down at last!—ha, ha, ha!"

His wild laugh rung far and wide, and the officers looked at each other significantly, as if they would have said,—

"He is quite mad, is this fellow—as mad as he can be."

Varley's frightful laugh had not subsided when it was taken up by another voice—a voice of so wild and fearful a character, that even he staggered back a pace or two as it came ringing to his ears so strangely and so suddenly.

The voice came from a poor tattered-looking wretch attired in the coarsest and wretchedest-looking mendicant's garments, who crawled up the step leading to the church, and then leaned back on his knees close by Varley's feet.

One glance was sufficient on the part of the guilty wretch to identify that man as the maniac who at York had so often darkly prophesied the end of Varley's and Twitter's career, and now, again, at that moment when feelings of exultation had found a home in Varley's breast, and he thought the fall of the unhappy Rowland Percy certain, the words rung in his ears of,—

"And yet Bernard Varley will be hanged at York—hanged at York—ha, ha, ha! Come weal, come woe, on all else, Bernard Varley will be hanged at York. The innocent may perish; the beautiful be sacrificed; right may be quenched; wrong triumph for a time—for a time; and at the end of all that Bernard Varley will be hanged at York! Hear it every one of you—he will be hanged at York!"

Varley's surprise—not unmingled with terror, at the sudden appearance of the maniac, prevented him from interrupting this speech; but when it was concluded, and he saw that the eyes of all were bent on him with astonishment, he stamped vehemently, crying,—

"Seize him—seize this man! Am I to hear for ever these evil croakings?—to prison with him."

"On what charge?" said an officer.

"Did you not hear him?—D——! can you ask me what charge? I will have his life!"

"Then you will make yourself amenable to the laws, and his prophecy will be fulfilled, with one exception, namely, that you will be hanged in London instead of York."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the idiot, "he knows it. In the depths of his

own mind he knows it, and that makes him the wretch he is!—well he knows it."

"Wherefore do you turn against me?" said Varley to the officer.

"You have spoken to the prisoner as no man ought to speak to prisoner. If he is Rowland Percy he will be hung, and that's quite enough, especially as there are two opinions about his guilt in London without the aggravation of your taunting him in the manner you have done."

"Dare you —?"

"Ay, dare I. You are either drunk or mad. If you don't come at once and identify the prisoner, I shall let him go."

"On your life you dare not; but I do much demean myself by holding words with such as you are. Lead on; I am prepared to identify that man as Rowland Percy, the escaped convicted murderer, from York."

The officer kept a firm hold of Rowland Percy, for, notwithstanding all he had said in his indignation with Varley, for the manner in which he had addressed Rowland, he had not the slightest notion of letting him go, and the whole party repaired to the watch-house close to the church, where Varley gave charge of Rowland, declaring him to be the same Percy who had escaped from York on the eve of his execution and for whose apprehension such unprecedentedly heavy rewards had been offered from time to time, and so much trouble taken.

"Do you admit the identity?" said the constable on duty to Rowland.

"I do," was the brief reply.

"Then," he added, "I certainly decline keeping such a customer here. I shall send you at once to Newgate for security."

"And I will make one of his escort," remarked Varley.

"And I one of yours," said the maniac, who had crept into the watch-house unobserved.

Varley muttered a curse, and strode to the door. There he waited again, for a dense crowd was assembled, which, to his surprise, salute him with a hoot that rent the very air.

He drew back into the watch-house, and said,—

"You will do well to keep your prisoner here; for without is a mob formed, to all appearance, of the worst of characters."

A peal of thunder at this moment appeared to shake the very heavens, and the bad weather of the evening seemed to be resolved upon ending in a terrific storm.

The guardian of this abode of disorderlies involuntarily paused, and listened to the riot of the heavens, which he seemed to consider as matter that could not be put down by police interference.

Indeed, a sharp and serious contention of elements took place; the rain rattled down heavily, soon clearing the streets of all stray passers who cared for a wetting, and in the minds of Bernard Varley and the keeper of the watch-house it would speedily disperse the mob on the outside.

In this, however, they were disappointed, for the mob did not disperse so rapidly as they anticipated, but still it did slowly diminish in numbers.

The thunder became louder and louder, and more frequent peal overhead, with such horrible crashing and cracking sounds, that he seldom been heard, while these terrible indications of the strife were preceded by many a broad and vivid flash of lightning that displayed each object with fearful distinctness.

Not a steeple, not a chimney, not an eminence of any kind, within the sphere of vision from that spot, but what became as distinctly visible as if it had been broad day, while the falling rain came down in gushing torrents, that soon filled the channels, and rushing down Holborn-hill with great fury, soon filled the hole that used to exist, if formed on purpose, by the end of Shoe-lane, with water. The hill appeared as if it had been well washed.

The high wind, which appeared to come with the storm, seemed to have the effect of carrying it off again, for a general subsidence of the angry elements to something like peace and repose soon took place. The wind soon after subsided to a gentle zephyr, the clouds cleared off, and the rain ceased. No traces in the heavens remained of the storm or on earth, save the whitened streets, told a tale that they had been so thoroughly cleansed as to render human labour needless.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

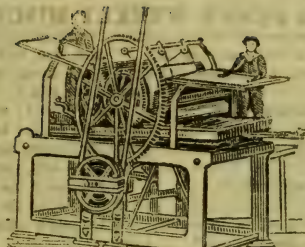
All communications addressed to the Editor (post paid), will meet with immediate attention.

GERALDINE ST. MARK.—We are afraid too many of our readers have read "The Mysteries of Udolpho" to be able to peruse this tale with any thing like interest. Declined.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

## ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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### OSCAR AND ANNETTE; OR, THE WOLF OF BADEN.

It was a calm, moonlight night, when the heir of Baden, enveloped in his ample cloak, stepped cautiously from a wicket-gate in the massive walls of his father's castle.

With seeming care he paced along beneath the shadow of the lofty towers, and then suddenly entered a by-path, which led through an adjacent wood.

Having proceeded about twenty minutes' walk, he suddenly stopped within sight of a small cottage, and struck the trunk of an old oak three times with the scabbard of his sword.

At the sound, the door of the cottage was stealthily opened, and a maiden of gentle mien approached the heir of Baden, who seemed impatient for her approach.

As the castle clock struck the hour of twelve, the sound reverberated upon the midnight air, causing the gentle Annette to tremble violently; but new courage came to her aid, as she was folded in the arms of the youthful Oscar.

"Ah, my pretty Annette," said the latter, "how delighted I am to see you—the stars even hide their heads at your approach."

"Our joy is mutual, dear Oscar," replied Annette; "but the air is cool—think you not so?"

"I think it is very fine, Annette; but come beneath the folds of my cloak, it will protect you from the air."

"Thank you, Oscar—a thousand thanks for your attention—you are always kind."

"And who would not be so to so much beauty and gentleness?"

"Why, Oscar, do you always praise me so?" asked Annette. "My parents say those who flatter are always deceitful."

"Surely, Annette, you do not think me so?"

"Not for the world, dear Oscar. I cannot think you false."

"Your parents are old, Annette," replied Oscar, "and have their prejudices."

"But they love their child."

"No doubt, Annette; all parents love their offspring; but they have an excess of caution we can well excuse."

"Do you think so, Oscar?"

"Ay, do I, my pretty Annette. Do you imagine, if I were to listen to all the wise saws of my father, the count, and the sapient tutor he has chosen for me, I should be the delight of all the girls around?"

"I really do not know, dear Oscar; but I feel assured my parents wish me no harm."

"And who would, Annette? Are you not the boast of the whole village? and do not the girls all envy you?"

"To my sorrow, they do, Oscar."

"To your sorrow, Annette?—why, it ought to be your pride."

"And, wherefore, Oscar, ought I to find pleasure in giving pain?"

Oscar was silent—he had never learned generosity, therefore, could not fully comprehend the question. He, therefore, turned the conversation.

"Annette," said he, "how delightful it is thus to walk with you beneath the canopy of Heaven, at this silent hour."

"It is very quiet indeed, Oscar; the softness of the scene enters my soul; but I tremble still with cold."

"Tis very strange, Annette."

"Not so very strange, dear Oscar, when I consider, at this very hour, I am doing wrong."

"Can Annette do wrong?"

"Yes, Oscar; am I not doing wrong in meeting you clandestinely?"

"I hardly know, Annette."

"Think you, Oscar, my parents would sanction it?"

"Perhaps not."

"It, then, is very certain I am disobedient."

"Annette!—dear Annette! think not so severely of yourself; if all did thus, a tale of love would ne'er be told beneath the silent moon."

"True, Oscar; but —"

"Why distress yourself, Annette?"

"I fear the time when you may leave me, Oscar."

"You still, then, think me false."

"No—no, dear Oscar; but some unforeseen event may tear you from me."

"Impossible, Annette! I vow, by the whole angelic host, nothing can separate my love from yours."

"But still I fear —"

"What on earth can you wish for more, Annette?"

"Have I not cause to fear, dear Oscar. If married to you, should I have the sanction of my parents? You know you have promised me."

"Yes—yes—I have—a hem! But, Annette, do you think your friends are insensible to the power of wealth?"

"My father is honest, Oscar."

"Ay, and poor."

"You say right, Oscar; but —"

"What opposition could he make to your wedding with a lord? Am I not heir to a vast estate and noble castle?"

"You are, dear Oscar; but methinks I would sooner have you poor. I would sooner meet you alone in this wood, than in your father's halls. I am frightened at the serving men; they speak more loud, and dress more bravely than yourself."

"The varlets," muttered Oscar; "they bluster and swagger, puffed up with insolence of office. They think their master's wealth confers a dignity on them."

"And when surrounded by them, Oscar, it would seem I could not know you there."

"But you shall be their mistress, Annette."

"You tell me so; but still I dread it, Oscar."

"Woe be to the catfiff wretch that would dare to presume upon your loveliness—'twould be better for him if he had ne'er been born."

"Speak not thus harshly, Oscar dear," said Annette; "you make me fearful."

"Fear not, Annette; while Oscar is near you, you need not fear. I vow, in the face of Heaven, to ever love and cherish you, and only wait the day that I can call you mine."

Annette fondly pressed his arms, and spoke the eloquence of her love in silence, while a tear stood tremulous beneath her lash, and glistened in the moonbeam, which Oscar kissed away, as he pressed her to his side.

"Hark!" cried Annette, suddenly, "what noise was that?"

"I heard it not, sweet charmer," cried Oscar, clapping his hand involuntarily upon his sword.

"Tis there again," rejoined Annette, who trembled from head to foot.

"I hear it now," replied her lover. "It is the growl of a hungry wolf."

"Oscar, save me—save me," cried the timid girl, clinging closely to his arm.

At this instant a large she wolf, with the body of a mangled lamb, rushed in the direction they were standing. Oscar drew his weapon to defend the timid girl; but without noticing them the wolf pursued its course to the wood.



"Cheer up, Annette," said Oscar, "the danger is now past—cheer up." He then kissed her pallid cheek, which assumed a deathly hue in the clear calm light of the silver moon.

"But the wolf—the wolf," said Annette, in a tremulous voice.

"Is gone, my love."

"No—no, Oscar; too truly do I see him now. There—there."

"He is gone, my love."

"No, I see him at it; or is it only a delusion of my brain?"

"A fancy, only."

"Oh, Oscar, it was a fearful omen; it bodes no good to me—me thinks I yet see the slaughtered lamb within its murderous jaws."

"'Tis natural, Annette; wolves eat lamb to satisfy their appetites."

"Ay—ay," replied Annette, with a tearful eye; "'tis natural—wolves eat lambs—my Oscar would not prove thus cruel?"

"Annette—Annette," said Oscar, "this scene has hurt your feelings: let me lead you to your cottage door."

"Yes—yes," sobbed Annette; "I feel I have done wrong. That wolf—that wolf!"

"I will lead you gently home. Your parents are yet asleep, and will not mark your absence."

"Soundly they sleep in innocence, Oscar; but their wretched Annette will weep upon her pillow. They now think me safe beneath their roof—they are deceived."

"Cease—cease, my angel, to complain; your conduct is not so wrong."

"It is, Oh, yes, it is. I dare not stay alone—the great being—"

"I will wait a while, and see you better, Annette," replied her lover.

"But you see not the wolf, dear Oscar; you see not the wolf."

"Poor thing," replied the heir of Baden; "how her mind runs upon that wolf; would she had not seen it!"

They had now reached the cottage door; Annette, followed by the youth, entered stealthily, and as the moonbeams straggled into the small apartment, they fell upon a scene of confiding love. Annette

was lost in the arms of her lover, and he, in the arms of his bride.

Nine months "had filled their horns" when the natal day of the heir of Baden had arrived; he was now of age—a hundred, cannon from the castle's towers proclaimed the fact to the country round—huge dragons of the best were borne to the guests in the lofty halls, while minstrels tuned their harps to the praise of the house of Baden.

To the right of the youthful Oscar sat a high bred lady. Her hair fell in glossy ringlets from her snowy brow, while a feather, drooping from a diamond tiara, touched her shoulder. She was the bride of Oscar. She had brought him a princely dower, and knowing that, carried herself with a lofty bearing.

Oscar lavished on her the most honeyed accents. All seemed anxious to win her smile. The bearers filled high the cups, while the seneschal gave as a toast—

"Long live the bride."

The trumpets now sounded, and a burst of cannon shook the castle to its foundations, while the harpers lauded her beauty to the skies.

While this was passing in the halls of Baden castle, the storm raged fearfully without—the wind drove the rain with fearful violence against the dark and frowning turrets—the trees of the adjacent forest waved to and fro with a mighty sound, while many of the largest lay upturned by the power of the blast—the wolves howled in fearful concert through the glens as each peal of thunder, louder than the last, seemed about to rend the very earth.

In the midst of this desolation, a delicate form sat crouched beneath the wicket, in the massive wall through which the heir of Baden had crept so stealthily to meet Annette on the moonlight night—that female was Annette, the poor disgraced Annette; she pressed to her heaving bosom a lovely babe, which, by its infant smiles, tried to beguile the sorrow of the deserted and weeping mother.

Still the fury of the storm did not abate; closer and closer the frantic mother pressed her infant to shield it from the blast, while at every fresh burst of the tempest, and howl of the raging wolves, she trembled from head to foot with cold and fear.

"Oh, my beloved and beautiful boy," she cried, as she bent her body over him, "would I had never listened to the false deceiver; but the omen was too true. Yes—yes, I now remember well how the ravenous beast tortured the unoffending lamb—it never has left my sight—oh, my son, my child, little did I think the noble Oscar would have rejected the cruel part he has. Oh, my parents, how is your child degraded!"

While the unhappy mother thus bewailed her fate, a man-at-arms opened the wicket gate, having been attracted by her wailing.

"What dost thou want, here, woman?" he demanded, in a rough tone.

"Thrust me not away," cried Annette; "here I would end my wretched life."

"But you cannot not stay here. Knowest thou not that it is the castle of the Count of Baden?"

"Too well I know it."

"And, also, that to-day is a day of joy; the birth-day of Lord Oscar."

"Ay, I know it all, and that he has brought a bride; but I fain would see him."

"Eh; indeed; think ye his lordship has nought better to do than to leave the festive hall for thee?"

"Say that my name is Annette; I will not trespass on his time."

"Nay—nay, you can't stay here, off—off!"

"Nay, send me not away."

"Off," cried the soldier, and pushed her with his pike.

"In pity's sake hear me. Mercy—mercy! Send me not thus away!"

The soldier, moved with pity, sought the hall where Oscar sat in state with his lady bride.

"My lord," began the former, "a wretched woman craves an audience."

"Her name?" demanded Oscar.

"My lord, I know it not. She bears an infant at her breast."

"Knave!" cried Oscar, "how darest thou leave thy post to bear a beggar's message?"

"Her story moved me, my lord."

"Know you aught of her, Oscar?" demanded the Count of Baden.

"My lord, she is a total stranger."

"Then admit her," cried the count; "if her tale be false, she shall repent her rashness."

In a few minutes the wretched and outcast Annette stood "among the glittering throng." The brilliancy of the scene bewildered her, and when she cast her eye on Oscar, arrayed in gorgeous robes, with the Lady Bertha at his side, she fainted.

"Give her wine," cried the count.

The seneschal put a goblet of wine to the lips of Annette, who in a short time recovered.

"What wouldst thou with my son?" cried the count; "dost crave justice at his hands?"

"Not for myself, my lord, but for this infant," said Annette, bowing low her head.

"But why dost thou bring it here?"

"It calls thy son by the name of parent."

"Ha!" said the bride.

"'Tis false as hell," cried Oscar.

"Then you know her not, my son?" said the count.

"As the God of Heaven is just, my honoured parent, she is a vile impostor!"

"Woman!" said the count, in anger, "dost hear what the Lord Oscar says?"

"I hear what he now says. Would to Heaven I had never heard his voice. He is a false and heartless traitor; more cruel than the wolf that tore the harmless lamb; but 'tis his nature, wolves devour lambs."

"Hence with her!" cried Oscar, "insulting wretch that she is. She thinks to move you, my lord, by a tale of misery."

"And, failing that, becomes abusive," said the bride.

"Even so, my Bertha," replied Oscar; "thinkest thou I would be thus guilty?"

"I am sure thou wouldst not, my lord; but let the minstrels be called to chase away the gloom cast over our gaiety by this intrusion."

The minstrels were then summoned, while the unfortunate Annette was hurried from the festive scene, and thrust into the cold and dreary scene which desolated all without.

Many years had now rolled by, and the child of Annette was a strong and powerful youth. He entered the army at an early age, and had now leave of absence to visit his mother, the once lovely Annette, but now an aged woman—more so by care than years.

The night was dark and stormy when the young Wolfe (she had christened him Wolfe) arrived at her lonely hut. From time to time he had sent the scanty pay he had received to her, and he now came to lay the little he had at her disposal.

"My dear mother," said he, as he laid the small store upon the table, "would to Heaven it were thousands for your sake."

"I believe you, my son," replied Annette. "I know your affectionate breast."

"If money, dear parent, can alleviate the sorrow which consumes you, it shall be yours."

"Never, my son, will gold give peace to this aching heart."

"But tell me, mother, wherefore art thou still so sad? Thou hast spent years of misery; is it not in the power of time to alleviate your sorrow?"

"Ah! Wolfe, my child, little dost thou know the canker of a blighted affection—never mayest thou know it."

"Once, dear mother, thou promised to tell me the history of your life. Why was I called Wolfe—why do I find you here a lonely woman, bereft of tie or kindred—why do I seem fitted for a higher destiny than I have been hitherto accustomed to?"



"I will now tell thee, my son."  
 "Do so, good mother."  
 "First, then, thou art the son of Oscar, the present Count of Baden."  
 "Do I hear aright, dear mother?"  
 "Too truly dost thou hear, my son. He first led me from the path of duty; he it was who refused to listen to my woe, and he it was who spurned me from his hall."  
 "And dearly shall he rue it."  
 "He swore to love and cherish me while life remained. He won my young heart, and then left it a prey to grief and anguish."  
 "And I will be revenged!"  
 "Remember, Wolfe, he is your parent."  
 "Has he not relinquished all right and title to the name; did he not leave you to perish, a houseless wanderer?"  
 "Alas! it is too true."  
 "Then I will redress your wrongs, and ere the grave covers your care-worn head, you shall sit where now he sits. He shall acknowledge me as his lawful son, or—"  
 "Speak not rashly, my child."  
 "Is not my name Wolfe? Shall I be less daring than the name implies, especially when a mother cries for vengeance? Whose arm will redress your wrongs but mine?"  
 "Thou wilt but bring destruction on thyself and me."  
 "Fear not, dear mother. Twice already has the emperor rewarded me for fearless acts of courage in the camp. Shall I then quail before the man to whom I am allied by blood? Besides, he prospers not at court; his haughty pride has already rendered him a marked man; it remains but for me to put the finishing stroke to his overthrow."  
 "You surely would not injure him?"  
 "Mother, he spurned not you or I. I should but regain my rights."  
 "I loved him, Wolfe—Heaven knows how tenderly I loved him."  
 "And he betrayed that love?"  
 "Alas! he did, my son—my tale of sorrow too truly proves it."  
 "He is a coward and a murderer!—his life is worthless."  
 "Nay—nay, Wolfe; I entreat you not to injure him."  
 "I will make no promise, mother. It is the nature of the wolf to ravage."

Months had again rolled on, and the haughty Count of Baden had taken up arms against his sovereign. Wolfe also had risen to command, and led the expedition against the castle.

Now was heard the thunder of the war; the cannon, which before had sounded for the bridal day, now sent from the walls whole showers of shot, breathing fire and destruction to all around.

Now this enemy had scaled the walls, led on by Wolfe. The defenders of the castle are all slain, and the Count Oscar, alone in all his grandeur, stands breathing impotent commands to those who cannot hear.

Wolfe now confronts him; their swords glance brightly in the mid-day sun as they strike and ward off each other's blows, causing the hail to echo with their sound.

At length the count fell beneath the power of his antagonist, and as the latter placed his foot upon the breast of the former, and held his weapon to his throat, he exclaimed,—

"I am the child thou spurned from thy hall with its wretched mother. I am the son of Annette, and avenge her wrongs!"

Fear choked the utterance of the Count Oscar. His career was finished, for the avenger had pinned him to the earth with his weapon's point.

As a reward for his service, Wolfe received the lands and castle for an inheritance from the hand of his sovereign; and the outcast Annette sat, as her son had promised, upon the seat once occupied by the bride of Baden; but she never ceased to lament the cruelty and death of Oscar.

## A LEGEND.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,  
 Then shrieked the wind, and stood still the brave.—BYRON.

A **NOVEMBER'S** morning dawned with all the genial grace that belongs to the glowing month of May. The silvery mist which encircled the yet verdant hills with a nocturnal robe, was having its folds gradually loosened by the beams of the rising sun, which also seemed to add the lustre of precious stones—as plectra gems the mortal eye—to the drops of dew that hung upon the shrubs and blades of grass which bedeck the banks of the beautiful river Exe.

A few inhabitants of the delightful village of Lympston might have been observed following their various avocations on different parts of the strand.

Among the rest, two fishermen were employed preparing their boat for a sail beyond the bar of Exmouth. Soon all being completed, they loosened their sails, and wafted by the fair wind and assisting tide, we were in a brief space lost to the eyes that attempted to follow them in their career.

The day remained fine, and the friends of the departed looked forward to the "good luck" which they hoped the light breeze and smooth water would bring to their husbands, their fathers, their sons, and their brothers. But, alas! how often are our hopes blighted—our desires consumed! Can it be that our Creator delights in torturing the works of his hands? Can he derive a pleasure from his children's pains? Certain it is that he raises hope in our bosoms—certain it is that he blights that hope. Worm that I am, let me not pretend to censure the deeds of my Judge! Let not my film-covered eyes attempt to translate his all-wise decrees!

The momentary glitter of the last beam which the setting sun shot forth, seemed to be a signal for the powers of tempest to employ their sweeping legions and roaring artillery; while their allies, the heavy, rolling, heaven-born thunder, and the vivid flashes of celestial fire, anon appeared to lead the van, follow in the rear, or dart away on the wings of the contending elements.

Three anxious hours had at length dragged heavily on without the tempest's fury being in the least abated; during which period many a troubled eye had attempted to pierce the dense darkness in hopes of discovering the approaching boat; as well might they have tried to see through the walls of China, or read the intentions of fatality. Although they were at times assisted by the lucid lightning, yet it no more revealed the sought for object than the bright glances of a woman's eye discovers sufficiently her heart, to explain whether what she shows be an affected love or a sincere affection.

While agonising suspense was thus ranking in the breasts of the watchers, the words "Boat a-hoy! boat a-hoy! boat a-hoy!" were distinctly heard in a tone above the rushing blast and roaring water, and immediately followed by a noise like water gurgling in the throat of a man.

It seemed from the sound of the voice at the first hail, that the speaker or rather speakers—for the voice was too loud for one—were about a quarter across the river (at that part a mile in width), the second time much nearer, and the third hail sounded as if they were almost close to the water's margin.

Several boats were instantly launched, and rowed in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, minutely searching for something to certify if that indeed were true, which "their hearts believed not, yet foretold."

The wind had retired to its adamantine caverns, the thunder and lightning betaken themselves to repose, and the darkness of night given place to the misty grey of morning, when the boatmen returned from their search, having for their sole reward a part of a boat's stern, bearing the words "Unity, Lympston," the name of the ill-fated skiff, that such a few hours before had so gloriously tilted from the strand.

Month after month was chased by ruthless time to that profound grave where their ancestors lay interred; but on the evening which completed the three hundred and sixty-fifth revolving day from the described catastrophe, while the elements were in as fearful a chaos, and the whole face of nature wore as troubled an aspect, the words "Boat a-hoy! boat a-hoy! boat a-hoy!" were again as distinctly heard, and followed in like manner by the gurgling noise, "like some strong swimmer in his agony."

For seven successive winters the village of Lympston was disturbed by a similar tempest, while the same voices as constantly called for help; but when the above-mentioned number of years had followed their predecessors to the depths of oblivion, the November's evening, which had so long made its annual appearance, dressed in the garments of woe, and armed with the arms of superhuman terror, then came forth, arrayed like a bride from her wedding.

The sweeping tempest exchanged for a scarce felt zephyr, the foamy river for a musically gliding stream, whose unruddled surface was begemmed with beams from a thousand stars, the uncertain flashes of fearful lightning for the gay and steady rays of a crescent formed moon, the heavy rolling of discordant thunder for the sweet warbling of a love-sick nightingale, occasionally broken by the monotonous whistle of a wild cutlew, and the "Boat a-hoy" for silence.

**JANUARY 18th, 1522.**—Whereas, gentlemen and gentlewomen, in walking the streets in dirty slabby weather, very frequently incommode their stockings and petticoats by the filth and nastiness thereof. There is a person who gives daily attendance, from nine to three in the afternoon, at the Hercules, in Nag's-head-court, in Bartholomew lane, behind the Royal Exchange, to instruct how all persons may walk the streets without dirtying themselves in the worst or dirtiest weather.



## EMILY; OR, THE ESCAPE.

MANY years ago, there lived at Paris, two sisters; the one was a spinster, and the other was a widow, with an only daughter. Their history was singular in the extreme.

Marianne, the eldest, was a spinster, and Constance, the youngest, was a widow, as we have said. Born of good parentage, and in affluent circumstances, they were, unexpectedly, left to their own guidance, their mother having died in childhood, while they were but young, and their father followed in a few months after.

Being thus left to themselves, and no one being named as guardians, no one in particular liked to volunteer for the office; consequently, they took lodgings, and lived by themselves. There was a good available property left them, upon the interest of which they could live in ease and elegance.

Here they became acquainted with a young lady of the name of Guizot. This was their only intimate connection. She used often to visit the sisters, and they her. This young lady had a brother, of the name of Pierre Guizot. During one of the visits that the sisters were in the habit of paying, he chanced to see them, and Constance became sensible of the merits of the young officer.

Pierre, when the sisters had gone, inquired who they were, and upon being informed, determined to see them again, and requested that his sister would introduce him; the first time she went to them, he would like to accompany her. This she promised, and the next day they both went to the lodgings of the two sisters.

The second interview confirmed the impressions that arose in his mind at the first. He thenceforward became the suitor of Constance, and in due course they were married, and spent the three first years in perfect bliss. The fourth year her husband was ordered out on an expedition against some brigands. He was, unfortunately for himself, the only man that fell, having been shot through the head by one of the robbers.

It was a trying scene for the young wife to see her husband brought home a corpse. This caused her to fall on a bed of sickness, from which she did not rise for some months, and when she did, she arose with the seeds of the disorder that eventually carried her to her grave.

After near four years' ill-health she died, leaving an only daughter, of not more than five years of age. After her marriage with her husband, she left her sister, but when he was killed, she again returned to her former mode of living with her, for whom she showed great affection, and on her death-bed sent for her.

"My dear sister," she said to her, "I have sent to you to see you again before I die."

"Do not speak thus of dying, dear Constance, but of living."

"No, no; I am not long for this world."

"Oh, you must live, were it but for the sake of your Emily, whom you love so well."

"Ah, that's what grieves me."

"Grieves you?"

"Yes."

"Let nothing grieve you; why should she grieve you, sister, tell me?"

"Because I feel that I must leave her, and at a time when she will most need a mother's tender attention."

"I will be a mother to her," replied her sister, "should such a sad event happen."

"It will."

"I hope not."

"Your hope is vain."

"Well, I will do all that can be wished by her; she shall be a daughter to me, and I will be a mother to her."

"Thank you, sister; I expected no less from you. But pray be kind to her."

"I will, Constance."

"And watch over her tender years with a mother's indulgence."

"I will, I promise."

"Well, then, I will tell you, I have made you her guardian, and you will have absolute power over her. Her happiness will be in your keeping. Oh, take care it be not marred."

"She shall be a daughter to me, and I a mother to her," replied her sister.

"Thank you, sister, thank you. I doubt you not; but you know not the pangs I feel in these, my dying moments, on account of my poor child; forgive me, sister, but I cannot help it."

"Make your mind easy on her account; I will act as if she were my own."

Resting easy upon her sister's repeated assurances, she became calm, and two days after this she breathed her last.

Marianne for some years performed her sister's dying request, with the utmost punctuality, and was, indeed, a second mother. She had

her carefully educated under her own eye, and was more careful in guarding her from any unforeseen evils than perhaps her mother, had she lived, would have thought at all necessary.

Emily was now verging upon fifteen; she was as beautiful as the morn, modest and sensible, and extremely well educated and accomplished. She was the sole companion of her aunt, who now thought it her duty to go a little more among the fashionable world than she was used to, for the sake of her niece and charge.

Before she did this, she thought that it was incumbent upon her to give her niece a little sage advice upon her entry into life, as she termed it, and counsel her not to be intoxicated with the charms of gaiety and dissipation.

For this purpose she called her niece to her, and began by recounting what had passed at the death-bed of her mother, and related her own promises, and ended with inquiring of her if she considered that she had kept her promise.

"Certainly, my dear aunt; not to the letter only, but in the very spirit which my poor mother could wish at her death."

"I know it, Emily, but I liked to hear your own opinion of what I had done."

"Surely, madam, that was unnecessary. My present happy condition ought to have been a sufficient proof of what you wished."

"Never mind; what I wish now, is to ask you if you do not think me capable of advising and directing you still further?"

"Yes, aunt," said Emily, greatly bewildered at this conversation, the object of which she could not at present perceive.

"Well, then, I am about to introduce you to society, and am anxious that you should not fall into the snares so plentifully strewn in the paths of beautiful, rich, and inexperienced females. Your beauty alone will tempt the man to whom wealth is not an object; your wealth will tempt those who have no other object, and your artless simplicity they will make the means of accomplishing their vile purposes."

"But, my dear aunt, why take me among such people, whose sole object is crime? I shall be much happier here with you; indeed, I shall tremble to see any place that may contain such bad characters, and I can feel but little pleasure, except in retirement, like that we live in now."

"No, my dear niece, you are not to suppose that every one whom you may meet is of this character; but as you cannot tell their motives, nor distinguish, at first, who may be good or who bad, it behoves you to be exceedingly circumspect."

"Well, aunt, I will do just as you please; else I would as soon confine myself to your society, as run all these fearful risks."

"Ah! my dear Emily, you hardly know what you say; when you have been once out in the gaieties of fashionable life, you will think and argue far differently."

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"I think you are mistaken, for once."

"No, no, child. Inexperienced as I am in the ways of the world, I can safely predict it will be so. You know not of what you speak."

Here the conversation ended, and Emily was busy, in imagination, in counting upon the fine sights, dresses, and balls, she should shortly have the opportunity of mixing with. She felt ashamed that these things should have occupied so much of her thoughts, and felt half angry with herself at the recollection of her good aunt's prediction, and her assertion that she was not aware of what she was talking.

The time arrived when Emily was to be presented at a ball—her first ball. Her heart beat quickly, and she felt sick with anxiety and expectation. She looked at her aunt as she entered the room, and could scarcely believe her eyes.

Marianne was dressed for the ball too; she looked young and beautiful. That she was beautiful was no new discovery; she knew that; but she had been in the habit of dressing so plain and matronly, that gave her the appearance of a greater age than she really could boast of.

Emily's mother had been married when she was seventeen, and would, now Emily was fifteen, have been four-and-thirty; and there was but a year, or a little more, between the two sisters. Her aunt Marianne did not appear more than twenty-five or twenty-six at the most.

She expressed her surprise and admiration in such terms of unaffected amazement and rapture, that her aunt could not feel otherwise than much flattered and pleased. She smiled, shook her head, and condescendingly smiled again.

We will not follow them through the evening, but merely content ourselves with saying that they enjoyed the change, and were much admired; and next morning they sat at their breakfast with languid looks and diminished appetites. But their spirits were not hurt, and with a gaiety natural to the light-hearted, conversed of the preceding evening, and of the next but one, on which they were engaged to go to the house of a lady of quality.



"Did I not tell you, Emily, that it was a very different scene to what you could, by any possibility, imagine it to be?"

"Indeed you did."

"What is your opinion of it?"

"It was really charming."

"Would you like to go to another?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You don't think of confining yourself to our little circle now?"

"If it is your will, I will do so; but I must say, that having just tasted of the cup of happiness, or, I should say, bliss, I do not admire its being taken unceremoniously from my lips."

"That's candid, and what I expected of you; but you will go with me to-morrow night, I imagine, as it will be a more brilliant affair?"

"Oh, if you please."

The conversation now took another turn, and they finished their meal. The promised ball took place; Emily and her aunt were present, and on this occasion the aunt, without any such intention, made the first conquest.

The Marquis la Riviere was much stricken with Marianne's appearance, and perceiving that she was unaccompanied by any male, he offered his services the whole evening. These attentions were at first received by the aunt as the effect of mere politeness, and nothing more; but the marquis's particular attentions were too observable, and she knew not how to escape from his presence.

She could not help feeling much flattered by these attentions; nay, more, it was obvious to every one that these attentions were not idle parade. At the close of the ball he insisted on seeing them home safely. This accomplished, after begging permission to call next morning, he wished them good evening, and they both retired to rest.

The aunt could not sleep, fatigued as she was, for thinking upon the change that appeared in her fortune. She had almost laid herself by as an old maid, but upon her very first *entree* into dissipated life, a marquis was anxious to cast himself at her feet. She thought of this, and then came the consideration, that if he proposed, should she accept him,—she, who had entered into those gay scenes for the sole purpose of benefiting her niece. Well, she had done so; but would her own love militate against that? No; rather beneficial than otherwise, as her connexion with a man of such rank and title, would increase her power of benefiting Emily.

She, at length, wearied by considering these matters in their various bearings and relationship to herself and others, fell into a troubled slumber, during which her fancy roved over all that was beautiful and gorgeous. Indeed, a mimic array, such as may be seen in the Arabian Nights, of all that was splendid, flitted before her disordered and bewildered senses.

At the usual hour she appeared at the breakfast-table, where her niece was before her. After the usual salutations, the niece said to her aunt,—

"What is your opinion of your conquest?"

"My conquest?"

"Yes."

"Whom do you mean, Emily?"

"The Marquis la Riviere. Surely you cannot forget his attentions to you. Every one remarked them, and said the marquis was smitten."

"Indeed, the marquis put me to the blush more than once, and I seriously felt annoyed."

"Oh, aunt, he is a very nice man; and, besides, he was evidently sincere in his attachment."

"Attachment do you call it?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Because it is too short-lived."

"Not short-lived, for it has but just began to exist; and I dare say he will not forget his promise that he made to you."

"What was that?"

"Of calling to see you this morning."

"Oh, yes, I dare say he will do so; politeness demands that he should do so."

"True; but every one noticed his attentions."

"That's what vexed me most. I was made an exhibition of. Did you hear anything respecting the marquis, as to who or what he is?"

"Yes, I heard a little."

"What was it? I am anxious to know."

"That he was a very rich nobleman, living on the borders of the Pyrenees."

"Are his estates considerable?"

"I believe so."

"Was he ever married?"

"They said not."

"Indeed!"

"Quite a bachelor."

At this moment the servant entered and said,—

"The Marquis la Riviere, madam."

"Show him in."

The marquis immediately after entered, and bowing to the ladies, seated himself. Having satisfied himself that they were both well, he proceeded to inquire how they enjoyed the evening's festivity.

"Very much, indeed, Monsieur le Marquis," said Emily.

"And Madam Marianne?"

"Yes, sir; I was much pleased with the entertainment, I assure you."

Two hours flew by in pleasing conversation, and the marquis departed.

Three weeks had hardly elapsed, when, one morning at breakfast, Marianne was very taciturn and melancholy, which Emily observing, said,—

"What makes you so sad this morning? Has not the marquis seen you?"

"Oh, yes; I saw him last night."

"Last night?"

"Yes—while you were at the assembly."

"Indeed! No love quarrel, I hope?"

"Oh, no; quite the reverse."

"Then what makes you so melancholy?"

"I hardly know."

"Has he proposed yet?"

"He has."

"Do you accept him?"

"I hardly know what to say."

"Shall I advise you?"

"Yes."

"Take him."

"Why?"

"Because he is a handsome man, apparently an amiable one, and, by report, a rich one, which form very strong presumptions in his favour."

"Suppose I did, what would you say to me, who only entered those scenes for your benefit, and without a thought of this kind?"

"Say, why, that you have got a reward for your disinterested goodness."

"A reward in what?"

"A good husband."

"Well, I have accepted him."

"Have you?"

"Yes, but I wished your candid opinion, and resolved to hear what you would say."

"Well, I am happy; when is the ceremony to take place, then?"

"In a month."

"That is a long day."

"You would not say so if it were yours."

"I know not; but will you remain in Paris or go to his castle?"

"Go to his estates immediately."

"Have you thought how will you dispose of me when you go?"

"You will come with me, I hope."

"If you desire it."

"Certainly; I shall be amongst those who are entire strangers, and your presence would be a relief and a support to me."

"In that case, my dear aunt, I am sure I will do it with pleasure."

"In the meantime I wish to make all inquiries about the marquis that I can, and I beg that you will assist me in this."

"I think it unnecessary, for, as far as I have heard, I think his character and property are without any blot—he is what he represents himself."

"You think so?"

"I do."

"Then we will devote the remaining time to pleasure, and then for the south of France."

"Amen, my dear aunt."

Thus they passed their time, until the morning that was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, which were solemnized with great splendour. After this they immediately set out for the marquis's estates.

Emily, of course, accompanied her aunt and the marquis. When they arrived at the castle, they found it to be most romantically situated, and almost inaccessible. The place was of great strength and antiquity. Here the marquis was received with every demonstration of joy and respect. Marianne was overjoyed, and surveyed the scene with great complacency and satisfaction.

They entered the castle and were conducted through its capacious halls and apartments, which were somewhat gloomy and intricate, from the number and the nature of the buildings. Here they rested in peace and happiness for some time, until the demon of jealousy took possession of the marchioness's soul, and gave her no rest.

She thought the marquis did not pay her that attention that he ought, and that she was visibly neglected. She knew that her niece was young and beautiful, but it was long before she entertained any idea that she



was in the least degree culpable, or the object of the marquis's secret attention.

She became unhappy and melancholy. The marquis questioned her about it, but she at once swept him slightly and with ill-humour. This made the thing worse, and to crown the whole, she treated her niece harshly and unjustly. She, of course, could make no complaint, but as far as possible withdrew to her own room.

Emily's room was at the end of a long gallery, in which were other rooms and passages, that led no one knew whither. The marchioness had several times seen the marquis come down this gallery, and she knew not from what room he had emerged; but it was from the end of the gallery where Emily's room was situated.

What was before doubtful was now a certainty. She had seen him several times come down that secret passage, and she had questioned the domestics as to where the marquis went, who looked as if fearful of saying anything that might give offence.

Burning with rage she locked herself up in her own apartment, and after some hours she determined upon a course of action. There was one man, named Rudolph, whom she had seen about the castle; believing that his countenance indicated his disposition, she sent for him.

He came; a tall and gaunt figure presented itself. He was sinewy and strong. His head was covered with a profusion of black curly hair, and his lips were ornamented by an enormous moustache.

"Well, my friend," said the marchioness to him, "I have sent for you to inquire if you can be trusted with a piece of secret service."

"Yes, madam."

"Does the marquis employ you confidentially?" she inquired.

"No."

"So much the better, there is a purse of gold for you. Will you be faithful?"

The man took the gold, and weighing it in his hand, said,—

"Well, what have I do for this?"

"You know my niece?"

The man stared and said,— "Yes."

"Then I want you to —"

"I understand," said the villain, drawing a stiletto and feeling its edge.

"No, no," said the marchioness, "no bloodshed."

The man nodded and laughed.

"No, no, I want you to remove her."

"Ay, the grave tells no tales."

"I want you to take her to one of the underground dungeons, and there keep her for a time, till my object is gained."

"How am I to get her out of the room without any noise?"

"Let me see, cannot you get me some drugs to cause her to sleep?"

"Yes."

"Do so, then; I will take care she has enough," said the marchioness.

The man departed, and the next day returned and placed a small packet in her hands.

"How much will be the dose?" she inquired.

"It is done up in the proper quantities," he replied.

"Be near at hand in case I want you suddenly," she said, hurriedly.

"I shall be within call."

He then left the room and the marchioness paced up and down pale with fear, and trembled from excessive excitement. However, she made up her mind, and with a resolute step left the apartment.

In an hour she returned and called the ruffian whom she had seen before. He came and stood waiting her commands.

"How long is it before it operates?"

"But a few hours in a case like this," he answered.

"Well, then, it has just been taken, and you know when you will be wanted."

"It will be dark then," said the fellow; "you must get her maids out of the way."

"I will. Where are you going to take her?"

"To a dungeon, facing the river."

"Is it safe?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is it frequented by any one in the castle?"

"None; not even the marquis."

"Then it will do; leave her food and water, and bring me the key."

"It shall be done."

That evening might be seen a man stealing into the room of Emily, who was lying in a heavy, death-like slumber, without any signs of life. He wrapped her up in his cloak, and gently carried her out of the room. She was deposited in the dungeon, and the man retired, turned the key, and gave it into the marchioness's own hand.

When Emily awoke from her heavy and almost death-like sleep, she lay for some time with her eyes open, lost in thought, and not quite sure that she was living.

"God of mercy!" she exclaimed, at length starting up, "what can

this mean? Surely it is some hideous dream. No, here are the cold stone walls, and there the door. What have I done to deserve such a fate as this? There is the moon, how pale and bright her light. Oh, that she would light me to make my escape."

She tried all the walls of the dungeon over again, but found nothing that would assist her. She wept in the bitterness of her heart. She thought, at length, that she heard footsteps approaching. She waited with fear and anxiety. At length they came quite close, and a small door opened, and a young man, coarsely clad, entered the dungeon.

He started on beholding her; but approaching her, he exclaimed,— "Unhappy creature, have you fallen under the displeasure of the marquis?"

Emily informed him of all she knew, to which he listened attentively, and then said,—

"I have been for five years an inmate in these dungeons, and yesterday was the first day that I was able to leave my prison; but having found a secret door, I came at night, wishing to explore these passages to see if there be any outlet by which I could escape."

They then agreed, if possible, to escape together, and having found some trap-doors that led further towards the outer walls by the side of the river, they agreed to prosecute their search on the following night. When they arrived they both impatiently resumed their task, and were happy enough to find a small hole made in the wall, through which they contrived to draw themselves, and they were in the open air.

Following the course of the river they speedily got into the hamlet below the castle; here they did not wait, but proceeded onward, fearful of pursuit, and being overtaken and carried back. They stopped at a cottage when they had somewhat advanced, and sought refreshment and a few hours' repose; when they recovered partially, they made for the nearest fortified town.

Here they agreed to wait and proceed on the next day. Emily had undergone so much fatigue, that a night's rest was absolutely necessary for her before she proceeded any further. The young man who had accompanied her was extremely weak, and almost incapable of resuming his travelling any further without food and rest. They, accordingly, took up their quarters at an unpretending inn, and here he related to her his adventures.

"You, no doubt, wish to know who I am, maiden?" said he to her.

"Certainly, I do."

"Well, then, I am the Marquis la Riviere."

"You the marquis?"

"Yes."

"Impossible. He married my aunt."

"Your aunt?"

"Yes."

"He is no marquis except by usurpation. He is my uncle, and has far more than five years confined me in those dungeons, so that while I was suffering imprisonment he was enjoying my property."

"Then my aunt has married an impostor?"

"So far as his title and estate are concerned. But how came you in confinement?"

"I have already told you as much as I know; but my aunt's coldness to me for some days past has led me to suppose that she must have had some hand in it."

"No doubt of it."

"Whatever could have been her motive for it?"

"Jealousy."

"She had no cause for such a feeling."

"It matters little about a cause; once possessed of the notion, and it will not leave her easily."

"It may be so, indeed; I know of no other motive. But what do you intend to do?"

"Go to Paris and throw myself at the king's feet, and implore his justice to place me in my castle, and to enable me to regain my titles and rank, and I have no doubt of success."

"What will become of the marquis and my aunt?" said Emily.

"I do not wish for revenge, I only aim at justice; or, rather, the mere restoration of my rights, and, as for my uncle, he will have to retire, it is true, in disgrace; but he ought to be grateful it is no worse for him. Had he any one else to deal with, he would not escape thus easily."

Emily breathed freely again; she feared for her aunt, for, notwithstanding her treachery towards her, she could not wish her ill, but would do all in her power to avert a storm that would bring ruin on her head.

The next morning they set off for Paris in an easy conveyance, and in a few days were fortunate enough to reach Paris without any accident or stoppage whatever.

The young Marquis la Riviere made his application, which was immediately attended with the success he wished, and a document was given him, in which he was authorized to seize and detain all that was in the castle or precincts.



Great was the consternation of the marquis and marchioness when the sight of the prisoner was discovered. Each had its own secret trouble, but neither could mention it to the other.

A month after their departure the young marquis arrived at his castle at the head of a body of troops; but he was admitted, and what was his mortification and his wife's, when they beheld the nephew and niece walk in, and were saluted as Marquis and Marchioness la Riviere. The two fugitives were united, and returned together.

## Lines Addressed to My Sister Susanna,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, APRIL 25TH, 1844.

Sweet sister, arise,  
And light with thine eyes  
The morn that is now gently breaking,  
For beauteous and gay  
Is the first gleam of day,  
And remembrance within me is waking.  
'Tis the day of thy birth,  
When first to this earth  
Thou camest to gladden thy mother;  
Oh! how sweet it appears,  
When I dwell on those years  
That I kiss'd thee with love as thy brother.  
Dost thou not recollect,  
How with flowers we deck'd  
Each other, and rambled together,  
O'er hillock and dale,  
Perfumed with the gale;  
And danced with delight on the heather?  
And say, sister dear,  
Canst thou not shed a tear,  
As remembrance now brings, with emotion,  
Thy mother's fond cares,  
And her heart-pouring prayers  
For thee whom she loved with devotion?  
Her many true fears,  
In thy young tender years,  
When you ventured to roam from her sight;  
O! tell me that you  
Do feel them anew,  
As this day you now greet with delight.  
Then happy and gay  
Flew the bright summer day,  
For you knew not a pain nor a sorrow;  
But pleasure and peace  
Seem'd they never would cease,  
And you gave not a thought for the morrow.  
Yes, yes, this day brings  
Sweet remembrance of things,  
That have flitted away in youth's hour,  
And you dwell with delight  
On those scenes once so bright;  
Now flown like the bloom of a flower.  
But may thy fond breast  
Ne'er know but sweet rest,  
And thy future be happy and cheering;  
While his trusty arm  
May protect you from harm,  
When enemies to you are nearing.  
And that you may not know  
Neither trouble nor woe,  
Is thy brother's voice lifted to Heaven;  
And when young flowers wave  
O'er thy sweet silent grave,  
May all thy earth's sins be forgiven.  
Then dear sister, rise,  
See how bright the blue skies  
Have welcom'd thy birth-day; thus bringing  
A feeling of love  
From the fair realms above,  
Where angels their matins are singing.

H. J. CHURCH.

Nature has sown in man the seeds of knowledge; but they must be cultivated to produce fruit.

## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER CLIII.

THE STRANGE ARRIVAL OF SIR CHARLES.—A HOPE OF DEEP AFFLICTION AND TERROR.—MARGARET'S EXULTATION.

ALICE and Horace might well now consider that their trials were over, and that Margaret after this last utter failure could not hope to be successful in any machination whatever, however well got up, and ably backed.

"Nothing, dearest, now," said Horace, "can interrupt our bliss. Your mother's consent you know we never thought essential to our happiness, and if we had, surely this strange scene through which we have passed, has been amply sufficient to place her utterly out of the question."

"Yes, Horace. But still I am full of fears." "Fears, Alice?"

"Many fears. Did you hear Margaret's last words as she left the room?"

"I did hear them, but noted not much their meaning."

"Their meaning was dark and fearful. She spoke of revenge, Horace—revenge against you."

"And if she did, Alice, heed not the idle words of a disappointed intriguer. She is harmless now. Her only weapon was falsehood, and since that is discovered, she is quite innoxious."

"I would I could think so."

"Do think so, my Alice, or rather dismiss Margaret and all her schemes altogether from your mind."

"If I can I will, Horace, but for your sake I am full of fears! You know not the dark passions that are evidently roused into fearful activity in Margaret's heart. I who have lived in the same house with her, and of course had frequent opportunities of observing her general demeanour and actions, feel convinced that she is not one to put up with failure, but that some scheme of a still more desperate character will always succeed the one which she been foiled in."

"But what can she do, Alice? What has he the power to do—literally nothing."

"Nay, Horace, I know not, but a strange presentiment of evil as connected with her, comes over my heart."

Dismiss these fears, Alice. I congratulate myself her threats were levelled at me instead of you."

"Ah! Horace, that very subject of congratulation to you, shows that you consider she may do some mischief yet."

"Do not, dear one, draw such an inference. Let us now dismiss her from our minds. Let us look upon the future as it really presents itself to us, full of beautiful and radiant colours. We shall, I hope, my Alice, secure the roses of life without the thorns. I think we may safely say we have but one enemy, and we may add that that one is now utterly powerless to work us evil."

"I will hope so. Heaven forbid, Horace, that I should make the sunshine of our hopes less bright than you would have it. I will fancy all you wish, joyous and beautiful."

"There is one thing, Alice, which will go far towards placing us on a sure basis of happiness which Margaret, nor a hundred such, cannot shake. That is our speedy union. Tell me, dear one, when, oh, when may I have the dear joy of knowing that you are indeed my own, and that no plots—no accidents—no machinations can tear you from me?"

Alice was silent for a moment, then she said,

"You shall talk to my father, Horace, on that subject. I place myself at his disposal."

"Then I know that Sir Charles is anxious for our union. He kindly believes that I will make you happy, and he loves you too well to delay your happiness. When you are a day from this house, you will be out of the sphere of Margaret's influence—she cannot reach you even by an angry glance when you are mine."

"It is very strange," remarked Alice, "that knowing what he already knows of her conduct, my father should allow her to remain here."

"It is, Alice. But your father may have reasons that we cannot guess. With pain I have often noticed a restlessness of manner about him, and a general unhappiness of demeanour that I have been at a loss to account for."

"And I, too, have heard him sigh as if his heart would break, and when I have asked him why he was so sad, he would pass it off with some casual remark, making a great effort to conceal the canker-worm of care that has long been evidently preying upon his heart."



"I am certain," added Horace, "that some deep grief or cause of uneasiness is hidden in Sir Charles's breast. When we are married, my Alice, we will make together an effort to wring from him the cause of his dejection, and having done so, perhaps, succeed in wholly removing it."

"Heaven send we may."

"Be assured we shall. After all, it is very likely some quite imaginary evil that preys upon him so acutely. Men of genius and studious habits are very likely to become fanciful on many subjects, and have been known to mar every pleasure, and make their lives uncomfortable from some foolish cause, which has yielded to the kind counsel of a sincere friend, who has been able to gently

"Minister to a mind diseased."

"If you can do that, Horace," said Alice, while the tears glistened in her eyes, "you will, indeed, have another dear claim to my best-trusted affections."

We will not follow the now happy lovers through the long conversation which ensued, because by a mere record of words we cannot give the interest and spirit to such a dialogue which we would wish. We cannot describe aptly and exactly the gentle smiles which heralded some sentences—the tender sighs that accompanied others. By no words could we describe the soft cadences of some tones—the gentle music of Alice's replies—nor the eloquent silences that ensued when heart spoke to heart in the language of the truest affection, and yet no sound was heard.

Two hours might thus have passed away—hours which had flown so rapidly with the lovers in that delightful interview, that they could not possibly believe them fled at all, when a loud knocking at the street-door was heard throughout Sir Charles Home's splendid mansion.

"But for his hurried manner," remarked Alice, "I should say that it was my father's knock."

A bustle succeeded from the hall, and then a hasty footstep approached the library-door. In another moment it was pushed violently open, and Sir Charles Home staggered into the costly apartment.

He was closely followed by several servants, on whose countenances sat amazement and alarm, and amply sufficient cause was there in the appearance of Sir Charles Home, to awaken such feelings in any breast.

It was, indeed, only by his voice, that his own domestics had recognised him, so thoroughly changed was he from the accurately-dressed, and courtly well-made up gentleman, he usually took great pains to appear.

His hands and face were dabbled with blood—his clothing hung in rags upon him—hat he had none, and his cravat, too, was gone. His hair hung about his eyes in wild disorder—his whole appearance was absolutely terrific, and betrayed that he must have been engaged in some fierce and terrible contest for his very life.

When he first entered the library, he did not perceive Horace and Alice, and turning to the servants who followed him, he cried in a loud and hurried voice,—

"How dare you follow me? Do you not know me? Is this my house or not? Do you take me for my apparition, that thus, with straining eye-balls, you glare at me? Away!—away! Am I a straw in my own house?"

The servants shrunk back, and then Alice recovering from the shock which his extraordinary appearance had given her, rushed towards him with a shriek of dismay.

"Father!—father!" she cried. "God of Heaven, what means this? Father, speak to me!—speak to me!"

"I—I—oh, Alice—my child, Alice."

"Father, why do you look so strangely on me? Oh, God!—Oh, God! this is horrible!"

"Horrible!—horrible! What mean you, Alice? You are my child—this is surely my house—who am I? Am I not Sir Charles Home? Alice—Alice, why do you look upon me with such unutterable grief? Tell me—what's amiss—what's amiss—I—I am very well—very well indeed. What has happened?"

"Heaven, have mercy on him—his mind is gone."

Alice threw herself on a sofa in a perfect agony of grief—her sobs were terrible to hear, and the sight of her deep distress seemed to be the only circumstance that reached the wandering senses of Sir Charles Home, to a sense of the present. He flew to the side of his darling child, and clasping her hands, he cried in agonized accents,—

"My Alice—my child—my beautiful Alice! look up, all will yet be well. He cannot—he dare not—"

Here Sir Charles paused, and striking his brow vehemently, exclaimed in a tone of alarm,—

"What am I saying—what am I saying? Am I mad, that I cannot keep the dreadful secret?"

"Secret, sir?" said Horace Singleton. "Oh, if there be one, let it

consist of what it may, confide it to the breasts of those who will truly sympathise with you, and honestly advise you. I pray you, trust me, Sir Charles Home."

"You here?" exclaimed the terror-stricken man. "You here, Horace Singleton?"

"You left me here, sir, desiring me to await your return."

"Did I—did I? Well—well, all is changed now. God help me, that it should come to this. My Alice, do not grieve, dearest—do not grieve—you cannot suffer. No—no, he cannot harm you. Good night—good night. I have need of rest now, and patient reflections."

"No, father, do not leave me now! You will stay and tell all to me and Horace. Trust us, and we may suggest something to free you from any evil."

"Impossible!—we will talk to-morrow. I am not mad. Do not look upon me with that sad expression, Alice. You shall not suffer. This is a night of terror; but—but even yet, good may come of it. I can see now, with a clear eye, to the very bottom of the abyss I have been hovering over. 'Tis something to know one's danger."

"These are wild words, Sir Charles," remarked Horace, in a soothing voice, for he verily believed the baronet was mad. "Allow me to remain with you to-night, and at your leisure, you can explain to me the causes of your present uneasiness."

"Uneasiness!" muttered Sir Charles; "uneasiness? Lights—lights, there—show me to my chamber. Lights, I say!"

"No—no," cried Alice, "not alone."

"And wherefore not alone?"

"I dread—"

"You dread what, my Alice? Shall I guess?—yes, and I will likewise give you my solemn promise, that, however great my present miseries may be, and in fact are, I lift no hand this night against myself—I swear it. Are you satisfied? Lights—lights! Good night, dear one. Mr. Singleton, I have the honour of bidding you a good evening."

"But Sir Charles—"

"Pleasant dreams to you, sir. Pleasant dreams. Good night—good night."

He had rang the bell furiously, and the servants, who, from delicacy to Alice's feelings, had retired outside the door, again made their appearance with lights. Making, then, a bow to Horace Singleton, which would have graced a levee, Sir Charles retired to his own chamber, where he was heard as his first act to lock and double lock the door.

As for poor Alice, she remained for some time in a state of absolute stupefaction, and could scarcely return any answer to the tender inquiries and anxious solitudes of Horace Singleton, who could scarcely believe that all which had taken place was not a dream.

The hour, too, was getting late, and although he felt the necessity and propriety of leaving Sir Charles's house, he could not make up his mind to leave Alice in the state of mind she was in, more especially as he was aware there was no one in that house to whom she could turn for affectionate sympathy.

"What shall I do?" he mentally asked himself. "Good heavens! what shall I do? Alice—Alice, speak to me. Your silence kills me. Let me hear your voice again."

"Leave me, Horace," she said, faintly, "leave me. I will sit down by my father's chamber-door. Oh, what can have happened? What can have happened?"

"Do not, dearest, thus distress yourself, I implore you," he cried; "Sir Charles will be better to-morrow. Shall I remain in the house?"

"No—no—go now, Horace. Strive to forget the terrible scene you have witnessed."

"Forget it—impossible! But as you command it, Alice, I will go. Farewell, and may Heaven have you in its holy keeping."

"Amen!" said Alice, with a shudder.

Full of melancholy forebodings, Horace reached the hall of the mansion. The door was opened to him, and at the instant that he was about to pass out, some one was ascending the steps. The figure was enveloped in a cloak, and as it passed him, the voice of Margaret rung in his very ears, saying,—

"Is all happy? Have I begun my revenge? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Devil," said Horace.

In the next moment the door was closed, and he was alone in the street.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "can Heaven have really created such a being as Margaret Home, or is she some spirit of evil, permitted for a time to meddle with terrene affairs, to the destruction of the happiness of the good, the gentle, and the beautiful?"

Impressed with the most painful feelings, he proceeded homewards to his melancholy chambers. A world of conjecture rose in his mind as to the strange proceedings of the evening—proceedings which had begun to him so cherilly, and ended so full of matter for serious and painful reflection.



"What can I suppose," he said, "to be the cause of Sir Charles's frightful condition and evident great mental perturbation? Do they not form together another link in the chain of evidence to connect him with some fearful circumstance? What can these circumstances be? Good heavens, is it possible, after all, that he may be guilty of the frightful crime imputed to him by Margaret?—Is he really a murderer?"

This was a terrible suggestion to poor Horace, and once again he was compelled to tell himself that the course of true love ran not smooth.

"Alas!—alas!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself into a seat in his chambers. "If I have one hour of unalloyed satisfaction—one hour of real delight, and plume my imagination on the fact that fortune is smiling upon me, how surely is it to be followed by some terrible cause for uneasiness."

He could not think of retiring to rest, for sleep he knew he should have none, and from former experience, he was well aware of how fevered a character his thoughts became if he sought his couch, full of painful imaginings. He, therefore, re-olved upon sitting up the whole of the night, or at all events, until nature, herself wearied out, should compel him to repose.

But what was Horace Singleton's state of mind compared to the tortures which poor Alice was condemned to endure? Her love for her father had truly grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. He had ever been to her tender—affectionate—devoted, and full of gentleness; now to find him bowed down by so much distress, and exposed to the frightful evils through which he must have passed that evening, to reduce him to the pitiable condition he was in, seemed blow enough to break her affectionate heart.

Like Horace, she dreaded the idea of retiring to rest, and like him, too, she mentally exhausted herself in fruitless conjectures, as to the cause of her father's dreadful state.

She could form not the most distant conjecture, for to her the idea that her father could commit any crime, was quite incompatible with belief. The thing appeared to her impossible, or so grossly improbable, as to present no terrifying image to her.

"No—no," she said. "My father must be the victim of some monstrous machination against his peace. But he shall not fall. I, even I will save him—what may not a daughter's love accomplish? I will implore him to tell me the whole circumstances, and then I will rescue him."

"You cannot," said Margaret, standing in the doorway of the apartment. "You cannot, Alice; Sir Charles is doomed, and he knows it. You, nor a hundred such, cannot save him—he is doomed, and he knows it."

#### CHAPTER CLIV.

HORACE'S REFLECTIONS.—SIR CHARLES'S INTERVIEW WITH HORACE SINGLETON.—AN INTERRUPTION.

THE severity of the weather had been such as to impress most people with the belief that a long, dreary, and severe winter had set in, and that many months of inclemency was expected; but the surprise, and, perhaps, the anger of some was much excited, when the next morning came, they found that not only were all traces of the yesterday's storm gone, but the day broke with as much beauty and with as many signs of a spring morning as could well be imagined, in the midst of early winter.

Those who had calculated and acted upon the calculation of the endurance of the weather, were especially vexed that all their foresight was thrown away, and they were thrown out.

But to Horace Singleton, what was the beauty of the morn—what the composure of the elements, when his own heart was so ill at ease?

Those moments which would have been moments of unalloyed pleasure and happiness, but for the terrible scene he had witnessed at Sir Charles Home's on the preceding evening, were now spent in fruitless and melancholy thought.

At one time Alice engrossed his mind, and he then recollected that there was no bar between their happiness, save what could possibly occur from Sir Charles Home's sudden and alarming illness.

But was it illness, or some awful pang of conscience?—there was the question.

While Horace Singleton was thus employed he was somewhat startled by a knock at the door of his chamber.

Now there is nothing particularly startling in a knock at the door, save when one is troubled with duns; but this was not the case with Horace; yet the knock somehow or other troubled him; it betrayed indecision and misfortune in the person who handled the knocker.

It was a visitor's knock, and such a one as would be given by some individual who knew he was welcome, either from station or acquaint-

ance; but the hand that struck it evidently shook, and the vibrations of the knocker were very irregular.

The door was opened by Horace's man, who in a moment after started back, saying,—

"Mr. Singleton, sir."

Horace started up, and was advancing towards the door to see what was the cause of this singular speech, when Sir Charles Home entered the apartment, and Horace advanced to greet him with feelings of pleasure; but he had scarcely reached him, when, looking up at his face, he saw an expression of countenance that caused him to shrink backward from him.

Sir Charles Home did, indeed, bear such indications of disturbance, mental and physical, that few could look on unmoved. His face was pale and haggard—his eye appeared glazed and devoid of expression—and his body appeared to have shrunk and hung loosely together; altogether his appearance was such that at once alarmed Horace for his safety, and he exclaimed,—

"Sir Charles Home, are you unwell?"

"No, Mr. Singleton—no; but I would speak with you," replied Sir Charles Home, in a voice as altered as his person.

"Good God!" he exclaimed; but suddenly stopping himself, he added, "is Alice well?"

"Yes—yes," said Sir Charles Home, impatiently, but languidly, waving his hand.

"Well," said Horace, somewhat reassured, but yet much alarmed, "we are alone here, Sir Charles; be seated, and tell me the cause of your indisposition. Taken ill, suddenly, in passing, I suppose?"

"No, Horace—Mr. Singleton. I would death had seized me; it would have been a less misfortune than that which I have now to bear, and which will, I believe, affect you nearly as much as it does me."

"Good Heavens! Sir Charles, what can you mean?" said Horace, much excited, for he thought that something had happened to Alice—"misfortune! Why, I thought these were all over now. Nothing happened to—to your family, I hope?"

He would have said "Alice," but his agitation was so great, and his emotion so strong, that he could not pronounce the word. Sir Charles only shook his head, and paused; he could barely summons strength to utter what he desired to say, and Horace, who could bear suspense no longer, said,—

"For the love of mercy, Sir Charles, do not keep me in this terrible state of suspense. Your tone—your looks—all—all tell me something dreadful has happened; tell me that Alice is not dead—that all my hopes of bliss, of future happiness, are not fled."

"Alice is not dead," replied Sir Charles; but this was uttered in so slow and solemn a tone, that greatly detracted from the comfort the intimation was calculated to convey—it was as if a something had been added that destroyed hope.

"Then—then," began Horace.

"But your hopes, Mr. Singleton, I am sorry to say, are not doomed to realization."

"How—why—what can be the matter?" exclaimed Horace, in a loud, frantic voice. "Sir Charles—Sir Charles, if you have any feeling for my state of mind, speak out the worst; this is dreadful."

"Then, Horace Singleton, you must consider the proposed union between yourself and Alice Home at an end; it can never be."

"Never be!" exclaimed Horace.

"No; it can never be."

"Good God! and what has happened, Sir Charles, to throw any barrier between me and the dear object of my love? I will never resign her."

"You must, Mr. Singleton. I cannot explain the reasons to you; they affect me as much as the result does you; but, believe me, I cannot countenance your pretensions to my daughter."

Horace Singleton stood up, and, with frantic gestures, strode about the room; every muscle of his face was contracted, and he exhibited a spectacle of a human being under the influence of strong and contending emotions; his excited demeanour strangely contrasted with the passionless, desponding appearance of Sir Charles Home, who sat in a chair, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

(To be continued in our next.)

**BREAKING A PIECE OF MONEY.**—It was anciently customary "to break a piece of gold, or silver," in token of a verbal contract of marriage, and promises of love, one-half whereof was kept by the woman, while the other part remained with the man.

The best friends are those who stimulate each other to do good. Honour yourself and you will be honoured; despise yourself and you will be despised.

Charity is the offspring of a benevolent soul.



## THE KING'S PASSION;

OR, THE TIDE OF LIFE.

In the proximity of Mount Valerien, near the borders of the Seine, stands a very ancient house, formerly the habitation of a lady of the illustrious house of Poix. She married at an early period of life the Count Briand, a man of morose and jealous disposition. In order to secure the fidelity of his wife, he kept her confined in a remote part of France, far from the public sight and the enjoyments of the world.

His friends often represented to him that he took a very wrong method to obtain the end he proposed, and that unless he could gain possession of her heart, the imprisonment of her body was no effectual security.

But the austerity of his manners, and the obstinacy of his mind, acted in concert against all remonstrance. He continued to debar his young wife from the amusements in which her rank and fortune claimed an indulgence, and watched all her motions with a solicitude that rendered her situation extremely painful and mortifying.

Thus, instead of a husband, he assumed the part of a gaoler, and laid himself open to the malevolence and reproaches of not only his wife's relations, but his own, who scrupled not to tell him, that soon or late, he would meet with such punishment for the ill treatment of his wife which he studied principally to avoid.

In the meantime, her beauty and her sufferings were in every person's mouth;—the first was a theme upon which they would expatiate without end; and the second was a subject of universal indignation.

She lived at an era when a turn to intrigue began to characterise the court of France; the prince who wore the crown was in the flower of his age, of a gay temper, and a most amorous disposition.

Before his reign, the ladies had been used to a solitary and retired life, and were never seen at court, unless upon any solemn occasion; but the pleasures and diversions which he delighted in, were of such a nature, as necessarily put an end to this strictness of conduct. Festivals and pastimes were introduced, of a more elegant form and contrivance than had hitherto been known; dancing and music were then incessant concomitants, and had lately been polished and improved in a manner that rendered them far more desirable objects of cultivation than heretofore. The graces and attractions of social intercourse had received no less an addition through the spirit of politeness, arising from a more extended increase of genteel and liberal education.

This revolution in the manners of the French, was chiefly brought about by the character of their king, Francis the First. Had he been only remarkable for a turn to pleasure, perhaps his example would not have been so powerful; but possessing a number of great qualities, whatever he did commanded attention, and precedents which, in princes of inferior talents, would have had little influence, in him were striking and persuasive.

Such were the times in which this lady was destined to make her appearance, and to act a part which has made her memory remarkably conspicuous.

She could not remain so perfectly concealed as not occasionally to be seen and admired. In process of time, the fame of her beauty did not fail to reach the court, together with the hard fate it occasioned. At a magnificent festival given by the king, while he was employed in receiving the ladies assembled on that occasion, an officious courtier told him there was an object in his dominions much more worthy of his admiration than any one in that assembly; he then informed him of every thing relating to the countess, and represented her in such a light, as excited in the king the strongest impatience to see her.

But this was no easy matter to compass; besides that, the kings of France were not so absolute and omnipotent as now, nor the courtiers so pliant and acquiescing, and he did not choose to have recourse to such methods as might alarm and offend the pride of his nobility. He therefore endeavoured to entice the husband to bring his wife to court, by the most flattering and specious invitations. But the count, who saw his master's drift, alleged various pretexts for keeping her at a distance; he described the countess as a haughty and impudic beauty, full of arrogance and disdain for all other women, and her humour so unconciliating, that she would be apt to disobey by her behaviour the ladies with whom she must of course associate.

He alleged, at the same time, she was a woman of very rigid morals, who led an uncommonly strict and regular life, and entirely disapproved of the innovations introduced at court; that she never would therefore be prevailed upon to resort to such a place, much less to reside there.

But the king paid little attention to these representations, of which he rightly conjectured the real cause. He insisted in a polite, engaging manner that the count should not refuse to grace his court with one of the most brilliant ornaments his kingdom could boast, and that it was unjust to debar his wife so agreeable and innocent a gratification as that of seeing the splendour and magnificence which accompany royalty.

The count did not dare to disobey his sovereign by a positive refusal, but feigned a persuasion in the justness of what his sovereign had said, and assured him of a compliance with his request on the first opportunity, but resolving at the same time never to perform his promise; and foreseeing also that he could never appear in the royal presence without fulfilling it, he determined to banish himself totally from the court as the only means of preserving untouched that treasure which he could perceive that the king coveted so much.

But he was by unforeseen circumstances compelled to alter his determination; his presence at court became absolutely requisite, and no pretence was left him for denial.

It now remained to frame a plausible excuse for the absence of his wife. He was summoned by the king to fulfil his promise, and censured by the courtiers for refusing, in conformity with their example, to bring his wife to court, were it only in compliance to so gracious a master. But the exhortations of the king and the censures of the courtiers were equally fruitless; he still continued altogether immovable in his resolution.

He had, previous to his setting out for Paris, contrived to place his wife in the hands of a relation, who was abbess of a female monastery. The pretext was a vow he had made in a fit of illness, to dedicate a certain portion of time to prayer and retirement, in case of recovery. A great variety and long continuance of business had prevented him from performing his vow; but though he had not leisure to do it, yet, as he thought it incumbent on him to a old being remiss in so serious a matter, he had charged his wife to act upon this occasion in his stead, and to dwell in a pious retreat during the same space which he had himself intended.

This excuse was by no means relished at court, where, by this time, his excessive jealousy had rendered him an object of particular notice. As courtiers usually delight to torment such characters, knowing that in this instance they would correspond with the intentions of their master, they vied with each other in devising methods how to perplex the count, and defeat the measures he had taken to ensure and to justify the absence of his lady.

After employing a variety of means to no purpose, an accident happened, which supplied them with what proved a sufficient motive to authorise her immediately repairing to Paris.

The king had given a splendid entertainment, and one of the diversions consisted in running at the ring, which was very fashionable in those days, as conducting much to render horsemen expert in hitting their mark. The count, who partook of it in company with others, had the misfortune to fall off his horse; the hurt he received was not considerable, but as it obliged him to discontinue the sport, and compelled him to withdraw, an idea suggested itself to one of those busy promoters of mischief that always abound in courts, which appeared quite opposite to the design of bringing his wife out of her retreat.

This officious courtier had a sister who resided in the same convent where this lady was confined. He wrote her word directly that the count had been thrown from his horse and lay in a very dangerous condition. On receiving this intelligence, the countess thought it incumbent on her to set out immediately for Paris, in order to attend him in his illness.

The king, who had been apprised of the whole stratagem, did not let slip so favourable an opportunity of gratifying the wishes he had so ardently formed. He carefully visited the count every day, and testified much concern on account of the accident that had befallen him.

It was during one of these visits that the countess happened to arrive. It was announced by a servant whom she had despatched a little way before her, in order to apprise her husband, and to prevent his spirits from being discomposed by her sudden appearance.

The servant had not long delivered this message, when the countess and her attendants entered the yard of the house. As the count was too lame to quit his couch, the king told him, in the friendliest terms, that he would, upon this occasion, wait upon her in his stead.

He accordingly received her in his arms on her alighting from her horse; and conducted her very respectfully to her husband, whose astonishment at all he saw may be better imagined than expressed.

From the motives which she alleged for this unexpected journey, it clearly appeared, that she had been imposed upon; but it was too late to remedy this imposition. The count would willingly have remanded her back to her confinement, but the king, who was struck with the most violent passion for her, had already obviated all designs of this nature, by pre-engaging both at a magnificent ball.

The count hesitated in what manner to proceed in this critical juncture. He was conscious that he held his wife by no tie of affection; this being the only security against the temptations that would assail her in a court so full of gallantry, he soon concluded that she would yield to them.

Had the rival whom he dreaded been any other than a royal one, he would readily have extricated himself from his apprehensions. But



to lay the difficulty. He saw it was insurmountable, and that coercive measures could no longer be adopted.

He now for the first time had recourse to levity, and endeavoured by idle insinuations to make his wife sensible of the peril her virtue stood in while exposed to the attentments of such a court, and that to it it instantly was the only sure means of preserving her reputation. But this was a language she was not in the least disposed to hearken to. She had seen enough to wish to see more, and to feel resentment at his saying so long precluded her from seeing anything. To the fervour with which he expressed his wishes that she would not delay her departure, she opposed a sullen silence and a countenance full of displeasure and indignation.

Meanwhile she was surrounded by crowds of female courtiers, impatient to behold one of whom they had heard so much, and of whom they expected to hear so much more.

The king's frequent entreaties of her husband to bring her to court, and the latter's reluctance to comply, together with the contrivance used to effecting this purpose, were become things of notoriety.

Francis was known at the same time to be a man not easily repulsed by his intrigues, and who would leave no methods unturned to succeed with any female.

The countess was, therefore, viewed in the light of a future favourite. The homage paid her in consequence of this general expectation, could not fail proving highly acceptable to a young and beautiful woman, sensible of the superiority of her charms, of the power which they procured her, and of the slavery from which they would obtain her release.

Full of these flattering ideas, she saw with scorn the humble endeavours of the count to persuade her to put herself again in his possession. Regarding him as a tyrant from whose fetters she could not too soon be redeemed, her whole behaviour indicated that she rejoiced at the thoughts of parting with him, and that whatever might be her future destiny, it could not be worse than he had made it.

In the full conviction of the futility of all his efforts to obtain her concurrence with his desires, and entertaining no doubt of her compliance with those of her royal lover, he took the resolution, as he could not prevent the disgrace awaiting him, not, however, to give it the least countenance by consenting to remain any longer at court.

Having taken this determination, he abruptly departed to his country seat, leaving his wife in the enjoyment of that liberty he had so long denied her, and free to dispose of herself as she might think proper.

His departure, though expected and not lamented by the countess, still placed her in a situation equally novel and critical.

She was strongly advised by a relation of the count to follow him without a moment's hesitation, this being the only means to secure his good will and opinion, which otherwise she must be conscious would be inevitably forfeited; and that, however flattering the prospects of being a royal mistress might seem, such an elevation, if it were one, must be purchased with the loss of her character, and was at best but precarious, especially with a prince of so voluptuous a disposition as Francis was known to be; that should he cool in his attachment, a case by no means unlikely, she would then experience the double mortification of not only losing the possession of that prize, but of being constrained at the same time to renounce the world, and to pass the remainder of her days in repentance and obscurity.

Had the count retained any place in her affections, these arguments might have had some weight, but her dislike of him was so deep rooted, that they were totally ineffectual.

Among the acquaintances she had formed since her arrival in Paris was a young widow in the bloom of youth and beauty, like herself, and who also had experienced the miseries of being married to a jealous and ill-tempered husband. The similitude of their destinies had produced a reciprocal sympathy between them, which had speedily ripened into a great friendship and confidence.

To this lady she unbosomed herself without reserve on the difficulty of her situation. But far different was the advice of this lady from that which had been given her by the count's relative.

This young widow was near of an age with the countess; but having, since the demise of her husband, which had happened two years before this period, lived at large, and enjoyed uncontrolled liberty, she was much more experimentally conversant with the world.

She advised the countess never to admit the idea of returning to her husband, with whom she could hope for nothing else but imprisonment, and a renewal of all the horrors she had gone through, together with the infallible addition of still more to revenge himself for the disquietude and vexation he had undergone from the journey she had taken to Paris, and her appearance at the court without his previous knowledge and consent.

As to the royal predilection which was represented to her in such alarming colours, she sincerely congratulated her upon so auspicious an event, which, whether of a long or a short duration, a woman of sense

and spirit would always be able to convert to her advantage. It was a post at which numbers of women of high rank aspired in private with much fervour, whatever repugnance they might have exhibited in public. Were she fond of her husband, or had any reason to be attached to him, she would be the last woman to hold such a discourse to her; but as their characters were wholly incompatible, it were folly to seek for happiness where happiness could not possibly be found.

She added, that she had herself been solicited upon honourable terms by some men of very high distinction; but that the dread of making an unfortunate choice had kept her from listening to their addresses; that apprehensions of this kind would, she believed, long, if not for ever, operate against matrimonial connections, upon the indissolubleness of which she could not look for a moment without fear and trembling.

Her counsel, therefore, was to bid an everlasting adieu to all notions of a re-union with the count, and exert all her powers to captivate the royal heart, from whose well known generosity and nobleness of mind she had everything to expect.

Such a prince was not to be confounded with others in the same station; exclusive of his rank and power he had an innate dignity of disposition, which rendered him amiable for his own sake. She frankly acknowledged, that were he to offer himself as her lover, she would accept him with open arms; but that not being the case, she exhorted her, as a sincere well-wisher, to act as she would do herself were it in her option, and not to suffer herself to be deterred from a connexion with that monarch by the interested or groundless representations of false friends, her husband's relations, or weak-minded people.

Whether this young woman spoke her genuine sentiments, or was secretly deputed to use these arguments, certain it is, they made an impression upon the countess. She threw off the timidity which had hitherto accompanied her, and assumed an air of freedom and gaiety, which characterised the court of her lover.

In the meantime his passion for her was daily gaining ground. She was unquestionably one of the most charming women of that age; her person was enchanting, and her humour affable and obliging; she was sensible and sprightly, and her manners were soft and engaging. All these were invincible attractions to a prince in the flower of his age, and of a more than ordinary amorous constitution and desires.

But, independent of the common propensity of all men to admire handsome women, Francis had a delicacy far above the usual level; beauty alone was not sufficient to subdue him, he looked for something beyond what met his eye; where internal merit was wanting, external charms lost their effect; his admiration was that of a man of genius and discernment, and he was never known to bestow his attachment upon a mere outside.

The countess was precisely such an object as his wishes coveted; the more he saw of her the more cause he found to be enamoured. Her native modesty gave unaffected lustre to the liveliness which she acquired by her transplantation into the gayer scenes of life. He attentively observed her conduct in a situation so new to her perceptions and feelings, and constantly discovered in every part of her behaviour a cautiousness and discretion that convinced him she was a woman of exquisite sensibility and refinement, as well as of the most lovely frame imaginable.

He now determined to make her the object of his particular assiduities. He laid himself out to obtain her good graces, with all that polite earnestness which is so pleasing to the sex; as it convinces them that they are no less respected than loved.

Far from presuming on the exaltedness of station, he behaved with as much courtesy and gentleness as if he had been a private individual, stung with many others for the happiness of her smiles and favours.

Such a lover as this was not formed for repulse; he soon perceived what he ardently desired, that her partiality for him was equal to his predilection for her, and that he should enjoy what he was wont to style the greatest of all mortal felicities—the pleasure of being loved for his own sake.

It was not, however, till after some time that she yielded to his courtship. The merit of her condescension was enhanced by the unfeigned difficulty with which she prevailed upon herself to make it. Her struggles with the strictness and regularity of her former life were accompanied by a gracefulness that showed they were void of all affectation.

Francis was now in the possession of the jewel he had so long and so diligently sought. He expressed a satisfaction in having acquired it that did the highest honour to his taste; not only the monarch, but his whole court were of opinion that he could not have chosen a more amiable partner for his softer moments.

She became in a short time the absolute mistress of his heart, not so much by exercising those blandishments with which nature so powerfully adorned the sex as by a display of dignity of sentiments and a propriety of behaviour that captivated the royal lover's mind, and excited his esteem no less than the others invited his attachment.



What equally delighted Francis and conciliated all his court, was the gentleness of her deportment, and the moderation she displayed in her conduct. People of all degrees met with the kindest treatment from her, and she behaved so courteously upon all occasions, that it was evident she was solicitous of not giving offence.

This meekness and condescension was the more laudable as the king grew continually more fervent in his affection, and notified such a consideration for her, that it was very plain she had only to ask to be gratified.

But she made no improper use of her credit: her family was already so respectable that it could disgrace no honours that might be conferred on her. She had three brothers, as brave men as any in France. The king promoted them to high commands, in which they greatly signalized their valour and capacity.

In the meantime the count, her husband, was not absent from her memory; notwithstanding his ill humour, she thought it incumbent on her to soften as much as lay in her power the mortification of having slighted him for another. As she possessed an absolute power over the king, she prevailed upon him to make the most advantageous offers to the count by way of atonement; the highest posts in the realm were laid before him, but he rejected them with scorn, and forbade any mention of the countess in his presence.

He lived at a time when a sense of honour was extremely prevalent over all other considerations. Though proud and aspiring, he was not of a temper to sacrifice his character to any views of ambition.

"The higher the king means to raise me," said he, "the more notorious will be my degradation, were I to accept his offers."

So resolute a refusal highly chagrined the countess. She had written him a letter supplicatory, and entreating him to reflect like a man of sense on the impropriety of the connection that had once subsisted between them, so much to the uneasiness and unhappiness of both, that a separation was therefore what each party ought to desire; that a reconciliation being now impracticable, it were the wisest thing they could do to forget each other; that, nevertheless, it was her earnest wish to contribute to his welfare to her very uttermost; conformably to this intent she had induced the king, through the value and respect he entertained for him, to offer him the most important and most honourable employments in the realm.

But the resentment of the count was proof against all this, and all the subsequent solicitations that came from her; they were frequent and pressing; the countess who was a woman of equal understanding and feeling, laboured with all her might to convince him that what had happened was the best for both; but her endeavours were lost upon a man who, though he acknowledged that his love was extinguished, yet as violently asserted that his resentment would always subsist.

In the meantime the affection of Francis continued with unabated warmth; she was the principal object of his pleasures and cares, and the sum of his happiness was centred in her.

Such was the situation of the countess, when Francis left her to put himself at the head of his army in Italy. No expedition ever proved more unfortunate; he was defeated, wounded, taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, and carried into Spain, where he was kept in close confinement by his rival and bitter enemy, the emperor, Charles the Fifth.

The news of this misfortune was near proving fatal to the countess. Her attachment to Francis rendered her inconsolable, and she gave herself entirely up to grief and lamentation.

But what made her condition truly deplorable was, that the power was now devolved into the hands of some persons who envied her ascendancy over the mind of Francis, and resolved to avail themselves of this opportunity of wreaking their revenge on account of some disappointments their ambition had met with from her superior credit.

Among these was the Duchess of Anjouleme, the mother of Francis, an ambitious and haughty woman, who had long borne with secret indignation the influence of the countess, and had strove by indirect means to lessen it.

This unhappy lady was entirely abandoned through fear of the duchess, who had now become regent of the kingdom. Seeing herself exposed to her insults and ill-treatment, without any prospect of protection, she withdrew from the public world, and retired to a country mansion, in order to consider at leisure what measures it was most advisable to adopt.

But so distressful was her situation that no one dared to express any commiseration for it, or seem inclined to administer any assistance to her.

In this doleful state she was visited by a religious old lady, who had often, during her prosperity, waited upon her with warm exhortations to forsake the court and return to penance and solitude.

This good old lady again renewed her solicitations with much earnestness, and prevailed upon her to shut herself up in a nunnery with an intent to remain there for life, but an alarming decline in her health, together with the exhortations of those who resided there, soon altered

her determination. The abbess was a well-meaning woman, ignorant of the world and human nature.

The confessor of the convent was a rigid moralist, unacquainted with mankind, and wholly taken up with the exercises of devotion. In a fit of illness which seized the unhappy countess, they assailed her weakened faculties with such terrifying descriptions of the enormity of the sin she had committed in forsaking her husband, that as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she resolved to go and throw herself at his feet and crave his forgiveness.

Some friends, who had more experience and discretion, endeavoured to dissuade her from trusting herself in the hands of an enraged man who had often vowed the severest revenge against her; and who was known to be of a violent and vindictive temper; but the resolution she had taken was too firmly fixed to be shaken by all the arguments that could be used.

"Life," she said, "has become a burthen, of which she cared not how soon she was ridden—if her husband did not think her fit to live, she was willing to die."

In these penitential sentiments she set out for the seat of her husband, careless of the consequence of so hazardous a step.

He received her with a sternness and silence that forboded no happy issue to her undertaking. She was conducted to a remote part of his mansion, and lodged in a dark room, in which the hangings and all the furniture were black.

In this gloomy retirement she was waited upon by persons who had orders not to hold any conversation with her. She was supplied with books that treated of death and a future state, and bidden to read them with particular attention, and prepare herself for another world.

She was kept in the dreadful expectation of in what manner all this would end during the space of six months. At the expiration of that time the count came one evening and informed her that on the following day she should die. Next morning, accordingly, he entered, accompanied by eight men with masks on, two of whom were surgeons; they seized the unfortunate young lady, tied her to the bed, and opened the veins of her legs and arms, and left her in that condition to expire.

Such was the revenge of this inhuman wretch upon a lovely woman, whom his cruel treatment alone compelled to hate and forsake him, and who, nevertheless, had committed herself to his mercy.

It is not meant that he should have received her again in his arms, but that indifference and neglect would have been a sufficient punishment to a woman of her character, and would have afforded ample satisfaction to his resentment and anger.

The horrid murder did not long remain concealed. The perpetrator was obliged to fly his country and live many years in exile, in order to avoid the wrath of his wife's lover, from whom he had no mercy to expect.

Francis, on hearing of the tragical death of his beloved countess, vowed the most signal vengeance on the guilty, and dispatched some resolute men to carry it into immediate execution wherever they could find them, but they were too well concealed; searches and researches were made in vain, and he had not the melancholy pleasure of making this just sacrifice to her memory.

Such was the end of this beautiful and amiable countess, who, had she been properly treated, would have made one of the best and most affectionate of wives.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary; but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

PRIVATE MARRIAGES IN OLDEN TIME.—The parsons of the Old Fleet, and of May Fair, were noted for their celebration of private marriages; and, it appears that the village of Hampstead was not less remarkable for conveniences of that kind to couples who wished to increase their happiness by a little air and exercise. About the beginning of the last century there stood, near the Wells, a place called Sion Chapel, which seems to have been the property of the keeper of the tavern, adjoining; by the following advertisement from a paper of 1716, it will be seen what temptations were held out to such parties as should keep their wedding dinner in his gardens. "8th September, 1716, Sion Chapel at Hampstead, being a private and pleasure place, many persons of the best fashion have lately been married there. Now, as a minister is obliged constantly to attend, this is to give notice that all persons bringing a licence, and who shall have their wedding dinner in the gardens, may be married in the said chapel, without giving any fee or reward whatsoever; and such as do not keep their wedding dinner at the gardens, only five shillings will be demanded of them for all their fees." Many similar advertisements, in old papers, show the facilities formerly afforded to private marriages.



# MODERN ANTIQUITIES.

ETERNAL respect to that noble city, which was the universe; respect its ruins, to its river, to its monuments, to its ashes; it is still the city of cities: Urbs to-day, as in times past. It has deserved the triple wreath it wears on its new escutcheon; Catholic heraldry has given it a tunic, emblem of three sublime existences, reunited in the body of a capital. The ancient age, the middle age, the modern age, still live ever it, and with an unrivalled splendour. Rome is an immense medal, impressed with the effigies of all the consuls, of all the popes, of all the popes; for cordon (red ribbon, worn by noblemen, figuratively employed) she has the Aurelian wall; history, philosophy, politics, are there, living on that dead earth, with their eternal names. Respect to that vast cemetery whose silence still resounds through the whole universe!

After a drama of serious emotion, the mind loves to turn back again to the gaieties of life; it is even an indispensable want to many people. Rome the most comic scenes are met with in abundance, and I, for my part, believe it very fortunate. There is no city in the world where a transition from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," is more abrupt and unexpected; if it was not so, one would be beset by that melancholy, which is not the calm and moon-lit melancholy of the artist or painter, seated on a broken column of a temple, but the melancholy which weighs upon the heart.

I was one day returning from the Pretorian camp, a vast ruin, lost amongst the vines and brushwood, and so completely lost that I was unable to find it. From a small eminence near the hill-gate I proved to myself that the ground I saw was the burial field of the vestals; but literary peasant, in a few minutes after, proved to me that it was the tomb of the Horatii, and demanded tennepence for his information. I yielded to his demand, and continued my inquisitive stroll across the country amidst broken aqueducts, circuses in ruins, and devastated edifices, which no longer possess form, shade, or name, to see mysterious recks of ancient times fallen in vaults, buried columns; all those ages of petrified history, which to me speak louder, have more life, more eloquence, than the pages of Tacitus and Cicero. I came to the ruins of Antoninus, and a few paces from it I perceived two peasants digging the ground, and three gentlemen, whom I immediately knew to be my countrymen, because they were dressed in black, with white kid shoes, and the English are the only travellers who visit ruins in a ballroom. With my natural curiosity I felt an inclination to join the group; but, besides, very glad to find living creatures in that solitude. I bowed to the strangers, but they did not make the least offer to return my salute, for they were absorbed in grave meditations on the rise and decline of the Roman empire. The two peasants who were working seemed vexed at my coming, though I scarcely noticed them. They kept on digging quite slow, and with great caution, sifting every bushel of earth, to extract from it the relics of antiquity. My countrymen very now and then kept encouraging the peasants to persevere, with each of them a pocket dictionary in his hand. I found them to be learned men, employed in search of the wrecks of other days, and that they belonged to the Royal Society of London, the Philosophical Society of Manchester, &c. I sat myself down on the grass to watch the progress of the poetic enterprise. The search was a fortunate one, and I was moved to the heart on seeing two broken amphoras, a household god in terra cotta, an iron tripod, half eaten with precious, a bruised helmet, and the fore arm of the statue of an infant, dug up from the bosom of the earth, which had covered them for twenty centuries. At every godsend the learned men, with grave and methodical joy, entered into dissertations on the exhumed wonder, and noted down in their album the day, the hour, the moment, when their enlightened zeal had restored these holy relics of the people-king to the sun.

We accompanied these antiquities to the calash in procession. I took my share of the precious burthen; I carried the household god, and kissed it with devotion. We deposited the whole upon a bed of hay in the carriage seat, and when the calash drove off I felt the keenest grief on separating from those treasures I was never again to behold.

"What a fine privilege is opulence," I said, while walking along the Appian way; "that is gold well employed. With five guineas those happy savants, who, contrary to what is usual with the learned, are rich, have acquired a little museum, of which they are the godfathers, and which they'll proudly show to their townsmen, their friends, their children. Five guineas! The household god in terra cotta is alone worth its weight in gold. To this one might be applied what Virgil's shepherd said to his—'Aureus esto.'"

On the same evening I was conversing with a Roman priest in the warehouse of Mr. Vescovagli, the most celebrated antiquary in the square d'Espagne. Mr. Vescovagli's warehouse is a real museum, a papal museum; it is filled with statues, of fabulous value; it is the whole heathen mythology in marble. The lovers of the antique come

there to furnish themselves. Mr. Vescovagli is never unprovided. He has a complete collection of Jupiters with the modius, without the modius; with the thunderbolt, with the eagle; sitting, standing, thundering, thoughtful, smiling; Olympic, Cretan, suckled by the goat, Amalthea, or drinking nectar. He has models of Venuses, or otherwise; Venus, with the shell, with the turtle, with the dolphin; Apollon, vanquishers of the serpent, Python, or of Venus; Bacchuses, Greek or Indian; a seraglio of goddesses, a college of Cupids. Mythology has made Vescovagli a millionaire; it is the first learned man it has enriched. I was then conversing in his front shop with a Roman priest. At Vescovagli's no other subject than antiquities is ever introduced; no other conversation would be admitted, and would offend the majesty of his gods.

"You have, then, been present at a search for antiquities?" said the priest, to me.

"Yes, sir; to-day.

"At the Forum?"

"No; near the Circus of Caracalla."

"Ah! it seems M. de Torlonia has commenced treasure-finding on his land."

"Not at all; it was three of my countrymen who paid the workmen, and who have carried the treasures away with them."

"Englishmen!—and what have they found?"

I then gave him an inventory of the discoveries made. He listened, smilingly, and said,—

"Did they dig very deep?"

"Four or five feet."

"Why, then, they were very lucky, indeed, to find, at a depth of five feet, treasures that must have had fifty over them in that locality; it is a miracle, such as there are none like it in the Holy Gospel. My dear sir, I am acquainted with your treasures, your household god, your helmet, your infant's arm. I saw them last Sunday at one of my friend's, who has a manufacture of antiquities."

"Is it possible, abbe?"

"Most possible. I can show you a sculptor's private workshop, where the men make nothing but arms broken off at the elbow, heads of gods, bosoms of goddesses, feet of satyrs, torsos which have belonged to nobody, groups of Apollon, without arms, embracing Venuses without heads, Cupids, of which nothing remains but the bow. A liquid has been invented, of which a single drop suddenly gives to marble the honourable antiquity of a thousand years. There are, here and there, in the country, in the neighbourhood of ruins, false shepherds, with a few half-starved sheep, and who are on the look out for foreigners. The postillions of the calashes tell them of the wonderful discoveries made every day by digging a few feet beneath the surface of the soil. The English are the eternal victims of these mystifications; they offer money to the herdsmen, lying in the shade of the wide-spreading beech-trees, to engage them to make a search; the herdsmen, posted there by the general company of new ruins, always know where to dig. They at first feign the utmost discouragement, exclaim they are killing themselves to no purpose—every limb is covered with perspiration, which is very easy in this climate—they are on the point of throwing down their mattocks in despair, when all at once they discover the precious vein, and the foreigners leap for joy, and reward them liberally with their gold. England is full of antiquities six months old.

"The amateurs of medals also never leave Rome empty-handed. Here, at this very day, money is struck with the effigies of Cæsar, of Adrian, of Titus, of Heliogabalus, of all the Antonines; it is a species of coinage for which the law awards no punishment.

"An illustrious German very lately was in the utmost despair at being unable to find a great bronze Otho; small bronze ones were offered him by dozens; it was the great one he, for twenty years, had been in pursuit of. He made his happiness depend on the possession of that medal; his existence was poisoned by the total eclipse of that Otho. He had made a voyage to Constantinople for the express purpose of ferreting out that phoenix of brass; he had there found all the emperors of the upper and lower empire, all, except Otho.

"A manufacturer of medals, who dines at Leprie, had heard the lamentations of the unfortunate German. He made a great bronze Otho, a most admirable copy; then he filed it, he nailed it, he corroded it; you might have seen it grow a century older every five minutes, and have said it had been rode over by all the horses of Theodorici. The manufacturer himself worked with such zeal that he no longer recognised his young Otho. On the first interview at Leprie the German again began groaning over the unfindable bronze emperor. The dealer brought him by degrees to the point, and placed in his hands a box containing a hundred medals; amongst which was the great bronze Otho. From coin to coin the learned German came at length to the object of his passion. Achilles did not bound higher at Seyros on finding a set of arms under the silks and gawags of Gynecca. 'Here it is!' he exclaimed, in German, almost choked with happiness. It then became



a struggle of numismatic love between the manufacturer and the German.

The former said he valued his Otho more than his life. The German placed his life and his fortune at the feet of the medal maker. At length, the same as Antiochus ceded his dear Stratonice to his son, dying from love, so did the philanthropic medalist, moved even to tears, give up the great bronze Otho in exchange for two thousand Roman crowns.

I left the Roman priest, and could not prevent myself from smiling on casting a last glance on M. Vescovagi's Olympus. Those gods no longer inspired me with any respect; they were really false gods; I even fancied they looked ashamed of themselves. On returning to my hotel I passed before the Pantheon, and I touched it on every side. I scratched its brick walls with my nails, its marble columns, to assure myself the edifice took its existence from the age of Agrippa.

"Oh! yes, yes," I said to myself; "this is really the work of all powerful Rome! Ridicule expires before this imperishable portico, before this majesty of ages and of the fine arts. The Italian makes a medal—the Roman has made the Pantheon."

## MIRANDA;

OR,

### THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLIII.

THE ATTEMPTED RESCUE.—WITLET'S DEVOTION TO PERCY.—THE LODGMENT IN NEWGATE.

It was strange, but no less strange than true, that the furious strife of the elements rather assuaged than increased the deep anxieties of Rowland Percy, in consequence of his arrest, and the awful fate which awaited him. His imagination seemed lifted above the earth and its pursuits as he heard the incessant boom of "Heaven's artillery," and he sat perfectly calm, while Bernard Varley shrunk into the farthest corner of the watch-house, and consternation was depicted upon the faces of the constables.

When the loud thunderclaps were not heard so frequently, and the dazzling flashes of forked lightning were not each moment bewildering the faculties of all who looked through the begrimed window-panes into the street, Varley made an effort to rouse himself from the mental disquietude that had come over him. He strode towards the door, saying, as he went,—

"It seems to me now that the storm is over, and the prisoner can be removed. Surely no mob could stand such a torrent of rain as has been falling within these ten minutes."

One of the constables opened the door cautiously, and looked out. The gutters were swollen to petty brooks, and such torrents of water were rushing down the hill, that any one might have supposed some river above had burst its bounds, and was sweeping headlong into the valley.

"I don't see nobody," said the officer.

"But if there was nobody," cried the beadle, who had become quickly heroic since Rowland's capture, "I'd face him. It isn't nobody as can defy a beadle."

"Come on with your prisoners," cried Varley; "I will know no rest to-night, nor shall refreshment pass my lips, till this murderer is in prison."

"Murderer yourself," said Rowland; "once and for all, before those here present, I declare my innocence of the crime imputed to me, and with it my firm conviction that you, my accuser, and the false witness against me, are yourself the murderer of Sir George Rankley."

"Indeed," said Varley; "you are going to be hung, so it is scarcely worth while to prosecute you for a libel; one of the privileges of a man condemned to the gallows is certainly that, until the drop falls from beneath his feet, he may say just whatever he pleases."

"Vain! you in vain strive to hide beneath that sneering exterior the torments of a conscience ill at ease."

"Rail on, Rowland Percy, rail on; you are quite at liberty to take that poor, but pleasant revenge upon those who have succeeded in surrendering you to justice."

"I cannot, will not, have my prisoner spoken of in such a strain by any one," said the officer, who principally had assumed the charge of Rowland Percy. "Come on to Newgate, since Master Constable here appears not to like the responsibility of the charge of so serious a

criminal, although I very much doubt if the governor of Newgate would consider himself authorised to receive a prisoner, except upon a warrant committing him to his custody and safe keeping."

"Do try," said the watch-house keeper; "we really have no place sufficiently secure for a murderer. Besides, we shall have all sorts of night-charges as well, which will mix him up, you know—very wrong indeed. Murderers are murderers, and ought to have places all to themselves, in my uncommon humble opinion."

"Why waste time here," cried Varley, "in chaffing about such point? Come on, I say, come on."

"Come," said the officer to Rowland Percy; "my advice to you that you hold no further conversation with that man; he seems to me most determined enemy."

"You have my warmest thanks for your courtesy and good feelings," replied Rowland; "you could not perform an unwelcome office in kinder spirit."

The little party, which was strengthened by all the night-watch, could be spared from the watch-house, now proceeded to the door. The thunder-storm had quite abated; and, although a heavy, misty rain was still falling, the sky was getting lighter, and people were beginning again to venture forth from various places of refuge from the pelting storm into which they had rushed. The streets were beautifully clean, from the effects of the deluge of rain that had fallen; in fact, the beadle remarked,— "You might eat off them, and they was a world 't good for paupers."

"The mob has gone," remarked Varley, with an air of satisfaction as he ran his eye over the party, and found that Rowland was guarded by nine men in all, including himself and the beadle.

"A rescue would be impossible," he then said to the officer.

"You mind your business, and I'll mind mine," was the pithy and rather unpromising answer.

"You shall some day, and that soon, too, repent this insolence," said Varley. "As it is, it is some hundreds of pounds out of your pocket."

The officer only laughed, and walked on, holding Rowland by the arm; and, although he hardly thought it all likely he would try to get away from so many, yet he kept a most wary and vigilant eye upon his prisoner.

No interruption took place till they came opposite to Shoe-lane, and then, from that thoroughfare, there ran out a man who, throwing up his hat in the air, cried in a loud, clear voice, that must have been heard long way,—

"Grabs—grabs—Newgate a-hoy!"

The officers drew back a step, as if uncertain what was about to happen, and yet, thinking it something dangerous; and at the moment from Field-lane, there merged a strong body of men, while from Shoe-lane came some four or five, who commenced hustling the constables and the prisoner.

The officer who held Rowland in an instant snatched a pistol from his pocket, and, placing its muzzle against Rowland's cheek, he cried, "Dead or alive, I will have my man! You know me—my name Hunter. Clear the way, or you will have his death at your door—clear the way!"

"Rowland Percy," cried a voice, "can you free yourself?"

The voice was Witlet's, and at that moment he made a rush between the officer and Rowland. The former turned the muzzle of his pistol full against Witlet's breast.

"I know you," he said; "do you want an ounce of lead in your lungs? Come, come, Ned Witlet, don't be a fool; I will have my prisoner, and you know when I say I will, I will."

"Fly, Rowland, fly!" cried Witlet; "fire away, Hunter, but let him go!"

All this happened in the course of about half a minute, and Rowland Percy had just time to say,—

"Witlet, Witlet, I swear, if you sacrifice yourself for me, to deliver myself up at the door of Newgate," when a rush was made from behind to the officers' rescue by the remainder of the watch. Probably, the Mr. Bellamy, the beadle, did as good service as anybody; for, in his fright, he made a wild kind of rush across the road, right against the party that was advancing from Field-lane, and they were so pleased with the fun of bonneting the beadle, that time was afforded to the officers to get back to the watch-house with their prisoner, and once again Rowland found himself, after a futile attempt to save him, a prisoner without a hope of rescue.

"This is sharp work," remarked the officer.

"I knew nothing of it," said Rowland; "and all I have to beg of you is, that nothing may be said of it to Witlet's prejudice. He deserves a better fate than is his in this world—a better heart never beat in human bosom. The law will be satisfied in its blind vengeance against me. Let him reap no evil consequences from this rash attempt."



"Nobody will hear anything of it from me," said the officer; "I know him well."

"But from me they shall hear of it," cried Bernard Varley, who was quite wild with rage and disappointment that Rowland was not safely lodged in Newgate.

"Gracious workshops!" said the watch-house keeper, "what can I do? He wouldn't be safe here all night. You know what a little bit of a crib this is. Why, we have enough to do sometimes with half a dozen disorderlies; we should be taken by storm in the middle of the night, and done for."

"I will write a note stating the particulars to the governor of Newgate," said Hunter, the officer. "Under the circumstances, he will now, no doubt, receive the prisoner, as well as send an armed force to assist in his removal. I thank God this affair, as yet, has gone off without bloodshed."

The note was written and despatched by one of the watch, to whom Bernard Varley promised a guinea if he performed his errand quickly and safely.

The man started off, and the whole party remained in a state of the most painful suspense till his return. As for Rowland, he looked upon any attempt to rescue him by force in the public streets as perfectly hopeless, and regretted that human life should be sacrificed, as in all probability it would, without leading to any good result, if Witlet should again try to save him on his route.

Bernard Varley paced the confined precincts of the watch-house like a caged tiger, impatient and nearly maddened by the circumstance of his confinement.

Half an hour passed in this state of disquietude, during which scarcely a word was spoken by any one, and then a knock came at the outer door of the watch-house.

"Here he is," cried the officer; and he was going towards the door, when Va ley, in his impatience, anticipated him, and opened it.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the maniac from without, "you will be yet hanged at York."

"D—n!" cried Varley, and he grasped him by the throat.

"Hold, sir," said the officer; "you had better be careful what you are about. Here are too many witnesses to a deed of violence. You are not so safe as when you fired a pistol at this poor creature for looking through a drawing-room window at the Grange."

Varley nearly fell down, he was so taken by surprise, and he gasped out,—

"How—how came you to know that?"

"Never mind. I know, perhaps, more than you think. But here are our men."

A party of about a dozen well-armed men reached the door of the watch-house, and their leader placed a small piece of paper in the hands of the officer, on which was written,—

"Bring your prisoner at once to Newgate. Though contrary to rule, he shall be received."

This was signed by the governor, and the additional force of resolute men now made escape out of the question.

Varley's eyes glistened with satisfaction, as he looked upon Rowland Percy's incarceration in Newgate quite as already safely accomplished. He turned again to address some taunting observations to the unfortunate young man, but the officer checked him with such a stern look, that even he shrunk back abashed.

"We shall not want you," said the officer, "till to-morrow. The prisoner will be taken to Bow-street to be identified, when you can attend if you like."

"Enough," said Varley. "Let him escape now at your peril. And yet I shall see him safely lodged in Newgate myself. I have sworn to do so, and I will keep my word."

The party now, with its strong reinforcement, once again started for the gloomy prison-house from whence Ned Witlet had so recently, with so much toil and difficulty, escaped. There was no opposition offered—in fact, scarcely a chance passenger was in the street, for the aspect of the evening had driven every one home who had a home to go to; and those who were compelled to wander in the streets, had again, as the rain threatened, ensconced themselves under doorways, and within the entrances of stable-yards and coach-inns.

The wretched portals of Newgate were gained at last, and in another moment poor Rowland was a prisoner within its walls.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Bernard Varley; "I triumph—I triumph! Oh! I have dreamed of such a time as this."

"Ha! ha!" cried the headle, who thought Varley's manner uncommonly grand, "I've triumphed too, and I have dreadful dreams. My wife often says—"

"Fool!" muttered Varley, as he pushed him on one side with a vehemence that made him sit down right in the kennel, and started from the spot.

CHAPTER CLIV.

SAMUEL TWITTER'S RESOLVE AND WRITTEN CONFESSION. — POSTING TO LIVERPOOL.

No sooner did Samuel Twitter get perfectly free from Bernard Varley, after his quarrel and fight in the street, and also of the mob, who for some distance continued to follow him, than he revolved over several circumstances in his mind, and he came to the resolution to put the plan he had long since formed into execution.

He made no doubt but that Va ley would not cease to make desperate efforts, to regain the money he, Twitter, had possessed himself of by means of the forged check. London, therefore, was the most dangerous spot he could choose for his residence.

Besides this, he felt the full desire for revenge against Varley, who had in so many ways attempted to do him deadly injury. He had more than once attempted his, Twitter's, life; and now he had a chance of turning the tables against him, nothing could afford Twitter so much happiness as the knowledge that Varley himself was suffering the full penalty of his crime.

Full of these thoughts, he hastened to the nearest livery stables, and inquired how soon he could have a post-chaise and four to carry him to Liverpool, when he was informed that in less than an hour it would be ready for him.

"Then let it be got ready immediately, and sent round to the hotel, when I will be ready before it can, and shall be waiting."

"Very well, sir," said the man, who took the order, with great deference; "it shall be there punctual."

Twitter turned from the place, and was soon in his hotel, where he gave orders that no one should be on any account allowed to enter his apartments without he first knew their name, and business, as he was fearful that Bernard Varley might have watched him, and attempted to re-possess himself of the money.

After he had arranged all for his immediate departure so soon as the post-chaise should be announced, he called for writing materials, and after some hesitation he began to write.

That writing was his confession of the whole of the occurrences as they occurred at the Grange, and it ran as follows:—

"I, Samuel Twitter, do make the following confession, not from any motive of fear, neither am I induced to do so, at the suggestion of any other person, but because the man who has reduced me to the state I have lately been in, is the prime mover and principal actor in all the deeds, of iniquity that I am about to relate, and on him ought all the punishment to fall; and a still stronger motive actuates me, and that is, that he who is now persecuted for the murder of Sir George Rankley may yet escape the doom that awaits him if I make not this confession.—I mean Rowland Percy, who is innocent of the murder.

"I was valet to Sir George Rankley, who was a kind and generous master; however, I had been in the habit of stealing the plate belonging to Sir George Rankley, and sending it to London in the charge of a confederate of mine.

"This was no other than a man named Ned Witlet, who used to meet me at a particular part of the estate, near a shrubbery among some tall trees that grew near the road side; here he used to come and meet me, and take what booty I had, carry it to London, and then dispose of it.

"Of course he kept a great portion for his own pains, and gave me the remainder.

"This went on for a long time, and no one ever suspected what was going on; until, indeed, Bernard Varley came down as a visitor to the Grange.

"This man appeared to be always prying about, and seemed to know much about Sir George Rankley and about the house, beyond what any one deemed likely; but he did do so.

"One day, just as I had had an interview with Witlet, and had given him some more plate, and received some cash of him, and Witlet was gone, whom should I meet but this Bernard Varley. I was much confused by his scrutinizing glance, and he said in a peculiar manner—

"So, Samuel Twitter, you are not like the unworthy servant who hid his master's talent in the earth, but, on the contrary, you obtain something in the way of exchange."

"I made no answer, for I knew not what to say, and he continued—

"Pray how long has Sir George Rankley allowed you to effect a conversion of his plate into specie?"

"Still I was silent, for I was now fully aware of the extreme danger I ran, and that I was found out in my peculations; a cold sweat came over me, and I dropped upon my knees, beseeching him not to inform Sir George Rankley of it.

"Samuel Twitter," he said, "why should I not instantly explain to Sir George what you have done? you would then be transported for life."

"I begged, and entreated, and promised all that a man, under such



circumstances only, could think of; nay, I even offered to be his slave.

"Bernard Varley paused a moment or two, and then he said—

"Well, Samuel Twitter, there is one condition, and one only, upon which I will be silent upon what has passed."

"Name it—name it, Mr. Varley, and depend upon it, if it be anything short of life or imprisonment, I'll do it."

"Well, then, attend to me; can you be faithful?"

"I can and will."

"Then will you become my assistant in getting up certain schemes in the house against Sir George Rankley? I have certain designs of my own, which I will explain more fully by and by; but swear to me that henceforth you will be faithful to my person and interests."

"I solemnly swore to be so, to do all that he desired, and to keep secret all that he said or did, or I did for him."

"Now, then, Samuel Twitter, attend to me as we walk back to the Grange. I will unfold to you a few of my projects, in the fulfilling of which I shall require your assistance."

"I would have it happen," he continued, "that Sir George Rankley was dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, dead—you understand me, Twitter?"

"Yes; but not murder?"

"It matters little, you know; for should he not die as soon as I should wish him to die, you must assist me to dispose of him—do you hear me? there will be no danger, but such as can only arise when you refuse to aid me, or to break my council."

"I promised to do all he required of me, but I trembled excessively when he talked of murder in such a cool strain."

"I wish," he said, "that after that there should be found a will by Sir George Rankley, bequeathing to me all his property, and a recommendation to marry his daughter. Now, when Miranda finds herself no longer possessed of anything like independence, and poverty treads close on her heels, she will become an easy conquest."

"But," said I, "there is young Mr. Percy; it is well known among the servants that they are attached to each other."

"It matters little," he replied; "I have been thinking over that matter, and I believe I can foment a quarrel between Sir George Rankley and the Squire of Larkwood; a duel will be the consequence, and, if Sir George falls, why our work is the lighter."

"True," I replied; "that way then our work will be so much the lighter, for I own my nerves are not of the best, and I shrink from murder."

"You have not the liberty to shrink at anything," replied Bernard Varley, with sternness and impatience, "for should he not fall, it will be necessary to put him out of the way somehow or other; and recollect, should you fail, you will certainly be consigned to a prison for life, while I offer you immunity for all that is past, and a sufficiency out of the funds the Grange estate will produce to me, to enable you to live independently for life—but in the meantime you must be both silent and cautious, for should a word drop, that word will be your sentence to perpetual imprisonment."

"Thus speaking, we both arrived at the Grange, and I retired to the apartment allotted to me, there in silence to meditate upon the strange conference that had passed between us."

"The principal events that I have now to relate, are already known; a quarrel was fomented between Sir George Rankley and the Squire of Larkwood, as Mr. Percy was called; they fought, and the former was wounded; that wound was trifling, but it gave Bernard Varley the opportunity he sought, for, stealing to his room and relieving the nurse, he smothered him with his pillow. I was to have aided, but I fainted on the bed."

"Bernard Varley refused to give me my share of the produce of our iniquity, for he obtained a forged will and all was his. I attempted to induce him to act fairly, but he made more than one attempt on my life. I have now a sufficiency, and am about to quit the country, and before this confession can reach you, I shall be far away beyond your reach. I go to the east, there to spend the remainder of my days in seclusion, and to repent of the crimes I have been guilty of."

"Bernard Varley ought to be arrested and confronted with my confession, without his having any knowledge that I have escaped; if he supposes I am in custody, you will speedily ascertain the truth of my words."

"Rowland Percy is innocent of the charge. Bernard Varley is guilty of it, and I was present, but unable to assist in consequence of insensibility, induced by my fear of shedding blood. The will was forged, and Miss Miranda Rankley has been robbed of her inheritance."

"This confession is true, I solemnly declare, and my share of the dreadful transaction I have detailed was forced upon me, for the only crimes I had ever committed amounted to no more than robbing—murder was against my nature. I now wish justice to be done to the innocent and to the guilty. I do now all that I can do towards such an

end without my person being endangered—that I shrink from—I will live and repent; but much more injury may be prevented by this confession.

(Signed)

"SAMUEL TWITTER."

"To the Lord Mayor of the City of York, and the Town Council."

Twitter carefully directed this paper and sealed it up, though he had written the body of it in great haste and even perturbation of spirit, for every sound caused a start, and the recital of his own crimes brought bead-like drops of moisture upon his brow. At length he secured the packet carefully in his bosom, and as he extinguished the taper he had used to seal it, a waiter entered the room, saying—

"Mr. Twitter."

"Well?"

"The travelling carriage is at the door, sir, and waits for you."

"I am ready," exclaimed Twitter, as he rose, and pointing to a port-manteau and trunk, desired that they should be placed in it, and then following himself, he was soon safely shut in.

No sooner was he inside, than he hastily pulled up the blinds on either side, fearful of meeting by accident his arch enemy, Bernard Varley, and calling to the post-boy, he said—

"Drive on as fast as you can," and in another moment he was rattling over the stones at a rate that excited the attention of everybody who came in the road.

(To be continued in our next.)

## REMEMBRANCE.

I remember, I remember,  
When my life was in its prime,  
Yet untouched and uncorrupted  
By the blighting hand of Time.  
When the flow'ret and the sunshine  
Were companions of the scene;  
And hope was in its vigour then,  
And pleasure in its green.

I remember, I remember,  
When the storm of sorrow came,  
And extinguished, and for ever,  
All the glories of life's frame;  
When one by one the blossoms  
Of affection dropp'd away,  
And despair came with the darkness  
And affliction with the day.

I remember, I remember,  
But ah! 'tis vain to mourn  
For the bright hours and the loved ones  
That will never more return.  
Let the present have its torture,  
And the past its store of ill;  
To the future, to the future,  
We will look with gladness still.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed to the Editor (post paid), will meet with immediate attention. *and not* Accepted.—"The Village Green;" "Reflection;" "The Costermonger's Lament."

H. W.—We shall be glad to receive the conclusion of "The Foundling." F. D.—"Maud" shall appear as soon as possible. Our thanks are tendered for the article, and we shall be happy to hear from the author again.

J. WRIGHT—"Maggie Ather," and, if possible, "The Three Tree Well," shall appear in our next.

Declined, with thanks.—"To May;" "A Song for Fatherland;" "Adventures of a Schoolboy."

T. C.—To the first question we reply, "Nothing;" to the second, "No;" to the third, "We cannot tell."

H. J. HAMP—"The Ruby Ring" shall appear in our next number. The author, perceiving the alterations we have made, will be able to observe his faults; and we know an improvement will be noticed in future.

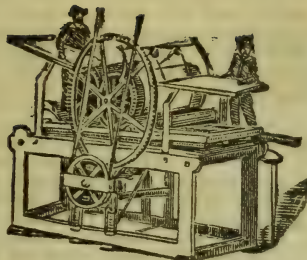
A FRIEND TO MORALITY is angry without cause. The bigotry, we think, is not on our side.

COSMOPOLITE makes a great noise about a little thing; if we were to answer every letter we receive upon frivolous subjects, we should give much greater offence to our subscribers than in the instance complained of. The question is ridiculous.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## THE WANDERING TROUBADOUR.

A YOUTH, who had just set out on a party of pleasure, overtook a wretched-looking set of travellers, who had not proceeded far on their way.

The company consisted of an aged man, apparently seventy years old, a woman about twenty years younger, a girl of sweet eighteen, and two boys, perhaps of about two or three years younger, and about a year's difference in their ages. They were amusing themselves by gathering nuts by the wayside.

The old man had the black collar of his coat ornamented with shells, and at his feet, for he was seated, lay his pilgrim's staff and bagpipe. He was humming an air of some vivacity, while the old woman was engaged in uttering bitter complaints against her present misery. The young girl seemed wrapped in thought, and the two youths were shouting and exerting their lungs for the express purpose of stunning one, while the youth observed them from a neighbouring eminence.

The old woman was the first to speak to her husband.

"I am surprised that in our situation you can think of singing in this manner."

"I am driving away sorrow."

"Your songs do but little towards that; you'll allow that you have made choice of a miserable trade."

"Be that as it may, it is a merry one."

"To turn piper, and scamper through the world like a vagrant."

"Geography and travels you know are my delight."

"I like them little enough, at any rate. You only think of yourself; and is this the way to bring up your children and educate them?"

"Neither of us have had a better, I think; but they are now grown up."

"True, and penniless."

"And that is the way I began the world."

At this point one of the youngsters shouted out and broke in upon their conversation with these words, addressed to the mother,—

"Do not rail thus, mother, there's a gentleman here, who is listening to you."

The youth, when he heard these words, stepped forward and saluted the wanderer, who rose up, dignified and grave, seized his staff, and hastily prepared his bagpipes, and then said,—

"Sir stranger, what air would please you—gay, tender, or grand?"

The youth gave him a small coin and replied,—

"Whatever air you please, you can play; I am easily pleased, having never heard any other music than that which proceeds from the village church."

The minstrel struck up some tender air.

"That is very melancholy," said the youth; "can't you play something that will make one laugh?"

The minstrel played a lively air, with which the youth was in raptures; and now he had found out his taste, the minstrel continued to play till he was surfeited; all good things may be carried to extremes.

The youth had been struck with the conversation he heard between the old man and his wife, and said to him, when he ceased,—

"If I rightly understood your conversation just now, it would appear that your wandering profession does not gain you a great number of ducats."

"Certainly not; but one cannot enjoy every happiness at once. Be I rich, or be I poor, I am always the same. I have passed through many countries, and am happier than many monarchs; but everything has an end, and so will my pilgrimages. I am now about to retire,

and end my days in quietness in my native city, whither I am now bound."

"You have time enough for that," said the youth; "and, did I not fear being troublesome, I would make a request of you."

"As many as you please."

"Well, then, I should think your adventures were very interesting, and I should like to hear them."

"I will relate them to you willingly," said the minstrel, "for I am happy to be set a-talking."

I was born, as you must know, at Brussels, and, when young, was one of the best archers that could be found there, and I had so strong a taste, from nature, for music, that I at length laid aside the bow and took to the pipes.

Unhappily at that time the city was so swarmed with minstrels, whose harmony soon overpowered mine, it was useless for me to present myself at the palaces and castles of Hainault and Brabant; they laughed at me, and told me I played horribly bad on the pipes.

A prophet, you know, has no honour in his own country, so I left there and went into another state.

One day, while playing under the walls of a magnificent castle, the generous owner appeared on the battlements and said to me,—

"Young wanderer, three leagues from this spot lies a town; pass through it, and a league on the other side you will see a castle, where resides my lady-love. Go there," he continued, "and play the same wretched sounds under the walls that you have played here, and perhaps she may listen to them, as I have done. Thou wilt present her with this letter—perhaps she will reply to it. Thou must return here with it, and I will give thee a far better reward than ever thou yet received."

I took the letter, well pleased with the lucky adventure; I was soon on the road, had passed the town, and was speedily under the walls of the castle, and here I commenced playing most energetically, when a young lady, with a face beaming with smiles and sweetness, made her appearance.

I ceased playing upon seeing her, and offered her the letter. Imprudent as I was, for I had been watched by the lord of the castle. He seized the letter, and ordered his daughter to retire, and commanded his attendants to put me in durance vile.

Shortly after this I was brought before him; he was bursting with rage. I attempted to mollify him, or induce him to sink into slumber! but he, alas! was no lover of music. He had me bound by his valets, and paying no regard to my talents, was inhuman enough to order me a hundred lashes.

I was then put in a dark hole, with a small bundle of straw, and a frugal supper, and on the next day was turned out with the advice, that I had better become acquainted with the road to the castle, for if I was found there again, I might expect a speedy journey to Heaven.

I dared not return to the lord who sent me on the mission, but crossed the river, intending to go to the court of a prince who was not many leagues distant, and who constantly kept an assembly of minstrels. To him I went, with the intention of making him a judge of my talents.

It is said that vanity is the constant failing of my profession; certain it is that it was mine, for I was adjudged as anything but a first-rate performer, and was, indeed, recommended to quit a line that I had no talents for; but I resolved to stick to my pipes, and make them known over many countries.

I next turned my steps towards Paris, where I arrived, and though I had made no new acquisitions, I was very well received. I was at-



nished at a success so much beyond my expectation, vain as I was; but a friend told me to make the best of my time, as moderate abilities only are encouraged, and your popularity might vanish on the morrow.

What he said was true enough, for my success fell off most suddenly, and I quitted the place with a few crowns in my pocket.

"It is a comical and a strange town," said I.

I next wended my way to Poitiers, to which place troubadours much resorted, and they and minstrels have, from time out of mind, been brothers.

In the hope of meeting with brethren, I sallied out in Poitiers, and whether or not I had any talents, or that they did not exact a greater modicum of ability from others than they themselves possessed, I know not; but I soon acquired some little fame amongst them, made acquaintances of several of the inhabitants, who danced to my music, and if my wife was not listening, I could tell you a tale or two.

I commenced composer, and I think I might have made my fortune in this province, but my love of travel led me to leave this spot.

I now entered Spain, and began to take breath. "Here," said I, "people are wise, and are never over much hurried to do or to say." I began to think that I was in my own native country; but no riches were scraped up here.

I heard much of Barcelona, a place, it seemed, that even I could make a fortune in. I began playing my pipes at the tipping houses in the suburbs of this great city.

One day, whilst I was playing before a brilliant company of both sexes, who were chiefly occupied in dancing, the lady whom you see by my side, hearing me utter some words in bad French, felt for me a very sudden passion—at least, so she has assured me since.

For my own share, I must say, I did not have the same feelings, and the lady was scarcely any better looking than she is now. She can count years to the amount of fifty; but it was so novel, so enchanting to have a woman in love with me, that I told her she should not sigh in vain, and that she should have the hand that she adored, which I considered would be a cruelty to withhold, seeing the intensity of her feelings.

She told me her birth was above the common, and that her family originally came from some place, and was still held in consideration in some other place. But you know, sir, the traveller's privilege in regard of truth, for I afterwards found out that the lady thought it no sin to impose upon my youth and credulity.

The old man had hardly uttered these words when the old woman turned to him, saying,

"Only hear him, the Flemish bagpipe, who insults a woman whose only fault and misfortune was in marrying him. Accursed is the hour I was unfortunate enough to fall in with a husband! If you knew the many leagues that I have been compelled to ramble—"

"Gently, if you please, madam," said the minstrel, "it belongs to me to relate to this gentleman all that happened, and where we went to."

Well, sir, we were married, and it was necessary that my pipes should furnish us both with the necessities of life; I then went to Seville, where I gave her a handsome establishment; and, had she not been indiscreet enough to indulge in extravagance, and present me with a girl, I should have been a rich musician.

But what must one not expect in the married life? I was not angry with my wife on that account; indeed, she might have done much worse ere she would have angered me; thank Heaven for having given me so even a temper! Events happened as I have said; for, examine the features of these young scapegraces, and tell me upon your honour if their features have any resemblance to mine.

That, however, is mere bagatelle; it is of no consequence to me; I love them as if they were my own blood; and, when I saw them coming into the world, though I had nothing to do with it, I blew my pipes the merrier, to gain the needful to support them, and to make a stand against creditors.

I was compelled to quit Seville no richer than I entered it; I next went to Madrid, where novelty gave me a good reception. Capitals usually afford great resources to all new comers by the folly of the inhabitants.

I was doing well when a slight quarrel took place between me and my wife; and, as she insisted that I had attempted to poison her, I was thrown into prison for six months. At length, when they were convinced of my innocence, they released me.

When I got out, I hurried to my lodgings, where I found that my wife had found means to interest in her behalf an officer of justice; and, if she chooses, she can tell you more of that adventure than I can.

I sought her, and found her with that individual, who turned very pale at seeing me; but I took no notice of this, I embraced my wife, without anger, which astonished him and her.

She burst into a loud fit of laughter, and he did the same. I was

complaisant enough to do the same; were they not kind to have imprisoned her for such a trifle?

The acquaintance was fortunate, for the officer took the burden of my wife off my hands, and I had her only three months to maintain.

My pipes brought in a tolerable revenue; and, as there were at that time some very pretty romances, which I played moderately well, not a night passed without my being called on to give a serenade. In the evening I went to the Prado, where I was eagerly sought; at times by a duenna, then by a don, and often by the knights of Calatrava, members of the council, and at other times by ladies of easy virtue, who are as common at Madrid as in any other country.

Sir, I witnessed all the passions in full play, gallants, who puffed themselves out like my pipes, and who tried all schemes to make themselves appear like lovers. I did as they did, and my pockets were filled.

But I will relate one adventure that occurred to me on the Prado.

I had made an arrangement with a poet, whom I ordered to write verses as I would order a coat. One evening, as we were walking on the Prado, a man, who I supposed was, at least, a grandee, though it was too dark to tell his features well, called to me in a deep, commanding voice.

"Minstrel," said he, "compose and play a romance for me instantly." "Most willingly, my lord," said I; "on what subject would you wish it?"

"On a fool of a husband, who is forced to sing the praises of another who plays his part with his wife."

I pressed my little poet for the words, as hastily as he could find them, while I adapted them to a tune. I wish I could recollect them, for they were very good, and I could sing them myself. When I executed them to my grandee, and the lady with him, in an unrequented part of the garden, and were laughing at it, who do you think these great people were? Why, my wife; it was she, and the officer who played me the trick. They paid me, however, and that was no small consolation to me.

My wife grew weary of her paramour, as he grew weary of her. I know not which had the best of it; but one day she came to me, and said that she had come to live with me for the future.

"You do me great honour," said I.

From this moment all was confusion indescribable; for, while I and the poet were endeavouring to practice some new romance, she amused herself all the while with making every description of noise, and boxing the girl and hiding her son was an accomplishment she was particularly gifted in, and our neighbours complained that our household was too noisy, and we were compelled to quit; but we had such a bad character, that no one would admit us, so that we got shelter in whatever shape it came to us.

I had gained a goodly purse during my short widowhood; and, when my wife returned, she took but six weeks to squander it away. I became the public laughing-stock, and considered it time to quit the place, which I did.

I then started for Grenada. I was told they were great admirers of music.

I entered Grenada with no imposing equipage; indeed, I was forced to beg my way. It was necessary to keep up appearances at Grenada as anywhere else; my wife had lost her appearance; I was almost naked, and the two brats were quite in a state of nature; and my poet, who did so much at Madrid, was nobody in Grenada. The place was too brilliant for us.

Despised by these Moors, I well nigh despaired, and was one day leaping against a wall, when one came up to me and said,

"Thou sufferest; I will have compassion on thee. Follow me."

I did so until he came to his stable, into which we went, and he showed me two beautiful Arabians.

"There," said he, "lay aside thy pipes, which will cause thee to starve, and dress these, which will give you life."

Here was a falling off! from a minstrel to a groom; and, what was worse, I did not understand how to become one, and my master was one of the most impatient of Moors that can be imagined. What was to be done?

They say a man can accustom himself to anything. It cost me much to become a groom.

I had for an under master a groom, who was the most rude and disagreeable of all Saracens in Grenada. He was awfully big bearded, and of little stature, and diminutive eyes, a goat's beard, and an Ethiopian's colour.

This frightful being was the lover of my master's mistress. You may think what you please of her taste, and my comforts. He would have it, (and I could not persuade him it required an apprenticeship) that I was as well acquainted with my duties as he was; he was eternally scolding me. I had always the curry-comb in my hand, and often mounted on the backs of vile beasts, that would not stand still, but



were continually prancing about; and, though I held on to their manes with all the energy I possessed, I was sure to find myself upon some dunghill or cesspool, and without allowing me time to scrape myself clean, I had to handle the fodder, which brought me into quarrels with the surveyor, and then I had to select herbs to purge animals that enjoyed more health than I did.

It was with the utmost difficulty that I got time for my necessary repose; for, what time I could spare, that I employed to keep up my proficiency on my pipes.

I had played on my pipes one day, and set the steeds prancing and rearing like mad, when the stableman entered, and he got a kick from one of the Arabians; he roared so loud, that he brought all the people about him, and he accused me of having done it as a revenge for the thrashings he had given me. I said no; but they did not believe me, and they all fell upon me, and beat me, and it was with some difficulty that I escaped with my pipes.

I then made search through the city for my family, whom I found. They had all suffered as much as I had, and set off for some more favoured spot of Spain.

I said to this company, my wife and her children,—

"A truce to complaint and melancholy; let's help one another. Here is my faithful companion; my pipes, a resource against all the misfortunes of this life."

My wife did not answer as civil as might be.

"It must be a great resource indeed that can raise you to the honour of a stable-boy and lower us to beggary. Take to some new line that is not worn out."

I am of a gentle disposition, and to soften my wife's, I said,—

"If you think that my pipes will not get us enough to exist on, say, madam, and I'll turn doctor."

My proposal pleased her—I became a doctor of physic, and established myself; but I learned how to kill, and then I found out the way to cure, and became in great repute. So much so, that I was consulted for many miles round my residence. I was gaining money and reputation, and I was fortunate indeed.

One day my Moorish master passed through the city as commander-in-chief of an army, who were marching against the Castilians. He was taken suddenly ill, and all recommended me to him. I had the honour to attend upon him, and in little more than a week I had cured him, and I then called on him to take my leave.

During his recovery he had often fixed his eyes on me with a good deal of uneasiness and attention. I was going away with the gold he had given me, and which was more than I ever received as musician since the time I commenced.

"Leach," said he, "I think I have seen you before, but I cannot tell where."

As he said this I thought myself a lost man, and threw myself at his feet.

"You have been in my service," he said, "but I forgot in what capacity."

"As your helper in the stable, my lord," said I; "but deign to listen to me: your head groom, while he taught me the use of the lash taught me something of horse botany, and the differences between a horse and a man are not so extensive as may be supposed."

"Wonderful," said the Moor, laughing; "I can now understand the infernal strength of your medicine."

"Your lordship is correct; they kill or cure: we ought to be resolute."

He went on his way and took his gold. I now became rich, and, as usual, riches bring care and misery.

Well, sir, my daughter, or I should say my wife's, thought proper to fall in love.

A young Moor had gained admittance to my house under the pretence of learning fine art, under such a master, but his real object was to be in the society of the girl he loved. I did not notice this, but her mother became acquainted with it before I did. The girl was as much in love with the Moor as ever he was with her.

One morning my wife came into my chamber, and told me of the circumstance. For the first time since I had been married I drew into violent rage. My wife was astonished, but she was as obstinate as her ex-husband usually are.

"Why, you wretch!" she said to me, "you are no sooner rich than you are insolent; why should you put yourself out because a handsome young Moor loves your daughter?"

"He is a Mahomedan."

"Well, is that all,—will he be the first that has turned Christian? if it would not be out of the way would it; he will continue to improve after you, and when you die he will be our support."

"I do not intend to die," exclaimed I, "nor shall any Moor enter my family."

"It is not quite certain that it is your family you know, so you have the do to do with it," she had the unpardonable insolence to say.

"Madam," said I, "that will not do; but as long as I have the honour of being publicly so, I'll prevent it."

"Oh! we shall see."

She no sooner said this than I crushed a small phial that I held in my hand with anger; I immediately called my daughter, and said,—

"Girl, how dare you fall in love without my consent?"

She cried, and blushed, and fell upon her knees. I raised her up and wiped her eyes; told her it was no use crying, but desired her to answer me.

"Indeed I could not help it."

I told her it was very easy to help it; I had never loved all through my life. I told her he was an infidel.

"Had he been a Christian," I said, "something might have been done, but he is an enemy to God, and I might marry her to a gentleman of Spain."

"I am very sorry, father," she said, "to give you cause for displeasure; if I could I would no longer love him; I would do as you please, but I have not the strength, it is quite impossible. I would not marry any one else if I could; I will not see him any more, if you order me, but I shall die."

I began to melt, but seeing the young Moor come in, my rage knew no bounds; but he looked so afflicted and humble that I, who am naturally kind, instead of throwing the glass in his face, I broke it in my hand. It was then I witnessed the sweet disposition of those children whom I was persecuting; they picked all the broken glass out of my hand, which she washed and kissed.

I think I should then have pardoned them, but madam then entered with her usual noise and bounce, which brought back all my indignation. I punished the innocent for the guilty, and swore that the marriage should never take place.

My wife had made a joke of me through life—she declared herself protectress of those two children, and she was determined to marry them privately. I could perceive that some plot was being carried on, but not being curious I paid no attention to it.

On waking one morning I found that I was the only inhabitant in my house. I searched for my wife everywhere, but it was utterly useless; she and the two brats, my daughter, and all the family, had decamped during the darkness of night.

I next hastened to my strong box and my gains; the fruit of so much labour had disappeared with the lady and her retinue. I was so amazed that when I attempted to move, my legs refused their office. I was transfixed to the spot, and passed the most melancholy day of my life.

But Heaven had provided me with an avenger. At this time the holy inquisition was most attentive and watchful in preventing the Moors from carrying off poor Christian women. A detachment of these honest defenders of our religion, noticing an old woman, a young girl, and the handsome Moor, who had heedlessly kept on his turban, took all of them into custody.

Heaven knows what must have been her surprise and amazement when she beheld in the commander of the troop no less a person than her old admirer. When she had recovered from her surprise, she made use of her former blaudishments; but I dare say the season of love was past, or that the officer engaged in such a sacred task had repented of his early amours, and in a voice that at once convinced her all her smiles were in vain,—

"Madam, I am very sorry for you," said the holy officer, "but I am forced to execute my office."

"Oh! but my dear, you recollect your former intimacy—I am sure you'll not be hard."

"It pains me much," he said, "but I must deliver you to the holy inquisition."

"Oh! do have mercy, Don Pedro," she said.

"I'll do all I can, but in spite of my pity, I must put a pair of handcuffs on you."

"Is there no way to soften you, my dear Don Pedro?" said my wife.

"No, none, madam."

"Will not gold do it?"

"Eh?" said the officer.

"Gold, bright gold; you know what I mean?" replied my wife.

"Why a composition might be entered into with advantage to the office I serve," said the cunning inquisitor.

"Well, then, will this do for an emolument?" said my wife, showing him my money.

The sight of gold has a charm; the effect of this is more rapid than lightning, for the hard and stern features of the inquisitorial officer were instantly softened into smiles, and kindness sat upon his brow.

He obligingly pocketed my treasure, turned my wife, daughter, and brats adrift, but was resolute in detaining the young Moor, in spite of all they could say or do.

When I saw my wife and children return in the evening with such melancholy countenances, I was much surprised and I asked,—



"Well, madam, where do you come from?"

My wife, as you must perceive by my relation, neither wanted assurance or effrontery, and nothing can embarrass her, candidly avowed the whole plot, the robbing me of my treasure, the meeting with her old paramour, and then added unconcernedly, what was the price she paid for having been released.

"Very well, madam," said I, "and it is I, then, who am to pay for your folly. We have not a coin of however small a value, and your conduct has made so much noise here that we cannot remain. What can be done?"

"Take to your pipes," she replied, "you know that is our never-failing remedy."

I resumed my pipes and played on all the highways and byways in Spain, but I cannot hunt two hares at once; the time I had spent in cultivating physic had been prejudicial to my profession of minstrelsy, which requires constant practice, and perpetual cultivation; in addition to this, I became somewhat asthmatical and could not give the long-drawn and fine tones I could give when I was younger. The pipe is like love, both require youth. I left Spain and travelled over the Pyrenees, and entered for once, on my way back, my native city. If I were to say that my talents were more honoured in France than Spain I should lie, but the French are more ready to assist us in the shape of charity.

I then came near the place of my wife's nativity, and she said she had relations which were held in some estimation; but my wife, like many others, and as I had often before found out, was a terrible liar. She was not known, nor her relations; in fact, sir, she had never been there before. So believe a woman if you please, I shall not.

I am now travelling to Brussels, and if any of my relations are alive, and are willing and able to help me in my age and adversity, and my wife does not mar all by her conduct, I may yet expect to end my days without being starved.

The youth, at the end of this recital, rose up, and thanking the old man, rewarded him with a few silver coins, for which he seemed highly grateful, and they parted on their respective paths.

## THE VILLAGE GREEN.

The village green! the village green,  
Fond memory turns to thee,  
And each long pass'd and happy scene  
Thy dear spot brought to me:  
Methinks again the laugh I hear  
Of boyhood's jocund hour,  
When care nor pain assail his cheer,  
And nought his pleasures sour.

The village green! the village green,  
Oh, how I love to trace,  
The many gambols that have been  
Committed on thy face;  
In fancy I once more descry  
The sports of youth so dear,  
When joy and sunshine seem to vie,  
And gladness fills the ear.

The village green! the village green,  
What charms thy spot once had  
For my young heart, when thoughts serene  
Were never marr'd by sad;  
When evening sun threw his soft light  
O'er games of heedless youth,  
And hope ne'er knew a cruel blight,  
But beam'd in love and truth.

The village green! the village green,  
There's nought can e'er erase  
Thy spot where now each thought doth lean,  
And memory loves to trace.  
Oh! seat of bliss—of youth's delight,  
Thou'rt still as dear to me  
As when my days were young and bright,  
And every hour was free.

H. J. CHURCH.

As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the safe side. Thus we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, too humble; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

## A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THAMES," ETC.

"Death is a fearful thing."

PERHAPS many may remember the dreadful hurricanes that swept over the fair land of Britain about the decline of the last year.

For some weeks the weather had been beautiful, the mild autumn, lingered for a long time, and encroached on the territories of winter. The trees retained, with a miserly care, their fading though glorious bloom to the last, whilst the deep, deep sea, which entwined round the Cornish coast, had long triumphed in majestic like repose, and the swallow would ascend high in the still air and skim o'er the dark blue sea, whilst the hardy old mariners, ere they retired from the labours of the day, appeared downcast and sad as they gazed on the distant cloudy skies and the motionless sea; they knew the Atlantic's rage, when roused from her listless apathy; that occupied their thoughts, and, alas! their thoughts were true.

A rumbling sound gradually arose of distant thunder, huge clouds shedding darkness wherever they rode, swept fleetly by, and ranged o'er the canopied vault above with rapid strides far and wide. Rain descended in torrents, which made the sea to awake from her slumbers, whilst the thunders roared still more loudly. The lightning flashed here and there with truly vivid power; the winds howled with their shrill and monotonous tones, rushing hither and thither with fiend-like fury, whilst the impetuous waves and foaming billows rose mountain-high with their voluptuous spray. The demons of the deep rejoiced—it was a storm—an awful storm.

The night set in—the storm still raged—the old would gaze on the young with sorrow, and the young on the old with fear; the fond mother would clasp more fiercely her trembling babe, whilst they thought on the morrow of those who would sleep in the ocean's deep grave.

Whilst the storm thus raged, a noble vessel, which for a long time had triumphed o'er the pitiless wave, might have been seen dismasted and drifting before the unmerciful wind—cries might have been heard issuing from the distracted and forlorn hearts of those on board, but nature heeded them not.

A few moments elapsed—to some they would appear ages—when they who had traversed from a far distant land were only allowed a glimpse—a passing glimpse of the promised shore—a loud shriek arose of numerous voices, frantic cries, and all was silent as the tomb. Those cries were heard no more; she had foundered, and all were consigned in one moment to that bosom of the unknown.

Many an anxious heart looked forward for her return—fathers were cheered with hope and mothers with pride, expecting to see their fond child once more—sisters smiled with joy and brothers with love, waiting with longing hearts to tell the tales of the future and the past. But those tales were never told.

Fathers despaired, mothers gave themselves up with resignation to Him who would provide for the desolate and oppressed. Sisters became sad—brothers gazed on the sorrowing scenes around with hearts deeply impressed with woe, whilst many, as they sat on a wintry night around the blazing hearth—as they heard the moans of the winds which rushed harrowing by, would look in each other's faces with fear, and fancy that each mind that breathed a moan was "a voice from the grave!"

The dark clouds which on the previous evening had heralded in the night, on the following morning were flown. The sun shone forth with feeble rays on the ruined scenes around; trees that had retained their bloom so long appeared withered and decayed, torn up by the roots, no more to bloom again, whilst nature, so calm, mocked the sad scene with a sickly smile.

It was in the autumn of that year that a man, upon whom nature had lavished a powerful arm, was seen pacing to and fro on the cliffs of that iron-bound coast. His eye, ever and anon, wandered o'er the broad expanse of waters, when, as if endeavouring to pierce through the misty clouds, which hovered almost on the ocean's bosom in the distance, a contracted brow, deeply furrowed, arose, and told by the vacant eye how deeply he was absorbed in thought.

Nearly five and fifty summers had he seen—in storm or tempest, in winter or summer—he had guided many a bonny barque up that dangerous channel in the British seas. He was a pilot.

It was about this period that a vessel from India's sunny clime was expected to be in sight of the white cliffs of Britain. Her delay was source of extreme uneasiness to the noble pilot, who was waiting for the eighth time to caress what to him was a child, and guide her with father's care and a father's pride up that dangerous portion of the sea. By day he watched with a deep, penetrating eye on that sea which bore on its bosom his very life—his very love; and on his return to his once happy home, he would become dejected, and weep like a child, that that self-same vessel he had a son, who, having imbibed his father's



ove for the wide, deep sea, had traversed in that bonny barque from India's treasured shore.

But she never was heard of or seen. Conjectures ran high, and bewildered the dizzy brain with chaotic and wild, imaginary dreams—dreams at one moment full of hope and at another of despair; but hope triumphed, and for awhile made the mind contented; it was thought that some friendly port had harboured her when dismayed by the storm, which report had spoken of as having swept over the billows of the wide and deep Atlantic.

She was lost for ever, and all on board were consigned to the deep, deep sea. This was the vessel to which a brief allusion was made in the early part of this theme as having foundered on the night of that horrible and portentous storm—a storm which still rings in the ears of those who have to deplore from thence the loss of a father—a kind, forgiving mother—a loving sister, or a truth-fraught friend.

It was a short time after the above occurrences had transpired that the old pilot had dreamed one of those wild revellings of the mind, which we are called upon to acknowledge as a dream; yet, strange to say, that dream foretold events which were to occur in the future, and which had occurred in the past.

He dreamed that a vessel, long exposed, to the tender mercies of the wind and the storm, had foundered off the coast; he saw the agonising looks of the frantic and dismayed; and he heard the voice of his son calling upon him—his father!—the sounds of despair arose from the drowning and the dead; he saw one by one drop off from the link of life.

He could withstand it no longer, even nature aroused him whilst deep in his dream, and, with a miraculous spring from the rocks above down into the stormy sea, he awoke, to behold his false vision—a dream.

One morning the old pilot was found asleep in his bed, much to the surprise of many, who were daily in the habit of seeing him as early as the sunrise.

A tear stole o'er the eye that one would have thought tearless. He dreamed. It was his familiar dream of the sea—the sea. They awoke him, but a loud groan arose, and he uttered the words "Father!—father!—save me!" and relapsed into a state which soon ended in death.

'Twas the voice of the son calling upon the father. Kind reader, sympathise with him. 'Twas "a voice from the grave!" Westminster.

## THE TRAVELLER'S TALE;

OR, JACQUES TREVELLI.

THE day had been one of those miserable November days which are supposed to be peculiarly inimical to Englishmen, a cold drizzling rain, accompanied by fog, when I arrived in London from a foreign tour of eighteen months' duration. I had been to many parts, some on business, and not a few on mere pleasure; but the fatigue of constant change having subsided, I felt glad to return to my native land. I made my way to my brother's, whose residence was situated in Russell-square, and I was glad to hear that he and his family were at home. I and my baggage were taken in, and it was not many minutes before, having the necessary greeting over, I was seated before a comfortable fire, with smiling and intelligent faces around me.

My brother's family was a large one, most of its members were full grown, and I had the honour of being an especial favourite among them. My brother and his wife welcomed me with all the cordiality of relationship and friendship combined, and an early tea was ordered for me. My conversation turned upon the various incidents that occurred during my absence from England; such and such acquaintances were dead, others married, others quitted this spot of the world for another hemisphere, in nearly all had some alteration taken place.

Thus we passed the time till supper came, and in its train hot water and jugs, with a request from my eldest niece, a fine girl of eighteen, who was about to be wedded to a young officer in the army, that I would relate something interesting or wonderful that I had seen or heard while abroad.

After a few moments' thought my mind reverted to a scene which could not well be remembered without bringing a sadness over my mind, which they perceived by my looks.

"I hope," said my niece, "that I have done or said nothing that can cause you any pain, uncle; I merely thought you might have seen or heard something that would have interested us without causing you any sadness."

"No, my dearest girl," I replied, "there is nothing that I can feel any pain for, save the sufferings of another; my mind reverted to an incident, which will form a very good theme for this night, for it is specially calculated for one such as yourself, as you will say when you

hear it, and may the lesson I have to inculcate sink deep into your heart, while you will, I am sure, sympathise with the unfortunate subject of my tale."

I could see all eyes were fixed upon me, and Clara's face betrayed emotions of sorrow and anxiety lest I should say anything that would cause her future unhappiness.

A few months after I left England I was taken suddenly ill, and being near Avignon, in France, I determined to abide there until I felt well enough to resume my journey with pleasure and ease to myself. I took up my residence at the house of a very respectable man who lived within half an hour's walk of the town. Their house was situated near the town of St. Dominic, which took its name from an old convent that formerly stood on the same spot. It was altogether a pleasant spot, and very healthy, a great desideratum with me, who always look first to the healthy situation of a house before even its convenience is considered.

My landlord's family consisted but of himself and wife; but there was another individual in the house besides myself. It was a female; from the little that I could see of her she was remarkably beautiful, but in a constant melancholy. She sorrowed without ceasing, and the hectic flush of consumption was visible in her cheek, and her attenuated frame showed me that her days were numbered.

I felt greatly interested in her fate; but I could learn nothing of her. She had been there as an inmate of the house for near three years, and had always conducted herself in the same manner as she did then, always shunning the society of her fellow-beings, and females in particular. She was at that time eminently beautiful, though sorrow then had laid his felon hand upon her beautiful brow. She was supposed to be the widow of an officer who had died about that time in action; but nothing was known. It was all surmise.

She used to leave the house at daybreak, and return when the day was up, and she then remained in her own apartment until the evening, when she again left until it grew late. Her health was visibly injured by these unseemly hours, yet no one remonstrated with her. She was jealous of being watched to the place of resort.

My curiosity was much excited, and, I must admit, that so great was my desire to interfere in matters that concerned me not, that I adopted the dubious plan of watching for her. Something struck me she must resort to the churchyard, as the hours she chose were those in which no one scarce ever went there, and hence she chose them for her visits.

I determined to secret myself and await her coming. I did so, and was successful, for, seating myself among some tall tombstones, I was concealed from view; but I could command a view of a portion of the walk that led through the yard. After I had spent near an hour there, I beheld the object of my curiosity approach with a measured tread. Slow and sad were her motions, her head hung down, and her eyes were moist with tears. She passed the spot where I was seated, and went on further.

I arose and carefully followed her for some distance, keeping among the high tombstones, and at length she made her way towards a lone part of the churchyard. This part was interspersed with yew and elder; but there were no large tombstones. The poor, the criminal, and the suicide lay in this part of the churchyard. I felt somewhat surprised at this, not to say shocked.

This part of the burial-ground was well known, and seldom would you see any one frequent it, and then you found only the mother of some debased son—the wife of some well-known malefactor, or the orphan sister of some gay dissolute man, who, having ruined himself and his sister too, sought refuge from the stings of conscience, by hurrying to a premature grave. I, nevertheless, followed her, and found she stopped before a solitary grave. It was merely a mound of earth, and a small stone at the head with these two letters cut upon it—"T. P."

"Simple enough," thought I; "but I dare say it could, if able to speak, tell a tale of sorrow and affliction of no ordinary kind." The object of my curiosity for awhile stood regarding the tomb with a heavy breast. She then kneeled down, and in doing so I could see a part of her features. Her face was as pale as snow, while the tears chased each other down her cheek. She looked more like a piece of exquisitely wrought marble, but for the motion which sorrow gave her.

Presently she threw her arms aloft and groaned bitterly. I was much pained by such emotions of sorrow, and would have attempted to console her; but I could not approach without betraying my espial, and, perhaps, committing another impertinent act, by interfering with one who evidently wished to be alone. She arose suddenly, and flinging her arms aloft, uttered a loud shriek, and fell back.

I immediately rushed forward and picked her up; her face and dress were covered with blood. I knew not what to do—there was no assistance at hand, so I lifted her up, and placed her in an easy position, while I ran for assistance to convey her to her lodging. As chance



directed, I met the landlord, and having stated what had occurred to him, begged he would assist me to convey her home. This he did, and in half an hour she was placed in her bed with a medical man by her side. He felt her pulse, and shook his head very slightly. "I, however, noticed the motion, and said,—

"Do you think her recovery will be doubtful, or that she will not recover so far as to be sensible of her approaching fate?"

"I doubt much of her ultimate recovery," he replied. "Indeed, there are no hopes of it. She has evidently suffered long and dreadfully. I never saw a frame worn down to such extreme attenuity; but I do not anticipate her immediate dissolution, though she will not probably live twenty-four hours longer."

I then related to him all I knew of her, and how the occurrence terminated. He was silent for some minutes, and then said,—

"Human strength and human weakness are so greatly and mysteriously connected with our passions and affections, that they bend the strongest, as if he were a reed. This poor creature cannot, I should say, possibly live a week; but this complaint is so deceiving, that when you anticipate death, the patient suddenly rallies, and when you would predict a change for the better, the patient sinks and dies. I can do but little for her, and that only of a temporary nature."

"Well, do that little, in Heaven's name," I replied, "and I will be at the charge, sooner than a fellow-creature shall want aid under such dreadful circumstances."

Having written a prescription, he left the house, promising to call again in the evening. The unfortunate woman came to her senses after much assiduous care on the part of my landlady, who behaved with the utmost humanity to the poor creature. I noticed that she wore a wedding-ring, and a neat and valuable keeper. "She is a widow, then," thought I; but her husband could not have died in action, and been buried in felon's corner, as that part of the churchyard was sometimes called by the peasantry.

When she was so far recovered as to be able to speak, she inquired how she came there, and in that condition. The good woman informed her that I discovered her in the churchyard senseless and bleeding, and that through my means she had been brought home, and restored her to life. She then desired to see me, that she might thank me for my kindness. As may be imagined, I was anxious to see and hear her, and at once followed my landlady to her apartment, where she introduced me.

"I have to thank you, sir," she began, slowly, and in a low voice, "for your kindness in assisting me when I lay helpless."

"Do not name it, I beg," I returned. "What I have done, any one else would have done, I am sure."

"They would have been equally deserving of my thanks," she replied; "but I have no friend near me, and those who act as friends, I must needs consider them as such. My time here is short, and then will cease a life that is actually valueless and worthless to me."

"I can perceive that some extraordinary event of a melancholy character has caused you to shrink from society; but believe me, when I say that you have excited an interest in my breast, it is with no impertinent motive. I am a foreigner, and have no object, save that of being any service to you that I can."

"I have not seen or conversed with any human being who knows me for near four years. I don't even know if my parents yet live; but I should much like them to know where I lay when I am no more, that they may have the sad satisfaction of knowing my grave."

"Any commission of this kind that I can be of any service in executing for you, I will willingly and faithfully perform."

"Well, I have none else to do such an act of kindness for me, and as you offer to do so, I will accept of your kindness, and to enable you to do so, I will, if not too tedious, relate all the circumstances which have brought me to this state."

"My time is my own," I replied, inwardly pleased that I had gained my point, though I grieved at the probable result of our short acquaintance.

"My father is a small landed proprietor near Marseilles. He was not wealthy; but he was independent. He owed no man money, and his income was greater than his expenditure by a fair sum, which he yearly laid by against times of great distress; but yet he never required it while I was at home. Five years ago I was but eighteen years of age."

"And but three-and-twenty now?" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"How young!"

"Yes, it is young to die," she replied, almost guessing my thoughts; "but Heaven's will be done, I am resigned. Well, at that age I was the admiration of the rustic throng of our neighbourhood, and many a youth felt himself honoured if I graced him so much as to dance with him; but now, alas! I am a mere wreck of what I was. You may think this is unpardonable vanity, and trifling in one so near the brink of the grave as I am; but the mind loves to dwell upon the happiest moments of its existence."

"So it is with me." These were my happiest days; at least, till love took possession of my soul, and then I loved to distraction.

"It was late one summer's evening when my father and mother, with myself, were seated before the door of our abode, when a young cavalry officer rode up, and requested to be directed to any spot where he could seek rest and refreshment for himself and horse. My father, seeing the stranger was a gentleman, and a young man, tendered him the hospitality of his own house, for which the stranger thanked him with great courtesy and sincerity."

"We found our guest to be a young man of spirit and understanding, and learned from him that he was quartered in the neighbourhood, and had but just joined his regiment. He appeared to take particular notice of me, and I cannot but say that I was much taken with him, and I found that in less than a month he was as deeply in love as I was. A mutual confession was made; but we deemed it prudent to say nothing about it to our friends until a further time had elapsed, and he had completed his first campaign."

"After protestations of eternal fidelity to each other, he left me. I thought this parting the heaviest blow I could suffer; but I confidently reckoned on my lover's return. In this I was not mistaken; for, by the end of the summer, he returned embrowned by sun and service. Our meeting was full of joy; happiness the fullest was our portion. I now looked upon my lover as a soldier, and one who had fought his country's battles, and I felt proud of him."

"He now informed my parents of his affection for me, and begged they would look upon him as their future son-in-law, which he hoped, with their good-will, shortly to be. After some hesitation on the part of my father, and entreaty on the part of my lover, he yielded his consent."

"Within a short time, it being now the spring of the year, we were married. Our wedding was hasty, because it was expected the army would take the field, and my husband, now a captain (Captain Jacques Preville), would be compelled to rejoin his regiment."

"After our marriage, we left my father's house, and proceeded a few leagues to a friend of his, to spend the honeymoon."

"Oh, fatal time! while we were thus pleasantly enjoying ourselves, an order arrived from the commander-in-chief for Jacques to rejoin his regiment without delay;—certain movements having been made by the enemy, a general action was deemed inevitable. My husband knew nothing of all this, and lived in peace and serenity. My father sent after us, but it was some days after the delivery of the dispatch before it reached Jacques's hands."

"He immediately set off for his regiment, leaving me to come after him, and meet him in this town as soon as I could get things in readiness to travel with. He arrived at his regiment, but it was two days after the blow had been struck; his regiment, his company distinguished itself, and earned the praise of the general, but its officer was disgraced."

"I met him at Avignon, according to my promise; but oh, Heaven! what a countenance; sorrow and insanity seemed to look from beneath his brows. I was almost petrified, and threw myself into his arms, saying,—

"My dear husband, tell me what is the matter? Do not look thus; you will drive me distracted if you do."

"Disgraced I am, my beloved one; nay, more, I am disgraced, eternally disgraced."

"These terrible words I had scarcely heard, than I fainted. How long I remained so I know not; but, when I came to myself, the room was full of people, and I found that I was a widow; my husband, unable to brook the calamity that had befallen him, shot himself dead, and the room was swimming in his blood, which, indeed, covered me from head to heel."

"I can say no more; he was buried where you found me. I sought an asylum here, and daily wept at his early and unseemly tomb, in the 'felon's corner.'"

She ceased; and, as I thought she required rest, I arose and left the room, and saw her no more that night—next morning she was a corpse. There were some letters, apparently written some time, left out and these I delivered, after seeing her buried on the spot where I had seen her fall, in the same grave with her husband.

**THE DUCHESS OF MONTAGU.**—She was the heiress of the Duke of Newcastle, and her hand was solicited by Ralph, Duke of Montagu. To an honourable suitor there were two impassable obstacles to the union. The lady was insane, and she determined to marry no one but a madman. For the sake of her property, the duke assumed the character of Emperor of China, made love to a mania, and she married (or rather was married to) him. Afterwards he suffered no one to approach her but an empress, and was always served upon the knee. She survived the duke twenty-six years. He was the builder of Montagu House now the British Museum.



ALICE HOME;

OR,

THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

"Sir Charles—Sir Charles, you cannot mean this—surely you would not set this towards me—you would not have me do what you say—forget Alice?"

"Yes," replied Sir Charles, sadly, with some firmness; "it is better you should forget her, since you can never be to her what I once hoped you might."

"Sir Charles Home," said Horace, "I cannot understand this; tell me the reason of this alteration in your purposes, for to me this is inexplicable."

"That I cannot do, Mr. Singleton; the cause of this change you can never know, but believe me—"

"Sir Charles was about to make protestations that upon second thoughts he had better leave alone, as they would probably lead to renewed attempts to extract from him an explanation of his motives which he could not give him."

"Am I to understand, Sir Charles," said Horace, quickly; "that all I have heard respecting Viscount Hilliers—but no—no—that is impossible. I—I do not know what to think or believe."

"There is no motive of the kind you alluded to, but those which do exist relate entirely to family affairs, and as such can never be explained; they are, in fact, vitally important, and render the measure I propose absolutely necessary."

Horace Singleton never laboured under such contending emotions; he knew not what course to pursue; his natural and headlong impetuosity was checked by the chilling nature of the communication of Sir Charles, as well as by Sir Charles Home's evident disorder and illness, for such Horace fully believed him to be; yet he could not quietly submit to have Alice torn from his arms just at a moment, too, when he was congratulating himself upon the success he was about to achieve in this more than once endangered love affair, and, turning suddenly to Sir Charles, he said,

"Does your daughter Alice, Sir Charles, thus bid me cease to hope in her love?"

"I cannot answer your question, Mr. Singleton; it could answer no good purpose to do so; let it suffice that from this moment you are both strangers—never more to see each other."

"By Heavens, it shall not be," exclaimed Horace. "I'll go and see Alice; I will ask her if, after all—all that I have done, and received her forgiveness for, and often being allowed more than mere hope—nay, I have been led to infer that I was certain to be the happy possessor of so much gentleness and beauty—that after all this, she calls upon me to sacrifice my hopes of her—of happiness—nay, of life—no, no, she cannot mean fit, at least, she shall say it to me herself—her lips shall pass my doom, and should they be unkind, I will never more put faith in woman. Yes, I will see her, and from her own lips receive my doom."

As he said these words, he seized his hat, and made a demonstration of leaving the chambers, when Sir Charles interposed, saying,

"Mr. Singleton, there is no help for it; you must not visit my house; your presence there can do no good, but would undoubtedly do much harm and cause much pain."

"Not see Alice—not hear from her own lips whether she gives me up—declines to see me any more; in fact, forbids me hope—to live—"

"Nay, Horace, hear me—you must understand this much, you are forbidden my house, and all communication with Alice Home."

Horace looked astounded, and would have burst out into bitter invectives, but just then came a most tremendous knocking outside the door, as if some one was excessively impatient, that caused both of them to listen intently and with much curiosity, to know the cause of it.

CHAPTER CLV.

THE ARRIVAL OF MR. BIGGS.—THE MISFORTUNES ATTENDANT UPON TAKING THE WRONG HAT.—MR. BIGGS'S REMONSTRANCES.

The knocking was repeated with still greater vehemence; and Horace Singleton's man, who had been intently listening, or endeavouring to listen, to the conversation between Horace and Sir Charles Home, had not heard the earlier knocks from without, and who had thus caused the impatience and even alarm of the person without, and at length induced him to hammer away at a most terrific rate.

"God bless me," exclaimed Mr. Biggs—for it was no other than that gentleman himself, and who was much alarmed at his not being at hand, for recollections of sudden deaths and murders by valets assailed his mind—"God bless me, what can be the matter?—nobody here, and yet this door to be open—"

The door was at length opened, and Mr. Biggs entered, saying, "Why didn't you open the door? I thought you were all dead—what's the matter with Mr. Singleton—unwell, eh?"

"No, sir—somebody with Mr. Singleton—I did not hear you knock before, sir."

"Not hear me knock—bless me, you must have been asleep, I suppose, and suddenly woke up; but where is Horace?—dear me—somebody with him, eh?"

"Yes, sir, Sir Charles Home is with him in the other room."

"Oh, Sir Charles Home—well, I will see them both; they have no business together unknown to me; I will go in and see them—you need not announce me."

Just as he was about to enter, Horace Singleton, who had heard Biggs speaking, recognised his voice, now opened the door, and came in violent contact with that gentleman, knocking off his hat.

"God bless me, Horace—why, what's the matter?—there, there, you have knocked my hat off; it isn't at all pleasant to have one's hat knocked off, and it spoils the edges."

"Oh, Biggs, Biggs, come in here; I don't know what to say or do; I am neither to see nor speak with Alice Home again."

"Eh, what?" said Biggs, astounded; "the young woman can't have changed her mind. Good morning, Sir Charles," said Biggs, as he for the first time saw him, "dear me, how very ill you look; indeed you both look amazingly ill this morning."

"I am very well, Mr. Biggs," replied Sir Charles, coldly, "and as I have acquainted Mr. Singleton with all I desired when I first came, I may as well take my departure, and leave you to yourselves."

"What can be the matter?" said Biggs—now, for the first time, seeing clearly by the looks of both, that something was really the matter—"surely nothing serious has happened, I hope?"

"Mr. Biggs," said Sir Charles, quietly, "you can probably best advise your friend, Horace Singleton, to be resigned to circumstances that occur of necessity. He and my daughter Alice are henceforth strangers, and I forbid him my house."

"Good God," said Biggs, "what's the cause of all this?"

"I can't explain," said Sir Charles, rising to quit a scene that had been painful in the extreme; "things have happened to render this step absolutely necessary."

"What has Horace done?" gasped Biggs.

"Nothing."

"Well, then, Sir Charles, what can hinder these two from continuing friends? Surely you do not mean to say that the young woman has changed her mind?"

"I can say no more, Mr. Biggs, than I have already said. Good morning to you."

"I'll go to Miss Home myself," said Biggs; "this is the most extraordinary occurrence I ever heard of. After Sir Charles has taken so much pains to make up the quarrel between them—to explain all that was misunderstood, that he should now endeavour to throw cold water upon the affair. I'll go and see the young woman myself, and endeavour to find out what all this is about."

As he said this, Mr. Biggs seized a hat which he believed to be his own, and, despite of the endeavours of Horace and Sir Charles, he hurried out of the chamber on his errand to the house of Sir Charles Home, and there to endeavour to obtain an interview with Alice Home, with the view of serving his friend Horace, whom he began seriously to think was very ill used.

"Well, if ever I should be in this situation myself," he thought, "all I hope is, that—"

Mr. Biggs's soliloquy was suddenly cut short by his hat slipping down to his chin, thus leaving him in utter darkness in the middle of a thoroughfare. Mr. Biggs had seized Horace's hat by mistake, and hurried out with it in his hand, and he did not find out the mistake, so intent was he upon his errand, until it came thus suddenly like an extinguisher to his meditations.

Mr. Biggs struggled very hard until he got it up, not before, however, he received several terrible hard bumps from people passing; and when he did see, he found himself covered with flour from having ran against a baker.

Notwithstanding this mishap, Mr. Biggs still stepped forwards, determined not to be hauled in his good intentions, lifting every now and then his hat off his head as it made a downward progress towards his chin.

He met with so many misfortunes—pushes and bumping, that he was compelled to keep his hand up to his head; but this being a painful effort, he, at the risk of colds and rheumatism, took it off, and trudged onwards with it in his hand, until he came to Sir Charles Home's door; when, just as had ascended the steps, Sir Charles himself overtook him before he had time to knock for admission.

It was a minute or more ere either of them spoke. Sir Charles Home felt distressed at the scene he had just gone through with Horace



Singleton, but yet the remembrance of last night was so strong upon him that he could not hesitate at the course to adopt; he but meditated upon the manner of expressing himself firmly, and at the same time as civilly as he could.

Mr. Biggs, on the contrary, was breathless through haste; he had been annoyed, too, by the manner in which Horace's hat fitted him, and the perspiration stood upon his brow, while his chest heaved with laborious efforts at breathing; at length he said,

"Sir Charles Home?"

"Yes," replied Sir Charles.

Mr. Biggs wiped his face, and Sir Charles, after a moment, continued,

"What do you want here, Mr. Biggs?"

"I want to see Alice—Miss Alice Home," replied the matter-of-fact Biggs. "I want to ask her if she is going to treat Horace in this shameful manner."

"Mr. Biggs," said Sir Charles, "I have already settled all that with your friend, Mr. Singleton."

"Ah! but I must see her, and hear from her own lips, and if so, I shall tell her a bit of my mind upon her base conduct, indeed, I shall, Sir Charles."

"I think you will not, Mr. Biggs."

"But I tell you, Sir Charles, I will."

"You cannot, for I forbid you the house. You shall not enter it, nor can you be permitted to speak to my daughter Alice."

"Very well, Sir Charles, very well," replied Biggs, keeping upon the steps of the door, while Sir Charles knocked; "but when you go in I will go too; there can be no trifling in this affair. My friend Horace's happiness is concerned in this, and I am determined not to be foiled in my attempts to investigate the cause of this singular behaviour of yours, Sir Charles. Why, it beats the business of the old Jew. Well, upon my word, what a strange man you are, Sir Charles, the mention of the Jew always affects you."

"Mr. Biggs, I cannot permit this impertinence. You must desist, and leave this place; if you do not, I shall be compelled to resort to courses I would rather not be driven to."

"You may do what you please, Sir Charles," said Biggs, who had just put on Horace's hat, and thinking it was his own, he rammed it on his head, but was speedily awakened to a clear sense of his mistake by finding himself suddenly in utter darkness; and the door opening, he made an attempt to enter the hall with Sir Charles, but got dreadfully bruised by mistaking the door-post for the open door; he, however, arrived safe in the passage, to the chagrin of Sir Charles Home, who would rather he had broken his neck into the street than have obtained admittance.

Biggs, however, got the hat up again, but not before he became very red in the face, and scraping his nose desperately. Full of anger he turned to the servant, and said,

"Is Miss Home within?"

"Y—y—es," stammered the hall porter, who was much puzzled what to say, for Sir Charles's looks were a strange mixture of anger and vexation, from which, however, he could gain no clue, and yet he felt that one was intended.

"Then tell her Mr. Biggs, the friend of Mr. Singleton, wishes to see her—yes, to see her upon something of importance. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," replied the porter.

"Stay," said Sir Charles Home. "Mr. Biggs, you must leave the house,—you cannot see Alice. I am surprised at your pertinacity—you are forbidden the house."

"God bless me, I know that,—you said that before, Sir Charles; but I must see Miss Home."

At this moment Margaret descended the stairs, and advanced towards them, when Mr. Biggs, for the moment, looked very blank and fidgety.

#### CHAPTER CLVI.

MR. BIGGS AND MARGARET HOME.—FORCED EXPULSION AND FRACAS WITH LADY HOME.

MR. BIGGS by no means liked the appearance of Margaret; indeed, of all people that he had ever seen or met with, she was really the only one whom he dreaded to have anything to do with; and when she advanced towards him, he took a step or two backwards; but he was too intent and too seriously bent upon having an explanation from Alice herself to be deterred even by Margaret.

"What can you mean by this unseemly noise, Mr. Biggs?" said Margaret to him. "You cannot stay here, it is quite impossible, especially as Sir Charles has told you to go. You cannot see Alice Home."

"I must—I will."

"You must be idiotic. Leave the place at once, else you will suffer for your temerity, by being thrown into the street without any ceremony."

"Go away, young woman," said Biggs—"go away. I will have nothing to say to you. You are a badly-disposed young woman. I did not come to see you, but to see Miss Alice. I will hear nothing that you have to say, so go away."

"Sir Charles," said Margaret, her face lit up with scorn and passion, "will you order this idiot to be thrown into the street? I warn you by the recollection of what occurred last evening not to allow him to see Alice Home for a moment—have him at once turned out of the house."

"God bless me, what a termagant," said Biggs. "I never saw her equal; but Sir Charles can control his own household, I suppose, though I should find some trouble in doing it myself, but —"

Here he was cut short by Sir Charles saying,—

"Mr. Biggs, you must leave the house."

"I won't," said Biggs, flatly. "I will see the young woman first."

"Then," said Sir Charles, turning to the servants, "you must force him out—do it immediately."

Upon this, Thomas and the hall porter took hold of Mr. Biggs, and attempted to turn him out, but that gentleman's anger getting the better of his discretion, he resisted these two worthies, and a struggle ensued, during which the hat of Mr. Biggs got once more below his nose, and prevented him from making any use of his eyes, and thus his enemies circumvented him, and, despite all his efforts, his progress was made towards the door, where he soon found himself.

Though deprived of his eyesight, Mr. Biggs still continued to make use of his tongue, which he did by uttering many broken sentences and exclamations of pain and rage, until they all arrived at the steps, when the whole party rolled on to the pavement, to the great damage of Mr. Biggs's apparel.

This terminated the struggle, and the combatants separated. Mr. Biggs regained his feet and pulled up his hat, and then vented his displeasure upon Sir Charles, Margaret, the servants, and finally on Horace and Alice, for being the primary cause of all his troubles, while the servants retired to the house, shutting the door after them, leaving the unfortunate Mr. Biggs outside.

This was scarcely done, and Margaret had retired, ere Sir Charles turned to the stairs and was about to ascend them, when a sight met his gaze for which he was by no means prepared. He gazed in astonishment, and no wonder either, for he could scarce believe his eyes when they met the form of Lady Home descending the stairs without the aid of the ottoman, or of Thomas or Andrew. Her nerves had suddenly ceased to torment her, for, by her attire, she was evidently bent upon walking through the streets. Such a phenomena had never happened hardly within the memory of any one in the house.

"Ah!" said Sir Charles, as he looked on this singular occurrence; "so your nervousness has suddenly quitted you, my lady."

"You low wretch," said Lady Home, with dignified composure, but shaking her head, "I am compelled to leave this house—I can't abide it any longer."

"Oh, you are quite welcome to go, it will be a happy circumstance to be rid of you. I will be assured that you never come back."

"You vile man!" replied Lady Home; "do not imagine that I will not have my settlement. I leave you now as a preparatory step."

"And what may the next be?" asked Sir Charles.

"An action will be brought against you for my settlement. My friends have advised the step, therefore do not suppose you triumph because I leave you."

"Oh, dear no; but let those who advised you to this step support you, and let me advise you to be gone as speedily as possible, else I shall be compelled to help you—somewhat gently, it is true, but effectually."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Lady Home, "I leave you to the low set you belong to."

Sir Charles Home had long been without an opportunity of venting his long pent-up feelings, and this was an opportunity not to be omitted, and it was with an oath uttered between his clenched teeth that he seized Lady Home lightly by the arm, and forced her along the passage until they came to the door, which being opened by the hall porter, Lady Home was thrust out backwards, and then, suddenly missing her footing, she fell backwards down the steps.

It so happened that Lady Home had provided herself against any exigency that might arise. Supposing that her nervousness would return, she had provided herself with a bottle of *nerve laxative*, which in the fall broke with an astounding crash.

In a few moments the whole neighbourhood was filled with the vulgar fumes of gin. Mr. Biggs had not gone far when he heard the fall and the crash of the bottle.

Turning round, Mr. Biggs saw a female lying on the pavement. He instantly turned back, and, with the humane intention of assisting her, approached the lady. Mr. Biggs, however, had scarce reached her by several yards when the intolerable stench of gin reached his nostrils, and seeing Lady Home, whom he now recognised, he said,—



"Lady Home! God bless me, what a dreadful smell of gin. Why, surely some must have been spilt."

Lady Home did not condescend to speak, but rising up, with fury in her face, she seized the unfortunate Biggs by the collar, and began to buffet him over the head and face in such a style that he was glad to cry out for mercy.

"Murder—help—police!" shouted Mr. Biggs, as he struggled with his assailant; and it was not without much difficulty that he disengaged himself from her, and then he made the best of his way towards the Albany, arriving in which, he immediately entered Horace's chambers, where he found Horace in the greatest distress consequent upon Sir Charles's interview with him.

"Well, Biggs," said Horace, "what's the matter with you? You look as if you had been broiled and then ill-used."

"And so I have, I believe. People are certainly mad; they ought to be chained up for fear of biting others. I have been beaten, kicked, and turned out of doors, all on your account, Horace."

"I have been, and am ill-used too. What can be done? I know not—this last blow is inexplicable. I will leave the country, and have nothing to do with it, or in it. I will not remain here another week."

"Oh, pooh!" said Biggs. "What have you got to complain of in comparison with what I have? I tell you I have been ill-used, turned out of doors, and knocked about over the head by Lady Home; but I'll tell you what you should do."

"What would you advise?" said Horace, lifting his eyes off the ground.

"Write to Alice Home," replied Biggs, "and ask her if she is aware of all that has happened; if she intends to give you up, as her father appears to desire."

"I was thinking of writing to Alice myself; and yet, as I am forbidden the house, I see not how I can do it; and besides, it is possible after what has passed that the letter will be intercepted."

"I would make the attempt, and write a short letter, at all events," said Biggs.

"I will take your advice, Biggs, for once, and endeavour to find out if Alice be cognisant of the affair—I cannot think she is."

"Ah, do," said Biggs, "you will then have the satisfaction of knowing the full extent of this mischief."

Horace sat down to a table, and drawing writing materials towards him, penned the following:—

"Albany, —"

"DEAR ALICE,—But a few hours since and my joy and happiness were the most perfect I ever felt, and my hopes were strong, for then I deemed no object could arise to sever our mutual love and intercourse; but now all is changed, my joy and happiness destroyed, and my hopes blighted.

"Can you, Alice, be willing to perpetuate my misery—can you willingly be the cause of all this? Something at my heart tells me that you cannot be.

"Sir Charles Home has forbidden me his house, and tells me I must forget you, that I must never more see you, and refuses me any reason for this. I cannot understand it; and the only consolation that I have is but a poor one to you, Alice, and that is, your father must have received some shock to his mental faculties that has deprived him of the power of thinking, and has rendered him no longer accountable for his words or actions. Tell me, Alice—for from yourself only will I ever receive my dismissal—that you no longer love me, and I will cease to breathe the air of England, and to forget I ever lived here, though I can never forget the few happy hours I spent with Alice Home.

"HORACE SINGLETON."

(To be continued in our next.)

USE OF ALMANACS.—About the close of the last century, a medical practitioner of great practice in Suffolk sent an opening medicine to a patient, and desired him to take it immediately. On the following day he called at his house, and inquired how it had operated. The patient (a substantial farmer) said he had not taken it; and upon the doctor's remonstrating against this disobedience, the sick man gravely answered, that he had looked into his almanac, and seeing the sign lay in "Bowels," he thought that and the physic together would be too much for him.

SAILING FISH.—Nov. 1822, Sir Stamford Raffles writes:—The only amusing discovery which we have recently made is a sailing fish, called by the natives of Singapore *ikan layar*, of about ten or twelve feet long, which hoists a main-sail and after-sail in the manner of a native boat, and with considerable swiftness. I have sent a set of the sails home as they are beautifully cut, and form a model for a fast-sailing boat. They are composed of the dorsal fins of the animal; and when a shoal of them are under sail together, they are frequently mistaken for a flock of native boats.

## BLANCHE;

### OR, THE PRIORY OF WALDEMIR.

AMONG the nobles who had not yet gone to the holy war was the Count Henri de Waldemir. He had been restrained by the affection he bore his young and lovely bride, the Lady Blanche, whom he loved with the most passionate fondness, and dreaded the moment might ever come which would separate him from her.

This line of conduct was looked upon but little better than a plea for cowardice, and as such condemned by his brother, Archibald de Waldemir, who held the priory in the immediate vicinity. As a relative of the count, he had at all times free access to the castle of his brother, and not unfrequently acted in the capacity of his spiritual adviser; in short, he seemed, by gaining an accurate knowledge of his brother's disposition, to be more master there than guest.

On the other hand, he was equally well acquainted with the many virtues of the lovely Blanche. He had formerly been a suitor for her hand, but rejected; he smothered the feelings of disappointment he endured, and so far from disclosing any sentiment of irritation upon the subject, he appeared calm and resigned, forwarding his more fortunate brother's suit with zeal.

It was one day while they sipped their wine that the prior thus addressed his brother Henri,—

"My dear brother," said he, "I do not approve of this want of energy on your part."

"You think I should be more active in the war that now engages my countrymen?"

"I do."

"But how can I leave my beloved Blanche—so young, so amiable so fair?"

"Your supineness speaks very little for your zeal in the church's cause," replied the prior.

"I admit it, my dear brother; but —"

"Shake off the silken trammels that now bind you," said the prior; "Heaven demands the service of your sword."

"And so would my angelic Blanche," replied Count Henri, "were I to leave her unprotected in this land of violence."

"If Heaven be for you who can be against you?" rejoined the prior Archibald.

"True, brother."

"What, then, need you fear?"

"I fear —"

"To break the silken cords of love!" interrupted the monk, hastily; "but I warn you of the danger to your soul."

"You then consider it sinful to delay?"

"What says the Scripture?" demanded the prior, in a loud tone—"he that loveth fathers, or mothers, or wife, or children, more than me, and the gospel is none of mine."

At this Count Henri remained silent.

"You are a laggard soldier of the cross," continued the prior.

"I pray you spare me, brother."

"You know the danger to our holy church," continued the monk; "and yet you suffer your sword to lie idle when it might be used in its defence."

"My dear Archibald," exclaimed the count, "you are too enthusiastic in the cause."

"I insist upon it," exclaimed the prior; "you must prepare to join our warriors, or I will take measures to enforce it; such sluggishness in so holy and righteous a cause is little better than heresy, and will be looked upon as such."

As the prior said this he strode across the hall, and left the castle, while his brother called after him,—

"Stay, dear brother."

The Count Henri immediately sought the boudoir of the Lady Blanche, and there, in the bosom of his wife, poured out the grief that tormented his soul.

"My beloved Blanche," said he, "Archibald insists that I join my brethren in the holy land."

"And leave your Blanche a widow ere she is a wife," replied his lovely bride.

"I fear it must be so, loved of my soul," said the lady's husband, as he strained her to his bosom.

"No, no, dear Henri."

"He is imperative; he talks of heresy and of excommunication."

"Ah, then, you must leave me."

"Too surely I must, dear Blanche."

"But no," cried the lady; "we will not be separated; I will go with you."

"Loved Blanche," replied her husband, "how little do you dream of



the dangers of a warrior's life—that form, so gentle and so fair, would sink ere a day's journey were accomplished."

"Oh, no; I am brave—very brave; you do not know how much I could endure for your loved company. I will with you."

"Perforce, I must depy you, Blanche."

"And that were cruel, love."

"It would seem so, Blanche; but I know well the hazard you would run."

"You know little what a woman will endure for the man she loves."

"I thank you, love," replied the count; "but you must consider you would require attention; your presence, and fears for your safety, would unnerve me for the fight."

"It ought to give you courage, Henri."

"In the tilt-yard that might do, Blanche; but were you to see me borne, deeply wounded by the infidels' sabres, fear would take possession of your mind, and you could not render me the aid you would."

"Oh, no, no; they would not harm you."

"But they would, dear Blanche; and the knowledge that you suffered on my account would make me worse; fancy me borne bleeding to your tent—fancy me —"

"Nay, my beloved lord, do not terrify me with imaginary evils."

"Then to-morrow I set out, dear Blanche."

"So soon, Henri?"

"Yes, loved one—the sooner we do our duty the better."

"And then your Blanche will be alone?"

"Not so, love; I have asked my brother Archibald to reside at the castle."

"I do not like him."

"He is a holy man."

"But he was your rival, Henri."

"True; but, like a wise man, seeing he could not prevail, he generously gave up the contest."

"He did," said Blanche; "his true."

"Also he entered the church; his vow of chastity, too, renders him a fit protector and companion for you!"

"But still I do not like him."

"You must not allow prejudice to get the better of your generous disposition, Blanche."

"Nor, shall it, dear Henri. I will submit to my fate; and whether I remain here or be your companion, you shall not complain of my want of courage."

"Sweet girl," said Count Henri, "the desire to again behold you will make me doubly valiant, and cheer on my men to aid in terminating a war that keeps me and them so long from those we love."

"You then set out —"

"At day break, love, when the beams of the morning sun gild the mountain tops."

"Ah!" sighed the Lady Blanche, "would, then, he would never rise!"

"I know, dear Blanche, it is hard to part from those we love; but it must be so."

The Lady Blanche for some minutes hid her face in his bosom, and sobbed deeply.

"Come, come, my love, this weakness but ill becomes a soldier's wife. I fight in a holy cause! let me leave you with a smiling face."

"Yes, yes," said the lady, wiping her eyes, "I will weep no more."

"Brave wife!"

"Go," rejoined the lady; "you war in the name of Heaven, and it will protect its own!"

"Farewell, then, till to-morrow's dawn; my hundred lances wait my orders."

The count then hastened to give orders to his men-at-arms, and the Lady Blanche cast herself upon her couch, to think of the sorrow that awaited her.

The morning rose in all its brilliancy over the towers of the Castle of Waldemir, and those of the neighbouring priory; a thousand diamonds seemed to sparkle, reflected by its beams from the neighbouring lake; the songsters of the grove carolled forth their songs to the god of day, while the air came fresh upon the cheeks of the warriors assembled in the court-yard of the Castle of Waldemir.

The Lady Blanche looked from the casement upon the scene of loveliness, but it had no charms for her; her heart was sad, and she reflected bitterly that in the space of a few short minutes she must take a sad farewell of all she had ever loved on earth, and, perhaps, for ever.

A deep sigh escaped her bosom, and the next instant she heard the horns of her husband's company sound the notes to march; and in the moment afterwards he entered the chamber.

"How fares my Blanche?" said he, with an attempt at gaiety. "The morning is propitious, and shines brightly on our prospects."

"I am better—much better," faltered Blanche, as she struggled with her rising tears. "I can now bear to part with you. God speed you,

and safely bring you back to your fond wife's arms!" She then took a silken scarf, and casting it across his shoulder, fastened it with a true lover's knot.

"Farewell!" breathed Henri, and putting his lips to hers, he snatched a hasty kiss, and left the chamber.

Blanche for some moments remained in a state of torpor, when the trumpet announced that the count was about to leave the castle.

She quickly approached the casement, and waving her handkerchief, it was responded to by the hearty cheers of the men-at-arms and a salute from the count, her husband; they then set forward.

The heavy tramp of the horses' heels sounded like a death-knell to the unhappy Blanche; she gazed upon their departing forms till she could only distinguish them by the reflected rays of the morning sun upon their corsets. She then left the casement, and sank senseless upon the couch.

Upon recovering from her swoon she found the prior standing near her. "Benedicite!" said he. "Sister, do not give way to sorrow; your husband will soon return."

"Oh! no, no!" sighed Blanche.

"He goes to fight in a holy cause."

"Ay, good father or brother," replied Blanche. "But I do not thank you for tearing him from me."

"Twas a brother's love," said the monk.

"How so?"

"I considered the welfare of his soul! He has gone in a righteous cause."

Blanche only held her kerchief to her eyes.

"You sorrow as one who had no hope, sister," said the prior.

"Ay, do I!" replied the lady.

"It is an unseemly grief, and savours too much of the love of the world. A Christian should be ready to sacrifice all for the cause of Heaven."

"Tis true, holy father," said the weeping lady; "but you know not the power of a woman's love."

"Tis also true I know it not," murmured the priest; "the duties of my holy office refuse —"

"Oh! Heaven, how I loved him!" again burst forth the Lady Blanche; "never more shall I see his loved and noble form!"

"That sorrow is impious!" growled Archibald, as an expression of bitterness crossed his features; "it were as if you favoured the cause of infidelity, and rejected the aid your husband can give to the cause of Christ! you ought rather rejoice!"

"Nature has implanted feelings in the heart of a wife it is difficult to repress; a weak woman cannot combat with so great a power!"

"You want more humility, sister—more humility! Address yourself to the holy virgin, and she will give you strength to bear your trial! Be ye comforted!"

As the prior said this he left the chamber, more deeply impressed than ever with the charms of the lovely Blanche, and bitterly reproached himself for allowing so great and precious a jewel to have slid past him without a greater effort to secure it.

He had now taken up his residence at the castle, occasionally attending the duties of the priory, and employed his time in giving orders to the sub prior, and considering by what means he could gain the love of Blanche.

His passions mastered his reason; religion was cast aside; each day's intercourse with the object of his love, drew him further from the path of duty, and without reference to his holy calling, his vow of chastity, or his brother's rights, he determined to gratify, at any risk, the unholy desire of his soul.

Some weeks had now rolled on, when a messenger arrived at the castle, and demanded admittance to the Lady Blanche.

"Where come you from?" demanded the prior.

"I am a mariner," said the man, "and sailed in the vessel with the Count de Waldemir."

"And what of him?"

"The barque foundered on the coast of France!"

"And my brother perished?"

"He did. Hundreds jumped into the boats as the ship was going down, and I alone escaped to tell the tale of horror!"

"They sunk, did they?"

"All—not a man escaped! I myself bore up the Count Waldemir, who charged me, if I survived, to carry his last words to Lady Blanche."

"Call the Lady Blanche," said the prior to one of the attendants. "Tell her one bearing intelligence of her lord awaits her."

The messenger departed, and in a few minutes the pale, but lovely mourner, entered with him.

"Sister," said the prior, advancing, "prepare yourself for a tale of grief!"

"Mercy! mercy! speak! tell me of my husband!"

"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," returned the monk.



"And my cup of sorrow is about to be filled to the brim! But tell me! I now am calm!"

"My brother, lady, has been shipwrecked;—here then is one who brings intelligence."

"Great God!" cried Blanche; "and is it so?"

"Too truly, lady," replied the mariner.

"Say, how know you so—by what token?"

"These arms sustained him to the last; he bid me come to you."

"His words?" eagerly demanded Blanche.

"To bear to you his love—that he would meet you in the world above; and, should you bear a son, to nurture him in the fear of God!"

"Too truly shall he be obeyed," said the lady; "but is that all he said?"

"All, my lady; the weight of his armour was about to bear us both down, when he left his hold of me, that my life might not be sacrificed through him."

"Generous and noble being," said Blanche; "thy spirit too surely has gone to Heaven."

"I saw him sink, my lady—a wave separated us, and I was washed upon the beach exhausted with exertion."

"Here, generous stranger," replied Blanche, taking the costly bracelets that bound her arm, "here is a reward for thy good service."

"Heaven bless you, lady—Heaven bless you!" replied the man; "I have but done my duty, and I need no other reward."

"Right!" said the prior.

"Take what I offer you, and do not add to my grief by a refusal," replied Blanche; "You perhaps have a wife?"

"I have," said the man.

"My offering, then, may be of service. Should you further need assistance, wait on me. Farewell!"

The lady could no longer command her feelings; she was supported to her chamber by her maid, where she swooned through the intensity of her grief.

Many weeks had now elapsed since Blanche had received the fatal intelligence of her Henri's death. The most lively sorrow had visited her once exquisite form, and a deep melancholy had settled on her cheeks, which, in the prior's eye, only enhanced her beauty, and he determined to possess her and his brother's possessions at the same time.

One obstacle now opposed his wishes—the Lady Blanche was pregnant; and should she bear a child, it would take from him the right of primogeniture. He could not wed the lady; the rights of his church forbade it, as well as his vow of celibacy. But his passion was not the less abated, and instead of counselling her mind to fortitude, he sought only to gratify his private feelings.

"My dear sister," said the prior, as he one day entered her chamber, "you know well the cause which led me to seek the church."

"Your own fancy, I suppose, good Archibald," replied the lady, mournfully.

"No; it was your cruelty!"

"How so?"

"I loved you with more than adoration."

"And I chose another," replied the lady.

"That love still burns with an inextinguishable fire, Blanche!"

"You forget your sacred calling, brother," said the lady; "I must beg of you to consider that."

"That is the very cause; the knowledge that you cannot legally be mine."

"And if that bond were removed, I would not listen to your suit."

"You then would scorn my passion?"

"I would not encourage it any more now than then; besides—"

"What further obstacle do you oppose to my most ardent wishes?"

"You forget my husband was your brother."

"No!"

"That a few months have scarce elapsed since the fatal news of his death was brought me."

"I, too, remember that,"

"Think you, then, nothing is due to the memory of a fond and loving husband?"

"Ay, my dear and lovely Blanche," continued the prior, "it is that affection which has rendered you so doubly precious to my soul."

"This converse, Archibald, to me, is insulting and unworthy of your station; leave me, I entreat of you; I will not bear it."

"Never!" said the prior, "till you will agree to listen to my suit."

"I am resolved," said the lady, indignantly.

"That you will hear me?"

"No!" said Blanche; "Heaven prevent me from ever doing so."

"Your charms, dear Blanche, have been my ruin," ejaculated the kneeling prior.

"That is no situation for a holy man," said the lady; "when you prove yourself unworthy of the name you bear, I cease to respect you. This instant quit my chamber."

"Never! till I gain my request."

"You urge me to extremities," said Blanche, about to rise; "I must call the assistance of my domestics."

"Are you not aware, dear Blanche, that since the death of your husband the estate is mine, and you are my guest?"

"Do you dare thus taunt me?" ejaculated Blanche, as she tried to release herself from the prior's grasp. "Know, then, false man, that the infant which now struggles in my womb shall wrest your fancied power from you."

"Ha, ha!" ejaculated the monk, sarcastically, "might is right!"

"Detestable miscreant!"

"And insult, too."

"Perfidious wretch! incestuous man, thou art even execrable in a woman's eyes; what must you be in those of Heaven, whose name you bear?"

"This language, madam, will be your ruin," cried the exasperated monk; "and beware how you mention my affairs to others."

"Be sure," cried the lady, "your iniquity shall not go unpunished. Oh, that my beloved Henri were here to redress his Blanche's wrongs."

"Poor spirited knave—he, indeed!" said the prior, as he was about to leave the chamber.

"His poverty was riches compared with the meanness of a hypocrite!" cried Blanche.

"Rave on, sweet lady," said the prior, in a contemptuous tone, as he left the chamber, and, to the dismay of Blanche, he turned the key, and she found herself a prisoner in her own apartment.

We must now revert to a small hut upon the coast of France, where a man lay upon a bed of straw attended by a fisherman and his aged wife.

"How find yourself, good knight?" said the aged woman, as she raised the sick man's head to arrange his pillow.

"I am better now," replied he, faintly. "I know not, good Paulo, how I shall reward you."

"We'll talk of that when I see you are well," said the fisherman; "for the present, do not harass yourself with care."

"Thanks, my friend."

"Can I get you anything," asked the wife, "that would contribute to your recovery?"

"My stock of gold is small, and it must last till I can journey to England."

"You are English, then?"

"Yes; there I left a young and lovely bride; would I had any one to send to her."

"Alas! I know of no one," said the fisherman.

"A generous mariner supported me till his own strength began to fail," said Count Henri de Waldemir, for it was he; "I then quitted, and sank, as I thought, to rise no more, but Providence arranged it otherwise."

"Yes," replied the fisherman, "had I not put off in time, you would have been food for fishes, and—"

"But of the mariners, good friend?"

"Only one or two escaped the wreck."

"And what became of them?"

"The one who said he had supported you till he could do so no longer, walked across the country to the nearest port, to obtain a vessel for England."

"Would to Heaven I could convey a message to my beloved Blanche, to assure her of my safety, and contradict the mariner's report."

"She will suffer much," replied the fisher's wife. "Poor lady, how I pity her."

"She will, indeed!" sighed the count.

"Could I speak your native tongue," said the husband Paulo, "I would go myself."

"Thanks, my good friend; but by the time you reached there I should be sufficiently recovered myself to undertake the journey."

"You will soon recover, I trust."

"With God's assistance, I shall, my friend; but it will be some time first."

"Never fear."

"And when I do return, if you like to leave your fishing here, I will provide handsomely for you in my native land."

"Thank you, master; but here I was bred and born, and I have an affection for my native land."

This conversation, which had been carried on in French, at length wearied the count, who fell into a gentle slumber, the effects of which considerably refreshed him, and from that time he began to regain his strength.

A few weeks had elapsed before he felt sufficiently recovered to set forward on his journey, which at last he did alone, and on foot; his horses and men, for the most part, had been engulfed in the foaming



sea. Many of their bodies had been washed on shore, and buried by the fisherman, who performed over their remains the rights of Christian burial, as far as his circumstances would admit of. The count now bent his steps towards home once more, in expectation of seeing his dear and sorrowing Blanche.

For some time the prior ceased to importune the Lady Blanche; she even imagined he had conquered the fatal passion he had for her, and she conceived there still lurked in him the seeds of generosity for which her husband had given him credit.

But this, alas! was too soon to be dispelled; her attendants had been changed, and were in the prior's pay, and to them she could not address herself in confidence, or seek for aid; but whither, in the event of her leaving her home, could she go? her friends and relations, like her husband, had sought the scene of war, and many of them, as she supposed, like him, had been conquered by the tyrant death.

While thus she communed with herself, the door of her chamber was unlocked, and the prior entered.

"Good-morrow, fair sister," said he; "I once more come to sue your favour. Will you requite my ardent love?"

Blanche cast a look of ineffable disdain mingled with pity.

"Speak!" cried the prior. "I am not accustomed to sue where I can command!"

"I will speak," replied the lady; "and sooner than sacrifice my soul, that that which you call beauty should be the ruin of your own, I would linger in the lowest dungeon of this castle!"

"Surely, dear Blanche, you do but jest!"

"Regard me well, Sir Prior; do I look as if I jested? If so my features strangely belie my sentiments."

"That affected passion well becomes you, lady; it has enhanced your beauty, and rendered you doubly enchanting in my eyes!"

"Hypocrite!"

"But to the purpose, will you be mine?"

"I would die rather!"

"Then be it so; and mark me, the child that you will bear will not live to wrest the possession of this estate from me!"

"Proud man," cried Blanche, "do you thus presume to make terms with Heaven, and alter the decrees of Providence? In God I trust, and he will defend and protect the widow and the fatherless!"

"That we shall see, proud fair one."

"Ay, shall we!" said Blanche, mildly, and casting her deep blue eye to Heaven, and in a mental prayer sought its protection, as well as its forgiveness of her persecutor.

The attitude of Blanche inspired the most voluptuous ideas in the mind of Archibald; he stepped forward, and caught her round the waist in an ecstasy of passion.

"Unhand me, monster!" cried Blanche.

"Never, I swear, until I revel in the charms that have inspired me!"

"Oh, Heaven protect me!"

"Your cries are useless—none are near to help you!" rejoined the prior, leading her to a couch.

"Have you no respect, monster, for the sacred feelings of a mother?"

"Mine you are!" cried the prior, impassionedly, "and now will I gratify my passion!"

"Merciful and Almighty God!" cried the half-fainting Blanche, "have pity—pity—mercy—mercy—"

Blanche now entirely fainted, and at the same moment a stream of lightning passed through the building, while a peal of thunder succeeded, which, like the battery of a thousand cannon, shook the castle to its base.

At this awful moment the bold and profligate prior released his grasp; for at the instant he considered it as an interposition of Heaven in the behalf of the innocent Blanche; the superstition of his religion, which he half believed, and half derided, for a moment asserted its full force, and with a trembling step, and pallid cheek, he retired from the chamber, left the castle, and returned to his cell in the neighbouring priory, where he cast himself before a crucifix, and for a few minutes prayed with fervour.

When the Lady Blanche recovered, she found herself alone, and casting herself upon her knees, she rendered thanks to Heaven for her safety, and prayed for future aid and strength to bear her trials.

Upon rising she found herself refreshed, and to her joy discovered the door of the chamber had been left open by the monk.

Her first idea was flight, but could she escape unperceived? She resolved to try—she knew well the principal corridors and entrances of the castle, but she was totally unacquainted with the number of winding passages that led to the apartments of the menials and the dungeons of the building; she was fearful of being lost in their intricacies, and, therefore, determined to try the former.

With a palpitating heart she left the chamber, and in the gloom felt her way cautiously along the walls; now and then a domestic would

draw near, and to screen herself from observation, she was compelled to step behind one or other of the numerous pillars or statues of the galleries.

With trembling steps she gained the portal, the small wicket of which was unfastened, and with joy gained the open country; the evening breeze, as it fanned and cooled her fevered cheek, at the same time calmed and soothed the agitation of her mind.

She hastily moved in the direction of the residence of one of her husband's vassals, hoping there to screen herself from observation; but scarcely had she gained the entrance of the adjacent wood, than she felt herself rudely seized by the arm.

"Where do you go at this late hour?" said the ill-looking individual who accosted her.

"Just inform me who you are that has a right to demand that of me?" asked Blanche, trembling with fear.

"That matters little," said the man, roughly; "but we never allow trespassers on our domain without knowing their business."

"Their business!" murmured Blanche.

"Yes; their business."

"What right can any have here, except the Lord of Waldemir?"

"Ha! ha! God bless your innocence; the Lord of Waldemir!—ha! ha!"

"Yes, villain, unhand me!"

"Before you call names, my pretty one," replied the man, "you should first consider whether it is safe to do so."

"Am I not upon my own territory?" demanded Blanche.

"You then are the Lady of Waldemir?"

For a minute Blanche hesitated a reply; she saw the dilemma she had fallen into, and endeavoured to retrieve it with, "And suppose I were the individual you name?"

"Nothing," replied the man; "but I would fain know where you go to?"

"Then I seek the cottage of Oswald, who was gardener of the castle."

"He lives yonder; you can see the smoke of his cottage above the trees; your path lies there before you."

"Thank you, friend," replied Blanche, as the man left go her wrist, which he had detained; she then pursued her journey, but for some time she heard a rustle among the underwood that skirted the path, which caused her to proceed with fear; once she imagined she discerned in the dim twilight the figure of the man she had just left, and peered anxiously into the gloom, to ascertain if it were, or only the effects of her excited imagination; at length she gained the cottage of the gardener and woodman, Oswald, and with trepidation knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a female from within.

Blanche opened the door, and, upon entering, fell into a vacant seat, and fainted from exhaustion and fear.

"Holy mother, preserve us!" cried Oswald, rising from his seat; "who can it be?"

"I dinna know," said Patty, his wife; "but the poor thing seems sadly flurried."

"Some water, dame—quick!"

Oswald raised the head of the fainting being before him, and then exclaimed, in surprise,—"As I live, it is our good Lady of Waldemir."

"And out so late, too?"

"Ay, no doubt, poor thing, the loss of her lord has turned her brain, and she wanders without knowing whither."

"Poor soul," sighed Patty, as she bathed the temples of the lady; "would to Heaven I could do her any service!"

"It would be freely done, Patty," said her husband; "but back—she breathes more freely!"

"Oh, save me—save me!" sighed Blanche, as she looked wildly round.

"Ay, no one shall harm you here, sweet girl," said Oswald, "if I have power to help thee."

"Save me—oh, save me!" murmured Blanche; but, after recovering a little more, she continued,—"Oswald, for the love of Heaven protect me!"

"Till the death, lady."

"Have you any other chamber?" demanded Blanche.

"It is but a poor one, my lady."

"It will well suit my altered circumstances," said Blanche; "honest poverty is better than splendid guilt; let me hide myself from the world."

"Here, my lady, you are for ever safe," said Patty, "if your footsteps have not been traced."

"I know not; I was detained in the forest by an ill-looking man, and once I imagined I saw him lurking behind the trees."

"No doubt one of the bandits of the forest; our poverty renders us safe," said Oswald; "but, whether you will be esteemed so, I know not, my lady; but while Oswald can wield a sword in your defence,



it shall be done. Dame," continued he, "see that every comfort our poor cot can afford be at our lady's command."

For a short time the prior remained in his cell, reflecting on the circumstances which had transpired; he then retraced his steps to the castle, and endeavoured in the wine-cup to forget what had happened; or, rather, to philosophise himself out of the superstition that bound him.

"Pahaw!" said he, "all monkish nonsense; I have dived deeper into nature than my brethren in the church, and plainly foresee it must have arisen from the ordinary circumstances of nature; the day had been very warm, and a deal of caloric had collected in the atmosphere, and, when surcharged, must find vent in another channel."

"A stranger would speak with you, my lord," said a servant, as he entered.

"With me?"

"Yes, my lord."

"A layman, then?"

"And of a rough exterior," continued the domestic.

"I know not from whence he comes; but bid him enter."

In a moment the bandit that had met Blanche in the forest entered, and bent low before the prior.

"What would you, friend?" demanded the latter, in a softened tone.

"Speech with your holiness."

"You have licence. Is it to confess?"

"No, most reverend sir."

"Then proceed."

"A bird has escaped her cage, methinks, my lord prior," commenced the bandit.

"Speak you of my lady's doves?"

"I speak of his lordship's dove, my lord; that is, my lord that was."

"An eyrie has escaped the falconer, then?"

"Ay, my lord, if thou wilt have it so; but —"

"Speak plainly, fellow, and without circumlocution," said the prior, "or it may fare badly with you."

"Then, plainly, my lord prior, I met the Lady Blanche in yonder forest."

"Eh?—what?" said the prior, turning pale; "I thought her in her chamber."

"You might have thought so; but she is not there now," continued the robber, who concluded, from the prior's manner, that he was interested she should be there, and determined to act accordingly.

"Well, well," said the prior, affecting carelessness, "I suppose her ladyship takes an evening walk."

"Which you would like cut short?"

"Humph!" said the prior; "but I do not think she has left the castle; you must have mistaken one of the ladies of the moonbeam for her."

"Seek her yourself," said the bandit, roughly.

"I will, friend; and, if thou liest, thy impudence shall not save thee."

"But if my information be correct?"

"I will reward thee, if thou bring her hither."

"With what?"

"Absolution for thy sins."

"Nay, nay, holy father," replied the bandit, "I can get that any day for asking for."

"What wouldst thou, then?"

"Money."

"The church is poor," returned the prior, "therefore I cannot give thee what I have not."

"Agreed, my lord; then you must seek the Lady Blanche yourself."

As the bandit said this, he muffled himself in his cloak, and was about to leave the hall.

"Stay," cried the prior.

"What now, my lord?"

"I cannot give thee from the church, but I can give as the Count of Waldemir."

"What matters whence or how it comes?" returned the bandit.

"I want the money."

"And what will serve thee?"

"Forty ducats."

"I'll give thee twenty, friend."

"Then the lady is not yours?"

"Say thirty?"

"No."

"Here, then, is forty."

"My lord prior," said the bandit, "my time, like that of other men, is precious; you have detained me here while I could have earned another ten. I take now not less than fifty."

"Another ten by cutting throats!" growled the prior.

"No matter how, my lord; fifty now is the sum; in another ten minutes I shall ask sixty."

"It is yours," replied the prior, who thought upon such terms it was prudent to close the bargain.

"And what security have I that you will pay me?"

"My sacred word and honour."

"Which you may break, and absolve yourself at cost price, as the merchants say. No, no, Sir Prior, give me an order upon the treasurer of the priory; you and he can square accounts together."

"It is here," said the prior, writing an order upon a slip of parchment, "and will not be payable unless the Lady Blanche be returned home; that is, provided she be absent—you know the poor lady is absent in her mind."

"May be," replied the bandit; "but the child she may bear may be rational enough."

Again a dark cloud shot across the prior's brow, and he bit his lips to prevent the utterance of his feelings; at length he said, "You know where she has taken refuge?"

"I do."

"Where?"

"I followed her to the cottage of the woodman, Oswald."

"Was she aware you did so?"

"I am convinced not, my lord."

"Then be prudent and silent; and I will give you another twenty ducats; bring her through the door on the southern angle of the building."

The bandit promised obedience and departed; while the prior, in an agony of suspense, sought the chamber of Blanche, to see if it was as reported. On his way thither, he reflected, that in his previous excitement he had left the door of the chamber open.

"Fool, that I was," said he, "to be deterred from my purpose by a clap of thunder! but I will regain the step I have lost,—the child too—ay, that must not live—but I will leave open the door in the southern angle of the castle, and be there to receive the lady with her escort, after I have taken another cup of wine to fortify my mind."

As the prior said this, he walked to the southern wall by a secret passage, and having left the door ajar, returned, as he had proposed, to the hall to take another cup of wine, to fortify his mind, and to allow the bandit time to perform the required service.

In the meanwhile, a stranger, seemingly much fatigued, drew nigh the castle. His attire was faded, and his sword and armour rusty from exposure to the weather; he also leaned on a staff, and limped as if his feet were blistered with travelling. As he reached the castle, he exclaimed, "Here, thank God, I am at last; soon shall I once more behold the idol of my soul: but ah! some treachery is here! the door in the southern angle open—what can it mean? but I will enter."

The Count Henri then drew his rusty sword and proceeded along the secret passage; finding no obstruction, he passed cautiously along, and at length gained the chamber of his wife. "Not here," said he, "and every sign of disorder and negligence!" On the table lay scraps of paper upon which was written in the neat small hand of Blanche, small sentences expressive of the agony of her soul, and aspirations for the welfare of his departed soul.

He pressed them fondly to his lips and heart in the fulness of his joy and sorrow; joy, for the love she bore him, and sorrow, at the mental agony she must have endured for his supposed loss.

"But," continued he, "she may be dead. Not a sound disturbs the stillness of the castle. I will seek my brother,—but no, I am weary and fatigued; my wife's attendant may soon be here, and perhaps herself. But why is she absent now?—and this mysterious silence,—what can it mean? but hark! some one approaches; secrecy may give me information,—I will hide."

As the Count Henri said this, he ensconced himself behind the tapestry of the bed, and there awaited the arrival of the comers in an agony of suspense that can be better conceived than described.

We must now advert to the cottage of Oswald, where three men, in slouched hats and cloaks, awaited at the door after having knocked.

"Who's there?" demanded Oswald, who with his wife had been attending to the Lady Blanche.

"A friend," was the reply.

"Enter, then."

The bandits entered, and said, "You have a lady here?"

"I think, friends," said Oswald, "you must have been misinformed." "Dally not with us, Oswald; or your life hangs but on a slender thread," said one.

"How know you that any stranger is beneath my roof, that you speak so freely?"

"I saw her enter."

"But she has long since left," said Oswald.



"Liar!" cried the bandit, "for a button, I would cleave thy skull."

A deep groan now sounded from the inner apartment of the cottage, and the bandits entered.

"For the love of God, and the Holy Virgin!" cried the woodman's wife, "enter not here."

"Force her back!" cried one.

"Have you wives and children of your own?" said Patty; "if so, you will have compassion."

Another deep groan now issued from the chamber; Patty was pushed away, and the bandits entered. The lovely Blanche had just given birth to a fine boy, which they carried along with its mother from the cottage, wrapped in a blanket, despite the entreaties of the cottagers.

"Convey the lady to her chamber," said the prior to the bandits, as they gained the door in the castle wall where he stood ready to receive them with his head beneath his cowl.

"Then you must precede us, my lord prior, for I am unacquainted with the place," replied one of the bandits.

"Follow me."

They then proceeded along the secret passage before mentioned to the chamber of Blanche, and it was the noise of their footsteps which had aroused the attention of the Count Henri, and caused him to secrete himself behind the tapestry.

"Place her there," said the prior, as they entered the apartment.

The lady was then laid upon her couch, and her child beside her, who cried loudly for its mother.

"Leave the room; your pay is sure."

The robbers left the chamber, and soon after, the lady recovered from her fears to encounter greater, as the figure of the monk presented itself before her.

"Lady," said he, "once more you are in my power; do you agree to the terms I offer?"

A faint smile of contempt was the only answer given by the inanimate Blanche; while the blood of Henri seemed to boil within his veins at the idea of his brother's treachery.

"Think not," continued the monk, "that this brat will live to wrest from me the possessions I now hold."

"You would not harm him, surely," replied the mother; "in what has he offended?"

"Is it nothing, think ye, haughty fair, to have one's affections treated with contempt?"

"Say a worthless passion," mournfully replied Blanche.

"To have your property wrested from you by a child!" continued the prior.

"It is his right," murmured Blanche.

"Think you not that revenge is sweet?" growled the monster, as he grasped the child between his bony hand.

"Oh! Heaven aid me!" cried the mother; "my child, my child!"

"Thus, then, I revenge the insult heaped upon me," cried the prior, as he grasped the infant's head as if about to wring its neck as he would a sparrow's; "thus, then, I revenge myself."

A piercing shriek burst from the lips of the feeble mother, and at the same moment, a blow from the sword of the count caused him to drop the infant from his grasp, and he fell wounded upon the floor.

"Inhuman monster!" cried Henri, "is it thus your avarice and lust tempt thee to trample on a brother's rights?"

"Heaven preserve me! what is it I behold?" cried the prior.

"Your deeply injured brother; look upon him, and the victim of your cruelty, and say, if my revenge be not a just one."

"Mercy, mercy! spare me!"

"To play the part of hypocrite! Is it for this I fostered a viper in my breast to slay me? Is it for this I believed you generous and sincere? but I ought to have believed the word of my beloved Blanche. Your wound, sir prior, shall be tended; but I will impeach you at the court of Rome."

Count Henri then called an attendant, and bade him bear the wounded Archibald away, while he paid every attention to his affected wife, and fondly caressed his infant son.

The Lady Blanche had now recovered; she gave new joys to the count her husband, and every demonstration of brilliancy was given to proclaim the birth of the heir of Waldemir.

In the meantime, messengers had been dispatched to cite the prior in the court of Rome; an inquiry was instituted by the church, and the prior was sentenced to do penance, to lose his priory, and ever after to be incapable of holding spiritual office in the church. He became a pilgrim to some distant shrine, and died in misery upon the journey.

Amongst these changes in the castle of Waldemir, there were those that were not forgotten. Oswald and his wife received a pension for life; a messenger with costly presents was sent to the poor fisherman and his wife upon the coast of France, with an offer to live the remainder of their days within the castle; but no inducement could prevail on

them to leave their native land. The mother, too, who had saved the count at the risk of his own life, now sought relief of the Lady Blanche, and, at her especial request, he was made captain of the castle, with a handsome allowance for life.

In this state of harmony, Count Henri and his Lady Blanche lived for many years, till they were gathered to the tomb, and their heir succeeded to the title, and continued the blessings his parents had conferred.

## MIRANDA;

OR,

### THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLV.

TWITTER'S JOY.—HIS JOURNEY TO LIVERPOOL.—THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TWITTER'S spirits seemed gradually to rise, and his features betokened a lightness of heart, that he had been a stranger to for many a day. Whether this arose from the sense of security, arising from his knowledge that he was increasing the distance between himself and Bernard Varley, or the excitement of rapid riding, he could not well explain if he had been asked, but doubtless both these causes had something to do with it.

But those who knew Samuel Twitter as well as the reader now knows him, will easily perceive that these could not be the lone and sole cause of his excitation.

He exulted in two things besides his certain escape and possession of wealth, one of these was, that he had completely outgeneralled Varley; he had, in Twitter's own words, "done him brown." He was about to make use of the very means of escape that Varley had secretly, and at great expense, provided for his own use. His cunning had been successful, he thought, on this point, and he hugged himself, as he thought of the talismanic words that would enable him to take possession of a yacht.

"Ha, Bernard Varley," apostrophised Twitter, "after all your care and cunning, you see you are not the cleverest man in creation. You little thought I, whom you pretended to despise, would be able to foil you at your own weapons, that I should succeed in baffling your utmost efforts, defy you, and in the end do all you intended to do, and then a little more on my own account, to pay off old scores, merely a private debt, which shall be posted to your account at Liverpool within a very short time."

As he uttered these words, he took his sealed confession from his breast, and looked at it, carefully examining the seals and the very edges, to see that nothing peeped out that might betray its important contents.

"He! he! he!" laughed Twitter, as he gazed upon it, with a half gleeful and half scared glance; "he! he! he! Mr. Bernard Varley will hardly expect Samuel Twitter to be so punctual in the return of the obligations he owes him—no—he! he! he! it makes one laugh to think of it, and——"

After a pause, he replaced the letter in his bosom carefully, and continued—

"It makes one laugh indeed, he who assumed so much superiority over me; well, he may be bolder than I, and that brings people into trouble, and so it will Bernard Varley. What will he say when he first hears from the Mayor of York? He! he! he!"

Twitter's laugh became louder, and the post-boys hearing it, turned their heads to make sure of the nature of the sound; such a laugh they had never heard before, but seeing Twitter's eyes fixed on them, they immediately turned and spurred on their horses.

There was another motive in addition to Twitter's pleasure, arising from mere cunning—he was an egotist in his way, but revenge took as strong a hold upon his narrow intellect, and the knowledge that all the ills that he had received from the hands of Varley were about to be repaid in such a manner, caused a sensation of glee and delight that cannot well be conceived, arising, not as in many cases it would, from intensity and depth of feeling, and giving a savage pleasure; but to him it appeared absolutely funny, and save now and then, when he considered even the most distant chance of his ever being taken; then, like a timid hare, he would sit crouched up with a scared aspect, fearful of the slightest appearance, either in the heavens or on the earth.

The flight of a bird at such a moment would affright him, and the sound of horses would make him urge the post-boys to use greater exertions, to reach their destination more speedily than they were doing.

At such moments the men would cause a great bustle with the horses, which, from long practice, they were well able to do, that gave Twitter the notion that he was literally flying over the ground.



Often would he place his hands upon various parts of his person where he had secreted his money, and congratulate himself upon the success of all his plans, and glorify in the idea that he was a much better schemer than Bernard Varley after all, for his, Twitter's plans, would all succeed, while Bernard Varley's would lead him to destruction.

"And then," thought Twitter, as the idea flashed across his mind, "and then the prediction of the idiot at York will be verified, and Bernard Varley will be hanged at York; he! he! he!"

As these cackinnations escaped his lips, Twitter's eyes glanced all around, to detect, if possible, if any even heard him laugh, fearful that even the laugh might betray some hidden meaning; then a slight tremor would creep over him, but which was speedily allayed by his looking upon the four horses in front at full pace, and the knowledge of the money he possessed.

Thus travelled Twitter, but despite all their exertions, the distance was scarce a third accomplished ere night set in, and he was compelled to stay at an inn for a few hours, as the horses could travel no further that night, and had he gone, he could not obtain more, therefore he determined to stay till early day, and again dash onward, when he hoped to reach Liverpool before night.

That day he did not start till late, and but for the heavy bribes he gave the postillions, he would not have accomplished half the distance, but money will do much in these cases.

The day had scarcely dawned ere Twitter had arisen from his sleepless couch, for sleep did not visit his eyes; his thoughts were too active and his hopes too numerous, so, after partaking of a hearty breakfast, he was on his road.

When he had nearly accomplished the distance, and by dusk he came within a few miles of Liverpool, his joy and exultation were great. He was safe—he was now at the very acme of his wishes—all his hopes were about to be crowned—a few hours more and he would be beyond the reach of the law.

The weather was overcast, but what cared Samuel Twitter for that? he was travelling in a carriage, it was not often he did so as the principal person, and this knowledge was grateful to him, since he placed himself in some extraordinary postures, lying all along, and then with his feet up in front; indeed, he was so restless and fidgety, that the post-boys at length began to conceive they had either got some individual who was noble by descent, or an idiot; and so impressed were they with this notion, that they behaved with extraordinary civility.

As night closed around them, the town of Liverpool came in sight, and, ere long, to Twitter's great joy, the post-chaise rattled over the stones, and stopped at one of the first inns, not far from the docks, called the Royal George.

Here a host of waiters and others immediately rushed to usher the distinguished individual who stopped there with four horses, and Twitter was soon splendidly lodged in the best room the house afforded, first having handsomely rewarded the postillions, who communicated this intelligence to the people at the Royal George, who immediately gave extra attention and civility, which always precedes robbery and extortion at these places.

A splendid repast was ordered and partaken of by Twitter, who afterwards desired that the landlord might be sent to him; in a few moments this individual appeared with a pompous obeisance, and inquired what he should have the pleasure to do for Mr. Twitter.

"Can you," replied Twitter, without deigning to thank him for his civility. "Can you obtain me a boat on the Mersey to-night?"

"Why, sir," replied the landlord, "this is a very bad night for the water, very windy and cold, and inclining for rain. If you desire a pleasure trip, allow me to advise the morrow to be taken for it, when you can see the shores and the shipping."

"Ay, that's all very well, you know," replied Twitter; "but there is a vessel that I desire to speak with particularly lying in the Mersey."

"Very well, sir," replied the landlord, deferentially; "I will procure a boat and four stout rowers to carry you out, as it is a rough night."

"That will do," replied Twitter, "I will pay them well, expense is no object, and my business is most important."

Impressed with the idea that his guest was some one of great consequence, the landlord immediately dispatched a messenger to a boatman whom he knew, with orders to get his boat in readiness, and manned in a short time for a row down the Mersey.

Twitter, in the meantime, revelled in all the luxuries the hotel could offer. He marched up and down the well lighted room, the soft carpets were grateful to his feet, and the mirrored walls reflected his person. His littleness of mind, and extreme vanity, appeared to diverge from one another in opposite degrees of comparison; the one was very great, and the other small beyond comparison.

Samuel Twitter slapped his pockets, and took a gleeful glance at his own reflection in the mirror, but which glance for the moment scared him; but he quickly recovered himself, and his pleasurable looks soon returned, as he said to himself—

"Well, here am I at last, safe and rich. I am worth six thousand and odds.—He! he! he! Oh, Samuel Twitter, this last stroke of yours has been admirably struck; it has smashed Bernard Varley, he who has always thought you were an ass; who is the fool now, eh?" and as he spoke he drew forth his written confession from his bosom.

It was all right. It was a fearful instrument, and Samuel Twitter appeared to think so, for his hand shook while it held so terrible a sheet of paper, that contained in it matter that would not only hang Bernard Varley but himself too, were it to be opened before the proper moment.

"No—no," at length exclaimed Twitter, putting it back in his bosom carefully. "It will not be sent until I am off for some hours; no danger can possibly happen to me, and Bernard Varley will be hanged at York—hurrah. I could almost cry for joy, I am worth six thousand pounds in hard cash."

Twitter again sat down to the table, and commenced another complicated attack upon the delicacies and wines; but in such an order that would have shocked many who only took these things by rule, and in regular rotation. The fact was, Twitter was determined to enjoy himself, and so extravagant was his joy at what had happened, that he committed many absurd blunders.

"I won't eat any more," said Twitter, filling a glass of wine; "the victuals have a queer taste. Sours and sweets get mixed up in such a confusion, that it spoils one's appetite. Wine is the nourishment of gods and rich men. Hurrah! Bernard Varley and York castle. Eight o'clock and a strong rope. Hurrah!"

Twitter's toast was uttered rather louder than he intended, and the waiter entered, saying—

"Beg pardon, sir; but did you call?"

"Call, no; who said I called?"

"Beg pardon, sir. I didn't; but I thought you did."

"No—no, I didn't say anything," said Twitter, rather alarmed.

"No, sir; the boat is ready, sir."

"I will be down immediately," replied Twitter. "Give the men my luggage, while I speak to the landlord."

In a few minutes more Twitter had settled his bill, and stood on the steps of the hotel, with the landlord bowing his leave at his elbow.

## CHAPTER CLVI.

### THE SEALED CONFESSION.—THE MERSEY AT NIGHT.—THE PERILS OF AN OPEN BOAT IN A STORM.

As Twitter made a motion to leave the door-steps, he turned to the landlord as if he had suddenly recollected something he had forgotten, and putting his hand to his breast, he drew forth his written and sealed confession, directed to the Lord Mayor of the City of York.

"This letter," said Twitter, handing it to the landlord, "is of some consequence, will you have the goodness to take charge of it, and send it to-morrow by post to its destination?"

"Certainly," said the landlord, receiving the letter with a bow. "I can put it in the post immediately."

"No—no," replied Twitter, "to-morrow will do as well; and, indeed, I would rather that you sent it to-morrow than this evening, but be sure it does go."

"I'll vouch for it's being safely delivered to the post, sir," replied the landlord.

"Then I am ready," said Twitter, to the men who carried his luggage, and they all at once started for the stairs, at which the boat was awaiting them. Twitter, since he left the hotel, appeared to be very anxious about making haste; he wanted to be on the river as quickly as possible; every moment appeared to be an age—moments that were laden with golden treasures, and which were being wasted by the necessary operations of locomotion, and the arrangement of the luggage in the boat.

"Now, sir," exclaimed the boatman. "Are you ready? we are."

"Yes, quite,—quite, my good man," exclaimed Twitter, jumping into the boat, and tumbling over the thwart of the boat, and knocking his shins most dreadfully. "God bless me, how hard the seats are. I do think I have broke my legs."

"Shall we put back and carry you to a doctor's?" inquired the master of the boat.

"No, no," hastily interposed Twitter; "it's nothing—drive on—row away, I mean. What do you stay for? Can't you go on?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but—but—"

"But what?" exclaimed Twitter, alarmed.

"Where are we going to, sir?"

"Down the Mersey here—towards—the Irish Sea, or what you call it."

"Oh, yes, sir; pull away, my lads; keep her along shore; the water runs smoother."

Acting upon this advice, the men pulled stoutly at their oars, in



silence. The night was very dark, and not a star was to be seen. True it was that there was sufficient of that uncertain light which enabled persons in company with each other to see and distinguish the expression of features; but you could see but a very little way beyond the boat—a few yards at the utmost, and the boat made its way over the labouring water, which appeared to rise up from beneath its swelling mounds, lifting the boat up at times without any previous appearance of waves.

Twitter appeared not to notice these appearances; or, if he did, he did not understand their meaning, and he only endeavoured to pierce the gloom that surrounded him on all sides, without being able to do so, till his eyes ached and ran with water.

His anxiety to leave Liverpool was so great, that he had not as yet opened his lips as to the object he had in view in their rowing on the bosom of the Mersey in such darkness, and at such an hour; besides, he almost apprehended a pursuit from Bernard Varley. He was, therefore, rather surprised when the owner of the boat said,—

"What part of the river do you wish to go to, sir; this shore, or the Cheshire shore?"

"At neither," exclaimed Twitter; "I want to go on board a yacht."

"A yacht? I doubt if you will get on board of her on such a night as this—it is so dark."

"Oh!" said Twitter, "I will pay you handsomely—expense is no object."

"Very well, sir," replied the owner; "it's hard and dangerous work, especially as I think a storm is a brewing, and deserves extra pay. What say you, lads, the gentleman will be generous; shall we pull after the boat he wants?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the men, and one of them said,— "Do ye see, sir, money I don't valley—save money gets grog, and grog's what I like."

"You shall be paid liberally, I give you my word; a handsome sum shall be given to each of you as soon as I am on board of the Zephyr—I am her owner."

"Oh! the Zephyr," said the boatman, with a blank expression of countenance; but instantly added,— "We'll pull for her; I know she must lay somewhere hereabouts, for I was told so by a man who saw her a few days ago."

They now applied themselves to their oars, and rowed about for a long while—Twitter alternately cursing and praying. He began to blame himself for having been so precipitate in giving the sealed confession so early to the landlord of the Royal George.

The night grew very cold; the wind rose, and fell in heavy moaning sounds, and a heavy mist began to fall, so that Twitter, who sat exposed in the boat, soon became wet to the skin, cramped, and miserably cold.

"Is she far off?" he inquired.

"Don't know," replied the owner, winking at one of his men. "Do you know whereabouts she is?"

"Can't say," replied the man, pulling very hard, and trying to look a long way through the darkness and rain.

"Where did you see her last?" inquired Twitter. "Surely you can say or know something."

"I might say a great deal, sir; but, then, you see," replied the boatman, with a queer, and important screw of the mouth, "I alus looks to the quality of what a man says afore quantity; I can't say as I knows much of the Zephyr, seeing she's been a lying-to here, nobody knows why, nor her own crew either; but, howsomever, I see her yesterday drop down the horizon."

"Drop down where?" screamed Twitter; "she's not sunk, I hope?"

"Sunk! no; she went, I mean, clear out of sight."

"Where to?"

"Lord knows, sir, I don't; but it's out hereaway," replied the boatman, with great gravity, and, turning an immense quid into one of his cheeks, he winked with the opposite eye to the man next him.

"Then row after her," replied Twitter; "I must be on board of her to-night, at any risk."

"A starn-chace is a long chace; but, hows'ever, a long pull, and a strong pull, will pull us there. Away, lads—eh?"

"Ay, ay, that it will," was the prompt reply.

"Pull, then, in God's name!" replied Twitter; "and, if you put me on board safely, you shall be handsomely rewarded."

The men rowed for some time in silence, until they showed evident signs of fatigue, and they had got so far, that the surf ran strong, and the master of the boat said it was impossible to get on board that night, but had better put back till daylight assisted them; for a long time Twitter would not hear of it, until they assured him of the inutility of remaining on the water, and the almost certainty of losing his life by wreck, if they attempted to remain out, and they would not remain on if he wished it ever so.

Great was Twitter's rage and anger, which showed itself in many shapes; he was one moment cursing and scolding the next breathing

prayers, repentance, and shedding tears, till at length, frantic in mind, and exhausted in body, he lay at the bottom of the boat, kicking dreadfully, and it was only by threatening to throw him overboard that he became at all quiet.

The boatmen had miscalculated their power when they talked of getting back; the wind now blew off the shore, and the water was so rough they could not return; but, in addition to this, the boat was fast filling with spray, which dashed over the boat every minute, and threatened to overwhelm and sink them; they then endeavoured to make Twitter sensible of their danger, upon which he got up, and again sat upon the seat, supporting himself against his luggage.

The wind howled most piteously, and the rain descended in a deluge; and the spray, dashing over them every moment, they were all speedily wet to the skin. Twitter had been so for some time, but now he became more sensible of it; sickness began to overtake him from the motion of the boat, which was carried hither and thither, without their being in any manner able to control it, or even direct its course.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" exclaimed Twitter, half audibly; "what will become of me?—what will become of me? I shall surely be hanged—I shall surely be hanged!"

"I am glad to hear it, sir," replied one of the men who had been baling the water out with an old saucepan.

"Are you—d—n you—what do you mean by that?" exclaimed Twitter, as fiercely as he could.

"Why, sir, it will insure us against drowning; for I have been on the Mersey these thirty odd years, and I never saw such a night. We are sure to be drowned, unless anybody here's under the protection of Providence, and 'specially booked for a place at the gallows."

"Come, come," exclaimed the owner of the boat, "leave off jawing, and pull away. Come sir," he continued to Twitter, "we are all alike now, Jack is as good as his master; we must make common cause."

"Must you?" growled Twitter, stupidly, staring at him.

"Yes, sir; come, pull away; you must take your turn, and help to keep her afloat."

"I shan't," exclaimed Twitter, passionately; at the same time his fears were so great, that he scarce knew what was going on, and, moreover, he became almost indifferent to his fate, and knew not whether he might not as well be drowned as be saved to be hanged.

"You must, sir; our lives are all alike endangered; you must help to keep her afloat."

"I shan't," doggedly replied Twitter; "I hired you to row me to the Zephyr, and I'm not going to bale her out, as you call it, as you call it. What shall I do?" he exclaimed, as his mind returned to the consideration of the probable fate that awaited him ashore. "Still," he thought, "there may be time to escape before the letter could reach York, and a message return, should they send one."

These reflections were cut short by the master hitting him with the tin saucepan over the head, and then seizing him by the collar, and declaring that he would pitch him over if he did not help to bale out the boat.

His terrors of immediate death were so great, that they overcame all fears of the future, and Samuel Twitter with his six thousand pounds in his pocket was seated in a boat, nearly up to his knees in water, baling it out with an old saucepan, as if for very life.

The prospect around was cheerless indeed; the surf ran high, the billows were crested with a white foam, and the sea-breeze now took this off in many cases, covering them with masses of water; the cold and darkness were intense, and their danger was terribly increased, for they were nearly run down by a Bristol vessel, which afterwards took them all on board, and, as they got up the side, they saw their frigate vessel fill and sink.

They were all much exhausted, and immediately placed in hammocks, and every attention paid to them their condition required, the vessel still continuing its course to Bristol.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed to the Editor (post paid), will meet with immediate attention.

"THE MISER" is accepted, and shall be inserted as soon as we can possibly find room for it.

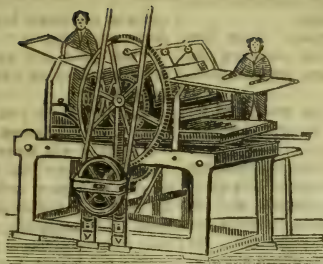
Amelia Williams (Charles-street). "The Unfortunate Marriage" is a very uninteresting affair, and we beg to decline it.

A. Gregory (Drury-lane).—Pretty, but not suited to our columns. Can not she send us a prose article?

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## MAUD;

OR, THE PRINCE AND THE PEASANT.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF EDWARD III.

It was in the year 1357, the year after the memorable battle of Poitiers, in which Edward the Black Prince gained that great victory, that thousands flocked from every part of London to get a sight of the King of France, brought as the captive of the Prince of Wales. Many a heart beat high with expectation, and they thought not with what different feelings that expected one would gaze on them—how his heart's blood seemed frozen, whilst their's glowed with pleasure and delight.

It was a beautiful day in May, the sun shone brightly, and the crowded streets presented a busy scene indeed; and when the royal prisoner landed at Southwark, he was received by the mayor and aldermen, with about a thousand of the citizens, and with every demonstration of respect. The prince was greeted with expressions of loyalty and affection. He rode upon a small black horse, with the plainest trappings, and the captive king was by his side, mounted on a beautiful courser; he was dressed magnificently, forming a striking contrast to the Black Prince. Amidst that concourse of people stood a beautiful girl, supporting in her arms her little brother; she was a lovely creature, and her pale blue eyes filled with tears of sympathy, as she gazed upon the noble countenance of the prisoner; although he tried to smile, she read in his looks an expression of deep despair, and her attention was solely directed to the king.

The procession moved onwards, until they reached Westminster Hall, where Edward the Third, seated on his throne, was waiting anxiously for their arrival. He rose when King John approached him, and spoke words of courtesy and kindness; then turning to his son, his only son,—

"My brave boy," he exclaimed, pressing him to his heart, "you have much pleased me by this victory you have gained, but still more have you delighted your father's heart by the modesty with which you bear your good fortune."

Then they were conducted to an apartment, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared. The spirits of the King of France were gradually recovering, and King Edward did all he could to make him feel his captivity as little as possible.

The crowd gradually dispersed, but in one quarter it increased, for it was expected that the two kings and the prince would leave Westminster Hall for what is now called "an airing." Amongst the number was the fair Maud, the beautiful girl we have before mentioned. She was the daughter of a very poor man, who had been left a widower, and Maud, who was now seventeen, undertook the management of her father's home. It was but rarely that she could leave that home; but this day being one of universal rejoicing, Maud determined to have a day of pleasure too. Her little brother was very troublesome, for he would be lifted up above the people's heads, like a spoiled and wayward child as he was, and he would scream and stamp if she did not indulge him, and not liking a scene amidst such a crowd as the present, she was forced to do what he wished, though her delicate arms ached with having to lift the tiresome boy so often.

"I wish you would not come here with such squalling children," said a man close behind her; "if you'd come by yourself we shouldn't mind giving you a place, for your pretty face will go quite as far as money."

The colour mounted in her cheeks, and David (which was the boy's

name) insisted upon being lifted, and Maud did all she could to pacify him, but in vain; and the man who had spoken before, desired him, in no very mild terms, to hold his peace; but the boy cried the louder, and the man, seizing him by the arm, struck him across the shoulders.

"Shame on you," cried a young man, stepping forward; "that the boy is a spoiled one, I have no doubt, but you are a coward to strike a child."

The man slunk off.

"Well, he deserved it," cried a woman who stood near. "He has worried my life out these two hours. I am very glad he did give him a gentle tap."

"And so am I," chimed in another.

Giving his hand to David, and offering his arm to the trembling Maud, the young man escorted them from the crowded scene.

"You are fortunate in getting off so easily, my little man," said the stranger, laughing. "You're a lucky fellow not to have a broken head."

"He is a spoiled boy," said Maud, "and I must try to teach him better. He was his mother's pet."

"And you are your father's, I suppose?" said the stranger. "He may well be proud of you."

"I do not know," answered Maud. "I think we are equally dear to my father."

"Did you see the prince to-day?" asked the stranger.

"Indeed, to tell you the truth, I did not think of him; I was looking at the King of France, and thinking how wretched his family must feel, not only in the thoughts of his defeat, but of his captivity; how, when we flock with smiling faces to gaze on him, their tears are falling for the fate of one dear to them."

"But his fate is not so terrible," said the stranger. "You feel more for him than he feels for himself. You may depend he will be well treated at my—at the English court, and will not feel the want of liberty."

"Oh, yes, he will—he must," said Maud; "depend his heart yearns for his native country—for his dear friends."

"Perhaps his affections are not as warm as yours," said the stranger; "but any how we cannot help it, you know."

"This is my home," said Maud, starting forward; "and there is my father sitting at the door."

"Good day," said the stranger, bowing his head to the old man. "Good day to you. You are not with the rest on this day of pleasure?"

"I thought it my duty—" began the old man.

"Duty has nothing to do with stopping at home on such a day as this. I've brought you home your little man here, without a broken head, which is a very surprising thing, considering he offended one of London's good citizens."

"Offended," cried the old man, "offended one of our London citizens? Nonsense, how could a child like that?"

"He did, at all events," answered the stranger. "Haven't you a seat to lend me whilst I recount the wondrous tale; I am very tired."

A seat was brought, and the young stranger conversed freely with the old man, whilst the fair Maud sat by her father's side, with her hand clasped in his, and her head resting on his shoulder, an attentive listener.

"But we must part," cried the young man, starting up; "I have stopped too long already. I have found your society so agreeable, that the time has passed away very quickly."

"Then, if it be as you say, let us improve our acquaintance," said the old man, laughing.

"Willingly," replied the stranger, extending his hand.



"You have not told me your name," said the old man.

"My name is Edgar Waldo," replied the young man. "Fare thee well!" he continued, extending his hand to the old man and his daughter, and Maud blushed when she received the warm pressure of his hand.

"A good young man, I'll be bound," said the old man, and he watched him out of sight. "A man like that should be your husband, Maud."

Maud sighed, as she took her knitting and began to work, and the old man tried to rally her spirits; little David frolicked about, the evening drew in, and night closed over the home of the poor man and the palace of the king. The next day found Edgar Waldo a visitor at the cottage of the old man, and he continued to visit them every day. He stayed but a very short time, and the repeated invitations of the old man to come and partake of their homely fare, were all declined. They never could learn where he resided or who he was. They knew he was a soldier, for he had told them of many an adventure at the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, and many a tale of the brave soldiers in their noble army. Thus passed four years. The King of France had been released, and the Black Prince married—two very important events. Edgar Waldo no longer visited the cottage of Maud's father, and the cheek of the beautiful girl was very pale indeed. Edgar had left them to join the army, he said, and they had parted; but he could not leave the lovely Maud without telling her how dear she was to him, and his lip quivered, and his sunburnt cheek wore an expression quite foreign to it as he spoke. What could she say, but that she loved him devotedly? and they parted, but to meet again next day, when he was to take his final departure.

"It will not be for long, my love," said Edgar, smilingly.

"Too long for me, dear Edgar," answered Maud.

"Your father, dearest, shall I not see him before I leave London?" he asked.

"I fear you will not," answered Maud; "his brother sent for him to-day, and he rarely returns before the next day, when he goes there; for it is some distance, and he is an old man—a very old man, now."

"Do not forget to tell him, that in the very height of the battle I shall think of him, and need I add, dear love, his daughter?"

We will draw a veil over their parting, and suffice it to say, that the unhappy girl became a changed being—that beautiful face was lovely still; but, oh, so changed! Those soft blue eyes told a long tale of agony and love—and her altered figure betrayed that she had fallen a victim to the one she loved—loved tenderly—though he had heaped such misery upon her. The neighbours scoffed at her—those who had called her friend, crossed out of her way; and as day after day passed on and brought no tidings of Edgar, her fear and agony increased. The father could not help noticing the change, and he wondered at it very often, but never guessed the cause; he little thought the trial that awaited him; it was not until she gave birth to a fine boy that he was awakened to the truth.

"Who would have thought of this?" he cried, in a frenzy. "The villain! to ruin my innocent child!"

But he soon lashed into investigations against her—he called her the destroyer of his peace—the disgrace of an honourable name—he bade her seek another home, and never to see him more.

She hoped he would relent; but no, he hated her as much as he had loved her. She had sufficiently recovered to leave her room, but did not dare to do so, for the cold looks of those around were more than she could bear, and she determined to leave her home and seek an honest livelihood where she was unknown. With this determination she packed up a few of her clothes in a bundle, and was about to leave the house by a back-door, when the voice of her father, demanding who was there, delayed her.

"It is I, father," she answered, in a faltering tone.

"Call me not father," he answered, coldly; "for I no longer own you for a daughter of mine."

"Do not speak so harshly to me," cried Maud, bursting into tears; "indeed, you would not, if you knew what I have suffered."

"Suffered!" said the old man, sternly; "suffered!—and do you not deserve it? 'Tis I, who have suffered—I, who have struggled hard to gain an honest living, to keep an honest reputation, and then to have my name gone—gone for ever—lost by you—you, in whom I had hoped so much—you, in whom I had sown so much and reaped so little."

"Father, I loved him, very—very dearly."

"And for that reason should you disgrace yourself and family?" Maud sobbed aloud.

"I will disgrace you no longer," she answered; "I am going to seek my fortune far away; to work to gain subsistence for my child and myself. Do not let me go—without your forgiveness; I cannot go—happy I can never be, but, oh, my father, bless me, ere I go!"

The father turned away.

"Never—never!" he answered, as he forgot himself so much—

she who can forget her duty to her God—her duty to herself—does not deserve forgiveness."

"But that God whom I have offended has taught us to hope for mercy; and if he will show it, surely, it is the duty of man to do the same."

"It is in vain you preach to me," he replied; "leave me, I pray you; I did not intend to see you, far less to speak thus to you."

"Then I will leave you," said Maud; "leave you for ever—and if you should hear that she you once called daughter is in the cold grave, let not your heart smite you for the part you have played. Farewell! Oh, David!" she continued, as the boy leaped into the room; "kiss your poor sister, boy, and always have your God for your guide, and your father's precepts before your mind."

The boy kissed her, little thinking he would never see that sister again. She left the house; the old man sunk into his chair and buried his face in his hands, and his daughter wended her way across the fields. Oh, what a trial 'tis to leave the home of our youth—to leave it for ever. How dear those walls—how dear each familiar spot—each stone that had never been noticed, but as a stone and useless thing, rises before our mind. The window from which we have often viewed the sun in all its glory—that window where we have often sat and laughed away the time, where we have shed our bitter tears of sorrow, and smiled away our happiest hours, how desolate it looks! The honeysuckle, creeping up the lattice-work, emits its fragrant smell as if in parting,—the faithful dog barks its last farewell,—the garden gate closes unwillingly behind you, and the sun shines forth as if to lighten the heavy load of sorrow which is settled in the breast—then all is lost for ever!

Maud sat upon the little stile at some distance from her home; she could still see the chimney-pots, and the old trees waving their loaded branches in the passing breeze and nodding their proud heads as though they wanted to entice her home again; but she soon lost them as she wandered on, not knowing where to bend her steps.

That night was passed in the open air, and she was very stiff and hungry when she arose. She had covered her baby with her own shawl, and she washed it in a little stream close by, and bathed her face and hands and bruised feet, and proceeded on her journey. She wandered many miles that day, and when night closed in, London was far behind. Wrapping her baby closely in her shawl and laying it on her breast, she sat down beneath a large tree; the night was cold and the wind chilled her sinking heart—she had but little sleep, and in what she had, she was oppressed with troubled dreams—the thought that her father was dead—and she rose unrefreshed, and faint, and weary; she ate her last mouthful of food that day, and she tried to walk, but her limbs failed her, and, sitting down upon a stone, she gave way to bitter tears—tears of repentance and sorrow.

"Maud, is it possible? Do I see you?" cried a woman who was passing.

"It is, indeed, dear aunt," answered Maud, the colour mounting to her cheeks.

"And this?" asked the woman, looking at the child she carried.

"Mine," answered Maud; "Aunt, do not look coldly on me. 'Tis enough to bear the reproaches of my own conscience."

"I look coldly on you!—not I, my poor child," answered Aunt Dorothy; "Your altered looks tell me what you have suffered. Come home with me and tell me your sad tale, and all your plans. You cannot walk, I fear."

"Oh, yes, I can," cried Maud, making an effort to look brisk. "See, I can walk."

"Give me the baby," said Aunt Dorothy; "Poor little thing, it is asleep. What's its name?"

"Ed—Edgar," answered Maud, and the tears burst forth afresh, when she thought of him whose name he bore. "He is like his father even now, poor boy; he has his dark eyes and his same smile, my pretty child," said Maud.

"You must raise your spirits, Maud," said Aunt Dorothy; "but you are tired, poor girl. There, lean on my arm. Bless your pale face and tearful eyes!"

Aunt Dorothy led the way into a little cottage by the road side, and making Maud sit down, and laying the sleeping child upon the rude bed, she placed before her drooping niece a substantial repast; but she had no appetite, and for the first time since she had left her home, she laid her head upon a pillow. She slept soundly that night, and was so much better next morning, that she was enabled to recount a short history of her sufferings. Aunt Dorothy sympathised with her, and finally offered her a place in her home—and in her heart, she might have added, for her brother's only child was very dear to her—and Maud accepted it.

"I am old now, Maud," said Aunt Dorothy, "and need a companion. I cannot have a dearer one than you."

"You cannot have a more grateful one, dear aunt; and I will teach



my boy to be as grateful. Oh, how much I owe you for your kindness!" cried Maud, falling on her neck.

"Nay, nay, child, not so much as that," said Aunt Dorothy. "I am very selfish, Maud, and will not let you leave me very quickly."

"I shall be quite contented to remain," said Maud.

Aunt Dorothy was some years younger than her brother. She was a good-hearted creature, and of a very amiable disposition. With her Maud spent thirteen happy years. They would have been very happy, but the recollection of the lost Edgar Walldo cast a gloom over her whole life. Her uncertainty as to his fate made her miserable. Sometimes she thought that he had fallen in battle, and at others, that he was faithless.

"Tis very hard to bear," said Maud; "but I should be contented, for God has blessed me with good friends, and I am very thankful."

Her father had died. He had blessed her on his death-bed, and David had gone to reside with the only remaining brother of Aunt Dorothy. Aunt Dorothy often paid visits to this brother, who lived near London, and Maud always accompanied her. This brother was an attendant on the Prince of Wales, and was considered a great man by his friends—a good acquaintance—a capital companion.

It was in the year 1376 that they received an invitation from this brother, and they left home for London. They determined to walk part of the way that day, and rest at an inn. Edgar had grown a fine boy; he was now above thirteen years old, and like his father, both in mind and person; and he was all activity.

On the morning they were about to start, the news arrived of the death of the Prince of Wales.

"And who knows," exclaimed Aunt Dorothy, after numerous expressions of sorrow had passed between them, "but your uncle Henry may procure us a sight of him. You have seen him, Maud?"

"No, aunt," answered Maud; "I had an opportunity once, and only once, and then I thought of the poor King of France, and never even glanced at him who rode at his side."

"Neither have I," said Edgar. "I had hoped to have done so ere he died, but there is nothing certain in this life."

"But one thing there is certain," whispered Aunt Dorothy—"that we shall have a shower shortly."

"Not we," said Edgar.

"Poor boy," said Maud to herself, "what would you have been without Aunt Dorothy?"

At length they started, but had not proceeded far when a storm arose, and being in an open field, they were completely drenched. The storm abated, but they were far from any habitation, and tired and worn. They dragged their weary steps along until they reached an inn, where they changed their dripping clothes, and having partaken of a good supper, they retired to rest. Maud had a violent cold; but she persevered in continuing their travels, though she felt very ill.

They continued their journey on horseback, and arrived ere nightfall at the door of Aunt Dorothy's brother. He assisted Maud from her horse, and she looked very tired and ill; and though she had been without food all day, she could not taste a morsel. For two days she seemed very unwell, but on the third she was much better; and Aunt Dorothy informed her that her uncle intended to obtain admission to see the dead prince, who was then lying in state at the palace, from whence they would convey him to Canterbury to be interred.

On the following day Maud declared herself quite well enough to go, though she looked very pale, and often put her hand to her head as if in pain; but when they asked her she smiled and shook her head. That day they roamed about, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she stood by the stile where she had sat thirteen long years ago, and thought it would be the last time she should ever gaze upon that loved spot.

"I was mistaken, aunt," she said. Then pressing her Edgar's hand, she continued, "Edgar, when last my eyes rested on those trees you see yonder in the distance, you were a babe of five weeks old. My heart was very heavy then, but you slept soundly, and knew not the sorrows that rent the bosom of your weeping mother. I little thought, dear aunt, that I should ever tread this ground again, or see the home where I was born."

"You must not see that home to-day," said Aunt Dorothy; "you look tired already, and we have walked a long distance."

"I tired! Oh, no; I am not tired, aunt. Oh, I would give the world to see that house; for I feel even now as though I am looking on it for the last time."

"Foolish Maud," said her uncle. "But if the girl so much desires it, what should hinder her? I know the possessor very well, and he will give her some rest."

"What say you?" asked Maud of Aunt Dorothy. "Do not go, if you are tired. I should be very sorry, aunt, to—"

"Oh, I'm not tired, child," said Aunt Dorothy. "I should be glad to tread those rooms again."

"And I, aunt," said Edgar, "have so often heard you speak of it, that it would gladden my heart to see a place so dear to you."

The mother gazed fondly on her noble boy, as, offering his arm to his aged aunt, they wended their way.

"There is the gate," cried Maud, clasping her hands, "through which I passed. Oh, what a struggle I had to shut it on myself! It seems but yesterday, dear aunt, that I was a young girl, and Edgar, my poor lost Edgar, by my side."

And now they had reached that gate, and the house-door was opened to receive them, and Maud stood on the threshold of that once happy home.

"It was here," said Maud, as she stood in the little parlour, "that I parted from my father—here that I heard his last words. At this door Edgar, and he, and I sat in the summer evenings, and little thought how changed our lot would be."

The owner entered, and saluting Master Henry (as he was called), was introduced to Maud as an old occupant of that house, and the present owner welcomed her most kindly, and conducted her all over the house.

They returned home in a short time, and sought repose early, in order to be all ready on the ensuing day, when they were to witness the lying-in-state of the Prince of Wales.

It was a beautiful morning when they left home, and Maud was looking better than she had done for many months, and Edgar was full of expectation and delight. They arrived at the palace about twelve o'clock, and were admitted. All those they met wore a most sorrowful countenance. Never was a prince more beloved, or universally regretted.

"How my heart beats," said Maud. "Oh, what must poor King Edward feel at the loss of his brave son?"

The room was hung with black, and dimly lighted, and, lying on a canopy erected for the purpose, was all that remained of this once daring soldier. They advanced gently to the coffin. There was a solemnity in the scene which struck awe to their hearts. Maud approached first, and glancing at the face, pale and statue-like as it was, the colour forsook her cheeks and lips.

"Tis Edgar Walldo, the father of my boy," was all she said, and she sunk lifeless in the arms of Aunt Dorothy.

The shrieks of Aunt Dorothy were truly pitiable, as she wrung her hands over the body of her niece—her child. They sank deeply into the hearts of the hearers; and Edgar, transfixed with horror and wonder, gazed at his mother and the prince, his father, by turns.

They raised the lifeless body of Maud, and laid her on a couch in the nearest room, and strove in vain to restore animation. She was dead. The shock had proved fatal.

Meanwhile the news of what had happened reached the ears of old King Edward, who listened in wonderment at the tale; and begging that Master Henry might come to him, he sat biting his nails, awaiting his coming. In those days kings did not stand upon such ceremonies as they do now, and King Edward received him graciously.

"What is this?" he asked. "Tell me how it is that the sight of my dead son" (and here he pressed his hands convulsively together) "should act so powerfully upon the mind of your companion?"

Master Henry told the tale of poor Maud's sorrows to the king with great simplicity of manner, and in such a tone of feeling that the tears coursed down the poor king's face, as he exclaimed—

"Poor thing, poor thing! I did not think my Edward had caused such misery."

King Edward did not think, when he said those words, how in each "glorious" battle the Black Prince had fought and won—how many a lover had been snatched away from the loved one of his heart—how many a widow was left to mourn her husband's death—how many a trembling infant had been thrown upon the world, fatherless, neglected, cold, and hungry—how many a mother's heart had bled—how many a sister's heart torn at the loss of the pride of their heart, their "brave soldier lad."

"But you said she had a boy—his boy, my grandson?" he said.

"True," said Master Henry. "That boy is a fine, noble fellow, and would have done honour to his father."

"I must see him," said King Edward. "Yet stay, not now; I cannot bear to see the boy's grief. I have enough of my own. When the two sad trials are over, the burials I mean" (and he pressed his aching forehead), "then I will see him. Let me see, he is older than his other son, poor Richard."

"By two years," answered Master Henry.

"Leave me now," said the king. "I am, indeed, sorely troubled. To-morrow my poor Edward is to be interred. God knows, I wish I could lay my head in the same grave; I should be happy."

Master Henry left the room; and the dead body of the broken-hearted Maud was conveyed home, and in due time buried. The king soon after sent for Edgar, whose heart beat wildly when he stood in the presence of his grandfather.



"What is your name, my boy?" said King Edward, with a kindness of manner which restored the boy's confidence.

"Edgar Walldo," he answered.

"And you have never seen your father?" said King Edward, his whole countenance quivering with emotion.

"No—yes, once," answered Edgar; "but never alive."

"You have a brother," said the king.

"No," answered Edgar, in surprise. "I have no brother."

"Yes, you have," said the king. "Let me show him to you."

King Edward took his hand, and led him into an adjoining room, where sat a sickly-looking youth, tall of his age, but very thin. His countenance was very handsome, but he seemed in bad health. He rose as they entered, and giving his seat to the king, he pressed Edgar to his breast.

"My brother is very welcome to his Richard's heart," he said. "I never knew the blessing of a brother until now, though I have often longed for one."

"You are too kind to me," said Edgar.

"We should look for kindness between brothers," said Prince Richard, smiling. "Sit down by me, Edgar. Nay, no ceremony; consider me henceforth as your brother, and treat me as such. How I thank your highness for giving him to me," he said, turning to the king.

"I wish you were as like your father as he is," said the king; "you resemble your mother, Richard; he, his father; Edward was just like that when he was his age." And he gazed admiringly at the handsome form of Edgar Walldo.

"And if he resembles him as much in mind," said Prince Richard, "I shall grow very jealous, I can tell you, Edgar, for my masters are continually wishing I was more like my father;" and, noticing the tear which was rising in the old king's eyes, he paused. From this moment the youthful Edgar was the constant companion of Prince Richard, who was now created Prince of Wales, and the people hoped to see the same virtues in the young Richard that they had found in Prince Edward; but they were to be mistaken, Prince Edward was a hardy soldier; he never fought a battle without winning it; he was the darling of the people; his very vices were virtues in their eyes, and every fault was so varnished over, that every defect was hidden; but with Prince Richard, the sickly boy of eleven years old, it was widely different. Instead of a great commander, whose every word was law, they beheld a boy shrinking from the gaze of the multitude who crowded to greet him.

Instead of a generous prince, to listen to their grievances, and relieve their wants, they had but a child to look up to, one who thought more of toys and childish nonsense than affairs of state. The king, too, was verging upon childishness; his every thought was directed towards a woman, named Alice Perrers, who had been maid of honour to Queen Eleanor, and who now lived in the court in the capacity of the king's mistress. She was a very beautiful woman, and every state affair was left to her to arrange; she ruled King Edward with absolute sway; his every action in his latter years was guided by her; hated by the people, she cared not for the many voices raised against her. Many a nobleman was cast into prison, banished from the court, or publicly disgraced for venturing to speak disrespectfully against her. Many a false charge was brought against men innocent of any crime, but that of declaiming against the king's mistress; it was now that her power was declining, and she soon found that young Edgar Walldo was the cause, the noble boy had so gained on the heart of the old king, who made him his almost constant companion. Many an enemy had Edgar in that court; but his greatest, and most to be feared, was Alice Perrers; but even she had no effect upon the king! This Alice Perrers had, at a future period, so disgusted the people, that King Edward had been forced to turn her from the court; but he had recalled her. Her conduct again became so violent, that measures were about to be taken to remove her once more. The king appeared blind to her endeavours to excite him against Edgar, perceiving which, she declared her wish openly, and was answered by the king rather more rudely than it was his usual custom; and, finally, she avowed her intention of leaving the court, unless "the intruder," as she called him, was sent from Prince Richard's side.

The king remained inexorable, and, furthermore, insisted upon Alice Perrers leaving him; and, being what is called "a woman of spirit," she took him at his word, and disappeared from the court. The people were very much rejoiced at this, and young Edgar lost his greatest foe; and now the king's health gradually sank; he had lost his beloved son and his mistress; he had been so used to have her by him to guide, command, and direct him, that he mourned and pined away, and died, and the weakly son of Edward the Black Prince ascended the throne, under the title of Richard the Second.

Edgar Walldo still continued the favourite of the young king, and he became a favourite with the people also. Amidst all Richard's misfortunes, Edgar was his constant friend and adviser; neither was Aunt

Dorothy, or Master Henry forgotten. Aunt Dorothy often frequented the court, and many comforts were added to her happy little home. King Richard was very kind to her, and often called her his aunt, which made Dorothy not a little proud. Years passed over; many had sunk into their graves, and many risen into life. Aunt Dorothy and Master Henry both quitted this world, and they died sincerely regretted.

The king pined in prison, but Edgar was his constant companion. The Duke of Hereford, respecting the friendship which existed between them, would not part them, and Edgar was free to come and go when he pleased. It was in vain the duke tried to win him over from his loyalty to the *rightful* king. Amongst the ladies of the court was one of singular beauty; she was an attendant on the young queen; her name was Eleanor: it was on this lady that Edgar looked with eyes of affection; she was very young and lovely, and his affection was reciprocal. They were betrothed, and Henry, Duke of Hereford, determined to gain over the affection of Edgar through the Lady Eleanor.

"Hah! my young lord," said Duke Henry, "you look paler than usual. Has the Lady Eleanor frowned?—or is thy noble spirit quelled by misfortune?"

"Neither, my lord duke," answered Edgar.

"I've a proposition to make," said Duke Henry, "one I would have you think upon; the king will not long be king."

"Tis in vain you tempt me," said Edgar, waving his hand; "you know my history, my lord duke; you know that I am bound by ties of blood as well as gratitude to my king and my brother."

"I know all that; but will you share his downfall? Hear me; ere long it will be King Henry, not Richard. Listen! I offer you wealth and Eleanor; or, disgrace and the loss of your betrothed bride."

"I spurn your offer with the contempt it deserves; you shall not wean me from my loyalty; and, for my bride, I will prove you in error, for to-morrow shall see the Lady Eleanor the wife of Edgar Walldo."

"Ha! ha! we shall see," said the duke, as he turned away; "we may disappoint you even now, my lad. I must gain the fellow over; he is a brave man, and will be an excellent prop to my tottering throne; I fear it will be a tottering one; but, never mind, when I *am* king, my first work shall be to make it secure." So saying, he knocked at a door in his way, and was answered by a ruffianly man; whispering some directions to him, he pursued his way. In the meantime, Edgar sought out the Lady Eleanor, and told her of the threats held out to him by the duke; and, beseeching her to place her happiness at his disposal, and be his bride, she blushing consented, and the following day he led her to the altar. The ceremony had just commenced, when there was a commotion in the church, and the voice of the Duke of Hereford exclaimed,—

"I forbid this."

Edgar turned round; "By what authority?" he asked.

"Mine own," he replied.

"Priest," said Edgar, "disregard this fellow's language, he is either a fool or a madman, and knows not what he says."

The fair Eleanor clung around him, and her small hand placed over his mouth.

"Forbear," she said, and her soft silvery voice quelled the passion which was struggling in his breast; "forbear, dearest, and let us hear what the duke has to say."

"I have said sufficient to stop all proceedings," said the duke with a bitter smile.

"Daughter," said the priest, "the will of God be done; if it be contrary to that will that you should be united, it is our duty to say amen."

"Tush, tush," said Edgar; "'tis not God's will; this fellow shall explain his meaning, or —"

"You forget yourself," whispered Eleanor; "for my sake, dear Edgar, speak not; let us defer the ceremony. All will be well; there are other priests."

"And there are prisons, my noble lady," said the duke.

"By Heavens, I'll not stand this," cried Edgar, as the priest moved away. "My lord duke, you have no right, neither shall you use it."

"I cannot use what I do not possess," said the duke; "but, young man, the duke will be the king; the brother can share the brother's fate."

Maddened by the coolness of the duke, Edgar drew his sword, and would have used it, had not the Lady Eleanor thrown herself on her knees before him, and with her delicate hand seized his wrist.

"Edgar, dear Edgar, as you value your Eleanor, desist."

"I cannot brook such insult," he said, as he sheathed his sword. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked, as he was seized by two soldiers.

"Disrespect, such as yours, shall not go unpunished; remember, Richard is no longer king."

"What mean you?" asked Edgar.

"Richard is dead," was his only answer, as he strode from the church. "They shall not part us, Edgar," cried Eleanor, and she clung to him; but they tore her from him and conveyed Edgar to prison.



Henry of Hereford was wrong when he said that Richard was dead. 'Tis true the governor of the castle had received orders for his death, but it had been delayed for some hours; though another day never dawned on Richard. Henry was proclaimed king, and Edgar, charged with disrespect to him, was sentenced to banishment for life. Henry determined to govern with tyranny, and the people felt awed by his sentence into speechless consternation.

"Well," said one, "King Richard was too lenient, but I'd rather be ruled by him than King Henry."

The parting between Edgar and Eleanor was a painful one indeed; she had not been permitted to see him since his confinement, and she shed bitter tears. And he was gone, and for ever! he might have given her that beautiful verse of Wolfe—

"Go, forget me; why should sorrow  
O'er that brow a shadow fling;  
Go, forget me, and to-morrow  
Brightly smile and sweetly sing!  
Smile, though I shall never see thee,  
Sing, though I shall not hear thee;  
May thy soul with pleasure shine,  
Lasting as the gloom of mine."

He prayed her to forget him, for there was now no chance of their being united, and the remembrance of him could only be coupled with misery. She could not share his banishment, for Henry had forbidden her wedding him or leaving her country. She determined to seek the king and intercede for him she loved; the king could not look upon those altered features, those tearful eyes, without pity.

"Cheer up," he said, as he helped her to rise; "it shall not be for life, I promise ye. We will tame his spirit a little though; don't fear, he shan't be a bachelor, and you shall glory in the name of Waldo, yet."

"Bless you for that promise," cried the lovely Eleanor. "My dear Edgar will not die an exile from his native country."

"And his pretty Eleanor," said the king; "but you must have a little patience, fair lady; his mind requires a little damping."

And patiently she waited for two long years without hearing from Edgar; but one evening, as she sat alone over her work, a man entered. She started and screamed; the stranger threw off his cloak, and she was clasped in the arms of Edgar Waldo.

"God be praised," he cried; "I scarcely dared to hope to find you here and well; it seems so like a dream;" and tears of joy coursed down his cheeks, but he dashed them away. Oh! how happily the evening glided away; he sat by the fire in her own arm-chair, she sat on a stool by his side with her pale face turned upwards, and her beautiful eyes fixed on his countenance as he related the history of his travels; and when night came, they parted once more—an apartment having been provided by the king in the palace for his reception in the morning. The king desired to see him, and Edgar obeyed the summons. The king was seated at breakfast when he entered, but he desired Edgar to seat himself, and then said,—

"'Tis some time since I saw you, and I trust we meet on friendlier terms to-day. I shall present you with a wife of my own choosing."

"Your highness is very gracious," stammered forth Edgar.

"One whom I consider as my daughter, and whose husband will, therefore, be my son, my adopted son."

"Your highness is very condescending, but I should like to know the name of my destined bride."

"She is here," said the king, rising, and drawing back a curtain, he disclosed Eleanor, seated on the chair of state. "Accept, fair lady," said the king, "a husband from the hands of your king, and may you be happy;" he placed her in his arms. "Follow me," he said, as he led the way into the private chapel of the palace, where a priest was in readiness to perform the ceremony.

"Your highness has—" began Edgar, but King Henry interrupted him.

"No more," he said; "I was unjust to punish you for your loyalty, still more so for tearing you from her you loved. I ask your pardon for the past, and will make amends in the future."

The ceremony was performed, and the happy pair returned with the king to the palace.

"Let this be your home awhile," said Henry. "I have that to ask, however, which I must ask at once. Edgar Waldo, I do not ask you to acknowledge me your king; I do not ask you to serve me as you served your royal brother; I do not ask you for your friendship, for that I do not deserve; but I will ask you to look upon me with a kindly eye, to bear me no malice, but to be my friend, and not to be my foe. Moreover, I will settle, not on yourself, but on the Lady Eleanor, a sufficient fortune to make you both happy and support you in ease and affluence."

Edgar pressed the extended hand of the king. "I could look upon your highness but as a generous friend," he said.

"I am the father of your Eleanor, remember, in name, at least; therefore, I am your father. Is not that tie a dearer and a stronger than brother?" asked the king.

"Only in name," said Edgar; "your highness forgets that I was bound to King Richard by ties of blood."

"True, true," said the king, "I will press you no longer; I am ungenerous, I am selfish, I know; but you were a brave soldier and a true friend, and I would have such a one about me."

He left them to think how he could reconcile Edgar Waldo to serve him, but feeling that all would be unsuccessful, he resolved to relinquish the idea. He settled a sufficient sum on Edgar to render him comfortable, and had the gratification of seeing the happiness of Edgar and Eleanor. They had a numerous family in time, and history records of a brave soldier who fought and fell under the banner of Henry the Fifth, who owned himself the eldest son of Edgar Waldo.

F. D.

## MAGGIE ATHER.

What comfort noo is left for me  
Since Maggie Ather's married,  
My plans o' bliss ha'e gane ajee,  
My projects' a' miscarried.

I thought I could ha'e ca'd her mine,  
I thought her true as bonnie,  
But I'm mista'en, an' here I pine,  
Wi' nae kind word frae only.

Ah! little, little does she think  
What pleasure she's taken frae me,  
How near despair's unhappy brink  
She's brought her ance loved Jamie.

But tho' I never can ava  
Clasp Maggie in my arms;  
My future life I'll pass awa  
Wi' thinkin' o' her charms.

Oh, jet black were her pawky e'en,  
Her hair as dark's the raven,  
While roun' her neck the fair, fause quean  
Kept glossy ringlets wavin'.

Her cheeks were like the damask rose,  
Her brow like purest marble,  
Her teeth like pearls set in rows,  
An' sweetly would she warble

Some o' auld Scotland's bonny sangs  
While in the meadow workin';  
I little thought a snake wi' fangs  
Sae near my heart was lurkin'.

Oh! farewell joys o' every kind,  
Loved sports, farewell; I'd rather  
Than think o' pleasure ("Love is blind")  
Mourn for sweet Maggie Ather.

JAMES PENDER.

SAILORS' OMENS.—Dr. Pegge says, "Our sailors, I am told at this very day, I mean the vulgar sort of them, have a strange notion of the devil's power and agency in stirring up winds, and that is the reason they so seldom whistle on ship-board, esteeming that to be a mocking, and, consequently, an enraging of the devil. And it appears now, that even Zoroaster himself imagined there was an evil spirit called *Vato*, that could excite violent storms of wind."—Sir Thomas Browne has the following singular passage:—"That a king-fisher hanged by the bill showeth us what quarter the wind is, by an occult and secret propriety converting the breast to that point of the horizon from whence the wind doth blow, is a received and very strange opinion, introducing natural weathercocks, and extending magnetical positions as far as animal nature, a conceit supported chiefly by present practice, yet not made out by reason or experience."—At the present day common sailors account it very unlucky to lose a bucket or a mop. To throw a cat overboard, or drown one at sea, is the same. Children are deemed lucky to a ship. Whistling at sea is supposed to cause increase of wind; and is, therefore, much disliked by seamen, though sometimes they themselves practice it when there is a dead calm.



## THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER;

OR, THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

"Ah, my dear Burton! what a heartfelt pleasure your presence gives me. How eagerly I watched the lengthening shadows of the evening sun, and thought the weary day would never end," said a beautiful, dark-eyed daughter of Venus, to a young man in the uniform of a lieutenant, as he leaped over a garden wall in the suburbs of —, and caught her in his arms.

"Light of my life!—beacon of my hopes!" replied her lover, as he imprinted a fervent kiss upon her lips—"the time has not hung more heavily with you than me. Since the sun has attained the meridian altitude, each hour seemed to double its predecessor, as, with eager impatience, I waited till the twilight shade should again renew the appointed hour, sacred to love and Emma."

"Here let us wait. Beneath this arbour we can watch the glittering stars as they peer, one by one, through the dark blue canopy of Heaven, and picture to our imaginations the abodes of those celestial spirits whose whole delight is love," replied the lovely maiden, as she took her lover's hand, and led him to a seat that had often before been cognizant of their vows of mutual constancy.

"Oten," replied her gallant Burton, "as the keel of my ship has cut its devious path through the foaming surge, have I pictured to myself the happy moments spent beneath this woodbine; or, leaning o'er her side, as the sickly moon cast her pale and chilly light upon the spray, as it dashed beneath our bows, have I sighed for the time when I should once again behold the loved one of my heart; and, thanks to the gods," continued he, as he pressed her faultless form to his bosom, "that moment has at length arrived, and now I only sigh to call you mine. I offer you my hand and heart; and what the god of wealth denies shall be made up in sincerity and affection."

"Full well I know, dear Burton, the honesty of your love, and for your own sake would willingly leave rank and wealth. A cottage, with your love, would be more acceptable than a palace, with all the gorgeous appendages of royalty, without it; but my father—"

"What of him?" demanded Burton.

"Will never consent to our union," replied the confiding girl. "He knows you are not rich, and promotion distant. To him the power of wealth and riches is most alluring, and at its shrine he offers up his daily orisons. Although he holds the high and important office of judge, his salary is not large; but he hopes to match his daughter with a noble of the land. His consent, therefore, you may be sure, never will be granted."

"Then let us not ask it," said the impetuous youth. "If my love be dear to you, what hinders our immediate flight?"

"Oh, do not urge me to a step, dear Burton, which ever after I may have cause to repent. How shall I brave the anger of my father?—how meet his stern rebuke, and, perhaps, his curse, for having defeated one of the principal schemes of his existence? Though much I love you, I must hesitate upon this step. Wait yet a little time. The assuager of all things may relax my father's ideas of ambition, and I may yet be yours and happy."

"When did age and ambition ever dissolve partnership?" said the enamoured youth. "If I wait till then, my prospect of happiness is still more distant than of promotion. While yet the shades of evening offer security to our retreat, let me prevail upon you to fly with me, and to-morrow's sun shall smile upon our wedded love. Come, loved of my soul," he continued, as he passed his hand around her waist, and gently urged her forward.

"No, no!" faintly articulated the trembling girl, as she willingly allowed herself to be led forward.

"Quick, quick, my angel!" cried her lover, "before any eavesdropper cross our path, to mar our projected days of joy."

The rubicon was passed, and the gentle girl, finding herself upon the verge of flight and her resolution shaken, now quickened her steps. The die was cast, and when once the scale was turned it quickly preponderated. They now reached the wall, and were preparing to overcome this slight impediment, when Emma whispered,—

"Hark! I thought I heard a footstep."

In a moment they were as mute as death; and after listening awhile, Burton replied,—

"Tis only the rustling of the leaves, shaken by the evening breeze."

And he again prepared to lift the agitated Emma upon the wall, which, being low, was a matter of little difficulty.

In another instant their flight would have been certain; but Burton suddenly found himself firmly grasped by the collar, and the rapier of Sir Mortimer Gifford, Emma's father, glittering within an inch of his bosom, as he exclaimed, in a stern and imperious tone,—

"Hold, seducer! Violator of the tie of filial love, 'tis such as ye

that blast the cherished hopes of parents, teaching children to rebel, and spreading sin and ruin in your track. Stir but an inch, and my arm, though aged, is yet sufficiently nervous to drive this weapon to the hilt, through your self-imagined seductive form. Here, George, Thomas, Gregory," he called to his domestics, "secure this villain."

It was not to be supposed that the threats of an aged man were likely to intimidate one that had faced danger in a hundred fights; nor was it likely that he was going to wait till he was made a prisoner by a host of lacqueys; neither did he dare to carry off the daughter in the presence of her father, much more attempt to fature him, for the sake of her for whom he breathed; but merely drawing the dirk which hung at his belt with one hand, while he seized the point of the father's rapier with the other, he exclaimed,—

"Beware! The first that dares to oppose my progress will do so at the peril of his life!"

Dashing from him the rapier and arm that held it, he leaped at a bound without the wall, and was lost to sight among the bushes.

During this scene the terrified Emma had swooned away, and the domestics, who had now arrived, immediately carried her to her chamber, while Sir Mortimer, following, muttered,—

"This is the pleasure of being a father—this is the reward for all the care and anxiety of a parent—this is the ultimatum and profit arising from the outlay of a fortune in an education that ought to have secured the coronet of an earl! To be deluded with one's eyes open, and bearded by a beggarly lieutenant, upon one's own patrimony! Pshaw!" and he slammed the door as he entered the house, with the excitement of his feelings.

Having cast himself into an easy chair, in his study, his succeeding thoughts were,—

"I will bring an action for abduction; but, no, he did not carry her off. I was too hasty. He ought to have done so, and then I should have had damages; but, no—had he done so, they would have escaped, and I might have searched in vain till they were married, and my plans been defeated. I ought to have secured them on the other side of the wall, in the very act of flight—ay, that should have been the plan. But it is ever thus: we act from impulse at the moment, and having done foolishly, endeavour to console ourselves with the knowledge of what we ought to have done, when it is too late. The poet is right, when he says,—

Reason, however able, cool at best,  
Cares not for service or but serves when prest,  
Comes when we call, and then, not often near,  
But honest instinct comes a volunteer."

Having divested himself of this quotation, much to his satisfaction, Sir Mortimer crossed his legs, and turning the calf enveloped in black silk, so that it might imbibe the genial warmth that emanated from the clear fire before him, sipped the remainder of his port, and soon fell into an easy slumber, only slightly disturbed by confused and indistinct visions of undutiful daughters, chaises and four, half-pay captains and lieutenants, genteel widows, with small children, and a choice assortment of begging-letters in lavender and rose-tinted envelopes. Having awakened from this trance, as it was now late, he summoned his domestics to evening devotion; but not before he had threatened each with immediate dismissal if he or she suffered any communication, by letter, or otherwise, to be made to his daughter without giving information of the same to him; he then retired for the night.

The next morning found the beauteous Emma pale from the excitement of the previous evening, but well enough to rise, and having dressed herself, sat by her window to gaze upon the scene before her. It was in vain for her that nature smiled in her brightest mood—in vain that the morning sun tipped the distant hills with his golden beams; or that the feathered songsters of the grove warbled forth their matins to the god of day; her soul was sad; separated from her beloved Burton, how could she be cheerful—she might never see him more, and then to brave her father's frown—how could she meet him—how appease his wrath? She trembled at the thought—the bare idea of his presence caused the circulation of her blood to stop, and her heart to cease to beat.

While she indulged in this contemplation she was suddenly startled by her maid, who, having entered unnoticed, informed her that Sir Mortimer desired her immediate presence.

"Heaven protect me and sustain me through this interview," cried the terrified girl. "What can I do? what shall I say? how shall I meet his severe and indignant gaze—how—"

"Say nothing, miss," replied her abigail, as she bathed her temples; "let your father have 'the say'; only ask his pardon, and don't irritate him by a reply. He loves you dearly, and will soon forget the matter; but, for Heaven's sake, don't mention the name of Burton, or his fury will know no bounds. We are all to be dismissed if we receive any letters for you; but, for my part, I am sure I don't know how I could



refuse, if the handsome lieutenant was to ask me to bring you one, especially if it was backed with the present of half-a-guinea."

After this edifying speech, Emma prepared to meet her incensed father, and descended to the room so agitated that she could scarcely support herself when she knocked at his door.

"Come in," said Sir Mortimer, in a solemn tone.

"My dear father!" said Emma, as she threw herself at his feet, overcome with emotion, "I know that I have acted rashly; I pray you, pardon me. If you know how deeply the idea of meeting your displeasure has penetrated my heart, you would deem that alone sufficient punishment for having dared to disobey your commands."

"I leave it to yourself," said the austere judge, "to consider whether your filial disobedience has not merited my just displeasure; you confess your fault; your present humiliation I will accept as an atonement for your past offence, and, at the same time, shall be the penalty. I have considered the subject well; I now forgive you, but to prevent future trouble to myself on your account, and save you from a life of beggary by an union with one so much beneath your station, I have resolved to marry you."

"Oh, Heavens!" cried the agitated girl, "to whom am I destined to act the part of wife without my heart's consent?—spare me, dear father, spare from such a state of falsehood; my whole life would be one continued lie, and the duties of my station an irksome task."

"Thus ever talks the youthful lover, but age and experience tell a different tale. My resolve is taken, and nothing can alter my determination," said Sir Mortimer, in a cool, deliberate manner; "prepare to consider yourself as the future bride of my friend, the Earl of Hilton."

"Great God, protect me in this trial," said the suppliant Emma; "to be married to a man my father's senior by many years, and on the verge of eternity."

"But he's rich," replied the judge; "that will atone for all; when you are older you will be better able to estimate the value of rank and wealth; till then allow me to decide for you—leave the room."

With faltering step she sought her chamber, more distressed than when she left it; to whatever extent her incensed parent might have carried his resentment, still there was a distant hope of again seeing Burton; but now she must lose him for ever, to become the slave of a tyrannical decrepid man, to please the avarice of her father; the more she considered the greater the horror appeared, and her soul died within her when she considered the desolation that would wither her heart as she performed the irksome and odious duties of her station. After addressing a fervent prayer to Heaven to support her through this trial, she felt more calm and determined to sustain the lot marked out for her with all the fortitude she was mistress of.

A short time after this interview with her father, one morning her maid entered with the daily paper in her hand, and exclaimed, "Only think, miss—"

"Well," replied Emma.

"Here's news, ma'am; dear me."

"I hope it is good news," said Emma, "for I stand much in need of relief of some description to cheer my heart."

"Here it is, ma'am," replied the girl, as she handed the paper; "you can read for yourself, for I do not like to be the bearer of what may bring sadness to any one."

"Thank you," replied her mistress, as she took it from her hand, and read the following:—"H. M. sloop, *Vernon*, under the command of Lieutenant Burton, has orders to cruise in the Mediterranean, and near the Grecian Islands, for the suppression of piracy upon the high seas, until further orders from England. She is stored with provisions for six months, and is expected to sail before the end of the week."

No sooner had she read this than it seemed like another blow at her happiness. She let the paper fall from her hand, and for some time sat motionless, gazing on vacancy, with her lips compressed, as if she meditated some resolve; and at last exclaimed, "My fate is sealed; I must bear the burden heaped upon me; 'tis useless to lament; but whether he cruise on the Grecian shore, or in the Pacific's boundless wave, his image will be ever near my sight, and graven on my heart. Oh, Burton, would that we had never met,—thus to be torn from all that one holds dear; but it must be so." Having thus spoken, she again compressed and bit her lips, till the blood started, as if she dared not trust herself with utterance; in a moment the cloud passed from her broad and intellectual brow, and her features assumed a calm and rigid coldness, which from that moment never left her.

About the same time had elapsed that the perfidious Demophoon promised to return to the deserted Phillis, so beautifully described by the poet, "Four times the moon lay hid, and four times full was seen," when the aged earl led the faultless Emma forth his bride. All the splendour that could contribute to give éclat to the ceremony, was enlisted in its service—the bells sent forth their joyous peals in the circumambient air—soft strains of music floated on the breeze—the labourer ceased from toil, and shared the feast, while "the laugh and joke pre-

vailed," and "made the waikin ring," as he quaffed the "nut-brown ale," in honour of his lord. One heart alone was sad, and that was Emma's. Those bells that chimed so merrily, fell upon her ear like her funeral knell, while those dulcet strains, which would have melted any other heart to tenderness and love, struck upon her paralysed senses like her requiem.

When before God's altar the holy man asked those solemn words, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" &c., her voice faltered not, no tear dimmed the lustre of her cold, dark eye, no flush upon her marble cheek betrayed the strong emotions of her soul, as with firm and formal coldness, without a quiver of the lip, she pronounced the fatal words, "I will." Her heart and thoughts were far away—far away upon Grecia's shores—that land of love and song, where once the fabled deities of old sighed for the love of earth's fair daughters, and now upon whose waters might be seen the white sails of the *Vernon* topped by the English pennant, which proudly floated—kissed by the passing breeze.

Scarcely had the honeymoon passed, when the niggardliness of the earl's character began to show itself. The charges of the marriage fête had exceeded his expectations, and he must now retrench. 'Twas true her carriage had a coronet above the arms, emblazoned upon the panels, but it was a shabby turn out; it was true she was a countess, but her stingy husband doled out his paltry pounds like drops of blood, and she could not support the character. It was also true, that she was a wife, could act for herself, and was supposed independent and free; but her withered lord, jealous of her beauty (and having a greater hatred than her father to all military, or naval men, whether on half or full pay), dogged her footsteps in every direction. She could not even move from room to room without his dull and prying eye, or suspicious ear, being cognizant of her whereabouts.

This state of things could not last long. A warm and sensitive heart, like hers, could ill brook this cruel treatment—the frown came frequent upon her polished brow—the lip that pointed to be kissed was now compressed with scorn, and the voice that once was mellifluous as the lute, became loud and harsh with rage. No longer was she the meek and gentle Emma, but the indignant woman, who repelled alike every overture of kindness or restraint from her tyrant lord, and like the stricken deer at bay, and worried by the hounds, in self-defence attacks both friend and foe.

Eighteen months had now elapsed; an attack of the gout had laid up her noble lord, and from time to time she occasionally walked alone within her park, when the attack was too violent for him to be wheeled after her in his chair. In her solitary rambles she had discovered a small grove of trees, through which a stream of clear and crystal water gently flowed. Here she often came, and, seated on its banks, would listen to its murmur, which harmonized and soothed her troubled soul. There she could relieve her wounded feelings; unobserved from any intruding eye, and mingle her tears with the limpid stream, which, cognizant of her affliction, seemed her only confidant, and allowed her to pour out the fulness of her bursting heart upon its gentle bosom, without the fear of shame or treachery.

"Oh! Burton, Burton!" she would exclaim, "could I have foreseen the hours of misery that awaited me, never would I have consented to this union; sooner would I have braved every danger in thy loved society, and drained the bitterest cup of sorrow to the dregs, than be the titled and miserable being I now am. One hour in thy company, even now, would afford a balm to my seared and blighted heart."

While thus she spoke, a gentle rustle of leaves disturbed her thoughts. She turned, and started as the form of Burton broke upon her view. She thought it was his apparition, and had swooned away when he caught her in his arms.

Having bathed her temples with the water of the purling stream before them, she recovered.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed, wildly. "How—why are you here?"

"To behold again that form I once so dearly prized," replied her admirer.

"Oh! Burton! Burton! the die is cast; 'tis now too late, and repentance is a sorry consolation."

"Then leave this empty mockery of wealth," said Burton, "and seek in flight that happiness which here eludes your grasp."

"To where—to whom?"

"To one whose only earthly bliss can be your happiness—to one who will pour the balm of consolation into your wounded spirits; to one—"

"You cannot mean my father."

"No."

"Who then?"

"Myself."



"Surely, Burton, you do not know that I am still a wife."

"I do," said Burton; "but maid or wife, these arms would still receive you."

"Conscience! conscience! that monitor of the guilty soul, would still pursue me," said the countess.

"'Twere better so," replied her lover, "than the torment of a jealous and unloved husband. Light of my soul," he continued, "let me entreat of you to spare your youth and beauty, nor sacrifice those charms for the pleasure of a dotard. Fly with me now, and never will I leave you, or upbraid you with the step. Come—come."

The eloquence of Burton was too persuasive for one who was already but too willing to listen to its dictates. Her lover impressed a fervent kiss upon her lips, and then drawing her arm within his, led her with rapid step to the enclosure of the park, where a chaise and four waited them. They entered; the post-boy smacked his whip; the wheels rolled rapidly forward, and for some minutes nothing was left to denote their track, but a cloud of dust, which hovered in the distance. A few hours' ride had brought them to the coast; a vessel was engaged, and the next morning saw the happy lovers on their route to Paris, which they reached in safety.

It was some hours before the departure of the countess was ascertained at the mansion of the earl; messengers were dispatched in every direction, but in vain; and its lord offered large sums (which he begrudged) to any one who would lead to a discovery of the fugitive countess; but no one could give the slightest clue that would lead to a discovery; all was enveloped in the cloak of mystery, and the elopement went the round of all the public papers, with the usual additions and comments upon the disparity of years between the earl and countess, and the impossibility of ever being able to blend the spring and winter of life together.

The expose of his daughter's indiscretion caused Sir Mortimer the utmost chagrin and mortification, and about three months after, an old daily paper informed him that the Vernon had been paid off. "The Vernon!" he exclaimed, as a sudden thought dashed through his brain like lightning. "Sure that is the vessel in which that miscreant Burton, sailed; if he be returned, this mystery will now be solved."

Without delay, he made application to the Admiralty—was informed of the truth of the statement, and that all letters or communications for Lieutenant Burton were to be directed for him at his agents, Messrs. — and Co., in town. Immediately he set off for London, and upon application, was informed that the gentleman he sought was residing in the neighbourhood of Paris. Upon leaving the agents, he departed for that capital, and after the most minute inquiries, discovered his daughter and her paramour living very comfortably in a neat villa at a short distance from Paris, upon the banks of the Seine.

Had he given way to the first burst of his feelings, he would have stabbed the disturber of his domestic happiness to the heart; but this feeling was quickly superseded by the calm and dignified character of his station in society, and to prevent a feud with Burton, he merely insisted upon the return of his daughter to her husband. He was peremptory—the order was obeyed; but who can paint the agonized feelings of the countess, as she was once more brought back to the scene of her former troubles.

The earl received her with apparent joy; but now his vigilance was doubly renewed, every servant was in his pay, and every action was minutely reported. She moved about, a thing of life—daily insulted by her husband—the contempt of servants, and pointed at with the finger of scorn by all the world. Existence for her was worthless—one step in guilt had been taken, and now, with frenzied recklessness, an undefined feeling between sanity and madness, the feeling of a mind tortured into desperation by a protracted series of ill-usage, she resolved to rid herself at one blow from the fetter which enthralled her. "I'll poison him," she said, mentally, and when once the idea was embodied in her mind, it haunted her like a demon, and every fresh aggravation seemed only to prompt her more closely to the dreadful deed.

Alike indifferent whether her life paid the forfeit or not (the sad finale never struck her senses), she found means to administer the fatal draught.

His lordship died by poison: she was suspected—her drawers were searched—a portion of the deadly opiate was found concealed—a domestic swore to having purchased it for some particular purpose, and the once lovely and beautiful Emma, whose whole soul was but purity and love, and which was reflected from her intelligent countenance in all the joyousness of innocence, was now to be tried for—my pen trembles as I write it—for murder—the murder of a husband!

The day of trial arrived—the excitement of the case had caused the court to be crowded to excess, and every eye awaited in breathless expectation the arrival of the criminal. "She comes!—she comes!" was

murmured through the court, and every eye was strained to meet her as she entered, led in by the officers. A chair was brought, and the exalted criminal was seated, alike unconscious of her situation and all around her.

"The judge!—the judge!" now burst forth from every lip; all eyes were turned upon the door, and as he entered, a death-like stillness reigned around. For a moment a gleam of consciousness animated the languid form of the criminal, and casting her eyes towards the bench, they met (in all the dignity of his office), those of Sir Mortimer Gifford, her father. In another moment she was senseless.

The trial proceeded—the jury found a verdict of guilty—a deep and solemn silence pervaded the assembly—a cold shudder stole over every eager spectator, and the tear of sympathy fell alike from father and child, when the judge assumed the black and sombre cap. No tear dimmed his eye, yet he visibly trembled, and the blood rushed back upon his heart, leaving his countenance as blanched as the whitened ceiling of the court in which he sat, and he pronounced word for word the awful sentence of the law in a voice as deep and sonorous as it was touching and impressive. He looked not at the prisoner; but when he came to the words, "dead!—dead!" his voice began to falter, still he finished, and turning to his daughter as he said, "The Lord have mercy on your soul," all the father broke out at once—the tears gushed from his aged eyes, and he was carried senseless from the court.

## THE LADY OF HATTON;

### OR, THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

A LEGEND OF BLEEDING HEART-YARD.

THE Lady of Hatton was seated in her gay saloon, surrounded by a bright assemblage of visitors. "What say you, my friends," said she, "to our enlivening the scene by play?"

"Willingly—willingly!" returned many voices of the company.

Quickly were the tables arranged for play; cards and dice were supplied, and each eagerly chose their partner for the game.

"I will play you for a thousand, my lord marquis," said the lady of the mansion to the Lord of Kelso.

"Pardon, my lady," returned the marquis, "but I play not for so great a stake."

"A mere trifle, my lord," returned the Lady Hatton; "I have played for thrice the sum."

"And so have I, my lady, but experience has taught me to be wiser."

"My motto is," returned the lady, "live to-day, if we die to-morrow."

"Which may be done without the risking of thousands," rejoined the marquis.

"But play, Lord Kelso, is the chief pleasure of my life; and the higher the stake the greater the excitement, and, therefore, the greater pleasure."

"On that point I differ with your ladyship, and must, therefore, beg of you to seek some other partner."

"And shall find one in the young and gallant Sir William Forsythe."

"You honour me, my lady," replied Sir William, who was sitting near.

"Do you object to the stake?" asked Lady Hatton.

"If it is your ladyship's wish, we will double it."

"Brave Sir William," rejoined the lady, in a tone of triumph; "you are not one of the cold, calculating beings who reckon on the profits of to-morrow."

"No, no, my lady," returned the prodigal; "I, with your ladyship, would live but for the present day."

Well pleased with her partner, the Lady Hatton was soon deeply engaged in the game.

"Fortune favours you, Sir William," said she.

"To make me more deeply feel her frowns, I guess; your ladyship plays with great skill."

"Yes, but the fates seem strangely against me," replied the lady.

"But the greater the stake the more pleasure in the game."

"True, true."

"Again I am favoured," said Sir William; "would your ladyship wish to discontinue the game?"

"No, no, not if my very reputation was at stake."

"Thou art a spirited opponent, my lady."

"But a vanquished one, I fear," returned Lady Hatton, casting down the cards.

"Thou hast but lost this victory, my lady," said Sir William, "that the next you gain may be more glorious."

"And I will commence a campaign immediately against you," said the Lady Hatton, not seeming to notice the loss.

"Do we play for the same sum?" asked Sir William.



"No, if you agree, we will double it."

"I have no objection, my lady," returned the gay baronet.

It was easy to discover by the joyous twinkling of the dark brown eye of Sir William, that fortune was still pouring her favours on him, while Lady Hatton, discovering she was about to be the loser, exclaimed, "By all that is good, I would sooner play with the very devil than a second Sir William Forsythe."

"I trust your ladyship will not grow warm upon the subject; you have still the chance of regaining your loss!"

"I tell you again," said Lady Hatton, vehemently, "that I would rather stake my all with the very devil, than play you again."

"You are, then, my lady, I perceive, with Lord Kelso, counting on the profits or losses of the morrow?"

"It is not the money I regret," said Lady Hatton, "but the being beaten by —"

"Him, who is one of your ladyship's devoted admirers."

But even this well-turned compliment did not restore the good-humour of the Lady Hatton, who, to the surprise of her guests, pleaded indisposition, and retired.

This, of course, put an unexpected end to the festivities of the evening, and the guests disappeared at an early hour, and retired to their homes.

"My lady," said a domestic, entering the apartment of Lady Hatton, "a gentleman requires an audience with you."

"His name?"

"It is on this card, my lady."

Lady Hatton took the card, and read as follows:—

"His Highness the Prince de Jen begs to be allowed the honour of an audience of Lady Hatton."

"A prince! and at so late an hour—upon what errand can he come? But I will see him, be it what it may. Claude, lead the stranger to the saloon, where I will meet him."

"I will, my lady."

When Lady Hatton entered the saloon, she gazed with pleasure and delight upon the noble appearance of the stranger.

"To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted to your highness for the honour of this visit?"

"You flatter me, Lady Hatton, by considering my visit an honour; having heard of your ladyship's great skill at play, I had determined to request of you in person to favour me with a trial of my ability, and for this reason I came unattended."

"Your highness does indeed honour me greatly, and I shall feel proud in granting your request, but —"

"Really, my lady, I can accept of no apology; I have travelled many miles to obtain the pleasure I seek, which will account for the lateness of my visit."

"In return for your great condescension," replied the Lady Hatton, "I agree to your proposal, though I am but in an indifferent humour for play."

The chandeliers were quickly relighted, and the lady and the prince sat down to play; hour after hour passed away, and the lady found to her pleasure and surprise, that she had more than doubly recovered her losses.

"Is your ladyship weary of the game?" asked his highness.

"No, no," said the lady; "I think I could sit at such enchanting play as this till the last hour of my life."

"Then your ladyship is indeed an ardent admirer of the game."

"Yes, yes," continued the lady; "I know not aught in life I like better."

"Nor I," returned the prince. "Do you play again?"

"Yes, your highness; it is but fair; you have the chance of regaining your losses."

So deeply was the lady now engaged with the excitement of the game, that she noticed not midnight had long passed, and she likewise saw with disappointment and chagrin that the gold she had won was now finding its way back into the purse of its former owner, and this did but tend to further her desire to continue the game.

"The chance is turned against thee, lady," said the prince, smiling a smile which defies description.

"But I do not even yet despair of fortune again changing."

"Good, my lady."

"Nor will I give up play until it does, though I should even risk my very soul!"

"And for thy soul, sweet lady, let us play," said the prince, laughing, "for to gain so dear a treasure I would stake my principality."

"My soul, then, against your principality!" replied Lady Hatton, earnestly.

"Be it so, my lady."

"Shall we change the cards for dice?" asked the lady.

"As you will it, my lady."

"We will, then; it will be a change."

Once, twice, thrice, were the dice thrown. "Mine! mine!" re-echoed through the lofty walls of Hatton, while a loud report which shook the building to its very base, filled the vassals with surprise and despair. A scene of confusion past description now ensued—throwing themselves upon their knees, they cried loudly for protection—each expected to be momentarily swallowed in the chasm which imagination pictured to them, caused by the earthquake, for such they considered it to be. Suddenly the tumult ceased, and anxiously they sought the saloon where they had left the stranger and their mistress; but who can paint their amazement on finding neither there? Every apartment of the noble edifice was searched, but in vain, and the disappearance of the Lady Hatton and the stranger was regarded by all as a deep and unfathomable mystery.

Strange and unaccountable noises were now nightly heard in the saloon of Hatton, while the words "Mine! mine!" re-echoed fearfully through the lofty walls.

Few had sufficient courage to remain amid such terrors; one by one departed until the gay saloon and halls of Hatton were desolated.

Thirteen years had elapsed since the above events, when Lord Charles Hatton, the only son of the missing lady, returned to England from the wars.

Anxiously he sought the residence of his parent; but what a scene of desolation met his view! its lofty walls were now falling to decay—the richly-carved cornices were now the habitations of the owl and bat—the cobwebs hung in dark festoons from the gorgeous drapery and ceiling, while the rats from the neighbouring stream, called Fleet-ditch, had undermined the solid masonry of its foundations, and revelled in the banquet-hall and beds of damask.

Speedily he sought a solution of the mystery, to which he could gain no other information than what has been already related, excepting that the form of the Lady Hatton was seen to glide amid the scene of her former revelry at the hour she disappeared.

Lord Charles immediately sought the advice of a holy man, to whom he related his sad story.

"Too easily, my son, is the mystery explained," replied the priest.

"How so, holy father?"

"Do not the ominous words, 'Mine! mine!' bring to your imagination the workings of the evil one? Yes, yes, my son, 'he is ever wandering like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour'; and none so easily falls into the snare as those who, setting aside reason and the love of good, give up their weak hearts and minds to the love of play."

"The awful truth now flashes on my mind, holy father," said Lord Charles; "canst thou not tell me by what means the wandering spirit of my unhappy parent can find rest?"

"By offering to the Holy One long prayers and fastings, we may succeed, my son."

By prayers, offerings, and fastings, the wandering spirit of the Lady Hatton was allayed many fathoms beneath the surface, over which a well was placed, and to the waters of which were ascribed healing virtues.

Reader, wouldst thou see that spot, wend thy steps to the well-known locality of Hatton Garden, and where once stood a huge stone cross, a pump is now erected for the benefit of the poor in that crowded district.

**BETROTHING CUSTOMS.**—In 1794, the minister of Eskdalemuir, in the county of Dumfries, mentions an annual fair, held, time out of mind, at the meeting of the black and white Esk, now entirely laid aside. At that fair it was the custom for unmarried persons, of both sexes, to choose a companion according to their liking, with whom they were to live till that time next year. This was called "hand fasting, or hand in fist." If they were pleased with each other at that time, then they continued together for life; if not, they separated, and were free to make another choice as at the first. The fruit of this connection, if there were any, was always attached to the disaffected person. In later times, when this part of the country belonged to the Abbey of Melrose, a priest, to whom they gave the name of "Book-i'-th'-Bosom," either because he carried in his bosom a Bible, or, perhaps, a register of the marriages, came from time to time to confirm the marriages. In the Isle of Portland, near Weymouth, where the inhabitants seldom or never intermarry with any on the main land, young women betroth themselves to lovers of the same place, and allow them the privilege of husbands, with the certainty of being made wives the instant that the consequences of their intimacy become apparent. This usage, the writer ascertained upon the spot, to prevail in 1817, and was assured by respectable females of the place, that only one instance of the engagement not being fulfilled by a young man had occurred within their memory, and in that case the offender was driven by the inhabitants with ignominy from the island.



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CLVII.

THE RENUNCIATION.—SIR CHARLES'S BETTER NATURE AT LENGTH AWAKENED.

ALICE was, as may be supposed, in complete ignorance of the singular change which had taken place in the state of her father's feelings towards Horace.

She little imagined that one of the results of her father's agitation of the preceding evening, would be to separate her from her lover. Sir Charles had left home so early, that she had had no opportunity of seeing him, for, overcome by the fatigue of her night-watch, she had, as morning dawned, sunk into a deep slumber, from which she did not awaken, until he had been absent some time.

Her first inquiry was for him, and her waiting-maid, who was in the greatest distress, to see her young mistress so terribly heart-stricken, replied,—

"Why, miss, I seed him go out with my own eyes."

"You are sure?"

"Sure as seeing's believing, Miss Alice. Ah, poor gentleman, he didn't look as he used to look. There was never such a scratch down his face, miss."

"Did he seem composed?"

"Oh, wery—wery. Andrew was a standing in his way, and he nearly flung him down the kitchen stairs—wery composed indeed, miss—oh, wery."

"Was he very pale?"

"No, miss, there wasn't no pail in the way. That wasn't it—oh, dear no. It strikes me wonderful, miss, as master has been a rattling thingumbobs."

"Been what?"

"That's what Thomas calls it, miss. He means a gaming, and coming it strong with dice."

"Have you any ground for such a supposition?"

"Well, I don't know, really; but when people is struck by *supper-stitions*, they outs with 'em natural. That's my idear, and what's more, it's Thomas's idear. 'You may depend, my dear Martha,' says he—'that's the way he's got, miss—'elegant Martha,' says he; 'you may depend as Sir Charles has lost no end of tin,' says he, 'beautiful Martha,' in his way, miss."

"Then you think my father's troubles arise from some gambling transactions?"

"Indeed I does, miss."

"I would I could bring my mind to the same belief," remarked Alice, in a low tone.

"What did you say, miss?"

"Nothing—nothing."

Alice would, indeed, have been happy to have been quite convinced her father's terrible state of mind arose from pecuniary difficulties; but she could not bring herself to the belief that any troubles of that nature could have such an effect upon him.

"What," she reasoned, "would even absolute poverty be compared to the horrors of last night? How cheerfully could I resign all the glitter and magnificence with which my father has surrounded me, could I be always safe from such as I have gone through. No, no—his grief—his terror—his suffering lies far deeper than such a cause. Oh, that I could fathom it, and then rescue him from the horrors of an imagination which must bring madness in its train, if not directed into other channels."

It was, too, a bitter source of reflection to Alice, that her mother should, in so reckless a manner, and with such an utter abandonment of truth, have joined with Margaret in the persecution which had been entered into against herself and Horace. True, she did not feel Lady Home's conduct so acutely as many a child would similar conduct on the part of a parent; but that arose from the fact which Alice had herself alluded to—namely, that she never had received from her ladyship the affection of a mother; and people may prate as they please about natural and instinctive ties, but education has a great deal more to do with the formation of such mothers, than many will admit. Alice's reflection was, and we think it, a just one,—

"She should have recollected that she was my mother, however cold and strange a parent she has been, and have shrunk from any act which could possibly be inimical to my future happiness."

In such painful reflections, only relieved by one pleasant anticipation,

only heightened by one seeming hope, did Alice pass many weary hours—but that pleasant anticipation—the all-seeing hope was, indeed, to her mind, like the beautiful rainbow of promise to a blighted and storm-chastened land. It was the feeling of security that there could be no more misunderstandings—no more difficulties as regarded Horace Singleton; and for the first time, without a doubt—without one lingering anticipation of evil coming between her and her best affections, she looked upon herself as his affianced wife.

Then she had a great hope that Horace would yet induce Sir Charles to be confidential with him, and by relating to him fully the causes of his embarrassments, enable him, Horace, to offer that judicious advice which she, in her partial feelings towards the chosen of her heart, thought him so fully capable of giving.

In the midst of all this, Alice was aroused from the sad companionship of her own thoughts by the tumult in the hall, arising from the expulsion *vis et armis* of Mr. Biggs, who, as we have related, so pertinaciously endeavoured to make good a footing in Sir Charles Home's house.

Before she could make up her mind whether to repair to the scene of action herself, to discover the cause of the uproar, or trust to the report of Martha, all was still again; but it was a stillness of very short duration, for, as the reader is aware, the *fracas* with Lady Home almost immediately succeeded that with the intolerable Biggs, who, perhaps, was at the same time, the very worst, and the most sincere advocate any man could possibly have.

Then Alice sent Martha to ascertain the cause of the uproar, and waited with no little anxiety her return.

"Well, Martha," she said, when the abigail made her appearance.

"What has occurred?"

"A skrimmage, miss—a out-and-out skrimmage, Thomas says."

"A what?"

"A row, miss; 'graceful Martha,' says Thomas, in his way, Miss Alice, 'graceful and elegant Martha,' says he, 'master has come home.'"

"My father at home? Thank Heaven."

"Yes, miss, he's come home. Somebody come with him, miss; but it appears as Sir Charles didn't want the somebody to come further nor the door, and the consequence was, as he trundled the somebody down the steps, miss, 'cos the somebody would come up 'em."

"Who was it?"

"Why, miss, it was the uncommonly ugly little man as came to master's feet, miss, along with Mr. Singleton."

"Do you mean a Mr. Biggs?"

"Yes, miss. Well, arter that, there was another skrimmage, as consisted of missus —"

"My mother?"

"Yes, she comes down stairs, and has a row with Sir Charles in the hall, and then, as Thomas remarks to me, 'lovely Martha, she takes herself off like a vapour.'"

"Alice," said the voice of Sir Charles Home, from the outside of the door, at the same moment that he tapped gently on the panel.

"Law!" exclaimed Martha, "it's master."

Alice sprang to her feet, and admitted her father. His first act was to point significantly to the door, and Martha taking the hint, immediately retired. He then flung himself into a seat with a deep groan.

He was ghastly pale, save where long scratches of a livid hue, which were upon his face, contrasted with the dead white of his complexion. His lips, too, were of a death-like hue, and by their slight spasmodic quiver, it might be readily seen how painful were the feelings he was in vain striving to hide from the watchful eye of his daughter.

Poor Alice was so much afflicted to see her father looking so different from his wont, that for some minutes she could not speak; indeed, it was not until her overcharged feelings were relieved by tears, that she could contrived to say,—

"Father—father—am I not your child?—your own, fond, loving Alice? Tell me—oh, tell me what it is that thus frightfully afflicts you? There is no burthen of grief so heavy, but it is easier borne by companionship! You will be happier and easier in your mind by a confidence with one from whom you have nothing to expect but the sincerest sympathy."

"I have come to you, Alice," said Sir Charles Home, in nearly choking accents,—"I have come to you to make a communication which—which —"

He could proceed no further, for his voice was checked by deep groans, and he seemed to be suffering a degree of anguish quite as intense as that which had afflicted him the preceding evening, but without its wild excitement.

"Which what, father," said Alice, throwing her arms affectionately round him. "Why do you pause? Tell me all—tell me all. Dear father, do not shrink from a confidence in me."

"I have come to say it, and I must. Alice, you—you—love, Horace Singleton."



The blush that overspread Alice's cheek was a sufficient answer, and Sir Charles proceeded.

"You look upon him as your future husband?"  
"I do," whispered Alice. "Your consent—your full approbation of my choice makes me happy in it."

"Yes—yes. Oh God! Yes."  
"Father—father, what means that agonised expression?"  
"My Alice. My child—my child. My own fond, loving, gentle Alice."

"Speak—speak."  
"You must renounce—renounce—"  
"Renounce whom—what? This suspense is cruel."  
"Renounce Horace Singleton."

Alice was struck speechless for the moment at this most unexpected announcement; she could not believe that she had heard her father say, and she repeated the words—"Renounce Horace Singleton," in a tone, as if expecting an immediate and direct contradiction from his lips; but the contradiction came not, and such a feeling of despair crept over her heart, that it was wonderful she preserved her consciousness.

"Yes," added Sir Charles Home. "All your best hopes—all your best anticipations of happiness must be sacrificed, and for me—for me, Alice; I am the sole cause of all."

"You, father?"  
"Yes, my child."  
"And—must not the reasons for this sacrifice be known? Must I be kept in ignorance?"

"You must. There is no other resource. To save me, can you sacrifice all that you have ever dreamt of as happiness? Can you renounce Horace Singleton? Give him no reason; but cast him from you as if from caprice. Say, my Alice, can you do this for my sake?"

Alice trembled and sobbed.  
"Speak, my child, can you sacrifice yourself for me?"  
A rush of tears came to her relief, and then, in a low gentle voice, that went to the very heart of Sir Charles Home, she said,—

"I can—I will."  
"Is this possible?" he exclaimed. "Oh, Heaven, why was such as I gifted with such a child?"

"Father," she added, mournfully, while she caught her breath painfully and convulsively at almost every word,— "father, you will grant me one request?"

"Name it, my child."  
"It is, that you will remove me far from here—to some place where I shall have no dread of meeting him."

"No," cried Sir Charles Home, in a voice that echoed through the apartment. "No," and he rose to his feet, while his countenance assumed an animated expression. "Thank the great God that even now has animated me with a better spirit. You shall not be sacrificed, my Alice. Heaven forbids it. If living I could not keep my soul free from the stain of crime my death shall, at least, be more glorious. You shall wed Horace Singleton. Fate, I defy thee. On my head launch your rage. God will be with me, at least, in this one act of my life. Despair not, my child. You shall be happy. Nay, I shall be happier—a better, nobler spirit animates me. I will resist until the last gasp the frightful incubus that would bow me to the earth. Be calm and happy. Your nuptials shall take place as soon as possible. Even now I feel myself rising superior to what appeared a horrible destiny."

He rushed from the apartment, and had left the house again before Alice could recover from the astonishment occasioned by his sudden burst of enthusiasm.

# CHAPTER CLVIII.

## THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST.—THE AVENGER AND MARGARET.—THE INTERVIEW.

WHEN Sir Charles Home had got some distance from his house a sudden recollection came across him, a recollection which caused him to pause instantly, and, after a few moments' hesitation, return to his own door.

That this recollection, and the proceedings consequent upon it, were results from his interview with the astrologer on the preceding evening, may be gathered from the message he retraced his steps to deliver to his hall porter.

"There may come here," he said, "one who will name himself merely,—the guest. He is tall and spare of habit. But I need not describe him. Let these words be his passport. Admit him at once. Show him into the library, and attend upon him as you would attend upon me."

"Yes, Sir Charles."  
"Be respectful and obedient to him."  
"Certainly, Sir Charles."

Sir Charles Home then wrote on the back of one of his cards of address, the words,—

"Alice, on no account or pretence whatever see any one in my absence from home."

"Take this card," he added, "to my daughter."  
He then again left the house, and hastened off in the direction, once more, of Horace Singleton's chambers.

Sir Charles Home had scarcely left his mansion half-an-hour, when a man, strangely attired, of tall stature, and attenuated frame, ascended the steps. Before he demanded admission he glanced up at the lordly abode, and his dark eye kindled with an unholy fire, while a hectic flush of colour visited his otherwise pale cheek.

"So," he muttered, "it has at last come to this. I swore it should, and I have lived to keep my oath. Tremble, Sir Charles Home, for my vengeance is insatiable. What you have already suffered was but a faint resemblance to what I still hope to make you suffer. In my own mind have I painted your future career, and I shall be unwearied in my attempts to force you to pursue it. Poverty—destitution—the loss of those you love—a madhouse. Ha! ha! ha! If I can make him suffer all that, methinks contentment would find a home in my breast, and I should no longer rail at the fate which has made me what I am."

Having uttered this soliloquy, so full of desperate and bad passions, whatever might have been his provocation, no one could wish him his revenge, he knocked, and very loudly and furiously, at Sir Charles Home's door.

It was immediately opened, and the tall porter, recollecting his instructions, demanded with no little curiosity the name of the odd-looking visitor.

"I am the guest," he said, in a cold stern voice, that, as the porter declared to Thomas, made his whole flesh creep.

"Yes, sir, walk in, if you please, sir. Thomas—Thomas, what's the row?"

"Hush—hush! Lauks, a mighty hush. I told you about him, and now he's come. You know who?"

"The devil?"  
"I shouldn't wonder; but he goes by the name of the guest to Sir Charles. Show him into the library, bless you."

The mysterious stranger followed Thomas to the library, where he sat down with all the air and manner as if the place was all his own. Thomas was about to leave the room, but he said, suddenly,—

"Remain."  
"Yes, sir," said Thomas, who would not have been at all surprised to see one of the stranger's feet absolutely cloven.

"What wines have you?"  
"Something of all sorts, sir."  
"Hock?"

"Yes, sir. Oh dear, yes, sir, we —  
"Peace. When I ask a question, answer it shortly and distinctly. Let me have no superfluous chattering."

"No—no, sir. Lor bless us!"  
"Bring me some hock, and take this card to Miss Margaret Home, telling her that the owner of it is now in the library expecting her."

"Certainly, sir."  
Thomas took the card, which had certainly a very mysterious look about it, being of a pale yellow, and on it were the words, "The Avenger," written in so strange a hand, that Thomas first of all thought it was The Stranger, and then The Fender, and last of all, The Porringer.

"Well, I never," he muttered. "Here's goings on. I wonder if he'll know now whether I go to the hall first and then to the kitchen to show this card, or up stairs to Miss Margaret with it. Oh, he can't, so here goes—it's quite a curiosity."

Thomas turned round to proceed to the hall with the mysterious card, and to his horror he found the fearful guest close behind him.

"Murder!" he cried. "Oh, Lor, sir. I—I really—upon my word—fire —"  
"Do your message, or rue the fearful consequences," said the stranger, in deep, hollow tones.

"Ye—ye—yes."  
"Begone!"  
"I—I am going. Here's a go. Oh, Lor! won't I give a month's notice arter this. I'm sure I smell brimstone. What a horrid idea. Lor a mercy on us all!"

With a trembling step, then, Thomas having placed the yellow card upon a waiter, ascended the great staircase to Margaret's room, wishing himself well and safely out of a house which began to teem with all sorts of terrors.

Margaret was in a state of mind, notwithstanding her affected triumphs, which was truly fearful, and she did indeed much need the presence of him who had been her guide so long to pretended revenge, but real unhappiness, to rouse her from the gloom which, like a black cloud, was beginning to spread itself over her intellects.



The knock at the door of her apartment startled her, and she inquired in accents that betrayed her nervous state who was there.

"It's me, miss," said Thomas. "I'm all of a shake. Here's a yellow card, miss."

"What?"

"Just the colour o' brimstone, if you please—it comes from down below."

"What folly is this?" said Margaret, opening the door.

"Please, miss, here it is. I'm agoing to give warning to quit—I can't stay in a family as has such acquaintances. The gentleman—for it's as well to be polite to everybody—is in the library, if you please."

"Oh, the Avenger," said Margaret, and she passed Thomas quickly, descending the stairs to the library with great rapidity.

"Well, I never," exclaimed Thomas. "That's taking it cool, however, anyhow. Oh, the Avenger; so that's his name, is it. There will be some murdering work going on in this house soon, or my name isn't Thomas."

Margaret hastened to the apartment where was awaiting her coming the dread, mysterious being who had exercised so powerful an influence on her fate, and wrought so much woe both to her and to Sir Charles Home, who, at least in her mind, should have been entitled to the merit of having given her a home, when in all probability she would have otherwise been exposed to the vile mercies of an unfeeling world.

The identity of the Avenger with the astrologer of St. Paul's had become in her mind quite a settled point, although that strange being himself had not distinctly avowed so much, and now it was no surprise to her when she entered the library to find such was the case, and to see in the owner of the card that had been handed to her the fortune-teller whom she had visited so recently under such circumstances of fearful excitement.

The stranger was seated when she first came into the room, but at her entrance he rose, and turning to her, he said,—

"Margaret Home, you know me now."

"As the Avenger, yes," she replied. "You have yet, however, to tell me what strange interest you have in my destiny that has occupied you so long and so laboriously."

"Be patient, and you shall know all. I have come here to-day to show you my power for your satisfaction, that I really possess it, and to show to the other inhabitants of this house that I dare to exercise it."

"Have you then, indeed, great power here?"

"I have, Margaret. You have—for I can read your mind—you have sometimes doubted my ability to bend circumstances to your will, and serve you according to your wishes. You gave yourself up to despair, and thought that nothing could prevent the marriage of Horace Singleton with Alice Home."

"I did think so."

"I know it. You thought I had arrived at the limit of my power when I had scarcely commenced its exercise at all."

"I freely confess my doubts."

"Tis well. Now I tell you that the union between those persons, one of whom you hate, and one of whom you love, is prevented."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. This very day Sir Charles Home has been to Horace Singleton and broken off the match. On my soul I swear to you that such is the fact."

"Tis one great step taken; but is there not power on earth or in Heaven yet to save me further?"

"I understand you. You have the love-letter I gave to you?"

"I have. But when the storm of passion and excitement had passed away with which I received it, and reason resumed her calmer reign, could I believe in such wild charms?"

"Do not doubt—do not doubt. One of two things must ensue therefrom."

"What are they?"

"Either Horace Singleton will transfer his affections from Alice to you, or he will never love her more, or again be susceptible of human passion."

"At last, then, my triumph over her will be complete."

"It will. So much I can promise you most solemnly. So far you shall not be deceived. Upon the first intimation of any secret marriage—for I will not disguise to you my fears that such may be arranged between Alice and Horace Singleton without Sir Charles Home's concurrence at all—do you endeavour to find some opportunity of giving to him in wine, or in anything he is sure to take, a small quantity of the philter. The result will be certain; but pray remember to come to me immediately thereupon, for I shall then have something to communicate to you of the greatest importance."

"I will obey your directions implicitly. And now tell me who you are?"

"Not yet—not yet."

"Wherefore do you keep me in ignorance?"

"Be patient—be patient. The time will soon come when you shall know all. I will not now distract your mind by a long history of circumstances which it would take much time to relate."

"Be it so, then," said Margaret. "I care for little now but the successful termination of these circumstances which press so very heavily upon my mind. Give me my revenge on him who has slighted my heart's fond passion, and I ask no more."

"And yet you shall have much more. Farewell, now. Be wary and watchful, and note the slightest preparation for any clandestine movements—nay, if you see after this Horace Singleton here, it will suffice—give him the philter."

"I will."

"Please, sir, here's the hock," said Thomas, appearing at the door.

The stranger pushed quickly past him, and without another word, or tasting the wine, left the house.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## THE RUBY RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE POACHER," "THE GAMESTER'S FATE," &c.

THE golden king of day was fast sinking in the west, his last dying rays of vermillion gave a beautiful appearance to the pine-clad hills, as he seemed to be disputing with the coming night the return of her sway o'er the earth; the birds were warbling forth their vesper hymn ere they retired to rest; soon all was hushed in a sleeplike stillness, save now and then, when the distant tinkling of a sheep-bell, the lowing of the herd, or the voice of a labourer returning from his daily avocation, came sweetly on the ear.

'Twas on such a night that two lovers sat in a tastefully erected arbour, exchanging their vows of love.

"Ere, Mary," exclaimed the youth, "ere that bright orb sets once more, I shall be far away; perhaps 'twill be months before I see again the setting sun from this spot with you by my side."

"And what are a few months, dear George? they will soon pass by."

"They will seem ages to me," returned the other, mournfully; "and in what you term a few months, another may come and gain thy heart and hand, for out of sight out of mind."

"Never!" exclaimed Mary, "there is not another upon this earth that shall call me wife but yourself, here I swear to—"

"Hold!" cried George, placing his finger upon her lip; "I want no oath; I asked for none, thy word is enough, for there might come a time when you, perchance, would repent making such a vow. Give me your word that you will remain true to me, I would wish for no more."

"Then thou hast it with pleasure."

"Thanks—thank's dear Mary. I shall now go with a heart light as air, feeling secure in my Mary's love; but come, the evening is growing late, and your father will be wondering at our long absence." Twining his arm round her slender waist, he imprinted upon her glowing cheek a kiss. That night he departed for foreign lands.

Time flew onward with rapid wing; two years had passed, and George returned not; indeed, Mary Wallack cared not if he never returned more, for the form of another was imprinted on her heart, one who chanced to save her from the drunken embraces of a profligate nobleman.

He was a tall, dark, fine looking man, with a tongue dipped in that deadly poison, flattery. Mary loved flattery. William Sheene soon proposed, and was accepted by Mary, who congratulated herself that she was prevented by George from taking the oath on the eve of his departure; but when she thought of him and his words in the arbour, "out of sight, out of mind," her conscience smote her. It was but for a moment, for the next it passed away, like a gust of wind, or a vernal fall of snow.

William Sheene, the young man whose addresses had driven the memory of George Courtney from the mind of Mary, was an utter stranger in the village, no one knowing anything either of his connections, or his situation in life. But he seemed to be possessed, by his appearance, and almost lavish expenditure, of considerable wealth, and he thus found a ready admittance into the more respectable families in the neighbourhood, and by his specious behaviour induced Mr. Wallack, the father of Mary, to look upon his suit with an eye of considerable favour, and, after the lapse of a few months, succeeded in obtaining his consent to his marriage with his daughter.

The bells sent forth their merry sound, the villagers were in their holiday clothes, for they were to be entertained with a dinner on the occasion, the wedding was over, and the bridegroom placed on the finger of his bride a magnificent ruby ring; every one was dazzled with its beauty, and loudly praised its worth.



In the evening all was joy and happiness, and after the health of the new married couple had been drank, the music struck up, and all joined in the mazy dance. Midst that gay scene the name of George Courtney was announced, and the next moment he was in the room. Mary turned pale as death, and the blood ran cold as ice to her heart at his sudden and unexpected return; he spoke not a word to her, but about his lip there played an unmeaning smile which she never saw before. When William Sheene was introduced as the husband of Mary, George slightly started, but immediately drank their healths with composure.

At supper George sat next to Mary, who was much discomfited at being so near one she had so basely deceived.

"You have a fine ring on your finger, madam," he said in a cold tone, as his eye caught sight of the jewel.

"Yes, a gift from my husband," said Mary, in a low tone, for that word seemed strange to her.

"And a handsome gift, too," returned George, taking it off her finger. "Ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I wish you all good night."

"But my ring, George, give it me back," said Mary.

"Nay," said George, "I'll keep it to remind me of woman's inconstancy."

"But you'll do no such thing, sir," said William Sheene; "I gave it to my wife, and I am determined no one else shall have it."

"Indeed!" said George, sneeringly; "then I'm equally determined no mortal shall make me give it up."

"And may I be so bold as to inquire your reason for so doing?" said the squire.

"You may inquire, squire Wallack, if you please; but I shall not answer."

"Oh, send for a constable," said some of the guests, and a constable soon arrived; as George would not give up the ring, he was taken to the lock-up.

The affair caused a great sensation, and, after being examined before a magistrate, and still persisting in refusing to give up the ring, he was committed to the sessions, where he was found guilty of the theft, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. Strange to say, notwithstanding a strict search was instituted, the ruby ring was not found.

In a neatly furnished drawing-room sat a young female in deep meditation; on the morrow she was to become a bride, the bride of George Courtney. Two years had passed since he had been released from prison, and he had resolved never more to have aught again to do with woman, till chance threw him in the way of Jane Wilson. She had scarce numbered eighteen years, and was fair as a summer's day. As he gazed upon her innocent countenance he felt his old passion creeping over him, and he was soon caught in the net of love. He was near twenty-four, rather good-looking, but pale through his late confinement in gaol; he was not long in Jane's company ere he gained her love and her father's consent, and they were to be wedded on the morrow. Jane Wilson was aroused from her meditation by the entrance and voice of her betrothed.

"Ah! my Jane," he said, "you seem to have been rather deeply absorbed, for see the fire has scarce a spark left."

"Then it was through thinking of you alone, dear George, which has caused this mishap," said Mary, throwing back the clustering ringlets that shaded her face, and bestowing upon him one of the sweetest smiles ever seen upon face of woman.

George felt blessed, doubly blessed, in possession of the maiden's love.

The following morn dawned brighter than usual, the lark soared higher in the air, the linnets sung more sweetly, the flowers were more gay and fragrant; at least, so thought George, for 'twas his wedding day. All were ready to start, with the exception of the bride's father, who was to give her away. What detained him no one knew; but he soon entered, followed by another, and George started as he recognised his former rival, William Sheene, who was dressed in black, for Mary had died broken-hearted in consequence of his ill-usage.

"We have been waiting for you this last half-hour, father," said Jane. "You are in a hurry to get married, child," returned he not; "but there will be no wedding to-day."

"No wedding," cried George, in surprise; "and why not, sir?"

"My daughter shall not marry a thief," said Mr. Wilson.

"A thief?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Wilson; "a thief who would steal my daughter for the sake of her dower."

"'Tis false! who dare accuse me of theft?"

"This gentleman," said Mr. Wilson, pointing to the self-exulting William Sheene, "who has shown me a newspaper containing an account of your conviction for stealing from his wife a ruby ring."

"And you really believe it?" said George.

"Certainly I do," said Mr. Wilson.

"And so, villain," said George, turning to Sheene, "you persist in this falsehood?"

"You cannot deny that you stole the ring from my late wife."

"I cannot deny but that I took it from her; but where did she get it?"

"I gave it to her on her wedding day," said the other, proudly.

"When and where did you get it?" said George, quickly.

At this question Sheene started and changed colour.

"Ha! ha!" shouted George, "you tremble like an aspen leaf; which now looks most like a thief? William Sheene, six years ago I loved Mary Wallack. I went abroad for awhile; but, in the meantime, you wooed and won her. You were married on the day I returned, and in the evening I took a ring off your wife's finger, for a reason best known to myself. I would not return it, and you sent me to prison, but I murmured not. I had got the ring. I was released; but the secret was still within my breast, for you were Mary's husband; but you now brand me with the name of thief, and would rob me of my heart's idol, Jane Wilson, as you did of Mary Wallack; you come and pour poison in her father's ears, and say I am a thief. If I am a thief, who made me so? where got you the ring?—I will tell you. You were my aunt's butler, and, to avert the consequences of your numerous peculations, you, with an accomplice, first basely murdered the defenceless old woman, and then robbed the house of everything of value; among those valuables was this ruby ring. You absconded, and, by some strange chance, you managed to escape detection. With the proceeds of your guilt you have been rioting in luxury; but on your wedding day, that ring betrayed you to me. I would instantly have given you up to justice, had it not been for the sake of your wife, and for her sake it was that I suffered a long false imprisonment. She is dead, and you still endeavour to thwart my happiness. You have lost yourself, there is no obstacle to your apprehension, and you shall meet your fate on the gallows."

Sheene stood for a few moments after George had concluded, as if turned to a statue with surprise and horror, and then with a yell of fury he rushed upon the latter, and caught him wildly by the throat.

"Liar!" he cried, fiercely, "recall your words, or I will strangle you."

The bride, with a shriek of alarm, fell senseless in her father's arms, while several of the assembled friends rushed between to separate the struggling men.

But all their attempts were fruitless. The window of the room stood wide open, and the two men, locked in a deadly struggle, gradually approached it. It seemed to be the object of Sheene to drag his antagonist with him through the window, and thus perish together. The latter perceived his object, and with a tremendous effort contrived to grasp the window sill, and free himself of the furious Sheene. With a cry of agony the murderer fell through the open window into the garden, a height of thirty feet. A suppressed scream of horror ran through the assembled crowd, and when a number of them hastened into the garden, and raised the wretched man from the ground, they found that he was dead.

Not many months after these events, Jane Wilson and George Courtney were united; but the former would often think with a shudder of the horrid crime that had been revealed through a ruby ring.

H. J. HAMP.

**LAW AND LAWYERS.**—The French have it amongst their old sayings, that a good lawyer is a bad neighbour, and Montaigne seems to have entertained the notion. He tells what he calls "*A Pleasant Story against the Practice of Lawyers.*" "The Baron of Coupene, in Chalesse, and I have between us the advowson of a benefice, of great extent, at the foot of our mountains, called Lalontan. It was with the inhabitants of this angle, as with those of the vale of Augrougre; they lived a peculiar sort of life, had particular fashions, clothes, and manners, and were ruled and governed by certain particular laws and usages, received from father to son, to which they submitted without other constraint than the reverence to custom. This little state had continued from all antiquity in so happy a condition, that no neighbouring judge was ever put to the trouble of inquiring into their quarrels. No advocate was retained to give them counsel, nor stranger called in to compose their differences, nor was ever any of them so reduced as to go a begging. They avoided all alliances and traffic with the rest of mankind, that they might not corrupt the purity of their own government; till, as they say, one of them, in the memory of their fathers, having a mind spurred on with a noble ambition, contrived, in order to bring his name and credit into reputation, to make one of his sons something more than ordinary, and having put him to learn to write, made him at last a brave attorney for the village. This fellow began to disdain their ancient custom, and to buzz into people's ears the pomp of the other parts of the nation. The first prank he played was to advise a friend of his, whom somebody had offended by sawing off the horns of one of his she goats, to make his complaint to the king's judges, and so he went on in this practice till he spoiled all."



## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CLVII.

## PRISON REFLECTIONS.—EXAMINATION AT BOW-STREET.—THE ROAD.

THE day broke to poor Rowland Percy in his cell in Newgate with all the horrors of hopeless imprisonment. The dull, dreary routine of duty carried on throughout all the different parts of the prison were but so many means of recalling to the oppressed the full sense of their sad and unhappy condition.

To Rowland Percy they brought back the full knowledge of his present state, which he had forgotten in the slumbers that had settled upon him. The felon's cell presents but few topics of consolation, and the walls of Newgate to an innocent, helpless, and doomed man, presented but little hope.

The locking and unlocking of wards, the closing of gates, the shooting of bolts, and the hoarse calling of names were sounds that carried but little comfort to the heart of the captive. His morning meal was coarse and disgusting to him, though had he been at liberty he could have eaten a much worse, but the knowledge that it is prison diet is poison.

However, Rowland Percy did eat; he knew on that day he should have to go through an ordeal that would, short as it was likely to be, require some little nerve to go through, for on that day he would be brought up to Bow-street, for the purpose of being identified.

The hour came round, and with it the prison van, but Rowland Percy was not included in the number of prisoners to be sent away, but shortly after a body of select officers came for him, and, securing him with handcuffs, he was placed in a coach and conveyed to the office at Bow-street.

Here was a crowd collected to see what was going forward, and Percy could not help noticing momentarily one or two singular looking men, who were strangely attired, and who appeared to take an interest in him; but he was hurried through them with so much rapidity that he could not bestow a second glance upon them, and then he was hurried through a long succession of passages, and, in company with several officers, he was compelled to await until the moment for his examination arrived.

At length it did arrive, and one of the officers who came to announce the fact, said,

"Bring him along; his worship waits, and Mr. Varley, the prosecutor, is in the office."

Percy was, therefore, conducted forward, and soon after found himself in the office, and was quickly placed at the bar.

One of the officers explained to the presiding magistrate the state of the case—that the prisoner, Rowland Percy, had been convicted of murder at the York assizes, and condemned to suffer death, but that he had escaped from the condemned cell, and was now recaptured.

"Have you evidence of his identity?" inquired the magistrate of the officer.

"Yes, your worship, Mr. Varley, the prosecutor in the case, is here to swear to the man."

"Then let him be sworn."

Varley, accordingly came forward, and, with a smile of fiendish malice, took his station in the witness-box. Rowland stood up and gazed upon the villain calmly, and said, in clear and distinct tones,

"Mark me, that man, Bernard Varley, is the murderer of Sir George Rankley—to obtain first his property, and then to force his destitute child to wed him for support. The day will come, and that before long, and yet too late, perhaps, to save me, that will make this apparent."

Bernard Varley turned deathly pale, as he listened to these words, but he answered them not; he kept his eyes fixed on that part of the office where the magistrates sat; he appeared to be unable to look towards the dock where Percy stood.

The presiding magistrate shook his head, and said, in an unconcerned tone,

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Varley?"

"Yes, I do. He is the same Rowland Percy who was condemned to death at York, and afterwards escaped from his prison."

"Well," said the magistrate, "then all I can do is to order his detention and return to York."

"He has escaped once, your worship," said Varley, deferentially to the magistrate, "and may do so again, especially as he is well known to

be leagued with highwaymen and housebreakers, and others of desperate character."

"Then a sufficient escort must be provided; those who have any connection with the York police in London must look to that part of the affair. I can only order him to be sent to York under their care and I would advise you yourself, Mr. Varley, to go with them, since your evidence may be required, when he reaches that place, to identify him anew, and then his execution will immediately follow."

Varley bowed and left the box, and Rowland Percy was removed from the bar. All had occurred in a very short space of time, and Rowland found himself again in the coach before he could well understand how he had been disposed of.

Before many hours had passed over, a post-chaise and a strong escort was got ready, and the order for Rowland's removal, and the delivery of his body to the care of the York police, being produced, he was placed in it, securely handcuffed, and an officer on either side of him, while Bernard Varley and several mounted officers rode on either side of the carriage, all well armed.

It was towards the afternoon that they commenced the journey to York, leaving London as early as their departure could be effected, Bernard Varley having successfully combatted the officers' objections to starting that day, as they wished to leave town on the next morning early; but Varley appeared to be in great anxiety to have Rowland re-conducted to York without a moment's delay if possible.

Rowland Percy's thoughts were anything but cheerful or hopeful. His life of late had been one scene of alternations of hope and despair, hair-breadth escapes and imminent dangers, and the excitement natural to this state of things had subsided as hope deserted him, and he leaned back in the carriage, unable or unwilling to break the silence that reigned around, by conversing with those who had the custody of himself.

The monotonous sound of the carriage-wheels and the feet of the horses were, too, of a character likely to promote thought in preference to speech.

Towards the decline of day, ere the sun had by two hours approached the western limit of his influence, a travelling carriage came towards town at a rapid pace, and Bernard Varley's party drew to one side of the road, which was narrow, to allow them to pass, but in doing so the two carriages approached very closely, and Percy was aroused from his reverie by hearing his name pronounced, and on looking up he caught a momentary glance of the form of Miranda.

His first motion was to put his head out of window; but in this he was restrained by the officers, who would not permit him to hold any communication with any person whatever.

It was indeed Miranda, who was accompanied by Mr. Anderson, fully bent upon making some effort for the benefit of Percy—their object being to petition for his pardon; but this unexpected meeting altered their plans, and Miranda determined to return to York with Percy, and not to leave sight of him while he was permitted to live. In this Mr. Anderson concurred, and they attempted to gain speech of Percy, but they were informed that they could not be permitted to communicate with their prisoner.

"Miranda," said Bernard Varley, riding up to the chariot, "I would speak with you."

"Monster!—murderer of my father! insult me not with your presence, nor the air with your voice."

"You know who is yonder!" and Bernard Varley pointed triumphantly and significantly towards the carriage in which Rowland was a prisoner.

"Execrable villain! it is a victim of your crimes," she said, in a voice that too plainly spoke her abhorrence of him she spoke to.

"Tis well," replied Varley; "we travel towards York, and a second escape will not be easy. I have desired an interview with you, and you deny it; be it so; you may mourn the consequences: I have given you an alternative which may not yet be too late to accept—think of it."

As he said this, he rode forward, for he desired not to be drawn into a lengthened conversation in the presence of Mr. Anderson.

Miranda's feelings it would be difficult to describe; her despair and agony were great at thus again seeing Rowland Percy in the hands of his enemies, and had it not been for the knowledge that Bernard Varley was present to triumph in her misery, she could not have maintained even the appearance of calmness.

At this moment they were met by a horseman, who immediately turned into the road from a cross road. It was a servant in livery, attired as if he had been sent express to some distant part. When he came up to the party, he rode up close to the carriage, and endeavoured to look into it, when Bernard Varley cried,

"Stand off, fellow! you cannot come here; dare to approach that carriage, and I will have you punished."

"I am here, you see," replied the servant: "and therefore can go on any road, and as for your punishment that you threaten me with,



you must have cause to give it me; but I warn you to be careful, or if it comes to my master's ears, he will punish you for interfering with me."

"How, scoundrel, dare you talk thus to me?"

"Yes, to a much better looking man than you are," replied the man.

"I am on the highway, and I don't expect to be stopped by you."

"Come, come, my good fellow," replied one of the officers, "we cannot have any of this."

"Certainly not, if you don't wish it; but why do you have such a quarrelsome helper with you?"

"You must keep clear of the carriage, else we shall be obliged to do more than persuade you: we are officers, and have a prisoner."

"If you had said that at first, all would have been right. I don't wish to be troublesome, but company on a long road is desirable; as it's not wanted, however, I'll fall back."

So saying, he drew his bridle, and awaited the coming up of the carriage in which Miranda rode with Mr. Anderson. He rode for a short time in silence, and then he came close to the carriage, and looking hard at Miranda, he said,

"Miss Rankley must take no notice of me."

Miranda then started, and looking at the man who rode by the side of the carriage, after some scrutiny, she recognised Ned Witlet, and though despair sat heavy at her heart, yet a ray of pleasure beamed from her countenance at seeing one who had so much befriended her at liberty. She was about to express her feelings, when he motioned silence to her, and said,

"Do not be alarmed if, at a turn in the road, a row should take place. I have a few friends below, and they will try to do something. God knows if it will be effectual. Be silent, and do not mix yourself in it. What can be done, will be done, and be sure that friends will be at hand all the way to York."

Miranda's heart beat with fear and hope alternately. She dreaded the event she hoped would take place; she feared the result. Bernard Varley, she thought, would have provided against any such contingency, and perhaps Rowland Percy might fall by his hand, for no deed, she thought, was too bad or devilish for Bernard Varley.

## CHAPTER CLVIII.

THE HORSEMAN.—A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.—THE ATTEMPTED RESCUE.

TOWARDS the evening, the whole party—Rowland Percy, his escort, and Bernard Varley, followed at a short distance by Miranda and Mr. Anderson in the carriage, reached a romantic and beautifully wooded valley, through which meandered a quiet and placid stream, whose unruffled bosom was yet free from the swelling floods of winter.

The trees were now bare of their leaves, or nearly so; but the hardest of them retained their foliage, with some wild undergrowth and weeds; the beauty of the scene, however, had no charm to the eyes of Miranda, her heart was with Rowland Percy, and she saw but the carriage in which he was.

Neither did Rowland Percy himself feel the charm that nature had thrown over the spot; he looked vacantly on all around, his soul received not the impression of things without, or the landscape would have conveyed but melancholy impressions to his mind. Had he noticed that quiet placid scene, he would have contrasted it with his own unhappy condition. Sad images of the past would arise and tend to embitter the few hours that were yet left to him in this life.

The day was fast waning, and darkness coming on apace. At this time of the year too, twilight was short; and soon after sunset, total darkness ensued. The day had been a fine one for the time of year; and as the sun declined, a more than autumnal sunset was observed. Winter had not yet placed her indelible stamp upon nature, many green spots—many gardens yet flourished in beauty, and even the produce of some of the later fruits were yet standing.

They now approached the beautiful valley that lay at their feet; and if the prospect could be viewed at one moment in preference to another, it was when the spectator stood on the brow of the hill, and met the rays of the setting sun coming from the opposite end of the valley,—  
"the beautiful west."

The sun had already reached the horizon, and was partially obscured by the distant barrier to human sight. The glories of the west were at their full, but they would shortly—very shortly fade. For when the sun has reached the verge of the horizon, he sinks rapidly behind the distant objects, and all his gloomy tints soon recede from the enraptured observer's gaze at this season.

The cool refreshing breeze which springs up after sunset, is a balm to the heated room, and as welcome as water is to the parched lips of the traveller in the sandy deserts of Arabia. The heat of the day had reached its climax, and now, although warm, yet the gentle fanning of the breeze rendered the evening delightful.

Many objects that entranced the senses, form one of the chief in-

ducements, to prolong an evening ramble to a moonlight return. The eventide is that in which many of the summer insects appear most; true it is, that the gaudy butterfly has fled, and the bee, with yellow thighs laden with honey, may now be seen hurrying homeward to the distant hive, while the gentle murmur he makes as he flies through the air, may be mistaken for satisfaction, or expressive of fatigue.

The beetle or chafer tribe now fly about and dart through the air, especially where there are avenues of large trees; coming often with great force against the face of those who are near, to their annoyance and sometimes alarm. The odour from many of the sweetest flowers that adorn gardens or hedge-rows, now arise and gratify the senses. All is beauty, and sweetness is carried in every passing breath of air that is gently wafted onwards by an unseen power.

Daylight has quitted this scene of quiet and calmness; the moon is rising placidly in an opposite quarter, and her mild rays throw so fine and delicate a light, that the eyes wander over nature, delighted and charmed at the transition from the broad and yellow tint of the sun, to the silvery, flooding light of the moon.

Here and there a star is faintly visible, and, as the sun sinks lower and lower, the influence of his rays are less felt, and those tiny lights begin to sparkle with great brilliancy, though with a subdued light.

The light that now sheds such pleasing influence upon every object around, the broad and well defined shadows, speak plainly for the effulgence of the moon's rays, while all other objects appear silvered over and to have lost the quiet tints they exhibited by sunlight. The tall trees stood up boldly by the road-side, and their dark forms told strongly against the sky; the distant seats were plainly discernible, for their white stuccoed fronts were easily perceived when the moon's rays were thrown upon them.

The quiet hour of evening is the sweetest and most chosen by lovers for their rambles—the subdued light—the genial air now cooled and fit for gentle exercise, and the inability of every person to gaze upon and recognise the wanderers.

The corn fields present a pleasing and gratifying sight, for the corn when near ripening, waves its graceful head to the evening breeze in undulating motion; while the tall rank herbage in every hedge now acknowledged the same soft influence, and bowed down as if in gratitude for the refreshing coolness of the breeze.

On nights such as this, the bat leaves its accustomed haunt and searches in the air for its food, choosing this hour for its calmness and seclusion; for most creatures have long sought their places of nightly refuge, except the owl, that with sweeping and noiseless wing, takes its swift flight in search of prey, with which, when taken, it returns to its haunt with a loud screaming note.

Thus the evening—a moonlight evening is the sweetest time that can be chosen for a ramble by the river's brink, or through the copses, where nature rises in all her pride and beauty.

Sad thoughts arose in the mind of Miranda Rankley, as the cortege descended the valley, and the sweetness of the moonlight was much diminished by the shadows thrown by the tall fir and pine trees that grew in a plantation near the road.

Occasionally a few clouds would cross the moon's disk, and involve the whole party in utter darkness, which was again illumined by the cold chaste rays of the moon, with the same occasional interruptions.

They had proceeded thus for nearly the whole of the distance, when, near the bottom of the valley, they met with an interruption; and that, nothing less than a felled tree laying across the road.

"This is strange," said one of the officers, "I never yet saw the like; and strange that it should be left here in such a position, for its stops the whole road."

"Look to your prisoner," said Bernard Varley, whose fears for Rowland's safe custody, made him suspect every accidental circumstance as affording indications of design, and that design, to baulk him of his ungratified revenge.

To get the carriage over was out of the question, by driving, and to remove the tree equally hopeless; and all that remained was but to lift the carriage over, which they did by using the force of four or five men to lift it up by the axles, and thus put one end over at a time.

They had just got the hind wheels over this impediment, and they were once more involved in darkness by the temporary obscurity of the moon by the passing clouds, when a loud shout resounded in their ears, and a desperate attack was made upon the whole party.

Bernard Varley immediately rushed to the aid of the officers, and fought like a maniac, striking at he knew not whom, and receiving desperate blows in exchange; equally ignorant from whom.

The carriage that contained Rowland Percy was closely beset, and had he been in it at the moment, no doubt he would have been sacrificed to Bernard Varley's desire that he should not escape with life; for with maniacal fury, he fired full in the spot where Percy at a moment before sat, but he had alighted, to allow the carriage to be lifted over, and was at the other side.



The report of Varley's pistol was a signal for the discharge of several more, and the sound of fire-arms rung sharp and clear upon the midnight air. The struggle was sharp and obstinate, but never once had Percy the remotest chance of escape, for he was surrounded by eight desperate men, who were well used to strife, and who would have perilled their lives ere they would have missed the reward: besides these there were Varley and the drivers.

Several desperate rushes were made upon the officers; by men with bludgeons and blackened faces, disguised in a variety of clothes, but they withstood the attempts, and fired upon their assailants repeatedly, though none seemed to fall, save one who was believed to be dead.

After many minutes contention, the attempt was not persevered in, and it was found that the officers were too strong for the assailants, who were, with one or two exceptions, merely armed with bludgeons; not that the attempt was given up without some desperate hurts on either side; some of the officers could hardly stand under their injuries, and one man had his arm fractured.

Bernard Varley seemed to be a mark for their vengeance, for his bruises were neither few nor light; and when the assailants drew off, one of them fired a pistol full at him, but it missed their object, and he escaped the death that was intended for him.

"Mount! mount!" cried Varley, with frantic energy, "mount, and ride from this hollow, else the attempt will be renewed. Once in the open road, and the dogs shall meet with the death they deserve."

Obedying his directions rather as the impulse of their own nature, the officers thrust Rowland Percy into the carriage, and mounting their horses, they bade the driver drive on.

In less than ten minutes, they had passed the valley, crossed the bridge that spanned the stream that so peacefully glided on, and were once more on the open road, where they could see and effectually resist assailants if any offered opposition.

In less than twenty minutes, a road-side inn appeared in sight, and Bernard Varley said, pointing to it, "we must stop there for the night, and secure the prisoner."

The officers were willing enough, for there were few but what were fatigued and much bruised; and the whole party halted before the door of an old-fashioned road-side house.

(To be continued in our next.)

**THE ECCENTRIC ESSEX BUTCHER.**—In August, 1799, died at Romford, in Essex, Mr. Wilson, an eminent butcher of that town, a great proficient in psalmody, and a very singular character. Every Sunday before the service began at church he used to amuse himself and the congregation with singing psalms by himself till the minister came into the desk. He once thought to put a trick upon the minister of Romford. He had been invited to attend the minister's meeting, and pay his tithes, but did not appear; he afterwards waited on the clergyman, who was for immediately proceeding to business, but Wilson insisted upon first entertaining him with a psalm. In this kind of merriment he passed the whole evening, drinking and singing psalms, till he had emptied three bottles of wine and tired the minister's patience. They parted, without finishing the business of tithes, and next morning, instead of three guineas, which the overnight's guest usually paid, he was ordered to pay nine guineas for his tithes, or they would be taken in kind. With this demand Wilson found himself obliged to comply, and this sum continued his tithe composition ever afterwards. He was, nevertheless, a firm friend to the church. On the last fast day before his death, while all the congregation were taking refreshment between the morning and evening service, he never quitted the church, but repeated the Lord's Prayer, and sung appropriate psalms from pew to pew, till he had performed there his favourite devotions in every pew in the church. His singularity was publicly denoted by the manner of eating and the quantity of his meals. With a shoulder or leg of lamb, perhaps, in his hand, and a quantity of salt in the bend of the arm which carried the joint, a large knife in the other hand, and a small loaf in his pocket, he would walk through the town, and not return home till he had eaten the whole of his provisions. In penmanship, as in psalmody, few men could excel him. He daily practised it in his business. Such curious butcher's bills were never seen; they were exquisitely well written, but highly whimsical. The top line German text, the next Roman print; beef in one handwriting, mutton in another, and lamb in a third.

**PREACHING COVERED.**—In 1564, a priest preaching before Elizabeth, at Cambridge, and having made her the obeisance of three bows, as was customary, she sent Sir Christopher Hatton to him in the middle of his sermon, willing him to put on his cap, which he did, keeping it on to the end. In this reign an ordinance was made that at the name of Christ every woman curtsy and every man take off his cap. In 1603 was an order that all persons be uncovered in the churches. On the restoration of Charles II., there were attempts made to restore the ancient usage, but they made little impression on the public at large.

## THE THREE TREE WELL.

[The Three Tree Well is picturesquely situated on the banks of the pretty little river Kelvin, near Glasgow, and is, in summer, a favourite haunt of the Glaswegians.]

While Sol sends forth his cheering ray,  
An' decks w' golden beams the day;  
While fragrant flowers their sweets exhale,  
And scent the softly passing gale;  
While warblers sing from ev'ry tree;  
While active is the honey bee;  
Come, Jessie, let us thro' the dell,  
An' wander by the Three Tree Well.

There Kelvin's pure, transparent stream  
Flows, glitt'ring in the sunny beam,  
An' gently ripplin' glides along  
The bushes, trees, an' shrubs among.  
There, dearest Jessie, you may see  
The form that sae enraptures me,  
The image o' thy bonnie sel'  
Reflected in the Three Tree Well.

Along the verdant banks we'll stray,  
Thro' wild woods green, we'll take our way,  
Where, in some shaded, cool retreat  
We'll shelter frae the summer heat.  
There, free from all that can annoy,  
We'll think an' speak o' future joy,  
When happy we'll thegither dwell  
Near Kelvin an' the Three Tree Well.

JAMES PENDER.

**SIR HUMPHREY DAVY AND THE LAUGHING GAS.**—After my return from a long journey, says Sir Humphrey Davy, being fatigued, I respired nine quarts of nitrous oxide, having been thirty-three days without breathing any. After the first six or seven respirations I gradually began to lose the perception of external things, and a vivid and intense recollection of some former experiments passed through my mind, so that I called out "what an amazing concentration of ideas."—On another occasion, after being inclosed in an air-tight breathing-box, of the capacity of nine cubic feet and a half, in which he became habituated to the excitement of the gas, which was there carried on gradually, and after having been in this place of confinement for an hour and a quarter, during which time no less a quantity than eighty quarts were thrown in, this experimentalist says, "the moment after I came out of the box I began to respire twenty quarts of unmingled nitrous oxide. A thrill, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced. I felt a sense of tangible extension, highly pleasurable, in every limb, my visible impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified. I heard distinctly every sound in the room, and was perfectly aware of my situation. By degrees, as the pleasurable sensation increased, I lost all connection with external things, trains of vivid, visible images rapidly passed through my mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce sensations perfectly novel. I existed in a world of newly connected and newly modified ideas. When I was awakened from this semi-delirious trance by Dr. Kinglake, who took the bag from my mouth, indignation and pride were the first feelings produced by the sight of persons about me. My emotions were enthusiastic and sublime, and for a moment I walked round the room, perfectly regardless of what was said to me. I endeavoured to recal my ideas. They were feeble and indistinct."

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the Editor, at the office, when they will meet with immediate attention.

C. W.—We shall be glad to receive the conclusion of "Little Red Riding Hood" at the author's earliest convenience. It shall be put in hand directly on its receipt.

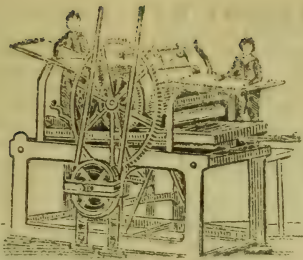
H. J. CHURCH.—If our correspondent will let us know his address, the volume shall be forwarded. "The Husband's Lament" is rather too common-place; but the "Sonnet" is accepted.

M. A. L. H. is labouring under a misapprehension. From the tenor of his note, we supposed that his communication was a *gratuitous* one, no mention being made of remuneration. Had it been otherwise they could not have been inserted.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

## ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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### THE MISER; OR, THE FATAL PROPHECY.

IN the year 1800, on the road-side, about half a mile from the village of Frinton, which is situated on the borders of the Essex coast, stood a solitary cottage. From its miserable exterior appearance, any casual observer would have taken it to be untenanted; however, such was not case, for it was occupied by a man of avaricious habits, named Simon Grapple, and his daughter Rosetta. The interior of the cottage was nearly as uncomfortable as the exterior, for the old man was always telling his daughter that to keep a place tidy wore out the furniture, and caused an unnecessary expense in various articles used for that purpose, and always ended in saying that she certainly would be the ruin of him if she persisted in her continual cleaning and dusting.

Rosetta was a good-tempered and fine grown girl of sixteen, with pretty features, and she humoured her parent in every wish consistent with her duty, and although Simon Grapple was as disagreeable as most avaricious men, still he was very fond of his daughter, and so, indeed, was she of her father. Rosetta had a suitor of the name of William Stanley, who had been promised her hand, should he be able to produce a good round sum. William, although the son of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood, could not raise the required sum; but his father said to him one day, when walking in the fields,—

"Well, William, I suppose you intend giving up possession of your lady-love, since you cannot meet old Grapple's wishes?"

"No, no," answered the youth, gaily, "not I, father; my love does not so soon get cool, and if I had but a hundred pounds in my possession, I should go abroad, and there seek my fortune, that is, provided I could ensure Rosetta's consent, and her father's sanction for her to remain single for three years longer; when, by that period, I feel assured I should return with more gold than even the covetous Grapple now desires of me."

"Why, my boy," said his father, "what have you got into your head now?—building castles in the air, as many have done before you. Your inclination, William, I know is good, and you are not wanting in abilities; but even with money in hand, and talents to back it, there are a vast number of risks to run in seeking your much desired ends, so that I am fearful you will never arrive at the haven of your sanguine wishes; however, to show you that I am not selfish, I will advance a hundred guineas towards the fulfilment of your views, and may Heaven, my boy, assist you in your hazardous and spirited undertaking."

William upon this heartily thanked his kind father, and immediately set out to Simon Grapple's to make known the particulars, and the latter, upon hearing them, said to him,—

"Why, William, if Rosetta has no objection to wait that period, I have none, only I should have liked it better had it been sooner, for collect the expenses will have been long and heavy by that time, and you must know that Richard Parker is ready to advance a good round sum to possess himself of my daughter; but as Rosetta has a very great aversion to him, I shall not press her to have him."

Rosetta now entered the room while they were still talking, and with a slight blush, accompanied with a sweet smile, showed how gratified she was at the sight of William Stanley.

"Well, Rosetta," said her father, "Stanley intends going abroad for three years to seek his fortune, and wishes to know whether you have resolution enough to wait that period, for should he be fortunate enough by then to secure a handsome sum of money, why you well know I

shall have no objection to accept him as a son-in-law; but that should he not come back with the necessary pecuniary resources, or perchance not heard of at the expiration of the said time, I shall consider you in duty bound then to accept Richard Parker for your future husband. What dost say, Rosetta?"

"Why, father," said she, "if I am doomed to be disappointed in William Stanley as a husband, I shall never be able to yield again my heart to any one else; my hand, to oblige you, dear father, I might, but never could any affection follow in good fellowship with it. So, William," she continued, with eyes dim with tears, "if it must be so, rest assured that Rosetta's heart shall be given to no other than yourself, and her prayers night and day will be offered up to Heaven for your speedy and prosperous return."

Upon this she hastily left the room to give full vent to her grief, while Stanley, after a little further conversation with her father, returned homewards, when upon the following day he embarked on board a vessel for Ceylon, where I shall leave him with his soul entirely engrossed with the thoughts of his Rosetta and his present undertaking.

Let us now, courteous reader, with your permission, pass over two years and a half, without commenting upon the common daily occurrences that transpired at the miser's, or Farmer Stanley's. Richard Parker, it is true, called twice at the cottage, but his reception being anything but flattering, he told Grapple at his last visit, that he might keep his daughter to himself, since he was so mighty particular.

It was towards the evening, about this period, that Grapple was returning home from a visit to one of his tenants, to demand payment of some arrear of rent, but as he had not succeeded in obtaining any, he was by no means in a very amiable temper. Just as he had arrived within a couple of hundred yards of his home, an old woman of a very unprepossessing appearance came up to him and demanded alms. Grapple immediately said to her,—

"Old hag, get thee home, nor intrude thy unsightly presence upon my sight. I am very poor myself, therefore, I have nothing to give to anybody, much less to any such as thee; so move aside, and let me pass on."

The old crone, upon this speech, fixed her sunken eyes upon him, and said, scowlingly,—

"Take care, Mr. Grapple, how you treat Meg Marvel, or perhaps you may have cause to repent. Know ye not that I can read the stars, and so foretell man's future destiny? Bestow then but a trifle, and I will read your future fate—say, shall it be so?"

"I tell you once again," answered Grapple, angrily, "I have no money to give away, and as for your prognostications, I disbelieve them altogether; and if I did give credence to them, you should never be one farthing the richer for that; so get thee home with your wild trash, for the sight of so loathsome a creature as thou art, greatly offends my sight. Get thee hence—away! Hag—away!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the old crone, "darest thou insult me thus? Know you not, base churl, that I am in possession of the secret of your heart? Money it is that thy whole soul covets, and in a large strong box you have there amassed a sum of gold that would be more fitting for a king than such a cold-hearted wretch as thee; but 'twill avail thee nought, for your life's thread is nearly spun, and ere this day three months, you will meet with sudden and unexpected dissolution, while that very box which your heart doats to gaze upon, will become the receptacle of your unworthy carcass. Mark me! I say that in that very chest you now so idolize, shall you terminate your mortal career. So tremble for the consequences ere this day three months."

The miser, during this speech, more than once wished to get away, but Meg Marvel was determined he should hear all she had to say prior to



suffering him to depart; when, having concluded, she went away, and was soon lost to view in the new dusky tint of evening.

As soon as Grapple found himself quite at liberty, he made for home as quick as his legs would carry him, and although he did not give any credence to the hag's fatal prophecy, it more than once came across his mind, and made him feel, as the destined period drew near at hand, rather uneasy and uncomfortable. When he first communicated the particulars to his daughter, she remarked,—

"Father, I have both seen and heard of this Meg Marvel: they say she has never been known to prophesy anything but of an evil nature; but whether her predictions have come to pass, I never heard. I should, however, say, that she is only an impostor, endeavouring to draw money from people, and should they refuse her the charity she demands, she immediately predicts that evil occurrences shall fall upon them, by way of having a species of revenge. I am, like yourself, father, a complete sceptic in these matters, for I cannot believe for a moment that any human individual is entrusted with secrets of such a mysterious character, for it is not probable that the Almighty, after forming mankind, should imbue it with as great a power as he himself possesses. However, father, let us change this disagreeable subject for a more pleasant one.

"I wonder," continued Rosetta, "if Stanley will return before the stated period; it only wants a few months to the time, and then I trust he will have succeeded in his wishes, and that you, my dear father, will still not go from your word, should he have succeeded. Oh, I think if he were to return without success, I should never live another day unless you would consent to our union, whether rich or in comparative poverty. You well know, my dear father, you have it within your power, without his assistance, to make us both happy, and oh! father, should he return unsuccessful, will you not receive him as your son-in-law, and save your daughter's heart from breaking?"

I have said old Grapple was an avaricious man and a miser, in every sense of the word; but still he was dotingly fond of his child, and he hardly knew which of the two preponderated in the scale of affection, until it came to be fairly put to a severe test; so, after having heard his daughter's appeal, he said, tenderly,—

"Rosetta, my child, I must acknowledge that Stanley is a person above all others I should wish you to wed; but still he must be possessed of money to secure you, for thou art indeed fairly worth a goodly sum; nevertheless, Rosetta, should he return again to us with merely a sufficiency for your support, I shall rest satisfied. Who knows, by-the-by, but what his father will come down with a few hundreds; so wait patiently, girl, wait patiently; he may return much more prosperous than you seem to imagine he will. I will call upon his father to-morrow, and have a little conversation with him, while you, my child, in the meantime, be as frugal as you can in all your domestic concerns."

Rosetta assured him she would, and throwing her arms around his neck, breathed with tearful eyes her thanks for this unlooked-for ray of her father's affection, for never had she before known him give way so much in his avaricious feelings for her welfare and happiness.

As time moved on, Grapple suffered his mind to dwell oftener upon Meg Marvel's prophecy, and, upon the evening of the day of its fulfilment, he endeavoured to persuade himself that it was no more than an evil wish of the hag's; but he could not altogether banish a species of discomfort that seemed unconsciously, as it were, creeping over him. At ten o'clock both he and his daughter retired to rest, when just as the village church clock struck the hour of eleven, three persons might be seen conversing together in a whisper, under a little out-building somewhat detached from the cottage. Two of them were men, while the other was a female, of unsightly appearance, and which proved to be no other than the evil-worker, Meg Marvel herself. The night was exceedingly dark, and completely in unison with the plot they were scheming, which was no other than to assassinate the miser, and afterwards rob him of all his hoarded wealth.

Upon this meeting it will appear that Meg Marvel was bent, if possible, on fulfilling her own prophecy, as, perhaps, many other prognosticators have been before; but be this as it may, I shall proceed with my tale, by giving my readers a little of the under-toned dialogue of the three individuals above mentioned.

"Now," said Meg, addressing herself to the two men in question, "I have brought you here, you understand, to be revenged upon that avaricious old scoundrel, Grapple, that refused me charily, and so grossly loaded me with insult, while you both are aware, that I am not the person to be treated with impunity; besides, I have taken an oath to fulfil the fatal prophecy I have myself pronounced, and nothing on earth shall thwart me in my intentions. About a twelvemonth ago," continued she, "I was told by a little girl, who was then attending upon him during a fit of illness, in conjunction with his daughter, that he had a very large chest in his sleeping room, at the back of the cottage, and that whenever this girl entered into the apartment, she was never suffered to go near it on any account. The girl's curiosity was

naturally excited, more particularly as she was one of those possessing naturally bad propensities; so upon being continually upon the watch, she at last came to the knowledge that the contents of the coffer were bags full of gold. Ah! gold, that would purchase a king's ransom; and as there is nobody within the house but himself and his daughter, now is the very time for action, more particularly as I have learnt that the latter's hand is to be given in marriage to William Stanley upon his return from a voyage of fortune-hunting, which is expected to take place daily; so time is precious, you perceive. What say you to this, my lads?"

"Why," answered one of the men, a tall, athletic, repulsive-looking personage, "I and my pal have not the least objection, Meg, for we are rather hard up for the needful, and if this job had not so opportunely arrived, why, by God, I should almost have been induced to have made away with myself!"

"Ah!" chimed in his fellow companion, "I'll settle old skinfint's business for him in a trice, so that he is not very likely to miss what is taken from him, or to have his mind made uneasy by his loss; and surely you must consider that circumstance to be a great comfort."

"You're right, Tom," replied the other, "for it is said, you know, that the man who is robbed, and not knowing of it, is not considered to be robbed at all; so that is how it will be in this case, I reckon, and is decidedly the most humane principle that we can possibly go upon, eh, Meg?"

"Yes, yes," answered the hag, "the very best, as you observe; so let us proceed to business, for we have no time to lose. The night seems to favour our plans, so now follow me quietly, and I will conduct you to the spot which is most easy of access.

Accordingly they all three proceeded with slow and cautious steps to one end of the miser's dwelling, where they discovered a window, guarded simply on the outside by an old battered shutter, which was soon removed; but what was their surprise, when the old shutter was wrenched away, to discover three iron bars staring them in the face.

"Oh," says Meg Marvel, in a tone of great vexation, "curses upon this unexpected obstacle! What's to be done in this emergency? It would seem as if the old devil knew he was to have a visit, for I'll swear by all the saints in the calendar, that there existed no impediment a month back, or else I must have overlooked them."

After having given vent to her disappointment, one of the men said,—

"Ah, very likely, Meg; you know your eyesight is not so good as it was some years since; but you need not make such a palaver about nothing, for what signifies a bar or two of iron to fellows of our trade. They say that love laughs at locksmiths, so surely a burglar may laugh at iron bars." Saying which, he commenced operations with his companion to remove this present obstacle, which by skill and good tools they soon accomplished, and so gained an easy admittance into the house.

It was now between eleven and twelve o'clock when they ascended noiselessly up stairs to the miser's sleeping-room, and opening the door with a skeleton-key, they all three entered the apartment. One of the burglars went up to the bed-side, and threw the light from his lantern on the old man's face, and finding him sound asleep, he said in a whisper to his companion in crime,—

"Where sleeps his daughter? for if she perchance awakes we may be frustrated in our design."

Meg Marvel accordingly went into an adjoining room, where she discovered Rosetta in a deep sleep, and the key of the apartment being on the outside, she immediately locked the door, and returned to the others with the information that all was now quite safe, and that the scorners they commenced to carry off their booty the better. She herself would watch over her intended victim, and that should he perchance awake sooner than he was wanted, she would entirely spare him of feeling his loss, and brandishing a knife in the air with a fiendish grin, waited the result with seeming patience. The reader perhaps may wonder why she did not assassinate her victim when now in her power; suffice it to say she had her reason for it, and which will be accounted for eventually. The box then, upon inspection, was found to be strongly locked, and all their skeleton keys were tried without the least effect, so peculiar were its fastenings. The only choice, therefore, left them, was to force it open with a crow-bar, so much in general use among housebreakers. The only reason against this method was the noise that it would create, and to carry it away altogether was impossible, since the chest had been by the cautious old miser strongly secured to the floor. However, to go away empty-handed was a thought not to be endured, so they immediately set to work to force it open, and by the united efforts of the two strong men, the fastenings gave way with a tremendous clash. Old Grapple, upon this, suddenly sprang up in his bed, and glared for a moment wildly about him, believing that certainly the last trumpet had sounded, and so proclaimed the end of the world; but he was not long left in doubt of his situation, for Meg Marvel caught him by the arm, and exclaimed in a hissing tone,—

"Insulting and uncharitable old villain, thy time is come, and so



prepare thyself for death, in the shape I prophesied to you. When I asked thee for charity, you gavest me insult and mockery in return; and did I not, thou gold-getting wretch, tell thee that Meg Marvel never let any living being pass unpunished yet, at whose hands she had received an injury? Therefore, prepare, for thy life is not worth another minute's purchase."

While the hag was thus engaged with old Grapple, one of the men was taking the bags of gold out of the coffer, while the other was busily placing them into a small sack, brought for that express purpose. What with Meg Marvel on the one side of him, threatening him with his life, and his gold being taken from him on the other, the situation of the miser was fearfully agonizing, and, although he expected every instant to be his last, he could not resist calling out,—

"My gold!—my gold! the idol of my existence; to lose thee thus is too much for me to bear. Oh, help!—help!—help!—murder!—murder!"

Saying which, he immediately, in a fit of desperation, released himself from Meg Marvel's hold, and springing out of bed, he seized hold of the collar of the ruffian who was busy in emptying the contents of the box, and laid him sprawling upon his back. Meg's voice was now heard to scream,—

"Now, then, lose not a moment—down with him—revenge—revenge!"

The man that had been pulled backward, was soon again upon his legs, when he and his other companion seized hold of him, and notwithstanding his cries and resistance, they soon forced him into the now empty box, when, no sooner was that accomplished, than Meg drew near, and brandishing her stiletto over him, said aloud,—

"Now, base wretch, I have you, and the prophecy is about to be fulfilled, so die—die!" and striking at his heart at the same time with the weapon, drove it deep into her victim's left breast, who, uttering two or three convulsive and agonizing groans, immediately expired, and the lid of the box was instantly closed upon his body.

The noise produced by these transactions awoke Rosetta; but she was prevented making her escape, owing to her door having been fastened, and, indeed, it was very fortunate for her that such a precaution on the villains' part had been taken, otherwise the consequences, in all probability, might have been as fatal to herself as it had just been to her father. However, finding she could not escape from the door, and having heard Simon Grapple call aloud for help, she opened her window, and tying a counterpane at one of the upright pieces of wood-work that divided it into portions, slid down to its extremity, and then let herself fall to the ground with ease and safety. She had but just alighted, when a young man, of pleasing and noble appearance, suddenly presented himself, and exclaimed, in a quick and alarmed tone,—

"Rosetta—my dear Rosetta, what means all this; tell me quickly, are you in danger? I fancy I heard a stifled cry for help—was it so?"

"Oh, my dear William, is it you? Thank Heaven for your safe return; but at present we have not a moment to lose, and we may yet be in time to save my father's life. Haste—haste, and let no more words be wasted now."

Stanley, for it was no other than he who had just arrived from abroad, could not resist the temptation, late as it was, of turning a little out of his way, to take a view of the cottage wherein dwelt all he held most dear upon earth. He awaited not a second bidding from Rosetta to ascend by the window; so jumping up, he endeavoured to climb the still hanging counterpane, but it gave way from the greatness of his weight. Stanley was now about to proceed to the front of the house, when he thought he heard a voice not very far distant. He went cautiously to the spot from whence he thought it proceeded, bidding Rosetta to keep close and silent. They were only about a yard from one end of the dwelling, when a voice exclaimed, in a half whisper,—

"D—n! make haste, I fancy I hear footsteps approaching! Give me the pistol, and you can hand me up the bag when I am outside. Now, then, quick—quick!"

William Stanley drew nigh, and peeping round the corner, perceived the dusky outline of a man about to jump from a window; but in the act of which his foot slipped a little, and he was propelled forward, and fell rather heavily upon the ground. Before he could well recover himself, Stanley sprang upon him, and wrenching a pistol which he had retained in his grasp, with the butt end levelled a blow at the robber's head, which brought him senseless to the ground.

While this scene was transpiring, the other villain had escaped and fled. Rosetta, now, with the assistance of her lover, was enabled to gain admittance to the house by the window, and it was not long before Stanley followed her. A light was soon got, and up stairs to Grapple's bed-room they went, when they discovered he was nowhere to be seen; but, perceiving the window of his apartment wide open, the thought struck them that he must have jumped therefrom, as the last resource

to escape from the violence of the ruffians. However, upon looking out, and calling upon his name, they could not hear nor perceive anything to substantiate their present supposition. The window was then closed, and they went all over the cottage, occasionally repeating the old man's name; but the reader is fully aware that no answer could be returned. They then came back into the bed-room, and, for the first time, Rosetta discovered that the chest that had so recently contained all her father's wealth, had been forced open. She immediately opened it, and there discovered her father's dead body, weltering in blood. At the sight she shrieked and swooned away, and it was with difficulty that Stanley could save her from falling to the floor, while he himself was transfixed with horror to the spot at this horrid and unexpected spectacle. He again closed the box, and then sprinkling some water over her face, she soon showed signs of recovery. He then removed her away from the chamber of death, and after Rosetta had somewhat recovered the shock her nerves had experienced, Stanley exclaimed,—

"Oh, the villains, that have dared to commit this atrocious act! May Heaven, in its wrath, let fall its vengeance with dreadful weight upon them; and to think my dear Rosetta, that had I arrived perhaps but an hour sooner, this fatal scene might have been prevented. What say you, my dear girl, had I not better speed to my father's, and inform him of this melancholy circumstance? Say, Rosetta, shall I depart—you know it is scarcely ten minutes' walk from hence, so I shall soon be able to return."

"Oh, William," said the lovely girl, sorrowfully, "you must not leave me here alone; I cannot bear the thought. I will accompany you, for I now feel strong."

"Why, my dear Rosetta," responded the youth, "if you really wish it, and are able to accompany me, let us then depart immediately."

Upon this she put on her bonnet and shawl, and they both left the house together. Just, however, as they entered a path that led to a little wicket-gate, they saw the indistinct form of a female, stretched at her full length on the ground, with her face downwards, as if apparently in sleep; and thinking it rather a strange place for her to be lying in, they went close up to her, and called and shook her several times; but no answer being returned, Stanley ventured to turn her over, and what was their surprise, when they discovered that the object before them was no other than Meg Marvel, and that she was quite dead, and if one might judge from the frightful contortions of her face, had died in extreme bodily suffering. A stiletto was discovered in her girdle covered with blood, which recalled to Rosetta's mind her fatal prophecy, and concluded that she was the villainous wretch that had assassinated her father, and finally, upon being alarmed for her safety, had, doubtless, jumped out of the bed-room window that was found open, and so, in the fall, had met with such severe injuries, that she could only perhaps crawl to the place where she was found, there to pay the forfeit of her heinous crime, in the most agonizing form. In concluding my tale, I shall simply state, that about six months after old Grapple's death, Rosetta and William Stanley were united, and although Stanley had returned from abroad without having accomplished his wish as regarded making a large fortune, he, nevertheless, had gained a tolerable snug independence; but as matters were, even had he returned in poverty, the miser's hoard would have made amends, for, by his opportune arrival, the burglars were prevented from carrying off any portion of their booty. The whole of the property, therefore, was fortunately secured undiminished by William Stanley and his wife, and the talk of the neighbourhood, for many years afterwards, was respecting the miser and the fatal prophecy.

**THE THREE FRIENDS.**—A certain man had three friends; to two of them he was greatly attached, but felt only indifference for the third. One day that man was unjustly accused of a crime; having assured his friends of his innocence, he begged of them to accompany him before the judges, to testify in his favour, and become bail for him; "for," he added, "the accusation is serious, and the king is greatly irritated against me." The first of his friends excused himself from accompanying him, seeing that important business claimed his presence elsewhere. The second followed him to the door of the court where he left him, being unable, he said, to face the look of a judge in anger. The third, upon whom he had placed the least dependence, entered the court with him, espoused his cause with so much warmth, and proved his innocence so completely, that the judge, being convinced, acquitted him, and lauded him with praises as well as his friend. Man has three friends in this world; how do they behave towards him at his last hour, when God calls him to his tribunal? Money, the dearest thing he possesses, does not accompany him; his relations, his friends only, follow him to the brink of the grave; his good works, which during his lifetime he has so often neglected, alone remain his faithful companions, precede him, speak in his favour, and obtain favour and mercy before the throne of the Sovereign Judge.



## LOST AND WON;

## OR, THE HEIR OF REDBURN.

It was one bright and sunny day in the autumn of —, that the wheels of a carriage were heard progressing at a rapid rate near the mansion of Sir George Redburn, in the county of —, and at the same time two individuals might be seen standing beneath the ancient portal, as if eagerly awaiting the arrival of some beloved object.

They were the mother and sister of Sir George, the former the model of matronly grace and dignity, and the latter all that man would love to look upon. Her dark and flowing tresses fell luxuriantly upon a neck of alabaster purity, which was set off to more advantage by the make and character of the dress she wore.

"Hark, my dear mother," said the younger, "I am sure I hear the rattling wheels of my brother George's carriage."

"God grant it may be so, Augusta," replied her mother; "he ought to have been here yesterday, and I begin to feel alarmed."

"There—there, mamma, don't you hear it now?"

"I hear the rustling of the leaves, Augusta, if that is what you mean," returned the aged female, as she leaned upon her daughter's arm.

"No, no, mamma. Hark! now it rattles over the fresh gravel in the avenue."

"Yes, Augusta, I think I do now hear it," rejoined the lady; "and, thank Heaven, I shall once more clasp my beloved boy in my aged arms."

As the aged Mrs. Redburn said this, the carriage emerged from a long avenue of lofty elms, and by its noise along the gravel, disturbed a colony of rooks; they wheeled and eddied in varied circles above the trees, while their cawing might be heard to the distance of a mile. The next minute the carriage stopped, the steps were let down, and Sir George, a young and handsome man, was, the following moment, in the arms of his beloved and anxious relatives.

"Oh, my dear madam," said Sir George, "what delight this meeting gives me; and you, my dear Augusta, look more lovely than ever."

"Oh, George, George," exclaimed the younger lady, playfully, "I am afraid you are going to follow the example of all the men—flatter, flatter—nothing but flattery."

"Indeed, my pretty sister, I speak the truth, and I am rejoiced to see you."

"And our joy is mutual, I am sure," replied Augusta, and she again kissed his manly cheek.

"But tell me, my dear boy," said Mrs. Redburn, in her tremulous tone, "what has delayed you so long in town? Yesterday I made sure you would have been here."

"It was my intention so to have been; but upon arriving at —, last night, I could not procure a relay of horses, and was forced to sleep there; it was rather inconvenient."

"No doubt, my dear; I have been anxious about you, and fearful some accident had happened; but, thank God, you now are safe."

They had now reached the drawing-room, and the ladies, willing to hear as much news as possible, detained Sir George between them, even before he had time to change his travelling attire.

"And now, George," said Augusta, "I hope you are going to relieve your mind from the fatigue of study and politics."

"I have much to do, Augusta; the state demands my service, and I must not neglect it."

"No, dear George, believe me," replied his sister, half mirthfully, "you are not going to swallow up your time in pouring over musty volumes here. I have much for you to do; your cheek is already pale with your nightly attendance at that horrid den at Westminster."

"You surely mean the House of Commons?"

"I do, George."

"Its duties must be attended to, my love."

"At proper time, George; but here you come to recruit your strength. I have already fifty projects for your pleasure, and I mean you to dance attendance upon me."

"You are a saucy puss, Augusta."

"So you have said before, George. First of all, there is a ball at the honourable Lady Seymour's, an archery meeting at L—, the music festival at Y—, the fete champetre at the castle, besides visiting our numerous friends in the neighbourhood."

"What an awful list of duties, Augusta."

"And that is not the half, my dear brother," rejoined the sister.

"Then I must get back to town. It's positively harder duty than listening to a dull speech in the lower house at midnight."

"Then," continued Augusta, "I have arranged a gipsy party to Bradgate-park; you will have to lay the first stone of the new church at

M—, and also to visit and inspect the children of my little school, and receive the visits of our friends."

"My dear sister, you overwhelm me," said Sir George; "and before I hear the remainder of the catalogue, I will take a night's repose."

Sir George then took an affectionate leave of his relatives, and retired to his chamber to recover the elasticity of his spirits.

On the following morning Sir George awoke refreshed; the warblings of the songsters, as they poured forth their mellifluous notes around the mansion, seemed to vie with each other in welcoming him to his native walls. Above all was heard the noisy rooks, and now and then the sound of the reapers sharpening their sickles in the adjacent fields. How grateful to him those sounds; they recalled to mind his youthful days, before he had mingled in the commotion of the busy world.

Sir George then descended to the breakfast parlour, when he was again welcomed by his mother and sister, and every attention paid that could render his home delightful.

Breakfast finished, other duties called the attention of Sir George; he returned to his study, and there received a visit from his steward.

"Good morning, Mr. Acland," said Sir George, as the steward entered; "I hope you have brought nothing but good tidings with you?"

"Thank you, Sir George. On the whole, things are pretty fair, and most of the rents are duly paid."

"So far so good. How is Jacob's getting on? I think he is a trifle in arrear, if I remember rightly. Has he made it up?"

"He has not, Sir George. The fact is, he has had losses amongst his cattle, and a sick wife and family."

"Very bad news, indeed, Acland."

"And, moreover, sir, I do not think he will be able to make it up; he experiences great uneasiness on that account."

"He is an honest fellow, I think, Mr. Acland, and would pay if he could."

"Not an honest man in the county; but, poor fellow, he cannot prevent misfortune."

"No, not the best of us, Mr. Acland; therefore, I beg you will not press for the money. Perhaps if you mention that I will forgive it, he will go on again with renewed exertions; it will take a deal of trouble off his mind."

"His gratitude will be unbounded, sir, for he has a kind heart."

"Then be it so. Does old Maggie still live?" asked Sir George.

"She does, sir; but she is very ill; her age is great—thanks to the kindness of your honour's family."

"I will visit her, Acland," said Sir George, "and if there be any additional comfort I can make to her cottage, it shall be done; nevertheless, she is a strange old creature."

With converse of this description, Sir George passed his morning—remitting rent to some, increasing that of others, adding to the comforts of this family, and reproving, through Mr. Acland's means, the irregularities of that.

In the after part of the day, Sir George, with his sister, walked over the estate, and visited many of the tenantry, and at the extremity of a lonely lane, they arrived at a small cottage.

"I promised to call and see old Maggie," he said to Augusta; "it may cheer her up; at least it will prove to her that though old, she is not forgotten."

"Tis kind of you, dear George; but I assure you, in your absence, she has not been overlooked. My mother has contributed to her wants."

"Tis well," replied her brother.

They now had reached the cottage door, and, upon rapping gently, it was opened by a little girl.

"How is Maggie, Lucy?" asked Augusta.

"She is something worse, ma'am," replied the child; "she talks in a strange, wild way. I am half afraid to be here alone."

"Nothing will hurt you, child," returned the lady, "if you are good, and pray to God."

"Yes, my lady, I know that, but still I am half afraid to be here alone."

"Well, well," said Augusta, "we'll see if we can find another nurse for Maggie."

They now entered the cottage. Upon a low bed lay an aged woman, who had passed her hundredth year: her long arms were extended down the counterpane, disclosing her withered, bony hands, through which every sinew appeared in strong relief.

"Here's the squire come to see you, Maggie," said the girl.

"Aye, aye," returned old Maggie, as she turned her sightless eyes to Heaven.

"The squire and his sister, Lady Augusta," returned the child.

"Tis many a day since I have looked upon his bonny brow," returned Maggie.

"How do you find yourself, Maggie?" asked the squire, taking her bony hand.



"I know that voice full well," returned the aged female.

"Tis I, Maggie," said Sir George. "Don't you know me?"

"Yes—yes, it must be," continued Maggie, as she felt his hand (the little finger of which was broken in the joint, and had become rigid).

"Yes, yes, it is Master George's own hand; I know it now."

"I am glad to see you once again, Maggie. 'Tis a long time since last we met."

"Ay, it is, and may be longer 'fore we meet again. Full many a time I ha' danced ye in these arms."

"It is, Maggie, indeed, a long time, and, as ye say, we may not meet again."

"In a better world we may—at least, I trust so," said Augusta, softly.

"Heaven grant so," returned Maggie; "but ye both will reach there through much tribulation."

"Indeed, Maggie! You prophecy, then, do you?" said the squire, smiling.

"I shall not live to see your downfall, squire," returned old Maggie, "but it still will happen."

"And how do you know?"

"Did you never hear the prediction of your house?"

"No."

"Ay, now I remember, it was kept a secret from ye," said Maggie, in a faltering tone.

"And let me hear, it," said the squire.

"Nonsense, dear George," replied Augusta; "did you never hear the old doggel couplet that every child in the adjacent village knows."

"I never heard it," said Sir George. "Proceed, Maggie, I am anxious."

"And I am doomed to foretell your fate," said Maggie, in a low tone. "I know it; I can't resist it; it haunts me night and day. They are these,—

"When of Redburn's line remain

One daughter and a son,

From him they'll take his broad, fair lands—

With trouble they'll be won."

The exertion seemed almost too much for the aged female; her breathing became more difficult, and only at short intervals could she be heard. Her eyes now became fixed; and as Sir George held the sinewy hand of his aged nurse, it became rigid within his hold. Her spirit had departed.

As Sir George left the cottage, a deep melancholy settled on his features; and turning to his sister, he exclaimed,—

"My dear Augusta, I have long had a presentiment that something of an unpleasant nature was pending over me."

"My dear George," returned the lady, "do not give way to despair. Probably the saying that is about, is nothing more than idle rhyme."

"But why was it kept a secret from me, or rather, where was the necessity of so doing?"

"The mind is ever prone to superstition," returned his sister.

"But I am not superstitious, Augusta."

"No, dear George; but most probably our parents considered that, in some measure, it might affect your after life."

"Strange! It is very strange I should not have heard what every one seems so well acquainted with."

"You know, dear George, you have been some time from home."

"True."

"And what you heard in childhood may have escaped your mind when the business of maturer years was called into action."

"Very probably, Augusta," said Sir George, with a sigh; "but I feel there is truth in it."

While thus they sauntered along beneath the shade of some lofty elms which bordered the road, the sound of approaching travellers arrested their ears, and soon after a chaise, driving at a rapid rate, drew near.

In a few minutes it was at their side, and the postilion checked his horses. The moment after an individual put his head from the window, and demanded if that was the road to the mansion of Sir George Redburn.

"It is," replied the individual addressed, "and I am its owner."

"Query," responded the individual from the window of the chaise.

"I assure you it is a fact," replied Sir George. "What business have you with me?"

"I must first be assured that you are the person I seek."

"Don't waste time," said a second individual in the chaise; "if he be Sir George, we shall soon discover it when we reach the Hall."

"It will be better," returned his companion.

"Certainly."

"Drive on."

The postilion applied his whip, and away they went leaving Sir

George and the Lady Augusta in conjecture as to the possible business of the visitors.

At length they reached the hall, where Sir George was informed that two visitors awaited his arrival in his study.

"Did they mention the nature of their business, Thomas?" asked Sir George.

"No, your honour; but they look like Lunnuners," was the reply.

"Like Londoners, do they? Parliamentary business, perhaps. But I have only just left town."

In spite of the natural courage of Sir George, an undefined feeling came over him, and his hand trembled considerably, as he held the handle of his study door.

"It is no use standing here," he continued, mentally. "I may as well know the worst at once."

He then entered, and, as he had expected, beheld the individuals who had overtaken him on the road.

"Your servant, gentlemen," said Sir George, as he entered with as composed a countenance as he could assume; "what may be the nature of your visit?"

"Our business is—a hem!" said one of the parties addressed, who had very much the appearance of a mechanic in his Sunday clothes.

"Yes," commenced his companion (the same who had at first spoken from the window of the chaise, and who was of a more prim and smart appearance); "our business is with the present resident of the mansion, commonly known by the name or title of Sir George Redburn."

"I am he," replied Sir George. "I have already told you so."

"A hem!" coughed the speaker.

"My time is precious," said Sir George, "and I therefore should feel obliged if you would be as concise as possible."

"Our business is—that is, I represent the house of Skinsflint and Gobetween, of Lyon's Inn."

"Proceed."

"And have now come to serve you with a notice of ejectment."

"Eh?—what?" stammered Sir George.

"It's quite correct," said the second individual; "and I have come here just to have a peep at what you have so long deprived me of."

"There surely must be some mistake, gentlemen," said Sir George.

"No—no—it's quite correct."

"Probably you mistake me for my neighbour, Sir George Richbourne."

"Oh, dear, no!" returned the individuals; "our information is quite correct, and we leave it with you. Good morning."

"Good day," replied Sir George, as he returned the salute of his unwelcome visitors; and soon after he heard them depart.

With an inquisitive eye Sir George scanned the document he held in his hand and found too truly it was what it purported to be—a notice of ejectment—and for the first time he remembered what had been pointed out to him when his title to the estates had been made out, upon the death of his father—viz., that although he appeared to be the rightful owner, there nevertheless might be those who could lay claim to the property upon the plea of having descended from an elder branch of the family, but as yet it was unknown that such existed.

As Sir George scrutinised the paper, his countenance several times changed colour, and then ringing his bell, he commissioned a domestic, who now entered, to ride post-haste to W—, and request the immediate attendance of Mr. Eitherside, his solicitor.

In the meanwhile, Sir George paced the study with anxious steps. He pondered deeply upon the dilemma in which he seemed placed. There had started another heir for the estates of Redburn, and he who had been living in every luxury was probably now about to be cast from the pinnacle of his wealth and honour; another claimant had appeared—but how?—from where? Had, indeed, his ancestors, who had been considered to have died unmarried, been proved not only to have been married, but to have had children? but that had to be proved. Possession is nine-tenths of the law, and the claimant would not only have to prove that he (Sir George) had held possession wrongfully, but he must establish that himself was the rightful owner.

While Sir George pondered on these things, after a lapse of two hours Mr. Eitherside arrived with the domestic.

"My dear sir," said the former, as the solicitor entered, "I have been compelled unexpectedly to send for you."

"The old affair of the right of way across the park, I suppose, Sir George," said the attorney, respectfully, to his client.

"Not so, Mr. Eitherside: it is an affair that troubles me more than that."

"Indeed! What can it be?"

"A claimant to the estates of Redburn has appeared."

"What title does he show?"

"As yet, none."

"All is not lost that's in danger, Sir George," said the attorney.

"Possibly not; but they—that is, the claimant's solicitors, seem to be making progress."



"How so?"

"They have already served me with a notice of ejection. See, here it is."

"Ah!" exclaimed the attorney, eagerly taking the proffered document, "this, indeed, looks like business."

"It does, Mr. Eitherside; and I have a strange presentiment they will be too strong for me."

"Don't despair, Sir George; things are not always so bad as they seem."

As Mr. Eitherside said this, he hastily perused the document, and, having read it once, perused it a second time, more attentively than before.

"What think you?" asked Sir George.

"That your tenure is not so good as I had at first imagined, sir."

"That's bad, Mr. Eitherside."

"It is; but you may remember, Sir George, my pointing this out to you, when you succeeded to the property."

"You did; but blind and deaf fool that I was, I heeded it not," returned the thoughtful Sir George.

"YOUTH is ever heedless," said the attorney; "but useless regrets are vain; we must now battle against the stream, for there is no time to remain inactive."

"How do you intend to act?"

"I must take this with me, make out the case, and get the advice of able conveyancers; not a moment must be lost."

"And what think you of the issue?"

"That lies in the womb of futurity, Sir George, the glorious uncertainty of the law."

"Humph!" replied Sir George, musingly; "however, Mr. Eitherside, let me have the earliest intelligence of your proceedings; I shall remain on the rock of uncertainty."

"You may rely on me; not a moment shall be lost in obtaining the ablest heads to consider the case, and the result shall be instantly communicated to you."

"Thank you, thank you," returned Sir George, almost mechanically, and at the same time the lawyer took his leave.

When Sir George was left alone, the tumult of his ideas had so excited him, that it seemed as if a raging fever burned within his veins; he fell listlessly into an easy chair, and there remained in a deep reverie, from which he was aroused by the entrance of his sister.

"My dear George," said she, playfully, "what has so long detained you from us?"

"Business, my love, business."

"But you look ill, dear."

"Do I?"

"For Heaven's sake, my beloved brother, let me know what has happened. You are positively ill; it is not a little that would make you thus—come, tell me."

Sir George passed his arm playfully round the waist of his dear Augusta, and for some time tried to excite her attention to the deer upon the lawn; but she was not to be baffled.

"My dear brother," said she, "in spite of your attempt to elude my vigilance, I plainly see you are ill, and insist upon your telling me what has made you so?"

The baronet for some moments gazed upon the face of his lovely sister; and he contemplated deeply with himself whether he should mar the beauty of her features, by giving the required information; how could he create pain where, hitherto, nought had been but joy and sunshine? At length he said,—

"My dear Augusta, you must nerve your feelings to hear unpleasant news; have you courage to hear the worst of tidings?"

"Oh, yes, dear George; for Heaven's sake do not keep me in anxious suspense; the uncertainty is worse than the reality."

"Dearest Augusta," replied her brother, in a melancholy tone, "we must leave Redburn."

The information struck the ear of the beautiful girl like a clap of thunder; for a few moments she stood gazing upon her brother in breathless wonder; at length the intelligence seemed to reach her faculties, and she exclaimed,—

"Then, George, your fears were not ill founded?"

"No, no, love, the reality is but too true."

Augusta, for some minutes, buried her face in her handkerchief; the heaving of her snowy bosom told too plainly the struggle that was taking place within; and, at last, raising her eyes, moist with tears, to Heaven, she ejaculated, with fervour, "Father, thy will be done!"

"The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be his name!" returned Sir George, as he moved towards Augusta, and kissed the tear from her pallid cheek.

"But, my dear George," said his sister, "how can we communicate the sad tidings to our beloved mother; she whose very existence seems bound up with the associations of the place?"

"I know not," replied her brother; "sooner or later the intelligence must reach her, and probably, by informing her at once, it may prepare her mind, should we at last be compelled to leave."

"Perhaps, dear George, it would be better to do so," returned Augusta.

"I think so, my love."

Augusta then departed for the chamber of her mother; the old lady was engaged at her devotions when she entered, and as, with upturned eye, she fervently addressed her Maker, she conveyed to the imagination the picture of some aged saint.

When she rose from her knees, Augusta, as succinctly as possible, informed her of the change that was likely to take place in the affairs at Redburn; upon hearing which she, to the surprise of Augusta, merely replied,—

"Ah! well, child, the Lord has given me strength to bear it; it has come at last, and not unlooked for."

"You were, then, prepared, dear mother?"

"I was; you know the prediction concerning the Redburn family, child?"

"Yes, yes, dear mother; but I considered it little better than idle gossip."

"May be, Augusta; but the prophecy was uttered by the first possessor of these lands, a man they say who was deeply skilled in the mystic sciences."

"I heard so, ma'; and I could never bear to look upon his grim portrait that hangs in the old dining hall."

"But how did my son become acquainted with his fate?"

"He heard it from old Maggie."

"Ah, well," said the old lady, "there is no warding off the decrees of Providence; however well I may be here, I feel, that once removed from Redburn Hall, I shall not long cumber you with my presence."

"Nay, dear mother," returned her daughter, "many years, I hope, are in store for you; and although things at present wear a gloomy aspect, they may not be so dark as we imagine; George and I are yet young, and have our health, even should things assume their darkest hue."

"Ah, my dear, you little know the thorny path that lies before you; nursed in the lap of luxury, as you have been, you are ill-suited to combat and struggle with the world."

"I will hope for the best, dear mother; and while virtue is my guide, I shall fear nothing."

"Well said, my child; humbly submit yourself to the chastening of the Lord, and the storm will pass over you harmless."

Although the aged lady gave such excellent counsel to her child, she was but ill able to receive it into her own bosom; the news she had heard, daily impaired her health; and though she fought nobly against the efforts of her mind, she was ultimately laid on a bed of sickness, from which she never more recovered.

In the course of time matters were brought to an issue—the ablest counsel had been engaged on both sides—the matter was brought to a trial, when it was satisfactorily proved that the new claimant was the real owner, his ancestor having married unknown to his relations, and in a distant country.

No sooner was the decision of the trial made public, than the neighbouring gentry paid visits of condolence to Sir George, who, after the death of his mother, removed to town, and the new claimant entered upon the estates.

In order to meet the demands upon him, Sir George was compelled to make over the whole of his funded property, and dispose of his plate and equipage, which, when done, left him the merest trifle for the support of himself and sister.

"My dear sister," said Sir George, as they sat one morning at breakfast in their furnished lodgings, "I have done everything in my power to gain employment suited to my talents; I have inquired among my friends, who have made me promise upon promise, but done nothing, and now it is, I fear, too late!"

"And wherefore, George?"

"The letter I now hold, from my friend Lord G——, informs me he is unable to comply with my request, in consequence of a change of ministry."

"Merciful Heaven!" said Augusta, "our prospects are thus once more blighted."

"They are, my girl; and we must find some means of living, for it cannot be supposed our friends will continue the remittances they have so kindly forwarded from time to time."

"True, dear George."

"In fact, Augusta, it was but yesterday morning I made application, and met with a flat refusal."

"Heaven shield us!" ejaculated Augusta; "whatever will become of us?"

"We must change our place of abode, Augusta; you have a natural taste for drawing, and by that means we may gain support; I, also, will



"step out of the circle in which I am known, and find employment in another channel; I will turn private tutor."

"The plan seems feasible," replied Augusta.

"And immediately shall be adopted, for delays are dangerous."

"Spoken like my brother," said Augusta; "I have no doubt we shall succeed."

The brother and sister, having paid up the rent of their apartments, took humbler lodgings in another part of the town; the few articles of jewellery Augusta was yet possessed of were parted with, and the money expended in advertisements for pupils, and the necessary implements for drawing.

Night after night did George Redburn pore over his lexicons and grammars, to rub up the information he had acquired in a public school at an early period of his life, in case it might be wanted; and often, nay, every day, did he give Greek lessons to his sister, in order to become acquainted with a practical and ready mode of imparting instruction.

On the other hand, Augusta, who now had another inducement for action, gave her whole soul to the business, which, hitherto, had been but the pastime of her leisure hours, and produced a set of drawings of exquisite beauty; which, being neatly framed, her brother contrived to get hung up in the shops of booksellers, &c., leaving cards of his sister's address.

For many days they waited in anxious expectation of employment; but no one called. Their resources were fast failing them, and their hearts beat heavily with anxiety.

While discussing their gloomy prospects, a double knock was heard at the outer door, and an inquiry made for Mr. Redburn. The heart of George beat high with expectation, and he immediately desired the stranger to be shown in.

"Mr. Redburn, I presume?" said a stout gentleman.

"The same, sir," replied George. "Will you be kind enough to be seated?"

"No, no, young man," replied the stranger, in a rough voice. "You teach Greek and Latin, and all that kind of stuff?"

"That is my profession," returned George, disgusted at the other's coarseness.

"Very well," resumed the other. "I want my boys to have a little of that kind of lingo, because they say it is of some service."

"It is of much utility, I assure you."

"May be, may be; but for my part, I could never see it."

"A-hem!" coughed George.

"Now, young man, what do you charge?"

"What time, sir, would you wish me to devote to your sons?"

"Of course, you must keep them tight at it, you know."

"Three lessons a week, perhaps?"

"Yes; summat about there."

"An hour and a half each lesson, sir?"

"Eh, what!" demanded the stranger. "An hour and a half! When I was a boy at school, I worked all day."

"But, sir," suggested George, "you probably forget this is not a school."

"They come here to learn, don't they?"

"Yes; but my whole time will be devoted to your sons while they remain with me."

"True, true; I had forgotten that," replied the individual, who seemed for the moment restored to something like consciousness that he had reached the mark. "But, now, what do you propose to ask for an hour and a half's lesson? Make the figure as low as you can."

"I have no objection to take the two for three shillings each lesson," replied George, fearful to mention his sums too high, lest he might lose his pupils.

"Three shillings!" ejaculated his visitor, in astonishment. "Why, that's four-and-twenty shillings a day, seven pounds four a week, leaving out Sundays—three hundred and twenty-four pounds, eighty shillings and no pence a year. God bless me! Private teaching must be a capital trade, and no dead stock on hand."

"You forget, sir, pupils are hard to be got at," said George, "and that those are to be divided amongst the many thousand teachers of this metropolis."

"Well, well," said his visitor, as he fixed his hat firmly on his head, by a thump upon the crown, "I thought you would have taken the two at least for sixpence an hour, and that's good journeyman's wages."

"Good morning, sir," said George; and, opening the door, he bowed his visitor out.

When alone, the unfortunate heir of Redburn placed his hands before his face, and a deep sigh burst from his anguished breast. The ministering angel, Augusta, however, stood near to cheer him, and, flinging her white arms round his neck, and kissing his lofty brow, exclaimed,—

"Come, come, dear George—this will not do. Cheer up, or the prediction will not be fulfilled."

"Is it not already so, Augusta?"

"It says," replied his sister, "that the property of old Redburn's halls 'shall be lost and won.'"

"And is it not lost to me?"

"Yes, dear George; but you lose sight of the final word, 'won.'"

"They may be by another, Augusta, but not by me;" and here he again sunk into a fit of despondency.

While they were as yet talking, another visitor was announced, and a gentleman of dignified aspect and demeanour entered.

"Mr. Redburn, I presume?"

"At your service, sir."

"You teach the classics?"

"I do, and should be most happy —"

"May I ask if you have taken your degree, and of what college and university?"

"I took the degree of B.A., in 18—, at St. John's, Cambridge," replied George.

"With honours, of course?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir."

"You know, Mr. Redburn," continued the stranger, "it is highly important one should know to whom one entrusts the care of the dear pledges Providence has blessed us with."

"Certainly, sir."

"Then, no doubt, you can give me a reference to some gentleman whose sons you have instructed?"

This seemed a death-blow to George's hopes. How could he refer to any one before he had even secured a pupil?

"You have an objection, sir?" said the visitor.

"No, sir," replied our teacher, evasively; "but for the lowness of the terms, I consider it unnecessary to trouble any gentleman about the matter."

"I am sorry, then, to say, sir, we cannot enter into any arrangement," replied the gentleman; and, making a low bow, he left the house.

George was totally unprepared for these emergencies. He knew nothing of the daily mortifications of a private tutor, and his heart seemed to die within him. For a whole fortnight he waited without a single applicant to climb the ladder of learning; and, after throwing away the price of another advertisement, two candidates appeared.

The first was all eager to commence his studies.

"The road to knowledge," said he, "is strewn with flowers; for me it has an irresistible charm."

But he was doomed to be deceived. The eager pupil took two lessons (which paid the price of the advertisement), and went fox-hunting for the remainder of the season.

The second found that study required more application than he could give; and, after taking one solitary lesson, departed, without even paying for the time he had engaged his mentor.

"This, then," said George, "is the way a private teacher makes a fortune. Good Heavens! what will become of me—what will become of my poor Augusta?"

As he uttered the latter part of this soliloquy aloud, it met the ear of Augusta, who had that moment entered unperceived, and, placing a little silver before him on the table, she exclaimed,—

"See, my dear George, we are not yet deserted."

George started at the sound. His last shilling was already gone; a moment before, starvation seemed to stare him boldly in the face. The sudden transition from grief to joy had overpowered him, and the tears forced themselves from his eyes, as he kissed the pale cheek of his beloved Augusta.

The small trifle Augusta had received for some exquisite drawings, sufficed to supply their wants for a short time. Their rent now became due, and again poverty stared them in the face with his ghastly features.

"It is impossible for me to pay the rent," said George. "What is to be done?"

"Our case, is, indeed, desperate, my dear George," returned his sister, affectionately; "but let us hope for the best."

"My dear girl, I have been hoping for that a long time past," replied her brother, with a faint attempt at a smile. "Now I think I must give it over."

At that moment a gentle, insinuating knock came to their room door.

"It's Mrs. Allgett," said Augusta, in a whisper.

"Come in," said George.

"I have called," said Mrs. Allgett, in the blandest tone, "to see if you could settle your little rent."

"Be seated, madam," said Augusta.

"No, I'd rather stand," replied the landlady, fearful that by accepting the favour of a chair she should be indebted to her lodgers, and thereby compromise herself in case they could not pay.

"I am fearful, madam," commenced George, "that for some little time I must crave your clemency."



"Humph," coughed Mrs. Allgett.  
 "We have had some little disappointment," chimed in Augusta, in her silver tones.  
 "Which means, at present you cannot pay?"  
 "Exactly so," said George.  
 "It has been now standing six weeks," rejoined Mrs. Allgett, her face getting very red.  
 "I'm sorry to say it has," said George; "but I will endeavour all in my power to —"  
 "Can I have my money?" interrupted the landlady. "I don't want nothing else of no one."  
 "At present, then, you cannot."  
 "Highly, tightly—here's a go! And so I'm to be done out of my rent?"

"I did not say that."  
 "But it amounts to the same thing," replied Mrs. Allgett, almost choking with rage.

"We have done our best, madam, to pay you," said Augusta, meekly; "and if you will be kind enough to wait a little longer, we shall, no doubt, be able to pay you."

"Not a day, miss—not an hour! The week's up to-morrow, and if it be not paid up, off you go, bag and baggage."

"Then you will not detain the few things we possess?" replied Augusta, who had understood so from the refined and classic language of Mrs. Allgett.

"No, I did not mean that, Miss Imperance," returned the landlady, who seemed lashing herself into a violent rage. "Not an article shall be touched till I get my rent; and if it is not paid by to-morrow at twelve, it shall be doubled."

"I think, madam," said George, "you are unnecessarily irritating yourself. Had you not better be seated till you are more calm?"

"I never sit down, puppy, till I get what's owing to me."

"Oh, very well," said George, complacently. "Perhaps, madam, you will leave our presence?"

"No, nor I won't budge a foot for nobody," replied Mrs. Allgett, placing her hands upon her hips, "nor you sha'n't make me—there's for you."

As this was uttered, the elegant female snapped her fingers in defiance. Augusta walked into an adjoining room, and George seemed deeply attentive to his studies, until Mrs. Allgett's volubility had run down. She then left the room, extremely well pleased that she had "had her say."

On the following day, as might have been foreseen, the rent was not forthcoming. In vain Augusta endeavoured to dispose of her choicest specimens of art, and at length succeeded in selling one for at least one-tenth its value, a sum wholly inadequate to liquidate the debt.

George, on the other hand, had been to seek assistance from his friends; but, as usual, found them "not at home," and he returned to his apartments weary and dejected.

At the landing near his room he met his sister waiting his arrival.

"My dear girl, what keeps you here?" said he.

"Oh, George—George," sobbed Augusta, as her head fell upon his shoulders, "the door is—is locked."

It was too true; Mrs. Allgett had taken advantage of their absence, and locked the door. Within the rooms was more than double the value of the rent; it contained George's books, the material for drawing, and a splendid harp, the only thing that had not as yet been parted with to procure the necessities of life.

It was in vain George importuned the heartless landlady; she was inexorable, and he with his sister were compelled to seek another shelter for the night, or, at least, till they could raise enough to liquidate their debt.

There was for the present no hope of this; time was pressing. It was now nearly dark, and the streets were wet and sloppy. George for a moment looked at the lovely girl before him. What could he do with her—how could she, who had been used to every luxury, with a carriage, and servants to attend her, tramp through the muddy streets of London, and on such a day when scarcely a soul was to be seen in the deserted street? The idea seemed to almost choke him. A swelling sensation rose into his throat, and the moisture glistened in his eye. He, however, hastily brushed it away, and turning to Augusta, said, as new thought seemed to strike him,—

"Augusta, did you sell your drawings?"

"Only one," was the faint reply.

"Have you the money?"

"I have."

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated George. "I have now no fear. Give it me."

Augusta did as requested. Her brother went out, and, by prepayment, secured an asylum for the night for his beloved Augusta. He then returned to fetch her, and having procured a meal at a neighbour-

ing shop, which they ate with thankfulness, he again went out in the drenching rain to seek a permanent lodging and relief.

From street to street he hurried, gazing at every window where a bill denoted apartments were "to be let." The rain came down in pitiless torrents, drenching him to the skin. Many were the rooms he looked at, but the prices deterred him; others again, from his forlorn appearance, conceived he could not pay, or that no one but the most abject would venture for lodgings in such weather, and they refused him admittance altogether.

At length, being wearied out, he resolved to take the next that offered, and standing before a shop where a bill appeared, he at length ventured inside.

"What apartments have you?" demanded he of a coarse, vulgar man, who stood behind the counter.

"Front room two pair—three pair back."

"Can you let me see them?"

"Sartinly. Here, missus, a gen'lman wants to see your rooms."

"Cummin' in less than no time," was the reply from the small room behind the shop.

"There's no hurry, only make haste," was the elegant rejoinder from the man; and here he turned towards George, in order that he might have an opportunity of joining in a laugh at his supposed wit against his wife.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE SONG OF THE SOT.

In a prison all gloomy and high,  
 Secured by an iron-bound door,  
 Lay a murderer condemned to die,  
 And a tankard lay drained on the floor.  
 His cheeks were all livid and pale,  
 His temples were fiery and hot,  
 And he told an "ow'er true tale"

When he sang the Song of the Sot.

Drink, drink, drink!

Till the maddened brain doth burn;

Drink, drink, drink!

Till a man to a brute doth turn.

Oh, that I ne'er had been taught

That there was a point to stop,

Oh, that I had done what I ought,

And ne'er tasted the moderate drop.

When I had an innocent soul,

When my bosom from sorrow was free—

Ere I tasted the "poisonous bowl,"

Oh, who was so happy as me?

Drink, drink, drink!

I neglected my work and my home.

Drink, drink, drink!

Till at last as a robber I roam.

One night when the poison had gained

Its ascendancy over my brain,

An old miser I met in the lane

Plodding home with his ill-gotten gain.

A hedge stake I seized from the ground,

My blood curdles as on it I think,

And I struck the defenceless man down,

For the sake of the poisonous drink.

Drink, drink, drink!

To drive away thought and care;

Drink, drink, drink!

To put in its place despair.

Now with the first glance of the sun,

Ere half the morning is past,

My race on this earth will be run,

I shall die on a scaffold at last.

Then, though I should never speak more,

Oh, list to a drunkard's last breath:

Abstain from the cup stain'd with gore,

For the wages of sin will be death.

Drink, drink, drink!

List not to the warning cry;

Drink, drink, drink!

Until on a scaffold you die.

Birmingham.

HENRY R. JONES.

When worthy men fall out, only one of them may be faulty at the first; but if strife continues long, commonly both become guilty.



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CLIX.

## THE SECOND INTERVIEW OF SIR CHARLES WITH HORACE.—THE CHANGE OF DETERMINATION.

OUR readers, who have kindly followed us thus far in tracing the fortunes of Alice Home, and the dark passions which were called into existence in Margaret's breast, will readily be able to place in its proper situation the first chapter of this work—that chapter in which was described how Margaret, full of wild passion, and panting for unholy vengeance, repaired to the astrologer's house, and witnessed some portion of a fearful scene which was then and there enacting between that mysterious man and Sir Charles Home.

It was after that fearful meeting that the unhappy Sir Charles (who at times we cannot but pity, in spite of what we know of his many iniquities in early life,) returned to his splendid mansion in such a miserable and abject state, both of mind and body. It was after that interview, too, that Margaret had become still more assured of her ultimate triumph, and had looked upon Alice as her victim past all redemption.

It will be readily seen that the conditions upon which Sir Charles Home's life had been spared, when it was all but forfeited to the wild rage of the astrologer, had been the renunciation of his hopes of an union between Alice and Horace Singleton, and a full understanding that he, the astrologer, was to possess, and exercise as it pleased him, a power in the mansion of Sir Charles, which was due only to its owner.

How Sir Charles Home, in the flush of his excitement and terror, had gone so far as to renounce Horace Singleton, we are aware. His attempt, too, to induce Alice to give up all her hopes of happiness, we have seen, and we have likewise become cognisant of the glimpse of a better nature which was awakened in his breast by the holy and gentle resignation of his beautiful child.

Had Alice resisted the mandate, had she loved her father less, or herself more, and declared her intention of not making any sacrifice of such great magnitude for him, vexation would probably have risen uppermost in his mind, and stifled the good feelings which, in some extraordinary manner, never came into existence or active operation during Sir Charles's intercourse with any one else.

It was, however, Alice's sad and mournful acquiescence in the demand to give up all for him, that overcame him, and caused the burst of eloquent self-denial which then rose to his lips. He then left the house, and, to the surprise of Horace Singleton, Sir Charles again presented himself before him in his chambers.

Horace had not left his home, although he was on the point of so doing, and his surprise at the sudden appearance of Sir Charles Home was plainly depicted upon his countenance. Sir Charles himself, too, exhibited an appearance of agitation which was incomprehensible to Horace, and strongly at variance with the cold gravity he had endeavoured to assume upon their previous meeting.

"Mr. Singleton," said Sir Charles, "I presume I am, after what has passed, scarcely a welcome visitor here."

"The father of Alice Home," said Horace, with visible emotion, "can never be unwelcome."

"I thank you, sir, for that compliment to my child. I have come to ask a question."

"There can be none I would shrink from answering."

"Mr. Singleton, when but a short time since I wrung my own heart, as well as yours, by telling you that Alice could not now become your wife, you were most urgent with me to supply you with the reason of my sudden change of purpose."

"I was, Sir Charles Home, and am so still; all conjecture upon the subject is, to my mind, vain."

"Upon reflection," added Sir Charles, mournfully, "I have determined you should not be left wholly in the dark; and now for my question,—could you still love my child, if I were, in consequence of great difficulties, to become seriously involved in fortune and in name?"

"Sir Charles Home, my love for Alice is a feeling apart from all other feelings or considerations. It stands alone in my heart, knowing no changes—no doubts—depending upon no other circumstances. Let your difficulties be what they may—let your name be compromised how it may, Alice cannot be other than what she is; nay, if there should be one inducement more than another to make for her a happy home with one who loves her fondly, and will throw the protection of a husband's utmost tenderness around her, it ought to arise from the very circumstances you have hinted at, and which I must say I have

suspected, although I deemed not them the cause of the sudden change in your sentiments."

"Such was the cause."

"And why—oh! why not, Sir Charles Home, trust me at once with such a statement, instead of leaving me to the misery I have endured since your last visit?"

"Horace Singleton," said Sir Charles, "you must yourself, which Heaven forbid, be placed in circumstances of danger, doubt, difficulty, and oppression, before you can judge of the state of mind such circumstances produce. You cannot know what, under such grievous pressure, you would do, or what you would not."

"Forgive me, sir, if my words implied a reproach; and here, let me say again, that I love Alice for herself alone—that I love her with a deep and true affection, which is independent of all extraneous circumstances whatever."

"Then, Horace, she is yours."

"Can I believe my ears? Am I crushed down by a blow which seemed almost sufficient to deprive me of existence one moment, and the next raised up again to the pinnacle of my former happiness? Sir Charles, Sir Charles, if you are playing with my heart, forbear the pastime."

"On my soul, Horace, I am not. I had a fear that when the storm, which I knew to be threatening me, should burst over my devoted head, that you might think my Alice somewhat compromised by her father's evil destiny. Hence, my first impulse was to put a stop to the alliance—my next has been to give you in confidence an optional choice."

"Thank Heaven, you have!"

Sir Charles had spoken in a low, mournful voice, and now he sat down in Horace's chamber with a deep sigh, and in such evident mental distress, as much moved the compassion of the young man, and induced the truest commiseration.

"Sir Charles, Sir Charles!" he said, "you would not only relieve your own mind by a confidence in me as to the precise nature of your difficulties, but probably I should be able, in consequence of looking at the matter with a cooler judgment than you can bring to it, be able to suggest some course of action, which would tend much to your relief." Sir Charles uttered a deep groan.

"Nay," added Horace, "give not way to despair."

"Despair, indeed!" said Sir Charles. "You have rightly named it despair, Horace Singleton."

"But still, you most surely view your circumstances through some imaginative medium, which makes them appear much worse than they really are."

"No, no. There needs no aid from imagination."

"You will make me your confidant?"

"I dare not."

"Dare not?"

"Horace! Horace! You must be content to know that I have much cause for much grief—much misery. If, with a conviction of the strong probability that some day soon you will hear most unpleasant tidings of me, you can wed and love my child, Heaven bless and prosper you."

"I have but one high mark for my ambition in this world," exclaimed Horace, "it is, to be the husband of Alice Home."

"I hear, I hear, Horace," added Sir Charles; and he glanced around him uneasily, as if he feared the very walls might hear him. "Then, Horace, your marriage must be divested of all *clat*—all sort of publicity,—you understand."

"It is what I should wish most particularly to avoid. If there be aught that I should particularly dislike, it would be the vulgar *clat* of a marriage."

"Tis well, 'tis well. Your union must be secret—quite secret. Come to my house this evening, and we will arrange all.—And, oh, Horace, Horace, do not, if you should hear strange things of me, look for one moment coldly on my child,—she is innocence and gentleness itself."

"I swear!"

"I am satisfied. Think of me, Horace, the very worst you can, and then pity me. Think of my Alice,—my beautiful child, the best, for she is most worthy; and love her, cherish her as one who will gild your days with the pure sunshine from a heart that knows no guile. Oh, Horace, she is indeed a treasure. Often has she stood between me and my warring feelings, saving me, as it were, from my very self. When my breast has been torn by contending emotions,—when I have been disturbed by thoughts, enough to breed a madness in the brain, I have found such solace from her gentle words and heavenly ministering, that I have wondered I should be so favoured by God, with so dear—so exquisite a treasure."

Sir Charles Home was moved almost to tears, as he thus spoke of Alice; and Horace Singleton was much affected at the tone of grief in which he spoke.



"Once more, Sir Charles, once more," he cried, "let me implore you to take some one into your counsel."

"No, no,—it would avail nothing; some day you may know why, but not now—not now. Urge me no more, Horace, but come to-night, and you shall see Alice,—all shall be arranged; and when I once know that she is your wife, I think I shall be comparatively happy."

"Be assured, that if there be such a thing as happiness arising from affection, she shall be happy."

"I know it,—I know it; now farewell,—farewell."

Horace accompanied Sir Charles Home to the door of his chambers, and parted with him with a feeling of painful uneasiness; for he had become more and more convinced that Sir Charles was slightly shaken, and that he had magnified some, perhaps, really trivial pecuniary difficulties, into the serious looking troubles that appeared weighing down his spirit to the very grave.

"Tis very sad," reasoned Horace, "but his mind is evidently affected—of that, there can be no manner of doubt. When Alice is mine, we will, together, strive to get him into a healthy frame of mind; at all events, he shall be our constant care: and now I am happy once again."

Horace's heart now resembled some smiling landscape, which for a season had been rendered gloomy and full of murky shadows by the dense clouds which had hung over it, and then had resumed all its former brightness at their disappearance. Once again, he looked forward with a blissful hope to the happy future. Once again, he pictured to himself, in all the glossy colours of a young, warm, and ardent imagination, the home of love and joy he should have with her, whom he had pursued through so much doubt, difficulty and danger.

"Yes," he cried, "Alice will now be mine,—mine, despite all the adverse circumstances which have so frequently threatened to separate us for ever. Joy, joy, joy!"

"Eh?" said Biggs, popping his head into the chamber.

"Ah, Biggs, my dear fellow, come in," cried Horace; "here I am, full of life. I could spring across the moon,—take an aerial flight in the Milky Way, and drink to the gods on Mount Olympus, in their own radiant nectar."

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed Biggs.

"And it will. Hurrah! Come in. Why do you keep your body outside the door, and only that odd looking head of yours inside? Come in, now."

"I—I—really—"

"Really, what?"

"Why, my dear Horace, are you mad, or only joking?"

"Neither. Come along with you. Look at me—I'm a happy, an uncommonly happy dog."

"Perhaps he'll bite," thought Biggs; "his misfortunes about that young woman have quite turned his brain, poor fellow; here's a calamity to tell his uncle."

Horace rose and advanced to the door, but Biggs made a rush to escape, for he verily believed the great change in Horace's manner, from the profoundest depths of melancholy to the light of joyous hilarity, could only be accounted for by some sudden accession of insanity which had come over him.

"Murder! help!" he shouted; "murder!"

"Why, what the deuce do you mean?" exclaimed Horace; "are you in your senses?"

"Yes, but you ain't,—for Heaven's sake, let go my coat-tails. Murder, murder! help, murder!"

Horace would not be shaken off, but dragged Biggs into the room, and forcibly made him sit down; when he gave him a succinct account of the last visit of Sir Charles Home, and its result; concluding by saying with a laugh,—

"Now, don't you see, I had ample cause for a little joyousness, and if any one is mad, it is Sir Charles Home, who thus blows hot and cold with nearly the same breath, and says he will and he won't, nearly the same hour."

"Ah, poor man," said Biggs, "he's a-going. You will have the pleasure of marrying into a mad family, that you will,—only think of that."

## CHAPTER CLX.

MARGARET'S REFLECTIONS.—THE POISONERS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.—DARK THOUGHTS.—THE MISERY OF A MIND DISEASED.

WAS Margaret Home the happier for the success which had, to all appearances, suddenly come on in such a full flood, as regarded her wild and vicious projects? Alas! no. In vain she strove to tell herself that she ought to begin to feel contentment, for that she was nearer the attainment of all she had struggled for than she had ever been—namely, revenge against Sir Charles Home for his treatment of her parents; and revenge against Alice for the negative crime of allowing herself, forsooth, to be beloved by Horace Singleton.

She sat in the silence and solitude of her own chamber, a prey to the most gloomy thoughts. She was happier when she was struggling, but now that the Avenger had come forward, shown himself, and exerted his power, she felt a degree of wretchedness she could not shake off.

"Why am I not happier and more contented?" she muttered; "there is but one feeling quite ungratified,—my love for Horace Singleton; and that, as a consequence of his neglect of my suit, is so mingled now with hatred, that I scarcely can tell which would gratify me most—to find him at my feet, breathing vows of love, or see him a bleeding corpse. Yes, he has scorned me, and he must, he shall suffer. Woe be to them who light up the undying flame of vengeance in such a heart as mine."

The night was darkening, and yet there she sat, with such a shadow over her spirit, that the darkness which was so rapidly gathering over the face of nature seemed but typical of the still darker gloom that reigned in her breast. Deep groans would now and then come from her lips, and for a fleeting moment it would appear to her as if some spirit whispered in her ear, how happy she might have been, how utterly wretched she was, and would be for evermore.

She was young enough yet to have some yearnings after companionship, and the many charms of gentler intercourse than what she had been accustomed to—she could not, let her strive her utmost, stifle the voice which told her she had made a probable mistake in life, and chosen altogether the wrong course for happiness.

"Is it so?" she muttered. "Ought I to have risen superior to the dark and awful insinuations of the man who, when my mind was young and unformed, played upon it, perhaps, after all, for some fell purpose of his own?"

She shuddered as she spoke. It was a line of argument much too terrible to continue, and by a great effort she flung herself mentally back upon the worse suggestions of her passions and prejudices.

"And yet," she added, "am I to be a creature divested of all human feelings? I have something to avenge, and am I to forego it from a foolish weakness—a criminal sympathy with criminals? No. Let these things take their course. At least I shall not have lived in vain, if I become my father and mother's avenger; and there is one consideration which I should never forget—which I have never yet forgot. It is, that I can die when I like. Of all the gifts which Heaven has given its creatures, that one is the most glorious which enables them, when and how they please,—

'To shuffle off this mortal coil.'

Ay, that is the great secret why so much misery is borne with seeming patience—why so much pain is endured—why so many struggle through a long existence full of pains and penalties. They know that it is voluntary—that when they please they may end it, and quietly, gently drop into the calm repose of the grave. 'Tis a great resource—a noble one."

She bent her head upon her hands, and remained in silent, dreathy thought for nearly an hour. Just occasionally one murmured word would escape her lips, and such word had strange and startling reference to some mode of suicide.

Sometimes she would say, "The sea;" sometimes, "The knife;" and once she thought she would like to get far away into some deep solitude of nature, and lie down to die, where she would never again be seen, but be allowed to mingle, by the process of decay, in the course of years, with the elements. Then by degrees her mind came round to a more fixed point, and she looked up as she uttered the one word—"Poison!" Yes, she added, "poison!" I can have recourse to that when I please, and where I please."

With a noiseless step she went to the library, and selected a book from one of the shelves. It was a work she had often looked at before, and contained an account of some of the frightful proceedings that disgraced the fourteenth century.

With her head supported by her hands, though scarcely understanding what she read, she commenced the following anecdote:—

Ludovico Leoni was born of one of the first houses of Florence, and his native city boasted of no more promising youth than Ludovico. The only son of dotting parents, he became one of fortune's favourites; and the old saying that the sickle goddess never bestows solitary favours was verified in his case.

Young, and possessed of a lively fancy, he had been educated with the utmost care, and with the view to his inheriting immense wealth and estates—the latter situated on the banks of the Arno. He was looked upon as the fairest flower of the fairest tree, and his aged parents saw in the handsome form of the youth before them the future representative of the noble house of Leoni.

Many were there who vied with each other to do honour to the young Leoni. No festive scene was perfect if it wanted his presence; for he was the admired of all, young and old, rich or poor, save, indeed,



some jealous Florentine, who grudged the looks of admiration that his mistress bestowed on the handsome and highly-gifted youth.

Parents smiled consent when he led their daughters down the dance; and the fair, blooming girls of Florence smiled and felt pleasure seated in their hearts, when the Florentine Adonis, as he was termed, took the ever disengaged hand, at his approach, and led them through the mazy throng.

Jealousy, the fiend of human passions, racked the minds of many of the fairest girls that that city could boast of, and gentle hearts that used to beat softly in gentle breasts became the seat of craving desire and throbbing passion.

Among these, the loveliest of the fairest race the earth boasts of, there was one who had enslaved the heart of Ludovico—one who had chained the wandering fancy of him who roved through Florence as through a garden, in which he was at liberty to seize the fairest flower; and beneath the glance of the languishing blue eyes of the fair Isabella, Ludovico sunk a captive.

It was long ere the conquest was known; but when it became current, all Florence resounded with praises of the happy pair; but praises were the tribute of the hearts of some, and others dared not exhibit their own disappointment and blighted hopes, by withholding those expressions of approbation that were, by universal consent, awarded.

In private—in concealment, how many a dimmed eye and pallid cheek told the tale of concealment in the bud of her who "never told her love," and how many were the hearts made for love, but now filled with hatred, that, could it have been done, would have caused the death of the fortunate and happy object of young Leoni's love.

She, Isabella, was the fairest of the fair—an orphan, but one of the richest heiresses Florence could boast. Indeed, they were formed for each other, both by fortune and nature. The bridal was spoken of, and the day fixed.

How soon is the fairest prospect dimmed!—how soon the most brilliant sky changed to one of sombre, gloomy aspect, and the brightest hopes vanish before the breath of Heaven!

There was one who saw all that occurred, and who listened to all the tales of Florence, but whose ears were closed to all, save such as were not hallowed by the name of Ludovico Leoni. She saw no other youth—she loved no other human being—she cared for life no longer than she nourished the hope of passing it with Ludovico Leoni.

This was the beautiful but scornful Lesbia Rimini, the proud beauty who would not even descend to smile at the approach of Leoni; and who, on one occasion, refused the proffered hand in the dance, though her heart bled when she saw the rejected youth, for the first time, lead the willing Isabella to the place of honour.

Lesbia could not brook to sue—she, the daughter of an ancient race of unblemished fame and honour, and almost regal wealth and splendour; the thought passed through her brain like a flash of light, but abided not with her; she suffered the pangs of jealousy and disappointed love in silence, and with an undimmed eye, but a blanched cheek.

But, when all Florence was gay, and spoke of the coming nuptials, and the splendour of the ceremony, and the gaiety of the scene, her blanched cheek was dyed with the deepest crimson, and her dark eyes shot forth glances that spoke of an inward fire by far too strong to be quenched save with the spirit that fed it.

A feast was proclaimed by the Rimini; and those among the wealthy of Florence were invited; and, among those, Ludovico and Isabella were the first invited. To describe the magnificence of the preparations would be an endless task; suffice it to say, that what wealth could purchase, and nature procure, was there.

The two great sources of wealth—art, and nature—were exerted to their utmost; the most luxurious and grateful delicacies, the most odiferous scents, and the sweetest sounds, all tended to enchant the senses.

Such a scene had never yet been seen in Florence, nay, it might fairly vie with all Italy; but, above all that was here present to entrance the visitors, the forms and features of Ludovico and his destined bride, Isabella, attracted the admiration of all.

It was not till towards the latter end of the gaieties, that were carried on with the greatest delight, that beautiful Lesbia entered the scene of joy and splendour her parents had, to pleasure her, given to the Florentines. She looked beautiful, but severe; she was likened to a goddess who had suddenly descended into the midst of earthly joys, and awed the guests by her august presence.

Her gorgeous robes of the finest Genoa velvet, the purple hue of which contrasted with her pale forehead; her snowy neck and arms, which were ornamented with bands of the purest gold; her faultless form, and, above all, the sparkling of her dark eyes, were objects of admiration, and even contemplation.

But there were some who thought her severity of countenance too great, some said it was unnatural; and some noticed she started, as if stung by an asp, when the fair Isabella was presented to her

notice by Ludovico; but she immediately resumed her calm, though severe demeanour, and taking a richly chased bottle, she poured out the sparkling fluid, and presented a goblet to Ludovico, saying, as she took a second herself,—

"Pledge me, Ludovico Leoni; may those who drink thus in the festive halls of Rimini, be received into the bosom of Heaven in its own time."

Ludovico drank the wine, and Isabella followed his example.

Before the sun's early rays glanced upon the smooth waters of the Arno, there was weeping and lamentations in the halls of Rimini; and the destined bride of Ludovico mourned his death.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two marble columns are all that remain of the two proudest houses in Florence. The very halls have gone to decay, and no one stone stands upon another. The families are extinct; but all know the fate of Lesbia Rimini, and Ludovico Leoni; the latter of whom died a few moments before she whose hand had conveyed the poisoned goblet to his lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tis well," muttered Margaret, "I am only the more resolved. Poison shall find its way into this house. I will be the destroyer here, and cope with Heaven itself in power.

(To be continued in our next.)

## MAN'S SINFULNESS.

Look! 'tis the glorious sun! how sweet his beams  
Are thrown around, making each spot to look  
All gay and happy; while the sparkling streams  
Dance in his cheering light; and every nook  
And tiny object teems with living joy,  
Making each heart its every care destroy.

O vain and upstart man, how canst thou view  
This beauteous scene, and not in humble praise  
To God above, the wonderful and true,  
Thy voice in thankful accents gladly raise,  
For all the bounties that He showers on thee  
In holy love and hospitality.

O shame! where is thy blush, that man should be  
So prone to sin, and never dwell on Him  
Who first inspired his frame; that he should flee  
From God's own precepts, nor strive to win  
That haven where the weary find a rest,  
And peace and love dwell in each inmate's breast?

Not long will He, who rules o'er every soul,  
Keep off that blow that we must each receive;  
And then dost think thou'lt reach that distant goal,  
Where hearts in bonds of fellowship do weave?  
Ah! no, it is but few will gain that home;  
The many will for e'er in darkness roam.

O why art thou so deaf to His decree,  
And wilt not list to truth that never dies?  
Why revel deep in crime, and love to be  
But only where foul sin and sorrow lies?  
Cast from thy lustful hearts this fancied joy,  
And bend thy knee to that which knows no cloy.

Soon will the trumpet sound its searching note,  
And graveyards teem with animated dust;  
Soon will God's mighty voice in terror float  
To those who spurn'd His word—who loved each lust;  
Who lived from day to day clogg'd deep in sin,  
And never gave one moment's thought of Him.

Look but around, and think within thine heart  
Of Him who made the sun—his beams to light  
This wicked earth; who blessings doth impart;  
Think canst thou e'er his many boons requite;  
Nor let thy grovelling soul but only bend  
To Him who will instruct thee to amend.

O Father of all, and every living thing!  
Guide with thine hand each sinful, erring soul;  
And teach each man and infant but to sing  
Thy loving praises; to reach that blissful goal,  
Where flowers their gentle blossoms never close,  
And every breast with holy fervour glows.

H. J. CHURCH.



## THE GAMBLER'S FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY MELVIN," &amp;c.

Then think, where sin hath no control,  
Where faintness ne'er weighs down the soul,  
Where fear of change is o'er,  
When faith and hope need no employ  
In God's own presence, think what joy,  
Full, and for evermore! GRINFIELD.

THE shades of evening were fast drawing to a close, and the moon cast a dim light into the apartments of Hector Harrington, revealing the form of his beautiful wife, as she watched over the couch of her only infant. She appeared to have numbered but twenty-two summers, and was of a delicate complexion; but withal so lovely, that she seemed rather to belong to another world than the inmate of this. Her soft blue eyes gazed with melting tenderness upon the features of her child, and in that gaze was to be traced a mother's love—an affection that nothing could subdue. She indeed regarded her child with true parental fondness. What is to be compared to the love of a mother for her offspring? It is a fire that nothing can quench, which manifests itself in all degrees of life. The rich and poor have all of them this blessing instilled into their natures by a Divine Providence. Were this not the case, what would become of the poor infants who have only a parent's solicitude to guard them from danger, and give them subsistence?

Hector Harrington was a young man, possessed of an ample fortune, and, at the time our story commences, had been united two years to the object of his choice. Bright sunny days seemed in store for them; everything was according to their wishes, and for the first year of their marriage nothing occurred to disturb the quiet calm and enjoyment of their lives; but latterly he had contracted the habit of staying out at nights, and care seemed to have pressed its iron fingers upon his brow. He frequently indulged in melancholy fits, which even the fond endearments of his wife would fail to dispel. For her part, she had no idea what was the reason of his altered behaviour; but certainly a fearful change had come over him; he would sit for hours during the day meditating, and when the night came he would suddenly start up and quit his house, remaining absent for many hours, and at length would return home worn and haggard, finding his faithful partner waiting him. Not a word of sorrow or reproach escaped her lips; it is true a tear would sometimes trickle down her cheek; but, if she saw it noticed by her husband, she instantly dashed it away, and forced a smile into her pale features. Hector had frequently requested her not to sit up for him; but he made his request to no purpose, every night that he was absent would find her watching for his return.

She was thus engaged on the night in question, and at the same time was revolving in her own mind her own unhappy position, and the fearful change she had undergone, from the blithesome girl, to the unhappy wife; from the being unknown to care, to the unenviable position she now occupied; but did she, while these thoughts passed through her mind, mourn for herself alone? No; but rather on account of her dear husband. She plainly saw that something was pressing heavily upon his mind—a something that he could not shake off. She longed to know what it might be, not from any motives of curiosity, but rather that she might be able to alleviate the anguish he was undergoing, and, by sympathising with his troubles, take away half their burden.

She might have been thus engaged for the space of two hours, when her husband entered the room, and we must take this opportunity of describing him to the reader.

Picture to yourself a man of about twenty-two years of age, possessed of a tall, commanding figure, handsome features, but with an expression of care fixed thereon, rendering them pale and wan. His hair was of a glossy black, and hung in unmatted locks around his finely-formed forehead. His whole features were very expressive, and his eye in particular was possessed of that brilliancy which could not fail to attract the notice of every beholder.

His step was slow and thoughtful; on his entering the room, he started back, as if in surprise on seeing his wife, and thus addressed her,—

"It is strange, Margaret, that you will not do as I wish you; so many times as I have expressed my desire that you will not sit up for me. You are ruining both your health and your constitution."

"Dear Hector," answered she, a tear forcing itself into her beautiful eyes, "do not speak so harshly; I am sure I did not intend to offend you; but another time your wishes shall be complied with, and I will not wait for you. But, oh! Hector, how happy should I be if you were able to come home before this time of night! I assure you, it is not for my own sake I desire it; but I do not like to see you wasting your health. Now, dear, do take my advice, and give up your night's occupation, whatever it may be."

"Well, well, Margaret, you are a kind, good creature," answered he, imprinting a kiss upon her lips, "and I wish I were able to comply with your request; but at present I am unable to do so. A time may come when I shall be at liberty to follow your advice, but now I must continue my present course."

"Ah! Hector, how I wish we could recall those joyous days which were ours during the first year of our marriage; but I hope and trust the sun of prosperity had not wholly deserted us, and that the day will come when it will again shine upon us with renewed brightness; but I perceive something is weighing heavily on your mind. Confess it all to me. Am I not the wife of your bosom? The being whom you have sworn to protect? Am I not worthy of your confidence? Nay, nay, do not turn away from me; I cannot bear to see you thus distressed in mind. It is no motive of curiosity that prompts my inquiries, but merely a desire to sympathise in your troubles. If you knew the many anxious hours I have passed on your account—the tears I have shed for your sake, you would deem me worthy of your confidence. There was a time, Hector," continued she, "when you revealed everything to me; and now, when you have greater reason to do so, you act the reverse."

"My dearest love," answered Hector, "I have ever found you to be worthy of every sentiment of affection, and as for taking you into my confidence, I would not scruple to do so an instant, could I believe it would do any good; but believe me, love, that which oppresses my spirits is of no importance; all will yet be well. Do not sigh so deeply, you only enhance the lowness of spirits which I feel. Well, well, it is no use repining; in my opinion, we cannot do better than make ourselves happy and agreeable whilst we traverse the span of existence allotted to us. We may make a great many troubles out of nothing if we choose; but I see you are worn and weary, therefore we had better hasten to recruit our bodies by a little refreshing sleep."

Having each of them given a parting caress to their dear child, they departed to their chambers.

We will now endeavour to disclose the seeming mystery which hangs over Hector Harrington. As we have before said, he was possessed at the time of his marriage with a good fortune, and the first year of his wedded life was passed in an enviable state of felicity. It happened one day, by some accident, he became acquainted with a Captain Melton, which acquaintanceship waxed into a kind of friendship. Not that it could be called by that pure and holy name where it is practised with sincerity, or could reflect that enlivening power to cheer the intricate paths of sorrow and disappointment, or that it was the pure feeling which emanates from the bosom, and regards the objects of its attachment with a feeling of reverence.

The friendship of Hector Harrington and Captain Melton did not belong to this class. The former individual found a kind of fascination in the society of the captain, which he vainly endeavoured to shake off; he knew that it did not do him much credit, as the captain was considered to be rather an unsteady character. He indulged in frequent libations; and moreover, had a passion for play, which he did not fail to humour on every possible occasion. In fact, he was what might be called a sure gambler, for it was not the love of the game of chance, so much, as the desire of winning money, that caused his devotion for it; but with all these faults, he was possessed of the powers of conversation in an eminent degree, united with a knowledge of the world that rendered his conversation very agreeable. It was in the exercising of these powers that Hector became acquainted with him, and, struck with the intellect he showed, and the depth of his reasoning powers, he could not fail to appreciate his innate talents. The captain, for his part, looked only to his own interest; he pretended friendship, because he thought it would serve his purpose.

Interest—what a bane art thou to the human race! Thou renderest them approaching to demons rather than human beings. Every good feeling is sacrificed to thy shrine; neither the widow's tears, or the orphan's prayer can turn thee from thy debasing course. Thou makest men hypocrites, and monsters with ear deaf to the tale of affliction, and eyes blind for the scenes of misery. How greatly art thou to be condemned! How greatly art thou to be abhorred. Thou mayest safely lay claim to be the parent of every crime. Theft, murder, hatred, envy, and every malice are all instigated by thee.

By degrees Captain Melton instilled the poisonous love of gaming into the mind of Hector, and a short three months saw him a confirmed gambler. Night after night did he repair to the fashionable gambling house. For some time the fickle goddess favoured him, and he won large sums; but latterly she had wholly deserted him, and brought him nearly to ruin. It was this and the thought of bringing his beloved wife to want that almost drove him mad. What must have been his feelings when he reflected he had taken her from a comfortable home, where she was as "free as the mountain air," unknown to care and sorrow, and to bring this being to the verge of destitution?

We have said before that he had nearly ruined himself; he had but



housand pounds in the world left out of his large fortune; with that determined the next night to attempt to retrieve his lost fortunes, and enable him to avert the sad calamity which seemed ready to overwhelm him. To say that his conscience did not reproach him, would be true. He felt acutely the folly he had committed in suffering himself to be fascinated by cards and dice; and, moreover, he began to more clearly through the character of Captain Melton—but it was too late—the die was cast.

The day following that on which our story opens, Hector was very well-spirited, and when the evening arrived, he prepared to quit his house to decide his fate either the one way or the other. He had arrived at the door, when he was arrested by the gentle tones of his wife.

"Hector, dear Hector," said she, "do not leave me to-night. I have had a presentiment of danger; I am sure you will get into trouble. I have a sort of inward feeling which bids me entreat you to stay. You now, Hector, I am not naturally superstitious, but, nevertheless, I cannot control my feelings on this occasion. Do stay, if it is only to bludge me. I do not often ask anything of you; surely you will not refuse this little request?"

"My dearest love," answered he, "I am extremely sorry to say that it is impossible for me to comply with your wishes this evening; but I will at least promise you that after spending this night, I will go out no more. I assure you, dearest Margaret, that it is not to satisfy my own pleasure that I quit you, but your future happiness and prosperity are dependent upon it. I own my words may appear ambiguous; but it is impossible for me to explain; but the time will come when you shall know all."

"Well, well, Hector, if I cannot persuade you, I can at least pray to the Divine Being to guard you from all dangers, and enable you to regain your wonted peace of mind."

"Heaven grant, dearest, that your prayer may be heard! although I do not so much deserve it for my own sake as yours."

After having uttered these words, he rushed from the house.

We must now endeavour to describe to the reader an apartment situated in a house in Regent-street. It is a large room, being elegantly furnished, in the middle of which is a *rouge-et-noir* table, which game is so well known, that it is unnecessary for me to describe it. Around the room are placed various tables, set apart for dice, cards, &c. The room is filled with individuals, who, by their countenances, show the state of their minds.

Observe that individual by the side of the table; his countenance is flushed with gain—his eye sparkles—he is mad with delirium—mark him, laughing and joking. Poor, deluded mortal! He may be successful for this evening, but another will see him penniless. Turn to the other side of the room. See that person with pale cheeks, and downcast eyes. He clenches his hand in agony. Cold sweat starts from his brow, and runs in huge drops down his cheek. He is ruined—his legs totter under him—he can scarcely reach the door—and when he leaves this den of misery, he invokes curses upon himself for his infatuation.

Reader! this is no overdrawn picture—no stretch of the imagination. Every day of our lives there are instances occurring of men who are wealthy, by their infatuation to gaming, bringing themselves to ruin and disgrace. Pause, ye gamblers! proceed no further in your ridiculous course. You will be sure to become the victims of blacklegs and sharpers. They are every day plotting your downfall, and every succeeding sum they win from you, they reckon as a nail in your coffin. But to return to our tale.

In this assembly, and in this apartment, is Hector Harrington. He is standing by the side of the *rouge-et-noir* table, watching it with painful interest; and well he may do so, for he has staked his all upon the black. His countenance suddenly lightens up with satisfaction. What is it that causes this? It is the ball, which stops and shows its black side uppermost. Joyous, indeed, are his sensations. He stakes again, and again, with the same result. He has now won a considerable sum, and makes one more desperate effort. He places all his winnings upon the red; which, if the ball should show after it has done revolving, he will receive eight times the amount staked. With breathless silence he watches the ball as it revolves round and round. Can it be possible it shows its black face? But stay, it has not yet done—it turns again—it is red! red is the winner! Hector receives the amount—and the bank is broke.

It would be a matter of impossibility to describe the feelings of Hector, when he found himself possessed of more wealth than he ever had in his life. What pleasurable feelings did he experience, when he thought that now he would be saved from ruin, and that his dear wife would never know want.

He was preparing to quit the room, when he was met at the door by Captain Melton.

"Ah, Hector," said he, "whither so fast? You will not leave yet. Come, come, do not go; let us have a friendly game together."

"No, no, captain, I cannot stay to-night. I am expected at home. I must, therefore, bid you adieu."

"Ha, ha, ha! that, you see, is the fruit of being married. Poor fellow, I pity you. But, for all that, I would not be held in bondage. However, as you are commanded by a superior power, I will not detain you."

"I do not know, sir, if I deserve your taunting language," answered Hector, stung by his reproaches: "but to show you that they are without foundation, I will stay and have a game with you."

So saying, they proceeded to the dice table, and commenced playing. Hector lost every throw, and, maddened by his turn of fortune, continued staking higher and higher every time. Sometimes fortune seemed to smile on him; but eventually it wholly forsook him. With recklessness he seized the dice-box, and staked the last portion of the immense sum he had won previously. He threw the dice—they turned up three sixes, which is the highest number that can be thrown.

"'Tis mine—'tis mine," he exclaimed, hurriedly.

"Not so fast," answered the captain, "I have to throw yet."

So saying, he threw the dice, which also turned up three sixes again.

"It is a tie, you see," said the captain, "we must throw over again."

Hector trembled every limb. His next throw was most unfortunate—it turned up two, one, and a blank. The captain now took the box, and threw two fours, and a five. It was sufficient—Hector Harrington was a ruined man. He who, but a few moments before, was indulging in hope, by one turn of the dice was brought to poverty and want. A sudden paleness overspread his handsome features—his lips quivered with emotion. What agony did he experience! What curses did he invoke upon himself! With a sudden start he seized the captain by the throat.

"Villain! demon! devil!" exclaimed he; "it is to you I am indebted for my losses—it is by you that I am brought to ruin; but you have cheated me, sir, basely cheated me; and I will have satisfaction."

"I shall be most happy to give you the satisfaction you require; if you will follow me, no doubt we can find a fitting place."

The captain led the way into another room, and having procured two swords, they furiously engaged in mortal combat. Being both well versed in the science of fencing, they continued for some time without any advantage on either side. Suddenly Hector's foot slipped, and the sword of his adversary pierced his heart.

Without uttering a single groan, he fell dead at the captain's feet, who immediately rushed to the door, and succeeded in making his escape, and the next day embarked for France.

The body of Hector was conveyed to his home. His wife, when she saw the cold features of her husband, her eye become fixed, the blood deserted her cheeks, and after gazing a few moments, she fell a corpse to the earth. They were both buried in one grave. J. B. GOGES.

**SIR MATHEW HALE'S JUSTICE.**—Sir Mathew Hale was a judge of great ability, and inflexible integrity. Two soldiers were tried before him for murder under the following circumstances:—An inhabitant of Lincoln, who had been of the king's party, was met with a fowling-piece in one hand, by one of the soldiers. The soldier told him that the protector's orders were, that none of the king's party should be allowed to carry arms, and proceeded to force the fowling-piece from him; they wrestled till the man threw his opponent, and then walked away. The soldier met a comrade to whom he related the circumstance, and they set off in search of the man, for the purpose of revenge. They found and attacked him; and, whilst one of the soldiers was struggling to get possession of the arms, the other went behind the stranger, and ran him through the body. The jury found one of the soldiers guilty of manslaughter, and the other of murder. Colonel Whaley, the commander of the garrison, attended in court, and stated that the Lincoln man had been killed in consequence of disobedience to the protector's orders, and therefore the soldier had merely performed his duty. But Hale was neither convinced by the colonel's arguments, nor daunted by his threats; he passed sentence of death on the culprit, and ordered speedy execution, lest a reprieve might be granted, and the ends of justice defeated.

**SITTING CROSS-LEGGED.**—Sir Thomas Browne tells us, that to sit cross-legged, or with our fingers pectinated or shut together, is accounted bad, and friends will dissuade us from it. The same conceit religiously possessed the ancients; but Mr. Park says,—"To sit cross-legged I always understood was intended to produce good or fortunate consequences. Hence it was employed as a charm at school, by one boy who wished well for another, in order to deprecate some punishment which both might tremble to have incurred the expectation of. At a card-table I have also caught some superstitious players sitting cross-legged, with a view of bringing good-luck."



## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CLIX.

THE SHIP.—TWITTER'S GREAT DISTRESS.—THE GALLANT CAPTAIN.—  
THE LOSS OF THE MONEY.

UNDER any other circumstances, such a rescue from almost the certainty of a watery grave would have been to Samuel Twitter a source of the most unbounded felicitation. But now, when the first feeling of relief was over, and he had drawn two or three breaths on board the vessel which had picked up him and his companions, all the horrors of his situation, consequent upon his written communication to the mayor of York, came with frightful force across his imagination.

He glanced around him when he reached the deck of the vessel with a look of dismay, and as some of the crew came round him, they thought, from the strange and terrified aspect of the man they had rescued, that his danger must have affected his mind.

It was some minutes before he spoke, and when he did it was to say, with terrified gestures,

"What ship is this?—what ship is this? Take me far away—where you please, so that you take me far away. I will pay any money; but take me away from England."

"What's the matter now?" said the master of the vessel—a rough-looking man, attired in still rougher garments—"ain't you satisfied to be picked up?"

"Yes, yes; but, good God, tell me where you are going?"

"To Bristol."

Twitter wrung his hands and groaned.

"Why, what now?" shouted the captain; "one would think your wife was at Bristol, you seem to have such an objection to go there."

A laugh from the crew rewarded this brilliant sally of wit; and Twitter, looking around him with despair, said,

"But—but you wouldn't mind placing me on the French coast—would you?"

"Would Africa suit you?" was the answer.

"Listen to me, and do not jeer at what you cannot feel the importance of. Of course you trade for money?"

"Rather."

"Well, well, I will pay you—pay you well. Place me on any land but English, and you shall receive ample payment from me."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, yes; you understand me; I don't wish to touch English ground. It's a mere whim—just a fancy; but I implore you to take me anywhere else; charge your own price, and be it what it may, I will pay it."

"Why you must be tolerably well off then?"

"Yes, I have money—plenty of money. Of course you will be reasonable. You will take me to—to anywhere but an English port. I will make it worth your while, believe me. You understand, I will make it personally well worth your while."

The captain began to think that it might indeed be personally worth his while, and he beckoned Twitter aside with him, after which, with his finger to the side of his nose, he said,

"Run away from creditors—eh?"

"Yes, yes," eagerly replied Twitter.

"Oh; plenty of money?"

"Enough to pay you very well; you will not be exorbitant?"

"Oh, dear, no; but consider the risk."

"Risk! why, it can be no risk to you. It would not take you one day out of your course."

"Ah! but if my owners were to find that out, I should have a row made about my ears. However, upon my soul I like your looks, and wish to serve you, and although you are most confoundedly out in your reckoning as to the distance, I don't mind taking you for five hundred pounds right on towards Brest, with the understanding that if we can put you on board any foreign ship we may come across it will do as well."

"Five hundred pounds!"

"Ah, to be sure; why, we are some four hundred miles from the nearest French port."

"So far?"

"Quite; so you see it's reasonable enough."

"Five hundred pounds!"

"Not a penny less."

Twitter groaned aloud; but still he thought to himself if it were thousand instead of five hundred pounds, it would be cheap to get free from England at such a price, with the remainder of his plunder from Varley safe in his pocket.

After some moments of painful consideration, he said,

"Well, well; I consent—I consent. 'Tis a very large sum, but consent. You will make what speed you can?"

"I believe you. It will in all likelihood cost me my command; but still five hundred pounds in cash is a sort of set-off against a few disagreeables."

"I should think so."

"Come with me to my cabin, and we can count over the money with out anybody being the wiser."

"What will you do with the men who were with me? They are extortionate rascals."

"Oh, I shall put them on board the first fishing boat we come across. Well, here we are; isn't this handsome?—quite a little palace—ain't it?"

The little palace consisted of a room about eight feet by six, full of the vilest stench that could be imagined, and the ceiling of which was so low that scarcely a moderate sized man could stand in it upright.

Samuel Twitter, however, did not wish to disagree with his host, and he fully admitted the palace-like pretensions of the cabin, although he thought to live in it long would quite kill him.

"Come," cried the captain, "you have had a good sousing with spray—what will you take to drink?"

"Anything—anything you like."

"Very good—here's some prime Hollands—the real stuff—runs down the throat like melted lead. Famous—eh?"

The captain, to give confidence to Twitter, here drank a tolerable good quantity of the spirit raw, and handing a glass to Twitter, he said,

"There now. Strong enough to scald a pig, and yet as soft as cream. Oh, 'tis lovely!"

Twitter took a small portion, which made him cough so terribly that he declined any more, unless freely diluted.

"Very good," said the captain, who seemed in a wonderful good humour at the near prospect of handling the five hundred pounds, and he ordered hot water with the other accessories of grog-making in abundance.

Whether or not he ever really intended to fulfil his share of the transaction must remain in mystery, for the matter never reached so far. But we will not anticipate.

Twitter found the strong Hollands much more drinkable and palatable when diluted, than in its purity, and he and the captain got, in the course of half an hour, on the most friendly terms.

"Well, now, shipmate," remarked the latter, as he mixed for himself another steaming glass of the hot liquor, "short reckonings make long friends, you see."

"Exactly."

"Precisely. Well, we are going full sail for Bristol, now."

"Gracious powers!"

"Oh, of course."

"Why—why—good God, I even thought but you that changed your course at once after our agreement. I don't understand ships; but I thought each moment was removing me from England."

"You did, did you?"

"Of course."

"Then that shows your ignorance. Hand over the five hundred pounds, and I'll go on deck and stop the ship's course to please you, upon my word."

"Why didn't you say so before?" groaned Twitter; "minutes may be very precious to me."

"The money—the money," said the captain, laying his great coarse hand with a dab on the table, that made the glasses ring again. "The money."

"Oh, yes—yes."

Now Twitter had very carefully concealed about him the amount of the check he had forged upon Bernard Varley's bankers; indeed, so carefully had he stowed away the notes in a small pocket he had in his waistcoat, and so nicely had he pinned them in, that he had considered them perfectly safe, and given himself no further care about them.

Now, however, after a few moments' search, his hands began to tremble—then a cold perspiration broke out upon his brow, and his lips became of an ashy paleness.

"Good Heaven!" he gasped. "I—I—can't find my money—my money. Gracious God—I—I—I shall go mad!"

"Why, what the devil's in the wind, now?" roared the captain, who began, in his turn, to get apprehensive that his hopes of five hundred pounds were vanishing into thin air. "What's the matter, I say?"

"The—the matter?"

"Yes. What are you fumbling about?"



"I—I—hardly know. It strikes me I shall go mad, if I can't find my money."

"It strikes me I shall too, and be d—d to you. You had better find five hundred pounds of it."

How hopelessly will a man search the same pocket over and over again for an article of such bulk, that it could not escape his detection—so was it with Twitter. He felt quite sure his money was all gone, and yet with trembling hands he kept up the frightfully hopeless search. But that could not last long, and in another minute he wrung his hands despairingly, exclaiming,—

"Gone!—gone!—gone!"

"The money?" roared the captain.

"Yes—yes."

"All of it?"

"All—all."

"D—n! Take that."

As he spoke, he flung the boiling hot glass of Hollands and water with a great smash, glass and all, into Twitter's face. With a howl of pain, the unhappy foiled wretch fell backwards with his chair, and striking his head against the corner of a large chest, became stunned, and for a time quite insensible to all his miseries.

The rage of the captain was beyond all bounds. He stamped and swore with the energy of ten men, and dealt two or three such savage kicks upon the prostrate form of Samuel Twitter, that it was a wonder he did not do him some deadly injury, or even kill him outright.

Rushing, then, upon deck, he accused the boatmen of committing the robbery; but they, at once, stated how much money they had about them, and offered to be searched, which was done, without producing any satisfactory results. In his rage, the captain would have willingly thrown Twitter overboard; but that was a feat he was afraid to do, and he amused himself by swearing and stamping on the deck for the next half hour, to the immeasurable delight and amusement of the crew.

"Curse you all!" he cried; "is this the way I am to be treated, eh? I'll sink the ship!"

A broad grin was the only reply vouchsafed to this threat, and the captain, after another volley of oaths, retired again to his cabin, where lay the still insensible Samuel Twitter.

Then a sudden thought struck him, that just possibly his own search in Twitter's pockets might be more successful in its result than that which had already been gone through by Twitter himself.

He accordingly took a lamp from a bracket, and held it down to the prostrate form at his feet. For a moment a pang of alarm came across his mind as he muttered,—

"D—n him, I've killed him!"

And in truth, Twitter as much resembled a dead man as any living one possibly could, for living he was, although there was, to the hurried examination of the captain, no signs whatever of anything like vitality.

"What shall I do now?" he added. "It was this grog that knocked him down—perhaps a little more would bring the life into him; but, first of all, here goes for a search."

He then, with some trouble, searched the whole of Twitter's pockets, finding various articles, which he coolly appropriated as waifs and strays; but beyond a sum in gold and silver, not in the whole amounting to five pounds—money there was none.

"What a rascal this must be," soliloquised the captain; "to run away from his creditors, and then lose the money, a part of which I ought to have had—oh."

It is to be supposed, then, that while the captain mixed for himself another glass of grog, he was deeply immersed in speculations on the rascality of human nature, for when he had finished it, he heaved a deep sigh, and said,

"It's my duty to give this fellow up to justice. He's got no money, and I'll do it. 'England expects every man to do his duty,' especially when he can get nothing by not doing it—a-hem! I'll give him up at the first post we come to."

## CHAPTER CLX.

THE PACKET TO THE MAYOR OF YORK.—THE STRANGE DELAY.—  
TWITTER'S LANDING AND DESTITUTION.

"There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;" and there are accidents, rare and far between, but still accidents which marvellously interfere to save persons from apparent utter destruction.

One of these remarkable accidents, if Samuel Twitter had but known it, would have enabled him with perfect safety to go back to Liverpool any time within the day succeeding that on the evening of which he had passed in the hands of the landlord of the inn his important packet for the Mayor of York, and reclaim the said packet, for the truth was, it had not reached the post, even then.

Mine host, when he received Twitter's packet, placed it at once in the capacious pocket of a sort of shabby comfortable in-door coat he was in the habit of wearing, for the sake of safety, and, like many very cunning men who put off everything, and forget everything, he said to himself, instead of sending the communication at once to the post-office,—

"I must mind I don't forget this now."

Almost at the same moment one of the stable helps sung out, in a loud voice,—

"Guvner, there's a private *po chaises* a coming, and a *hout* rider. I'm jiggered if there aint."

"Eh? what? Travelling carriage and out-riders. Bless my heart and life, really —"

"Yes. They is a driving up here. Here they comes."

"Hilloa! hilloa!" shouted the landlord, rushing into the house like a maniac innkeeper. "My coat—my best coat. Hilloa! D—n it all, my best coat."

By the time he had done shouting and screaming for his best coat he had reached his own bedchamber, and thrown off the objectionable garment with which he could not think of appearing to persons in their own travelling carriage and out-riders. On went the best coat, and away into a corner was thrown the objectionable in-door one.

In another minute the landlord was a little in advance of his door-step, bowing low before the honourable Augustus Fitzmaurice Algernon Fuddle, who had been given the command of a frigate because he had an uncle who made a majority of one for ministers on a strong question in "the house" the other night.

Who shall then feel surprised that the honourable Augustus Fitzmaurice Algernon Fuddle should be appointed to command a frigate? He once had a yacht which he never paid for, and who shall wonder that Samuel Twitter's letter to the Mayor of York lay quite forgotten in the in-door comfortable coat which the landlord had thrown aside in order to do honour to his illustrious guest.

Thus, then, was there another chance given to the villain Varley of escape from the consequences of his crimes through the fears of Twitter, had the latter but known that he could have walked safely into that inn, and claimed again his packet from the pocket of mine host's comfortable in-door coat.

The honourable Augustus Fitzmaurice Algernon Fuddle condescended to sleep that night at the Royal George, and he further condescended to breakfast there in the morning, and even come back to dinner after going to see the frigate he had condescended to accept the command of, so that the Royal George was kept in a state of commotion which prevented the landlord from bestowing a stray thought upon his old coat.

It was late in the evening when the noble guest left, and then with a feeling of great relief that the honour which had been done him was over, the landlord called for his comfortable shabby in-door coat.

He put it on; he placed his hands in the pockets with a comfortable grunt, and then his heart misgave him, for he felt the packet that had been intrusted to him to place without delay in the post-office.

The first result of this discovery was a long whistle, and then he took the rather bulky letter from his pocket.

"Well, I never," he exclaimed. "What an odd thing that I should quite forget this here affair. To the Mayor of York. Humph! Well, what's done can't be undone, that's clear. I couldn't help it. It all comes of changing one's coat; but, then, how could I tell I was going to change my coat? How could I tell that the honourable Augustus Fitzmaurice Algernon Fuddle was a coming here? Eh? eh?"

The landlord looked round him quite triumphantly as he propounded these questions to vacancy, and as he found no answer was returned, he took it for granted he was quite right; nay, he rather had a feeling than otherwise, that somewhere or another he was a little ill used in some way.

However, he condescended to call a waiter, of the name of Charles, and to say to him,—

"Here, Charles, just pop that into the post."

"Yezer," replied Charles, which the landlord put up with quite quietly, translating it into, "yes, sir."

The letter was then duly posted, and Twitter's danger fairly begun, while Bernard Varley little dreamt of the damning communication which was slowly making its way to the authorities of York, towards which place he too was hurrying with so much exultation and speed, in the full belief that at last he had hunted poor Rowland Percy to death, and that nothing now could possibly save him from the horrors of a public execution.

In the meantime the virtuous captain of the trading vessel which had picked up Twitter in the extremity of his danger, held a consultation with the men who had rowed him from Liverpool, and understanding from them that his behaviour had been very strange, and characterised by a degree of anxiety which seemed to bespeak more than an usual desire to get clear of England, he sagely enough thought it possible, that if nothing could be got by way of reward for aiding in Twitter's



escape, something handsome might turn up for surrendering him to justice, which he might be highly amenable to.

Reasoning thus, he shaped his course towards the nearest place to Liverpool he could readily reach.

After some consideration, he resolved to put him on shore at a place called Kirkdale, a few miles from Liverpool, where he knew he could give him into safe custody.

By the time these arrangements were concluded in the captain's mind, Twitter had partially recovered so as to be sensible of surrounding objects, although for some time his mind was in a sad state of confusion as to what had happened, and where he was.

Slowly, however, but surely, there came to his recollection the knowledge of the circumstances in which he was placed—circumstances which looked amazingly like the heralds to inextricable ruin and despair, ending in a perspective view of a scaffold.

With a groan which might have trumpeted the departure of his soul from its earthly tenement, Twitter felt all this, and he wished most devoutly that the insensibility from which he had just recovered had lasted for ever, and merged into death itself.

"What's to become of me now?" he groaned. "Oh, fool—fool that I was not to keep by me that fearful communication to the Mayor of York until I was safe in some foreign land. I could then easily have sent it. Oh, what an error of judgment have I committed!"

He was sitting on the floor of the cabin as these painful reflections crossed his mind, and so overcome was he by their frightful tendency, that he fell back again with another groan, and again hit his head, though not with such stunning vehemence as before, against the chest.

Physical pain is the very best antidote for mental pain, and Twitter, when he hit his head against the chest, jumped up with an exclamation of anger, couched in a very different tone from what he had used when bemoaning his hard fortune.

Not for long, then, was he left to his own ruminations, for the captain descended to the cabin, and, with virtuous indignation, cried,—

"Oh, so you are alive again, are you? A pretty rascal you are to run away from your creditors. You vagabond, did you think I would screen you from the consequences of your villany? Oh, no. I shall just put you on shore as near Liverpool as I can, and give you in charge to some constable."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, do not!" said Twitter. "Believe me, although I have no money now, I can procure ample to reward you, if you will carry me elsewhere than to an English port."

"Gammon," was the unanswerable reply; and then the captain took him by the collar and dragged him upon deck without much studying the gentleness of the proceeding.

A boat was by the vessel's side, manned by two of the crew, and into that Twitter was thrown, as if he had been a sack of potatoes.

The captain followed himself, for he was resolved to be violently virtuous, and give Twitter up in due form on his own confession of having escaped from his creditors.

"Once more," groaned Twitter—"once more I implore you not to put me on shore."

"Go to the devil," was the euphonious reply. "Pull away, men—pull away."

The boat cut swiftly through the water, which was now deliciously calm, and a landing-place appeared not half a mile in advance, to which it shot rapidly.

Twitter lay in the bottom of the boat half dead from terror. He gave himself up wholly and utterly to despair. Once or twice, as he glanced over the side at the quiet limpid water as it lazily washed by the boat, he felt tempted to seek for peace and a relief from all his terrors in its cold depths, but he had not courage to make the plunge, and in less than a quarter of an hour the opportunity was gone.

In the neighbourhood of Kirkdale there is a prison, and there the captain had resolved to take Twitter, as it was not many minutes walk from a little creek where they could very conveniently land. Twitter was dragged out of the boat and pushed on till they reached the prison, when the party was carefully surveyed by a surly-looking man through a small wicket-gate.

"Well, what now?" he cried.

"Here's a fellow," said the captain, "has been doing something or another, and I want you to nab him."

"Who the devil are you?"

"Captain Smithers."

"Go to the deuce!"

Bang went the wicket-gate in the captain's face, and he looked both amazed and angry.

A stranger came up at the moment, and asked what was the matter, when the affair being explained to him, he said,—

"You cannot expect them here to take a man into custody without a warrant against him."

"The devil they won't! Well—well, it can't be helped, then. I've

half a mind to smash him for the trouble he's given me. He acknowledges he has bolted off from his creditors with ever such a lot of money."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, confound him. Oh, you wretch!"

A kick added point to the captain's reproaches, and Twitter got out of his way as quickly as he could.

In a few moments the captain had gone, and Twitter found himself alone, friendless and destitute, by the door of the gaol, close by Kirkdale, and not three miles from Liverpool.

That is to say, he thought himself alone; but such was not the case, for the individual who had given the captain the information that his prisoner would not be taken off his hands, having nothing better to do, thought he might as well watch the supposed delinquent, in case it should turn out that any reward was offered for his apprehension.

"I may," he thought, "make a good thing of this. Tidy sums are sometimes offered for runaway bankrupts and such kinds of loose fish, and what I particularly want just now is a tidy sum."

(To be continued in our next.)

**THE PROUD DUKE OF SOMERSET.**—In the reign of Queen Anne he ordered his servants to wear the same livery as her majesty's footmen, and shot their dresses from a cart into the court of the palace. He claimed to be paid almost regal honours. His servants obeyed by signs, and he caused the roads in the country to be cleared for him, that he might pass without obstruction or observation. "Go out of the way," said one of his attendants to a countryman who was driving a hog—"Why?" said the man—"Because my lord duke is coming, and he does not like to be looked upon."—The offended countryman seized his hog by the ears, and held him up to the carriage windows, exclaiming, "I will see him, and my pig shall see him too." The duke married twice. His second duchess once familiarly touched him on the shoulder with her fan; he turned round indignantly, and said, "My first duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." His children obeyed his mandates with a slavish respect. His two younger daughters were required to stand and watch alternately whilst he slept at dinner. One of them, upon such an occasion, sat down from fatigue; her noble father awoke, and observing her position, declared he would make her remember her want of decorum, and he kept his word, by leaving her in his will 20,000*l.* less than her sister. Pride was inherent in the Seymours. King William, at a levee, casually observed to Sir Gower Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons, that he believed he was of the Duke of Somerset's family. "No, sir," said the indignant baronet, "his Grace is of mine."

A lover of natural history cannot, I think, be a bad man, as the very study of it tends to promote a calmness and serenity of mind favourable to the reception of grateful and holy thoughts of the great and good parent of the universe. He cannot be a cruel man, because he will be unwilling, wantonly, to destroy even an insect, when he perceives how exquisitely each of them is contrived, and how curiously it is made for the station it is destined to fill in the animal world.

**A LIVING ALE BUTT.**—In 1793 died, at Beaumaris, William Lewis, Esq., of Llandisman, in the act of drinking a cup of Welsh ale, containing about a wine quart, called a *tumbler maur*. He made it a rule every morning of his life to read so many chapters in the Bible, and in the evening to drink eight gallons of ale. It is calculated that in his lifetime he must have drunk a sufficient quantity to float a seventy-four-gun ship. His size was astonishing, and he weighed forty stone. Although he died in his parlour, it was found necessary to construct a machine in form of a crane to lift his body on a carriage, and afterwards to have the machine in the churchyard to let him down into the grave. He went by the title of the King of Spain, and his family by the different titles of Prince, Infanta, &c.

Some have wondered that disputes about opinions should so often end in personalities; but the fact is, that such disputes begin with personalities; for our opinions are a part of ourselves.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed to the Editor (post paid), will meet with immediate attention.

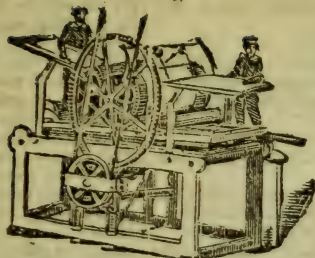
Declined with thanks—"The Venetian's Bride;" "Lines on Recovering from a Severe Illness;" "Will you meet me?" "To Cecilia;" "Lines on Fear;" and "To Youth."

We hope our old friend, J. B. Goggs, will not fancy he is any trouble to us. He has our assurance that it is quite the reverse. He will find "The Gambler's Fate" in one of this week's numbers.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## THE DISAPPOINTED MAN; OR, THE ECONOMICAL TRAVELLER.

IN the summer of 1824, I received a pressing invitation from my old friend, William Farley, to pay a visit to my sister-country, the Emerald Isle, in order to be present at his marriage to the daughter of Peter Macguire, an Irish banker.

Having long felt a wish to visit the City of Dublin, I accepted the invitation, and feeling a natural antipathy to land travelling, I determined on booking myself as passenger on board the Shannon steamer, and for this purpose, bent my steps towards the office of the Packet Company, Regent-circus, Piccadilly.

In answer to my inquiry, of "what were the fares, in either of the above-named packet-boats," I was informed by the clerk, a dapper little fellow, "that I could go either at 18s., 11. 6s., or 21. 2s."

"Oh, indeed," said I, "I am an advocate for economy, and I shall avail myself of the lowest fare."

"Very good—very good!" replied the spruce little man. "I always admire careful people."

"But will my luggage be safe," I demanded, "at that low fare?"

"Perfectly, sir, perfectly."

"And without extra charge?"

"Yes, sir; unless you take over one hundred weight," said the clerk.

"And if so, how do you regulate the charge?" asked I.

"By weight, sir—by weight."

"Humph! I have a confounded deal of luggage; I do not admire leaving too much behind me."

"You need not encumber yourself by luggage, sir, anything sent to this office, will be forwarded to Dublin, or elsewhere, as directed."

"Indeed! how very obliging," said I, pleased to think that I should not have the trouble of keeping watch over them myself, which I supposed must be the case at the lowest fare.

Well pleased with this information, I returned home and commenced packing up; but, before I proceed further, I will inform the reader that I was one of those beings, so much decried by married dames, to wit, a bachelor, and that, for the last seven months, I had taken up my abode in the house of Mrs. Fidget, a middle-aged widow lady; we met but seldom, and then we were upon the most agreeable footing.

My packing completed, I summoned my hitherto agreeable landlady, and begged her servant might seek a porter to carry my luggage to the office, as the Shannon steamer was to start on the morrow.

"Your luggage, sir!" exclaimed she, in surprise.

"Yes; my luggage, ma'am; I sail for Dublin to-morrow."

"Dublin—Dublin!" vociferated she.

"Yes, Mrs. Fidget; Dublin."

"And why was I not informed of this before, sir?"

"Because, my dear madam, I did not see any necessity for doing so."

"Oh, you ungrateful man!"

"Ungrateful, madam! what do you mean? Did you not agree that I could leave here at one hour's notice?"

"I did; but then——"

"But, what then, madam? I have given you twenty hours' notice, and more than that, my quarter's rent does not become due for near a fortnight."

"There is one thing, sir," said Mrs. Fidget, colouring to the tips of her ears; "you can well take advantage of me, having no one to take my part."

"Really, Mrs. Fidget," said I, "if you continue thus much longer, I shall lose my temper."

"Lose your temper, indeed! you worthless man! and what have I not lost?"

"Whatever loss you might have sustained," replied I, puzzled to guess her meaning, "I am in no way concerned with it."

"Indeed, sir," said she. "And can you look at me unblushingly, and say, you have never given me cause to hope——?"

"Why, possibly I might, my dear madam; I well remember, that my uncle, in answer to the complaints made against me by my mother, was used to answer, 'he's a hopeful lad,' and this may have some connection with you, although unknown to me!"

"I will not bear this insulting, sir; and I only wish my brother, Charles, was here; he would not thus see me basely injured without seeking some recompense."

"You and your brother Charles be——," I was about to say; but remembering I was speaking to a female, and that female a widow, gallantry forbid me to utter my thoughts, and I wisely forbore reply.

On the next instant Mrs. Fidget seemed to have changed her method of attack, and placing her arms a-kinbo, exclaimed,—

"I swear I will not let a single thing pass until you have paid my quarter's rent, for I believe it is only a scheme to cheat a poor woman of her due."

"I have no wish to remove them, madam," said I, throwing down the money.

"Well, perhaps I have been a little too hasty," returned she, at the chink of the cash; "but when our affections are crossed, you know——"

"I know," interrupted I, "that you have been playing either the part of knave or fool, I don't know which."

"Well, well, this is cruel of you!" said the widow, applying her cotton apron to her eyes; "I certainly was foolish ever to think of loving you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed I, for I could bear this farce no longer; "love me! well, that is good, too!—ha, ha, ha!"

"I see," said she, still sobbing, "you are as heartless as the rest of your sex."

"Indeed!" I replied, for I was in a merry mood; "then, you have fallen in love with, at least, half a dozen besides myself?"

"Oh, you insulting creature, you!" said Mrs. Fidget, again resuming the cotton apron.

"The best plan," thought I, "to throw this off my shoulders, will be to search for a porter myself, and have my things conveyed to the office immediately;" and with this intention I left the widow in her tears; but had not proceeded down the second stair, before I heard her violently kicking her heels against the floor, and uttering loud screams.

"Poor thing, in hysterics," thought I; "she will be better by my return;" here I must acknowledge I was wanting in sympathy; but, for the life of me, I could not again enter the apartment to render assistance to the love-lorn lady.

I did not find it so easy a matter as I had at first conceived it to find a porter to carry my luggage. I was directed and re-directed, from one dirty street to another, and the reply to my interrogatories, was either that the porter had just gone out, or was not come home.

I was about returning to my lodgings in despair, when I was accosted by a shabby-genteel individual, with,—

"Please, sir, d'ye want a porter?"

"That's just the very thing I do want," I replied, catching at the offer.

"You'll find me very handy, sir," said the man; "I can shake your lady's carpet, clean her tins, or——"

"Do not trouble yourself to enumerate your abilities, my good man; you can carry a chest, I suppose?" returned I.



"Yes, sir, as well as any man breathing; I am much stronger than I look."

"Well, that will do; follow me quickly."

To my great and agreeable surprise, on reaching my lodging, I found that the widow had placed everything belonging to me in the passage.

"You know the steam-boat office, in the Regent Circus, I suppose?" said I, to the porter.

"Yes, sir, that is, I don't exactly know; but —"

"I must go, myself, and show you the way, I suppose," I returned, testily.

"Why, it would, perhaps, be better, sir; it will prevent mistakes; besides, I could not carry that portmanteau and the chest besides!"

"Then I must," I returned, taking my portmanteau in my hand.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the shabby man, suddenly, "but I suppose you have been having a row with your good lady?"

"I have not; but, I don't see how it could concern you, if I had."

"Why, yes, sir, I think it's my duty to warn my fellow creatures 'gainst trouble."

"Well—well, I can do without your advice; now, take your load—the evening is drawing on."

"Do let me tell you, sir," continued he, seriously, "the advice will do you good."

"Considering the poor fellow's motive what he stated it to be, I desired him to proceed."

"Do you know, sir," commenced he, "eight blessed months ago, I had as nice a wife and cottage as you would find in any part of Chelsea."

"But, what is the advice you would give?"

"I shall come to that directly; as I was saying, I had as nice a cottage and wife as any man in Chelsea; one night, I went home in a bit of a temper, and began to scold her. She told me I was an old rogue. I could not stand this; and so I determined to frighten her; I put my Sunday coat and hat into a box, vowed to her I would never return, though I did not mean to stay many hours."

"Tommy," said my wife, "if you once leave me, you'll have to go a great many miles to fetch me home again."

"Catch 'em going after you," said I; "that's only spite," says I, to myself, and taking the box I before mentioned, I carried it up the road to the famous old sign 'Admiral Keppel,' where, after having partaken of a pint or two of the landlord's best porter, I fell into a sound sleep; and, on my waking, found, to my surprise, that it was then past eleven o'clock."

"To your name Thompson?" said the landlord to me.

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Because, a short, good-looking woman has been inquiring for a person of your description."

"That's my wife, landlord; but I don't intend to go home to-night, if you can let me have a bed?"

"Yes—yes, always good beds and sheets, well aired, at the Admiral."

"I slept there that night; and, on my returning to my cottage the next morning, judge my surprise to find all the things cleared out, and my wife cleared off too."

"Poor fellow!" said I, "you, no doubt, found that a loss?"

"Indeed, I do, sir," replied the porter, "and what is worse, she had taken with her the twenty pounds I had been so long scraping together."

"But could you find no trace of her?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I soon discovered she had gone away with corporal of the guards; and so sir, I would now advise you to change your mind and not leave home, or you may find your wife gone when you return."

"I really must thank you for your advice, my good fellow; but, I am happy to tell you, I have not placed myself in such a position to be served such a trick."

"No, you wretch," said Mrs. Fidget, popping her head out of the parlour door, "no woman would marry such a wretch; you know you have been trying to get me for these last four months, but I would not have you."

At this I laughed heartily, pleased to think I had escaped the net into which I might have fallen.

Arrived at the office—to my infinite surprise, I was informed "to ensure the safe delivery of my luggage, I must pay the sum 8s. 11d., or they would not be answerable for its delivery."

"Zounds, sir," said I, addressing the clerk, "did you not tell me my luggage should be conveyed safely, to prevent my having the trouble of looking after it?"

"Which I again repeat, sir!" said he, stiffly, "but you could not, for a moment, expect that we shall take the trouble of doing it without being properly remunerated."

"But there is some misunderstanding," said I; "you informed me that each passenger could take one hundred weights."

"And what I said, sir, was perfectly correct; and, if you object to

pay the sum for their being transmitted to Dublin, we will send them for a trifling sum, to St. Katherine's Dock, where they will be seen on board."

Thinking this would be less expense than having the porter return with them, I readily agreed; but here a new trouble awaited me: I could not, or rather would not, return to Mrs. Fidget's, and for some time this thought involved me in perplexity.

"Egad, I have it!" I exclaimed, "I will sleep at the — Hotel, Fleet-street—I shall be nearer the dock; and, as the vessel sails at nine, it will prevent any possible disappointment."

I lost no time in repairing to the hotel, and having partaken of glass or two of rum and water, I retired to rest, first desiring the waiter to be sure to rouse me at seven, at I had to start by the Shannon steamer at nine.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "won't fail—we have a gentleman in No. 6, who goes by the same packet."

"Very good," said I; "but, if I should not answer to the first call, be sure to call me again, as I am a heavy sleeper."

"Yes, sir—won't fail," again replied the waiter.

I was soon in bed; but, in vain endeavoured to sleep, for the strangeness of Mrs. Fidget's conduct had made such an impression on my mind, that it was not until I heard the voice of the watchman, crying "past four," that the god of sleep deigned to visit me.

But, even in sleep, my thoughts were more perplexed than waking; at one time I beheld the love-lorn widow kicking in hysterics, into which the knowledge of my departure had thrown her; again I fancied myself brought into the halls of justice for a "breach of promise"—then was I worked up into a fit of excitement, for the jury were consulting what amount of damages should be returned—every nerve of my body was set in motion, from which, however, I was relieved by the waiter bawling, loudly,

"Beg pardon, sir, but it's half-past eight o'clock; mistook you for number six: he's changed his mind, and don't go to-day."

"D—h!" cried I, jumping out of bed: "half-past eight; and the vessel starts at nine."

Readers, you can better imagine than I describe my feelings: every article I possessed, save the clothes beside me, were packed off; scarcely knowing what I did, I dragged, on my clothes without once turning to gaze in the mirror.

Having satisfied all demands, I hastened from the hotel, and was no doubt mistaken by many for a maniac, as I gazed about wildly in the hope of seeing some conveyance. I had run nearly a mile, and was out of breath, when I fortunately hailed a "hack," the driver of which appeared to me to be but half recovered from an over-night's fit of drinking.

"Do you hear, coachee," said I, "drive like the d—l to the St. Katherine's Dock."

"Yes, your honour," returned he, slowly descending from his box to open the door.

In my anxiety for speed, I struck my leg against the iron step, the pain of which gave me, at the time, but slight uneasiness: compared with the thought that I should miss my passage.

At length the much-wished-for dock appeared in view, and as the pennants of the different vessels fluttered gracefully in the wind, my mind began to resume its former quietude.

"Docks, sir," cried the coachman, jumping from his seat.

"How much is your fare?" said I, alighting.

"Seven shillings, sir, when I drives 'em at a devil of a rate; the hannimals require three hours extra rest."

"Seven shillings?" I replied, in surprise; "surely you are joking?"

"No! I ain't joking, my covey; and if you are going by one of them ere steamer vessels, you had better tip 'em."

"I am going by the Shannon steamer," said I, foolishly; "but I can not think of paying you seven shillings fare."

"Very well, sir," said coachee, drawing himself up, "I scorn taking advantage of any gentleman; so jest jump up again, and I'll drive you to Vorship-street, and let one of them ere long-headed chaps decide the matter."

For a moment I hesitated, undecided how to act.

"Come, young chap," continued he, "what do you intend to do? she'll be off in ten minutes; there's the last bell!"

Saying this, he pointed to a vessel from which was rolling huge volumes of black smoke.

Not an instant was to be lost—reluctantly I paid the fare; and hastened onward, mixing with the motley group, to the water's edge.

A loud whizzing sound now rushed upon my ears, mingled with cries of "stop her! stop her!" while men, women, and children, were rushing eagerly towards the starting vessel: but vain were their cries; off she went, her paddles furiously battling the tide.

"Boat, sir—boat, sir," cried several watermen; "overtake her in ten minutes."



"Yes, yes, quick," said I; "but do not wait for other passengers."  
 "Certainly not, sir," and in I jumped, expecting he would instantly row off; but here I was disappointed.

"Why do you not move off?" demanded I.

"Can't go just yet, sir; waiting for that ere stout gemman and his two youngsters."

"Did I not desire you not to tarry for any one?"

"Ha, ha! that's good, too. 'Think I'm going to lose that ere fat gent's fare to please your honour?'"

The stout gent to whom he pointed was still at some distance, and I saw that I must inevitably lose my passage unless we immediately started.

"Are you full?" said a tall, cadaverous-looking personage, addressing the waterman.

"Oh, no, not by no means," replied the latter; "I've room for three or four yet."

Here was consolation for a disappointed man.

"I will pay you what you would obtain by filling your boat," said I, "if you will pull off for the steamer at once; if not, I must —"

"Don't flurry yourself, sir," interrupted the man; "I will put you on board directly; but you must not refuse to pay me six bob!"

This was no time to cavil at this second exorbitant demand, and I therefore agreed, though reluctantly.

"All right, sir, the captain is giving orders for her to stop;" and at this instant I heard the captain on the paddle-box exclaiming, "Ease her! ease her!"

Again I felt a little cessation from my past vexation, and imagined myself on board. Several boats had now drawn alongside the steamer, and planks being fixed from her sides to the boat, it was instantly crowded with eager passengers, who, like myself, were behind time.

I could not forbear laughing at the many exclamations of "Oh, I've forgot!" One had forgotten his portmanteau—a second his hat-case—a third his pocket-book, &c.

"Well," thought I, "I must consider myself fortunate I am not in the situation of either of the latter."

The waterman had now reached the side of the vessel; I was in the act of placing my foot upon the board, when it was suddenly hauled in.

"Don't attempt to jump," cried the waterman, "or you are safe in for a ducking."

There, then, I stood like one petrified, while the paddle-wheels of the Shannon again revolved with fearful rapidity.

"What's to be done?" cried I.

"Can't say, I'm sure, sir; but I'll thank you for my fare."

"Would you have me jump into the river?" said I, exasperated.

"Don't wish that at all; but have no objection to follow her—she'll stop again when she is another knot down the river."

"Then quickly follow her," said I, handing him half a sovereign, for in my hurry I had forgotten to supply myself with small change.

I had still the one hope left; and as the vessel rode gallantly on, the waterman struck out his oars, and to my inexperienced eye it seemed as if we should each moment overtake her.

"No use to go any further, sir," suddenly exclaimed the waterman, resting on his oars, "she has too much way on her and won't stop till she reaches Cowes."

"Cows!" said I, in astonishment, "are they going to take in cows?"

"Why that's nothing new; but I means Cowes, in the Wight."

This brought to my recollection that the bill which I had received at the office, informed me the vessel would stop at the Isle of Wight for a short time.

I, therefore, determined, as my last resource, to avail myself of this opportunity, and desired immediately to be put on shore, in order to avail myself of the first conveyance to Southampton, and thence to the steamer at Cowes.

"Blest if this hasn't been a hard tug," said the waterman, wiping the perspiration from his brow, and replacing the handkerchief in his hat; "I've earned my ten bob, any how."

"You cannot mean to charge me ten shillings," said I, "when the fare to Dublin is but eighteen, deck passage."

"What's that to do with me?" returned he; "they don't have to lose their wind making after other vessels as I've done."

"But you more than doubled your fare in charging me six shillings in the first instance."

"That's your affair," replied he, with the most perfect nonchalance.

"Agreement's agreement!"

"I am determined," said I, "not again to be imposed on. I have suffered imposition upon imposition, and will have justice."

"Perhaps it's to fight you want," returned he, baring his strong snowy arm, and shaking his ponderous fist in a menacing manner, one blow from which, I felt, would have shivered me; I, therefore, thought it the better plan to laugh at it, and treat it as a joke.

After much difficulty I succeeded in finding a conveyance to Southampton, as the nearest place to Cowes, where I hoped to reach the vessel ere it started. But, alas! man is doomed to be disappointed; and on my arrival I found that the Shannon had sailed nearly an hour.

Here was a pretty dilemma. Follow I must, as my luggage was on board. On relating my disappointment to the landlord at the inn, he advised me to take coach to Liverpool and to Dublin.

I gladly availed myself of his advice; took coach to Liverpool via London; crossed to Dublin, where I arrived at the Custom-House at the very instant that the Shannon came in and discharged her passengers.

Upon calculating my expenses, I found that the economical plan of going from London to Dublin by steam, amounted to six pounds twelve without refreshment. I need not say that this entirely removed my dislike to land travelling, and my adventures added not a little to the merriment at the wedding party of my friend.

## SUMMER.

Now beauteous Flora gilds the verdant plains,

And nature in her summer dress appears,  
 Whisp'ring o'er earth her soft and murmuring strains,

That steal so sweetly o'er our gladdened ears;

Throwing a genial smile o'er hill and dale,

Bidding each bud its gentle flower to bear,

Diffusing fragrance with a perfumed gale,

And decking every object bright and fair.

The modest lily now its snow-like flower shows,

So innocent and charming to behold;

And oh! the beautiful, the moss-red rose,

Its colours rich doth smilingly unfold;

Carnations fair their beauties do assume,

And bend beneath their clustering buds so bright;

While zephyrs lend their soft and sweet perfume,

That to inhale doth fill us with delight.

Oh! summer! thou, indeed, to us doth bring

A cup of gladness, fraught with heavenly love,

Thy sweet smiles tell us that our thoughts should wing

To Him who gives, our father high above;

For who can gaze upon thy crystal streams,

Thy sunny hours, and thy landscapes fair,

Without inclining to that home, whose beams

Dispel each sorrow and each bitter care.

Laden with joy, thy minutes come and go,

On graceful pinions, that seem but to bear

The choicest sweets that Heaven alone can sow,

And He, our Maker but alone can share:

Now village maidens 'neath thy evening sky,

With feet elastic, trip o'er verdant meads;

While lovers breathe the tremulous deep-drawn sigh,

And trusting—hope their amorous suit succeeds.

The mellow'd fruits now drop their luscious load,

And feather'd songsters pipe at early day

Their matins, near the husbandman's abode,

That seem to whisper him no longer lay;

The schoolboy seeks the river's tempting stream,

To gambol in its waters cool and clear,

Nor of a care doth give one thought, but deem

That life will be for ever sweet, and fair.

Oh! happy time, we love thy rosy hours,

And think not of the dreary winter's day;

But cull thy sweets, as bees from choicest flowers,

While revelling in thy beauties 'mid the gay;

Then hail! fair summer, we greet thee with delight,

And thank our Father who bedecks thy face;

Oh! that we could his many boons requite,

And live but in his holy shadow of grace.

H. J. CHURCH.

POETRY VERSUS NOBILITY.—It is related of Piron, a French tragic and comic poet, that being one day conversing with a minister, at his house, a nobleman came in, and that the minister then invited them to his cabinet. Unacquainted with Piron, the nobleman bowed, and insisted upon his going first. Piron returned the compliment, and the minister turning round, said to the nobleman, "Pray take the lead, my Lord, Monsieur Piron is only a poet." On which Piron instantly stepped forward and exclaimed, "Since my rank is known, I will take my place."



## THE TEMPTER;

OR, ALPHONSE AND HIS SABLE FRIEND.

THE curtain of the theatre at Milan had just drawn up, the performers had just commenced, when a stranger entered the pit, and took his seat near Alphonse di Luigi, and from time to time regarded the latter with attention.

For some time Alphonse bore his rigid scrutiny without a murmur; at last he exclaimed—

"Signor, I presume you must have some knowledge of me, or you would not regard me so earnestly."

"You're right, my dear Alphonse," returned the dark-eyed stranger. "I am intimately acquainted with you."

"So I should imagine by your scrutiny. But tell me how."

"You are sad at heart, Alphonse. Do I not speak the words of truth?"

"I do not really see, signor, in what way you could alleviate my sorrow, if I were sad."

"I could."

"How?"

"It is of no use denying that you are sad," continued the stranger; and to prove I know you, I can tell you, you have just spent your last coin, from sheer vexation, because Signora Rubini slights you for your poverty."

"And how came you acquainted with my affairs so very minutely?"

"No matter. You see I know them."

"And since you know them, and seem to take so much interest in them, perhaps you can alleviate them," replied Alphonse, half ironically.

"I will," said the stranger, gravely.

At this moment several voices from distant parts of the house cried, "Turn them out, turn them out!" while all eyes were directed to the spot where sat our hero and the stranger.

"We had better leave the house," said the latter.

"I have no wish," returned Alphonse.

"Would you wish the Signora Rubini?" demanded the stranger, in an insinuating tone, at the same time rising to leave the house. Alphonse almost irresistibly followed the stranger, and upon gaining the street found that it rained violently.

"We had better retire to a cafe," remarked the stranger. "We then can converse at ease."

"Agreed," replied Alphonse.

They then entered the first cafe that offered, and commenced to smoke and talk.

"As I said before," commenced the stranger, "you are poor."

"I know it."

"And in love."

"Exactly so."

"And spent your last coin to keep company in the gay coterie of a theatre."

"I plead guilty," returned Alphonse, eyeing the cigar he was smoking.

"Don't make yourself uneasy about the payment," said the stranger.

"I have enough for both."

Alphonse bowed slightly.

"Now, by following my instructions," continued the stranger, "you may make your fortune."

"I would do it most willingly."

"Don't give your word before you know the terms," said the stranger.

"The devil a bit do I care about the terms," replied Alphonse, "so as I get the money and the Signora Rubini."

"Good. I like a young blade of your metal vastly."

"Say on," continued Alphonse, who was anxious to hear the terms.

"I will. The conditions are simple enough. You have only to set fire to the house of the old signor, her father."

"What?"

"You heard what I said," said the stranger, coolly taking a whiff of the pipe.

"But the signor is an invalid."

"I know it."

"He, therefore, would be burned in his bed."

"Well?"

"That would be committing murder—would it not?" asked Alphonse, in horror.

"Perhaps it might, as regards the signor; but his daughter would leap into your arms, and, as her saviour, would bestow on you her hand and fortune, from nothing else than excess of gratitude."

"Ah! and are you sure she would not be one of the victims!"

"Quite."

"And can you ensure it?"

"Do you desire proof?"

"Of course," returned Alphonse. "You are a stranger to me. How, then, can I believe your assertions, that I also, as well as the signora, shall escape injury?"

"Hold forth your hand."

Alphonse did as required, while the stranger passed his own over it.

"Now, place it in the flame of this candle," continued the companion of Alphonse.

The latter for some moments hesitated, till the former said, as he placed his hand upon his heart,—

"Upon the honour of a gentleman, it will not burn you now."

Thus assured, Alphonse complied, and, to his surprise, found the stranger had told him truth.

"You, now, have confidence?"

"I have."

"Then let's to business."

"But 'tis nothing less than murder."

"You are quite correct," said the stranger. "But that crime is nothing now-a-days: only, it is done in another manner."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the avarice of a few kills the million."

"I do not see it."

"Is not everything you eat adulterated, and are not the people poisoned by degrees?"

"That's very true."

"Again. Is not every article taxed, so that the poor are obliged to live in damp cellars, and are thereby killed by degrees?"

"You speak truth."

"Have not machinery and monopoly been the death of thousands?"

"I never thought of these things," replied Alphonse, musingly.

"I know it," returned the stranger; "but now, knowing it, your crime would not be greater than that of others. Besides, if I read your heart aright, you, at this moment, would have no objection to be a cotton lord, or a holder of a few hundred shares in a coal, or a coppermine?"

"Indeed, I should not," replied Alphonse.

"Then, why make scruples about the frying of an old man, to gain his wealth and daughter!"

This species of argument overcame the weak reasoning of Alphonse, and for some time he was silent.

The stranger then continued,—"When the flames are at the highest, the Lady Rubini will appear at one of the windows, and cry for help; you must then rush in and save her."

"But shall I not be suffocated?"

"The deuce a bit if you place your left hand across your mouth."

"Excuse me," returned Alphonse, "if I ask whom I have the honour of addressing."

"My name is—my name is——"

"I do not wish to be obtrusive, or impertinent," said Alphonse.

"I did not suppose it for a moment, my dear fellow," replied the stranger; "but the fact is—your cigar is out."

"Bless me, so it is."

"Allow me to light it for you."

"Thank you—here is a piece of paper."

"Quite unnecessary, my dear fellow; only just hold out your cigar."

Alphonse complied, when, to his surprise, as the stranger touched it with the tip of his little finger, the cigar burned with a dull red glow.

"There you are, now, all right."

"Thank you."

Alphonse again put his cigar into his mouth, and puffed away more thoughtfully than before, making a shrewd guess at the rank and quality of his companion.

"Of course you do not require my card?" said the latter.

"Not a bit of it, sir."

"We then understand one another?"

"Perfectly."

"And for the reward I offer you," said the dark-eyed gentleman "you consent to remain in my service, and do my behest?"

"I have hardly made up my mind."

"We all know it is very wrong, but very pleasant," remarked the stranger.

"What do you allude to?"

"The highway of rank and pleasure."

"So I have heard at church," replied Alphonse.

"And doubted it?" suggested the stranger.

"Well, to tell the truth, I did."

"I assure you, on the honour of a gentleman," said the stranger again placing his hands upon his breast, "you will find my way of living very easy, and very agreeable. Just the sort of life I know you will relish."

"No doubt of it."

"We, then, agree?"



"Well, I didn't care if I do," remarked Alphonse, who had not sufficient strength of mind to cast off the influence which held him.

"And when will you carry your project into execution?"

"The sooner the better."

"Certainly," returned his sable companion; "the Lady Rubini is a beauty of the first water: therefore, the sooner you enjoy her the better."

"I mean it."

"Her wealth alone is worth the experiment; and, if you do not get it, another will."

"That's true," replied Alphonse.

"And the way I tell you is the only road to her favour; she loves a youth of courage; you have nothing left but that."

At this suggestion Alphonse uttered a deep sigh.

"Don't be cast down; your luck has now changed; when will you commence operations?"

"I must have a day to think."

"Agreed."

"By to-morrow night I shall be prepared with an answer."

"Then meet me here."

"I will."

The stranger then left the cafe, while Alphonse gazed after him in amazement. For some time he was lost in reverie, till aroused to consciousness by the waiter demanding,—

"What will you take, sir?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

"You had, then, sir, better make room for other gentlemen."

"What do you mean, rascal?"

"That you are a profitless customer; for neither you nor your friend have yet paid for what you have had."

"Did not my—friend pay?" Here the latter words almost stuck in the throat of Alphonse; for, although many hug the devil to their bosom, they do not like to acknowledge the acquaintanceship to the world.

"He did not."

"Then I will call again and pay."

"Get out," said the landlord; "the first loss is always the least."

Alphonse had no alternative but to leave the room, covered with confusion; for each of the other guests rose to see the cause of the disturbance: he, therefore, emerged into the street, swearing at the unhandsome treatment of his quondam companion.

On the following evening Alphonse met his companion at the door of the cafe.

"Why did you not go inside?" asked the latter, complaisantly.

"Because I was turned out last evening for not paying the reckoning."

"Indeed! Well; I declare I never heard so much," replied the dark-eyed stranger, seemingly astonished; "but it is well known the devil always leaves those he has once patronized in the lurch. You have considered of what we spoke?"

"I have."

"And you agree?"

"I see no alternative," replied the listless Alphonse.

"Of course you don't," rejoined his companion.

"The deuce a bit of it!"

"Then let us begin at once; behind the house of the Signor Rubini there is a shed; it is well supplied with shavings and tar-barrels; you have nothing more to do than set them a-light."

"But is it not too early?"

"Well, it may be a little; an hour later will be better."

Alphonse loitered about an hour, smoking a cigar his companion offered him, and then sought the shed behind the signor's house: he looked cautiously about, but, seeing no one, applied a handful of dry shavings to the end of his cigar, and, by dint of hard smoking, soon saw them burst into a flame. He then set fire to the remainder, which, as he retired stealthily from the shed, sent up a brilliant flame.

"Fire—fire!" was now echoed by several voices in the street; the flames gained progress, and soon the house was in flames.

Fiercely were the glowing flakes borne on the midnight wind, while the sky reflected the redness of the fire with a lurid dulness, now bright again, and now more intensely red.

Every exertion was now made by the bystanders to arrest the progress of the flames, which every instant raged with greater violence; the woodwork crashed dreadfully, while above all were heard the shrieks of the domestics.

All entrance to the house seemed denied, when on a sudden the form of a beautiful female, with outstretched hands, appeared at one of the windows of an upper story.

"Save me! save me!" she wildly shrieked.

"Save her!" cried the mob.

"Cast yourself from the window," hallooed two or three, as they stretched a blanket beneath.

"No! no!" vociferated as many more, while the angel-like form still supplicated for aid.

The flames now reached the window where she stood—beside the form of an aged man—'twas Rubini and his child, and a few more minutes seemed about to end their earthly career.

On a sudden a youth darted from the crowd—'twas Alphonse—he ascended the burning stairs, which give way beneath his feet—now he mounts another flight, and as he appears at the window, the plaudits of the mob below reach his ear.

Now he seizes the form of the fainting maid, and again dashes through the smoke and flame. Once again he gains the street, while the acclamations of hundreds at the brave exploit rend the air.

With much care, Alphonse carried his precious burden to a near hotel, where many hours elapsed before she recovered from her swoon.

At length she opened her mild blue eyes, and in faltering accents pronounced,—

"My father—is he saved?"

"Alas! lady, he is not," was the reply.

"Would to Heaven I had died for him," cried the agonized maid, and once more swooned away.

Day after day Alphonse waited anxiously for her recovery, which at last arrived, and casting her eye upon him, she said,—

"To you, then, brave youth, am I indebted for my life?"

"Even so, most beautiful lady."

"What recompense can I return for so great devotion?"

"If I might presume, lady," stammered Alphonse, "I would request your hand and heart."

"My heart is already yours," sighed the lovely girl, "and it shall be no fault of mine if my hand is not yours also."

"Thanks! ten thousand thanks, my angel."

"Say no more—I will be yours."

The heart of Alphonse beamed in his eyes, yet he could not quite subdue the feeling that he had been the cause of the misery of his beloved.

"And tell me your name and rank," said the beautiful Theresa.

"My name is Alphonse," returned our hero. "I am a student, but alas! a poor one."

"That shall make no alteration in my love; here," continued she, taking a well-filled purse from her pocket, "is enough to supply your present necessities, and make what preparations you like for our nuptials."

Alphonse knelt and kissed the hand which showered such blessings on him. He then departed to make arrangements for the important ceremony.

The nuptial day at length arrived. Preparations were made of the most magnificent kind. The Lady Theresa Rubini looked more entrancing in his eyes than ever. The slight melancholy with which the occurrence of her parent's death had tinged her cheek, served only to increase her beauty. The idea of that melancholy circumstance had become familiar to the mind of our hero, and he ceased to think of it, but as a phantom of his own imagination, which had been to him a blessing.

They now approached the altar; the priest was already there; the ring was placed upon the hand of the bride; the blessing had been pronounced, and Alphonse was about to step into his carriage, the happiest of men, when an individual placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"What wouldst thou with me?" said the former, abruptly.

"Signor," replied the latter, politely, "I am the commissary of police."

"And what of that?"

"I arrest you in the name of the crown."

"For what?"

"For arson, thereby causing the death of the Signor Rubini."

The cheek of Alphonse turned deadly pale as he replied,—

"'Tis false!—stand off!"

"We have witnesses, signor."

"The villains, then, lie."

"That you must prove in court."

"And can," replied Alphonse, quickly.

"Nevertheless my orders must be obeyed—you must come with me. Do your duty," continued the commissary to his assistant, and before the Lady Theresa had time to consider how to act, her bridegroom was borne away.

Alphonse was now conducted to the prison of the town to await his trial; a thousand times he repented of the crime he had committed, but as many times flattered himself his wealth would buy him off, or that the witness would not be able to substantiate his charge; while at the same time he reflected on the state of anxiety his dear Theresa must feel on his account, and then again, the horror with which she would hear his name pronounced if found guilty of the charge.

The day of trial approached; he entered the court, which was crowded to suffocation, not only by strangers, but with many of his acquaintance, and those of the Lady Theresa.



"You are accused, Alphonso Segvoni, with the crime of arson, and the murder of the father of your present wife."

"How can that be," said the prisoner, "when there are many in this town who saw me rush fearfully into the flames to save her?"

"It nevertheless is so; one witness here can prove it," said the judge.

Alphonso cast his eye eagerly round the court to discern the person who had the hardihood to assert that which he fancied was known only to himself.

"Call in the Marquis of Montrano," said the judge to the official.

"The Marquis of Montrano!" called the latter in a loud tone, and at the call, an individual, concealed in a dark cloak, stepped from amongst the crowd.

"You are a witness in this case, my lord?" said the judge.

"I am," returned the individual, in a tone which caused Alphonso to regard him attentively, when, to his horror, he saw in the person of the marquis his friend of the cafe, who had lighted his cigar with so little trouble.

"You are a stranger here?" said the judge.

"I am a native of Loreto."

"You were at the cafe on the eve of the day before the fire at the signor's?"

"I was."

"You heard the prisoner conversing with another person and planning the scheme?"

"I did."

"What did you do then?"

"I immediately left to search for an officer of justice, but not meeting one, was compelled to let the affair rest; a severe fit precluded my going out on the following day till evening, when I discovered the prisoner leaving a shed behind the house of the Signor Rubini."

"He himself was the instigator of the deed!" cried Alphonso, madened at this treachery.

"You, then, acknowledge your guilt?" said the judge.

"I do," ejaculated Alphonso; "but my accuser is more guilty."

"It is not likely that a nobleman of wealth and honour, like the marquis, should be connected in so murderous an affair," said the judge. Alphonso saw the tide was against him, and sighed deeply.

"Next witness," said the judge.

The next was the waiter at the cafe, who swore to Alphonso being turned out for non-payment of his bill.

This was conclusive; he was found guilty of being poor, of being a murderer, and of arson; he was now loathed with horror and execration, and doomed to suffer decapitation as the last sad office of the law.

"This," said Alphonso, as he returned to his gloomy cell to await his execution, "is the way the devil always serves one; first tempts a man to sin and then impeaches him of crime; would to Heaven I were to have my time again, I would make a better use of it."

All night he heard the sounds of the workmen's hammers as they erected the scaffold for his morning debut into eternity; he prayed fervently to the priest who attended him, but upon sending for the Lady Theresa she refused to see him.

The morning now broke with its attendant horrors; the chains were taken from his wrists and ankles, and he was led forth to behold the gaping crowd.

Alphonso gazed around, more a spectator than the chief actor in such a scene; he heard the hum of the thousand voices, while double that number of human eyes glared wildly on him. At length he knelt at the foot of the guillotine, while at a short distance a confessor received his dying words. The axe was now raised, and at the same time a satanic "ha, ha!" reached the ear of Alphonso; for an instant, he raised his languid eye and beheld his unnatural accuser, regarding him with a look of intense satisfaction. In another instant the axe descended, and the student's head rolled into the basket placed for its reception. Beware of the tempter!

REPARTÉES OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.—One which has been preserved, is his reply to Pope Innocent IV., when that Pontiff, on some money being brought in one day, when they were together, remarked, "You see that the age of the church is past, when she could say, silver and gold have I none." "Yes, Holy Father," answered Aquinas; "and the day is also past, when she could say to the paralytic, take up thy bed and walk." One day when dining with Louis IX., (St. Louis,) he suddenly, after a long silence, struck the table and cried out with violence, "A decisive argument!—the Manichæans could never answer it." Reminded where he was by the Prior of the Dominicans, who was also present, he begged pardon of the king, when his majesty expressed himself only anxious to hear the unanswerable argument against the Manichæans, and calling in a secretary, had it taken down immediately.

Strong passions work wonders when there is a greater strength of reason to curb them.

## TOMKINS IN SEARCH OF TRUTH;

OR, A VISIT TO THE NEREIDES.

MR. GEORGE JEDEDIAH TOMKINS was a respectable single gentleman of rather corpulent dimensions, holding an official situation in the city of D—. "I say he was respectable because I wish it to be understood that, as far as I am acquainted with his private character, I never heard that his washerwoman dunned him for her weekly bill, and his income at the least was one hundred and fifty pounds per annum; ergo he must have been respectable; besides this, George dressed well, and his rotund proportions looked remarkably well in tights, at least he thought so; but it has been affirmed by the malicious, that for some years he had not been able to see his toes; be this as it may, he was a philosopher, a lover of nature in its simplest state, and, above all the works of creation, he studied the form and character of the ladies.

He has been known to walk for miles behind a pretty female, without any earthly purpose but to admire the proportions of her ankle, and not unfrequently would go before and peep beneath her bonnet to ascertain if her features were to match; but, like many of his species, he was not unfrequently doomed to disappointment, and found that it was better to follow pleasure, if only in imagination.

Although often baffled in his search of truth, our friend, George Jedediah, was not the man to be daunted by the difficulties that strewed his path, and he felt the most irresistible desire to discover if the dimensions of the ladies' bustles were in accordance with their shapes.

Now, being a single man, and, moreover, a truly virtuous one; the information he required seemed without the pale of his researches; he studied all the plates of the human figure he could meet with, and visited all the museums that he knew of to contemplate the statues of the various figures there established; but in none did he discover the alarming proportions of the present day, and concluded that the ancients were not so; he now became involved in a labyrinth of perplexing doubts, which distracted his very soul, and he longed to shake them off.

For this purpose he lingered on the piers, and promenaded in musing attitudes upon the beach, as near the bathing machines as prudence would allow; but his glass he was compelled to use at a farther distance, and through it he peered till his sight became affected, and he could look no longer.

While once engaged in this unprofitable speculation, a sudden light burst upon his mental optics, and he determined to put it into immediate execution. For this purpose he returned home, and entered into a deep cogitation on the subject.

When his thoughts were brought to maturity, he sallied out and made purchase of a flannel bathing-dress and oil-skin cap, as used by ladies, and then returned to the beach fully resolved to arrive at truth by an inspection of the bathing nymphs themselves.

For some time our hero looked about for a convenient place to strip unseen by any parties from the distant machines, or their lynx-eyed owners, and after rambling some time, discovered a projecting rock, behind which he ensconced himself, and having doffed his boots, tights, and other impediments to the liberty of the subject, he involved his carcass in the flannel robe, and his head and jetty curls beneath the cap, leaving his rubicund and full blown cheeks to the mercy of the waves, shrewdly surmising that he might be taken for a buxom widow.

He then plunged beneath the wave, resolved to run all hazards in the search of truth, and after swimming a mile and a half, approached the spot where the sportive belles were splashing, frisking, and diving to their hearts' content.

For some time, George Jedediah Tomkins swam round and about the spot, fearful to trespass upon the sacred and forbidden (not ground) but wave upon which the beauties of the city, heedless of danger, reposed their conscious charms, and, cat-like, he wished to steal upon his prey; he, therefore, with palpitating heart and agitated frame, drew nigh, and diving to some distance came up amongst the aquatic virgins, as he imagined, unobserved.

For some time he revelled in elysian joys, wondering at all he saw and heard; he made many observations on comparative female leveliness, and confirmed his wavering doubts, establishing the fact that bustles are of modern date, and that ladies are as they were in the time of the Caesars, and before the flood.

While thus he studied nature under the auspices of the watery god, a sudden outcry was heard, and the words "A man! a man!" burst from many voices.

In an instant, George was under water, and dived with all his might; once he rose to breathe, when the sounds of "There! there!" assailed him, and again he was below the surface, while the affrighted damsels floundered, and splashed, and screamed, as they endeavoured to gain the machines, each pretending to think her virtue was in imminent danger, and laying claim to greater reputation by the loudness of her cries above the rest; indeed such was the bustle, screaming, squalling,



splashing, and floundering, that Neptune and the Nereides might have been well spared the imputation of inquisitiveness had they appeared to ascertain the cause of the riot in their dominions. During the uproar our modern Acteon swam out of sight, and by a circuitous route endeavoured to reach the spot where lay his clothes.

While our truth-seeking philosopher was on this excursion, another scene unknown to him had taken place, for one of the bathing-women, by some chance or other, had heard of the purchase of the flannel gown, and suspecting something, had hastened to join her comrades.

"Arrah! Biddy dear!" said she, entering one of the machines upon the beach; "sure and by Jasus, there's a spalpeen among the leddies!"

"And your token of that same, Norah?" asked Biddy.

"Faith, and sure, honey, the feller that's always peeping about with his glass, has bought a gown and cap of old Katty Shane."

"And how do you know he's here?"

"By the token, Biddy, that I watched him in the water."

"Bad luck to the spalpeen! if I catch hold on him," cried Biddy.

"I'd bet a noggin of the cra'ur, that his mother would not know him, at all at all, if once I set my mark upon him."

"Arrah, honey!" laughed Norah, "but I'll tell you what we'll do."

"And it's you that may say that same," said Biddy.

"Well, then, we'll just fetch his duds from behind the rock, and share them between our own two selves."

"And that's a blessed thought, and like you, Norah," cried her companion; "just step and fetch them."

Without loss of time, the worthies departed to where the clothes our friend were lying, and taking them between them, returned to the machines, giving information to the bathers that an intruder was amongs them, which alarming sounds had created the direful disturbances we have already noticed, and which caused our friend to make a speedy flight, or rather swim.

Upon Mr. Tomkins's arrival at the rock, to his great dismay he found his raiment gone. He looked to windward and to leeward, but not a vestige of them could he see, and then imagining he had landed at the wrong spot, made what speed he could along the beach to where he imagined them to be.

Upon reaching the place, which was about half a mile distant, to his horror he found them not, and his feet were sore by walking on the beach, while the wet flannel gown flapped at his nether man.

He then returned to the former spot, where he found two boys.

"Hilloa!" said George; "have you seen my clothes?"

"No, ma'am," answered the boys.

"What do you mean, you young rascals, by speaking to me in that manner?" said George.

"Pon honour, ma'am," said the second boy, "we haven't seen such a thing as a petticoat about."

"You cursed young fool," said George, irritated by the reply, and the flapping of the flannel gown; "did I ask you anything about a petticoat?"

"No, ma'am; but we thought you wanted them."

"I want my breeches, you young thieves! I'll be bound to say you've hid them," said our hero, shivering in the wind.

"She wants her breeches!" whispered one boy to the other.

"Well, what of that, you fool. Doesn't your mother wear breeches herself?" returned the other, who pretended to more knowledge than his companion.

"D—n your mothers!" cried the enraged George Jedediah Tomkins; "what do you stand there a-be-ing me for? Have you seen the clothes?"

"No, we ain't," cried both together, and immediately ran away, at the same time shouting, "Who's lost her breeches?" and when they had arrived at a respectable distance, began to throw stones at our poor friend George, who bobbed his head or jumped to avoid their shots, till flesh and blood could hold out no longer; he therefore made a charge, while they, retreating, still called out "Who's lost her breeches?"

Vowing vengeance, not long, but deep, if ever he should catch them, our unfortunate hero returned to the beach to seek his wardrobe: perchance it might still be there, and he have overlooked the place, or the wind might have carried them farther inland; he, therefore, commenced to patrol the beach or run after any distant object that bore the faintest resemblance to a shirt or boot, and, when quite exhausted, he sat down to rest and cogitate.

What was to be done? Not a remnant could he find. The wind blew keen and strong, and already the rain began to fall. It was impossible in his present condition to walk from the spot, and the nearest house was at some distance.

His case was now a forlorn hope, and after a little more consideration, he resolved to abide his fate till dark, whatever might befall him, and then seek his home under cover of the night, and for this purpose he crouched behind the rock where he had first undressed, and was soon lost in contemplation upon "how much sky-blue it took to make a pair

of inexpressibles, and whether a watered sea-green vest would match with sandy whiskers."

How long he had thus sat he knew not; but his reverie was cut short by the sound of female voices near him.

"Holy Virgin! what will become of me?" he exclaimed; "where shall I go?—where shall I hide?"

"She can't be far off; we must have seen her," said one of the speakers.

"Most likely behind the rock," replied a second.

"Poor thing, she must be chilled to death," said a third; "the wind is piercing."

"And nothing on her either," rejoined a fourth. "My boy said she had nothing on her but a flannel gown and cap."

"They did not even leave her trowsers," said the first; "what horrid thieves."

"Things are come to a dreadful state," returned the second, "when a woman can't bathe in the blessed sea without being subject to highway robbery."

"It is—it is," cried all the rest in concert.

While this was passing, George was meditating flight, to avoid their scrutiny; but he was completely hemmed in; if he avoided them, he must have gone in the direction of the bathing machines, and been recognised, or fled on shore, where his singular costume would have been food for mirth; neither could he affect the female, for his voice was of a deep bass.

While he thus pondered, his visitors dropped upon him, as he trembled from head to foot with cold and excitement.

"Sorry, ma'am, to see a lady so badly treated," said the first speaker.

"And if you'll excuse our homely attire, we will help you to dress," rejoined the second, holding out an article of female clothing which shall be nameless.

George groaned in spirit.

"Dreadful treatment," said a third; "here are a pair of stays, ma'am."

Again George sighed, as he viewed the proffered article.

"And a pair of shoes and stockings, ma'am," said the other.

"And here's a shawl and bonnet," said her neighbour; "let me take off your flannel gown, ma'am."

George shook his head in silent agony, afraid to trust his voice.

"Poor thing, she's lost her voice with cold," said the last speaker; "better let me help you, ma'am."

Again our distracted friend shook his head, but thinking he might escape detection, he took a gown and put it on, then the shoes and stockings, and lastly the shawl and bonnet—all over the flannel gown and cap, and making some dumb motions to the females who had assisted him in this disguise, prepared to seek his home.

The females regarded each other and him for some time in silence, when one remarked that she thought she might have been civil enough to say, "Thank 'ee," but she supposed the lady was dumb.

At this intimation, which did not escape the ear of George, he returned and nodded his head in acknowledgment of the favour he had received, and beckoned one of them to follow him, that he might return his borrowed plumes upon reaching home.

This seemed to be understood, but they no sooner began to proceed forward than Norah and Biddy joined the group, and proclaimed our hero's sex. All immediately joined in the outcry against him, and, in self-defence, our hero was obliged to run; but in this he was unsuccessful: the novelty of his attire and the wetness of his under-clothing hindered him.

Norah, Biddy, and the rest now gained upon him, and his ears were saluted with every species of ridicule, which increased as they neared the city. The boys he had formerly met had brought their companions to see the woman who had lost her nether garments; upon hearing the true state of things, they set up a wild shout, and soon were joined by others.

The mob now continued to increase at every step, and nothing but yells, whoops, and whistlings, met his ears, while mud and other missiles assailed his person. In this state, exhausted, with fatigue and trouble, he reached his home.

For many days after a troop of boys waited outside his door, ready to receive him with their welcome when he should appear; but such had been his excitement that he retained his bed for many weeks.

He rewarded the owners of the gown and bonnet that had been lent him, but ever after he had not the slightest curiosity about the ladies' style of dress, and asserted that all was false and hollow.

The governor may be deceived; he bethinks the sword, and may strike with it improperly. But if, to remedy an occasional inconvenience of this sort, you dissolve government, what will be the consequence? More mischief will be done by the people thus let loose, in a month, than by the governor in half a century.



# **ALICE HOME ;** OR, **THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.** (Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CLXI.

### THE SECRET MARRIAGE.—THE SECOND VISIT OF THE AVENGER.

HORACE SINGLETON was never happier than on that day ; not only had all difficulties been gotten over, but he had Sir Charles Home's consent, and even his desire, too, to marry Alice Home immediately. He now determined to pay Alice a visit, and endeavour to obtain her consent to their immediate union by special licence.

It was not long ere Horace arrived at Sir Charles Home's, and having sent up his card, was quickly admitted to the library, where Alice was seated, trembling with emotion, for she, in some measure, anticipated the nature of the interview, from the communication her father had made to her.

Alice's emotion, however, did not partake of a disagreeable nature ; she was much too bewildered with recent events, to be entirely conscious of what was being enacted around her, and her joy was, in a great degree, calmed down by the knowledge of her father's singular aberration of mind, for she could not help thinking he was, in a slight degree, flighty upon some subjects.

"Alice," said Horace, as he advanced to greet her, "I hope I have not come at an unfortunate moment, for what I have to say will, perhaps, be a little sudden and hasty."

"What can it be, Horace?" said Alice.

"I have seen your father—he has been to my chambers—I then obtained his consent to our immediate union."

"Immediate, Horace?"

"Yes."

"My poor father," said Alice, sorrowfully, "is, I am inclined to think, not quite sound in his mind ; he appears, at times, quite beside himself."

"It has come on very lately ; indeed, the first I saw of it, was on the night of the fete."

"And I saw nothing till that occurred ; that fatal night appears to have had a sad effect on his mind, and yet I cannot think why it should."

"Nor I, my dear Alice ; but he says that he has a few matters on his mind, that will, as soon as we are united, be arranged. I dare say they are only pecuniary ones."

"And yet," said Alice, "I know not how it could be ; but I suppose it must be so. However, they cannot be difficulties that would offer any serious bar to an early and satisfactory settlement."

"Well, Alice, all I can think is, that there must be some cause, though but a slight one, for the present state of mind of Sir Charles Home ; that once settled, all will be well again."

"I hope it may, indeed," replied Alice, with a sigh.

"Then, Alice, may I hope for your consent to our immediate union ? Your father's consent I have—indeed he wishes for it, and is anxious to see this one affair fairly settled, and then there may be hopes of his speedy recovery. I need not say that my own feelings urge me to make the request I do ; they are of the most ardent kind. Once able to call you mine, and then I defy the machinations of the world."

Alice was silent—she knew not what answer to make. She did not wish to make a scene of it, and refuse for the purpose of being again and again pressed upon the subject ; and besides, her father's wish was not to be lightly neglected—her own feelings prompted her to consent, and thus put an end to all future dispute and alarm from the influence of malignant chances.

"Let me construe your silence, dear Alice," said Horace to Alice, and taking her hand, he gently whispered something in her ear.

Alice gently smiled, and blushing, held out her hand, which Horace seized with rapture, and pressing it to his lips, said,—

"Thanks, dear Alice," said Horace ; "a thousand thanks—a life of devotion shall, in some measure, repay you for this kindness. I will obtain the licence for the second day from this."

"The day after to-morrow?" said Alice.

"Yes—the time is short, perhaps, but it will be an age to me ; but all this time Sir Charles will be melancholy and uneasy in himself. Once married, Alice, and I think he will recover much of his wonted composure of mind ; indeed, your marriage appears to have become a thing that has much affected his mind, that once settled, and one subject of uneasiness is removed from his mind, and whatever else there may be, can, no doubt, be easily arranged."

These words were stately uttered, when the room door opened, and the stranger entered.

Alice and Horace half rose, scarce knowing how to act upon this intrusion. The stranger coolly laid his hat upon the table, and seated himself in a chair, close to Horace Singleton.

Horace looked at Alice and Alice at Horace in amazement, until the latter, seeing that Alice was a stranger to him, said,—

"Are you not aware, sir, that Sir Charles is not at home, and that this is a private room?"

"I am aware of both," replied the stranger.

"Then you are an intruder?"

"I am not," said the stranger.

"This assurance," said Alice, who now recovered from her first surprise and amazement, "is well supported with insolence. I must request you will withdraw from the room."

The stranger shook his head, and said,—

"No, I cannot think of doing so, since I have Sir Charles Home's invitation."

"Who are you, then?" inquired Horace.

"There is my card," he replied, handing one on which was written "The Avenger."

While Horace was looking at the card, utterly unable to understand it, the Avenger turned to Alice, and said,—

"Beware!—I forbid all further intercourse between you and Horace Singleton."

"This insolence is not to be borne," said Horace ; "the servants shall turn you out."

"Hardly—you may try, but it will fail. I have Sir Charles Home's warranty for what I do."

"What madness is this?" said Horace, and Alice immediately rung the bell, and upon a servant appearing, she inquired why they had permitted that man to enter the place.

"Because we had Sir Charles's orders, Miss Alice, to treat this gentleman as himself, and obey his orders implicitly."

A mute look of extreme astonishment passed between Horace and Alice, when the stranger waved his hand to the servant, who immediately quitted the apartment.

"Now," said the stranger, "you see, I have not overrated my powers. I tell you once for all, this affair must be put an end to."

"If you preserve this insolence," said Horace, "I shall take the matter in my own hands ; Sir Charles cannot have dreamed of this. However, it will not prevent my punishing you if you repeat it."

"Let us quit the room, and leave him here," said Alice.

"No," said the stranger, rising, "it is needless, for I am about to leave the room ; but beware of what I have said to you."

"Well," said Horace Singleton, when the door closed after the stranger. "This is a most singular affair as ever I witnessed."

"I don't understand it at all," said Alice. "My poor father must certainly be in a much worse state of mind than I could possibly have imagined."

"I really regret it," said Horace ; "but circumstances appear so strongly to favour that supposition, that I cannot but think so. However, perhaps a few days may cause his mind to be more tranquil."

Sir Charles Home's mind was torn by conflicting emotions, and yet he did not falter in his purpose.

He had concealed himself at an hotel in Sackville-street, Piccadilly. Here, up in a back room that overlooked nothing save the backs of some houses that closed up a very small space, divided into a few little yards, which it might be believed took its name from its size, and scarcely large enough to admit light, sat Sir Charles Home, brooding over the melancholy prospect before him.

After a long silence, he rose and paced the room about in disorder, until at length he again resumed his seat, saying,—

"Yes, that must be the course I am to pursue. Alice shall marry Horace, and I must dissimulate to the Avenger, as he styles himself. I will have everything ordered to his desire, and promise him everything he can possibly think of."

"I will promise him, as I have, that Horace shall not marry Alice, and as quickly and secretly as I can, cause the marriage to be performed. The Avenger must then take his own measures, for I will not remain in this country to meet such a fate."

Sir Charles for a moment looked haggard and spiritless, but his countenance quickly changed its expression, and a smile crossed his features.

"Yes," he said, "I shall have my revenge too, come what may. I shall have my revenge—full and ample revenge."

"The Avenger will then be innoxious, save so far as I am concerned personally. He may wreak his revenge upon me ; he may even bring me to condign punishment ; but, if I contrive to escape—which I think I can—and leave them all at fault. He may follow me, but, at least, he will be unable to effect anything, save what he can do by a personal attack."



"Margaret will then be unprovided for, indeed, fairly ruined. I would not hold out my hand to save her from the pains of starvation. No—no—she has too deeply drunk of the poison of this man's advice."

"I am grateful, indeed, to be able to pay off one debt as I ought, and I would die to make it as it should be—to make her feel fully and unequivocally the misery she would have inflicted upon others—to make her life a scene of torment, of beggary, of destitution."

Sir Charles again resumed his walk, and his features showed evident signs of the pleasure with which he contemplated the sufferings he would willingly have caused her immediately, had it been in his power.

"Then," he said, "I shall see my Alice happy—happy under the protection of the man she loves. I shall be happy too. Happy to know that she is happy, and happy to know that I shall have baffled a conspiracy formed against me of years' standing, and have my revenge most amply and most fully."

"Margaret must seek the compassion of Alice—and I will make that as difficult as possible—or she must seek the workhouse."

As Sir Charles said this, he again resumed his seat, which he had, in trouble and vexation, often quitted, but to resume it at intervals.

## CHAPTER CLXII.

### THE ROBBERY BY MARGARET.—THE DECLARATION OF THE MARRIAGE.—THE POISON.

THE reflections of Margaret were not of the most pleasant or consoling character. Indeed, though she was well aware of her power to give annoyance, and to cause misery, yet she felt how utterly dependent she was for the means of existence, to those to whom she was doing her utmost to cause ruin and desolation.

She had resolved upon evil, and evil she found could not be pursued without in some measure involving herself, and feeling some evil eventually would, probably, sink herself in the abyss she had been assisting to create for others.

She knew she was destitute. Not a farthing had she—neither did she know to whom she could apply—not one who would give her even shelter from the weather.

"Should anything happen here," she would exclaim, "I am then thrown out on the world—not a friend. Ruin here would be ruin to me, and what would become of me?"

"The Avenger may leave me to shift for myself, if he be so minded. I have no claim upon him; but it is more than likely he has not the means of assisting me. I am, therefore, as I said, destitute."

Margaret sat for some time in silence, as she contemplated these truths, for such they were, and an expression of care passed across her features, and there were moments when she would almost have felt more satisfied had she never been tempted with the knowledge that she had been wronged, and that her parents had been wronged too.

"This must be seen to," she exclaimed, as her countenance brightened up. "If my parents have been so cruelly wronged, as they have, I shall make use of what valuables I can obtain. They can be converted into money, so that I may not be left to mere starvation. It is my own, and why should I shrink from taking what I feel belongs to me by birthright?"

"Ah! there is Sir Charles's boudoir in the library. There I have seen him place money—there I will go for it—a good thought. I will try it, and should it be locked, it is easy to break it open."

She arose as these thoughts flashed across her mind, and hastily quitted the apartment; but after a short time returned, with a screw-driver and a large hammer. Wrapping them up in a handkerchief, she paused a few moments at the door, and then said,—

"Well, and what if I were seen? What, if Sir Charles were to return and find me doing this? What can he do? Nothing. I am superior to all his threats. I can threaten too, and which will be more effectual, I think."

Satisfied of this, she quitted her own apartment, and slowly walked to the library. It was empty, and no signs of any one having been in lately. She turned towards the boudoir, which stood between the window and minutely examined it all over, and then tried the doors and drawers, but they were all safe and locked.

"There is money, I dare say," said Margaret to herself, as she thought that there might be a great deal, and such a sum as might insure her independence. "I dare say it is nearly enough to prevent destitution."

Taking the screw driver, she inserted it near the hinges, and by a little exertion they all came out, leaving the door fastened only by the lock. The other side was immediately done in the same manner, and then the whole four came out, leaving the place bare and exposed to view.

Margaret's eyes for a moment or two wandered over the contents of the boudoir, and she soon felt convinced that the object of her search was at hand.

Opening a small drawer, she found a bag with 200*l.* in it. She untied

the strings that confined the gold, and her eyes glistened at the sight of it.

"This," she said, holding the bag up in triumph, "is, indeed, a lucky adventure, and will secure me for some time to come."

She was about to prosecute her search for more, and had placed the bag down for that purpose, when the library door was opened, and Sir Charles Home entered the apartment.

Sir Charles Home's astonishment was, perhaps, equalled by the surprise of Margaret herself, who stood in the same attitude without moving, so completely was she surprised, and was, for a moment, unable to speak.

"You have committed a robbery of the worst character, Margaret Home," said Sir Charles, "for which you deserve to be transported as a felon."

"I have merely taken my own," said Margaret; "and as for prisons, beware, Sir Charles Home, or your fate will be worse than mere imprisonment."

"Return me that bag."

"No," said Margaret, fiercely, "I shall keep it;" and as she said this, she quitted the apartment as if she would escape from any reproaches that Sir Charles might indulge in.

Sir Charles Home looked after the retreating figure of Margaret with an expression on his face of deadly hatred, struggling with surprise at the tremendous effrontery of so young a girl, and the tact with which she contrived to get the better of him, under circumstances which would have covered any one else with confusion.

"Well—well," he muttered. "I may still find some way of requiring you, Miss Margaret Home, for all the favours I have received at your hands. At present my personal safety is the first consideration. I must persevere in my determination to let this storm hush in my absence,—this storm which evidently is hovering over my head. Let me once see my Alice the wife of one who can and will protect her, and I am comparatively indifferent to what may occur. My creditors will soon dilapidate my house, and then the haughty scheming Margaret will have no field of action for the display of her talents."

He then ascended the staircase to his daughter's room, for, having ascertained in the hall that Horace Singleton had been and gone again, he was in hopes that the marriage had been arranged to take place on some day very near at hand.

Alice heard not her father's gentle tap against the door until it was repeated twice, for she was most intensely occupied, indeed, with her own thoughts and meditations on the step in life she was about to take.

Still marriage to her was not so great a severing of home ties and associations as it is to many. She had no tender and devoted mother to leave. There was no family circle in which her absence would make a hiatus, that would be noticed with a sigh. Her father only had shown her tenderness and affection, and in wedding Horace Singleton she considered that his happiness would be very greatly increased.

"He will, no doubt, make a home with us," she reasoned, "for he has no other ties, and this melancholy, which so often oppresses him, breaking out now and then so very fearfully into excitement, will pass away. The cause, after all, may not be of a very important nature. Yes, I am sure I shall be very—very happy."

No wonder that, thus engaged, Alice should be oblivious to the slight tap which Sir Charles Home gave to her chamber door; but when she did hear it, she started from the couch on which she was half sitting, half reclining, and cried,—

"Who is there?" with a trepidation and a blush, as if, whoever it was, could have guessed how her thoughts had been dwelling upon him she loved.

"Tis I, my dear," said Sir Charles, entering the apartment. "I feared you were not here."

"Yes, father, I—I was thinking."

"Happily, I hope, dearest. You have seen Horace?"

"I have, father, and another. For Heaven's sake, tell me why it is that your servants seem compelled to obey a stranger in every respect as if he were yourself."

"A stranger, Alice?"

"Yes, father, there has been one here to-day, who has arrogated an authority in the house, which was conceded to him by your servants; they said, at your command."

"Hush! hush! We will talk of that some other time, Alice. It is one of the mysteries connected with my unhappy destiny. I hope all will be well. You have seen Horace, and he has proposed marriage immediately?"

"He has."

"With my entire sanction and warm approval, Alice."

"So far, father, he urged me, and—and——"

"And you promised?"

"I did. The day after to-morrow. You will live with us, father. Say you will."



"Perhaps, after a time, I hope. It would be joy—oh, my Alice, you know not what a weight will be off your father's heart when you are the wife of Horace Singleton. Ask me now no questions. In a short time you and Horace shall know all."

"But, father, dear father, you are looking very ill."

"Hush! hush! Heed not that, Alice. Collect at your leisure what valuables you prize in this house, and give them to—to Horace to keep for you. Do not ask me why, but do so. I will tell you by-and-by. Ha! what sound was that?"

There was a slight sound outside the door; but when Sir Charles went to see what it was no sound was visible.

"Farewell, now, Alice," he said. "I must away on business. Farewell, dearest." You, at least, shall be happy."

(To be continued in our next.)

## LOST AND WON;

OR, THE HEIR OF REDBURN.

(Concluded from our last.)

George felt disgusted at being compelled to have recourse to deal with such vulgarity, and while inusing upon the subject, a female, rubbing her hands upon her apron, emerged from the little parlour.

"Are they for yourself, sir?" she asked.

"I have a sister who would reside with me."

"Oh, you have a sister," said the man.

"Well, how very strange; my sister was here but a few minutes ago," remarked the female; "but follow me, if you please."

George did as desired, wondering what connexion on earth there could possibly be between Augusta and the female's sister; but as the solution of the enigma seemed likely to lead to no practical result, he made no further comment.

"This way, if you please, sir."

"Oh, this way, is it?" and George followed mechanically up a narrow and creaking staircase.

"Very nice room, I assure you, sir," said the female, opening the door of a room, the ceiling of which could scarcely be seen for smoke.

"Yes," replied George, not thinking it worth while to contradict her.

"Best house in the street, sir, and the best room in the house," continued the owner.

"Indeed," returned George, wondering what the others could be if this was the best specimen.

"The gentleman who lived here afore was with us seven year come Christmas."

"Was he really," sighed George, as he regarded the dingy furniture of the apartment.

"A fact, sir."

"I don't for a moment doubt it, my good woman," said George "What do you ask for it?"

"Seven shillings—have had ten."

"Can you let me see the other?"

"Most sartlinly."

George then ascended to the attic, where the furniture seemed a shade dirtier, and he exclaimed, mentally—

"Good God! how can I bring my beloved Augusta to such a place?"

"Very good room, too, this, sir," said the landlady, as she drew aside the curtains of a miserable bed.

"What is the rent?"

"This is five; but don't mind letting it to you for four-and-six."

"Thank you."

"In that bed, sir, died two Polish noblemen and a general," rejoined the landlady, thinking that information might enhance the value of the room.

"Poor creatures!" sighed our teacher, thinking possibly, ere long, it might be his fate also.

"Good feather bed, sir, and not a single bug."

"Can we sleep here to-morrow?"

"Yes, if your reference is good."

For a moment our friend was sorely puzzled; he could not refer to where he had left; but the thought struck him that, though his friends had refused to be "at home," they might not decline a reference, as they were not aware of the full extent of his misery. He, therefore, named a party, and engaged the rooms, at the same time not having the most distant idea what was to pay for them. He, however, consoled himself with the reflection that, at least for a short time, his beloved sister would be provided with a shelter.

It was now growing late; the shops in the different streets had closed for lack of customers, and nothing was to be seen but the solitary gas lamps. Now and then a cab rattled past on the well-washed stones, and

the solitary tramp of a policeman might be heard at intervals in some of the most deserted streets, while the gloss on his wet cape told of his whereabouts.

Wet, cold, and hungry, the late owner of Redburn Hall sought his way to where he had left his sister; but overcome with fatigue, he determined to rest his weary body for a time.

For this purpose he stepped into a tavern near Covent-garden, where as yet the glare from the lamps indicated they had not closed.

"Parlour, sir," said the landlord, "first door on the right."

George mechanically obeyed the instruction, and called for a glass of hot wine and water, although by so doing he felt that he was entreaching considerably on his resources.

But he was wet, cold, and miserable, and might be well excused for the action. As the waiter laid the invigorating beverage before him his mind reverted to Redburn Hall, and a deep sigh escaped his breast as he reflected that there had been many to await his merest nod.

While thus lost in reverie his heart seemed to die within him; the tears gushed from between his fingers as he held his hands before his face, and he did not perceive that an individual had taken a seat opposite him.

It was the landlord, who, overcome with the arduous duties of the day, now sat down to solace himself with a cheerful pipe.

"Wet day, sir," remarked Boniface.

George started at the voice, and uttered a deep sigh.

"Very wet weather," again remarked the landlord, taking the pipe from between his lips.

"Very," returned George, abstractedly.

"Excuse me, sir," continued the landlord, "but you seem a little down-hearted; a little company might cheer you up."

"Company at this hour!" ejaculated George.

"Yes, sir, plenty."

"Where?"

"In this house, sir. If you have a mind you can hear as nice a song as you would wish to hear."

"I'm hardly in the humour," replied our friend.

"'Twill do you good, sir."

For a moment George considered it indifferent where he was; his heart was too sad; then he again reflected that possibly a change of scene might relieve his mind from the cares that harassed him, and he replied—

"I have no objection to a little company."

"Follow me, sir," returned the landlord.

George obeyed, and was shown into a spacious room, where a number of people were assembled. Here might be seen a nymph of the paven, seated on the knee of a youth of seventeen, who smoked a cigar with the air of an aristocrat; there was seated another female drinking deeply of a glass of spirits and water she had not paid for, and which was the only nutriment she had tasted that day; in another part might be seen another damsel, dressed as if for an evening party, smoking away with a kind of mock heroic valour; yes, a female smoker, and such may nightly be seen in the haunts of vice and dissipation.

In another part of the room was a youth, with collar à la Byron, playing on a piano, out of tune, while another who got his living by the calling, sang obscene songs, at which the audience seemed delighted.

Above floated a canopy of smoke, which, as it increased, the glare of the gorgeous lamps reflected as a kind of veil to the eye, and ever and anon the sounds of glasses, pots, music, and swearing, reached the ears.

For some time George regarded this saturnalia with an inquisitive eye; as a spectator, it was a novelty to him; then when he became more familiar with the scene, although disgusted, he still preserved his seat, alike indifferent whether he should go or stay.

While he thus deliberated a disturbance at the other end of the room arrested his attention; George attentively regarded the features of one of the party, who seemed to declaim most violently, and fancied he had seen the individual somewhere before.

"I say you did," vociferated the individual alluded to.

"It's a lie!" returned one of the females who had been sitting on the knee of the former.

"Ay, you say dat," replied the foreigner. "You d—d English say anything!"

This seemed to arouse the blood of the Englishman, who, half intoxicated as he was, launched his fist in the face of the foreigner.

Scarcely, however, had he done so, than he received a blow in the back from an unseen hand, and the Englishman fell.

The foreigner and his companions now endeavoured to make their exit from the room, striking violently at every one that opposed them, and by the light of the lamps it could be plainly seen that one of them carried a stick.

The cries of police, and murder, now resounded in the place; the landlord and waiters now rushed in, and after some difficulty succeeded in clearing the room; but it did not escape the eye of Sir George that



several spots of blood were visible on the floor, as the Englishman was led out by two or three of the abandoned females.

Upon reaching the street the Englishman fainted, and all deserted him except the female upon whom he had been lavishing his money, and our friend, Sir George. In a few minutes a policeman arrived, and upon lifting him up a dark pool of blood was seen upon the stones.

With difficulty the wounded man was borne to a surgeon's, and upon examination it was found he had received a deep wound in the back, of which he expired in the course of an hour.

While in the shop of the surgeon, George took up the hat of the deceased to ascertain if it would give any clue to the name of the owner; but what was his astonishment upon finding upon the lining the name of Richard Redburn, Redburn Hall.

For a time George stood as if petrified; he at once perceived that if his real name was known, the murder would be laid to his account, as being actuated by malice, and a desire to regain his lost estate; he, therefore, wisely held his tongue.

Along with the female he was conveyed to the station-house, where he gave the name of Walter Acton, being the first that occurred to his mind; he was then, along with his companion, thrust into a dismal dungeon, to await an examination before the magistrate on the morrow, or rather a later hour of the same morning.

Here, along with himself, he soon perceived were others as wretched, and perhaps more so than himself, who, to shut out from their senses the worm that gnawed upon their consciences, affected to be blithe and gay. They sang and laughed; but oh, what a horrid mockery!

Among the blasphemy that assailed his ears, George did not forget his sister; what would become of her should he not escape the difficulty in which he now was placed; with what anxious feelings would she await his return, and if he came not, into what an abyss of grief and misery would she be cast.

Then again the idea that the murdered man was no other than him who had laid claim to his past enjoyments, he felt sorrow for the victim, but the hope of speedy alleviation (if he once should extricate himself from his present difficulty) raised his drooping heart, and infused new courage through his soul.

As the morning advanced a policeman entered the dungeon, and in a hoarse voice, exclaimed,—

"Now then!"

This was responded to by the incarcerated parties walking to the outer room of the station-house, where the inspector again called, "Fall in."

They were now arranged in couples, a long chain passing down the centre, to which were attached several sets of manacles.

"You surely do not mean to handcuff me!" said George.

"Principal party concerned! ha! ha! not fatter you indeed!"

"But I only assisted to carry the wounded man," returned the unhappy George.

"Don't matter," replied the police; "you were found with him."

"Move on," said the inspector.

George and his female companion, attired in all the gaudy finery of the previous evening, were linked together, and headed the criminal cavalcade, to be subject to the gaze of the passers by.

He held his hands before his face, but his companion, who, no doubt, had before headed such a procession, seemed to care little for her degrading situation, and endeavoured to cheer his spirits in the best manner she was able.

"You know," said she, "the old beak will let us off; there are plenty of my pals who know it was that d-d foreigner who struck him, and who will come forward and be witnesses; so where's the use of being funky!"

This was poor consolation for one whose greatest trouble was to be seen in such a situation, and with such company; his heart seemed ready to burst from his bosom.

They had now reached the office of the magistrate in Bow-street; he had already arrived, and was ready seated to commence the business of the day.

The police cases came on first, and George and his companion were placed within the witness-box; the office was crowded, and every eye turned upon him; scarcely did he dare to raise his eye above the railing, and when he did so, at the same instant they fell again, for in the magistrate he discovered a gentleman with whom, but a twelvemonth past, he had been on terms of intimacy.

"Hold up your head," said the magistrate, "and be sworn."

George did as desired, while the clerk of the court gabbled over some intelligible jargon; he then kissed the book.

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Walter Acton," was the reply.

"What do you know of the affair of last night, Walter Acton? Now speak the truth."

Under the assumed name, George was about give the required in-

formation, when a policeman interfered, and said that the individual who was acting the part of witness was the murderer himself.

"Stand down," said the magistrate, "and place him in the dock."

The order was complied with, and George now appeared in the light of a murderer. He almost sunk to the earth.

"Ah!" said the magistrate, "I know his face well; I have seen him here before."

George could have given him the lie to his teeth, but prudence whispered in his ear, and he held his peace.

Several witnesses now appeared, friends of his more unfortunate companion, who all declared that the blow was given by a foreigner.

Again George breathed more freely, and other witnesses stepped forward of a more reputable character, who all declared a foreigner was the perpetrator of the deed; that none dare stop him without imminent danger to his life from the weapon which he brandished.

The aspect of affairs was now fast changing for the better; our friend, with others, received a severe reprimand from the magistrate for being found in such society, then cautioned as to the consequences if they appeared before him again, and finally were set at liberty.

The first use he made of it was to direct a letter to Mr. Eitherside, his solicitor, informing him of the death of Richard Redburn, and directing him to ascertain if he were a married man or not, and if any family survived; if, as he supposed him to be, single, to send him immediately a cheque upon some London bank, for a certain sum, which he could place to his account.

His next business was to forward the information of the death of Richard Redburn to the various papers, and thereby make it public.

No sooner was this accomplished, than he hastened to his sister, whom he found pale and haggard at his non-appearance.

"Oh! my dear George," said she, falling on his neck, as he entered; "what have I not endured on your account!"

"Sweet girl!" returned her brother. "Compose yourself; all now is well."

"But tell me, love, what has detained you? See!" she exclaimed, turning deadly pale, "there is blood upon your vest."

"All in good time, my love," replied George, in a soothing tone.

"There—there—upon your hands! Oh, George! George! what have you done? For Heaven's sake speak!"

George for an instant regarded his hands and clothes, and observed (what before, in the excitement of the scenes in which he had been so active a participator, had escaped his notice) that they were covered with smeared blood.

"Tis nothing, my love," said he; "calm your ruffled feelings."

"Nothing!" exclaimed the bewildered girl, as she trembled violently; "there has been foul play, George, somewhere. I scarcely dare to imagine that, for the sake of supporting me, you have —"

"A dreadful accident has certainly happened, my love, of which I was a spectator."

"God of Heaven!" cried Augusta, and she fell senseless on the floor.

George raised the pallid form of his suffering sister, and, after much difficulty, succeeded in restoring her to animation. He then as succinctly as possible narrated to her what had happened, and concluded by informing her of the good fortune which now seemed about to smile upon them.

Augusta clasped her hands, and, kneeling upon the ground beside her brother, poured forth her heart in gratitude to the Giver of all Good for his tender mercies towards them; for, in the midst of their distress, he had heard the prayer of the orphan, and come to their deliverance.

Towards the close of that day George and his sister removed to the dingy apartments he had selected; but, hardly had they taken possession, before the landlady appeared.

"Is your name Redburn?" asked she.

"It is."

"A gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

"Show him up, my good woman; show him up; I care little for my poverty."

In a few seconds the sound of footsteps was heard upon the creaking stairs; the door opened, and Mr. Eitherside, the lawyer, entered.

"My dear sir," said he, "how I lament to find you in such a plight."

"What on earth could have persuaded you locate here?"

"Circumstances, my dear sir, circumstances; that is to say, my poverty," replied George.

"Never, for one moment, my dear sir, did I suspect you were so straitened; had you made me aware of your condition, I could have found employment that would have kept you far above it; but now you have no need."

"I thank you, from my heart," returned Sir George, as he pressed him by the hand; "but vanity—vanity is a sad enemy to our well-being; I would not for the world any one had known my poverty!"

"Well, well," replied the lawyer, "your title now is clear; the late inheritor died single, and you are the next of kin."



"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated George, "I shall once again see my beloved sister move in that sphere of which she was the proudest ornament."

"Ah! my dear lady," replied the lawyer, "since your departure the poor have sadly bewailed your loss; they, indeed, have missed a friend."

"I hope I shall always do my duty, sir, in the state it has pleased God to place me," replied the charming Augusta, as a faint flush spread over her pallid cheeks at being praised, though no one had deserved it better.

"But has the property suffered?" asked Sir George.

"The late occupant was a wild, reckless vagabond, Sir George, by trade a blacksmith; had the property remained with him another year, it would have either been sold or mortgaged. You know the proverb—'put a beggar on horseback,' &c. At present, however, a little will put it to rights."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Sir George, "his career was finished before he had the power of doing further mischief."

"Charity, my dear brother, charity!" suggested Augusta.

"My sweet girl," returned her brother, "your rebuke is just, but I did not mean that the poor man's death afforded me any pleasure. God grant he had lived to have repented of his vices; for there is not a shadow of a doubt but that he was a confirmed libertine, and with his immense wealth had the power of doing incalculable mischief."

"Quite correct," said the lawyer; "but allow me to put the contents of this pocket-book in your possession. I was fearful that, sending it by post, it might fall into improper hands, therefore I came myself. You may need my counsel."

"I am infinitely obliged," replied Sir George, who forthwith summoned the landlady, paid her a week's rent, and allowed her "to put up her bill again."

They then retired to the nearest hotel, where an elegant repast was provided. A chaise was ordered; and, when the meal was finished, Augusta's harp and drawings were released "from durance vile," and the happy group set out for Redburn.

As they approached the spot so dear to their earliest affection, the villagers hailed their approach with shouts of joy. Many of the old domestics (who had been retained by the late possessor in idleness, and out of ostentation, he not knowing how to employ them) assembled in the ancient hall, and shed tears of joy at their approach. All now seemed one reign of smiles.

Sir George and his beloved sister, as they ranged through the well-known mansion, now and then heaved a sigh, as they witnessed some alteration for the worse; and, as they gained the chamber where their dear parent had drawn her last breath, they knelt beside the bed, and poured forth anew the overflowings of their grateful hearts, not only for their restoration to happiness, but as a tribute to her memory.

A few years had now rolled on since the events above recorded, when one morning the bells of the village church of Redburn sent forth a merry peal.

Numerous groups of peasants assembled at the hall, and every demonstration of joy and festivity seemed about to welcome them. As the clock struck ten, the minister of the little church entered the communion-table, and soon after Sir George, leading a lovely girl, entered the principal aisle. Behind them came the charming Augusta, attended by a youth, who regarded her with the tenderest affection, and followed by a troop of bridesmaids with their friends.

The book was opened: at the proper time two rings were placed upon the hands destined for them; prayers for their mutual happiness were offered up, and thus was the land of Redburn "lost and won."

**SARCASTIC EPIGRAM.**—When "The Art of Poetry," by Dacier, first appeared, an author named De Brie read nothing else. His contempt for Corneille became excessive; Racine was but little more in favour, and he despised the French exceedingly for having admired both those poets. "We have not a single good tragedy," exclaimed he, and determined out of pure compassion to write one. The subject he chose was the Heracles, in which all was measured by line and rule, in full deference to the remarks of Dacier. This regular and scientific piece was only played for the money. The same author wrote a comedy of one act, entitled, "Le Lourdant," which was little more successful. These two pieces gave occasion to the following epigram by Jean Baptiste Rousseau:—

"Weeping his children, poor De Brie has told  
How both have perished, or by heat or cold.  
Frozen, my poor 'Heracles' lies dead;  
'Lourdant' expired by fever in the head.  
The public, hating ignorance and sloth,  
Cries, 'Silence, fool! the cold has kill'd them both!'"

## SIR DAMIAN MOROLT;

### OR, THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

"But time traced furrows on my face, and I grew silver haired,  
For locks of brown and cheeks of youth, she left this brow and beard;  
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's latest stage,  
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of frozen age."

Few passions which animate mankind ever broke out into such general and open indulgence,—for it was a passion,—than those feelings which animated the bosoms of the crusaders. Religion, at that time, held men's hearts and minds in thralldom, and the Church of Rome held such a firm sway over the minds of her votaries, that whatever she dictated, was received with the same deference and respect as the gospel itself. The mind in its infancy was bent to the yoke, and hence in riper years it grew strong in the bias thus given it, and incapable of any other.

Thus it was that the crusader was enabled to leave his country, his home, and his family, to encounter great, and to him, unknown peril; to face foes innumerable, to traverse countries whose language he was unacquainted with, and to bear arms under a burning sun and scorching sand, and to live in a tent for perhaps years, and to undergo all these dangers, and this toil, for the visionary prospects of rescuing the holy sepulchre from the Infidels, as those of a different faith were called.

To encounter all this, and more, must require a stronger effort than mere feeling to arouse the energy of a fierce, and often selfish nobility, who were always at war with each other, trying to wrest more spoil and heap aggrandizement upon themselves; they knew it was necessary to secure their spoils, and yet all this was left, and chance trusted to to defend their walls from their rapacious neighbours who remained.

This was accomplished by the priestcraft, who were the sole promoters of the war; the mere love of glory could not be the cause of this emigration; other feelings were excited, and men left home and all behind them, often to the detriment of their future happiness, as many a new-made bride was left little less than a widow at the departure of her lord, and many are the tales which arose out of this.

Little strangers had crept into families of whom their lords knew nothing—many explanations were asked and given under such circumstances, and yet nothing was made the plainer; the matter could not be explained, except, as is sometimes the case, it was referred to the crusades as a miracle. Providence smiled upon the lady while the husband was away; increase and abundance was the happy reply of the matron to her lord. Many had apparently become juvenile, and fathers could not always tell the age of their offspring, and curious mistakes arose.

Among the knights who pressed onwards to the Holy Land, was the noble knight, Sir Damian Morolt, of Meredith. Sir Damian was a good knight, and a wealthy one, though he lived in a disturbed part of Lancashire, in the neighbourhood of the Welsh mountaineers, who frequently made sudden descents, consuming all by fire and sword; but the gallant owner of Meredith castle was never taken unawares, and always repelled the assailants with heavy losses to themselves, and not unfrequently gained large tracts of land in treaties which they were compelled to subscribe to by the edge of his victorious sword, but which they kept no longer than they were compelled.

Sir Damian had been a bridegroom but for two years, and his second son was but a few months old when he took leave of his lady fair, and sailed in search of adventures in the Holy Land. The parting between the Lady Isabelle and her lord was affecting; she hung upon his bosom and besought him to forego his intended travels, with tears and all the pathos she was mistress of.

"Indeed it may not be, dear Isabelle," replied the knight; "I would I could, but my word is passed, nay, I have vowed to go, and go I will, though I grieve for the necessity."

"And what can have such claims upon you that you must leave your home and vassals, your wife and these two poor infants, who will, for your absence, become fatherless and without their natural protector?"

"Isabelle," replied the knight, "he whose battles I fight in Palestine will not let my children want a protector here; but enough, I gave the vow I made at the feast of Saint John, at the castle of Sir Dennis Guarine, before the assembled guests who were witnesses to my vow, which may not be broken."

"It may be long ere you return?" said the lady, mournfully.

"Yes, it may be years—five years is the time I have promised; but I hope to revisit this spot again ere that period shall have elapsed," replied the knight.

"Be it what it may," replied the Lady Isabelle; "it will find your wife grieved at your absence, and mourning for your return, and your children will look for the happy event as one in which their father will be once more a parent to them."

"Farewell, dear Isabelle; be faithful and be true, and time will only



endear us to each other, and dangers past will enhance present happiness."

So said and so thought Sir Damian Morolt; but he thought not of the dangers of the sea, of the infidel enemy, the pestilence and the many accidents which might occur in Britain during his absence, nor did he think of woman's inconstancy.

The good knight was soon on board a vessel, which proceeded, in company with many others, towards the shores of France, where they would be joined by a body of French knights, and proceed in company, under the command of Godfrey of Boulogne, to the Holy Land by way of Hungary, and thence through the Grecian territory to Syria.

In the meantime the Lady Isabelle remained shut up in the castle of Meredith, well guarded by a numerous body of men-at-arms, under the charge of a trusty follower, in whose experience, courage, and skill, he could with safely rely. The lady herself was desirous that her privacy might not be broken; she gave orders that no one should be admitted within the walls of the castle under any pretence whatever.

In this retired and secluded way, lived the Lady Isabelle for near four years, without any news arriving of her absent lord. For a portion of that time she heard of her lord by common fame, as one who fought knightly against the Paynins; but after a time even this consolation was denied her, and her lord was as one dead to her. When the time drew near in which she expected he would return, the castle became the resort of the pilgrim and the palmer, who had travelled to the holy sepulchre, and who were the principal means of conveying intelligence to the people of what occurred in those regions.

But neither palmer nor pilgrim could give any account of the absent Sir Damian Morolt; but at length word was brought that he had been taken prisoner by the infidels, and had perished from the usage he received from them. Isabelle, however, would not credit these reports; she still continued to cherish the hope that he was still in being.

The castellane whom Sir Damian had placed to command the garrison, fell while defending the castle against some of the Welsh, who laid the surrounding country waste. The lady appointed another to succeed him in the command temporarily, but at the same time she was glad to accept of her neighbour's offer of assistance, should she require it.—Sir Hugo Dermot, a young knight, who lived within a few miles of Meredith Castle, and even within sight of the tower.

One evening after sunset, the whole castle was set in commotion by the usual signals being given of an irruption of the Welsh—by the blowing of horns, and the lighting of signal-fires. Fearing her friend and ally would not hear the horns, as the wind blew from him to her, she caused the fires to be lighted on the highest tower in the castle for the whole night.

Towards midnight they were further alarmed by the onward rushing of the ravenous Welsh, who came in countless thousands, like an inundation of the sea, until they came beneath the castle walls, where the red glare of the signal fires gave them the appearance of so many incarnate fiends. They were somewhat in doubt what course to pursue. They thought they should surprise the castle, and the plunder it contained was supposed to be great; but they speedily determined to attack it, and if possible, carry it by assault before succour could arrive, which they knew from experience, would arrive before another day was run.

The assault was fierce and determined on the part of the assailants, who relaxed not their endeavours for nearly two hours, with a great loss of men, for the defence of the garrison was as resolute as the attack. Seeing they failed in this, they drew off, and menaced the castle upon several points. The defenders, who were few, being thus occupied, their attention distracted, their forces divided, rendered their position one of extreme difficulty, and though they beat back their assailants upon every quarter, they now became weaker every minute, and at one moment they had actually got a footing on the ramparts.

Isabelle, who, notwithstanding all the horror of the scene, was present at the moment, and who now gave up all for lost, was about to retire to the innermost tower, and there defend herself to the last, when her attention was arrested by a loud shout, and a sudden relaxation of the attack; the assailants quitted the ladders, and joined the main body.

It was thought they were about to make another and more furious attack; but they were soon convinced that they had only been diverted from the attack by the presence of an enemy, by whom they had been surprised.

Presently the trumpet blew, the charge and the thundering of horses feet came over the plain, and she knew that she was rescued, for never did Welshmen ever abide the charge of the mail-clad men-at-arms. The barbarians were routed with great slaughter, and their friends rode up to the castle, the Lady Isabelle ordered the drawbridge to be lowered, and a cavalier all in armour entered the castle.

"It is to Sir Hugo Dumat that I am indebted for this timely rescue," said the Lady Isabelle, descending the steps which led to the courtyard.

Sir Hugo dismounted, and expressed his gratification that his succour

had been timely, for he added, that but for the signal fire he should not have been aware there was any danger; accordingly, he mounted as soon as it was reported to him. The lady was profuse in her thanks and expressions of gratitude, and begged he would disarm, and partake of her hospitality, and allow the brave men he commanded to do the same.

"I will accept of your courtesy for a short period, lady, but I must be back without much delay, for these dogs may have gone my road, and I have left but an insufficient garrison behind. My men may refresh themselves, half of them at a time in the court-yard."

After about an hour spent in mutual interchange of civilities, the knight arose, and took leave of the Lady Isabelle, who called him her preserver, with great warmth of manner.

Sir Hugo gave the word to mount, and his warriors springing to their saddles, they were soon in motion, the sharp ringing sound of their armour being heard long after they were out of sight. Sir Hugo bethought himself that the goodly grounds of the Lady Isabelle would add great compactness and strength to his own, if they were owned by one instead of two proprietors—as why should they not? Sir Damian, it was reported, was dead, and though she would not credit the report yet, there were plenty of means to compel her to do so by force of testimony.

Having ascertained that his own property was not threatened by any of the marauders, he ordered his men to dismount and retire to their quarters. A few days after he repaired to Meredith Castle for the purpose of inquiring into the welfare of the inmates, and of furthering his own objects. After much preliminary discourse, they conversed upon topics of more immediate interest, and Sir Hugo gently touched upon the beauty of the lady, her lonely and unprotected situation, the necessity she would have for a staunch protector, concluding by expressing his own sense of her virtue and excellency, hinting he should be a happy man were he the possessor.

Lady Isabelle replied indirectly that Sir Damian was, she hoped, still living, and would no doubt return.

"I wish I could give you any hope, lady," said Sir Hugo, with a sigh, "but the truth must be acknowledged at last, however hard to bear. By all accounts Sir Damian Morolt died in captivity."

"I have heard so, Sir Hugo, but I must not—cannot yet believe that he is dead; how many of the rumours do we not hear daily, and how much mischief they cause when they are relied upon? Believe me it is better to distrust them."

"It may be so, lady," replied the knight; "but you know hope is a sad deceiver. He causes us to see what another would at once declare to be an allusion, I heard the report from strangers who had no apparent motive for a falsehood."

"But I never heard any one who had ever seen the good knight say that this was the case; but none came to these walls and said so, else the honours for the dead Morolt should be performed."

"It would be an ungrateful task, lady, to bring you such news, else I believe those have received your hospitality could have done so, had they liked; but when they looked on the fair face of her who so hospitably entertained them, they shrunk from the task of returning gall for honey."

"It were an ill requital to give me false news, sir knight," said the lady.

Just at that moment a serving man entered, and announced that a palmer, who had travelled to the holy sepulchre, desired shelter and food for the night.

"Admit him," said the Lady Isabelle, and then turning to Sir Hugo, she continued, "we shall see, Sir Knight, if this man can give us any information of him we desire to hear."

The palmer entered and took the seat that was offered him, food was placed before him, and after he had eaten and warmed himself, the Lady Isabelle said,—

"Sir Palmer, I have heard that you come from the Holy Land."

"Yes, honoured lady, I have been there. My pilgrimage is nearly done."

"Is there any news from the east? Do our knights fight valiantly against the infidels? How do they bear themselves?"

"As good knights should," replied the palmer; "but it is no fault on their parts that the enemy were not defeated, and that the holy sepulchre remains in infidel hands," replied the palmer.

"Dost thou know any of the knights crusaders who have fought in this cause, good palmer?" rejoined Sir Hugo.

"Yes, many," was the ready reply.

"Canst thou tell us of the weal or woe of the noble Sir Damian Morolt?"

"Was his crest a heron's plume?" inquired the palmer.

"Yes it was," answered the lady, quickly. "Oh, tell me truly, good man, how he hath borne himself, and of his present condition."

"He hath borne himself nobly, as I have witnessed; but of his pre-



seat condition, lady," said the palmer, gravely, "I am grieved to tell you, is such as we must all encounter ere we find a better world."

"He is dead, thou wouldst say. Speak it out, and fear not; thy honesty shall not be without its reward."

"Lady," said the palmer, "though grief come of it, the truth is, Sir Damian Morolt perished in an infidel dungeon; but how, I know not. Some say he was imprisoned, and others, that he was strangled; while a third maintained that, endeavouring to make his escape, he was retaken, and barbarously put to death."

"May there be no doubt?" inquired Sir Hugo, of the pilgrim.

"None, Sir Knight—none; it was too true, the name was too well known."

The lady threw the pilgrim her purse, and hastily retired to indulge in solitude her grief, and to give orders that a funeral ceremony should be observed, and a period of mourning, entered into as was usual in such cases for the dead.

Sir Hugo left the castle, muttering to himself, as he rode homewards, "that it worked well, and all would be as he desired in due time." He again returned to Meredith Castle, and assisted at the funeral ceremony, after which he again quitted the castle to give the Lady Isabella privacy and leisure to indulge her grief for a certain time after, and when he next came his presence was much desired by Isabella, whose seclusion had become irksome to her.

It was now time he thought to make an advance towards a more particular attention than that of a mere neighbour or friend, and his courtesy was marked and fender. The widow could not feel averse to them. He was her preserver, well born, and of good fame. She could not desire a better match, and she was quite conscious that hers was not a situation that was suitable to the times. She was liable to spoliation and the fierce inroads of the Welch, as well as the more ambitious and avaricious designs of her own countrymen, which left her but little chance. She must marry again, or enter a convent, the usual resource of those who have the misfortune to become widows in Catholic times.

Sir Hugo Dumont had thought of all this beforehand, and had laid himself out accordingly. He became daily better acquainted with the widow's mind, and when he felt secure, of success, he proposed an union between the two families, that they should thus strengthen themselves against their enemies, the Welch; and last, not least, his love was a paramount consideration, and he would endure any probation, or perform any act by which he could manifest his enduring love for her.

This was not required, but she insisted upon the usual period of mourning being complied with ere they were united, and this he was compelled to acquiesce in.

The day arrived, and the nuptial ceremony was performed with great splendour. Many guests were invited by the bride and bridegroom, and when the festivities commenced at sunset the castle drawbridge was raised, and no one was to be admitted afterwards.

In the midst of their mirth came an old harper, who begged for food and shelter, the more so as the night was stormy; but the warder refused, saying he had direct orders to admit no one; but still was the harper importunate, and the warder at length let him in, and he entered the hall when the feast was at the highest, and the revelry at its wildest. He was commanded to give them a specimen of his skill, and for which purpose he was led up to where the bride and her bridegroom were seated.

The harper asked for a theme.

"Love and beauty, old man," said the newly made bridegroom.

The old harper began a theme. It was of lovers who were separated by the holy wars, the knight taken captive and lady not hearing of her lover, concluded he was dead, and wooed another lover; but the wedding night the lover returned to mourn the loss of his love.

The lady sighed, and Sir Hugo asked, angrily, if he had no livelier theme. The old man replied he had, and would sing one; but as he began a martial strain, he drew the cord with energy, the cowl which covered his head, and hid his features, fell off, and displayed a fine set of martial features. Isabella screamed and fainted, while the guests started to their feet, not knowing what was the matter; but on looking at the old harper they saw the marked change, and all the old domestics cried out, with one accord,—

"Welcome, Sir Damian Morolt," and as some of the retainers of Sir Hugo laid their hands upon their weapons, so did Sir Damian's people, for they were immediately surrounded. Isabella threw herself upon her husband's neck, and begged his pardon. It was given, and even Sir Hugo was forgiven, and all were happy on the eve of the crusader's return.

When Garrick was in Italy, he was requested by the Duke of Parma to give a proof of his skill in acting; on which he instantly threw himself into the attitude of Macbeth seeing the dagger of air. The Duke was perfectly convinced, by this single specimen, that Garrick was an absolute master of his art.

## MIRANDA;

OR,

### THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLXI.

THE OLD INN.—THE LANDLORD AND HIS WIFE.—THE SEARCH FOR THE WOUNDED.

BERNARD VARLEY directed one of the officers to alight and make an application for admittance, which he speedily did, by using the butt-end of a heavy riding whip at the door in such a manner, that in a very few moments a window was thrown up, and a head, ornamented with a white nightcap, accompanied by a large brass blunderbuss, was thrust out.

"Hilloa! hilloa! what's all the row about?" exclaimed the head. "Do you want to break into and rob the house? Hilloa! hilloa! I'll fire at you all if you don't get into the road."

And, suiting the action to the word, the weapon was duly poised and pointed at the officer, who immediately retreated, but Bernard Varley made up, saying,—

"We mean you no violence or wrong—open your doors, for we must remain here till daybreak."

"Ay, but it's easier to keep you out, than for you to get in—and such gentry as you do an honest man no good—none—I'm safe while I have a good oaken plank between you and me."

"Open the door, I say—else it shall be forced open. This is a party of officers with a prisoner. We must stay here—you'll be well paid."

"Blow'd if you ain't some of the right sort, or 'tis a most woeful do. I'll be down directly."

Saying this the window was shut down, and a light was seen moving about, and presently it descended, and in a short time a terrible rattling of chains and bars ensued, and then the door was opened by a fat short man.

"You have bolts and bars enough to secure the gates of a town against an enemy."

"Why, pretty well for that, sir," said the man. "You see, we takes care of ourselves in these parts; we don't like to give a chance away."

"Come," said Varley, impatiently, "show us the most secure room you have here. We have a prisoner to take care of, and one who has once escaped already from York."

"You shall see, sir, what we have presently; but things are not as they should be. You see, sir, we were all asleep."

"You were *all*, pray who is there besides yourself, for I see nobody?"

"My wife will be up directly, sir, and the gals. My wife, you see, sir—and my wife's a prudent woman—won't let the men sleep on the premises. She says, gals is gals, and men is men; and then she says there is no keeping them separate, and so the men sleep out of the house."

"Rather an inconvenient plan when you require their aid suddenly."

"Yes, but we can't have all the advantages, as my wife says, as we could were everything as we would wish, or would order it."

"Then get us some refreshments, and get us a room to secure our prisoner."

"Come this way," said the landlord, preceding them with a light.

After passing through many passages, and through several doors, up and down several steps, so that they scarcely knew whether they were up stairs or down, until at length the landlord stopped at a door, which he opened with much effort, and throwing the door open, he said, in a loud voice,—

"Walk in, gentlemen—that room you'll find safe and easy."

The whole party entered, and the landlord then followed, saying,—

"This is a comfortable room, gentlemen, and very safe; nobody has been in it for years, since a gentleman died here very mysteriously in my father's time—nobody know'd how—and I never heard, though a many talked of it as knew nothing about it."

Bernard Varley looked at the apartment, and then turning to the officers, he said, that he thought Rowland would scarcely be safe there without some one sitting up with him, and he being heavily ironed, as an additional precaution.

Rowland Percy was at once introduced into the apartment, and the officers forthwith proceeded to place irons on his hands and feet, against which he remonstrated with much earnestness, declaring that he knew nothing of the attempted rescue, or by whom it was attempted.

"Can't help it," replied the officer, "you have once broken prison, and may do so again, and we should be blamed if we were not to do so."



Upon this Rowland said no more, but submitted in silence to the operation.

The house was in a great bustle, and the landlord's wife was in full swing of her authority, and much was being done for the comfort of the guests, who had so suddenly come upon them. All sorts of unheard-of shifts were being resorted to, to deceive the eager eyes and appetites of the jaded officers.

To return to Miranda and Mr. Anderson, whom we left in the coach following the party who had Rowland Percy in custody, and who could not so easily pass the impediment that had been placed across the road. Their single driver could effect nothing by himself, and Miranda was reduced to a state of despair at not being able to follow Percy on his route to York.

It was with much persuasion and kindness from Mr. Anderson, that she could abstain from violent grief, which might have ended in some alarming manner, at a juncture, too, that would have rendered help unavailing, and too distant to be obtained.

Mr. Anderson himself got out and examined the road, and by great good fortune found that at one end of the tree the carriage might be driven over with care without incurring any great danger. This was no sooner proposed than it was done, and the check in her pursuit of Rowland Percy was immediately got over.

Once more, therefore, Miranda and Mr. Anderson entered the carriage, and drove in the direction the officers went. It was not long ere they reached the road-side inn, and perceiving the lights moving about, they at once concluded that Bernard Varley and the unfortunate Rowland were there; drawing up, therefore, before the inn door, Mr. Anderson alighted and proceeded to make inquiries respecting Rowland Percy, and soon found that their conjectures were realised, and at once procured a room where Miranda could retire to for a few hours, ere they again proceeded, Mr. Anderson taking care to keep such a vigilant watch, that Bernard Varley could not possibly intrude himself upon her.

The officers, who had recovered somewhat from the surprise at the attack, now proposed to go back in a body to the spot where they were attacked, for one of them was certain that he shot one man, who fell, and he thought he must have been killed.

This Varley opposed as being unnecessary, and exposing the safety of the prisoner, but he was overruled by the officers, who, whatever their recklessness and daring might be, would not listen to the cool proposal of letting a fellow-creature perish for want of common attention.

Leaving three of their number well armed, and Bernard Varley with the prisoner, five of them rode back the last two miles, but met no interruption, nor could they trace any human being, except when they arrived at the spot where they had been attacked, the marks of blood were perceptible, and could be traced till it was lost near the road-side, which bordered a wood, and where the officers had no doubt the perpetrators of the outrage were concealed, or through which they had made their escape.

"Well," said one of the officers, "it was as sharp an affair as ever I saw. I could have sworn there would have been lives lost, and I am not so sure, even now, that there ain't."

"Very likely; but dead, or dying, they have carried them off, and we have nothing to do save to turn back, and get what we can in the shape of rest and food, for that Bernard Varley cares but little for fatigue himself, and will hurry us onwards towards York, though we and the horses were to drop down dead on the journey."

"Yes, he seems terribly anxious about hanging this young fellow, and but for the reward that is offered, I would have nothing to do with him."

"Nor I; but we must do our duty in spite of all. I could have wished that he had been our man instead of the other poor devil."

"Ay, and for all his brag and independence he would cut but a sorry figure when the dardies are once put on him. My belief is he would be but a chicken-hearted one after all."

"I think so, too; but we must return, and bow to him, I suppose; he least said soonest mended; and he has money, you know. He will lead well, no doubt."

"He has done so already, and as long as he will keep at it well and good. I am, as in duty bound, his slave, you know—but here we are the old inn again."

Thus talking lightly, these men, to whom a life was of little or no consequence, but who merely had their likes and dislikes—as to who could be hung and who should not—a mere preference—all sat down on the bench the house could afford at Bernard Varley's expense, and on forgot their momentary distaste of the donor of the feast.

Yet though Varley treated these men to all that money could procure, yet he could not purchase their gratitude; but gratitude in a police officer is an absurdity; they served him with outward show of respect, and cared but little for the man.

The next day, soon after daybreak, they partook of a hearty meal and were speedily again on the road to York, closely followed by the other carriage, in which were Miranda and Mr. Anderson, who tried every method he could to buoy up her spirits, but hope seemed fled, and tears coursed each other down her pale cheeks as she sat by his side.

All the hopes she had but lately possessed were now dead within her—the dreary prison at York rose before her eye—the dreadful tolling of the bell rung in her ears—and the sight of her lover's corpse swinging from a gibbet in the air, appeared to her disordered mind with such startling distinctness, that she shrunk back in the carriage to escape the dreadful sight.

Miranda yet knew that Rowland Percy would need comfort and consolation, and this thought, and the knowledge that she was the only living being who yet remained to him that could or would afford it, enabled her to keep up better than at one time her extreme agitation and grief promised she would be able to do; but, by a great effort, she overcame her feelings, determined that when she should again be permitted to speak with him, that she would do so in a tone and manner that should not embitter his last moments.

Thus the time passed on their return to York. Miranda was not allowed to hold any communication with Percy during the journey; this was probably at the desire of Bernard Varley, who watched with malignancy of disposition every attempt on the part of Miranda to get near the carriage in which Rowland Percy was a prisoner.

## CHAPTER CLXII.

GLOOMY REFLECTIONS.—NED WITLET'S DESPAIR.—NIGHT AND MORNING.

It was late in the evening when the whole party entered the precincts of York; the sun had sunk beneath the western horizon, and the chill winds of evening had arisen beneath a bright sunset, the more melancholy to poor Percy, since he believed the beauties of nature were fast closing in from him. He trembled to think of the future—he even questioned the justice of Heaven in his own case.

They soon after entered York, but, owing to the darkness that spread around, they were but little noticed; else the whole city would have flocked round them; as it was, a few individuals only saw them, and these were ignorant of whom they were.

It was too late for an examination, and an immediate application was made to the chief magistrate to commit Rowland Percy to York castle. It is needless to say that this was immediately acceded to by that official personage, who congratulated the officers upon the vigilance they had displayed in the search which had occupied them so long.

In a very short time Rowland Percy was an inmate in York castle, and, on the morrow, he would be taken before the magistrates, and identified, and then given over to the executioner.

Miranda and Mr. Anderson entered York nearly at the same instant with the officers. Mr. Anderson thought it unnecessary to attend, as the step was but a preliminary one, and one which must inevitably take place, and besides he did not wish to leave Miranda in her present state of mind.

How different was her state of mind when she last entered York; she knew that Rowland Percy was at least free—knew that he had good and kind friends who would do their utmost to shelter him from the evil destiny that awaited him, until the time should arrive, as she told herself it would, when his innocence would be proclaimed.

But now he was again a prisoner—a victim of oppression—and nearer than ever to death. Miranda shuddered at the thought, but she was aroused from the gloomy reverie by the stoppage of the carriage at Mr. Anderson's door.

Mr. Anderson had, with a truly philanthropic humanity, insisted on Miranda becoming an inmate in his house, and used every argument he could think of ere she could bring herself, destitute as she was, to throw herself upon the generosity of so willing, but not the best provided friend.

That night Mr. Anderson used all the arguments in his power to induce her to be calm, telling her she had better prepare herself to meet the worst, for it would be cruel in him to give her hope where none existed, and that upon her depended the consolation of the last hours of poor Percy. Sad as the consolation was, and as unlikely to produce calmness in most minds, yet in hers it had its effect. Calm she was, to a certain degree, but it required an effort to be so, and which would probably terminate in some great prostration of spirit and mental energy.

That night, too, was the moment of hopes and fears, the latter preponderating, in the breast of another heart in the large city of York.

At a low public-house in one of the many dirty narrow ways in which one part of York abounds, were assembled a number of men of no very inviting external appearance, and certainly of no high order of morality,



from their language, which was of that species of cant which might be characterised as the brutal.

Few of these men had the humour of Jones, or any of his good qualities, or the kindness and thought of Ned Witlet, though they belonged to the same class, and were their intimates. Their conversation was wholly confined to their own plans, either for robbery or revenge.

"What say you," said Witlet, who was one of the number, "will you all assist me?"

"What in?" inquired one who had but just entered the room.

"Why," said Ned Witlet, "Mr. Rowland Percy, whom we got off once, is again nabbed; now he will be brought up for re-committal to the condemned cell, and then he will immediately after suffer. Now what I propose is, that a rescue should be attempted on the morning of execution, when he is brought out."

"What! rescue him when he has the halter round his neck—and the dragons in York, too—I would run some risk, Ned, but this is absolute madness—but if not, why should we risk our lives after a young fellow like this, innocent or guilty? we are sure to be taken, or shot, or cut down. No, no, that will never do."

This was so clearly the opinion of all present that Witlet forbore to press the plan further; indeed, he had previously urged all he could with the like success, and now turned from the room with feelings of sorrow and despair that had not for years visited his breast; the tear stood in the highwayman's eye; he left his companions, to curse their cowardice and his own want of power, and he sought solitude as the only relief he could experience in this as yet greatest trial of the heart that he had met with for many a long year.

That night it was bruited about that Rowland Percy, the murderer, had been re-captured, and would be taken before the magistrates in the morning to be identified previous to his execution, and it was expected that there would be a great concourse of people assembled; to meet this the chief magistrate had dispatched orders for strong bodies of police to protect the town during the night, and that the military should be in readiness in case their presence should be required; this done, the city of York was once more in profound repose.

Slowly the nightly watch patrols the deserted streets, longing for the morning's light and heat, but not a sound is to be heard, not a sight seen—all is as still as the grave, and darkness envelopes the earth. The lamps certainly dimly illumine the streets, and twinkle at certain distances from each other.

The town is as a desert, not a human being was to be seen or met with—this, the home of men—the busy scenes of their daily toils, the spot in which they assemble, and in which they pass to and fro in thousands, and yet not one solitary creature can now be seen; the homeless and houseless wanderer has even shrunk into some by place to shelter himself from the cold air of the night, and cannot be seen.

Then turning his eyes towards the east, the weary patrol anxiously expects the first sign of approaching day, and sees to his joy that the first faint glimpse of light has just touched the east, and is gradually extending its influence upwards across the sky, and the fleeting masses now became defined in shape, and soon illuminated by the most brilliant colours.

The tall steeples and the high chimneys of some of the public buildings, stood out in relief against the dimly illumined sky, which was each moment becoming an object of attraction, for the sun's beams now began to gain strength, and the sun itself had peeped from beneath the eastern horizon, and his golden light fell full upon the retreating vapours, that now burdened the heavens; but their departure is as glorious as their arrival at sun-set, for the beautiful tints that shone in the heavens resembled all the splendour of an eastern tale.

The aerial scenery is grand, the fantastic shapes of the floating masses surpass the wildest imagination, for it seemed that by some magical influence, the curtains of the heavens had been drawn up, and the flooding light of the sun had been suddenly let fall on the earth through a thousand differently stained glasses, for the hues were so bright, so various, and of such immense extent, that the human eye could not take in at one view the glories of the sun's disc.

These beauties were well nigh unobserved, for the inhabitants of cities have seldom the desire, or even the power, to rise early enough to enjoy these spontaneous beauties of nature; perhaps it may not be from inaction, but because usage is second nature, and business is carried on at later hours than in the rural districts, and this renders early rising in all, save a few, inconvenient.

The city itself at first was but a dense dark mass, little of which could be made out until the sun disclosed to the wandering eye a whole city rising out of darkness and obscurity; the largest buildings are those that are observed first, their gigantic forms reflect back the first golden beams that near the earth, while other buildings follow.

Then come the long line of chimneys and house tops, and then the many windows reflect back the warm beams as they strike obliquely on the glass in many colours.

The watch disappears, and the early citizens now appear singly in the streets, as they hurry onward to the scene of their daily toil and labour; they leave their houses at earliest dawn, and only seek it when the night has well advanced; here and there, crawling along, may be seen the errand boy, who passed his young days in wretchedness and labour, and his more advanced life is divided betwixt labour, misery, and occasional debauchery.

The smoke which is now ascending from a vast number of chimneys, proclaims that sleep had not closed all eyes, but that some are awake and up. Many of the inhabitants are yet wrapped in slumber, for it is still early, and only those whom business, occupation, or servitude compel to be about, are up in this mass of human beings.

Early in the morning all the avenues leading to the court-house were crowded with human beings, anxious to catch even a transitory glimpse of one who had caused so much stir in York, and more especially one who had broken from prison and eluded the most active officers.

Strong bodies of police were stationed at favourable points, and a strong party of the dragons were ready to mount at a moment's notice; indeed, their bugles were distinctly heard by the crowd, for whose ears they were sounded, so that there might be no attempt at riot.

A few unimportant proceedings were attended to first, indeed, while they were waiting for the appearance of Rowland Percy, for whom a strong body of police were despatched mounted, and a carriage was sent, into which Percy was conducted with an officer on either side of him.

The morning was one of more than ordinary beauty and serenity, the sun shone gaily, and Rowland Percy contrasted all the happy faces, for such he deemed them, with his own sad and miserable case.

Not much time was given him for thought; he was hurried forward with rapidity, and he soon arrived at the court-house, into which he was immediately ushered by the party who had the custody of his person.

(To be continued in our next.)

**THE MUSQUET, OR MUSKET.**—The musquet was a Spanish invention. It is said to have first made its appearance at the battle of Pavia, and to have contributed in an especial manner to decide the fortune of the day. Its use, however, seems for a while to have been confined. It appears not to have been generally adopted till the Duke of Alba took upon himself the government of the Netherlands, in 1567. M. d. Strozzi, Colonel General of the French Infantry under Charles IX., introduced it into France. The first Spanish musquets had straight stocks, the French curved ones. Their form was that of the harquebus, but a long and heavy that something of support was required, and hence originated the rest, a staff the height of a man's shoulder, with a kind of fork of iron at the top, to receive the musquet, and a ferule at bottom steady it in the ground. On a march, when the piece was shouldered, the rest was at first carried in the right hand, and subsequently hurled upon the wrist, by means of a loop tied under its head. A similar rest had been first used by the mounted arquebusers. In the time of Elizabeth, and long after, the English musqueteer was a most cumbersome soldier. He had, besides the unwieldy weapon itself, his coarse powder for loading in a flask, his fine powder for priming in a touch-box, his bullets in a leathern bag, the strings of which he had to draw to get them, while in his hand was his burning match and his musquet rest, and when he had discharged his piece, he had to draw his sword, in order to defend himself. Hence it became a question, for a long time even among military men, whether the bow did not deserve a preference over the musquet.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed to the Editor (post paid), will meet with immediate attention.

**E. H. WHITE.**—We are much afraid that we shall be unable to use "Autobiography of a Shilling," unless allowed to use the pen-knife to a very small extent. If our friend is willing to submit his MS. to such an operation, we will insert it as soon as possible.

We have a very great suspicion that J. Goodman was never within a hundred miles of St. Ives. We may be wrong; and, if so, and

"Yes" to the question.

**E. E.**—Read the lines by A. J. K. in our TIMES of last week, and print by them.

**F. J. WESTON.**—Apply to Sir James Graham.

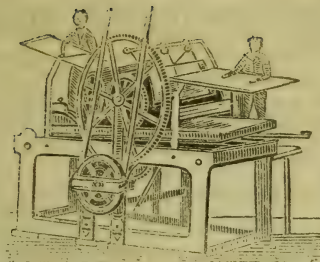
**Declined.**—"Ode to the Chrysanthemum;" "The Farewell;" "T in the merry month of May."

**J. B.**—Both lines and subject are too common-place for insertion. Will find room in our "Budget" for the riddle, but are afraid we are not able to squeeze the other in.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## THE RULING PASSION; OR, ON THE TRAMP.

CHRISTOPHER PRIGGINS was the son of a respectable tradesman in London. At an early age his unruly passions were developed by the energy with which he aimed his tiny fist at his nurse's nose, or struggled and squalled in her arms, as she washed his puny carcase in the hand-basin.

When his powers were a little more developed, he showed his prowess by pinching his younger sister, or the infants that sat upon the same form with him at school; but his peculiar tact lay in the adroitness with which he could appropriate their gingerbread or bread and butter, to his own use, without detection.

When breeched, he found his pockets of considerable utility in the conveyancing department, and the stolen treasures that were occasionally turned out of them, would, if collected, have been sufficient to stock a small shop. He bullied all the little boys beneath him, and only longed for the time when he should be the biggest boy, that he might reign absolute. When arrived at this dignity, he used the power he had acquired with the most perfect tyranny, and when the season or any particular game was over, he rejoiced amazingly, as it gave him the kind of roving license to take what he could, (for, as schoolboys express it, when "marbles are out, smuggins are about,") and this license he used to the greatest extent, and converted all he could lay his hands upon to his own use.

Upon leaving school his character more perfectly ripened, and his father's till, were it able to speak, could tell of many peculiar speculations to his discredit, while amongst those with whom he was intimately acquainted, he was known as a complete sponger.

In the usual course of things, his father died, and he succeeded to the business, where, by extortion, short weight, savings, screwings, and speculations of every description, he managed to realise a competency; and as wealth, however acquired, produces friends, our hero became tax-collector and guardian of the poor.

It was in this capacity of tax-collector that he first became acquainted with Martha Watson, the wife of an industrious cabinet-maker, whose charms he had no sooner seen than he determined to secure them, let the risk be whatever it might; and chance, which sometimes favours the wicked, for some time seemed to place her in his power, for Watson's business began to fail, and his taxes, which had been due for a length of time, were still unpaid.

It was one morning, when Watson was from home, that Priggins gave his official knock at the door of Mrs. Watson, who opened it, and to her discomfiture, saw our hero with his book in hand, inkstand hung at his button-hole, and pen behind his ear.

"Good morning, Mrs. Watson," said he.  
"Good morning, sir. Will you step in?" said Mrs. Watson, wishing to be as civil as possible.

"Thank you," said Priggins.

"Take a seat, sir."

"I will," said Priggins, looking her hard in the face. "Is your husband at home?"

"No, sir."

"Humph!" said Priggins.

"I expect him home shortly, sir."

"You know, Mrs. Watson, that there are two quarters due?"

"I do, sir, and I am very sorry —"

"Can't wait any longer. Really, am very sorry to put you to inconvenience; but taxes must be paid."

"I know, sir; but Mr. Watson has had many losses. My family has been sick, and I —"

"Must put in an execution," continued Priggins, "unless paid by this day week."

"Oh, dear—oh, dear. What will become of my poor children?" exclaimed Mrs. Watson, wringing her hands.

"You may find some friend to assist you, perhaps," replied the tax-collector.

"Oh, no—oh, no," said Mrs. Watson, crying. "My husband has been to all his friends."

"Really, Mrs. Watson, I should be most happy to assist you, if I could, myself," said Priggins, regarding her attentively. "I pity beauty in distress."

"Oh, do, sir. Spare us a little longer time, till business shall be more brisk. My husband will be so grateful," replied Mrs. Watson, in a supplicating tone.

"And can't his wife be grateful?" asked Priggins.

"If there be any service that can mark my sense of the intended kindness, it is at your service, and will be remembered with the liveliest feelings of gratitude."

"I did not say that I could give you longer time; but still I can assist you," replied Priggins.

"And Heaven will reward you," replied the disconsolate wife, "for your generosity."

"Well, then, matters may not be so bad as you expect. I will pay these taxes from my own pocket," said Priggins; "but upon one condition."

"Name it, sir."

"Your husband is from home, Mrs. Watson. You are a very pretty woman, and I have long been enamoured of you."

"Really, sir," said Mrs. Watson, colouring deeply, "I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you have of my personal appearance; but I really think that —"

"What? my dear Mrs. Watson," asked Priggins.

"It would be better to refer the matter to my husband, who will be home directly," continued Mrs. Watson.

"You really must misunderstand me, my dear madam," endeavouring to look tender.

"Then, perhaps, sir, you will be kind enough to be more explicit?" said Mrs. Watson, mildly.

"To be sure, my dear madam," replied Priggins, rushing from his seat, and taking her hand, which she construed into nothing more than a little ebullition of generosity.

"Well, sir, and what do you propose?" said Mrs. Watson, without withdrawing her hand.

"First, my love," said Priggins, as his grey eye leered upon his victim, "I propose one kiss of those pouting lips. What would I not give to call you mine. Surely so little a favour will not be denied, when you consider that it will be the means of preventing so much distress to your husband and family."

"What?" said Mrs. Watson, in surprise, and trembling with emotion.

"Do you thus —"

"Proclaim myself your slave," said Priggins, attempting to kiss her.

"Your husband is from home, and why should we not cement our bliss in the joys of love?"

"Dastard villain!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Watson, extricating herself from his grasp. "Is it thus that you insult an unprotected woman, under the semblance of generosity? Thank God, my husband will be here directly!"

"Then you can tell him," said Priggins, coolly, as she repulsed him.



"Good morning, Mrs. Watson; these taxes must be paid, or the execution will be put in. Good morning," said he again, and as he walked out, he slammed the door.

Priggins had scarcely left the house, before Mr. Watson returned, and finding his wife absorbed with grief with her handkerchief to her eyes, demanded the cause.

"What has happened, my love?" said he, kindly.

"Oh—oh," sobbed Mrs. Watson, hysterically, and the words seemed to stick in her throat.

"Come—come, my love; don't give way," said her husband—"tell me what has happened."

"Gentleman said he would give mamma some money," replied his little girl, who was standing by.

"Eh, what?" said Watson, "who?—where?"

"Mr. Priggins has called," at length said Mrs. Watson.

"And what does he say?"

"Must have the money for the taxes," replied his wife, fearful to mention what had occurred.

"By when?" asked Watson.

"This day week," said Mrs. Watson, wiping her eyes.

"I cannot do it, my dear."

"Then we shall have an execution," replied Mrs. Watson, again bursting into tears.

"There—there—cheer up," said Watson, who, for the time, thought more about his wife's sorrow, than either Priggins or the taxes. "Something may turn up, my dear; it may be all for the best;" but after giving the matter a little thought, his countenance fell, and regarding his family attentively for a moment, he muttered, "I cannot do it," and sunk listlessly into the chair beside him.

It was now Mrs. Watson's turn to cheer her desponding husband, and forgetful of her own sorrow on the instant, she soothed and encouraged his dejected soul by every term that the most genuine affection could dictate. It is ever thus in adversity that woman is man's best and dearest comforter.

In spite of Mrs. Watson's affection, that day week arrived, but the money for the taxes did not; a man was put in as execution, and at the expiration of five days their goods were removed, and afterwards sold to defray expenses.

Thus left with what few things they could manage to scrape together, a few weeks passed over, and these were soon disposed of to procure the necessities of life, and finally they were ejected from the miserable room they occupied.

In this state of poverty, Watson remembered that he had some friends at Portsmouth who might assist him, and the idea was no sooner conceived than he determined to put it into execution, as the only means of saving his family from starvation.

For this purpose, he contrived to muster a few shillings, the half of which he put into his wife's hand; then kissing her and the children, and promising to write and send for them the moment he could get employ, he took a stout stick and set out for Portsmouth, where he arrived, worn out and penniless.

The small stock of cash that Watson had left his wife, in a day or two dwindled away. She struggled against her misery as long as nature could endure it; but the cries of her children at last compelled her to have recourse to the parish as a means of keeping them alive.

With a trembling and palpitating heart for the first time she raised her hand to the knocker of the workhouse door; but a sudden chill seemed to paralyse her powers, and her arm fell powerless at her side. At this instant the infant in her arm began to cry, and as its piteous wail struck upon her ear, she said, "It must be done!" and again raising her hand, gave a tremulous motion to the knocker.

"Well, ma'am, what's for you?" said the porter, as he opened the door.

"I want assistance," said Mrs. Watson, faintly.

"You want parish assistance!" ejaculated the porter, as he stepped back a step or two in apparent surprise.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Watson.

"I shouldn't have thort it, howsumiver," returned the porter; "a lady like you, with a double knock."

"It slipped from my hand," said Mrs. Watson.

"Oh, I dare say," replied the porter. "Shall I tell the board that a lady wishes to speak to them?"

"I want assistance," replied Mrs. Watson.

"Well, then, they are now sitting, and when it comes to your turn you can go in."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Watson, who stood waiting for her turn amongst the number of squalid miseries that occupy the outer room of a parish union on board day.

At last it came to her turn, and being ushered into the room,

where several well-dressed men were sitting round a long table covered with green cloth, she saw Priggins amongst the number.

"Oh, is that you, Mrs. Watson?" said Priggins; as soon as he saw her. "This is what your pride and extravagance has brought you to. You want relief, I suppose?"

To this question Mrs. Watson made no reply, being overcome by her emotion.

"You want relief, my good woman?" said another of the board, kindly.

"Yes, sir," faltered Mrs. Watson.

"Come—come, speak out," said another of the board; "we cannot be detained while you are musing your words there."

"Yes, sir," answered Mrs. Watson, more loudly than before to this coarse speech.

"Where is your husband?"

"In the country, sir."

"In the country, indeed!—fine times, indeed, when men can go into the country and leave their wives to become chargeable to the parish."

"He went to seek employment, sir."

"Oh, indeed; why did he not take you with him?"

"Because, sir, upon his leaving me, he had but a few shillings to support him until he gained employment."

"Humph!"

"I have resided in this parish," continued Mrs. Watson, "these ten years, paid rent and taxes, and supported myself until——"

"Pride and extravagance," said Priggins, revengefully, "reduced you to your present situation. I should deem myself unworthy to be one of this honourable board if I allowed them to be deceived by your plausible story. I know her well, gentlemen. Come, answer quickly. Your husband has gone on the tramp, you say, and the best thing you can do is to take your brats and go on the tramp too. The gentlemen of the board cannot have their time taken up by listening to such idle stories as yours."

"But," exclaimed another of the board, "let the woman speak, and then we shall be better able to judge; we have not heard a syllable of the case yet."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Priggins, testily, "the case is totally unworthy of your consideration; they are no better than a set of swindlers. Whenever they have been called upon by any of us gentlemen for rates or taxes, they have not only attempted to defraud us, but have given the most violent abuse, and are in debt to every tradesman in the neighbourhood in which they resided."

"Gentlemen," said the chairman of the board, at this intelligence, "we must dismiss this case; there are more deserving characters that require our consideration. Mrs. Watson, we can't assist you."

Thus repulsed, and with her heart ready to burst, Mrs. Watson sought her miserable home, to satisfy the cravings of her starving family in the best manner she was able.

By dint of great exertion, however, she contrived to get a scanty subsistence by the ill-paid labour of shirt-making, and in this way supported herself and children for some weeks; when one evening, as she was sitting at work by her miserable candle, a fellow lodger, scarcely in better circumstances than herself, entered her room.

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Bateman," said Mrs. Watson; "how are you to-day?"

"Tolerable, thank you," replied the other. "I have brought you a drop of broth for your baby."

"Thank you kindly," replied Mrs. Watson. "Don't go yet; sit down for I am very lonely."

"Well, I don't mind for half an hour," replied her visitor. "How do you get on?"

"Badly enough," said Mrs. Watson. "I have sat up these three nights, and cannot get paid for my labour."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed her visitor; "some people manage to get on but I don't know how they do it."

"Not by hard work," replied Mrs. Watson.

"No, I suppose not; none but rogues get on now-a-days."

"I don't know that," said Mrs. Watson.

"I only know I wish I had the reward that is offered for the man that has absconded."

"What is it?"

"A hundred pounds."

"What has he done?"

"Oh, he was one of the collectors; you remember him, I dare say a tall, gawky fellow. He has run off with I don't know how many thousand pounds belonging to the parish."

"I don't know all the collectors," answered Mrs. Watson. "I never had any dealings but with one, and he has been the cause of a great deal of my present distress."

"Well, this one has absconded, and they can't find him; it is supposed he has gone to America."

"What's his name?"



"I nearly forget: but you can see it on the placard on the wall round the corner. I think it is Figgins."

"Priggins!" responded Mrs. Watson, putting down her work to stare at her visitor. "I always thought he was a rogue; but he will meet with his reward, if not here, he will in the next world."

"Transportation for life, no doubt," said Mrs. Bateman.

"Can't say, I'm sure; these things, somehow or another, always get hushed up," replied Mrs. Watson.

"I must get my husband's supper," said her visitor. "Good night."

"Good night," said Mrs. Watson, who again resumed her task.

After a wakeful night, in which the thoughts of Priggins obtruded themselves on her mind, she rose from her pallet of straw, unrefreshed, to commence another day's monotonous toil.

The rays of the morning sun, which elsewhere gladdened and refreshed all nature, here straggled into her miserable chamber through the chimney-pots of the opposite houses and the dense smoke which enveloped them, as the wearied mother broke a penny loaf amongst her children for their morning meal; and as she was about to put the smallest portion of it into her own mouth to support nature, she was startled by the postman's knock, and as she leaned over the bannisters the welcome sound of "for Mrs. Watson," met her ear.

She ran down stairs; the letter was put into her hands. It was in her husband's handwriting, and upon returning to her room to peruse it, to her inexpressible joy found it to contain a money order. Her husband had obtained employment, and the enclosed order was to defray her and her children's expenses to Portsmouth.

She could scarcely believe the evidence of her senses, and after reading the letter three times, threw herself upon her knees, and addressed a fervent prayer to Heaven in gratitude for its interposing power. It is needless to say that the post-office order was quickly converted into cash, and that with the least possible delay herself and family made their way to meet their affectionate father at Portsmouth.

All thoughts of Priggins and his inhuman conduct had now nearly vanished from her mind, and been erased by the increased comforts she now enjoyed, when one morning as she walked in the streets of Portsmouth, an individual in the garb of the "society of friends," drew near her.

For some seconds she regarded the person, and the thought that she had somewhere seen the man before passed across her brow. As he passed her, the idea suddenly struck her that it was Priggins, with his black whiskers shaven off, and accosting him she said,—

"Oh—oh, you are on the *tramp*, are you?"

The individual—for it was no other than Priggins himself—turned short round to look upon the speaker, whom he no sooner saw than he turned up a narrow street, and walked leisurely away, thinking, probably, that she was unconscious of his defalcation.

Mrs. Watson directly returned home, and informed her husband of all his previous conduct, and finished with telling him of the amount that was offered for his apprehension.

Without delay, Watson immediately informed the proper authorities. The intelligence was sent to London, and Priggins was taken into custody five minutes before the vessel in which he had embarked was about to sail for America.

Having been conveyed to London, he was found guilty of one of his schoolboy tricks, only on a larger scale—viz., the embezzlement of several thousands of the public money; instead of being a guardian, he had a guard set over him, and, much to his disappointment, instead of going on a pleasant trip to the United States, was sent "*on the tramp*" to Botany Bay.

With the hundred pounds gained for information, Watson realised a competent fortune, and lived to enjoy it.

NICOLAS ETIENNE LE FRANC was surnamed Porteuil, and was the son of a rich notary at Paris. Some have imagined that he received impressions even before he was born, which induced him to become a comedian. When his mother was pregnant, the family lived on the *Quai de la Mégisserie*, where every Sunday certain puppet-show buffoons erected scaffolds and acted their farces all the afternoon, which she observed from the windows, and thus, as people have said, the child in early infancy employed himself with nothing but puppets. My testimony may be believed, says the author of *La Bibliothèque des Théâtres*, for, having been his fellow student, I often assisted at his farces, one of which I shall never forget, for it had nearly proved fatal. In this piece, of his own invention, Punch having received a mail with news from Flanders, seats himself on it to speak to the courier. As it was intended to play Punch a trick, instead of letters, gunpowder and crackers were put into the mail, which, being lighted, set fire to the pasteboard scenery and paper, burned the apparatus of the young comedian, and we were in great danger of being suffocated by the smoke.

## THE HAPPY RENCONTRE;

OR; THE SHIPWRECKED BROTHER.

"It's going to rain, George," said Betty Patterson to her husband, as they sat over their peat fire, and the latter smoked his pipe.

"How do you know, Bet?" returned her spouse, taking the pipe from his mouth.

"Don't you see the cat rubbing her paws over her ears?"

"Ay—ay," returned George; "but I don't see what that has to do with rain."

"All I know is, that it is so, and this evening I had a stranger in my tea-cup."

"A fiddlestick—nonsense."

"You may call it nonsense, Patterson, if you like; but I am sure we shall have a stranger here to-night."

"Who do you think would go out of doors such a night as this, Bet? Why, it rains now, as if the heavens were coming down."

"It may, George, and in spite of wind or rain, he will be here."

"And who do you think it will be?" he said. "You seem to know all about it beforehand."

"That I do not know; but it will be a tall man."

"Pooh!—pooh!"

Scarcely had Patterson spoken, when a loud knock came at the door.

"There, did I not tell you so?" said Betty, exultingly, as she rose from her seat.

"You did, old girl, and that's true; but see who the stranger is."

"For the love of Heaven, give me shelter for the night," commenced the stranger, as Betty opened the door, which the wind forced back with violence.

"Come in, friend," said George; "you are welcome. We have been expecting you."

"Impossible!" replied the tall stranger. "I have not been on shore these six months, so how should you expect me? I have been wrecked in the vessel which has just gone to pieces, off the reef of rocks in yonder bay, and now crave repose to recruit my exhausted strength."

"And that you shall have most willingly, friend. I am but a poor man, but whatever my cot affords, is at your service."

"I thank thee, friend," replied the stranger, "and I also thank Heaven I have escaped a watery grave, like many of her crew."

"But seated, friend. Here is a dry coat and shirt of mine, and Betty will find you stockings and other necessities, till your own clothes are dry."

"You are a generous man," returned the stranger. "I feel much indebted to your kindness."

"Don't mention it," said George. "It's a poor case if one cannot help a man when he stands in need of it."

"You are right, friend."

"Do you smoke?" asked George.

"I do, like a chimney-pot."

"Where's a pipe and baccy, then?"

When the stranger had arrayed himself in Patterson's dry garments, he filled the pipe, and commenced smoking at ease. For some time he seemed lost in reverie, and finally a deep sigh escaped his bosom.

"That gives token of a sore heart, sir," said Betty, as she placed another log upon the fire.

"My heart is none of the most joyous," said the stranger. "In my time I have had many things to give it pain."

"And who has not?" asked George, thoughtfully. "Man seems born to trouble."

"He does, and I have had my share," replied the stranger.

"If you would unburden your heart," replied George Patterson, "you will find those here that will sympathise in your misfortune."

"One certainly does feel a pleasure in narrating one's grievances," replied the stranger, "and if I should not be imposing too severe a task upon you, would just give you a sketch of the miseries I have endured."

"Proceed."

It is many years ago, (commenced the stranger,) since I left my native land, and entered a sea-boy in a merchant vessel. One destination was a port in India, where we arrived after a prosperous but lengthy voyage.

"I, also, had a brother that went to sea," remarked old Patterson, re-filling his pipe.

"I had the singular good fortune to please my captain," resumed the stranger, "who, upon arriving at our place of destination, made me over to the proprietors of the ship, to work in their establishment."

By diligence and perseverance I became their clerk, and finally was admitted to a small share in their affairs; it was in this situation that



I first became acquainted with the beautiful and lovely Keza, the daughter of a native prince.

Our house, had, for some time, been transacting negotiations with him for produce of the country, and other valuables; and I, as a party concerned, was despatched to arrange many preliminaries of the bargain.

After many days journey up the country, where I suffered much fatigue, I arrived at the palace of Tabos, where I was received with every appearance of hospitality; but, nevertheless, he had the greatest abhorrence of the English, who, as he was accustomed to say, had stolen the country from its rightful owners.

His daughter, Keza, paid me every attention; her dark full eye and simple elegance pierced my very soul, and I fancied the love with which I regarded her was reciprocal.

What was more delightful, I found she was thoroughly conversant with the English language, having partially learned it from many of our fellow countrymen who had visited her father, and by a long residence in Ca'cutta.

Every day my attachment for the lovely girl grew more strong; she also seemed to take the greatest delight in my conversation, and regarded me with the greatest tenderness. That our love was mutual I felt convinced, and could no longer dissemble the fact from her.

"My beloved Keza," said I, as we one evening walked to enjoy the breeze that had just sprung up; "I cannot longer resist the temptation to declare the ardour of my passion for you; henceforth I cannot live without you; your presence will be a continual sunshine to my existence."

"Oh," replied the lovely girl, raising her hands to Heaven, "then you love Keza! the great spirit bless you for it; Keza would even love you also—live with you—be your nurse—fan you while you sleep."

"No, my beloved girl," I replied, "the wife of an Englishman is no slave."

"What then?"

"She is the companion and friend of his bosom, and, in his country, they are paid the greatest honours."

"Ha! no slave there?—and will you take me to your country to be your wife?"

"I will, with your parent's permission."

"That he never will give," sighed Keza.

"Did you ever ask him?"

"Oh, no, I dare not; I well know his animosity to your countrymen, and to think of becoming the wife of one, would be certain death to me."

"Is his hatred, then, so implacable?"

"It is."

"Gracious Heaven!" returned I, "what unholy passions does the love of gain and conquest stir up in the human heart, when all should be harmony and peace."

After various converse of this description, we parted with mutual vows of constancy, and each retired to our sleeping apartments.

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The time now drew nigh for my departure; the elephants had been loaded with the ware for which I had bartered, and all was ready to be in motion. I only waited to take my farewell of my adored Keza, and, to my grief, saw her, as she approached, bathed in tears.

"For the present, Keza," said I, "I must leave you; business compels me to part from you for a few short months; at the end of which I will return."

"Short do you call the time which will separate Keza from all she loves?—no, no, we cannot part so soon."

"But necessity compels me, love," replied I, as, with a breaking heart, I endeavoured to force myself from her embrace.

"It cannot be!—it cannot be!" she sighed, as she wept upon my neck.

"Joy of my soul," said I, "I will again return to you."

"Ah, once separated from Keza, she will die as a blade of grass."

"Be assured of my constant and unalterable love, dear girl; and, for the present, let that console your troubled mind—now farewell."

"I will never part from you—never!" said Keza, clinging with her beautifully rounded but dark skinned arms around my neck; "I will never leave you."

For some minutes I stood irresolute—the time was passing rapidly—how could I use force to free myself from such impassioned love? There was but one remedy.

"Keza," said I, "will you put faith in my honour, and travel with me; you shall be my wife the first moment I can find a clergyman to perform the ceremony of our marriage."

For a moment the dark eye of the lovely Indian flashed with the fire of the most exuberant joy. It spoke volumes to my soul; there, in that single glance, I saw the pure devotedness of woman's love, and felt, that from henceforth, without her love to cheer my path, my life would be a dreary void.

"Quick—quick—my soul's existence!" said I, "ere some unforeseen circumstance mar our project."

I, at that moment, raised my head from off her expressive and love-speaking eyes, when they encountered those of her fierce and implacable father. They rolled like balls of fire within his darkened features.—He spoke not a single syllable, but, taking from his belt a richly-mounted pistol, he presented the muzzle to the brain of Keza.

It was but the work of an instant—a loud report followed, and the beautiful Indian fell a lifeless corpse at my very feet—the ball had perforated her brain.

For some minutes I stood stupefied upon the spot, gazing upon the murdered form of all I had ever loved on earth, and that, too, by a parent's hand.

"Englishman!" said the prince, arousing me from my lethargy; "thus do I account worthless aught that could conceive a love for any of a nation whose soul is but one scheme of avarice, and spread naught but desolation to attain it—yonder lies your path!"

I had no alternative but to comply. I mounted the elephant for my use, and with a heart bleeding to the very core, retraced my steps to B——, where my partners were awaiting my arrival.

India had no charms now for me. I longed to leave a land where everything called up to my imagination the form of my murdered Keza. As soon as circumstances would permit, I begged to withdraw my name from the firm, and finding I had realized enough to support me comfortably in my native land, I bade adieu to the shores of India.

For some months the weather proved favourable; but upon coming into the northern latitudes we began to experience the varieties of the climate. Upon arriving in the Channel the gale began to be felt with violence. We shortened all the sail we could without effect—the waves now rolled mountains high—the lightning flashed—and the thunder rolled with awful grandeur—and, upon arriving within sight of land, we hoisted a signal for a pilot; but such was the violence of the storm, that none could reach the vessel. We finally struck upon a rock, when our noble ship went to pieces, and, with great difficulty, I gained the shore by swimming.

"And here you are, my friend," said George, when the stranger had ended his narration.

"Yes," replied the latter; "thank God I have escaped a watery grave, and Jacob Pearson is once again in his native land!"

"Jacob Pearson!" exclaimed the aged owner of the cottage in surprise; "is your name Jacob Pearson?"

"It is, double-s," returned the stranger.

"Of the town of Y——?"

"The same."

"And son of Martha and Philip Pearson, who lived in the small house by the church?"

"Exactly so, my friend," replied Jacob; "you seem to have some knowledge of my poor parents?"

"I ought too, man!" returned George, rising, and taking his brother by the hand; "do you not remember your brother George?"

"My brother George!—is he still alive?"

"And stands before you!"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Jacob, as he tenderly embraced his aged brother; "do I live to see this day—have I yet those alive who are dear to me by the tie of blood?"

"Ah, my dear brother!" returned George; "fortune plays strange tricks with a family. When I was out in the world, you were then an infant. I have been for years trying to earn a scanty living by ploughing a few acres of my native soil, while you have been traversing distant lands, and ploughing the waters of the raging sea, gaining wealth."

"True, George; but for the future you may lay aside your plough. I have enough for both; here, with you, I will remain."

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The appearance of the cottage soon began to assume a new aspect, with the increase of capital expended on it. The plough had been a necessary adjunct to the life of George Pearson, and now, in his old age, he could not leave its use alone. The few acres were converted into many acres, and before long, where once stood the humble cot that had afforded shelter to the half-drowned brother, a handsome brick dwelling rose. Jacob Pearson, who could not remain inactive, devoted the whole of his time to the study of the cultivation of the soil, and soon became an eminent farmer—the pride of old England.

PIRON'S OPINION OF SARRASIN—Piron, discontented with the performance of Sarrasin in the tragedy of "Gustavus Vasa," and knowing that actor had been an abbe in his youth, called aloud from the amphitheatre—"That man who was not worthy of being consecrated at twenty-four, is equally unworthy of being excommunicated at sixty." All actors in France used to be excommunicated. Sarrasin, however, is said to have been an excellent comedian.



## SILVESTER AND ROSINA; OR, THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

In the times when Cornwall was governed by its own prince, there reigned over this little peninsula of Albion a young king, named Mark, descended in the second degree from the monarch who has been rendered so famous by the amours of his queen, the beautiful Isoelda, with the illustrious but unfortunate Tristan.

This prince had inherited great treasures from his grandsire, whose immediate successor he was; his father having died without having ascended the throne of his ancestors. Mark was profuse without generosity, voluptuous and sumptuous without taste or elegance, and rapacious without economy. On his accession to the throne, which fell to him at a very early period of his life, he abandoned himself at discretion to the tyranny of his passions and humours, and plunged into an ocean of expense, which could not have been sustained by a kingdom thrice as populous and opulent as his own. The former produce of his finances not sufficing to his immoderate prodigality, he oppressed his subjects with new and excessive imposts; and, when he had exhausted their wealth, endeavoured to supply his wasted funds by alienating their allegiance, and selling their persons to the neighbouring potentates. Though his kingdom was hourly impoverishing, Mark still maintained a splendid court, and enlarged his expenditure as his means of supporting it diminished. The regular and ordinary sources of wealth being dried up to him, he would have resorted to extraordinary and supernatural measures, to replenish his empty coffers, and no sooner was it public that Mark's desires and expectations had taken this direction, than he was besieged by an host of candidates; some announcing themselves magicians, others necromancers, others again alchemists and astrologers; but all being in reality impostors and depredators. All these were received by the credulous king with every form of honour and confidence; for Mark added to his other weaknesses that of being the most undiscerning and unsuspecting of men. In consequence his court was overrun with these rapacious vermin, who, under the cloak of a few scientific phrases, were enabled to find their way without difficulty or danger to the heart and treasury of the simple and incautious prince; and as the impostors perceived that the good monarch was no friend to monopolies, they easily resolved into one fraternity of depredators, and to his infinite satisfaction confederated and made common cause to prey upon his easiness.

Some years elapsed without advancing Mark a hair's breadth towards the object of his wishes, and without his accumulated disappointments having in the least convinced him of the vanity of his hopes. He had caused half his little realm to be dug up in search of secret treasures, without discovering enough of gold to pay a tithe of his expenses in the search; and in the fruitless attempt to transmute the copper and tin, with which the mines of his kingdom abounded, into the nobler metals, he had squandered all the currency of his kingdom. These repeated miscarriages would have opened the eyes of every other man; but Mark, whose sight grew more and more dazzled and confused with his discernments, became still more impatient in the search, and eager for the almighty stone which was to reimburse his expenses, in proportion as it eluded his pursuit.

An length an Egyptian adept announced himself at the court of Mark, as a disciple of the Heaven-instructed Hermes. He called himself Misfragmutoris, wore a beard that fell in fleecy waves below his girdle, bore a gorgeous mitre on his head, crowned with a golden sphynx, a long robe inscribed with hieroglyphics and bound with a zone, on which were described the twelve signs of the ecliptic. King Mark esteemed himself the happiest of men in having at his court a sage of so impressive and specious appearance; and, though the Egyptian maintained a dignified and proud reserve, the caresses of the monarch soon subdued his haughty distance, and they became knit in a very intimate friendship. Everything about him, form, attire, language, deportment, and manner of living, announced an extraordinary character. He always was in solitude, and of unusual viands; he had several enormous serpents, and a vast crocodile in his chamber, whom he ever accosted with great respect, and with whom, at certain times, he was understood to hold conferences.

What wholly subdued the confidence of Mark to him was his being possessed of many precious and rare curiosities, and his custom of speaking of great sums as mere trifles. All these concurring particulars wrought on the mind of the King of Cornwall, and so excited his curiosity and impatience, that he could no longer govern them, and with so much vehemence, yet delicacy, did he urge his invitations to confidence, that the wise Misfragmutoris, moved by gratitude for the numerous favours the prince had bestowed on him, or vanquished by his importunity, finally consented, after having admitted his benefactor into some of the higher orders of the hermetic polity, to reveal the prodigious tale of his character and history.

"I was a man," commenced Misfragmutoris, "like others of my race, nor any way exalted above my brethren, but by a partial acquaintance with the Egyptian philosophy, when a fortunate curiosity impelled me one day to explore the interior of the great pyramid at Memphis. An hieroglyphic inscription, which I casually perceived over the door of the first chamber, led me to a suspicion that this edifice was no other than the sepulchre of the great Hermes. I resolved, in consequence of this suggestion, to explore the pyramid at an hour when I should be secure from mortal interruption, and my audacity would still be inconceivable to me, were I not convinced that this heroic design, to which my own soul was not commensurate, had been infused into me by a superior spirit. Under the guidance and protection of that power, who had animated and emboldened me to so noble an enterprise, I ascended into the awful pile at the hour of midnight darkness, without companion and without light. I had crept along a gentle acclivity for some time, and then pursued my way down an almost imperceptible descent, when I suddenly perceived a globe of pure fire, that gently dancing before me seemed to invite me to pursue its auspicious light.

"I followed the light, and arrived through a serpentine and narrow avenue at a quadrangular hall, which conducted me to another passage. After creeping along this alley for some minutes, I found myself at the junction of two passages: one of which to the right rose with a moderate ascent, while the other continued lineally in the same direction I had been pursuing. Observant to the guidance of my self-moving beacon, I chose the defile to the left, which I pursued till I found myself on the margin of a deep well. By the vivid light, which the ball scattered on every side, I discerned a number of short iron bars projecting in a horizontal direction from the side of the cylindrical cavity, which, winding round the wall, formed a kind of spiral stairs in the highest degree perilous. Without long deliberation or delay I prepared to descend these hazardous steps, and had not gone above three or four steps, when I was delivered to utter darkness by the sudden extinction of the luminous ball. I know not how, in the disorder of the first surprise, I escaped being precipitated to the bottom of the gulph. Collecting myself, however, I confirmed my constancy, and proceeded to climb down with redoubled caution, which the thick obscurity in which I was involved rendered indispensable. I was compelled to remain suspended by the hands to one bar, such was the distance between them, till I had with my feet found out another. At length, judge of the horrors of my situation, when I perceived that these dangerous stairs proceeded no further, and heard the dashing of noisy waves just below me. Scarcely could I retain my fortitude and presence of mind, when I happily perceived level with me on the other side of the well, an opening, through which glimmered a pale and doubtful light. Poising myself as well as was possible in so precarious and unsteady a situation, I sprang with a prodigious effort from my narrow supports, and fortunately attained the aperture which opened to me, by a long and laborious passage, the entrance into a vast cavern of untwined granite, feebly illuminated by a large carbuncle, fixed in the centre of its spacious roof. Conceive my astonishment when I saw myself on the verge of an impetuous flood, that with a deafening roar rushed from a chasm in one side of the rocky cavern, and thundered down over broken cliffs with tremendous violence. I paused a moment to consider; but consideration could assist me with no directions. I threw off my garments, and, binding them together, made them fast to my head, and boldly plunged into the foaming torrent. With prodigious rapidity it hurried me through a dim, overarching cavern of vast length, that here and there received a dreadful light from sheets of livid naphtha that licked its smooth-worn sides. At length I felt that the flood grew more and more feeble and shallow, and finally losing itself in the hollows of the earth, it left me reclined in a spacious cave on a quantity of soft moss. An inconceivable heat, that enveloped me on all sides in this dreary place, dried my garments so expeditiously, that I instantly clothed myself, and proceeded to explore whither I should be conducted by an excessively narrow avenue, through which a bright gleam penetrated into the gloomy cavern where I had been left by the torrent.

"As I advanced along the passage, I heard a crackling and roaring, like that of furious flames. I crawled onwards, and found the aperture gradually large, till I arrived at a spacious vault, which obstructed my way by a new obstacle far more formidable and insurmountable than any of the preceding ones. I beheld before me a fiery lake, that rolled its flaming billows over the basin of solid granite that contained it, and almost licked my feet with its devouring waves. In place of a bridge I saw a slip of red hot copper, reaching from one coast to the other, that was scarcely four palms in width.

"How I passed over the gulph of liquid fire I can scarcely tell; but it is enough that I traversed it. Scarcely had I reached the opposite coast, and regained some composure, ere I was snatched by a tempestuous wind, and torn with inconceivable rapidity through the blackest and most Stygian darkness. I lost all sense and recollection,



in the vehemence of motion, and came not to myself till I was roused by being thrown with violence against a massy gate. It flew open, and I found myself lying in a stately hall, whose splendid vault represented the celestial hemisphere, and blazed with an innumerable quantity of carbuncles as with the effulgent luminaries of Heaven.

"When I recovered my serenity and presence of mind, my eyes were struck with the view of a folding portal of ebony, before which, in front of each other, lay two sphinxes, of colossal magnitude, formed of the finest ivory. But to my great regret they lay so close together, that it was impossible for me to pass between them to gain the portal.

"While I stood in front of the forbidden gates, revolving in my eager mind the means of disclosing the mysteries they withheld from me, I accidentally cast my eyes over the portal, and perceived, inscribed in the venerable characters of the Egyptian hierarchs, which were not unknown to me, the sacred and illustrious name of *Hermes Trismegistus*. In a spontaneous effusion of joy and wonder I uttered the revered name aloud, and no sooner had the hallowed sounds passed my lips, than the portals with obedient intelligence opened of themselves; the sphinxes instantly assumed life, gazed on me with sparkling eyes, and receded from each other sufficiently to let me pass between them." I urged onwards, and had scarcely stepped over the ebony threshold, when the doors closed on me with mighty violence, and imprisoned me in a circular hall of black jasper, crowned with a lofty dome of porphyry, the sacred gloom of which was from time to time illuminated by sudden flashes of lightning; and by this awful and alarming light I discovered in the centre of the hall a sumptuous bed of state of indescribable magnificence, whereon was reclined a venerable and ancient form, of unusual stature, with a bald head and snow-white beard, that attested his vast antiquity, having his hands clasped over his breast. So pregnant was every divine feature with intelligence and spirit, that, though his eyelids were closed, I could not decide whether the inaction in which he lay was a transient slumber, or the fatal torpor of death.

"After some time, I perceived at the feet of the venerable form a scroll of curious paper, inscribed with hieroglyphics and mysterious characters of various kinds. An unspeakable desire to become the possessor of this paper availed itself at the first glance of my whole soul, since I had no doubt, that it was the repository of the sage's most valuable and recondite secrets.

"My wishes at length mastered my fears, and my faltering hand already touched the valuable treasure, when a lightning blast issued from the mouth of one of the dragons, that robbed all my members of motion, and extended me on the marble floor so debilitated and impotent, that I was utterly unable to rise. At this instant a small winged and crested serpent, that cast a blaze of light on every side of him, descended from the dome, and breathed a tenfold life into me.

"I rose renewed and enlivened, and beheld before me a lovely boy sitting on a lotus leaf, who, pressing the forefinger of his right hand on his lip, reached to me in his left the precious scroll which I had seen at the feet of the reverend sage, and so warmly coveted. I recognised the god of sacred Silence, and prostrated myself on the earth before him. But while I humbled my eyes to the ground he vanished, and I perceived, to my inextricable amazement, that instead of being in the bowels of the pyramid, I was in my own chamber at Memphis."

"'Trititious, miraculous, by my Kingly honour," cried Mark, who had imbibed with greedy and unsuspicious ears the whole of this incredible recital, which stiffened and petrified all his limbs with astonishment, and overpowered his apprehension with wonder. "What a precious manuscript must this be! what would I not consent to give but for a moment's sight of it? May I henceforth hope to behold it, sage Egyptian? My gratitude, like my pleasure, shall be unbounded."

"I should want no motive but my respect and duty to your majesty, were it still in my possession, to commit it to your hands and disclose its contents without reserve to you. But—"

"Alas!" interrupted Mark, in a lamentable tone, "and is the glorious prize no longer in your possession?"

"It remained with me no longer than seven days, which time completed, the celestial infant reappeared on the lotus leaf, took the sacred scroll from my hands, and vanished with it for ever. But these seven days were to me precious as the week of creation; they made me master of seven arcana, the least of which is powerful enough to arrest the course of nature, and repeal its most immutable laws. Since this memorable night, which raised me above mortality, more than twelve ages have passed over my head."

"More than twelve centuries!" exclaimed the delighted monarch. "Oh, heavens! more than twelve centuries! Is it possible?"

"All is possible," answered the profound disciple of the sage *Hermes*, with his usual tranquillity, "to the true and consummate adept. This stands within the power of the last and least of my arcana. Since I have been possessed of these, the whole earth and all its ele-

ments have been my country and habitation, and I see generations and people passing into decay and oblivion like the leaves of the grove or the herbage of the mead. I dwell now in this, now in that region of the world; assume now this shape and character, now that: in short, all modes of beings are open to me; but when, in my revolutions, I meet with that rarest phoenix, a good prince, I joyfully make my powers his instruments in the accomplishment of public benefit."

Here Mark was almost distracted with the alternate agitation of hope and apprehension. He fancied he now possessed a friend, administrator of, and sovereign over, all the powers of nature, imagined himself already possessed of the philosopher's stone, and, confident of speedily converting all the copper of his mines into sterling gold, took no care for the morrow, but gave every day the most magnificent entertainments. The fame and history of the wonderful man sustained the sinking credit of Mark, and enabled him, with the marrow of his land, to renew his profusion. His consort, Queen *Mabililla*, with her ladies, contributed not a little to increase the splendour and expense of these festivities. King Mark, like most of those distinguished for folly and levity of character, had a strong passion for variety, and had long ago given his royal partner much reason to complain of his neglect and inconstancy. The jealousy in which the wounded sensibility of the princess had displayed itself, had become so unpleasant and vexatious to Mark, that, always putting in a salvo for her virtue, he would often wish that her serene majesty would discover any other mode of amusement than the pleasure she appeared to derive from disturbing and embittering his pastimes. He accordingly took no note of, or, as the more sagacious politicians of his court surmised, secretly connived at, the rapid advances that a young knight, named *Floribel* of *Nicomedia*, who had lately arrived at the court with no recommendations but his person and merits, was daily making in the affections of the queen. In fact, so effectually had he exhibited his graces, that the fair *Mabililla*, in a short time, could not disguise, even to herself, her partiality for the amiable *Floribel*; as, however, she was firmly resolved to oppose an obstinate resistance to the impulse of tenderness, her love and her virtue divided her time so completely between them, that Mark found himself no longer interrupted or disturbed in his slight digressions from conjugal fidelity.

It was now some months since the intellectual heir of the great *Trismegistus* had been entertained with regal munificence at his court, and Mark now began to think himself possessed of indisputable claims on the friendship and gratitude of the adept. *Misiragmutoisiris* indeed, on all occasions, had declared against costly gifts and expensive compliments; but small presents, he was wont to say, that derive all their value from the donor's friendship, of which they are the symbols and pledges, no friend can refuse to accept from his heart's brother. As, however, our ideas of great and small are relative, and the adept spoke of things that in vulgar estimation rank among the highest, as of comparative worthless trifles, the little presents he had deigned to accept, as testimonies of Mark's friendship, had nearly exhausted the treasury of the liberal monarch, and the necessity of replenishing it grew extremely clamorous and urgent. The Egyptian, when the state of his royal host's finances was made known to him, showed himself disposed to assist in extricating the prince from his difficulties, and, on the first inquiry made by King Mark respecting the extent of his power over metallic substances, did not scruple to confess, that the philosopher's stone was the meanest and least valuable of the secrets, in point both of utility of effect and facility of its process.

"The genuine hermetic stone," said he, "can be composed of no other materials than the finest and most perfect gems of every description; diamonds, emeralds, rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, pearly, and onyxes. The amalgamation of these, which by means of a menstrum of marine acid, incorporated with a few drops of a wonderfully active and fugitive oil, extracted from a condensation of sun-beams, is less arduous and expensive than tedious, and requires rather an unusual constancy of patience and attention than any uncommon power or skill; and for this reason it can never succeed to make the experiment on a small scale.

"The result of the operation, which in my hands would occupy only one-and-twenty days, all the ingredients being previously procured, is a mass of purple substance, exceedingly dense and ponderous, and friable to the lightest and most impalpable touch.

"With sixty carats of diamonds, and twice the quantity of inferior stones, we shall compound a mass of twelve thousand numeric grains, a quantity that will afford ample funds for expenditure. I, for my own part, do not need so much in an age."

"Poh! trifles," exclaimed Mark, elated with the mention of a quantity of gems so considerable, "I would joyfully have given my most precious diadem to the work, and, lo! my meanest coronet would afford all you ask. But when we once commence the labour, let it be for a sum that will repay our toil. Leave to me the care of providing the necessary gems, and look only to the other means of securing a stone



of double the weight you have specified; for such an one must we have, or I engage to renounce my kingly title!"

At length, after twenty tedious days had elapsed, on the morn of the final day, which was to complete his wild expectations, Mark delivered to the adept a golden casket filled with diamonds, pearls, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and oriental topazes, which he had collected from the wrecks of several of the richest diadems he had inherited from his ancestors. On this occasion he was admitted, for the first time, into the more secluded cabinet, which hitherto, the adept excepted, no mortal had entered since its consecration to science.

Misfragnutosisiris, in the solemn vestments of an Egyptian pontiff, commenced the operation by perfuming the chamber with an aromatic incense, that diffused a light cloud of a pleasant savour and intoxicating quality. He then inscribed a broad mystical circle around the altar, and within this drew a small zone, both painted with hieroglyphic characters.

He desired the king to stand on the larger circle, while himself stepped within the smaller, that enclosed the altar; he then cast some grains of odorous powder into the glowing crucible, and muttered some strange and unintelligible words. As the fragrant fume ascended towards the roof, there appeared over the altar the form of an infant sitting on a lotus leaf, bearing a flaming torch in his right hand, and pressing his lip with his left. Mark grew pale as ashes at this phenomenon, and was scarcely able to sustain himself on his feet: but the adept advanced his mouth to the ears of the apparition, which, emblematic of the power it represented, were of uncommon magnitude, and whispered somewhat, to which the boy returned an assenting nod, and vanished. Misfragnutosisiris bade the monarch be of good heart, gave him, in order to compose and confirm his agitated spirit, a large cup filled with an elixir of extraordinary virtues, and recommended him to indulge his mind, weary with anxious impatience, in the sweets of repose, and to return to the cabinet at the seventh hour of the ensuing morn.

King Mark retired, full of joy and confidence, to his own chamber, depending with the rising sun to receive the accomplishment of his long cherished hopes. As the elixir, which the adept had administered to him, was no other than a strong opiate, instead of awaking at the seventh hour he was buried in sleep till after the twelfth. At length he threw off the strong obstruction of the drowsy draught, and, blushing at his disgraceful sluggishness, attired himself, and hurried to the private apartment of the adept. He found everything in the state in which he had left it, except that the golden casket and the sage Misfragnutosisiris were both become invisible.

No words can express the suspicions and emotions that darted into the mind of Mark, at finding a scene so different from the one he had expected to saluate his eyes. His sanguine hopes were chilled and benumbed, and his hitherto unshaken confidence in the chief of the Hermetic sages instantly dissolved into air. Fluctuating between astonishment, rage, and self-vexation, he was on the point of rushing out of the cabinet, with the intent to send all his troops and domestics after the false fugitive, when he was suddenly struck with the appearance of a miraculously beautiful youth, clothed in a radiant robe, wearing a starry coronet on his angel front, and holding a sceptre of lilies in his hand.

"I know the affliction," said the celestial youth, "that thou agitates thee; but be of good cheer, I come to indemnify thee. Thou hast long sought the tallman of viches in vain, and hast recently, in addition to thy fruitless labours, been made the victim of a fraudulent and infamous depredator. Forget thy griefs; take this stone, rub thy forehead and bosom thrice therewith, and find thy wishes realised."

Having spoken these words, the youth put into the monarch's hand an opaque stone, of a deep purple hue, and instantly was withdrawn from his sight.

Mark, equally surprised with this fortunate occurrence as with the calamitous event that had preceded it, was tossed from one state of amazement to another; but he had been too long accustomed to believe, and act upon, things that were without the boundaries of his comprehension, to scruple obedience to the commands of the genius. He accordingly drew the stone across his front and chest, and at the third touch found himself suddenly transformed into an ass.

At the moment this event took place in regard to King Mark, a strange clamour rose in the other wing of the palace, which was appropriated to the apartments of the queen. The amiable young cavalier, Floribel of Nicomedia, who, in despite of the respect due to the fair Mabillia, was shrewdly suspected by the whole court of having passed the night in her chamber, had early in the morning disappeared with the greater part of her majesty's diamonds. Mabillia herself was the first person who perceived the loss, and from rage and shame was ready to rend her golden tresses from her head, when at the moment her passion was at the height, she was surprised by the apparition of a female of ineffable beauty, wearing on her ivory forehead a crown of roses, who

thus addressed her with the mildest and most assuasive accents:—

"Fair princess, thy distress is not unknown to me, and I am come to relieve thee from it. Take this rose, and place it in thy bosom! so shalt thou attain a happiness, which hitherto thou hast never tasted."

With these words the beauteous form reached Mabillia a rose from her chaplet, and instantly disappeared. Wonder is the darling emotion of the female soul, curiosity its most active passion; Mabillia accordingly hastened to obey without hesitation. She placed her flower in her bosom, and in the same moment found herself metamorphosed into a rose-coloured antelope, and transported into a savage wilderness, with which she was wholly unacquainted.

When the queen's attendants at the accustomed hour entered the apartment of their mistress, and found neither the gallant Floribel, nor their sovereign, nor her jewels, their surprise and consternation were such as the occasion required. All agreed in the plausible supposition that she had eloped with the young knight, to which conjecture her well-known partiality for his person, their common departure at the same time, and the disappearance of her jewels, gave the strongest colour.

It was necessary to convey the unwelcome tidings to the king; but how was their amazement increased, when they learnt that their monarch and his new favourite, the hoary sage, had that morning disappeared without their departure having been noticed by any one! To suppose that Mark had eloped with the old greybeard was an absurdity too ridiculous for the wildest imagination, and was unable to gain place in all the multitudinous conjectures that were formed during a space of eight days (for so long a time was this mysterious affair the only subject agitated by his people) throughout the whole kingdom.

The knights and other warriors of his court mounted their steeds, and sought their monarch and his consort in every corner and recess of Britain; but their researches were fruitless. They returned without having gained any intelligence of their sovereigns, and the only consolation with which they could assuage the trouble of the people, deserted by their guide and chief, was the assurance, that, if they required a prince no better than Mark, it would not be difficult to find them another monarch at least equal to his predecessor.

The royal ass had meanwhile, with vast and unnecessary precautions, lest he should be known, retired from his capital into the country, and, with dejected heart and open ears, had trudged for many hours through woods and over heaths, when, in a narrow way between two cliffs, he encountered a young village girl, carrying a small sack, whose slender form, ruddy freshness, and flowing locks, which were black as jasper, affected him with sensations rather belonging to his old character than his new.

He stood fixed, and gazing with pleasure on the lass, who seemed to have walked herself out of breath and strength, and, from extreme weariness, appeared unable to continue her journey. The attention, which she seemed to inspire to this, in all probability, lordless animal, excited her curiosity. She approached him gradually and softly, smoothed his tufted mane with her velvet hand, and as the beast continued quiet, and seemed to take pleasure in so soft and gentle a touch, she ventured to trust herself to his tameness, and seated herself on his back.

The ass was elated with his fair burthen as ever Jove with his, and though the girl had no other bridle than his short ragged mane, his motions were so responsive to her hand, that he could not have better obeyed her intention, if his frame had moved by the immediate impulse of her mind.

Safely and smoothly he conveyed her through a variety of winding paths, till the approach of night, when they stopped before a cave overgrown with wild shrubs, and shadowed with ash trees, and the girl shrilly exclaiming two or threetimes, "Gabilton," a tall, well-formed man, between thirty and forty, issued with great alacrity from the cave, and, saluting her with much demonstration of affection, assisted her to dismount from her ingoble palfrey. "Heaven be thanked," said he, embracing her, "that thou hast arrived so safe and so speedily; already were my apprehensions alarmed, and I dreaded lest some accident should have intercepted thee."

"Rather pay thy thanks to this good creature," said the wench, laughing, "for without him Heaven would have left me weary and benighted on my way, and we should not so quickly have seen each other."

"For his kind service," returned the man, "he shall rest in our cell and browse at will on the grass or weeds that this famished region affords him. I am infinitely his debtor," continued he, smiling, "for having brought thyself and the rest of his precious cargo safe to my arms, and will ever acknowledge the obligation."

The royal ass started back in surprise at hearing accents so familiar to his ears as were those of the speaker. He observed both persons severally by the light of a lamp, for he had followed them into the cave, and he thought that the features of both were well known to him.



though enveloped in something of mystery, that prevented him from recalling them clearly to his knowledge. He examined the male more and more strictly, and still every look brought home some nearer advance to recognition. At length, casting a casual eye on a kind of stone block, that served for a table in this rude and savage habitation he perceived, to his infinite rage and astonishment, the venerable white beard which had once graced the chin and breast of the sage Misfragmutosiris.

"Ha, ha!" cried the young maiden, in a tone of sarcastic gaiety; "so I see you are not the ungrateful wretch to throw away the Hermetic beard with contempt, now you have no longer any employment for it."

"Truly," returned the sage, in a similar voice, "I know not why I have retained it beyond the occasion we found for its services, which," continued he, striking the sack, "is not likely to return, as this will preserve us from the necessity of ever henceforth recurring to such measures for enjoying our loves in peace and affluence."

"There is enough within," replied his paramour, "to gratify our wishes, should our lives endure through three generations. Examine it, and pronounce whether I am worthy to be beloved by the contemporary of king Sesostri, and the adopted heir of the great Trismegistus."

"Ah!" returned the successful cheat, "by the great Trismegistus himself. But," continued he, "what hast thou done with the knightly attire, which concealed thy sex, and helped thee to this glittering booty?"

"I have exchanged it," said the false Floribel, "with the first village girl I met in my way, for the garb in which you behold me."

"The spoils are mighty," said the chief of the whole Hermetic order, "but be not hasty in assuming the superiority till you have seen what I can balance against them in support of my glory. Compute the worth of these, and judge if the adventure in the great pyramid of Memphis has not been profitable, and whether I have not been paid for the fears with which the sight of the fiery dragons must have struck me."

It is easy to conceive the rage and frenzy of the poor assinine monarch, when he beheld all the valuable presents which he had made to the false adept, together with the jewels of his richest diadems, spread with ostentatious pomp on the stone table, and casting a sudden blaze of splendour through the rude gloomy cave.

"Oh!" thought the irritated ass, "why was I changed into so ignoble and impotent a beast! Had I but been a wolf, a tiger, or a lion, I would have welcomed and blessed the transformation, that taking from me everything else, still left me the vindication of my wrongs. But, malicious fate, how consummate is my humiliation and thy cruelty! What weapons of defence or vengeance has nature, imprudent goddess, bestowed on an ass?"

So spoke the unfortunate Mark within himself, and lay in his corner as still and collected as was possible to him, gathering new subjects for revenge, and eager to satisfy his curiosity, by listening to the guilty communications of these conspirators against his happiness, and authors of his matchless calamity.

During the whole day, so anxious were both to put themselves and their ill-gotten gains in security, neither had ventured to stop for refreshment, though the wife Misfragmutosiris had, previous to his flight, furnished himself from the royal kitchen with sufficient food for several days. He drew a quantity of these viands, together with some excellent wine, from his sack, and arranged them into a repast, which hunger and the delicacy of the viands rendered exquisite.

When the banquet was finished, "my dear Gablton," said the fair impostor, "I must relate to thee by what means I practised on the virtue of the chaste Mabillia, and succeeded in raising her affections in the degree that was necessary to perfect my design on her."

"By what means you effected all this, Casilda, no one who had seen thee in the garb of a young cavalier would have asked! by what means thou hast turned the head of a young and slighted queen, and insinuated thyself into her heart! What mortal or immortal woman would not have flown with transport into thy snares, and rejoiced in her captivity?"

"Flatterer! my little prey struggled so stoutly in my toils, that I often thought she would have cleared herself or broken them. The feast, given by the king the day before our flight, accelerated, if not more essentially favoured, my triumph. I was partner in the ball to my fair queen, and during the whole evening I plied my attacks on her heart with redoubled vivacity. Cyprian wine and the lively dance had inflamed her blood, and my soft sighs and supplications unstrung her soul to resistance and constancy.

(To be continued in our next.)

We are not disarmed by being disencumbered of our passions.

## ALICE HOME;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLXIII.

LOVE'S DEVOTION.—SALMON AND MISS SPRIGGS.—THE PROPHETIC GREETING.—THE DOMESTIC SPY.

IN the household of Sir Charles Home was an individual, who, however unimportant himself, was yet of vast consequence to himself; and, from some circumstances that occurred in the chapter of accidents, of no importance in the progress of the plots that had been carried on against Sir Charles Home himself.

Salmon—not a veritable salmon, but a human being bearing that cognomen—was an individual whom it is difficult to give a precise designation to, arising from his employment. Indeed, his very name was as great a difficulty—nobody had ever called him anything but Salmon, save opprobrious epithets now and then, as he incurred their anger, and nobody ever heard him called otherwise.

It would have puzzled a bench of bishops, had they made the most careful inquiry, to have decided whether Salmon was his Christian or surname; but nobody inquired, and the matter, in the slightest degree troubled anybody.

As for his employment, or, rather, employments, they might be enumerated, but not easily described. His general position was supposed to be something of an under butler, and fag of all sorts, and under everybody, and had, of course, plenty to do.

He was short, and inclined to obesity, with a treble voice, much softened; a perpetual, half-cured hoarseness, florid complexion, and a short allowance of hair. He had beside a habit of looking any one he might speak to very hard in the face, and picking the nails of one hand by means of those of the other.

Such was Salmon of the *genus homo*: and, so much had he of humanity about him, that he fell in love with a Miss Spriggs.

Now, Miss Spriggs held an employment in a dressmaking establishment, and had the good fortune to be sent to wait upon Alice Home, whenever she required the milliner's assistant. It didn't at all follow that because Salmon loved, that Spriggs loved too.

No; this was not the order of events in our mundane world; inconveniences and disappointments appear more natural than the reverse, and certainly Salmon's case verified the fact, for he was repulsed in every attempt he made to attract the damsel's attention; and, as for a smile, it was not to be had at any price—more would have been such extreme and unheard of folly, that it was not even dreamed of—save, indeed, when he offered to carry her bundle and box, and to this extent his advances were permitted and suffered—more, however, he could not obtain—and at length, in despair, he determined to seek the aid of the conjuror, of whom he had heard so many accounts.

It was during an interview that this man had learned in whose employment he was, and thought he could turn the acquaintance to good account, and immediately began to work upon the weak and simple-minded man, who, in his utter ignorance, believed most implicitly whatever this man chose to say.

He contrived to induce him to believe that his wishes with regard to Miss Spriggs were entirely dependant upon the form and grouping of certain stars, and which would in their turn be influenced by what he said and did.

By this means he obtained the entire control of his actions, and hence he exerted a complete and full system of espionage over the actions of the whole family.

On the evening that Sir Charles had finally made up his mind that he would dare all, and that the marriage of Horace and Alice should take place, despite all the opposition of his enemies, Salmon that evening made one of his numerous visits to the conjuror's, as he had promised he would as often as he gathered the news of any event likely to happen that concerned either Sir Charles or his family.

It was with great haste that he made his way towards St. Paul's cathedral; and, when he entered the conjuror's domicile, which he did without any ceremony, but not without due proportion of fear and trembling,

"I say," said Salmon, gasping between every word for want of breath; "I say, I have run all the way here to see you."

"Well," replied the conjuror; "but tell me at once why you run hither in such haste—the end of a tale conveys the moral. Let's have yours first, and then we can talk at leisure."

"Oh, yes, indeed. Well, I have heard our cook say, when she reads



novels, that she begins at the end, and comes backwards to the beginning, and that's how you does it. Now, I always begin at the right end, keeping the top end uppermost, you see."

"What caused you to make so much haste?" said the conjuror, impatiently.

"Cause I ran, and that put me out of breath, you know, and I can hardly talk. Oh, dear! our Sally, the cook, 's a rum 'un; you know well she reads. God help me! what's that?"

A dreadful explosion took place immediately beneath the seat into which Salmon had plumped himself, and a red flame appeared to envelope him, for the conjuror began to get terribly tired of Salmon's proximity and endless chatter.

"What's that?" cried Salmon, in trepidation. "I never saw anything like it afore, and it's remarkably like going to the place what the parson speaks of as being very hot. It almost burned me. Don't do it any more, it's so uncomfortable."

"Come to the point then, and all will be well, but tease the spirits that hover around you not with this idle chatter; say but at once what brought you hither."

"My legs."

"Well—why did they do it?"

"Because I wanted them."

"And why?"

"Cause I had to tell you something."

"Then tell me that at once, and we shall be satisfied."

"Well, then," said Salmon, "it was this, master—that is Sir Charles Home, you know, has been in a strange way lately—some thinks he's going mad—may be he is, and may be he isn't—but that's neither here nor there."

"Now Sir Charles and Miss Alice have been together for some time, and as I knew Alice was in love with Horace Singleton, I thought it a good opportunity to learn how young women feel on such occasions—it might guide me, you know, and tell me the state of mind Miss Spriggs is in, you know."

"Exactly," said the conjuror; "very discreet and proper. What did you hear?"

"Why, they are to be married soon."

"Married!" echoed the conjuror, with a sudden start and hollow voice.

"God bless me!" said Salmon, almost overturning himself in the chair, "what's the matter?—nobody's come for you yet, I hope. I have heard that you are always allowed a hundred years to live, and you aint a hundred yet, are you?"

"Pshaw," exclaimed the conjuror, recovering himself; "it was entirely your own fault."

"Mine," exclaimed the trembling Salmon, in an agony of apprehension; "how was that?"

"You trod upon that line," said the conjuror, "and had I not done so, you would have been a dead man."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Salmon, getting back in great haste, that he threatened to disappear through the door, "you don't mean that, do you?"

"Ay, I do, and more; you had better sit still till I tell you to rise, else you will fall into more mischief. Now tell me all you heard."

"I will—upon my soul, I will."

"Quickly—quickly."

"Well, then, you must know, there are, as you was so good as to remark, keyholes in master's house."

The fortune-teller made a gesture of impatience, and Mr Salmon continued,—

"Sir Charles comed home in a fix."

"A what?"

"A fix—I could see he was in a fix, a sort of quandairy, and I says to myself—watch, Salmon, watch; well, I did watch—up stairs he bounces to Miss Alice, and up stairs I creeps arter him. He knocks at her door, and I creeps behind a statty that stands on the staircase till he goes into the room, arter which—keyholes is keyholes, says I, and tried to peep in, but couldn't—oh! no."

"You listened?"

"I did. Sir Charles began a talking, and he axed her if she had any objection to be married, and she naturally enough says none in the east, young woman like, you know. Well, then he says—when says to? Then she says, no—that is, she did it in a manner of speaking, but didn't hear her."

"Fool! do you mean to tell me that you failed to hear the principal part of the dialogue?"

"I couldn't help it. What's that says he, and he comed to the door. Was obliged to get behind the statty again—I was, or else he'd afound me out."

"Go on—go on."

"Arter that I listened again, and I heard 'em a talking o' the blessed

future, as was to be all smoothened beautiful. Didn't they come it above a bit."

The astrologer stalked to and fro in his room for some minutes in gloomy silence. Then suddenly stopping short, and seizing Salmon by the throat, he said,—

"On your soul's hopes, tell me, are you quite sure it was of marriage Sir Charles talked to his daughter of?"

"Murder—quite—fire—murder."

"What name mentioned he?"

"Mr. Singleton, and he's been—I'm a choking—there—let me go—murder!"

"Pshaw," cried the astrologer, and he gave his spy a fling that sent him sprawling.

Salmon gathered himself up, and looked with a rueful eye at the fortune-teller, who with excited gestures walked to and fro, and then stamping vehemently, and muttering some words in a language which Salmon could not understand,

"Begone," he suddenly cried. "If I find your information correct, you shall be amply rewarded."

"Oh! sir, I want no reward, but a Spriggs—a Spriggs is Heaven, and so nice."

"Away—away."

"But please, sir, how about the stars? Is they suspicious as you said you thought they would be soon—oh! is they really suspicious, and shall Spriggs be Salmon?"

"Tut, tut," muttered the astrologer. "I must get rid of this fool and quietly too. He may still be useful to me. It is sometimes even by such fools as these that men work out the greatest designs. The cackling of a goose saved the capitol, why may not the blabbing voice of an idiot like this help me to my vast revenge?"

He approached the window, and affected to look earnestly through a telescope that was there fixed, while Salmon stood open-mouthed waiting the words of him whom he thought must be quite hand and glove with destiny.

"What do you see, sir?" he at length ventured to inquire. "Anything of Miss Spriggs?"

"The sky," said the astrologer, "is unusually sprigged with stars, which shows that she is being looked after."

"Lor!"

"And there is one constellation arraying itself in the shape of a salmon."

"Gracious!"

"Yes; the planetary bodies are auspicious. Spriggs will be yours—I am quite certain she will be yours."

"Oh, how nice."

"But——"

"Eh?"

"But I cannot exactly tell you when. There may be difficulty, there may be danger, and there may not be either. You must persevere. One star does not look so propitious; but it all depends upon the accuracy of the information you bring me from Sir Charles Home's house about what is going on there. If you are quite correct always, and more especially if you can ascertain and bring me word precisely when this marriage will take place, Spriggs will be yours within a month."

"You don't say so, sir. Oh, rapture, I feel comfortable. Spriggs mine, and mine only, as the song says. Oh, dear, I feel as if I could almost faint at the ideal. You've never saw her. She is quite a—a—kind of I don't know what. When she says to me, 'Salmon, you fool,' I don't know which is the pavement and which is the road, and once she smiled at me so, that I fell down a hairy. Oh, Spriggs—Spriggs! why was you borned so beautiful, so lovely, so good-looking, such a perfect angel, such a nice young gal?"

During this rhapsody, the astrologer had quietly placed in Salmon's chair some explosive substances, which would make a great noise without doing any injury, and then, in a solemn voice, he said to him,—

"You can stay here as long as you like; but some spirits are approaching, who won't allow you to remain unless you are seated. Sit down, Salmon, sit down."

Down sat Salmon, and bang went the explosive matter. With a shout of terror he then sprung to his feet, and, rushing from the room, he did not stop till he had got clear of the house, and as far as St. Paul's Churchyard.

"A marriage!" shouted the astrologer, as he stamped with his foot vehemently. "Alice Home wedded to Horace Singleton! Never—never, unless over my corpse—never—never!"

Hastily arraying himself in more sober and less remarkable habiliments than he wore at home, he rushed from his house, and took the direction towards Sir Charles Home's mansion, whither he arrived before Mr. Salmon had got half way.



## CHAPTER CLXIV.

## THE BAFPLED SCHEMES.—THE LAST CHANCE.—THE POISON PACKET.

WHEN the Avenger, as he chose to style himself, reached Sir Charles Home's house, his inquiry was for Margaret, and the hall porter, who had conceived a perfect horror of him, at once volunteered to inform her of his presence; but he was stayed by the mysterious man, who said,—

"No; it is enough she is within; I will myself seek her."

He then, with all the deliberation in the world, stalked up the great staircase, nor paused until he reached Margaret's room door, at which he tapped loudly. She opened it on the instant, for she had a presentiment who was her visitor. Her face was very pale, her hair disordered, and her whole appearance indicated how wretched, passion, and the cultivation of that dark spirit of revenge which had been fostered in her mind, had made her.

"You have come timely," she said. "I know not how, but we are failing in all our plans. Everything seems working contrary to our wishes. If you have real power, now is the time to exert it, or all is lost."

"Hush! no vehemence. What has happened?"

"Horace Singleton has been here, despite your prohibition."

"I know it. It was because I knew so much that I have come here now. Nay, I know more. I am fully acquainted with the cause of his visit and the subject matter of his discourse with Alice."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; can you guess?"

"Impossible. But I can guess that you are failing in your plans. I will have my revenge, though, if I have to seek it by myself."

"You are impatient, Margaret Home. The subject of the conversation of Alice with her lover was, despite my prohibition—despite all that you have done, and all that I have advised, to arrange their nuptials."

A sharp, short cry came from Margaret's lips, and a flush of colour visited her cheeks for a moment, then leaving her so ghastly pale, that her very lips were bloodless.

"Go on," she gasped—"go on. What follows?"

"Revenge!" shouted the man, in a voice that rung through the apartment, and must have been heard in other parts of the house likewise.

Then there was a silence of some minutes' duration, after which he added,—

"Margaret Home, can you guess who I am?"

"I have guessed and shuddered."

"Shuddered?"

"Yes, because—because you may be my father."

"And that would afflict you—that would make you shudder?"

"Yes. I would rather you were the dark, deadly instrument of vengeance for his wrongs. For our wild passion's sake, we use weapons we cannot love."

The Avenger sunk into a chair with a deep groan.

"Have I striven for this?" he said—"have I waited and toiled years past for this? Margaret, I—I am your father!"

She leant her head upon her hand and wept bitterly.

"Yes," continued the Avenger, "my name is George Home. I have waited for years in order to complete a vengeance against Charles Home, my cousin, which should be complete and terrible. I am your mysterious adviser—I am he who watched you from early life, instilling into your mind a knowledge of the wrongs which your parents suffered, and with that knowledge a desire of revenge. Margaret—Margaret, have you not one word of tenderness for your father?"

"My heart is a volcano," cried Margaret; "it contains nothing but fire and ashes—I have no room for tenderness—I have but one feeling now, and that is a desire to make him feel the vengeance of a blighted heart."

"Horace Singleton. He shall die!"

"He shall die—I have to myself sworn his death rather than he shall ever call Alice Home his wife—I will keep my vow most religiously be assured."

"And this is all that follows a declaration which I have looked forward to making for many gloomy years. Margaret, Margaret, I am your father."

"And the avenger, and the astrologer—oh, I forget all but the good lessons you have taught me. I must have revenge first, and then perhaps I may think of other things—what is a father to me when my heart is seared as it now is; nay, your declaration is another pang, for it at once proves you no more than mortal, and as such, as liable as myself to be defeated in what my heart beats for."

"Girl, girl, you are mad. Listen to me, and be guided by one who, he has trodden the thorny paths of crime, has not forgotten the wholesome experience which has resulted. You shall have your re-

venge; it shall be full and ample, but I wish that it should be safe likewise."

"For that I care not."

"Nay, Margaret, this is folly. Harken to me now, I can accuse Sir Charles Home of crimes that will place his life in jeopardy, but in so accusing him I must accuse myself. You understand me?"

"I do."

"I can point out to you the means of making Alice Home, your rival, as wretched as any living mass of misery that ever crawled the green earth, but in so doing we shall both be compromised unless what is done be done cautiously and as I shall dictate."

"Say on, say on. For my-elf I care not."

"Sir Charles Home did murder a man in the house of Abraham Benn, the Jew, but I cannot produce other than circumstantial evidence against him. He did murder Abraham Benn himself, and I am similarly situated, although I am certain of the fact."

"Then all your boasted power resolves itself to nothing?"

"Not so—he guided by me implicitly, and you will have all the vengeance you wish, and that too at a price which you will think I consider trifling."

"What price?"

"Simply my life."

"Your life?"

"Ay; I can substantiate the charges against Sir Charles Home, by accusing myself as his accomplice in the one murder, and swearing to having been a spectator of the other."

"And were you?"

"No."

"Go on—go on. What of Horace Singleton?"

"You have a certain love philter?"

"You gave it me."

"I did it at a moment of excitement. You have not used it. It is poison, one half of it will destroy life within an hour. Let the marriage proceed—put on a face of contrition—ask but leave to drink one cup of wine to the health of the bride. Then ask of him, Horace Singleton, forgiveness for the past, and as a proof, demand that he should pledge in a glass."

"I understand."

"When that is done you leave the house—here is money—a large sum. Take post horses and fly to a sea-coast town—you will be far from England before any suspicion is excited against you, for I will take the onus of the act upon myself. So much for your revenge. My own I shall manage somewhat differently. What say you to the plan?"

"And—and—you will be sacrificed?"

"Yes."

Margaret seemed for a moment to be choking—she tried to speak, but could not. Then she rose from her seat, and with a shriek she threw herself at the feet of her visitor. Her voice was restored, and in heart-rending accents, she said—

"Tell me—tell me truly, by Heaven and by hell tell me truly, are you my father?"

"I am—I am."

She burst into a passionate flood of tears, during which she gasped—

"No, no—you must be saved likewise. Both saved or both perish."

(To be continued in our next.)

Argol is an acidulous concrete salt, which is deposited by wine and forms a crust on the sides of vessels in which that liquid is kept. This crust becomes hard, brilliant, and brittle; it is easily reduced to powder. The colour of argol depends upon that of the wine from which it is separated. That which is deposited by white wine, contains fewer impurities than the other, but when refined, the produce of both is identical. Argol brought from Germany, is the most esteemed, and it is understood that the excellence of its quality is owing to the successive additions of new wine which are made from time to time during a series of years to the contents of the same casks or vats, which are commonly of large dimensions. Argol is largely used by dyers, that is as a mordant or an intermediate substance, which, having a stronger affinity for both the cloth and the colouring matter employed than exists between the cloth and the colouring matter, becomes, as it were, a bond of union between the two. It is employed also by dyers with another object, in combination with alum, the sulphuric acid of which would injure the texture of cloth, if it were not neutralized by the potash which argol contains. At the same time the tartareous acid, which is the other component of argol, combines, with the alumina of alum, and forms tartrate of alumina, which is decomposed by the cloth more easily than alum. About 3,000 casks and cases, nearly (1,000 tons) of argol, are annually imported into this kingdom. It comes to us from almost all wine producing countries. It is admitted that the best comes from Germany, then that from Bologna, and the Cape of Good Hope, and that shipped from Florence and Leghorn, ranks next.



## AGATHA; OR, THE WARNING.

THE Count traversed the apartment with a measured but heavy tread, like one who had weighty matters on his mind, and his actions partook of the character of his thoughts.

The apartment was a long tapestried room, with lofty ceiling, from which hung candelabras, in which were placed lights of great intensity, yet their height cast but a shadowy and subdued light. The floors were covered with carpets, which at that time was a great luxury, and in this instance, was part of the spoil of a Turkish city in which the count's ancestors had assisted.

The tapestry was old and was ornamented with figures descriptive of the satyrs and wood nymphs. It hung round the room, ample as it was, and covered it from the ceiling to the floor; even the door was hidden by it, and those who entered, had to lift the arras before they could be said to be in the room.

There was a bright fire burning on the hearth, which threw out a cheerful and grateful heat; for it was winter, and so large an apartment required it constantly to be kept up, though even then the remote parts of the room were but little benefited by it.

The Count Benmotto paused at length before the fire, and seemed to watch the flames as they leaped and jostled each other, hither and thither, in maddening attempts to escape from their imprisonment.

"The house of Carle Winlo shall never mingle its accursed blood with that of mine, for, did it possess all the virtues, all the riches, and all the dignities in the world, they would be my aversion, and if Alphonso Winlo thrusts himself on my notice, there will be quick work for the stiletto, and gold to be won."

"Forbear!" said a voice from the other end of the apartment.

The count started and turned round almost petrified with fear, for the voice which he heard almost froze his blood in his veins. He looked, but saw nothing, and regaining his courage, he demanded, in an angry tone,

"Who dares to invade my privacy? Coward, come forward and show thy face."

But this summons was disregarded, for no one moved, and the count drew his sword and thrust it against the arras all round the room, but found none concealed; he, therefore, believed he was mistaken, and that it was a mere delusion of his senses. He then returned to his former position near the fire, and muttering to himself as he did so

"I thought I knew the voice—but no matter, lie still, conscience; what a treacherous villain thou art, thou wouldst betray me."

Taking a small metal bell off the table, he rang it sharply, and immediately it was answered by an attendant.

"Send Gondibert hither," said the baron, and in an instant the attendant withdrew and in a few more minutes the individual mentioned entered the apartment.

He was a tall dark man, with a forehead "villanously low," and seemed formed for any service however vile. This man advanced stealthily to within a few paces of the count, and then gave a slight cough. The count turned round, and looking at him, said in a voice, just loud enough to be heard by him,

"Well, Gondibert, hast thou played thy part, art thou as good a spy as an assassin?"

"In your lordship's service, I am," replied the man, with ready effrontery.

"And what art thou out of my service then, Gondibert?" inquired the count.

"An honest man."

"Good, but I fear honesty and thou hast parted company many a day."

"In your excellency's service," replied Gondibert with an awkward attempt at a bow.

"I see little to be got out of thee; but tell, and that shortly, how you have succeeded in that which I employed thee."

"I watched the Lady Agatha and Alphonso."

"Ah! didst thou see them in company then?"

"I did."

"And you dealt with him, did you not?" inquired the count, quickly.

"I tried," replied Gondibert.

"Why, the younger never baffled thee, Gondibert? You, the best wordsman for many a long league from this place?"

"I know not that he would have done so, but the Lady Agatha hung in my sword arm, and had nearly pulled off my mask, so that I was able to take to flight."

"That was right, for I would not have you seen, you would be too easily known. I shall have work for you. Take this for your past services." As he said this, he threw the man a purse, which he caught, and, after weighing it in his hands, he placed it in his pouch, well satisfied with it.

"Your excellency knows the way to a poor man's heart," said the man, grinning.

"Well, I wish you to obtain possession of this youth's person," said the count.

"His body?" said Gondibert.

"No. I do not desire his life should be taken—I would rather not."

"I see, your excellency, is more merciful—I understand," he said, feeling the edge of his dagger.

"No, no; I wish to have him alive here in the vaults of the castle, and then I can deal as I please with him."

"I cannot do this well by myself; who would your excellency wish to be associated with me?" inquired Gondibert.

"I will leave that to you, Gondibert; you have more experience with men in your craft than I, and know those whom you can most trust."

"I'll see to it then, but I shall have at least two with me, for he is a desperate swordsman, and very active and strong."

"Well, do what you think best; but how soon do you think you can trap him?"

"In two days; but he'll be shy after the brush we had."

"Well, in two days I shall expect to hear from you; but come secretly, for the Marquis of Sponto is here and I would not have anything tend to disturb the serenity of his mind."

"It shall be done," said Gondibert, and he noiselessly quitted the room.

The Lady Agatha de Sternville was a lady of partly French extraction, but a niece of the count's, and his nearest relation, who would inherit all the vast possessions of the count, whose lady died some years before these events took place.

"Oh, my lady," said her waiting-woman, who was attending on her during the toilet, "do you know who it is that the count has coming as a visitor?"

"Do you mean the Marquis of Sponto?" said the Lady Agatha.

"Yes, my lady; they say he is rich and generous," said the woman.

"But he is old, Flemming," replied Agatha.

"That is of but little consequence. He is young in comparison with most men of his age, and yet you cannot call him an old man. The marquis is, I believe, but forty-eight."

"Are you sure, Flemming?"

"Yes, for I heard so from the marquis's own man," replied Flemming.

"A very notable authority, truly; but pray tell me when this marquis is expected?"

"To-morrow, at the latest, my lady."

Agatha now dismissed her attendant, telling her that when she required her she would summon her. She then left her to herself, and then throwing a mantle over her head and shoulders, and descending the great stairs, she passed through the hall into the forest. In her way she encountered the count, who said,—

"Does my dear niece often walk unguarded in this dismal region?"

"Very often," she replied. "I like the cool shade of the old trees."

"I hope no sylvan swain waits upon your steps, Agatha?" replied the count, sportively, but keenly eyeing her countenance.

She affected to smile at his pleasantry; but her heart trembled lest he should suspect the truth. He, however, passed her, and she felt more at ease as she saw him enter the castle. She continued her walk until she came to a knot of oaks, that threw a deep shade on all around.

Near one of these, and almost hidden by their foliage, stood a young man, dressed in a hunting dress, with a cloak, that had fallen from his shoulders, and exposed his fine symmetry of form and proportion.

"My beauteous Agatha, I meet you once again," said the youth, springing forward, and embracing her, with warmth.

"Yes, Alphonso; I am here once more, though I fear my visits will be less frequent."

"I hope no unpleasant discovery has taken place?" he added.

"I know not how that is, but my uncle met me but now, and from his remark, I thought he knew more than he chose to tell."

"I know that he does," replied Alphonso.

"You know, Alphonso? How do you know anything about the count?"

"Mueh, and easily," he replied; "but which I cannot now explain to you; and had I not promised to be here to meet you, I should not now have ventured into the precincts of the castle."

"Why not, Alphonso?"

"Because the count has given orders for my capture and imprisonment in the vaults of his castle."

"And how know you that?"

"By one of assured faith, Agatha; but is there not a visitor come to see you, or coming to your uncle's?"

"Yes, the Marquis of Sponto."

"So I understand; and, if I mistake not, he is your destined husband."

"Never," replied Agatha, firmly.



"I am happy to hear you say so, though I was sure you would never be untrue to the vows we have so often pledged."

"No, Alphonso; my choice is made, and I never choose another, even if you were unfaithful, and less would I do so if you remained as true as you do now."

"Well, my Agatha, our meetings must be discontinued for a time, or until I can resume them with mutual safety. The former attack, I have now no doubt, was by his orders."

"He could not be so bad a man as to do such a thing."

"He both could and has done it; but be careful of yourself, for I fear more on your account than on my own. I wear a sword, and can defend myself, but you would be an unresisting victim to his oppression and cruelty."

"I am under no apprehension for myself, Alphonso; I am sure he means me no ill."

"Ay, you think not; but how would you act if he desired you to wed the marquis?"

"Refuse him."

"And he would endeavour to compel you to it. What would be the consequence? The more you opposed him the more he would oppress you, and the worst consequences might be expected."

"You look at the worst picture, Alphonso; but if it be so, yet he will not gain his point. I will never be forced."

"And if force be used, will you accept of my aid, and quit his house?"

"I then forfeit all his good-will, and he will disinherit me, and then I am comparatively poor and penniless."

"Never let that press upon your mind while I possess your regard. I am rich, and you are more than the greatest fortune to me."

"You are kind, Alphonso, but I hope, however, never to be in the condition you fear; but should the worst come, as you suppose, I will accept of your assistance, to escape to a convent, or some of my friends."

"I shall be but too glad to be of service to you, and too proud of the trust you repose in me, not to be willing, at a moment's notice, to risk my very life to release you."

"I would not accept of your service if I were to purchase it at such a price as that, I assure you," she replied.

He pressed her lips to his own in fond embrace, and it was scarcely repressed by the beautiful Agatha, who loved her Alphonso with an affection as ardent as his own, and felt every confidence in his honour and integrity. The time for parting had now arrived, and they bade each other adieu with reluctance.

"When next we meet I cannot tell; Agatha, but it will not be a great time; I will, however, let you know the time and place, though, in a manner, they may startle you; but be not taken unawares at anything."

Thus they parted, and Agatha returned in safety to the castle; but not to Alphonso Winlo. He had not gone three or four hundred yards from the place of meeting when he was attacked by three men, who rushed upon him and seized him before he could draw his sword, and pinioned him, but not before he had planted his stiletto in the heart of one of his assailants.

He was instantly gagged and blindfolded, and then placed upon the back of a mule, and hurried he knew not whither.

After an hour's travelling, they brought him to a ruinous building, into which he was immediately carried, and placed in a cold, damp room or cell, he knew not which, and then locked in. Though he made several attempts to extricate himself from his bonds, and to look about him, yet he was unable to do so, and was compelled to remain quiescent.

During this transaction, the marquis arrived at the castle, and Agatha was called to meet him, which she did, after some slight delay.

The marquis was not quite the person she had anticipated. He was an old man, perhaps sixty, but hale and hearty; his hairs white as silver, but his dark and piercing eye had lost none of its fire, but had gained an intensity by age.

"This man my uncle could never intend for my bridegroom," she exclaimed mentally, while she answered the marquis's courtesies.

But she was somewhat puzzled at the visitor's mode of addressing her, which was extremely confidential and familiar, and even with tenderness, as if there been some previous understanding. But she was eventually put at rest respecting this when her uncle called her on one side, and said to her, in a tone of inquiry,

"Well, Agatha, how do you like the marquis? Is he not a pleasant man?"

"I like him very well indeed: he is a pleasant, but singular man."

"In what particular is he singular?" inquired the count, surprised.

"I do not understand the way in which he speaks to me. It is so familiar that I cannot help remarking it," she replied.

"I will tell you a secret, Agatha; I intend the marquis for your husband."

"My husband, your excellency?" she exclaimed, in great surprise.

"Yes—your husband."

"My father or grandfather, if you please, but surely not my husband?"

The count's face changed colour once or twice. If he anticipated any opposition—and he did not consider it impossible—he had not expected to meet with it in such a vein. It was some minutes before he could so far recover his equanimity and temper that he could reply to her.

"He is your husband, and that within a very few days."

"It cannot, and must not be; your excellency cannot contemplate anything so cruel."

"You refuse? Take care what you do, else you will find that I have not only the power but the will to compel you."

"You cannot. I will never marry the marquis. I am no hypocrite. I think you deserve to be dealt with candidly, and I tell you that on this point I am immovable."

"We shall see," replied the count, coolly, and he beckoned one of the attendants.

"See the lady Agatha to the southern turret, and bring me the key."

This was immediately done, and the man brought back the key in a few minutes.

It was shortly after agreed between the count and the marquis that the marriage should take place on the following night at the midnight hour. There would be no show, but everything conducted in a quiet and solemn manner, which would be better adapted to a ceremony that was forced.

During the conversation in which this was agreed to, the same voice uttered, in a well-remembered tone, the word

"Beware!"

Both started. The marquis sought the cause all over the room, but without success; but the count felt sick at heart, and unable to speak.

"You appear to be very ill," said the marquis; "shall I call for assistance?"

"No—no. It was the voice of my brother, who was lost in the forest, and supposed to be murdered or devoured by the wild beasts."

"It was startling, but there seems to be no way of accounting for it."

This passed off, and the two spent the evening in each other's society. To account for the voice of the count's brother, or rather the fear that such a resemblance which the count heard, and the emotion it caused him, it must be understood that some years previous the count's elder brother suddenly disappeared, most mysteriously. Some men who were out with him in the forest, on their return said they were attacked by a number of banditti—the count was slain, and his body was soon afterwards found. Upon his death the younger brother, the present count, came to the title.

The hour of midnight arrived, and the lady Agatha was summoned to attend the marriage ceremony, as the bride, and a threat was given at the same time, that, unless she consented to take the marquis, she would place her life in jeopardy, as the count was determined, should she offer any opposition to his wishes, that she should be confined in the lowest dungeon of the castle, and never allowed to see the light of the sun again.

Direful as these threats were, she went with the full intention of incurring all that could be done, rather than submit.

When she entered the chapel, she saw several persons present who were wrapped in cloaks; among these were the count and marquis. Agatha appeared before them, dressed in the same robes which she wore previous to her confinement, without any regard to the occasion.

The count was very much displeased, and made an excuse to the marquis, who immediately took his station, and the count led Agatha to her place, and the priest, without farther ceremony, began, but was suddenly stopped by a voice, which uttered, for the third time, the ominous word,

"Beware!"

The count, between rage and fear, desired the intruder to be seized; but, by some strange circumstance, the chapel was filled with armed men, who had lain beneath the seats, and at this signal started up, when two knights, in complete armour, stepped forward, and lifting their vizors, presented the features of the long-missing brother, and of Alphonso Winlo.

To describe the consternation of the count at the appearance of both these persons is impossible. Both upbraided him, and accused him of murder, but, out of mercy, they would not sacrifice him to justice. One hour was given him to leave the castle, but after that, if he were found, nothing should save him from condign punishment.

The new count took possession in his own name, and presented Alphonso, as his liberator, to all present.

Alphonso accidentally stumbled on a subterraneous passage which led to his dungeon, and he, wandering about the castle for months, seeking an opportunity to declare who he was, overheard the scheme to



assassinate Alphonso, and he eventually contrived to liberate him in return.

Having introduced some of Alphonso's people, armed, into the castle, they made the attempt on the chapel, and fortunately succeeded.

Agatha was on the spot wedded to Alphonso, after some persuasion, and afterwards lived long and happy.

## THE SOLDIER'S STORY;

### OR, THE SPECTRE OF MOORFIELD KEEP.

"Now, comrades," said Leighton, as he laid down the firelock which he had been polishing, "I'll tell you as queer a yarn as any seaman ever spun."

"Out with it, then," said several, "and don't keep it in your mouth like the end of a cartridge."

"Easy, comrades, easy," said Leighton; "wait till I get breathing time to renew the charge."

"Ay—ay; but don't wait till the sergeant comes to call the rounds; blaze away at once."

"Well," commenced Leighton, "it is now many years since I was in the service of Sir Rupert Moorfield. My station was on the eastern rampart, with a strict charge to let no one pass me without the sign and countersign."

"And, of course, you did your duty."

"Certainly; but it matters very little a mortal's doing his duty when the powers of earth or Heaven are against him."

"I'd do my duty," said another, "if a whole host of infernals were against me."

"Would you!" replied Leighton, doubting; "but listen. As I said, I was stationed on the eastern rampart; the night was dark and squally, and only now and then a star could be seen through the interstices of the fleeting clouds."

"The wind sighed and moaned through the battlements of the adjacent turrets, while its pauses were filled up with the roaring of the forest trees, and now and then a loud crash, as if some of the largest had been torn from their roots. I couldn't even hear the tread of my comrade at the northern wing, so great was the violence of the wind."

"At length the moon burst through an opening in the clouds, and cast her white and cheerless light upon Moorfield's towers, causing the fragments of stone, and pieces that had been chipped off the corners, to glitter like diamonds in her beams."

"For some time I paced the rampart to keep me warm, and endeavoured to enliven my spirits by singing a few odd snatches of a love ditty, with an occasional whistle, by way of variation; but I could not hear my own sounds by reason of the wind, and I finally leaned against the tower to rest one eye, while I kept the other open."

"Scarcely had I dropped into a kind of cat's sleep before I was roused by the sounds of music, and I listened attentively to ascertain from whence they came, and while thus musing I heard the rustle of a garment near me."

"Who goes there?" demanded I.

"To this I received no answer; but a being, clad in a long, loose garment, floated past me, while the folds of its garment were blown violently, and rustled in the night wind."

"Did you arouse the watch?"

"No; for the moment I was taken by surprise. My eye was fixed intently on the motions of the being who had passed me, and who seemed of such exquisite beauty, that, had my life depended on it, I could not have done her injury."

"Ha!" said one of the men. "No doubt some love affair with one of the wenches of the castle, whose lover was stationed at another part of the castle, and to reach him it was necessary you should be passed upon our beat."

"You're wrong," said Leighton, "for it placed itself upon a fragment of the battlement, and wrung its hands as if in great distress, and looked imploringly towards the castle keep."

"And what did you do?" demanded another of the guard.

"At first watching its motions for a few minutes, I concluded it must have been an inhabitant of the castle, and walked to the extremity of my beat to address it; but no sooner had I gained the spot than it seemed to recede before me, and fade away in the light of the moon, while its harp-like music was heard for several minutes after."

"I stood transfixed to the spot; fear took possession of my mind, and I sunk with terror on the rampart."

"By our lady, and that was a queer thing too," remarked a corporal near; "I don't know but what I should have been afraid myself."

"Faith, and would you," rejoined Leighton; "but, however, in this state I was found when the relief came round."

"And what did the sergeant say?"

"Hilloa!" said he, shaking me violently by the collar, "what, in

the name of the Virgin, are you lying here for? the enemy might have scaled the walls and cut our throats an hour ago; disarm him, and bring him before the captain of the guard."

"One of my comrades then took charge of my firelock, and in this way, between them, I was conveyed to the guard-room, where the captain was sitting before the fire."

"What now?" said he; "asleep upon your post, if I conjecture right."

"We found him insensible on the rampart," said the sergeant; "but whether from sleep, or other causes, I cannot tell your honour."

"What defence do you make, Leighton, to the charge now brought against you?"

"I was overcome by fear," said I.

"Fear!" said the captain, in surprise; "and you a soldier, too!"

"Please your honour," replied I, "I never turned my back upon an enemy; but I cannot fight with spectres or fancies; it's no use sending a ball through a gleam of moonshine."

"The fellow's mad," said the captain.

"No, your honour," rejoined I; "but, if your honour will allow me, I will tell you what has happened."

"Proceed," said he.

"I then, comrades, told him what I had seen, and what I have now related to you."

"And what did he say to that, Leighton? that was a scorching, I guess," exclaimed one of the men, who was behind the speaker.

"Why, it did rather stagger his belief!" replied Leighton; "but he ordered another man to be placed on the same rampart with me on the following night, and if we heard or saw anything, we were immediately to call the man on the adjoining beat to bear us witness; 'but,' said he, 'if I discover you have imposed upon me —'"

"Well, what then?"

"He left me to guess the rest," said Leighton; "and I know the rules of a soldier's duty too well to fear he would not put them in force against me. On the following night, however, I and my comrade took our station at the same beat upon the rampart, and with trepidation awaited the arrival of the white-robed lady."

"I'll tell you what," said my comrade, as the clock of the castle tolled one; "these elfins, and such like, always appear at midnight, and I cannot help thinking, Leighton, you were asleep, and dreaming on your post."

"If you think so," said I, "for Heaven's sake, do not say so; I am sure you would not wish to take a comrade's life for just taking a wink too much upon his rounds."

"No, no, Leighton, I should be very sorry to do anything unworthy of a comrade," said he; "but I'll be cursed if I believe you have seen fay or elfin here, and you only tumbled up the affair upon the moment."

"Scarcely had he spoken before I heard the sounds of midnight music borne upon the wind."

"Hark!" said he.

"That's the white lady," I returned; and before I had finished speaking, there the being was before us, at the end of the rampart. As she chanted she wrung her hands, and looked imploringly at the keep above us."

"Holy mother of God protect us!" cried my companion, as he trembled from head to foot; "let us call the man at the next watch."

"As he said this he gave the signal agreed on, which was to knock the butt of the firelock three times against the stone-work."

"I am here," said the sentinel, who had been regarding the figure, although he had not spoken. "I'm afraid it imports no good. See how it floats in the mist."

"We turned in the direction of the figure, but all that we saw was the thin white robe, which mingled with the twilight, and the next instant no vestige could be traced."

"The relief now came round, fresh men were stationed at the post, and we carried our intelligence to the guard-room, where the captain received it with wonder and astonishment."

"And it looked in the direction of the keep, did it?" asked he.

"It did, your honour, and wrung its hands most pitifully."

"Be in readiness to attend Sir Rupert in the morning," said the captain.

"We raised our hands in token of obedience to the captain's orders, and then stretched ourselves upon the benches as we do here, while I related to those around the mysterious circumstance."

"In the morning, with the captain, we attended in the library of Sir Rupert."

"How now, captain?" said he, "breach of discipline?"

"No, Sir Rupert," said the captain; "but I have a strange circumstance to relate."

"He then reported what he had heard from us, and appealed to us in confirmation of what he said."

"And that is true, upon your oaths?" asked Sir Rupert, at the same time taking notes of what we said.



"Upon our oaths!" we all replied.

"This is a strange occurrence, captain," replied Sir Rupert. "I have heard vague reports before, but I believed them without foundation. However, the affair shall be sifted into. To-night I will watch myself with you; and see that the communication spread no further."

"On the same evening I was stationed as before upon my beat, when at midnight I was joined by the captain and Sir Rupert upon the battlements. The latter looked grave and pensive, and at the usual time the white phantom appeared at the broken fragment of stone, and wailed and chanted as before. She seemed, however, most anxious to draw our attention to the keep, and, above all, that of Sir Rupert. I thought she beckoned him.

"It's some mystery concerning that donjon," said Sir Rupert, in a whisper to the captain. "Get torches ready; I will visit it."

"As Sir Rupert said this, the figure uttered a wild, unearthly note of joy, which echoed with fearful shrillness through the building. It then floated for some moments over the castle moat, and disappeared, leaving the eye gazing upon vacancy.

"For some minutes Sir Rupert stood gazing, as if cut out of marble; the colour had left his cheeks, and, by the straggling moonbeam's ray, I could plainly see he was as pale as death.

"The captain now returned with a man bearing torches. He relieved me at my post, and from the fire in the guard-room I took a light, and all three proceeded to the keep.

"Are you aware, captain, what the place contains?" asked Sir Rupert.

"I am not," was the reply.

"Neither am I," said Sir Rupert. "I have never had occasion to visit the place since my arrival here. My curiosity is now excited."

"Unlock the door," said the captain; "but stay, we have not the key, it is in the guard-room, and hangs upon the wall above the fire range."

"I therefore returned, and took the rusty key from its position on the wall, where it seemed it had been for years. The rust was thick upon it, and the wards were choked with dust. With some difficulty I contrived to clean and scrape it with my dagger point, and then greased it with oil from the lantern of the guard-room.

"I then rejoined the captain and Sir Rupert. In vain I tried to force the lock; it resisted all my efforts. The door was covered with large nails and plates of iron, and seemed of an immense thickness.

"Force it with the lance head," said the captain, as he held the torch.

"I did as I was requested; and by inserting the lance as a lever, I turned the key, and the massive lock shot back with a startling sound.

Upon entering the dreary abode, the light of the torches cast a murky glare upon the slimy walls, and a number of bats flapped their wings around our heads, and nearly extinguished the light I carried.

"In many places a vegetable matter had grown around, and at regular intervals large rings and fetters were let into the massive walls. Here and there were portions of a human frame, and in one spot was a recumbent skeleton, supported by a chain to the wall, which passed round the waist.

"For some time we examined every portion of the place, but discovered nothing that was conclusive, or which seemed in connexion with the white lady on the battlements, if I might except the skeleton chained to the wall, and which Sir Rupert ordered to be taken down, and buried in the chapel vaults, with the bones we saw lying around.

"We were now about to quit this dreary chamber, when I accidentally placed my foot upon a part of the flooring, which sounded hollow, and upon lowering the torch to ascertain the cause, discovered a small trap-door; upon raising which, a sight I never shall forget caused us to start with horror.

Within the recess lay a mouldering skeleton, arrayed in all the finery of a wedding suit. Around the vertebrae of the neck were still seen strings of tarnished pearls, and a wreath of faded flowers (which crumbled indistinct at being touched) encircled the lofty and well-formed skull. Upon the fleshless fingers were rings containing gems of priceless value, while a locket, containing the portrait of a handsome man, was attached to the girdle that confined the waist. The characters at the back were so obliterated by time and mould, that we could not decipher them.

"Whoever the individual might have been it was impossible to determine; it seemed to have lain in the recess it then occupied for many years. Sir Rupert charged me strictly not to mention what I had seen. The skeleton of the lady was then removed, and buried in the chapel vaults, with the bones, &c., we had found.

"On the following night," concluded Leighton, "I kept my ward upon the rampart, but neither myself nor any of my comrades ever again saw the white lady weep and lament upon the battlements of Moorfield Castle."

## MIRANDA;

OR,

### THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLXIII.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF PERCY AT THE POLICE OFFICE.—THE COMMITMENT TO THE CONDEMNED CELL.—MIRANDA'S DESPAIR.

THE news of the apprehension of Rowland Percy had spread with a most marvellous rapidity throughout York. His name was familiar to every one, and his history had so much of romantic interest attached to it, that scarcely any one in the county was so indifferent as not to have an ardent wish to see the man, concerning whose guilt or 'innocence there was such diversity of opinion, and who had, for so long a period, successfully resisted and set at nought a pursuit dictated by malice, revenge, passion, and stimulated by enormous rewards.

The whole circumstances of the murder of Sir George Rankley had exercised a remarkable degree of effect upon the lovers of the mysterious, and Miranda's strange devotion to him who had been declared by the laws the murderer of her father, enriched the story with a wild romantic interest, that was irresistibly enchanting.

No wonder, then, that when the news spread from mouth to mouth, that the celebrated Rowland Percy was again arrested and brought to the original scene of his trial and condemnation, all who had leisure, or could call half an hour their own, should flock to the court to obtain a passing glance at the prisoner, and if possible, too, of Miranda, who, it was likewise known, had followed him through all his dangers and wanderings with a degree of faithfulness that had no parallel.

We have recorded how hastily, and even rudely, Rowland was pushed into the presence of the assembled magistrates, and how very transient a glance the crowd outside the court must have had of the prisoner; and, perchance, the violence and roughness with which Rowland Percy found himself treated by the York police, arose, in some measure, from a feeling among them, that they had, as Mr. Jones would have said, rather made a mess of the affair before, and let Percy escape from their hands a great deal easier than he should have been permitted to do.

Certainly it was a fact, that the Secretary of State had written a letter to the chief magistrate of the city, inquiring very politely whether some regulations might not be adopted to prevent the possibility of such an event for the future, and such a letter, of course, had, to a certain extent, aggravated the chief officer, who had, in his turn, said something very aggravating to the head constable, who then had abused the turnkeys; so that a general feeling of discomfort, in consequence of Rowland Percy's escape, had pervaded for some time all the police authorities of York, and they looked upon his capture as a very desirable thing, and quite a triumph in its way.

They said nothing to Percy about it, contenting themselves with pushing him about a little; but if they had spoken to him, they would have told him how very ungentlemanly they thought it of him, not to stay and be hanged according to law.

It was now a mere matter of form to bring poor Rowland before the court, for he was well known to every officer who had him in custody, and thousands of persons in York could have sworn to his identity. Yet it was necessary that he should be given formally into the custody of the authorities of York, by virtue of the warrant from the magistrate at Bow-street, and then sworn to by some one or more persons, as being the identical Rowland Percy who had escaped from the condemned cell the evening prior to his intended execution.

Varley had shown too much malevolence of feeling throughout the whole proceedings connected with the trial and condemnation of Rowland Percy, to be a favourite with the populace of York; and, indeed, he was shunned as much as possible, for they could not fail to perceive the animus with which he was stimulated, and whatever might have been their abhorrence of the supposed criminality of Rowland Percy, they had a scarcely less abhorrence of anything like partisanship on the part of a witness.

To avoid the crowd they anticipated, the magistrates had ordered that Rowland should be brought to the court-house earlier than had been first appointed, for they dreaded the popular excitement, which was evidently manifesting itself throughout the city on the subject.

Hence was it that poor Rowland, when he was ushered into the court-house, found himself without one friendly hand to greet him—without one friendly face to give him a glance of encouragement or sympathy.

Miranda had not arrived, and, alas! when she should come, how utterly powerless was she to aid him she loved in this sad and mournful extremity of his fortune.



Bernard Varley, likewise, was not there; but had he known that his victim was present, he would, indeed, have hurried to the spot to gloat over the prospect of the completion of the monstrous injustice he had been such an important instrument in perpetrating.

Mr. Anderson, however, was very soon informed that Rowland was in the court, and he at once started on foot with Miranda, in order to be present at the brief but painful scene which was about to ensue. He was well known on many considerations in York, and more particularly so, as he had made himself so conspicuous in Rowland's affair, and had acted so noble and disinterested a part in the whole proceedings. Miranda, too, was at once recognized by the populace, as, leaning upon Mr. Anderson's arm, she walked with slow and mournful steps towards the court, where, perhaps, she was to take a last glance of Rowland Percy, before, for the second time, an hour was announced at which he was to be hurried to eternity, for a crime of which she knew he was so innocent.

Occasionally, as the mob cheered her as she passed, a swelling feeling at her throat would almost deprive her of the power of progressing, and she could not refrain from asking herself,—

"Can all this be possible—that the innocent shall be really sacrificed at last, and yet so many appear convinced of that innocence? Will all these people, who are uttering words of sympathy to me, permit a deliberate judicial murder to take place before their very faces, and contrary to their judgments and feelings?"

Mr. Anderson seemed to guess her thoughts, for he said,—

"Is it not strange, Miranda, that, notwithstanding the general—nay, almost universal opinion of Percy's innocence, the power of social order should be so great, that thousands of persons will stand by and see a few men commit an act which they loudly condemn, and could stop on the instant?"

"It is, indeed, strange and horrible to me."

Such a shout of execration at this moment burst from hundreds of voices, that Miranda involuntarily paused to see from what cause it had proceeded, and in an instant she perceived, turning from a narrow street into the main thoroughfare, a person mounted upon a large and powerful black horse—a glance was sufficient to show her it was Bernard Varley.

"My evil genius!" she said, with a shudder; "Mr. Anderson, I have sometimes doubted if that man was mortal."

"His actions are like those of a malignant demon; but see, Miranda, now he is hemmed in by the crowd, while a free passage is made for you. Hark at that sound again!"

Another roar of popular indignation arose as Varley, with an assumed air of indifference, walked his horse through the throng. He carried in his hand a heavy riding-whip, which he seemed quite inclined to bring down on the head of the first person who should practically attempt to impede him in any way. Mobs, however, are most harmless when they make the most noise. The indignation of a multitude of persons evaporates, if permitted to expend itself in noisy vociferation; and, although Bernard Varley was impeded by the pressure of the throng, no one attempted to lay a hand on him, or the powerful horse he had got specially for the purpose of dashing through the crowd with, if necessary.

Miranda and Mr. Anderson reached the court first, although on foot. It was evident that Varley had made an effort to get up to the entrance at the same time with Miranda; but he could not do so unless he had at once declared war with the mob, and become the provoker of a conflict which, when once begun, it would have been difficult to say where it would have ended.

As it was, Miranda had effected an entrance, with the assistance of Mr. Anderson, into the crowded court, over which she ran her eyes till they rested on the pale, fated looking countenance of Rowland Percy, who seemed, by his expression, to have now given up all hope whatever.

He saw her at once, and a momentary light seemed to beam over his face; but it was like the pale glimpse of sunshine which for an instant will gleam forth on a wintry landscape, reminding those who see it of the beauty and brilliance of other days, and likewise the sadder for the comparison.

She would fain have reached the spot where he stood; but she was firmly repulsed by the officers, who said their orders were to allow no one whatever to speak to the prisoner, and that a particular direction had been given that she was to be prevented from holding the slightest communication with him.

This was, indeed, a cruel blow to poor Miranda; although, had she reflected upon the subject, it was no more than she might fairly have expected, considering the part she had taken in his escape on the previous occasion.

In a few moments Bernard Varley entered the court, and that appeared to be a signal for the business to commence, which it did instantly, by one of the London officers stepping forward, and producing the warrant from the Bow-street magistrate, empowering him to bring

to York, and surrender into the hands of the authorities there, Rowland Percy, sworn to as an escaped convict.

"Very well," said the chief magistrate; "Mr. Sheriff, this prisoner belongs to you, having escaped from your custody. It would be as well that he should be sworn to before us. I believe that will be the regular course."

"I have plenty of witnesses," said the sheriff, "as to the identity of the prisoner at the bar with the Rowland Percy convicted of wilful murder at the last assizes, and sentenced to death. I, therefore, claim the prisoner, in order that the sentence of the law may be carried into effect."

"Very well; there is no doubt, I believe, as to his identity."

"The unhappy, persecuted young man at the bar," said Mr. Anderson, "is willing to admit that he is the Rowland Percy falsely charged with murder, and grievously wronged by a conviction."

"Is this regular?" said Varley, in a deep tone, that drew the eyes of every one upon him.

"I am a'torney for the prisoner," added Mr. Anderson, "and I presume that, according to custom and courtesy, the bench will allow me to make an application on behalf of my client."

The magistrates consulted together a moment, and then one said,—

"The whole circumstances are of a novel character, and we are not aware of any precedents; but God forbid we should act harshly—we will hear you."

"I have to thank the court," said Mr. Anderson, "in the name of the object of my professional and private solicitude, as well as in the name of Miranda Rankley, the daughter of the murdered Sir George—she who, loving her father with an affection of the most intense character, asserts so boldly her belief in the entire innocence of Rowland Percy. Oh! sir, the hand of Heaven itself is manifest in these proceedings. The circumstances —"

"Really," said the chief magistrate, "however we feel inclined to grant every indulgence to a person in the awful situation of the prisoner, we cannot listen now to more than your application, whatever it is. We are not trying the prisoner."

"Pardon me," added Mr. Anderson, "if, for a moment, feeling so strongly as I do in this case, I was betrayed into irrelevant matter to my application, which is simply this, that time be allowed the prisoner to set forth, in a memorial to the Secretary of State, all the circumstances which have occurred since his condemnation, many of which tend strongly against the evidence offered at his trial by the witnesses against him."

"What witnesses in particular?"

"Bernard Varley in particular."

A smile of derision crossed Varley's face; but that was assumed, although there was no mistake whatever about the glance of deadly hatred he shot at Mr. Anderson.

"Can you," said the magistrate, "give us any grounds to go upon which might enable us to accede to your request?"

"Yes. If Miranda Rankley be permitted on oath to make statements concerning circumstances that have occurred in London, and proposals that have been made to her by Bernard Varley, it appears to me your worships will see ample reason for granting my request."

"How long time do you want?"

"So long as shall permit affidavits to be made and forwarded to the Secretary of State, and his answer to be received."

The magistrates laid their heads together, and seemed rather confused by the novelty of the whole circumstances. A breathless stillness pervaded the court, and a slight tinge of colour on the face of Rowland Percy betrayed that hope had revived in his before sinking bosom.

Too soon, however, was it quenched; for the chief magistrate, after nearly ten minutes had been spent in a whispered consultation with his colleagues, said,—

"We are unanimously of opinion that we have no sort of jurisdiction in this matter. A prisoner has been tried at the a-sizes for a capital felony—convicted on evidence satisfactory to a jury, and sentenced to execution, which execution would have taken place some time since but for the escape of the prisoner. He is now retaken, and it is not in our power to retry the case because he has for some time succeeded in evading the sentence of the law."

"Am I to understand," said Mr. Anderson, "that my application is wholly refused?"

"Certainly."

"When, then, will the unhappy prisoner be ordered for death?"

"We are of opinion the sheriff is now bound to proceed to execution with all convenient dispatch."

"It was my duty," interposed the sheriff—"a most painful one I fully admit, but still my duty—to have seen the sentence of the law carried into effect long since upon Rowland Percy. I am bound now to cause no unnecessary delay. He will have notice of the time appointed."



"Let me press for an answer now," added Mr. Anderson; "when will that time be? I wish to know if his friends can make an application to the Secretary of State?"

The sheriff shook his head.

"I da e not delay," he said. "The execution must take place to-morrow morning."

A stifled cry burst from Miranda, and Mr. Anderson turned instantly to her, saying,—

"Hush! hush! For Heaven's sake, control your feelings. Be gulled by me—say nothing."

With a low moan, Miranda sunk into a seat, and covered her face with her hands, while Rowland Percy appeared quite unconscious of all else, as he kept his eyes rivetted upon her with a painful interest.

"If," continued Mr. Anderson, "the sheriff feels it to be his painful duty to have execution done so quickly upon Rowland Percy, I beg that he may be allowed the consolation of visits from those who, through good and evil report, have still clung to him, and still believe him most innocent."

"You can have access to him as his attorney," said the magistrate, "and any relative may claim admittance; but Miranda Rankley is decidedly objected to."

"What!" cried Rowland. "Even with death before my eyes are you such barbarians as to deny me one farewell word with that noble soul which has indeed clung to me through all misfortune? You cannot mean what you have said."

"The peculiar part which was taken by Miss Rankley in your escape, determines us to refuse her admission to your prison. We are only surprised that any application on her behalf should be made. Mr. Sheriff, will you remove your prisoner?"

"Ay, to death!" cried Varley.

"Miranda! Miranda!" said Rowland, and he stretched forth his arms over the bar at which he stood.

She sprang towards him, and no one hindered her.

"Rowland! Rowland! They yet dare not murder you. Heaven is meriful and just."

"Farewell, dearest—best—"

Every one in the court was deeply affected, and for about two minutes no interruption was offered to the lovers. Here the sheriff nodded to the officers, and Rowland was taken away. With one piercing shriek, Miranda fainted on the floor of the court.

## CHAPTER CLXIV.

### THE LAST PROPOSAL OF VARLEY.—THE FIGHT.

ROWLAND was in a moment dragged from the court by the officers, while the greatest confusion prevailed in consequence of Miranda's emotion. She was immediately raised by Mr. Anderson, who called loudly,—

"Make way by the door. Make way—air—air."

Supporting her upon his arm, he carried her from the court through the dense throng of persons who jammed up the entrance, and it was quite marvellous how they contrived to make a passage for her at all, so closely wedged together were they.

Once out of the precincts of the crowded court, Miranda felt the influence of the cool, fresh air, and partially revived. Mr. Anderson wished to get her to his own home as swiftly as possible, but he feared her weakness was too great, and he assisted her into a chemist's shop, which was near at hand, and from the owner of which she received every assistance that her agony of mind required.

After a few moments, she spoke, but it was in a tone of such utter grief and despondency, that it was painful, and enough to bring tears into any one's eyes to hear her.

"He is lost—lost!" she said. "Lost—oh, God! he is forsaken."

"Miranda, Miranda," expostulated Mr. Anderson, "do not speak so fearfully. Be calmer, I implore you."

"Heaven has given him to his enemies. Rowland—Rowland. So innocent too."

"Nay, nay, view this dispensation more patiently. God knows what is best."

"Talk not to me of resignation—I will die to-morrow. To-morrow they will murder him. Oh! God, why was I created to suffer so much misery? First my father, and then Rowland—both murdered. Oh! horror! horror!"

"Will you," whispered Mr. Anderson to the chemist, "attend to her while I get a coach?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Thank you; I shall not be many minutes."

Mr. Anderson left the shop and ran down the street to where he knew there was a stand of hackney carriages, but he had not been gone above a moment, when the chemist's door was darkened by a tall figure,

and Bernard Varley entered the shop. Without a word, he approached Miranda, and inclining his face to her ear, he said, in a hissing whisper,—

"I can save him yet!"

She started as if a serpent had stung her, and sprang on the moment to her feet.

"Demon!" she exclaimed. "Accursed evil spirit!"

"I can save him yet!" again said Varley, as he folded his arms across his breast.

"Monster! The death of Rowland Percy, whom you know to be innocent, will break my heart. We shall die together, and I—I——"

She could say no more, but sunk again into the chair; and, while the chemist looked on in silent wonder, Varley again whispered in her ear,—

"Be mine, and I can save him yet. Beautiful being, be mine, and I can save him yet."

"Help—help!" cried Miranda.

"Nay, pause awhile. Think of to-morrow—the crowd—the hangman. I can save him yet."

"Are you human?" cried Miranda; "or is this some frightful dream?"

"You will find it too real," muttered Varley. "Say the word, Miranda Rankley, and I will save him."

Miranda crossed the shop to where the chemist stood, and laying her hand upon his arm, she said,—

"Protect me from that man, or demon, as he is—protect me from him. My pulse beats languidly in his presence, and my heart almost ceases its pulsation. Save me from him."

"I will thank you to leave my shop, sir," said the chemist, "whoever you are."

"D—n your shop!" cried Varley, and he strode away without another word.

This was Varley's last effort, and, to judge by the expression of deep chagrin that sat upon his countenance as he emerged into the street, he had flattered himself it would have been successful. To add, likewise, to his discomforts, he found when he reached the door that his horse by some means had gone, and he was met by a large mob, which commenced hooting and groaning at him as large mobs only can hoot and groan at unpopular people.

His courage was never very good, and yet there was a kind of dogged obstinacy about him which always induced an appearance of courage. On the present occasion it had all that effect, for he would not take refuge anywhere, preferring to walk on, determined in his own mind not to provoke an encounter, but to get to the hotel where he had taken up his quarters as quickly as possible.

The fates, however, were decidedly malignant, and it appeared that Varley was doomed that day to be tormented both in body and mind.

At the first corner he came to he found himself pushed on by a throng of persons, who seemed acting with a greater degree of combination than mobs generally do, and he was on the point of making a vigorous effort to retreat, when he found himself jammed up against a wall suddenly, and a kind of ring made round him.

Then a man slipped into the open space left in front of him, who Varley did not at once recognise, but when he spoke, he knew him directly—it was our old friend Jones.

"How are you?" he said. "You ain't improved. The beaks have let me go, cos they couldn't prove nothing. They guv me what they calls a *hadmonition*, and I've come all the way here, old Marrowfat in convulsions, to guv you one."

"Police—police!" cried Varley.

"Holler away," said Jones. "Hark ye, I owes you a towelling, so does Miss Miranda, so does Neddy, so does young Percy, and, d—e, if I don't pay you now a tidy instalment."

Mr. Jones then commenced such a scientific attack upon Varley, that in a few moments he gave him two tremendous black eyes, and such severe punishment, that when those around let Varley go down, which they would not for some moments, he felt like a lump of lead, with a deep groan.

"Come on, my pals," said Jones. "That's what religious people calls retributive justice. Providence is merciful. Come on."

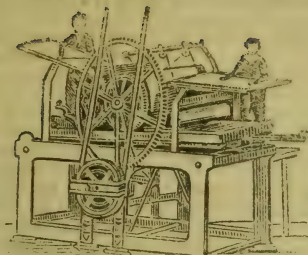
The whole affair was over so quickly that no one came to Varley's assistance until too late, and when he was picked up, there was no mob at all, and everybody wondered who in so short a space of time had contrived to punish him so tremendously.

While this was taking place, Miranda was placed in a coach by Mr. Anderson, and in a nearly insensible state conveyed to his house.

(To be continued in our next.)



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

## ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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### THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

Monsieur and Madame Lagarde were the rich possessors of one of those manufactories which give so active a life to the north-east departments of France. The husband and the wife themselves presided over all the details of that great establishment, and considered their workpeople of both sexes as a family given them by God to guide, to instruct, to support.

An infirmary was always open to receive the sick; and each person employed in the works paid every week a trifling sum from their wages towards a relief fund, to which M. Lagarde contributed one fourth of the whole, for the necessitous when business happened to be slack. Nor were the workpeople ungrateful; they revered their master, and loved their mistress.

Not one amongst them ever thought of leaving their employment in that often ruinous hope of bettering themselves. None by idleness or negligence exposed themselves to the disgrace of being dismissed.

With such examples before her, how could Anna Lagarde not have grown up imbued with every good quality, besides the virtues of charity, of enlightened indulgence, and of kindness to all who were deserving of it. She received from Madame Lagarde a complete education, and Anna, at sixteen, had only to perfect all the talents she had acquired from her mother.

From her mother! have we said, from her mother? Before Anna we should have known how to repress this exclamation, in order to let the good and amiable girl still repose upon that bosom which she with love regarded as her maternal one.

But we are relating our story to others than Anna, and we may repeat the rumours that mysteriously circulated respecting herself and her family; not in their little town—for the name of Lagarde was never uttered there but to bless it—but at Paris, the immense gulf of a thousand and a thousand voices, where there is not one that has not its echoes, often malevolently and perfidiously repeated.

It was said, then, that M. and Mde. Lagarde had all at once left Paris, when Anna was but six years old. It was further stated that their sudden departure was caused by a family catastrophe. Lagarde was not the name then borne by the wealthy manufacturer we are speaking of. His own brother had disgraced the family name by more than one fraudulent action, when M. Lagarde, an honest man, was unable to resolve to bear a name that had figured as a felon at the bar of a criminal court, and that had been registered as belonging to a convict who had died on board the hulks at Toulon.

From that day Anna had been an orphan. Yes, Anna who believed she had no other parents than the excellent pair who had brought her up—for her father had deserted her almost immediately after her birth, which caused the death of her mother—Anna was the daughter of a branded felon; and as the crime and the sentence had been equally public, and the talk of the whole capital, and as M. Lagarde and his wife had to appear in court as witnesses, they did not feel themselves, after the fatal termination of the trial, sufficiently concealed under their assumed name, and thought it best to leave Paris altogether.

Besides, the air of that capital, in the centre of which the crime had been committed, seemed thenceforth to M. Lagarde loaded with impure miasma, which a young and artless girl could not breathe without inhaling corruption.

The poor man had received such a violent shock from that family catastrophe, that he laboured under a gloomy hallucination. At Paris everything that surrounded him seemed like so many witnesses of his

brother's fault, and he with affright said to himself, that a gesture, a look, a word caught in the crowd, the remains of a bill upon a wall, might reveal to his niece that there can be some circumstances in which fathers may degrade the name and ruin the future prospects of their children.

From the very apprehension of his brother, M. Lagarde had experienced the injustice of the world, which seemed studiously to avoid him, as it would have done a man struck with the plague, and he felt it the more keenly as the first example was set by a family which, until then, had been upon most intimate terms with his own.

M. and Madame de Nerval, rich proprietors, used every day to see M. and Madame Lagarde. Their daughter Clara was the inseparable play-fellow of Anna—and yet a day came when that intimacy ceased all at once. It was in vain that Anna the next day—the day after—earnestly inquired for Clara, her sweet friend, and that Clara, on her side, tormented her parents to go and see Anna.

This lasted for some days, but soon ceased, for children quickly forget; and Anna left Paris with M. and Madame Lagarde, without the Nerval family even knowing it. From that time all acquaintance had been broken off between them.

M. Lagarde established himself near the frontiers of France, in a small town, where the life of every day, occupied in attention to business and the practice of the precepts of the Gospel, was calm and pure; where Anna grew up a blessing to M. and Madame Lagarde, her father and her mother.

Instead of that peace of mind enjoyed by, and that affectionate consideration shown to the Lagarde family, in this quiet country town, what would have been the fate reserved for it at Paris? A sudden cessation of all respect, of all social amenity; an entire withdrawal even of the most intimate connections.

Yes, though the civilization of our day weakens it, it is still a very cruel prejudice that pursues the criminal through his whole race; and, to punish him more than the law has decreed, impresses, as it were, the stigma of infamy on the foreheads of innocent children. Alas! it is establishing, in a moral sense, the confiscation that has plunged the family of a convicted criminal into destitution.

Such, however, was the fate that threatened Anna, in a society which, having seen the father dishonoured, believed it thenceforth owed no consideration to the daughter.

Anna had just attained her eighteenth year, but she was still completely ignorant of her position. Her kindness, her perfect education, her affability to all, but still more her beauty, joined to her fortune, attracted crowds of suitors. Of this number the preference was given to Alfred Delaporte, the son of a neighbouring manufacturer.

The parents of the two families, who were soon going to form but one wished, as a prelude to the marriage fetes, to pass a short time in repose and pleasure, and resolved to spend the finest month of the season at the baths of Baden, where the happy party arrived about the end of September.

The days, as they had hoped, flew rapidly along. They sometimes passed them in the delightful woods that surround the picturesque monastery of Fremersberg; sometimes on the Redig (the Speaker), a hill so named on account of the echo that animates it; and sometimes they would ascend the Yberg mountain, crowned with its two lightning-blasted towers.

It was from this eminence that Anna, Alfred, and their parents often admired the magnificent phenomena of the sun rising over the vast plains of the Rhine, stretched out beneath their feet. How beautiful at that hour was the immense extent, covered with an undulating ocean



of dew, above which some hills, or the points of the spires, seemed to rise, like so many floating isles.

Then, all at once, the sun unveiled itself. Its light, like a current of the breeze, dissipated the curtain of mist, and the course of the Rhine and its rich and variegated banks and fields appeared radiant. Anna admired these beauties of nature, but she did not disdain the balls crowded from eye till midnight with invalids dancing, oblivious of their real or supposed infirmities.

The two happy families had been a fortnight at Baden, when an extraordinary fete was announced in the great Hall of Conversation, where all the most respectable and distinguished visitors of the baths, or of the inhabitants, were to be present. M. and Madame Lagarde promised Anna to take her there.

The great day arrived. Anna was still more remarkable by her grace and beauty than by her dress and ornaments, and Alfred entered the ball-room with a feeling of happiness and of legitimate pride; for he saw no lady, no young maiden in the dazzling assembly who equalled his affianced bride. On every side he heard her called the most lovely, and he was the prouder of these eulogiums, as he could add that she was the best. M. and Madame Lagarde enjoyed that triumph as if Anna had been their own child. Yet how their joy would have been troubled could they have seen, on the other side of the ball-room, through the throng of dancers and promenaders, some persons who would have recalled to them most fatal reminiscences, persons who had been witnesses of their family misfortune.

M. and Madame de Nerval were there, with their daughter. They were going to travel for two years in Germany, in Italy, and in Switzerland, and, of course, could not pass through Baden without attending those brilliant assemblies, crowded by the first families in Europe. If Madame Lagarde did not remark Madame de Nerval, such was not the case with the latter, who at once recognized her she once was proud of calling her friend in the rank of the ladies, seated on the opposite side of the saloon. She instantly whispered to her husband, Clara, who was not dancing, listened with all the earnest attention of curiosity, but only caught a few unconnected words; that, however, was sufficient to awaken in her mind the recollection of what she had heard her parents say years before, when talking before her, as before a heedless child, of the remarkable circumstances attending the trial in question. They were wrong—everything remains deeply engraved in the memory of children; indistinct, but not effaced; and should a circumstance happen in later years, which awakens the most distant reminiscences, everything then again comes to life, everything is cleared up, and the adolescent discovers the secret betrayed before the child.

This is the operation that took place in the mind of Clara while she was eagerly listening. Clara certainly possessed good qualities, but they were neutralized by one serious defect—it was the want of shining at any price; she believed she showed herself witty and amusing by having recourse to perpetual satirical remarks. Ignorant of the grace displayed by goodness of heart, she rejected no malicious observation, no unvenomed insinuation, if she imagined she could thus produce some effect. She would have darted out what is called a "bon mot," whatever mischief it might cause, provided it excited a laugh. It was not wickedness; no, but an impulse she believed irresistible, because she was never willing to seriously resist it. She gave way to that love of talking, right or wrong, reserving to herself the indemnification of weeping over the grief she had caused. In short, she was a mischief-maker, and by an inevitable consequence of that defect, she was cursed with an insatiable curiosity. One must be curious and inquisitive to enable us to talk and speak ill of others. That is how bad qualities become connected, and engender each other.

Madame de Nerval had endeavoured to correct that defect of her daughter; she was unceasingly repeating to her, "A word once spoken can never be recalled," as one of the ancient poets expresses himself, when describing the fatal and irrevocable effects of words once uttered and thrown to the wind. That unknown sage was certainly thinking of the evil one word may occasion when he said, "We must turn our tongue seven times in our mouth before speaking once." Do not doubt, my daughter, but that this popular moralist had not advised these measures of precaution till after he had experienced what may be produced by the reverberation of a word thoughtlessly given to the echoes of society, which only repeat in doubling and in aggravating the evil. It is thus that, under certain subterranean vaults, the least rustling of a piece of stuff, produces in the last echo the noise of a tempest. It is the same in the world, and when we hear the tumult that has been raised by a single word, we often repent having spoken; but the evil is done—the word uttered cannot be recalled, and we must resign ourselves to see grief, ruin, despair—perhaps still worse, become the result of an observation made laughing, while dancing, and to show what we believed to be wit or shrewdness.

But Clara had been incorrigible. M. and Madame de Nerval were occupied with their friends, when a gentleman invited Clara to dance.

"Could you tell me who that young lady is?" Madame de Nerval inquired of Clara's partner, and pointing to Anna.

"The one sitting by the side of Madame Lagarde?" he replied; "it is —"

"What name did you say? Madame Lagarde!" returned Madame de Nerval. "That is not her name."

"Oh! excuse me, I am perfectly well acquainted with that lady, since I am on the point of becoming connected with her family; my brother is to marry her daughter, Mademoiselle Anna."

"And you say, sir, that the young lady's mother is —"

"Is Madame Lagarde."

"That's astonishing," she said to herself; then continuing her questions,—"That lady's husband, what is he doing?"

"He has a very fine manufactory near Malhausen."

"It's the same," said Madame de Nerval; "but this other name. Ah! I comprehend."

She touched M. de Nerval's arm, whispered a few words in his ear, and at the same instant the orchestra gave Clara and her partner the signal for commencing the dance.

After the first figure, the gentleman, glad at having a subject of conversation, hastened to say to Clara,—

"Your mother thought she recollected that lady and her daughter. They are both of them charming women. Madame Lagarde —"

"Madame Lagarde," returned Clara, curling her lip with an air of disdain; "say then, Madame — But, hush! it seems that name is no longer uttered. There are reasons for that."

And the second figure interrupted the conversation, which had left Clara's partner ill at ease. He wished to renew the conversation where it had been broken off, and returned to the charge by a different road.

"What a lovely girl is Mademoiselle Anna! Her features, her mind are perfection itself. Happy the mother of such a daughter! happy the wife who has given so accomplished a creature to the world!"

"Happy, yes—if she was still living, but the genealogical tree of that family has not always produced good fruit. The proverb is wrong, and we ought not to say—Like father, like daughter. Poor Madame —"

The fatal name was pronounced, and drowned in the tutti of the orchestra.

At the end of the quadrille, however desirous Alfred's brother might be of pursuing investigations in which he felt such an interest, he was obliged to hand his partner to her seat, and see her almost immediately after leave the ball-room with her parents. They were to continue their journey next day, and Clara went to forget in a thousand amusements the venomous dart she had just sped.

A truly fatal dart, that produced its effect almost instantaneously, for some of the dancers had heard the so unfortunately celebrated name that Clara had mentioned. It soon circulated in the groups; and then everybody began to whisper, shake their heads, and point to M. and Madame Lagarde; the family of the intended bridegroom, instead of remaining at the ball, disappeared, dragging Alfred along with them. Anna received no more invitations to dance; every person stared strangely at her, and, feeling herself more and more confused, she prevailed on her parents to return to their hotel. The inquiries made by Alfred's parents had confirmed the melancholy truth, and a barrier of ice rose up between the two families. Alfred himself saw Anna more rarely, and was always sad, taciturn, and embarrassed, for his father had sworn he would never consent to such an union; his mother had almost thrown herself at his feet to conjure him not to be the death of her.

To hear a mother say he would be the cause of her death; a father that he will not bless the projected marriage, are those words a good son can hear, and not be shaken by them? It was on leaving similar scenes, several times repeated, that Alfred presented himself to Anna, and that he, one evening, took her hand, and kissed it tenderly; but with the look of one heart-broken, and as if he was bidding her farewell.

It was, in effect, a farewell he pronounced from the bottom of his heart. He had respectfully combated that determination of his parents, that was going to break the tie of two existences, to obey an iniquitous prejudice; but it had been all in vain. How resist the entreaties, the prayers of his mother, even the threats of his father? At length he came with tears in his eyes, to declare to them he renounced the marriage, in which he, until then, had seen all the future happiness of his life; but not having strength to announce his resolve to Anna, and so fatal to himself, he begged those who had dictated it, to communicate the same to the Lagarde family, when he should be on his road to the south of France. He then set out on the same evening when he separated from Anna in so solemn a manner.

Next day, the rupture of the marriage was announced, without explanation on either side, and the two families immediately separated.

Oh, that rupture was serious—was decisive; it ruined the entire future of Anna,—her peace of mind—the tranquillity of her conscience, in some manner, for she now knew that her real mother had died in



giving her birth, that her father had died dishonoured, and that she was henceforth isolated, degraded in the eyes of an unjust world. She was known to be the daughter of a convict.

And Clara, the author of all this desolation; Clara, while Anna was weeping in solitude, was promenading on the delightful banks of the Rhine, or was letting herself be gently rocked by the caressing undulations of those peaceful lakes the river is unceasingly forming in its picturesque course.

M. Lagarde resolved to sell his manufactory; he could not bear the thought of returning to it with a dishonoured name, for the poor man, of too feeble a character to feel that his unsullied probity was sufficient to honour his name, himself believed in the prejudice of which he and his family were the victims. He, therefore, set about effecting the sale of his establishment, and as trade was then very precarious, he, with difficulty, succeeded at a great sacrifice, and the greater part of the purchase-money was paid in bills, at a long date; but the chief point for him was, to leave a place, and take Anna away from a country where their happiness had been so completely wrecked under the eyes of every one.

The sale of the manufactory being completed, the family went and established itself in one of the most retired quarters of the city of Lyons; but, at the end of a few months, M. Lagarde's health began to give way; the scarcely healed wounds of former afflictions had opened afresh, and the relapse was horrible; then the grief of seeing Anna wretched, the inaction which gave him up entirely to his gloomy thoughts, all conjoined to aggravate his sufferings. The devoted tenderness and attentions of his wife and of his adopted daughter were unavailing, and he died blessing them both.

Madame Lagarde, on going into mourning for her husband, felt she was enshrouding herself in her own winding-sheet. That presentiment was accomplished before the expiration of the year, on the very day when she learnt that the person who had succeeded them in the cotton-mill, whose bills she held, had become a bankrupt, and the future of Anna, alone, abandoned, in poverty, was the most fearful vision of that poor woman's dying hour.

For the second time, for the last time, Anna remained an orphan. How frightful was then her situation; to the poignant pains of the heart was joined the anguish of poverty. Anna had now no other means of existence but the produce of the labour of her hands, earned with difficulty and long hours, in a wretched garret.

During those profound sufferings, what was Clara doing? She was travelling through Italy, surrounded by every comfort, enjoying every luxury; ignorant under that bright sky, of the severity of the winter which was making Anna the deplorable victim of one of her thoughtless words, shivered beneath her snow-covered roof. Clara was peaceably partaking of all the delights of her existence, while, by her fault, an angel of this world was suffering. She did not give herself up to those sad thoughts; on the contrary, she plunged more than ever into the vortex of pleasures. At Naples, she had attracted the notice of a rich nobleman; she married him in the midst of splendid fetes, while Anna was weeping, unseen, over the loss of every hope.

Anna, after languishing a twelvemonth, fell seriously ill; fatigue, grief, privations, all combined to aggravate her complaint, and she found herself deprived of every resource, for to work was impossible. M. and Madame Lagarde had certainly left her the interest of some money in the funds; but, to receive it, she must have produced her baptismal register, reminded men, in showing them her name, of her father's crime; she wished them to forget it. The pious daughter would have sacrificed everything to efface it from the registers of earth and of Heaven, and in order to keep that name concealed, she resigned herself to suffer in religious silence.

The Nervals had, at length, terminated their delightful tour, and returned to France richer than when they had left it, yet Clara felt depressed, full of thought on repassing through Baden; the indiscretion she had committed recurred to her mind like remorse, and judge of her grief, when, in the same ball-room, almost in the very place where, three years before, she was dancing, the same partner related to her the frightful catastrophe that had taken place in Anna's family.

"By my fault, perhaps," said Clara, to herself, who, we know, was thoughtless, imprudent, but not wicked at heart. In her uneasiness, she, therefore, pressed her mother, her father, her husband, to leave Baden at once. They proceeded to the country town where the Lagardes lived. Clara made inquiries, and was told how that family had suddenly disappeared from the country; but no one could inform her where the Lagardes had removed to. Clara, however, was determined to find them. She no longer doubted having been the cause of Anna's misfortune, and the desire of repairing it as much as possible, having rendered her active and persevering, she discovered that M. Lagarde had taken refuge at Lyons. Six post horses rapidly conveyed Clara and her relations to that city, where, without giving herself any rest, entirely reformed, since she experienced the horrible reproaches of her

conscience, she made such incessant researches, that she succeeded in learning that Anna was now without any relations, and lived in a garret of the Faubourg Saint Just.

"Poor Anna!" she exclaimed, "alone and in poverty. Come with me, mother. Oh, come with me. You shall prevail upon her to come and live with us. She shall remain with me, who, by my culpable indiscretion, have reduced her to this extremity."

Madame de Nerval then proceeded with Clara, to a house in one of the narrow streets of the Faubourg. They entered the passage of a gloomy-looking house, and felt their way, by the help of a trembling rope, up one floor, two, three, four, then five. Here they were forced to stoop, and Clara seeing this wretched dwelling, uttered a deep sigh. There were two doors on the landing-place, both only half closed. Madame de Nerval and Clara went to the one on the right, and pushed it open.

O, horror!—they saw a miserable truckle bedstead, covered from head to foot with a white sheet; under that sheet, the form of a body; on one side the death-candles, and beneath the crucifix these words:—"My God, have pity upon Anna, and upon her father."

"Behold what you are the cause of," said Madame de Nerval to her daughter, and Clara fell senseless into her mother's arms.

Alfred was not there to expire before that spectacle of woe; he had met with his death before the walls of Constantine; but Clara—how will she henceforth be able to be at ease—cheerful—happy—to go to the balls, to the theatre, when she has always before her eyes the horrible result of an indiscreet word?

## THE DYING CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

Dear mother! oh, weep not thus sadly for me,  
I go from a troublesome world,  
To a home that is ever bright, cheerful and free,  
Where quiet and peace are unfurl'd.

Where the sky knows no cloud to darken the scene;  
But each hour wings happy away,  
Where love in each eye for ever doth beam,  
And nought mars its Heavenly ray.

Then say, mother, dear, that thou wilt not deplore,  
And press me once more to thy breast;  
For sure it is better in Heaven to soar,  
Than to live on this earth without rest.

And lay thy kind hand on thy slow beating heart,  
While I wipe the sad tear from thine eye;  
And when to my Maker above I depart,  
Oh! think 'tis but happy to die.

O moisten my lip, for I scarcely can speak!  
And kiss me—oh, kiss me again!  
E'en now I do feel, on my once smiling cheek,  
The cold hand of death gently lain.

But list, mother dear! didst thou not hear that strain  
Which seemed laden with Heavenly joy?  
It has carried away all my cruellest pain;  
'Tis God's loving call for thy boy.

And see! O look then at that garden so fair,  
Where the stream's bubbling waters run by;  
O mother, how happy it seems to be there!  
Then say is't not easy to die!

His voice sounds again in my list'ning ear,  
I fly with delight to his arms;  
O let then thine heart know but comfort and cheer,  
For my future is Heavenly charms!

H. J. CHURCH.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—The predominant passion of Frederick the Great was the love of glory, which led him to commit such actions as would extend his fame, rather than those which were dictated by virtue and humanity. He was desirous of uniting the reputation of a great king, a wise legislator, an illustrious hero, an accomplished general, a fine poet, and an enlightened philosopher. Active, enterprising, indefatigable, and intrepid, he continually alarmed his neighbours, whose apprehensions were increased by his appearing to scruple at no means which might effect his purpose. He was, perhaps, the most laborious prince that ever lived, and, notwithstanding the many faults and blemishes in his character, he possessed very splendid talents, and was certainly one of the most distinguished and extraordinary kings on the records of history.



## THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER;

OR, THE EAGLE'S NEST.

UPON the sea coast, near the little town of Ballydalough in Ireland, stands, or once did stand, the humble cottage of an aged fisherman, named Cavanagh, who being now, at the period when our story commences, nearly past labour, was scarcely able to earn a sufficient living for the support of himself and his daughter, Norah. Still, however, he pursued his toil cheerfully, and never would he afflict the heart of his child by repining at the scanty means his labour afforded; for Norah had ever been a good and dutiful daughter, and now that she was in trouble, he endeavoured by every means in his power to ease her mental sufferings and banish from her brow the dark cloud of despair that was settled upon it.

Norah Cavanagh, when a child, had been taken into the family of Sir Brian O'Beg, a wealthy baronet in the neighbourhood, whose maiden sister, the Lady Celestina Floranthe O'Beg, employed her in her own immediate service; Norah, as her years increased, grew uncommonly hand some, and her mistress, prudent as all old maids are, took care to keep the girl as much as possible from the sight of young Fergus Purcell, her nephew, who had been adopted and brought up by Sir Brian under his own roof. See her sometimes, however, Fergus did, and the beauty of the maiden soon made an impression upon his heart, that gradually ripened into love the most enthusiastic. His situation and views in life were, it is true, far above hers; but though poor she was virtuous, and he knew that he could never obtain a return of her love, except upon the most honourable terms.

The searching eyes of Lady Celestina, were in this instance deceived by the caution observed by the lovers, and they continued to enjoy their stolen interviews without ever being suspected. In this manner four years rolled on, and at the expiration of that period, Lady Celestina was scandalized at the discovery that her favourite Norah had been imprudent, and that ere long she would become a mother. Incensed at this, the old lady's kindly feelings were changed into the most inveterate hatred, and refusing to listen to the more temperate advice of Sir Brian, she immediately turned the unfortunate victim of her rage from her house to find a home where she could in the heartless world.

As for old Cavanagh, he was nearly heart-broken by this heavy affliction, and his first impulse was to drive her from the only roof where she could hope to find a shelter; but his better feelings finally prevailed, and instead of deserting her in the hour of need, he relaxed his sternness, promised her his protection, and once more received her to his arms. In a short time afterwards Norah was delivered of a boy, which the old man vowed to cherish and protect while he lived. From this period three years passed away; but Norah refused to obey her father's oft-repeated commands to acquaint him with the name of the destroyer of her virtue. She still persisted in preserving the secret inviolable, and in order to lighten the burden which she was to her father, employed herself daily in gathering the dillisk, which each tide left upon the sea beach, and by which she contrived to obtain a trifle to assist her aged parent, who was now rapidly losing his strength.

At the end of three years, Lady Celestina, whose wrath was still unmitigated, took it into her head that it was a scandal to allow such a wicked jade to live in the neighbourhood, and as the cottage of the fisherman was the property of her brother, Sir Brian, she thought there would be no great difficulty in driving them out, especially as the old fisherman was in arrears four quarters rent. Full of this resolution she one day ordered her two footmen to attend her, and taking her way towards the humble cabin of Cavanagh, determined to effect her object in the best way she could. For this purpose, on arriving near the sea beach she dismissed her attendants, and desiring them to await her bidding somewhere near at hand, she advanced towards the cottage door; at which having knocked, she was almost immediately afterwards met by Norah herself, who, on seeing who her visitor was, shrunk back in the greatest terror.

"So," exclaimed Lady Celestina, "you are surprised, no doubt, that I have condescended to visit one who has so far forgotten herself as to stoop to a crime by which she is degraded in the eyes of all virtuous and honourable people."

"I must confess," replied Norah, "that I was surprised to see your ladyship; but I am still more astonished to find that you have come only to insult one who has never injured you. I may be degraded, as you say, but I do not thrust myself where my presence may prove disagreeable."

"Heavens! truly!" cried Lady O'Beg, "methinks you give yourself very great airs towards one who has ever been your friend—ay, and would have been so still had you conducted yourself as you ought to have done."

"For former favours I return you my unfeigned thanks," answered Norah; "you have, however, thought fit to punish my apparent frailty

according to your own pleasure, and therefore have no authority to follow me to the only roof that would afford me shelter, merely to reproach and insult one whose fault is only imaginary."

"Imaginary!" exclaimed the lady. "Why, is it not notorious to all the neighbourhood that you have disgraced yourself beyond the power of redemption? And is there not a living evidence of your shame?"

"I am not at liberty at present to answer your reproachful question," answered the dillisk gatherer; "but of this be sure, that a day will come when the blemishes upon my character shall be obliterated, and Norah Cavanagh will stand as exalted as any among her sex."

"Then if there is any mystery, why not explain it at once?" inquired Lady Celestina. "Why endure the opprobrium which is now upon you, when by your own account all might be explained satisfactorily?"

"There are sufficient reasons for keeping the secret which I cannot at present enter into," replied Norah. "It is bitter to endure the coldness which I do not deserve, and had I the much desired opportunity, I should most readily embrace it. The time, however, is not yet ripe—I have made a vow, and all the powers upon earth—penury—despair—nay, death itself, should not wring the secret from me."

"Very heroic indeed!" exclaimed Lady O'Beg; "but you do not seem to recollect that you are not the only sufferer by this perverseness—your child shares in the disgrace of its unworthy mother, when a word, according to your own showing, would silence the voice of calumny. If such be indeed the case, you are adding crime to crime."

"For my child's, if not for my own sake, I would eagerly adopt the only means that offer for the restitution of my character," replied Norah; "but at present I cannot—dare not reveal a secret which would ruin him whom I so fondly love, and for whom I am content to endure even more than I have."

"Is the author of your ruin young?"

"He is."

"Is he rich?"

"At present he is not, and it depends entirely upon me whether he ever will be so; for, were his family acquainted with the circumstances of this unfortunate affair, he would in all probability be discarded for ever, and turned upon a cold and heartless world!"

"The villain! and so he ought," exclaimed Lady Celestina; "for, were he a relation of mine, and dependent upon my bounty, I would leave him to starve rather than support one who could act thus."

"Then, with such feelings, you can no longer wonder that I am firm in my resolution to keep this secret," replied the dillisk girl. "I hourly regret the necessity that exists for it; but, at the same time, I am willing to sacrifice all considerations for myself to rescue him I love from the wrath of his family."

"And knowing all this, he still leaves you to pass through the world in poverty and distress," observed Lady O'Beg.

"Not with his own will," replied Norah; "for, though his own allowance is scanty, he has repeatedly implored me to accept of it for the support of myself and our child."

"And you refused to accept of it?"

"I did," answered Norah Cavanagh; "for I had still my hands left to obtain a bare subsistence for myself and my boy, while, had he given me what money he possessed, it might have led to inquiries on the part of his friends, which would have inevitably led to the discovery I so much dreaded. Thus, all our future hopes would have been frustrated, and, in addition to my other tortures, I should have had to endure the galling reflection of having been the cause of his ruin."

"Very pretty and sentimental, truly!" exclaimed Lady Celestina; "but, however, this is going from the purpose for which I am come hither. I would know who is the author of your disgrace, that, if he is within my reach, I may punish him as his infamous conduct deserves. Is he a tenant of Sir Brian O'Beg, my brother?"

"Your ladyship must pardon my refusal to answer that question," returned the dillisk gatherer, "for my lips are sealed to all subjects that bear reference to my misfortunes."

"Oh, very well," cried Lady Celestina, waxing wrathful at the firmness of Norah, "it's all very well for you to disgrace yourself, and then brazen it out in this manner;—but I am resolved to punish you for it to the utmost of my means. There shall be no such creatures as you living upon the estate of Sir Brian, while I have a voice to raise against you. So look to it, madam, and prepare to quit your cottage, with your father, in a very short time."

As Lady O'Beg concluded, she turned abruptly away, leaving Norah in the greatest agitation and distress. Musing upon the probable results of her former patroness's vindictive humour, she did not observe her father's approach to the shore, nor did she know of his presence till he clasped her in his arms, exclaiming,—

"My child, why do I ever thus find you absorbed in grief, as though the remembrance of the wrongs you have endured was continually haunting you? Come, come, my Norah, dry these unavailing tears, and once more glad your father's heart with those sweet smiles of happi-



ness and contentment that in former days were so conspicuous in your character."

"Alas! my father," replied Norah, "I fear the happiness that was once mine will never return to me. I have endured too much grief of late ever to hope for joy again in this world; yet, for your sake, I have hitherto endeavoured to conceal my sorrows, and to indulge in them only when I have been unobserved. Now, however, the crimes which I have committed are about to be visited upon your head, and the wretched Norah, in addition to her other pangs, will have the horrible reflection of being the cause of her poor old father's utter ruin!"

"Cease these self-reproaches, I conjure you, my child," exclaimed Cavanagh, "and learn to look with confidence in the future blessings of Heaven. We all have our trials during the pilgrimage of life; but it is only that, after experiencing the bitterness of sorrow, we may the better appreciate the blessings that may afterwards reward us."

"Father," answered Norah, dejectedly, "while I was the only sufferer through my own faults, I endured the pangs of unavailing sorrow with fortitude; but, now that your future peace is threatened by those who would persecute me, I cannot but give way to my despair, even as you have just found me."

"Then during my absence some one has been here to taunt you with that for which there is now no remedy;—is it not so, my daughter?"

"It is," replied Norah; "Lady Celestina O'Beg has but just left me, declaring that she would punish us because I refused to disclose the name of the father of my child."

"So that her vengeance lights only upon me, I care not," exclaimed Cavanagh, "though I would fain have passed my last few hours in peace and quietness. I have been too much accustomed to the rude buffetings of this world to care what becomes of me now that I am old and standing upon the very verge of my grave."

"But my heart bleeds when I reflect that to me alone it is you owe this most unjust persecution," replied Norah; "and, were it not for the fearful alternative that opposes me, I would hazard all, and reveal the secret that has so long been locked within my own breast."

"And why should you do so at the bidding of a stranger?" asked Cavanagh, "when your father refrains from wounding your heart afresh by demanding an explanation which you cannot at present give. I would to Heaven that there were no necessity for withholding from me the name of your betrayer; and yet, perhaps, it is as well that it should be so, for, old as I am, these withered arms would have wrung from the monster that justice which he has hitherto denied you."

"Pass not your judgment, my father, upon one who is not so culpable as you imagine," cried the dilloek girl. "He whom you call my betrayer is not the villain you have designated him; and, when the period arrives that I can explain the circumstances to you, I trust that you will see reason to revoke the harsh expressions you have so frequently used towards him."

"Well, well, I will urge this subject no further," returned Cavanagh, "since I see it gives you pain. Come, my love, let us go in doors, and endeavour, if you can, to forget the grief that has but too long preyed upon your mind."

The old fisherman then took his daughter's hand, and was leading her towards the cottage-door, when their attention was arrested by the sound of voices, and, looking round, they saw Malachi Fallon, the master of the free grammar school, and bailiff of Ballydalough, attended by one of his pupils, David Nicodemus Dandelion. By this time the pompous man of office had approached within a short distance of them, when, finding that he had been seen by Cavanagh and his daughter, he exclaimed,—

"Stay, stay, my friends, I have come on a little bit of business from the Hall, touching a small matter of pounds, shillings, and pence."

"You have come for the rent that I am in arrears for the right of living in this crazy old cottage, I suppose?" observed Cavanagh.

"By the powers, you have just hit it to a nicety!" returned Malachi; "for I have been sent to demand the sum of five pounds due to Sir Brian O'Beg, up to last quarter day."

"I have not the means of paying it at this moment," replied the old man; "but, if Sir Brian will give me time, I will discharge the debt."

"By St. Patrick! but that's just what I thought you'd say," exclaimed Fallon. "However, Sir Brian has nothing at all to do in the matter, and her ladyship desired me to pack you off at once if you didn't pay, and to take what few sticks you have."

"Oh, in mercy proceed not to that dreadful extremity," cried Norah, in an agony of terror. "Pity his grey hairs, I implore you, and turn him not from that home which has for so many years sheltered his aged head from storm and tempest!"

"Och! my pretty Norah; but you melt my heart, you do, with these pangs and entreaties," cried Malachi; "but what's a good aisey man like myself to do when he's set on to perform his duty, knowing as I do, that if I show mercy to you I shall have none shown to myself, but shall lose my situation as Bailiff of Ballydalough, besides the small takings I get as master of the Free Grammar School."

"True, true," replied Cavanagh, "you have a duty to perform, and however painful it may be to me, you must do it strictly. I shall offer no impediment; but will at once, with my daughter, quit this spot for ever, and end my days far from the place where my life has thus far been passed. Think not that I am childish because a tear dims my eye, for it is hard to tear myself from a spot which is endeared to me by so many happy recollections."

"Well, now, Mister Cavanagh, that's taking it mild, considering that you can do nothing else now; so I thank you for giving me as little trouble as possible in this disagreeable duty, and wish you and your daughter a pleasant walk over the mountains. But don't be after thinking I am hard-hearted, for it's just a way I've got of making as light as possible of one's difficulties."

"Come, my love," cried Cavanagh, addressing himself to Norah; "step into the cottage and put on your walking gear, for now necessity compels me to quit the dear spot that saw my earliest infancy, I care not how soon we are far away from it."

Norah obeyed, and in a few minutes returned, bearing in her arms the child which had been the cause of all their misfortunes. As the fisherman's eyes fell upon the infant he started back with dismay, and a sudden madness rushing through his brain, he snatched a staff from the hands of Fallon, and would have dashed out the brains of the unconscious infant, had not the weapon been wrested from him by Malachi. The old man's reason then returned as suddenly as it had vanished, and clasping his daughter to his bosom, entreated her to pardon the frenzy that had seized him. This was freely granted, and with slow step they proceeded on their journey, leaving Fallon to conclude the business that had brought him there.

The man of office now took possession of the house and property of the unfortunate Cavanagh, and having concluded this business he left his pupil, David Nicodemus Dandelion, to take charge of the place while he returned to the Hall to inquire how he was to proceed. The lad had not been long engaged in this service before he began to get tired of it, and as the night was now coming on, he began to turn it over in his mind whether he might not run home and return again in the morning, as he had heard much of ghosts and hobgoblins that paid their nightly visits to that spot.

"Why," he argued to himself, "why should master leave me alone to face all these dangers; and besides, the task he's given me is not so very pleasant that I should wish to stay here any longer than I can possibly help, for I've known poor old Cavanagh as long as I can remember, and I don't half like having anything to do in this business of turning him out of his cottage and taking away the little furniture, just to pay a rich landlord that don't want the money."

Having thus argued himself into a belief that he should be fully justified in going home, David was hurrying off, when a voice close by commanded him to stay. Terrified at this he instantly obeyed, when Fergus Purcell, enveloped in a large riding cloak, advanced close to his side, exclaiming in a disguised voice—

"Fear not, young man, you have no danger to apprehend from me; but hearing you just now mention something about old Cavanagh and his daughter, Norah, being in trouble, I would learn from you the particulars."

"Ah, sir, it's a long and a sad tale to tell; but I'll give it to you in as few words as possible. You must know that poor Norah has been seduced by a villain—ah, I don't wonder at your starting so, for it's a very dreadful affair indeed. However, Lady Celestina O'Beg, that lives in the great hall yonder, has taken such a mortal dislike to the girl ever since, that she's trying everything she can to ruin both her and the old man; so, in order to drive them out of the neighbourhood, she has put an execution in their house for rent, and poor Cavanagh and his daughter are gone I don't know where."

"Merciful Heavens!" exclaimed the other; "to what a dreadful extremity are they driven; but how are they to be extricated?"

"By some good friend lending them five pounds to pay the old lady with," answered David.

"True," exclaimed Fergus, throwing a purse at the feet of the lad; "there is the exact sum; take it at once to Sir Brian, and then hasten after the fugitives and bring them back to their house."

As he spoke Fergus suddenly disappeared, and David, wondering who the mysterious person was, hurried off with all possible speed and good will to perform his bidding. On arriving at the Hall he demanded to see Sir Brian O'Beg immediately, which being granted, he was shortly afterwards shown into the room where the baronet was sitting.

"Well, my friend," he said, as David came bowing and scraping before him, "what is the important business that brings you here?"

"Oh, just a bit of devilry and botheration that has almost turned me topsy turvy," answered Dandelion. "A gentleman—but whether he was a man or a fiend, I can't tell you—crossed my path a little bit ago and gave me this purse with five pounds to bring to your honour."

"What mean you, fellow?" exclaimed Sir Brian, at a loss to guess



the meaning of David's message. "Who was the person, and what did he give you the money for?"

"As to who he was," answered the lad, "I know nothing at all, saying and except that if he was a fiend, he was a devilish good looking and fair spoken one as ever you might wish to see. So he came up to me and says—'David,' says he, 'you're the best lad in the parish of Ballydalough, and just the sort of chap I wanted to do me a bit of service,' and with that he gives me the purse to come and pay you the rent that poor old Cavanagh owes."

"And what does he know about Cavanagh, or the rent that he's in arrears?" asked Sir Brian.

"What does he know?" exclaimed Dandelion; "why just what all the world knows as well as myself. Haven't you taken away all the sticks that he had, and then turned him and poor Norah out into the wide world to perish with cold and hunger?"

"I turned them out!" cried the baronet in amazement.

"Yes,—or Lady Celestina did, and that's all the same thing, you know," returned David. "She told my master, Malachi Fallon, to go and demand what they owed you for rent, and said, if they didn't pay he was to turn 'em out neck and crop."

"This must be looked to," exclaimed Sir Brian; "and in the meantime, as I think you are an honest fellow, do you take this five pounds and follow Cavanagh and Norah as fast as your legs will carry you. Give him the money and tell him I forgive all the rent, and that he may return to the cottage and live there without paying anything for it."

"I just will, honey," cried the lad, capering with delight, "and a better job I never had in all my life before."

David now bounded unceremoniously out of the house, and directed his steps towards the mountain path which he knew Cavanagh and his daughter had taken. For a long time he pursued his way without overtaking those of whom he was in search; but still, determined to overtake them, he mended his pace, now and then hallooed as loudly as he could, in hopes of making them hear. Still, however, all was of no use, and he began almost to despair, when he suddenly heard a female voice somewhere near, singing a plaintive Irish melody, and listening for a few moments he was convinced that the voice was that of Norah. Delighted at this discovery, he looked around to see from whence it came, and perceiving a ruined cottage close by, he hastened towards it, and there found the wretched mother watching over the slumbers of her darling child. As she saw David, she shrank back, apprehensive that some further persecution was intended, which the other perceiving, exclaimed,—

"Now don't be frightened at me, Norah, for I've come to bring you good news.—What do you think has happened?"

"Alas! there can be no good news for the unfortunate and the out-cast," cried Norah.

"Oh, but there is, though," returned David, "the rent's paid, and you may go back and live in the old cottage again for nothing."

"This is mockery!" exclaimed the dillosk girl, "for who on the broad face of the earth would feel pity for the unfortunate Cavanaghs?"

"Who, but the landlord himself, honey," replied the lad. "His honour, Heaven bless him, has sent you five pounds, and permission to return as soon as you like. But where's your father all this while, when I'm telling you such good news?"

"He has returned to the cottage to fetch what provisions we had left behind," answered Norah, "for we were hungry after our toil, and had nothing to eat; so he left me and the child here while he went back. But now I begin to fear for his long absence, and were it not for the boy, would go in search of him."

"Then suppose I go and look for him?"

"No, no, good David," answered Norah, "you have already wearied yourself in your zeal to serve us, and therefore if you will stay here and watch my boy while he sleeps, I will go and endeavour to find my father, who perhaps has lost himself in these wild mountain paths."

"Oh, never fear me, darling," cried David, "for if you leave the youngster in my charge I'll make a capital nurse."

"Well, then I will trust you," returned Norah, "but pray do not leave him, or close your eyes in sleep for an instant, for the eag's, which inhabit the lofty mountains, are said to be so ferocious that they have been known to carry off children to theireries, as food for their ravenous young."

"Ah, so I've heard," said David, "and there's one monstrous rascal in particular, that I've heard say thinks nothing of such dirty doings; bad luck to him! but I'll take care he don't make a meal of this little fellow."

Satisfied with these assurances, Norah kissed the babe, and once more imploring David be watchful of his charge, set forward to meet her father. For some time the lad continued to fulfil his promise with the greatest vigilance, but at length sleep so overpowered him, that leaning his head back against the wall of the cottage, he fell into a profound sleep. While he was in this state of unconsciousness the

child awoke, and missing its mother, scrambled over the prostrate body of David, and ran as well as his little legs would carry it towards a precipice at a short distance off.

A ravenous eagle, which had long been vainly searching for prey to satisfy the hunger of its starving young, now darted down with fearful impetuosity, and fixing its talons in the child's dress, rose again into the air and made towards its nest. At this moment David awoke from his sleep, and instantly missing the child, he in despair rushed out in search of his young charge. At this moment, Norah, whose apprehensions for the safety of her child, would not allow her to proceed, came back, and perceiving the agitation of David, the dreadful truth at once flashed upon her mind, and looking up she beheld the monstrous bird wheeling round with the infant in its grasp, as it made its way towards its rock-built nest. This horrible sight was sufficient to appal even the stoutest heart, and the agonized mother, uttering a piercing scream of horror, fell into a state of insensibility to the earth. David now endeavoured to revive her by every means in his power, but all was of no avail, till he was joined by old Cavanagh, who, after some edification, succeeded in restoring her to animation, and a sense of the horrible occurrence which had taken place.

We must now return to the mansion of Sir Brian O'Beg, where the whole family, including Fergus Purcell, were soon informed of the loss Norah had thus sustained. All were greatly shocked at the circumstance; but to Fergus the effect of the news was most distressing, and he seemed to yield himself to despair at the dreadful intelligence. In a little time, however, he recovered himself sufficiently to inquire of the person who had brought the news what had become of Norah.

"Why, the poor creature is almost distracted," replied the messenger, "and even at the earnest wish of her father, refuses to quit the spot, but stands there looking towards the monster's nest, as though she was thinking of some way by which she might reach it."

"Poor thing," exclaimed Sir Brian. "I am not surprised at her distraction, but what must be the feelings of the villain who has thus seduced an excellent girl, and then left her and the infant to perish, while he conceals his guilty head from a world, whom he knows would spurn him?"

"Well, since the girl chose to forget herself," observed Lady Celestina, "I must confess she has been no great favourite of mine; but I must say I pity her from my heart, and only wish I knew who her betrayer is."

"My dear uncle," cried Fergus, "the time is now arrived, when longer concealment is impossible. In me you behold the father of Norah's child!"

"You, Fergus!" exclaimed Sir Brian and Lady Celestina, together.

"Yes," replied Fergus, "and having so long withheld from her that justice, I now declare it in the presence of all whom I hold most dear."

"And why have you so long concealed it from us?" asked Sir Brian.

"For what I conceive to be a sufficient reason," answered Fergus, "though now I would that I had dared all dangers rather than have suffered Norah to experience the sorrows that have lately afflicted her."

"This is just what I always suspected would be the case," observed Lady Celestina. "I thought Fergus, with all that pretension to superior honour, would one day or other turn out to be a sad graceless dog."

"Yes, aunt," replied the young man; "but whose fault is it that I have done so? My poverty and your pride must be my excuse. Dependent upon the liberality of Sir Brian and yourself, I have ever been obliged to bow with submission to your opinions. I became acquainted with Norah while she was an inmate of this house, loved her; but knowing your feeling, dared not make my motives known."

"Then you were a foolish lad for your pains," exclaimed Sir Brian; "for you ought to have married the girl in spite of us both, and thus have made us ashamed of our foolish pride. The lass has ever, till this affair happened, borne an irreproachable character for morality and virtue, and the only crimes that can be laid to her charge, are poverty and an humble origin. But what are these things that they should stand in the way of her happiness; the first might have been remedied by her marriage with Fergus, and the second, being no fault of hers, could have carried no disgrace to her offspring; besides, she might yet lay the foundation of as distinguished a family as any in Ireland."

"For my own part, brother," said Lady Celestina, "I must confess that I am quite ashamed of my own folly in having attempted to curb the passion that existed in two youthful hearts. My inexperience, however, must be my excuse, and I only wish that Fergus had married her and saved himself from this disgraceful conduct."

"There spoke my sister," exclaimed Sir Brian, taking the hand of Lady Celestina; "and I sincerely wish they had had less fear of offending two obstinate old fools, and had made themselves happy in spite of us. But come, Fergus, what have you to say to the matter?"

"I have to say," answered Fergus, "that, if you are really sincere, I



will make you happy. Knowing her to be too virtuous to listen to a dishonourable proposition, I offered to marry her; at first she rejected my suit. My ardour, however, was not to be damped; I urged my suit yet more earnestly, promised either to obtain your forgiveness or shield her from your displeasure, and finally prevailed on her to consent to a private union."

"Excellent lad," exclaimed Sir Brian, "I esteem you yet more for the honour with which you have acted towards her. What say you, my lady?"

"Why, really, I am so well pleased at the result of this affair, that I cannot do better than follow the good example you have given me," returned Lady Celestina.

"My kind, my indulgent patrons," exclaimed Fergus, "how shall I sufficiently thank you for this generosity? But there is yet one thing to mar the happiness that would else smile upon us. My child is in danger—nay, perhaps destroyed by the eagle that has borne it from us. Norah is in despair, and even this bright scene of happiness that is thus opened to us may be turned to misery and gloom."

As Fergus spoke he rushed from the room, and snatching up a carbine which stood in the hall, hurried wildly from the house, and took his way towards the rock which had been described to him as that where the eagle had built her nest.

At length, after considerable toil, he reached the base of the mountain, up which he clambered with the greatest difficulty, for the sides were so rugged and steep as to afford scarcely any footing by which he might assist himself. However, by the greatest exertions, he ultimately succeeded in obtaining about half the height of the mountain, where he found a considerable ledge, upon which he rested for a few minutes to recruit his almost exhausted energies.

Having found his carbine an impediment to him, he resolved to leave it on this spot till his return, and laying it upon the rock, he once more proceeded on his enterprise—a task which he found even more difficult than before, from the increased ruggedness of the mountain's sides. On, however, he went towards the object which he now had in view, and as he approached nearer, his energies became strengthened, so that he began to hope for the successful accomplishment of his task.

While he was thus pursuing his hazardous career, he was discovered by Norah, who, with her father, was watching the eagle's nest from the base of the mountain. No sooner did she perceive her husband's danger than she resolved to follow him at all hazards, and in spite of her father's earnest remonstrances, began to ascend by the same path which he had taken.

Aided by the feelings that inspired her, she succeeded in scrambling from one rugged crag to another, till she reached that part of the mountain where we have said Fergus had rested himself a short time previously. Here she found herself unable to proceed any further, and looking towards the eagle's nest, she beheld her husband within a short distance of it, and still advancing steadily towards it. Her brain now grew dizzy from terror, but yet her eyes were rivetted upon the spot where all her earthly hopes were centered. In a few seconds afterwards she beheld him with the child in his arms; but ere she could express her gratitude to Heaven for its mercies, she saw the monstrous eagle wheeling round the head of Fergus, as if in the act of descending for the purpose of regaining its lost prey.

In this moment of terror, Norah perceived the carbine which her husband had just before left behind him, and snatching it up, she resolved in her despair to discharge it at the rapacious monster. The next instant the gun was discharged, and, to her inexpressible joy, she saw the eagle drop lifeless to the earth, when throwing herself upon her knees, she offered up to Heaven her heartfelt thanks for the signal mercies it had interposed in her behalf.

In a few seconds Fergus descended in safety to the spot where she was, bearing in his arms her beloved child, who was not only alive, but uninjured.

Fergus, Norah, and the child, now rested themselves previously to descending the rest of the mountain, when they were unexpectedly joined by Sir Brian O'Beg, Lady Celestina, and numerous friends, whose anxiety in behalf of the adventurers had prompted them to undergo the difficulties interposed by the steep and almost inaccessible sides of the mountain. One of them bore in his hands the ferocious bird that had thus fallen beneath the well-directed aim of Norah, which throwing at the feet of the heroic girl, at once removed all her apprehensions.

Fergus and his wife now received the congratulations of their friends, and happy in being thus once more restored to each others arms, they descended from the spot, and returning to the house of Sir Brian, passed the remainder of their lives in uninterrupted happiness.

A man should guard in his youth against sensuality, in manhood against faction, and in his old age against covetousness.

## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER CLXV.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN SIR CHARLES HOME AND THE AVENGER.—THE ATTEMPTED MURDER.—THE CHEQUE.

A SUDDEN and loud knocking at the street door of Sir Charles Home's mansion quickly put an end to the scene between Margaret and her new found father; for the former started to her feet and exclaimed, with energy,—

"That is Sir Charles Home. I know his knock too well to be mistaken."

"I will see him immediately," said the Avenger, "and will find out the truth of what I have heard. In the meantime you must remain quiet, and do nothing till you see or hear of me again. I will give you directions of what you are to do."

As he said these words, the Avenger closed the door, and left Margaret Home to her own meditations, which were not of the most calm and satisfactory description, but far from it.

In the hall the Avenger met Sir Charles Home, who had just returned. Walking up to him, he said, in a low voice,—

"Sir Charles Home, I would speak with you in the library."

Into the library they went, and the Avenger closed the door after them, saying as he did so,—

"Our conference must not be a long one. You have broken faith with me, Sir Charles Home; you are not true to your word."

"I am—indeed, I am!" said the baronet, alarmed.

"Nay, protestation is useless. You promised me that the marriage between Horace Singleton and Alice Home should not take place."

"Neither will it," replied Sir Charles, gasping for breath—"neither will it."

"Do not trifle with me. You know that at this moment you are conceiving a plan to secretly marry Horace and Alice, disregarding my most particular injunction."

"Indeed—indeed," stammered Sir Charles, "it's all a mistake—a very great mistake—to suppose that I would do so."

"Mistake!" said the Avenger, with a frowning brow. "I can see none; but it must not be. You cannot deceive me. I have means of knowing things that you think have never been more than unexpressed thoughts. This marriage I know was to be solemnized shortly; but beware. It would be better for you that you never contemplated it."

Sir Charles trembled excessively. His denials were faint, but they were frequently repeated, till a second thought took possession of his mind, and that was, that one more crime could add but little to the guilt of his already burdened soul.

That thought was murder. He had pistols in his pocket. He never was without them loaded, and why could he not shoot his greatest enemy—the man he most dreaded, and who held him in such thrall, and exerted such an iron sway over him?

The thought, though horrible, was as harmony to the soul to Sir Charles Home's mind, and he endeavoured to gain time by engaging the stranger in conversation until he had matured his plans thoroughly. It was dangerous, he knew; but an instant escape offered itself to him. He could lock the body up, and the whole affair would be over in a few minutes, and it would not be discovered for some hours at least.

"Think not," said the Avenger, "to evade the fulfilment of your promise. A terrible and public spectacle will be made of you. Death in its worst and most degrading form will await you—disgraceful to yourself, and a lasting reproach to those who know you."

"I have passed my word," said Sir Charles, breathlessly, "and will keep my word."

"You dare not do otherwise. But, should you, believe me as you believe the past, I will have a full and complete revenge upon you."

"I am in your power, and, therefore, it would be madness in me to tempt it."

"It would. I will see you shortly," said the Avenger, as he turned towards the door, with the intention of quitting the room.

Sir Charles Home now saw that this was his only opportunity, and, taking the pistol from his pocket, he quietly cocked it, and aimed it dead at the Avenger, whose back was towards Sir Charles. A loud report instantly followed.

The ball missed the intended victim by a miracle. The Avenger turned round as if surprised and unable to act, but almost instantly rushed at Sir Charles Home, and seized him by the throat, and held him so tightly that he was nearly strangled. Shaking him backwards



and forwards as if he had been a child, he then threw him into a chair opposite to one in which he placed himself.

"Treacherous hound!" exclaimed the Avenger; "is it thus you would requite my forbearance? You shall suffer yet a death upon the galows."

"Mercy! mercy!" groaned Sir Charles. "I didn't mean to do it. It was an accident—I did not mean —"

"Villain!" said the other, in such deep accents that caused Sir Charles Home to tremble with apprehension—"villain! I will not trust you. I mean not to take your life; but the lie you shall lead will cause you to curse the day you were born. Not an hour's peace, not an hour's repose, no, not a single hope, shall tend to brighten your last days."

"Mercy! mercy!" said Sir Charles. "I meant not to fire. The pistol went off by mistake."

"Tis false, and you know it. I will not trust you a day or an hour. The attempt would be renewed, and the marriage with Horace would still be performed."

"No—no!" shrieked Sir Charles.

"Yes, I say, it would. Give me a cheque for a heavy sum, to be paid in case of Alice's marriage with Horace Singleton."

"A cheque?" replied Sir Charles Home.

"Yes. You must draw me one out, to be paid within four-and-twenty hours after the marriage of Alice. It can be dated three days hence. This I shall hold as security against any treachery on your part, and to prevent the marriage I have forbidden."

Sir Charles pondered for a few moments in silence, when the Avenger said,—

"There is no time to pause. I must have the cheque. There are your writing materials, and your cheque-book is at hand."

Sir Charles looked around, but he could see no hope upon which he could found a single prospect; and, guided by experience, he soon concluded that to temporise was all that was left him, and then he could still pursue his own course in secret. How he had become acquainted with the secret, he knew not, nor could he, in the remotest degree, guess; but he concluded there must be some system of espionage exerted, and he determined to be more watchful and guarded.

"Come, Sir Charles," said the Avenger, sternly; "you have had time to gather your scattered wits. I must have the cheque. Come, sir, write me the cheque."

"The cheque—ay," said Sir Charles, "certainly; but, let me see, you have not said for how much I am to draw it?"

"For twenty thousand pounds," was the short and sudden reply of the Avenger, as he struck his hand on the table. "Twenty thousand pounds, and that payable within four-and-twenty hours after Alice Home's marriage with Horace Singleton."

"It will never be used," remarked Sir Charles, "upon that condition, for the marriage can never take place after what has passed."

"It is my object to render it impossible," said the Avenger, looking very hard at Sir Charles; "but I must rely on myself rather than you, as a guarantee. The marriage will not take place when I deprive you of the means of making that marriage a prosperous one."

Sir Charles, with a trembling hand, wrote the cheque for the required amount, and dated it as he had been desired, three days hence, and then handed it to his persecutor in silence, and the Avenger received it, examining it very carefully.

A grim smile of satisfaction passed across his features as he wrapped it up, and placed it in his pocket-book, saying,—

"I think, Sir Charles, I may now trust you. You cannot escape me, and knowing that, I can trust you—do you hear?"

Sir Charles spoke not; many thoughts passed through his mind, but he gave them no utterance; he feared almost to think, yet he could not forbear, in the recess of his own heart, to rejoice at the prospect that he yet believed to be left him, of escaping all the threatened evils that appeared to surround him on all sides.

The Avenger now arose, and pointing significantly to the picture that hung over the door, and which had been perforated by the ball that had been fired at him immediately above his head, he said,—

"See that is not repeated. It has often been attempted; but my life is not in your hands, my death will be preceded by yours; accomplished a sassin as you are, you cannot effect your object on me; but let me warn you not to try."

As he said these words, he closed the door of the library with a loud crash, and left Sir Charles Home to his own meditations, which were of a complicated and painful nature; yet, notwithstanding all the difficulties and dangers that surrounded him, he could not avoid extracting some few gleams of comfort.

"Yes," he said, "this is the moment for action—the moment in which I can baffle my enemies and make my beautiful and darling Alice happy: and then farewell to the white cliffs of England, a long farewell to all I once saw or knew, to all I love and remember."

A sigh escaped from the bosom of Sir Charles Home, deep and long drawn—such as escapes from one whose last hour is come, when hope flies, and despair sits heavy on his soul.

But Sir Charles's great object—the marriage of Alice and Horace Singleton—he deemed as sure as ever. His arch enemy had betrayed no knowledge of the event, save that the fact seemed to have reached his ears, but none of the accompanying circumstances were yet known, and this gave him so much of hope, that he was determined to urge it forward with all the haste imaginable.

"If the marriage be solemnised, and I can escape to the Continent before the cheque comes due, an answer of 'no effects' can be returned to it, and then—and then, Margaret Home and her coadjutor, the Avenger, may yet live to feel their impotence, and my revenge will be sweet when I know they are suffering from the worst evils of poverty and absolute want."

## CHAPTER CLXVI.

THE SECRET MARRIAGE. — SIR CHARLES HOME'S REFLECTIONS AND PREPARATIONS FOR LEAVING ENGLAND.

THE morning dawned with all the indications of a fine and beautiful day, and more than the usual signs of sunrise in all its strength and beauty, were clearly visible; but it was for but a short time; the air was too cool and thin, the morning wind swept the earth, and the clear white light of day enlivened the earth's surface.

It was not the time of year in which all the beauties of the clouds are visible at sunrise and sunset, on the contrary, it was winter, and the short time in which the sun showed himself in the east, gliding the few clouds that intercept his light to the earth, appeared like a momentary recollection of beauties long since past and faded, that yet live in memory's cells, and appear to the mind occasionally like realities of the moment.

But still, as the day opened, all the indications of a fine day were given, and one too fine beyond its season; and as the day grew old, the same warmth was shed upon the earth, and gladdened the creatures that breathed and moved upon its surface.

The pretty and quiet village of Hornsey was on that morning visited by two hackney coaches, which slowly wound their way through its circuitous road, passing over the many bridges that cross the New River, and finally drew up before the church.

Hornsey church is a pretty suburban building; its old tower, though perhaps not very ancient, is not, nevertheless, one of your recently erected chapel-of-ease-looking buildings, but is overgrown with ivy of many years' growth.

The church clock chimed the hour of nine as the coaches were disburdened of their riders, and the whole party entered the churchyard.

This party consisted of Sir Charles Home and his daughter Alice, Horace Singleton and his friend, Mr. Biggs.

Thus far had Sir Charles succeeded in conducting his plot for the happiness of Alice; he had now arrived nearly at the last act that he set his mind upon—his own escape he thought of too; but the union of Alice with her lover, was the one object for which he lived, and for which he would willingly die to accomplish.

Thus far had he succeeded in eluding the observation and espial of his ever watchful and vigilant enemy who now inhabited his home, and thus far he congratulated himself, and with a smile of sanguine hope, he looked forward to the conclusion of the ceremony with the belief it would be uninterrupted; his plans had been well laid, and so secret, that he believed no human being, save those present, had the remotest notion of what was about to happen.

"We are in good time," Sir Charles Home remarked; "the clergyman is not yet here."

"Nine was the hour appointed, Sir Charles," said Mr. Biggs; "really they ought to be punctual. I don't see why they should keep us waiting."

"Nor I, Mr. Biggs," replied Sir Charles, with something approaching to a smile. "Let us, however, employ the time betwixt his coming, to walk round the churchyard."

"Oh, certainly, Sir Charles," said Biggs.

They all proceeded to view the place, which, though bare in objects, has, nevertheless, an appearance of the picturesque not easily accounted for.

There it is; the church is an object of attention, and the winding course of the New River gives it an air of quiet and calm beauty. The neighbourhood is studded with respectable houses, inhabited by the better class of London tradesmen and respectable men, whose avocations in town occupy them during the day, and who seek their homes here at an early hour in the evening; besides, each house is possessed of a well-kept and spacious garden, many of them on the banks of the New River, which, during the summer, present many beauties; indeed, it is a spot that even winter cannot entirely rob of its beauties.



It would be superfluous to describe, were it possible, Horace Singleton's raptures and happiness now that the long-wished-for event was about to happen that made Alice Home his wife.

Previous disappointments and circumstances that have been related, had rendered this happy union of hearts so problematical, that he had never been so sure of this event, but that he always dreaded some new one to mar the present moment.

Now, however, he was happy, and was it too much to say that Alice was happy too? She was, though a lingering sorrow was still at her heart, for her father's manifest trouble she could not be blind to—her marriage, indeed, seemed to be one of the events that he most desired, and she had no excuse for delay, as her father had urged it forward with an appearance of haste; this she could not account for, save by believing it was one of the points upon which his mind was slightly disordered.

Thinking opposition might tend to make him much worse, added to the earnest entreaties of Horace Singleton to consent to an event to which she really was not averse, she at length yielded, and they were to be married this morning.

Their conversation was conducted in a low tone of voice, and but little was said; each appeared to be so enraptured in their own contemplations, that they spoke but little.

Sir Charles and Mr. Biggs walked about and viewed the place, and conversed on little matters of no importance, when the latter said,—

"Here they come—here they come!"

"Who comes?" inquired Sir Charles, in some alarm.

"The clergyman, I suppose, and his clerk," replied Biggs; "we shall soon have this over now, I hope, for standing about in a church-yard is not the most comfortable employment, Sir Charles; and, though it's a fine day, yet one may catch one's death of cold."

Sir Charles replied not to Mr. Biggs, his mind was busy in revolving an answer to a question that had more than once risen to his mind, and that was,—*"Shall this ceremony be permitted to pass off quietly?"* He knew no reason to think there would be any interruption, yet he knew things had been discovered which he could not possibly account for; but the approach of the clergyman brought the conclusion so close, that he could not doubt, though he feared to believe.

Mr. Biggs made his way to Alice, and at once offered his arm, saying,—*"Miss Home, you must permit me to conduct you to the altar."* Horace, now, don't you put your hat down that way, or you will surely spoil it. Sir Charles Home wants you."

With a gentle pressure of the hand Horace quitted Alice, and she and Mr. Biggs entered the church, followed by Sir Charles Home and Horace.

A few moments more, and the whole party were in front of the altar. Mr. Biggs was standing with an important air beside the bride, who looked as lovely as youth and beauty could. Her mild, beaming eye was lifted for a moment towards Horace with an expression of love and hope that caused Horace's heart to beat audibly, and Sir Charles Home looked upon his lovely daughter with pride and affection.

His heart, too, beat quickly, and emotions rushed across his breast that would have done honour to a man who had been less guilty than Sir Charles; but Sir Charles Home was still a man, and, though his hands were dyed in blood, yet he could not be deprived of all humanity—that which indeed is nature.

The ceremony was soon concluded, and Alice was now the bride of one who would fondly protect her from the frowns of fate. Sir Charles kissed his lovely daughter, and tenderly blessed her, and besought Horace to deserve her by such tender love and care as he only could give her.

Horace Singleton's face bespoke the raptures of his heart; and the warmth with which he returned the grasp of Sir Charles's hand, evinced his full acquiescence in all he said.

"Well," thought Mr. Biggs, who had all this while stood unnoticed; "well, I'm nobody, I suppose; but it doesn't matter. When a young man and woman are married, they think of nobody but themselves, and that kind of thing doesn't always last; but I hope Horace will act better."

It had been agreed that Horace Singleton should, in company with Mr. Biggs, seek his uncle, and acknowledge his marriage, when he fully believed that the minister would in some way provide for him according to his rank, and Sir Charles Home should return to his house, as if nothing had happened, and there to be joined by Horace when he could quit his uncle.

In pursuance of this arrangement they separated, and drove back in different vehicles, and Sir Charles Home and Alice once more entered the house they had so long inhabited.

Sir Charles Home was quickly immersed in his own thoughts; his determination was fixed to quit England immediately, and to set off that very night, and to effect which he instantly began to pack up and secure every valuable that was portable, and to secure them about his person.

"The one deed that I lived for is done," he said, "and I will care all. I cannot with safety remain; the sooner I can quit English soil the better—nothing now remains for me here; but, though I fly, I am triumphant—I have my revenge. Margaret is indeed a beggar, and her father, too."

A gleam of savage satisfaction crossed Sir Charles Home's features, much at variance with the previous emotions he had displayed such a short time previously; but, after a moment's pause, he said,—*"I would that I could stay to see my dear Alice's happiness. I could spend the remainder of my life in unalloyed bliss, were it in their society; but it cannot be,—it cannot be, and I must rest content that I have thus far ensured the future welfare of my child."*

Sir Charles, as if to drown reflection, busied himself about making secret and hasty preparations for departure.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## SILVESTER AND ROSINA;

OR, THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

"A certain flow of gaiety hurried her beyond fear and circumspection; she ventured, what before she had never dared, to jest and sport with my passion, and thus insensibly was drawn into the danger she had no longer dreaded. An opiate I had mingled in the wine, which, to allay the warmth created by exercise and desire, she had drunk in larger quantities than was usual to her, began to display its gentle but potent influence. A soft languor slid through her senses, her half closed eyes swam in liquid pleasure, and a sweet lassitude hung about every limb. She ascribed it to the fatigue of the dance, and retired to her chamber, all dissolved into voluptuous emotion."

"When her damsels had committed her to her couch, they retired to the dance; and I withdrew unperceived from the joyous band, too occupied in its pleasures to heed me, and introduced myself into Mabilla's chamber. She seemed alarmed to behold me standing beside her couch, and half blushed at the profusion of charms her negligence had revealed to me; but I read in her eyes, that she was neither offended nor surprised at my temerity, and that it rather became one confined in powers as myself to allay and moderate her passions, than to excite and inflame them. But the friendly potion came to my aid, and, in the midst of our caresses, invaded and overpowered her senses. So well-timed was it operation, that doubtless she imagined, when she awoke, she had been more culpable than it was in my power to render her."

"This amber casket, filled with the richest treasures of her toilet, this and other valuable trinkets, are proofs that I did not waste my time in admiring the charms of this sleeping Venus."

The degraded monarch felt every word like a dagger in his heart, and scarce refrained, though conscious of its impotence, from displaying the resentment that tormented him. Fired by shame and rage to find himself so egregiously deluded; to be an eye and ear witness of the triumph and exultation of the successful spoilers; to be sunk from a man and a monarch into the most ignoble and contemned of animals; to have his enemies before his eyes, yet to feel himself destitute of the means of vengeance on them, all these stung and rankled in his soul till he was nearly frantic.

He sprang with an hideous bray from his corner, and rushed with such violence on the happy pair, that, utterly discomposed and intimidated, they had not for some time presence of mind to defend themselves. But the fray, as might be expected, soon turned to the prejudice of the unfortunate king; for the enraged adept, soon seizing a ponderous and knotted club, laid therewith such a load of blows on the head and ribs of the miserable beast, that when, at the intercession of his more compassionate mistress, he desisted from bastinadoing the rude animal to death, the latter could scarcely crawl out of the unlucky cave, which had been the scene of such complicated tortures to him.

The maltreated animal crawled to as great a distance as he could from the hateful hole, and, creeping under the shelter of a thicket by the refreshing of the breezy air, that rose from the neighbouring waters, of a few hours repose, and a little green and tasteful pasture, he was so revived and invigorated, that by morning he was able to ply his limbs with considerable alacrity. His spirits enlivened together with his body, and he wandered more cheerfully the whole day through a vast and mazy wild, having no object but to keep himself from the dwellings of men, whose servitude he now dreaded as the calamity that would crown all his sufferings.

Thus he trudged, till night called him to repose, through the pathless wilderness, quieted his hunger when its cries became peremptory, quenched his thirst at springs and pools, and during darkness reposed



under sheltering bushes, not a little molested by his ever-wakeful remembrance of his past fortune and grandeur.

He slept, and fancied himself in his sleep again reigning on the throne of Cornwall. He conceived himself standing among his implements of alchemy, and venting his impatience and vexation at an unsuccessful experiment. Suddenly the Heavenly youth appeared to him, from whom he had before received the purple stone, of which he still retained the bitterest remembrance.

"King Mark," said the genius, with a beauteous severity in his countenance, "I see with regret that the means I employed to wean thee from this folly, violent as they were, have been frustrated by thy stubborn malady. Thou deservest to be punished with the accomplishment of thy wishes. In vain dost thou waste thy life in seeking the philosopher's stone; earth holds not its constituents, nor can any mortal compound them. Take this lily; it will change every substance to gold that thou shalt touch with it." With these words the angelic youth put the lily into Mark's hand, and returned to his native Heaven.

Mark stood some seconds dubious whether he should confide in the gift, and, rendered wary by the event of the last present, his first resolve was to reject the use of it. But curiosity and cupidity of gold soon hurried him over every consideration, and impelled him, in defiance of consequences, to make experiment of the virtues of the mysterious flower. He touched a lump of lead with it fearfully, and the base substance instantly became the finest gold. He repeated the essay again and again on all the metals which lay scattered about the vault, and found the lily infallible in its operation.

The joy-intoxication of the infatuated monarch was unspeakable. He ordered twelve new mints to be erected, which were employed day and night in coining into specie of every description the bullion he had manufactured with the assistance of his magic lily.

"Now," thought Mark, "is the world mine, and all that is therein. Nought remains but for me to enjoy it."

He tasked his fancy to invent new wants, new caprices, new pleasures; and what his heart inclined to his hand procured him, however extravagant or unnatural. With such unlimited dominion over gold, with such infinite creativeness of riches, the spur, the sceptre, the magic rod that commands human services, Mark imagined everything possible to him.

His subjects derived little profit from his immense distributions and unbounded liberality; they were not the objects and receivers of them. He neither left them time to procure the materials of his pleasures, nor to manufacture them.

Amid all the delights, which Mark fancied he had gathered about him, he could not but perceive, that together with all this gold he had set a vast mass of mischiefs into circulation. The first was, that the foreign merchants, artificers and ministers to his more elegant luxuries, that swarmed about him to offer their commodities or services, as soon as they were informed of the inexhaustible nature of his funds, gradually augmented their prices ten, an hundred, and, in no long space of time, a thousand fold. All the productions of the earth and of industry were so enhanced, and the precious metals, formerly from their rarity a safe and apt medium of commerce, were disseminated in such profusion, that they were now become as unfit to serve as standards and representatives of the value of the various commodities as the vile and common dirt, which is everywhere trampled under our footsteps. But before this stage of the mischief was arrived at, far worse ruin had proceeded from the noxious powers of the magic lily, which in the hands of the insane monarch performed the functions of the philosopher's stone.

While his magnificence, luxury, and prodigality overflowed the globe with opulence, the greater part of his own people were on the point of famishing, as they were thrust out from every means of earning a subsistence. The agriculture and manufactures of the country languished. How indeed was it possible for them to flourish, or even live, when every haven of the kingdom was filled with streets, bearing from all the quarters of the globe the best of every artificial commodity, and the choicest of every natural production? Add to this, that all the young and agreeable persons of the realm needed only repair to the capital, which was the seat of amusement and pleasure, to lead in ease a life wholly different from what in their native fields they could have gained by their labour.

Thus, while the court and city were swelled and pampered, the provinces were exhausted, impoverished and ruined. Penury and famine began to appear on every side; and desolation hovered over the country.

In this doleful state Mark was led to reflect, that it was possible to be a more miserable creature than he had been even in the deep degradation of his nature, and that this most miserable of creatures was a prince, to whom some ingeniously malignant demon had imparted the ruinous gift of multiplying gold without restraint or measure. So terrible was the impression of this dream, that, strange as it may

appear, he had never felt so exquisite a satisfaction as, in waking, to find himself—an ass. He plunged into meditations in the disposition occasioned by this dream, in which he made reflections, and connected observations that no beast of his species had ever done before.

While the degraded monarch, who thus learnt wisdom under the form of an ass, was moralising on his dream, the day broke on him, and he rose to reconnoitre the region around him. As he was peering cautiously about from apprehension of being seized by some human or brute savage, he perceived a solitary hut at the foot of a rock overgrown with oaks and chestnut trees, on which goats were gamboling or grazing in parts, where a richer mould afforded a scanty nourishment.

Before the lone mansion rose a gentle rising eminence, of which the laborious culture of human hands, which can subdue and convert to benefit and use the wildest and most inculte deserts, had laid a part into a well-filled kitchen garden, and another part into an orchard, that seemed to flourish prosperously amid the barren wild, and gave a most romantic charm to the rude wilderness. While Mark ventured under the cover of a thicket to contemplate the interesting object at no great distance, he observed a young girl bearing a large cress on her head, issue from the house, and fill her picher with water, that gushed from a fissure in the rock about fifty paces from him. She appeared to be about four-and-twenty years of age, was slender and elegantly formed, of a complexion slightly tinged with a transparent olive, through which glowed the bloom of health and the celestial light of good humour.

As she stooped to crop a rose-bud that lay in her path, she displayed a bosom to the admiring Mark, which far exceeded in roundness and polish any he had ever seen in the course of his regal gallantries; and what the scantiness of her lower garments permitted him to view of her foot and ankle, was such as led him to a very advantageous opinion of the daughters of uncorrupted nature, if this maid might be accepted as a specimen.

These observations added so much to his chagrin and despondency, that he formed a resolution (the only one of its kind, perhaps, that ever entered the heart of an ass), which was no other than to commit suicide by precipitating himself from the neighbouring rock. As he slowly and mournfully retired with a deep sigh from the spot, and was proceeding to obey the dictates of despair, his eye and attention were suddenly attracted by a lovely lily, that raised its ivory calyx above the surrounding verdure. Mark shuddered at the sight, so dreadful an impression had his dream left him of the fatal flower, yet he felt a mysterious and unaccountable impulse, that urged him to devour it. Scarcely had he swallowed the head and stem, when, wondrous to relate, he was divested of his hateful disguise, and re-transformed into a young rustic, tall, nervous, and in the flower and vigour of his age, who, except the common resemblance that one man bears to all the others of his species, had no similitude to the ancient person of Mark, as it stood previous to his metamorphosis.

He found that his soul had undergone a metamorphosis equally as his body, and he felt himself, to his infinite satisfaction, highly ameliorated by the change.

It would be almost impossible to describe the joy of Mark at recovering a human form so unexpectedly; but he shuddered to think what might have been his fate, had he been restored to his former dignity and character.

In the midst of these recollections he gradually arrived at the door of the hut, from which he had seen the maiden issue, and who had been in some sort so accessory to his last transformation. An invisible power seemed to drag him into the hut. He entered and found an aged man, with a long snow-white beard, seated on a wooden chair, and opposite to him a wrinkled decrepid matron employed at her spinning-wheel. At the sight of the white beard so like one, of which he preserved no agreeable remembrance, Mark started back in some disorder, but the whole aspect of the elder was so consonant to the venerable beard, and inspired so much confidence and love, that he soon collected himself, and, saluting the reverend ancients, excused himself for entering their abode unlicensed. "I have wandered," said he, "in consequence of an accident, that has led me astray, no less than two days in this wilderness, and the joy I felt in finding at last some tracks of human footsteps was so great, that it would have been impossible for me to have passed without saluting you, though imperious necessity had not urged me to interrupt your privacy." Both the elders cordially welcomed him, and the maiden, whom he had first seen, entering at this instant with their morning meal, they kindly invited him to partake with them.

In a short time they became so well pleased on all sides, that Mark, who had assumed the name of Silvester, felt himself emboldened to offer them his services. "I am," said he, "an active and robust young man, as you see; you are advanced in years and need repose, and the young maiden may not dispense with the assistance of a stronger helpmate in her functions, however diligent and laborious she may be."



The maid, who had gone in and out several times during the repast, and had with a stealthy and clandestine eye observed the stranger whenever she believed herself unnoticed, blushed at this proposition as if she had been herself the sole object of it; but she was visibly highly satisfied, though she feigned not to have heard it, and proceeded without delay about her domestic concerns.

The old people received his offers with expressions of satisfaction and assent, and Silvester, who found under a shed near the cottage every utensil necessary for the culture of the land and garden, was speedily installed in his office, in which he displayed surprising readiness and dexterity. For some weeks he was occupied in enlarging their abode, which scarcely sufficed to four inhabitants; and, when this was done, he employed all the leisure which the care of the garden and field allowed him, in hewing out a spacious vault in the rock.

Never before had he eaten with such appetite and relish of the rich viands of his royal table, as he now did of his plain and simple fare. Never before had he so enjoyed the sweets of repose under canopies of velvet and on cushions of eyder-down. Never had he laid down with so contented and serene a spirit, or risen with a heart so light and cheerful to the pleasures of the day, as he now did to his labours.

Meanwhile, Silvester and the young maiden, whose name was Rosina, had daily so many occasions of being in each other's company, that, unless the laws of nature and the heart had been suspended, it was impossible that the mutual interest which at the first glance rose in the breasts of both, should not have ripened into a reciprocal friendship of the tenderest kind.

At length their mutual tenderness overflowed in words, one summer eve, when both were busied in the wood, he in cutting fuel for the house; she in binding up twigs of young shrubs to carry home as fodder for her favourite kids. At the beginning, the circle, within the extent of which both were pursuing their respective employment, was moderately spacious; but spontaneously and insensibly it was contracted, and after some time they were surprised to perceive that, without having any such direct and premeditated purpose, they had advanced near enough to exchange now and then a gay sally or tender salutation.

Rosina did not feign ignorance of, or inattention to the emotions of Silvester, nor dissembled that she sympathised with him in them. She looked tenderly in his face, innocently blushed, declined her eyes and sighed.

"Sweet Rosina!" sighed Silvester, gently pressing her hand, and was unable to utter another word, so full was his heart.

"I have long perceived," returned Rosina, with modest embarrassment, after a short pause; "I have long perceived the affection Silvester cherishes for me."

"The affection I cherish for thee? Oh, call it full, impetuous love. What in the difficulties and pains of this world is there, that I would not do and suffer for thy pleasure, and to convince thee how my affections are ever fixed on thee?"

As he said this, Silvester pressed the hand of his mistress to his heart, the strong and palpable pulsations of which confirmed his declarations.

"I know not how to answer thee, Silvester," said the charming maid: "I have the truest affection for thee; I would rather be thine than the greatest king's on earth—but—I feel as if Heaven had forbidden it."

"And why, lovely maid, should Heaven forbid it, when the wishes of both should thus centre in our union?"

"Because, alas! there are obstacles on my side, which you do not dream of," said Rosina mournfully.

"How so, Rosina," said Silvester, alarmed, and letting fall her hand with some agitation.

"Thou wilt ridicule me, and disbelieve what I am going to tell thee."

"Nay, Rosina, do not wrong me with such a supposition; I will disbelieve nothing thou canst relate to me."

"Know then, good Silvester, that I have been—that I was, only two days previous to thy first knowledge of me, a rose-coloured antelope."

"A rose-coloured antelope! Is that all, a sweet girl, that should separate us? Then let not that prove an obstacle; know, that I have no right to reproach thee with it, having been, not two hours before thy first acquaintance with me, neither more nor less than an ungainly ass."

"An ass!" exclaimed Rosina, more amazed than he had been at her information: "were you originally that ignoble brute, or how hadst thou become so? How too wert thou reinstated in thy pristine figure?"

"At an instant when an egregious imposture and a grievous disappointment had robbed me almost of my senses, a youth of a celestial presence appeared before me, holding in his hand a lily. This Heavenly being presented me with a purple stone, with which he bade me touch my forehead, and accomplish therewith the fulness of my wishes. I obeyed his commands, and on the instant found myself converted into the beast I have mentioned."

"Astonishing similitude of destinies! At a moment when from rage, compunction, and despair, I was rending my dishevelled tresses, a nymph of wondrous beauty appeared before me crowned with a chaplet of roses. She plucked a flower from her wreath, and, bidding me place it in my bosom, told me it would impart such happiness as had never before been known to me. I followed her directions, and was transformed on the spot into a rose-coloured antelope."

"Miraculous!" exclaimed Silvester; "but by what means didst thou regain the form and charms of Rosina?"

"I had wandered during one whole day about the devious wilderness that surrounds us, till chance led me to yon thicket, and to the cot, which it incloses. I casually perceived the great rose-bush that flourishes beside the gurgling fountain, and found myself urged by an unaccountable, and, as it were, involuntary impulse to feed on its flowers. Scarcely had I swallowed the first bud, when I assumed the form in which thou now seest me, a form wholly different from that I had formerly worn when a woman."

"I have undergone just the same process," said Silvester, matching her relation with his own. "I found a lily there in the wild, was impelled in an incomprehensible manner to devour it, and became as thou beholdest me at present; but such as I had never before been. There is a strange and endearing coincidence in our histories, loved Rosina; oh, may the sympathy continue! But what wast thou, my fair one, before thou wert invested with the form and nature of an antelope?"

"The most miserable creature on the earth. A traitor, who, by a course of the most refined subtlety and artifices, had ingratiated to himself my affections, found an opportunity of penetrating into my chamber, and robbing me, alas! of all my treasures."

"More sympathy!" cried Silvester: "another creature acted precisely the same part towards me; he succeeded by the most complicated deceit in persuading me, that he was master of a secret which would render me the richest of mortals; but it was a secret to plunder me of several tons of gold, with which he managed to escape with impunity. But it should seem from your discourse, that you, as well as myself, have been a personage of high condition?"

"You may, or may not, believe me, but I solemnly assure you, that I have held no less a rank than that of a queen."

"So much the better, loved Rosina," said the rusticated Mark; "neither of us need disdain the alliance of the other, since, without a falsehood, I myself have been no less than a monarch."

"Strange fatality! mysterious conformity! If thou art then absolute for our union—but still—"

"How, Rosina! again marring all with *but*, at the moment when I concluded my happiness perfect?"

"Alas, I cannot marry thee, since I have already a consort, who is probably now living."

"To be sincere with you, I have reason to believe myself in the same unfortunate predicament."

"You did not love your spouse then, Silvester?"

"In truth I can hardly say. She was an amiable woman, though not, indeed, so amiable as you, my Rosina. But I was a monarch, and to be frank, none of the best. I loved variety, and my consort appeared to me too insipid, too fond, too chaste, and too jealous. You cannot conceive, in the slightest degree, how burthensome all these qualities rendered her to me."

"Then wast thou not a grain of dust better than the prince who was my husband, when I was queen Mabillia?"

"How, Rosina? Was thy consort then Mark, king of Cornwall?"

"The same. Why should that surprise you?"

"And the seducer who stole into thy chamber, and possessed himself of thy jewels, was a young knight, named Floribel of Nicomedia?"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Rosina, "how can all this be known to thee, unless thou art—"

"Thy husband himself," interrupted Silvester, throwing himself about the neck of his recovered consort.

"Ah! how willingly would I be to thee Rosina, what I was not as Mabillia! But I fear, good Silvester," said she, dissolving into tears, and shrinking from his embrace, "that I am no longer worthy of thee. My offence, indeed, was involuntary, and I doubt not that the traitor must have employed enchantment to subvert me; so strange and unnatural a languor and stupefaction overwhelmed me, alas! at the very moment when all my vigilance and firmness were most necessary to me."

"On this point, dearest Rosina, thy tranquillity and peace need not be disturbed," said Silvester, smiling; "thy perfidious seducer was a disguised female, a dancer of Alexandria, who, secretly the colleague of the false Misragmotosiris, co-operated with him to plunder us."

"If this be true," said Rosina, throwing herself into his arms with all the tenderness of a wife, "I am the happiest of created beings as long as thou continuest to be Silvester."



"And I the most blessed of men, as long as thou remainest my Rosina!"

"Are you so?" heard they at once two familiar voices exclaim, and turning beheld before them the venerable master and mistress of the solitary cottage. Silvester would have entered into an explanation of their past history and future intentions; but scarcely had he time to utter three words, ere the reverend pair became a lovely youth bearing a lily, and beauteous nymph crowned with a wreath of roses.

"You behold again," said the radiant genius, "those beings who undertook to perfect your felicity, at a moment when ye both esteemed yourselves the most miserable of your species, and you now see us for the last time. It rests in your choice whether you will remain as you now are, or resume the form and condition you possessed when we first appeared to you. Make your option."

"Suffer us to continue Silvester and Rosina," cried both with one voice, casting themselves at the same time prostrate before the benevolent Genii; "may Heaven preserve us from ever entertaining another sentiment."

"Then we have performed our engagement," said the celestial dame; "and the talisman of happiness, which you sought in vain in the pomp of your voluptuous court, has presented itself to you in the simple and laborious innocence of the desert."

With these words the two benignant powers vanished, and Silvester and Rosina, by the mild and serene splendour of the moon, hastened to their cot, where health had provided the repast, and love himself had prepared the couch for them.

## MARK CONNINGSBY; OR, THE WRECK.

THE day had closed gloriously, and the wind now rose in tempestuous gusts, roaring in the chimney, and howling by the gable ends of the old house; while the hoarse murmur of the waves, though at the distance of a mile or more, resounded and mingled with the other sounds of the rising tempest. These sounds caused the comfort of a small room, snugly furnished, and well aired by a cheerful blazing fire, to be much enhanced by the contrast of within and without.

There were two occupants of this room, both young men, who were seated opposite the fire, with books opened on a table that was partly placed between them. Both were about the same age; the one was tall and dark, a little inclined to melancholy, if his features spoke truly; while his companion, not so tall, and somewhat fair, was one whose broad forehead indicated that he was accustomed to look on things with the eye of reason rather than with a romance of feeling. His eye was upon his book, and appeared to be intent upon the sense of the author whom he was perusing; while his companion listened to the sounds of the storm without, and watching the fantastic forms of the flames as they arose. At length, as if wearied by a long silence, he remarked to his more sedate and occupied companion,—

"There will be a fearful storm long before midnight, Stephen. It would be grand if there were light enough to see it."

"And, doubtless, you would go down to the shore, to witness the watery tumult?"

"And why should I not, Stephen? It would be a truly grand sight."

"Ay, but this would be much more comfortable than wandering near the shore in palpable darkness, gazing at the sound of a storm, for to see anything would be impossible."

"But I might be useful in case any poor mariner were washed ashore. There will, I fear, be a wreck."

"It will be time to render assistance, Mark Conningsby, when there is need of it. We shall hear the signals fired if there be any vessels in danger, be assured."

"It may be so, yet it would be as well to sally out and be in readiness."

"It would be folly, for it is so dark you could not see. Besides, the cold and the wet—for it rains; but you can never be quiet when the winds are out."

"No, Stephen," replied Mark. "It was on such a night as this that I was first brought to your father's dwelling. If you have time to bestow on me, I would hear the old story over again; for I never heard it correctly related, but only scraps in answer to questions which I made, and which were evaded with marked dislike. A stormy night like this always brings to mind scenes which appear as a dream, and are so much enveloped in mist and uncertainty, that it makes me melancholy, and causes me to think of what I cannot forget or learn more of."

"I can tell you no more about it, Mark, than what you already know; but I will re-tell it to you, if it please you to hear it again, though I would my father were present to relate it, since it is from him that the little I know I learned."

"By the way, when do you expect his return to this country?"

"It may be many months first. His health fluctuates much, and the climate has not had the rapid effect upon his system that he expected it would, and for that reason alone he will prolong his stay."

"He finds, then, of course, that it does do him some benefits, else he would not prolong his stay in Italy?"

"Of course; but, to tell you the truth, I fear that his disorder is too deeply seated, and he will only be cured of it by the dissolution of nature. The change of scene may do some slight good—perhaps protract the end—but only for a very short time."

"I am sorry to hear it. I had hoped that we should have spent many a comfortable evening by the fireside, with a bottle of real Nantz."

"Well, as I am to talk, I care not if we do have some of this same Nantz; for we may be speedily called upon to sally out and lend our aid in assisting any unfortunates who may be thrown upon this rocky coast. What say you?"

"I am content," replied Mark Conningsby, so that you gratify me in this particular."

The glasses being placed, and the necessary etceteras also, Stephen began as follows:—

It was a similar night to this—but, I may say, worse—my father was seated in this very room. I was then about your own age—I suppose about six—and seated here too, with my mother, whom may Heaven preserve. The storm had become a perfect hurricane, and my mother had made one or two exclamations as to the danger the unfortunate mariners would be in upon this coast. A vessel fired signals of distress.

"There!" said my father; "We shall have sad work presently. I must go out and see if I can do any good."

"Do not go," said my mother. "You can be of little help. The hardy fishermen will do all that can be done, and accidents might happen to you."

"I fear not that," was his reply; "but if I cannot be of the same service as the fishermen, I can quicken their movements by promises of reward, and in saving some of the sufferers who may be washed ashore; as undoubtedly there will be a wreck, for sure as a vessel is blown on the shore in such a hurricane, it is sure to go to pieces before many hours."

"Poor, unfortunate creatures!" sighed my mother. "But you had better take the chaise, and if it should be necessary to give any one house-room, you can bring them."

"True," replied my father; "let it be got ready instantly, for I hear the signal firing nearer, and they are within a short distance of the rock they will split upon."

The chaise was soon at the door, and my father, with the old steward, set off for the little village where the fisherman lived, and whose dwelling might be said to be on the verge of the waves. He had not time to get there, before he knew, by the piercing shrieks that the winds bore towards the shore, that the vessel had gone to pieces.

He left the chaise under the charge of the butler or steward, as he was called, and when in the village, proceeded on foot to that part which was most crowded by the fishermen, who stood gloomily gazing upon the darkness and rolling waves, though they could see naught else.

"Has any one been washed on shore?" inquired my father of a fisherman, whom he knew.

"No, your honour," replied the man, "she has struck; but we don't think she has gone to pieces yet; but it cannot be long first, for no vessel could stand such a sea as this, much less such a hurricane."

"Is it not possible that a boat could put off to her assistance?"

"Yes, it is possible for a boat to put off," replied the fisherman.

"Then, in God's name, why not let it be done at once?"

"Ay, sir, but no man who values his life, would put his foot into a boat such a night as this, for if it were put off, it would instantly be swamped, it could not possibly live a minute."

"What is that on the waves?" said my father, diverted from making an angry reply to the man, and pointing to a light speck in the water.

"It is a spar, I think, with a man lashed to it."

"All hands bear to the spot!" shouted my father, hastening towards the place where it was supposed it would probably be thrown upon the sands.

On it came, nearer and nearer, as each wave lifted it up, and hurried it forward; but it was often carried back by the succeeding wave, until, indeed, the group, who waited its approach, thought they would be robbed of this opportunity of rescuing a drowning fellow-creature.

"Look out, lads!" exclaimed a sturdy sailor; "now or never—hold fast the ropes," for some of those who perilled their lives by rushing in the surf, were tied by a rope round their middles, which rope was held by others who were without the reach of the watery element, and were, by this means, pulled back, if taken beyond their depth.

The next wave brought the unfortunate sufferer and his means of support to the shore; two or three men rushed forward and seized him



—it was a desperate struggle between the men and the retiring surge; but the fishermen were victorious, and held their prey with a strong gripe, and as the waves receded, others rushed down and assisted in bearing it out of the reach of the waves. Before this was completely accomplished, the waves returned again, but they were too far to be carried away by it.

There was a joyful cry when it was discovered that there were two saved—the one a man, scarce thirty, and a boy—yourself, Mark. You were both strapped to a spar, and by this means were saved. A little cordial soon brought you to a state of consciousness, and my father placed you in his chaise, and drove home, giving orders respecting any others who might be saved from the wreck.

The usual restoratives were administered, and you were both put in bed, where you both remained until the morning. There were several others saved; but they were chiefly sailors.

"Your father, I presume he was such, got up early next day, and proceeded to the beach, where much of the wreck had been cast on the shore, and identified much of his own property, among which was a great deal of specie, and some valuable papers. At breakfast my father endeavoured to learn something of his guest, and pressed him as much as he could with civility, to discover who and what he was; but this he was averse to, and said but little. At length he said,—

"I am a gentleman, who have been travelling for change of air and climate. I took my wife to Italy for the benefit of her health; but she sunk under her afflictions, and I was now returning to my friends in this country; but you see how I have fared. The child is the only one I have—he is heir to a large property by his mother—he is delicate, and I fear, will suffer from this accident."

You were not yet up, and upon the report of a doctor, who had been sent for, you were declared to be very ill, and unfit for removal.

"I must be in London in two days at the farthest. May I beg your hospitality for my poor child?" said your father.

My father instantly consented to this, and your father instantly set off for London. From that day to this, we never saw him more.

"But you heard from him?" said Conningsby.

"I cannot say it was from him; but we heard from a person in Amsterdam, who constantly forwarded money for your use, and desired that we would either grant you an asylum in this house, or place you with some respectable person. My father chose the former, and here you have remained. You wrote to these people, you know, and you have received no satisfactory answer, and now you know as much as I do, of all your family connexions."

There was a long pause, during which both the young men were occupied by their own thoughts; but ere they had been so engaged long, they could distinctly hear the signal guns fired. The sad booming across the waters was borne upon the tremendous blast, and startled them by its reality and distinctness.

"Mark," said Stephen, "do you hear that? Some unfortunate and ill-fated vessel is driving upon these rocks. Much as I like and admire this place, yet I would willingly quit it, and take one less to my mind in other respects, but where I should be saved the pang of hearing the death-knell of my fellow-men, as these guns really are."

"It is a sad sound I admit; but let us to the shore; it will not be the first time that you have afforded assistance to the unfortunate."

The young men arose, and wrapping themselves in their great or over coats, and furnishing themselves with such things as they believed useful in such emergencies, not forgetting their chaise, they set off for the hamlet. Here they had scarcely arrived ere they heard that a fine vessel had been wrecked, and every soul on board perished. They, however, could not bring themselves to quit the spot, but continued to walk about, conversing with the fishermen as to the probability of some one surviving the disaster of the night.

Most of those they spoke to were of opinion that all had perished, especially as several boards and planks were washed ashore, which proved the wreck of the vessel, and no boat could live. And at length several lifeless bodies came ashore. They were all subjected to the process best adapted to revive them; but all, save one, were beyond human aid. He was a man apparently past the prime of life, of noble and commanding figure. He was too unwell to answer to any inquiries, and was left at a fisherman's hut.

The two young men promised the fisherman a handsome reward if he attended to the comfort of the sufferer.

The next morning the two youths left the cottage and proceeded to visit the unfortunate man who had been rescued from the waves. He had not risen yet, and it was doubtful if he was so far recovered as to be able to speak. He was very ill, but it was advised that he should be removed to some place where he could have better attendance. Stephen immediately offered his father's house for that purpose, and it was readily agreed that the invalid should be transported thither that morning, which was done.

It was two days after before the stranger could arise, and then it was merely to take a seat by the fireside, and converse a little with his host. He often looked fixedly at the young men, and his earnestness was such that it more than once embarrassed them. At length, as if wearied by his own thoughts, he said,—

"I would willingly inquire the name of my kind host, to whom I am indebted for such kindness and hospitality?"

"Davenant, sir, at your service; and as for what you are pleased to express your thanks, it is the right of every one who may be as unfortunate as yourself."

"I believe it," replied the stranger, "for I have had occasion to experience the hospitality of this house before, but many years ago; but you are not the person whom I then saw; he must, if living, be as old as I am. I have been from this country many years, and was returning to see an only relation; but I was wrecked, as you know, off this coast, and, indeed, on the very spot where I was wrecked before."

"You were here before, then; it must have been my father whom you saw."

"Is he still living?"

"Yes; but he is in Italy for the benefit of his health. It was a last remedy, and I fear, if he should return, it will merely be to breathe his last."

"I could wish to have seen him, but since I cannot, I must beg to ask you a few questions; but first I will tell you how I came here the last occasion. I was thrown ashore, having lashed myself and a child to a spar. We were both saved. I left that child here, and promised to return for it. I could not do so, but was compelled to leave the country. I might have sent for him after me, but I could not trust to any one, and must let him take his chance. I, therefore, desired an agent to remit a sum of money for his board. I am now returned, and, if possible, to find and reclaim the boy."

"What was his name?" inquired Mark, with eagerness.

"The name I gave him was Mark Conningsby," replied the stranger.

"Then you are my father," exclaimed Mark, in accents of affection.

"Are you the boy whom I left behind me? Yes, it must be the same," he added, "for the features are too strongly marked to be easily mistaken; but have you the few trinkets I left behind? and let me see thy right arm, young man."

Mark bared his right arm, while Stephen Davenant fetched the few things that had been left with the boy. Both proved as the stranger hoped, and he declared that Mark was the same he had left behind him.

"Are you my father?" inquired Mark, with some degree of impatience.

"No, I am not, young man."

"Who is, then?"

"You have none living—you have no relation living. I was brought up as a foster-brother to your father. He had another brother with whom he was at variance. He married your mother against his brother's wish; for she was young and extremely beautiful and rich. Your uncle swore vengeance against them both. Your father fell beneath his brother's hand.

"On his death he commended his wife and child to my care, as your uncle had threatened to destroy both; and we knew well that he would do so, and then seize upon your property, which he could.

"We all travelled from place to place; but we were hunted like wild beasts from shelter to shelter. We were easily followed, for our state, your mother being a widow and I single, with a child, everybody could give information of such purposes.

"For this and other reasons we were finally united, and travelled in comparative safety, though we dared not stay any time in one spot. We had scarcely been married two years, when she fell ill, and, after being confined to her bed with a fever, she died. This was a serious calamity to me, for I loved her tenderly.

"On her death-bed she made me solemnly promise that I would save you from the murderous fangs of your uncle. I did so promise and have succeeded. But when you were about six years old, he found out your place of abode; but I kept a careful watch over you, and immediately I found that we were discovered, I took a passage to this country and was wrecked on this coast, and by Mr. Davenant's hospitality I was rescued from death and you too.

"In saving you I had saved all I cared for; and once in this country, I had no fear of any violence from your uncle, and I had determined to leave you here. I therefore started early for London, whence I embarked for Amsterdam, where I arrived and made arrangements for your board."

"Does my uncle live now, then?" inquired Mark.

"No, I returned to Italy, and lived in retirement for several years. Your uncle became possessed of your inheritance, for I could not avoid it; but I remained quietly awaiting till you came of age, when I intended to return for you. Your uncle died full of remorse, and under great terror for the weal of his soul. He confessed all to his priest, who



enjoined a strict restitution of all of which he had deprived his brother's son.

"I was sought out and found. I saw him, and he confessed all, and put me in the way to obtain a restitution of your rights. He died; and as soon as all was in a fair train, I left in search of you. Crossing the seas, I was again wrecked, and providentially saved from a terrible death.

"In a few days you must return with me to claim your inheritance, and then you can do as you please about remaining in the land of your birth. Your mother was an English woman, though your father was an Italian."

"I shall not leave this country," replied Mark, "save to sell what I may have in Italy. What few friends I have are in this country, and you appear to be an Englishman."

"I am. I was the son of a British officer, who was killed in Italy, and your grandfather brought me up as one of his own children. Where you settle, there, also, will I."

It was soon arranged that Mark should go to Italy, where he would dispose of his property, and return to the home that had sheltered him so long. His stepfather did the same, and took a pretty house in the neighbourhood of Stephen Davenant; and both were, within two years, wedded to sisters, who were married on the same day.

The elder Davenant fell a victim to his disorder before he could return to his native country, and was buried by Mark Conningsby, while he was in Italy, upon his own account. He appeared gratified at the change in the circumstances of his protegee, whose good fortune he sincerely rejoiced in, and died in his arms, blessing him as his own son.

It is needless to say, that many years of uninterrupted felicity were passed by the two friends, as well as by the stepfather of Mark, whose society was much courted by them both.

## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER CLXV.

MIRANDA'S SAD PRESENTIMENTS.—THE VISIT TO THE GRANGE.—THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.—THE OMEN.

WHEN Miranda reached Mr. Anderson's house, she appeared like one more dead than alive. A remarkable change had taken place in her appearance. The few hours of intense suffering she had undergone, since she became convinced that there was no hope for Rowland, seemed to have attacked the very springs of life, and her own sad prophecy that her heart was breaking, looked, indeed, as if it were about to be fulfilled.

She answered all questions that were put to her with such a mournful painful pathos, that it was terrible to hear her. It was worse, far worse, than loud complaining. That awful resignation that had come over her looked, indeed, like the precursor of death itself. Under all the previous circumstances in which she had been placed, there had been a something approaching to hope in her mind; she had never felt utterly abandoned to despair. True, Rowland had once before been in a condemned cell—true, once before the very morning of execution had arrived, but then she was supported by the hope of rescuing him—a hope which, as we are aware, was fully realized; but where, now, was such a hope? She was denied even access to him—she was refused the sad consolation even of bidding him a last adieu. What fortitude could she now call upon to sustain her under the trying circumstances in which she was now placed. Could she find amid all her reflections one point of consolation or support? Not one—not one.

Mr. Anderson, too, found himself nearly struck dumb by the painful nature of the proceedings. The common topics of conversation he felt would have been insulting to Miranda, and what could he say of another character? Could he tell her there was still a hope for Rowland? No; all was black despair.

Miranda kept continually in a low, moaning voice, asking the time. She seemed to be counting the very moments which were intervening between this and the following morning, which was to bring with it the awful tragedy of the execution of the innocent and devoted Rowland Percy.

By the persuasions of Mrs. Anderson, she laid down for some time; but the attitude of repose brought no repose with it. She merely assumed it to please her generous benefactors; she was not conscious of the low moans which each moment came from her bursting heart; and when she saw tears standing in the eyes of Mrs. Anderson, she said,—

"Do not weep for me; I am calmer; all will be over soon. You see I am calmer now."

Then she would moan again, like one lingering on the verge of life and with painful emotion struggling to eternity.

Thus passed the half of that fearful day. Towards one o'clock she rose, and requested to see Mr. Anderson. With visible emotion in his countenance, he came to her. She took his hand gently, and in a low soft tone, said,—

"I have much, very much, to thank you for. I am dying now; but I shall live till he is murdered. We shall leave this world of woe together, hoping for Heaven's mercy hereafter. Our prayers at the throne of God shall be offered up for those who have, like you, sought to alleviate some of the sad pangs of life, and to stay the hand of persecution. God bless you, sir."

"Nay, Miranda, do not talk so," said Mr. Anderson, in tones that faltered from deep emotion. "Do not say so. Still live to bless those who love you. You will find always an asylum here. Time may, and I believe will, clear the memory of Rowland Percy; and you will have the consolation of universal sympathy."

Miranda shuddered.

"Can sympathy restore the dead?" she said. "Can the sympathy of a world—an universe—heal such sorrow as mine?"

Mr. Anderson felt himself silenced; and he walked to the window to conceal the emotion which he could not control.

"What is the time now?" asked Miranda, with the same earnestness that had characterized her previous inquiries upon that subject, so momentous to her.

"Past one," replied Mrs. Anderson.

"Past one—past one. Less than nineteen hours—yes, less than nineteen. There is time. Mr. Anderson, I have a request to make to you. This is my last, with the exception of one."

"Anything you can request," said Mr. Anderson, "that is in my power, is a command to me."

"Before," she continued—"before the last scene of this eventful tragedy closes, I have a wish to look upon the home of my lost happiness—the house where I passed so many joyous hours—where my father died, and where my woes first began."

"You would visit the Grange?"

"Yes; I would pay a last farewell visit to the Grange. Is it at all occupied?"

"No. No one has been found to rent it of Varley, and he has been defeated in several attempts to sell it."

"It is empty, then, and desolate?"

"I believe some of your father's old servants still live in it. They are too aged to go into service again, and they still cling to their old abode, unknown to Varley, who else would soon clear them off the estate."

"Will you take me, Mr. Anderson?"

"Yes, most certainly. When would you wish to go?"

"I would wish to see the Grange at that sweet time when I have so often gloried in its beauties, when day is struggling with twilight, and the long shadows of the evening are dappling sweetly the glades and meadows."

"I will make arrangements, Miranda, so that your wish shall be complied with."

"To-morrow—to-morrow!" cried Miranda, with a sudden burst of grief. "Oh, what an awful day will be to-morrow!"

How shall we speak of Rowland Percy, in his dismal cell? How shall we paint his sufferings—his absolute anguish, as he felt that, after all, falsehood and villainy were to triumph over him, consigning him to a terrible and ignominious death, from which there seemed now no possible escape. A feeling of dreadful despair came over him when he was first placed in the cell; and, hardly conscious of what he did, he seized the chaplain, who had just begun a psalm about being generally thankful for all things, by the throat, and nearly throttled that holy character.

The cool assumption of his (Rowland's) guilt, on the part of the reverend gentleman, quite infuriated Rowland, and he could not endure that such should be the case.

"Murder—d—n it!" roared the clerical functionary, and two turnkeys rescued him from the grasp of Rowland.

"I'll pray for you, you hardened rascal!" said the reverend gentleman, when he had rearranged his cravat—"I'll pray for you; but I cannot promise you that the 'ten thousand angels' I have before mentioned, will have anything to say to you. Curse you!"

[Vide the Rev. — Carver, the chaplain of Newgate, who promises to murderers a welcome to that angelic account, the "ten thousand angels," in the event of a profession of unlimited faith.]

The two turnkeys were ordered to remain with Rowland in his cell; or, in addition to suspecting that he might attempt suicide, the fact of



his having once escaped, alarmed the authorities so much, that they could not think of leaving him alone for any length of time.

When this little burst of natural passion was over, a deep despondency, very similar to the despairing feeling which possessed Miranda, came over him, and he sat down in an attitude of great dejection, from which he never moved for hours.

Oh, how dark and terrible were the thoughts that chased each other through the mind of that innocently condemned man during that awful night. All the various incidents of his brief career came vividly before him. His early love for Miranda—the delirious throb of joy when she accepted his ardent vows—the quarrel between their respective parents, and then that night, when, by such a strange coincidence of circumstances, he arrived at the Grange, as if just in time to be accused by Bernard Varley of the crime he knew not had been committed.

Then the trial—the condemnation—the escape—the shifting, uneasy, anxious life he had led for some time in London—the noble self-denial and heroism of Miranda—the disinterested and important friendship of Wilet, and the less judicious but none the less sincere partizanship of Jones, all—all flitted before his mental vision like the well remembered incidents of some romance or drama, which has made a strong impression upon the mind.

There appeared to him, after all, something so glaringly improbable in the fact of a perfectly innocent man being actually executed, in defiance of right and justice, that he could scarcely conceive, himself, that there really was no sort of hope of a release from the dreadful situation in which he was placed.

It was towards evening that he desired to see the governor of the castle, and when that functionary appeared, he said,—

"Did I hear aright, in the court-house, when I fancied a refusal was given to Miranda Rankley visiting me here, under the dreadful circumstances I am placed in?"

"It is true," said the governor. "I have now no voice in the matter. Your recent escape, you will perceive, has made that case a peculiar one."

"Good God!" said Rowland. "Am I then to be hurried to death, without even the poor consolation of bidding adieu to those I leave behind me?"

"I cannot help it."

"Well—well—God help me! So the authorities of York are afraid of a young, weak girl, and I am to be hurried to death like a dog on the morrow, in perfect innocence. Oh, sir! tell me! Am I really awake, or is this some horrible vision of a tortured fancy? Is this a madhouse or a prison?"

"I feel for you deeply," said the governor, in tones of emotion. "My whole conduct towards you has shown that I feel for you; but I am quite powerless to render you assistance. Myself and the chaplain are the only persons you will be allowed to see now."

"I thank you—farewell! I thank you!"

Rowland sat down again, with such a sigh of despair, that the governor lingered in the cell for some minutes, in the hope that his prisoner might ask for some indulgence which in the course of his duty he could freely grant him; but the persecuted young man said no more, and the humane governor, with a sad heart—for he doubted much the guilt of Rowland, if he had not a strong personal impression of his innocence—left the place.

Dark, terrible, and mysterious thoughts then came over the mind of Percy. He fancied himself deserted both by man and God, and a feeling rose up in his mind, of indignation at the manner in which he considered himself picked out to undergo so much misery.

He pictured to himself the morrow, with all its hideous preparations to put him to death, and in his mind's eye he saw the mob, the scaffold, and the executioner. He saw the fatal cord, and in fancy he heard the confused hum of the multitude, which came to make a holiday, in order to see a fellow creature put to a death of torture and ignominy. Then his bosom swelled with a sense of the injustice that was being done him, and he asked himself,—

"Shall I submit to all this? or shall I, if I cannot save myself, at least make some effort to disappoint my persecutors of to-morrow's show? Oh! that I could—oh! that I had the means of obtaining this, when they come to drag me to execution, to find that I had eluded their blind vengeance in the arms of death."

He glanced uneasily at the two men who were in his cell, and he saw that they were conversing together in whispers, and not paying any very particular attention to his actions.

"It may be done," he thought—"it surely may be done! 'Tis worth the trial. It would be more glorious than the death they contemplate. Let me think calmly how I may myself 'shuffle off this mortal coil.' I have heard that they refuse prisoners nothing, in the way of sustenance, they feel inclined to previous to their execution. What is to hinder me assuming great quietness and resignation? asking for some food that requires a knife—ay, a knife—would it were in my heart!

I will disappoint them; and, when the tale is told in after years, of my false condemnation, it shall not be said that I yielded tamely. They shall add, that I was goaded to such desperation, that at last I took my own life to escape the awful persecution and the threatened death that awaited me. I will try—yes—I am resolved!"

## CHAPTER CLXVI.

THE VISIT TO HER ONCE HAPPY HOME BY MIRANDA.—THE OLD SERVANT.—THE OMEN.

AFTER her request to Mr. Anderson to take her to the Grange once again, Miranda scarcely ever spoke for some hours, and her friends entertained the greatest apprehensions for her health's sake. She was really visibly sinking, and a more remarkable change than had taken place in that gentle heroic girl within a few short hours could not have been conceived.

Years of happiness and contentment might have passed over her head without producing a tithe of the alteration which had ensued on the morning of that day. Indeed, no mere changes produced by time could have given to her beautiful countenance such an aspect of the very abandonment of woe and despair.

She might have sat to a sculptor for a model of grief. Her face was terrible in its calm agony to look upon. There were no tears. Her's was not the grief that could find relief in weeping. She would have been happier if she could have wept, and wept freely, too; but, strange to say, not one tear had bedewed her eyes since the accusation of Rowland Percy.

It was towards sunset that Mr. Anderson came to tell her he had a carriage ready to convey her to the Grange. At the same time he begged her not to go unless she found her strength fully equal to the journey.

"Yes—yes," she replied; "I will go—I must go. I only wish to see my old happy home once again. I wish to take a parting glance at some of the old trees. My thoughts will soon all be with the dead. To-morrow will be the end of all my misery. I am dying."

"Miranda—Miranda. Think of Heaven and its mercy yet."

"I think much of Heaven. I hope to meet my dear father and Rowland Percy there. I am quite ready, Mr. Anderson—quite ready. You see I am strong to walk well, and without assistance, too. Let us go. I long once again to look upon the Grange."

With tearful eyes Mr. Anderson conducted her to the carriage, and, in a very short time, for the distance was not great, York was left behind, and some familiar objects in the neighbourhood of the Grange came into sight.

The beauties of the day, which was night over, appeared suddenly to shoot out, and beam upon the earth in dying splendour.

All was calm and serene. Not a breath stirred to lift a leaf of the old trees that surrounded the Grange, and all the grounds lying around it. Not a sound was to be heard; the notes of the feathered tribe seemed hushed as though they knew that the once proud heiress of all around was approaching the spot where she had dwelt and commanded, was approaching to take a last, fond, lingering look at, and to bid a farewell to, the spot where she had tasted of happiness unalloyed.

The beams of the sinking sun shone through a mass of clouds that were illuminated by his rays, and imparted a depth and variety of colour that made it a spectacle, which, if once seen, can never be forgotten. It reminded one strongly of the reflection of the sun's rays shining through a painted window on the stones, save that the colours ran more softly one into another.

It was at this moment, when the sun had just dipped below the horizon, that Miranda Rankley and Mr. Anderson came in view of the Grange. She turned her eyes towards the sinking sun, and then upon the building before her. A deep sigh escaped from her bosom.

Mr. Anderson saw and marked this; but he forbore to offer any topic of consolation, for he knew that for such grief as Miranda's there was no consolation.

The quiet hour of twilight now reigned, the sunlight had not yet departed, though it could not long last at this time of the year; but the moon's rays began to shed her silvery light upon the quiet scene as the broader and stronger rays of the sun disappeared.

The trees looked like dark masses of frowning clouds, and threw their long shadows forward, which each moment grew more and more distinct. The two lights in some measure neutralize each other; but the quietude and calm peacefulness of this hour can only be appreciated when freed from the turmoil and bustle of life.

The many objects that surrounded the spot brought as many agonizing reflections and remembrances to the mind of Miranda.

"The recollections of the past," said Miranda, "cause emotions as painful as if they were of a different character."

"It is," replied Mr. Anderson, "the situation in which you are



placed that causes them to be painful; the contrast is great and lamentable."

They continued walking over the grounds until they neared the entrance to the Grange, from which Mr. Anderson was about to lead her, when she said, turning towards the door,—

"I will endeavour to gain admission; the house cannot be entirely empty. I should like to see it once again."

"Bernard Varley is not here," replied Mr. Anderson, "and those who are here, if any, cannot be so much his creatures as to refuse you that request."

They immediately ascended the steps, and, after some delay, were admitted by an old servant, whom Miranda recognized as having been long in the family, the only representative of which had been so cruelly deprived of her birthright.

The old man had sought the house, deserted as it was, as a shelter against the inclemency of the weather, being of opinion that Varley would scarce disturb him even if he came, which was unlikely. His sorrow when he saw Miranda was awakened, and tears ran down the old man's face, as he looked upon her pallid countenance tinged as it was with sorrow and deep dejection.

Their colloquy was brief and short—a few words, uttered with deep pathos and feeling, conveyed much meaning to the heart, and Miranda Rankley passed on in company with Mr. Anderson.

Each room, as they came to it, they found in exactly the same state as when she quitted it. Not an article of furniture had been touched, even the room in which the late Sir George Rankley died—the very bed on which he lay when the murderers came to him and deprived him of life, was in the same state it was left in.

Varley, it will be recollected, had but little delight in going through the house, and none in living there, and he had not succeeded in selling the estate; therefore, all was in an undisturbed confusion, consequent upon the sudden and complete clearance of the place Bernard Varley had caused.

The room was dimly lighted, and the gloom of the night was rendering objects indistinct, though the moon was fast rising.

Miranda stood motionless as a statue for some minutes, and Mr. Anderson was fearful of disturbing the feeling which must be felt at that moment rising in her breast. The old man stood by trembling and gazing upon the pale face of his former young mistress, with an expression of intense painful interest.

It was a study worthy of any painter, that strange group—Miranda, with her exquisitely chiselled features, pale as monumental marble, unconsciously assuming an attitude of abounding grace, while, at the same time, it expressed the very ecstacy of grief. The old white-haired man, too, trembling half from age and half from emotion, and Mr. Anderson turning aside to hide the emotion that would make itself too sadly visible in his countenance.

The silence was at length broken by the aged domestic, who said in a faint, quivering voice,—

"Miss Miranda, you—you recollect this room?"

Miranda started. The spell which had kept her so still and silent was broken.

"God help me," she said, "I do, indeed. 'Twas here I watched by what I thought the sleeping form of my father, when I little thought that sleep was the repose of death."

"Ay—ay," said the old man, "I recollect. It seems to me as if it were a long while ago now. Is Bernard Varley dead yet?"

"No," said Mr. Anderson; "he still lives. You forget you have yourself spoken of him."

"My memory goes; but I see main well. Heugh!—heugh!—I don't fail much—heugh!"

"Will you come away now, Miranda?"

"Yes," she said, with a shudder. "It is very cold. This place is more like a charnel-house."

Mr. Anderson gave her his arm, and with a calmness that had something unnatural about it, she left the apartment. Once only she paused on the threshold, and looked back, then she said in a whisper to Mr. Anderson,—

"Do you think the dead can visit the scenes that were interesting to them in life?"

"Do not," he replied, "talk on so melancholy a theme. The moon is rising, and you will have a rare opportunity of viewing the Grange. You will be better to-morrow."

"Much better. I shall be quite well, and quite happy. Death is the end of all evils."

Mr. Anderson saw it was quite in vain to struggle with the strong presentiment she evidently had, that she should not outlive Rowland Percy, and he resolved to say no more on the subject, but to get the advice of the best physicians the city afforded for her on their return home, which he was now anxious should take place as quickly as possible.

"You will come, now?" he said.

"Let me walk but for a few minutes on the lawn," Miranda replied. "I am giving you a world of trouble."

"Nay, do not think of that. The night air is beginning to blow keenly, and I did not wish you to linger in it."

They left the house, and stood by the side of a statue on the lawn, while the beautiful moon rose up above a bank of clouds, and spread such a sudden flood of radiance over the landscape, that every flower and every shrub was as visible as the mid-day.

"Alas!" moaned Miranda, "so have I often seen this place. Oh, God!—oh, God!—I will go now!"

A black cloud swept at the instant over the face of the moon, and all was darkness.

"Ominous!—ominous!" muttered Miranda. "I will go now."

(To be continued in our next.)

**THE SAM SAMUM, OR SAMIEL.**—The poisonous blasts known by the names of Sam Samur, or Samiel, seldom blow in the southern parts of Arabia. They are chiefly experienced in the tract between Basra, Bagdad, Haleb, and Mecca; but even here they are dreaded during the hottest months of the year. These winds seem to derive their noxious qualities from passing over the great sandy desert, when scorched by the intense rays of the tropical sun; and, accordingly, Niebuhr, was informed that at Mecca, the Samum blows from the east—at Bagdad, from the north—and at Basra, from the north west. The nature of the winds generally seem to differ according to the tract which they have passed over. Ali Bey observes, that at Jidda, the north-wind traversing the desert arrives in such a state of dryness, that the skin is parched—paper cracks as if it were in the mouth of an oven—and the air is always loaded with sand. If the wind changes to the south, everything is in the opposite extreme—the air is damp, everything that you handle feels of a clammy wetness, and the atmosphere appears to be loaded with a sort of fog. Lord Valentia remarks, that the southern part of the Arabian Gulf, as far as the island of Jebel Teir, opposite Loheira is, during eight months of the year, exposed to a S.W. monsoon, which, as it blows over the arid sands of Africa, renders the climate of the adjacent coast extremely sultry. From Jebel Tier to Jidda, the wind is favourable. Above Cosseir, as far as Suez, the wind blows for rather more than eight months from the N.W.

Goose says, it is unlucky to lay one's knife and fork crosswise—crosses and misfortunes are likely to follow. We read in Gay's second Pastoral of the Shepherd's Week:—

"But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,  
For knives, they tell me, always sever love."

This accords with the vulgar superstition, that it is unlucky to give a knife, scissors, razor, or any sharp or cutting instrument to one's mistress, or friend, as they are apt to cut love and friendship. To avoid the ill effects of such, a present of a farthing, a pin, or some trifling recompense must be taken. To find a knife, or razor, denotes ill-luck and disappointment to the party.

**SLEEPING ON STONES.**—Borlase, in his "Antiquities of Cornwall," mentions as a relic of Druid fancies and incantations, the custom of sleeping on stones on a particular night, in order to be cured of lameness.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the Editor, at the office, when they will meet with immediate attention.

J. W. (Westminster).—A note lies at our office for you. The "Stanzas" are accepted, but it is a general rule with us to reject all verses similar to the "Lines," unless possessing uncommon merit.

A. B. (Maidstone).—If the conclusion is received, the tale shall be commenced immediately.

EDWARD LEWIS.—We thank you for your offer, but in consequence of our prior engagements, are compelled to decline it. No idea can be formed of the number of similar applications.

Declined.—"Lizzy Beldom;" "Ambition."

C. W. (Hungerford Arcade) has our thanks, but we must beg to decline "Little Red Riding Hood," on the terms mentioned. The copy can be had by application at the office.

A CONSTANT READER.—In two or three more numbers.

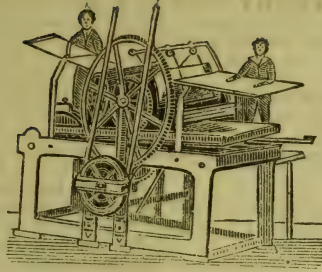
G. S.—Your offer is very acceptable. We have put the sketch in hand. Accepted.—"Affection's Token;" "The Song of the Tee-totaller."

C. H. HARCOURT asks us to accept a tale before seeing it. Forward the MS. at once, and you shall have an immediate answer.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## EMELINE AND VIOLA; OR, THE BLACK PENITENTS.

It was one of those splendid evenings, so often described as particularly belonging to the climate of Italy, when two beings were observed promenading the garden of the Duke di Castro.

They were male and female—the former the gay and licentious Count de Volney, and the latter the lovely and amiable Emeline di Castro.

"Once assured of your love, my dear Emeline," said the former, pressing her slender waist, "no power on earth shall disunite us."

"You men are false," returned the lady, gaily. "How, then, can I believe you?"

"At your knee I swear it, lovely girl; never have my eyes beheld a form so incomparable as yours."

"You all say that," returned Emeline.

"Yes, dear girl, they all may swear; but never was love so devoted as mine. I live but in your smiles. Your frown kills me."

"You are soon put out of existence, then," returned the lady.

"Nay, dearest Emeline, do not trifle with my feelings—say that you love me."

"I will say that I do not dislike you. Will not that suffice?"

"Nothing less, dearest girl, than the avowal from your lips, will satisfy my ardour."

"And suppose I should say I loved you, what then?"

"Then, my beloved, my soul would revel in the delights of Heaven."

"Indeed?"

"And without it," continued De Volney, "my soul will sink to the lowest depths of despair."

"You are too sensitive, count."

"Perhaps I may be; but you, alone, have inspired those sensations. Come—come—do you not love me?"

"Would you have me make the confessor a maiden should not?"

"I would have you speak the dictates of your heart."

"Then, count, I do love you."

"Thanks, my angel of beauty. Was ever man so blessed as I?"

"And now you know my sentiments, count, I trust, with you they are sacred."

"As the grave."

"We now must part," returned Emeline. "My lady mother may seek me in my chamber."

"So soon?"

"It must be so," faltered Emeline, as he retained her hand.

"Nay, dearest, I am loth to part with you—it seems like parting on one's own existence."

"But it must be so."

"To-morrow eve, at this selfsame hour, I will expect you, sweetest."

"I shall anxiously await your arrival."

"But stay, love," continued De Volney, detaining her—"one kiss fore we part."

The trembling and delighted maid yielded to his wish. He pressed her to his breast, and from her rosy lips he drank an intoxicating draught of bliss.

"And, wherefore, must we part, dear maid? Why has stern necessity imposed this doom upon us? Beloved of my soul, what hinders present happiness being perpetual?"

"What would you wish, dear Volney?"

"That we should never part. This instant fly with me, and before to-morrow's sun gilds the summits of yonder hills, you shall become my wife."

"Are you sincere?"

"Why do you doubt my love?" asked De Volney, seemingly irritated.

"Nay, dear Volney, I did not mean offence."

"Then fly with me this instant, and prove you trust me."

"I will—I will."

Without loss of time, De Volney led the trembling girl to the entrance of the garden, where his carriage tarried for him. He assisted her inside—the door was closed upon them—the postillion mounted his horse—the whip cracked—the wheels rattled, and before many minutes had elapsed, they were at a distance from the residence of the Duke di Castro.

Scarcely had the fugitives been gone an hour, before the Duchess di Castro came to the door of her daughter's room.

"My dear Emeline," said she, "I wish to speak to you."

No answer was returned. She then opened the door, which she had supposed was fastened, and hastened to the bed.

"Emeline!—Emeline!" continued the duchess, drawing aside the curtain of the bed; but, to her dismay, she found it empty; and, moreover, that it had not been lain upon that night, although Emeline had retired the previous evening, complaining of a head-ache.

"Jannette!—Jannette!" cried the duchess. "Where is your Lady Emeline?"

"Indeed, your grace, I do not know," returned the maid.

"Not know!" replied the duchess, with increasing wrath. "You ought to know."

"Yes, my lady; but —"

"Speak out, and do not hesitate."

"The Lady Emeline desired me to retire," said Jannette, "saying she should not want me further."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried the duchess, going to the window; "she must have fled. Here is a silken ladder fastened to the window."

For an instant Jannette regarded the evidence of the exit of Emeline, and then ran through the chateau crying, "My lady—oh, my dear Lady Emeline is lost!"

The screams of Jannette brought forth the duke and brothers of Emeline, who immediately demanded the reason of the uproar.

"She is lost!—she is lost!" cried Jannette.

"And who is lost?" demanded the duke.

"The Lady Emeline, my lord."

"Tis too true," said the duchess; "my poor child has fled!"

"Abducted by some villain!" cried the duke. "With whom has she been seen to walk, Jannette?"

"I have seen her with none, my lord."

"On your oath you have never received a bribe for silence?"

"Never, my lord."

"You swear it?"

"By the Holy Virgin, and the blessed saints," cried the trembling maid, "I swear it!"

"To horse!—to horse!" cried the duke, to his assembled servants;

"and if the earth holds the villain that has carried her from her allegiance to her parents, his life shall pay the forfeit."

"Death shall be his doom!" echoed the brothers; "and now to horse."

The duke, followed by his servant, soon despatched the brothers, each also followed by an attendant, and also several of the domestics in couples rode in different directions, well armed, and after being absent scouring the country for several hours, they returned uneasy and fatigued, without the least intelligence of the lost Emeline, that could convey a ray of hope to her anxious parent.

For some hours the fugitives travelled at a rapid rate, and at last



came to the borders of a forest, whose overhanging branches scarce allowed the rays of the brilliant moon to penetrate the gloom which obscured the road.

Scarcely, however, had they proceeded above a hundred yards, before the horses' heads were seized, and a band of brigands surrounded the coach.

"Your money," demanded one, that by his voice seemed to be the leader.

"I have none," returned De Volney.

"Nobles like you seldom travel without cash; turn out your pockets."

"You're welcome to all I carry," replied the count, as he showed the contents of his pocket-book.

"The lady has some jewels, then?"

"No."

"Is she your wife?" demanded the robber.

"She is not as yet."

"You gallants seldom carry off a lady without a dowry of some sort; she must have jewels with her."

"I assure you I have none," cried the agitated Emeline.

"Carlo, search their persons and the carriage," again vociferated the chief.

By the aid of a lantern which he carried, Carlo did as he was desired, and soon reported that he had found nothing.

"Well, well," said the chief, "it will be all the same. Now, signor,"

continued he, "who is the lady with you?"

"What will her name avail you?" asked De Volney, anxiously.

"Much, as well as your own. Give both instantly, or you may expect the consequences." As he said this, De Volney heard a short, sharp, clicking noise, which he knew full well to be the cocking of a pistol.

"My name," said he, "is De Volney."

"Ha! I thought so," said the robber; "now the lady's?"

For a moment De Volney hesitated.

"Do you refuse?" demanded the robber.

"Her name is —"

"Di Castro," finished the robber, holding the lantern to the face of Emeline.

"It is," replied De Volney.

"Mighty courteous," continued the robber; "you know it now I've told you, and I shall expect you to pay for the information."

"I have once informed you I have no cash," returned the count.

"You can give me an order on your banker at Naples. Here are pen, ink, and paper," returned the robber, taking a small screw inkstand from his pouch, and a slip of paper from a pocket-book.

De Volney again hesitated.

"Sign for a good round sum, or I'll put the friends of the lady on your track."

"And what amount do you expect me to set down? I am very poor."

"A thousand pistoles."

"I have not so much cash at Naples."

"Sign!" again said the bandit, in a threatening manner, and at the same time held the ready cocked pistol to his head.

Emeline saw the danger, and exclaimed,—

"For Heaven's sake, dear Volney, sign it, and do not tarry here."

Volney immediately did as she requested; the draft was put into the robber's pouch, the band left the horses' heads, and they once more were suffered to proceed.

They, however, had not proceeded far, before the gloom of the forest seemed to increase; the moon had now hid her light, and the thunder rattled through the sky; now a vivid flash of lightning struck a majestic tree, splitting it from top to bottom, and then hissed along the ground.

"Drive faster," called De Volney to the postillions.

Again the whip and spur were applied to the horses' smoking flanks, and they hurried forward to the imminent danger of dashing the carriage to atoms along the rugged road.

The rain now fell in torrents; again the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed, and the trembling Emeline crouched fearfully into the corner of the carriage.

"What an awful night," said she.

"It is, my love, but it will be succeeded by a smiling morn."

"How know you so?"

"It must be ever sunshine in your presence, love," returned De Volney, gaily.

"But where journey we to, dear count?" asked the gentle girl.

"To where we may ever live in peace and harmony, and where no prying eye can intrude, to mar our mutual happiness."

"You know, dear Volney, I confide in you; tell me, for mercy's sake, where we travel to?"

"To my castle in the mountains, where all is peace and security, and where awaits a priest to unite us the moment we arrive."

This satisfied the scruples of Emeline, and for a short time they remained silent, when suddenly, above the roaring of the storm, was heard the howling of a troop of wolves.

"Faster! faster!" shouted the count.

Again the jaded steeds were urged forward, but the howling still continued to draw near, and at last the footsteps of the ravenous beasts were heard close behind the vehicle.

For an instant De Volney looked from the window, and by the lightning's flash, discovered the carriage was surrounded by the hungry pack, whose voracious jaws seemed ready to devour their flying prey.

They now attacked the horses, jumping at their haunches, in which they fixed their teeth, and tore large pieces of quivering flesh from the terrified beasts.

On a sudden the postillion disappeared from off his horse; he had been dragged by a monstrous wolf out of the saddle, and the whole troop now stopped to feast upon his carcass.

The horses now freed from their driver's command, rushed wildly forward. Maddened with pain and fear, their eyeballs flashed fire, and they snorted vehemently.

Again the troop of wolves were at their heels, and the maddened beasts kicked and plunged most violently, then darted off at a more furious speed along the broken road.

Emeline had fainted with fear, and the terrified count, as well as he was able, supported her in his arms; he had taken the precaution to close the carriage blinds, and to this probably they owed their safety.

At last they reached the verge of the forest; the morning light now burst upon them, yet for some distance the horses dashed along the road, even though their pursuers had left, for the more congenial gloom of the forest.

They now had stopped of their own accord, and one of them, more wounded than the other, fell dead at the very instant. The animal was completely overcome by fear and a sudden reaction.

De Volney was now compelled to cut him from the traces, and mounting the back of the postillion's horse, in that manner pursued his course to the nearest village.

"Ho, there, within!" called the count, as he stopped at the door of an anberge.

"Who's there," demanded the landlord, from within, "and wants admittance at this early hour?"

"A traveller—open quickly."

"He commands freely," said the drowsy landlord, as he opened the door; "I hope his purse is as well lined, and he will drink as freely."

"Quick, Jerome, quick!" called the count.

"Ah, good morning, count," said the landlord, who immediately recognised his guest.

"Good morning, friend," returned De Volney.

"You seem but in a sorry plight, my lord, and without a rider too, and only one horse, and that, too, half torn to pieces."

"I have had a rough journey."

"So it would seem, my lord."

"Torn to pieces by a whole herd of wolves; he was fairly torn from the saddle."

"You mean Carlo, your postillion, my lord?"

"I do, poor fellow; but see and get me fresh horses to continue my journey, and let your wife attend to the lady in the carriage."

"You have, then, a companion, my lord? our accommodation for ladies is but poor."

"We must make shift for once."

"Here, Pauline! Pauline!" called the landlord to his wife; "come and attend to the lady."

De Volney now carried the exhausted form of Emeline from the nearly shattered carriage, and with the assistance of the landlord, she was placed upon a bed, where she remained for some hours, overcome by a sense of the horrors she had gone through.

As the day advanced she recovered; fresh horses had been procured and the landlord, who occasionally acted as conductor, mounted the saddle.

Once more the lady Emeline was placed within the vehicle, and although a pang of regret shot across her brain for the pain her patient would suffer on her account, she did not let it escape her lips; it was now too late to repent.

Towards the close of the day they began to ascend the mountain, and as the evening star peeped above the horizon, they reached a strongly fortified castle, the property of De Volney.

He led her from the carriage into an apartment splendidly furnished with every luxury, and seating her on a couch, presented to her view of the choicest description, with wines of the rarest quality.

"Here, then," said he, "we will revel in the delights of love."

"And the holy man that is to unite us," said Emeline; "is he here?"

"He should have been here, ere now; but that circumstance need not hinder our felicity."



"You told me he was waiting our arrival, count," replied Emeline, quickly; "is it not so?"

"You know, my love, we have been delayed; he, possibly, has returned to his monastery, whose top is now gilded by the setting sun."

This quieted the suspicions of Emeline; she enjoyed the company of De Volney for the remainder of the evening with unmixed delight, and when weary, at the summons of the former, an old attendant appeared and led her to a chamber.

When alone a crowd of reflections rushed through the brain of Emeline. She had deserted her parents, and thrown herself into the arms of a man who was unknown to them; and in case he should prove false, she had no redress; who could or would assist her? The aspect of the old female attendant was anything but favourable; she, however, determined to question her on the morrow. Again, another circumstance had troubled her, the monk that ought to have been present had not attended on her arrival; but could she doubt the honour of the man she loved, and who, upon his knees, had sworn never to forsake her?

She had commended her soul to Heaven, and then making fast the chamber door, with a hurried glance looked round the apartment.

It was an old and rambling place, although every attention had been paid to give it an appearance of comfort. There appeared no other entrance to it, and the Lady Emeline laid her head upon her pillow in not quite such an enviable state of mind as she had done a few nights previous at the residence of her father.

She, however, fell into a restless slumber, in which confused dreams prevented her repose, when towards midnight, as she supposed, she imagined she heard the rustling of some one in her chamber.

Her heart beat violently, her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth, and as the curtains of her bed were moved aside, she thought she should die with fear.

"Emeline!" said the voice of De Volney; "do you sleep, or has it forsaken your eyelids, in the expectation of a visit from your lover?"

"Merciful God! De Volney; what can bring you here?" cried Emeline.

"Love—all powerful love."

"For Heaven's sake, leave me."

"Never."

"I thought my honour was sacred beneath your roof?" returned the agitated girl.

"And so it is, my angel. To-morrow you will be mine."

"De Volney, this instant leave me."

"Then you love me not, Emeline."

"Heaven knows how sincerely I am devoted to you, De Volney; but—"

"Talk not thus, dear girl!"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Emeline.

Repentance seemed now to come too late; she had now the mortification daily to see her lover become more cold and indifferent towards her; he had satiated himself with her charms, and, no doubt, was meditating some new scheme for entrapping a fresh victim to his snares.

The thought was madness; it pierced her to the heart, and she felt as if she would rather die than see another supplant her in his affections.

"Ah! why," she continued, "was I reserved for this despair? Would to God I had been devoured in the forest by the ravenous wolves; it would have been less torture. They only followed the instinct of their natures. But why do I complain; perhaps I may be only raising spectres to haunt my imagination; he yet may love me."

While she was thus lost in her reverie, the door was rudely opened, and De Volney entered.

"Emeline," said he, "business of an urgent nature demands my presence at Naples."

"You then are going to leave me?"

"I am compelled, dear Emeline," returned he, in a cold and freezing tone.

"Ah! De Volney, I now see, too plainly, you are tired of me; fool that I was to listen to your vows and protestations."

"I will return, my love, the moment the pressure of my affairs allows me."

"That deceitful calmness speaks too plainly. I feel I am no longer dear to you."

"On my oath, you are as dear to me as ever, Emeline; and while I am absent, let me enreat of you to keep your chamber closely."

"Nay—nay," cried Emeline; "let me return with you, and seek forgiveness from my parents; they will again receive their child."

"You would then expose me, Emeline?"

"No—no, I would not breathe your name."

"But they would force it from you, and my life would be sacrificed to their vengeance."

"Oh, suffer me but to return, and all blame shall rest upon my own head."

"No," returned De Volney; "it cannot be."

"You then forsake me?"

"To return to your loved embrace more ardently," said Volney.

"If it must be so, leave me to my misery," cried the agonized girl; "leave me."

Without reply, or endeavouring further to calm the fears of Emeline, De Volney left the chamber, and as his departing footsteps echoed along the vacant corridor, the sound struck fearfully upon the heart of the deserted Emeline.

The wheels of his carriage now grated upon her ear. She listened till she could hear them no longer, and when the last faint traces came wafted to her from the distance, she felt that she was lost for ever, and she sunk exhausted on the couch.

Day after day now rolled away. She saw no one except her old attendant, who was silent upon every topic that could give joy to her suffering heart.

Six months had now passed since the departure of De Volney, and while she one evening sat at her casement, absorbed by the most bitter reflections, the sound of distant wheels arrested her attention.

"At last he comes," said she; "once more, then, I shall hear his voice."

Nearer and nearer the sounds approached; they drew nigh the castle, but from an intervening portion of the building Emeline could not see whether the travellers alighted at the castle. She listened attentively, and imagined she discovered her lover's voice. She rung for her attendant.

"The count has returned," said Emeline; "tell me if it be so."

"I have not heard of it, my lady."

"Travelers alighted at the castle but a few minutes since?"

"I do not know, my lady."

"Mercy! mercy! I am sure I heard his voice," continued Emeline.

"I think not, my lady," said the woman; "that is, I am sure of it."

"You then know he has arrived."

"I know my own business," replied the female, harshly, and then left the chamber.

"I will seek him," said Emeline; "I am sure I heard his voice."

As she said this she proceeded to the chamber door; but, to her surprise, she found it fastened on the outside.

"My fears, then, are realised," she continued; "and I am a prisoner in this castle. Oh, ungrateful man; why am I treated thus?"

The first idea that suggested itself was to force the lock, seek her perfidious lover, and upbraid him for his cruelty, and then seek death as a relief from the sufferings she endured.

With this intent she searched every portion of the chamber in the hope of finding some instrument with which she could wrench the lock, and upon opening a closet she discovered a rusty stiletto upon the floor; there also appeared drops of blood near it, and her soul recoiled within her as she reflected that some dark tragedy might possibly have taken place within that very room.

She tried the stiletto, but it proved ineffectual; it would not stir the lock without snapping asunder. She was about to return it to the closet floor where she had found it, when a thought seemed to strike her mind,—

"I may, perchance, want it for another purpose," said Emeline, and she concealed it in her bosom. "But this old chest may, perchance, contain some stronger implement," resumed she, as she regarded what she considered to be an old chest within the closet. She raised the lid, when, to her surprise, she discovered it was only the semblance of one, that it inclosed a narrow flight of steps through the floor to the chamber beneath, and must have been the means by which De Volney gained entrance to her chamber on the first night of her arrival when she so quietly yielded to her shame.

For some minutes she stood gazing on the means it offered for escape, and taking the lamp, she descended cautiously to the floor beneath.

During the lapse of time that Emeline had been absent from her home, her parents had lamented her with the most unfeigned sorrow.

"Our dear Emeline," said the duchess to her lord, "has, indeed, caused a pang in our hearts that will follow us to the grave."

"It will, my dear," replied the duke, mournfully.

"Would to Heaven I could trace her steps! Should she yet live, all might be forgiven and forgotten; but I vow eternal vengeance on the author of her ruin."

"My lord," said a domestic, entering their presence; "a stranger seeks an interview."

"His name?"

"He says he is a stranger."



"Did he mention the nature of his business with me?" demanded the duke.

"He said it was urgent, my lord."

"Then bid him enter."

For a few seconds an individual of a forbidding exterior entered the apartment; his ample cloak enveloped his tall figure, and his sombrero shaded the greater part of his face.

"Be seated," said the duke.

"Thanks, my lord," returned the man; "I will accept your courtesy; 'tis not often I sit upon a gilded couch."

"Your business, friend?" demanded the duke; "what is the nature of your visit?"

"You have a daughter?" said the man.

"I had," replied the duke, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"Know you aught of her, my beloved Emeline?" cried the duchess.

"I can give you information that may guide you to her."

"Speak—speak! Where?—oh, where?"

"All in good time, my lord," replied the man; "poor men don't work for nothing."

"You, then, seek a reward for your information?" returned the duke.

"And that's but fair, seeing that without my aid you could not regain your daughter."

"What sum do you require? But stay; perhaps you but carried her away in order to obtain the reward for her discovery."

"Nay, nay, my lord; if so, I should have claimed it long ere this. She has been conveyed away by a wealthier villain than me."

"I'll give you a hundred pieces of gold," said the duke.

"Then count them out," replied the man.

"When I receive my child, through your medium, I will."

"Good."

"Here is a draft upon my banker for the amount," said the duke, "and only payable upon the return of the Lady Emeline to her father's home, dead or alive."

"Agreed."

"Now, give me your information," said the duke, "in as few words as possible."

"My name signifies but little," commenced the individual; "suffice it, hat not long since I belonged to the band of Desparti!"

"The bandit outlaw?"

"The same."

"Heaven preserve us!" cried the duchess, and she was about to pull the bell for aid.

"For your life, create no alarm!" continued the bandit, "unless you would have a scene of bloodshed. I came here to benefit you; I might have stayed away."

"Proceed!" returned the duke; "here you shall be safe as in the mountains; when you depart hence, I am not, nor will be, answerable for your safety."

"'Tis well. Then I shall not require your aid! But, to business: Desparti has long since died, and I have become their leader."

"But, of my daughter; tell me of my daughter!" said the duke.

"We met her on the road, as she fled with her gallant; Desparti was enjoined to silence by a handsome bribe; there is no such restriction upon myself."

"And who is the seducer?"

"The Count de Volney."

"De Volney!" cried the parent, in surprise; "'twas but a night ago we met him at the cardinal's."

"True; he is now at his chateau, in the Apennines."

"And my child?"

"Is also there."

"You swear it?"

"By the holy Virgin I speak the truth, and I will conduct you through the forest, for a further consideration," returned the bravo.

"'Tis well, and it shall be paid upon the fulfilment of your promise."

"Then be quick in your saddle; my time is precious!" said the robber-chief.

The duke then gave orders for his sons to attend him; the horses were quickly got ready, and, each being well armed, they mounted, and set out for the castle in the Apennines.

Before they reached the forest, they stopped at an inn, where they passed the night to avoid the wolves, which now prowled fearlessly, the coldness of the season having made them more bold and furious than before.

While the duke and his sons were travelling in search of their lost Emeline, a different scene was enacting at the castle of De Volney. As Emeline had imagined, he had returned, bringing with him another victim of his lust.

"Light of my life!" said he, as he knelt before a lovely and fair-haired girl, "you are the only being that could enslave my heart!"

"I know you dearly love me, Volney," playfully returned the angelic being before him, "and to-morrow you will be my husband."

"I shall, sweet Viola."

"Oh, what joy will then be mine!" cried the enraptured girl, as she clasped her lily hands, in seeming ecstasy; "joy! joy!"

"But had you not better retire for the night," said Volney, "that you may be enabled to rise early to meet the holy man that will unite us?"

"I think I had," said Viola; "and all night long I shall dream of your love, and the happy days we shall spend together."

"Wherever you exist, there must be joy," returned De Volney; "your smile will ensure a continual spring, beneath which all will flourish and be gay."

"You flatter me, dear count."

"No, my blessed Viola; it would be cruel to speak aught but the words of sincerity to you."

"I then am your only love?" cried Viola, playfully.

"My only love."

"And you will never think of another besides me?" said the confiding girl.

"When I cease to love you, Viola, may I cease to breathe," returned the treacherous De Volney; "but see, the attendant waits to convey you to your apartment!"

"Adieu!" said Viola.

"Adieu!" returned her lover; "to-morrow will be the happy morn." He then tenderly embraced her; Viola departed, as she imagined, in security, and in the hope of future bliss.

We will now return to Emeline. With agitated footsteps she descended through the aperture into the chamber beneath; it was a kind of lumber-room, and here were collected a variety of weapons of offence and defence; shields, axes, pikes, swords, and muskets, were intermixed with corsets, morions, and every species of defensive armour, all of which seemed to have been allowed to rust by time.

While Emeline looked around the desolate place, to find the means of exit, the rustling of the arms near her caused her to start; and, upon looking round, she discovered that the sound proceeded from several rats that were making their escape from an old trunk at her approach.

Prompted by curiosity, she approached the spot, and lifting from the lid some of the gauntlets, spurs, and pieces of armour that encumbered it, she raised it to examine the contents.

On a sudden, a cry of horror escaped her lips. She beheld the festering remains of a female doubled up within, and arrayed in all the finery of a wedding suit. The rats had gnawed through the bottom of this receptacle, and had already consumed the greater part of the face, which, perhaps, but a short time since, had been accounted lovely.

As the cry of agony escaped the lips of the terrified girl, she let fall the lid, and the trunk was closed with a noise that echoed loudly round the chamber.

For some seconds Emeline stood paralyzed on the spot. She reflected that possibly a similar doom awaited her and the fresh victim that had arrived that evening at the castle of her betrayer.

Maddened by jealousy, she again sought the entrance, and, having discovered it, rushed madly through the gloomy corridors, which echoed the least movement of her footsteps.

Suddenly she concealed her light, as the sound of some one approaching arrested her attention. She hid herself behind a statue, which was placed in a niche, and with breathless anxiety waited their approach.

It was De Volney, who also carried a small chamber lamp and a bunch of keys. Emeline could scarce refrain from bursting from her concealment, to accuse him for his perfidy; but she allowed him to pass, and she then watched his movements.

Arrived at a door a little distance from her place of concealment, he applied a master key, and then cautiously entered. Emeline followed closely and listened attentively at the door. A low murmuring was all that at first reached her; then suddenly she heard the voice of the lady Viola exclaim,—

"Never, De Volney, shall you assert a husband's rights until you have a legal title!"

"You are now within my power, dear Viola," resumed De Volney; "besides that, to-morrow will seal your fate."

"Then let that morrow come!" said Viola, whose gentle nature had now been roused by the suspicion of treachery.

"Brave girl!" sighed Emeline. "Would that I had never listened to the seducer's wiles."

"You then refuse me?" said De Volney, loudly.

"I do," returned Viola, "although I dearly love you."

"Then know, fair damsel," continued the seducer, "there is none here to aid you; neither shall we be man and wife otherwise than now."

"What treachery is this, false man?"

"Merely one of the stratagems of gallantry. You now are mine."



"Mercy! mercy!" cried the unresisting and feeble girl. At this moment Emeline burst into the apartment.

The rage of jealousy glared from her starting eyeballs, her hair hung in wild, disordered locks around her shoulders, and in her right hand she held aloft the poniard she had plucked from her bosom.

De Volney seemed rooted to the spot, as if he had witnessed an apparition. The colour fled from his lips and cheeks, and, ere he had time to arrest her hand, Emeline had struck the fatal blow which had reached his heart.

"Monster!" cried she; "receive the reward due to your perfidy!"

"Who art thou?" demanded Viola, "that thus arrogates vengeance to thyself? Knowest thou that thou hast slain my love?"

"Ay, lady," replied Emeline. "I have slain your love and mine; but I have saved you from dishonour, perhaps both from an early grave, and rid the world of one who was a disgrace to his species. You yet may live and be happy; but I—I never can know peace again. Repentance long and sore will fill my soul, and a tomb will be my last resource against the gnawings of a guilty conscience!"

"But, lady," returned Viola, mournfully, "what has thy grief to do with mine?"

"Perhaps nothing. Would you glory, then, in living in dishonour?"

"I would sooner die first," replied Viola.

"Then you can but exult at the deed which has restored you to freedom and snatched you from the gulf which yawned beneath your feet."

"But I loved him dearly."

"Ay, and I loved as woman never loved before; but now it is cancelled."

"Mine never can be so!"

"Stop till thou knowest all. If thou wouldst see further proof of treachery, follow me, and your bosom will cast away the regrets which still encumber it."

"Lead on!"

Emeline led the way, and Viola followed to the chamber containing the rusty armour. Once more the lid was raised, and they looked in silent horror upon the rotting carcase.

Viola attentively regarded the dress of the unhappy being, and at length exclaimed,—

"Great God! it must be so!"

"What? Speak!" returned the half frantic Emeline, as she held the lamp over the body. "Did you know her?"

"Alas, I do! That ring upon that half-gnawed hand, speaks but too truly."

"Who—what is she to you?"

"A beloved and only sister!" whispered Viola, as she fell upon the floor. Her senses had overcome her.

Emeline now cried loudly for help. Madly she rushed round the vacant corridors, which only re-echoed back her cries. For a moment she stood still, and the sound of many voices drew near. Again she loudly called, and in another minute her father and brothers caught her in their arms.

With hasty steps she went, followed by them, to the chamber of death. They supported the Lady Viola to a couch, and upon beholding the body within the trunk, they vowed a deep and bitter revenge.

Emeline, however, had been before them, and as she displayed the prostrate form of the seducer, the Duke di Castro and his sons each spurned it with his foot.

After their return to Naples, every means was tried to wean the ladies Emeline and Viola from the melancholy which consumed them, but in vain. They had formed the closest attachment for each other, and loved each other with a sisterly affection; and, finally, both became inmates of the convent of Black Penitents. They, however, found an early grave.

Fearful of being called to justice, the few attendants of the castle of De Volney fled upon being acquainted with the fate of the count, and the dilapidated castle, round to ruins, became the abode of a daring band of brigands.

"No man," says the author of *Sartor Resartus*—Thomas Carlyle,— "who has once heartily and wholly laughed, can be altogether irclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter: the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren smiler; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and enigma from the throat outwards; or at best, produce some whiffling husky cackination, as if they were laughing through wool: of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem."

## MY LOVE.

Come, Muse, and tune my gentle lyre,

Oh! deck each thought with fairest rays,

While I depict my heart's desire—

While I her every beauty praise;

Throw thy sweet spell around my verse,

Assist each wandering dream to bear

And bring its magic to rehearse

The image of my mistress fair.

I see her form in every flower—

The daisy gives her modest mien,

The jasmine is her breath's sweet power,

The lily but her look serene:

No feather'd songster pipes his strain,

But in its tones I hear her voice;

No angel in the heavenly train

Can rival her—my heart's own choice.

Whene'er I gaze on roses' bloom

I view the semblance of her cheek;

The fairest sky in heavenly dome

The beauty of her skin doth speak.

No fancied dream waits on my sleep,

But in it her fond image shines;

No star from out its home doth peep

But that my thought to her inclines.

As light and gentle fairies skip

Across the dewy meads at eve,

So is my love's elastic trip

When earth her little feet receive;

Her raven ringlets woo the breeze,

And dance upon its floating stream,

The gentle lark her song doth seize

To chaunt it forth when mornings' beam.

Oh, she is sweet and dear to me!

Her image fills my breast with joy;

I gaze around e'en now to see

That sight so free from every cloy.

And should it be my fate to press

Her hand to mine in Hymen's knot,

Each day my heart shall truly bless

That happy, wished-for, charming lot.

H. J. CHURCH.

MILTON'S REMARKS ON EXERCISE AND RECREATION.—The exercise which I recommend first is the exact use of their weapons—to guard and to strike safely with edge or point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath; it is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which, being tempered with seasonable lectures and precepts, to them, of true fortitude and patience, will turn into an active and heroic valour, and make them hate the cowardice of doing wrong. The interim of in-sweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may, both with profit and delight, be taken up in recreating and composing their travelled spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learned either, whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descendant in lofty fugues, or the whole of the symphony, with artful and unimaginable touches, adorn and grace the well studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ-stop, waiting on elegant voices either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle, from rustic harshness and distempered passions.

PERFORATED STONES.—Creeping through tomlen, or perforated stones, was a druidical ceremony, and is practised in the East Indies. Barlow mentions a stone in the parish of Marsden, Cornwall, through which many persons have crept for pains in their backs and limbs, and many children have been drawn for the rickets. He adds, that two brass pins were carefully laid across each other on the top edge of this stone for oracular purposes.

"It is observed," says Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Religio Medicæ*, "that men sometimes upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, commences to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality." We are somewhat doubtful of the correctness of this observation of the worthy old writer. We believe that the mind, on the other hand, becomes enfeebled, in proportion as the bodily powers diminish.



## THE BARON OF DOLWORTH;

## OR, THE CHASE.

THE sun rose over the eastern hills, and the mists still hung on the low grounds like a thick veil, hiding the course of the stream and rivulet, as if desirous they should escape the observation of man. All things boded a fine day, and the morning sport was expected to be of an enlivening character, and such that had not been witnessed near Dolworth Castle for many a long year.

The Lady Ermengarde turned on her couch, and looked towards the window, from which the sun's rays streamed in a golden flood, and after attentively considering the aspect of the heavens, she turned to her maid, Birda, and said,—

"What think you of the morning, Birda? does it bode good or evil?"

"I am no diviner, lady, but I think the day will be fine; but I hope we shall have no accidents, or that no evil may happen to you this day."

"And why should it, silly girl, more on this day than any other? Does not the fineness of the morn'g give promise of a fair day, and what begins propitiously is likely to be finished satisfactorily."

"Not always, my lady; it may do so, and Heaven grant that it should be so on this occasion."

"What ails thee, thou foolish girl? thou speakest as if thou thoughtst evil was in store for us; pray, tell me how it is."

"Ah! my lady, I have had a most terrible dream, and I fear evil hangs over us."

"What was the dream, silly wench? Speak it out plainly; it will not fright, though it may shock us; but it will, most probably, afford us food for mirth."

"Ah! my lady, it is ever thus with you. I wish you would abstain from following this sport to-day."

"Dost thou know why I do it? If so, thou wilt hardly repent thy advice."

"Well, my lady, do as you please, but I'll relate to you my dream. I dreamed that the castle was surprised, and after our fellows had fought hard, they were either all slain or fled, and that I was near being seized by a dreadful fierce looking barbarian, covered with blood. He had in his hand his drawn sword, which was also bloody. I fled—I flew, but he followed as quickly as I could go; at length, overcome with terror and fatigue, I fell through a trap-door; my pursuer fell also, when the force of the fall awoke me."

"A very wise thing to dream of; but the best of thy dream, girl, is to come. I mean the divination or application. Pray, tell me how you interpret it."

"I, my lady? I do not know what it means, and I cannot interpret it."

"Nor any one else; yet it mostly happens, that they who are so good at dreams are also good at solving these riddles."

"That is not my case, my lady; but I would not have you go to this chase; who knows but your neighbour, the Scotch, may make an inroad, and carry you off to their country."

"In faith, they would soon be glad to send me back again, for there would be such a din in their ears—such inroads and invasions—such besieging of castles by my kinsmen, the Percies, that they would be glad to purchase peace at any price."

"Nevertheless, my lady, I would that my lord were back from these foreign wars," said Birda.

"Is he not coming, wench? He cannot be here and on the road too; do I not go to this chase for the purpose of providing for his return, which I expect to be in two days at the farthest from this time?"

"I would he were here now," said Birda, as she busied herself about her duties.

Birda really loved her lady, who was kind and indulgent to her; but she was very superstitious, and had great faith in dreams, and laboured constantly to impress the same upon the mind of her mistress, who was, however, invulnerable to all such considerations, to Birda's serious annoyance.

The lord of Dolworth Castle had followed his sovereign to the shores of France, where he prosecuted a vigorous war. He had been there nearly three years, and now a peace was concluded. The stout old baron had dispatched a special messenger to his lady, intimating the day of his return at three days after the arrival of the messenger, and he had arrived on the previous day. He bore his lord's commands to prepare a feast, as he would entertain some knights and gentlemen of distinction, who had fought with him in the French wars, and who would spend a few weeks at Dolworth Castle, which would thus become the seat of gaiety and revelry.

This was an agreeable change to the inmates of the castle, who had long been pent up like a garrison, and the more so to the Lady Ermengarde, who longed for a change from the dull monotony of a life as confined as that of a monastery.

A hunt was immediately ordered for the purpose of procuring venison for the entertainment of the coming guests, and to do honour to her lord's return. As the weather was good the lady determined to be present at this chase, at which only her own people would be present.

The morning was fine, and everything was propitious; the hounds and huntsmen were ready, while a few men-at-arms were ordered to follow in the rear of the party, in case of any surprisal, which was not to be anticipated; but in these unquiet times, the great never stirred abroad without protection from the violence of the rapacious, and the vengeance of an enemy.

They started forwards about two hours after the departure of the beaters and searchers after game. The lady rode, attended by a couple of the female attendants, while they were guarded by one of two favourite and trusty male domestics, and a body of the men-at-arms, about two or three hundred yards in the rear.

The sport was good, and many deer were slain. They were all brought to one spot, where refreshments were to be taken. The lady dismounted, as did her followers, and an elegant repast was placed before her, prepared by her steward. The spot was well chosen. It was at the head of a glen, which was thickly studded with trees. A large oak, with wide spreading branches, afforded shelter to the whole party; the golden deer were stretched on the green sward beneath their feet, and the men-at-arms were seated at a distance enjoying their meal. The spot was perfectly sylvan—the prospect—the time—the deer, and implements of the chase, gave it a character only felt by those who have really seen it.

The Lady Ermengarde felt the beauty of the scene, and leaning back, she continued to gaze and contemplate the beauty of the prospect. At length Birda, impatient at the long silence she had kept, observed,—

"It was a fine place, and suitable for outlaws, since it afforded food and shelter—all such men desired."

"I'll warrant me, Birda," exclaimed the lady, "that you tremble in every limb. Thy dream has made thee miserable. What a thing it is that a phantasy should have the power to make thy blood run cold. To your disordered imagination every brake and briar yonder is peopled with enemies."

"And if it were, my lady, it would be no miracle, for I have heard of such things. Saint John protect us!" she suddenly exclaimed, looking pale, and trembling.

"Why, what ails thee, wench? dost thou see an antler in yonder glade, moving among the trees, that you start so much?"

"As I live, my lady, I saw the glitter of steel," said Birda.

"Thou sawest the eye of a hawk, and that has frightened thee."

"Nay, my lady, I did not, with your pardon. I know the glitter of arms, and I think the Scotch are upon us."

"You are silly, maiden."

"There—there!" exclaimed Birda, in a tone of real alarm not to be mistaken.

"If there be any one, it must be some wandering outlaw, but none that we need fear; but there can be no harm in having our knaves under arms, in case of any mishap," replied Ermengarde.

The order was instantly given for the men to be under arms; but before they could get into order, a body of men rushed on them unawares, and speedily overcame them. The lady and her attendants were made prisoners, and the game they had collected was carefully packed up and placed upon their breast of burden, when the whole party moved forward.

"They are Scotch," whispered Birda, to Ermengarde. "I cannot be mistaken in them. Where shall we go—what shall we do?"

"We shall go where they take us, maiden, and we must do what we are allowed; but hold thy silly prate. If they be Scottish, they must pass by the castle, when our vassals will see our situation, and make a sortie, or dispatch a body in pursuit of us, and then we shall give these unmanly knaves their due."

"I hope they may, my lady; but I fear they will seek some other road."

"They cannot, unless they lose some hours by taking the only route there is besides, which is extremely circuitous."

"And that they will take, since they will be the less likely to meet with any interruption."

"I think thou art right for once," exclaimed the lady, as they came to that part of the road which led by the castle.

They, however, chose another road, which, while it led further into England, still took them a more unfrequented road, and one in which they were less likely to meet with any danger.

Thy travelled this road for more than two hours, and the lady began to think it time to inquire of her captors the reason of the outrage, and where they intended to convey her; but she could extract nothing in reply, save some muttered words in a language they knew not.

The lady's own thoughts were her own companions, and they were sad enough. She knew the hatred the borderers of each country bore



each other, and concluded this was merely an inroad made to avenge some injury inflicted, or merely a plundering expedition, in which she was detained only till a sufficient ransom could be procured.

Her heart lightened as she thought that there was no apprehension of personal ill; and she turned to speak some words of comfort to her attendant, Birda, who sat pale and mute by her side, but she was motioned to silence by one of her captors.

They now came to a sudden turn of the road, which brought them to a more open part of the country, and their captors took no order of march, but pushed on with all the speed they could make. Now, however, came a sight that appalled them, for they were met by a number of knights and men-at-arms. The whole party had halted, and had just resumed their saddles, and hence there was no noise; but no sooner did the chief of the party see them uttering a few words to his followers, than they all fled in different directions, and one or two seized the head of Ermengarde's steed, and endeavoured to hurry her onward; but she, seeing help at hand, called out and endeavoured to turn the animal's head; she was unable to do so, but so much impeded her progress that her guide was in danger of falling into the hands of her preservers, and he quitted her to seek his own safety in instant flight.

Great was her joy at this deliverance, but more especially when she recognized in her deliverer her own lord, the Baron of Dolworth. The meeting was a happy one. They recovered the produce of the chase, and all merrily rode forward towards the castle. The baron's impatience to see his lady had caused them all to journey at a quicker rate than they would otherwise have done; and fortunately they did, for the party who had captured the lady were mere robbers, who had sworn vengeance against the Lady Ermengarde, and death and dishonour would have been her portion; fortune, however, sent her liege lord to her rescue.

## THE TWO FRONT TEETH.

A GENTLEMAN, who seemed about fifty, of grave, yet pleasing features, had just bought a bonnet for his wife, some artificial flowers for his daughters, and was on the point of quitting the shop where he had made his purchases, when the entrance of a young woman attracted his attention, and, without, however, seeming to remark her, he leaned upon the counter, and commenced looking over the columns of the New York Herald.

The young woman had brought some pieces of embroidery, which the milliner minutely examined, without being able to find the least fault in them, and yet she, however, paid for them what the gentleman thought a very inadequate price. The gentleman, who had placed himself so as to obtain a complete view of the young woman's features, was struck with her extreme beauty. But what rendered her still more interesting, was the impression of deep melancholy that clouded her countenance,—an air of suffering she in vain endeavoured to disguise,—and if it had not been for the delicacy of her small white hand, the grace with which she moved, and the correctness of the few words she addressed to the milliner, the coarseness of her dress might have made a casual observer believe she was one of the lower class. What more particularly attracted the notice of the elderly gentleman, were her teeth of pearl, set off still more by a fresh mouth, and lips of coral. When she left the shop, the stranger followed, and overtaking her, placed his hand gently on her shoulder. Colouring up, she turned her head sharply round, and the gentleman, taking a familiar tone, that his age and the poverty of the person he was addressing seemed to authorize, said to her,—

"My pretty girl, have you anything more to dispose of?"

"Nothing whatever, sir."

"You are mistaken; you don't know how rich you may be if you will sell me two of your teeth."

The young woman was hurt by that familiar tone, and by the proposal, which seemed to her a cruel joke, and was hurrying away, when the stranger added,—

"I am speaking quite seriously, and am really anxious not to meet with a refusal."

"In truth, sir, I cannot imagine why you should desire to have two of my teeth."

"Of what import is that to you, if I give you a good price for them?"

At these words the young maiden looked at the gentleman, and could not believe, on seeing his venerable figure, he could wish to sport with the feelings of the unfortunate.

"I repeat to you that my proposal is quite serious. Will you sell me your teeth?"

"Since you say you are not making game of me, I must believe it; but I am really astonished at the strangeness of your demand."

"I will tell you why I so eagerly desire to conclude the bargain I propose. I am a dentist—my name is Boak—one of my patients, Mrs. Flowerby, has had the misfortune to lose two of her front teeth, and she

wants to have them replaced, no matter at what price; but she wishes to have them taken from a mouth as fresh, as pretty as yours. Such are my instructions; and I am authorized to offer you two hundred dollars for any two of your teeth I may select."

The young woman, whose surprise had been at first manifested by silence, smiled at seeing the earnestness of the dentist. But when she became certain of the reality of his offer, a cold shiver crept over her. However, after some hesitation, she begged the doctor to grant her half an hour's reflection, and by this time reached the house where she lived; she pointed it out to Mr. Boak, and wished him good morning.

My readers are perhaps impatient to become acquainted with the dramatic personæ of this somewhat serious comedy. I shall first introduce Mrs. Flowerby to them; she was a lady, who, in her young days, had possessed a great reputation for beauty, a reputation she prized so much the more as it was commencing to be wrested from her.

There were none of her personal perfections she was prouder of than the beauty of her teeth; and if vanity was ever excusable, hers was well founded on that point. But, while one day riding out, her horse suddenly took fright, shied, and threw off the lady, who, on falling, broke two of her front teeth. She instantly perceived her misfortune, but preserving her presence of mind, she dissembled, despite her pain, the result of that fatal fall. After several days mourning in secret over that dreadful loss, she determined to call in a dentist—Mr. Boak, the most celebrated of his profession. Mr. B. showed her a great quantity of teeth, and said, on presenting them to her,—

"Here, madam, are some magnificent ivory teeth, but I can't assure you they'll keep their whiteness very long."

"In that case I won't have them. The colour must be unchangeable; I want no one ever to be able to suspect my misfortune."

"It would certainly be very disagreeable."

"Disagreeable! it would be horrible! Only think, doctor, to have it said I have false—Ah! my teeth! my dear teeth! they were so imitable!"

"Here are others, madam, far superior to the artificial ones, and what a more, proof against the attacks of time."

"They are really magnificent! What teeth are they?"

"They are the teeth of the hippopotamus."

"Of the hippo—of what, doctor?"

"Of the hippopotamus; a gigantic sea monster!"

"Gracious Heavens! and you believe I would let the terrible grinders of a monster, that has, doubtless, devoured a whole generation of human creatures, be fixed in my mouth,—a monster that would have devoured me myself if I had happened to come in his way!"

"Well, then, I have still some others," returned the dentist; "the finest imaginable; your own, madam, are not whiter."

"Ah, that's true; how fresh they are. They are real pearls! and they are made of—"

"They are natural; I extracted them myself from the mouth of a negro boy."

"You are cruel, doctor, thus to make game of me. What, can you think of inserting a negro's teeth in the mouth of a delicate young woman? It would be a thousand times better to have those of the hippo—of the sea monster you was mentioning just now."

"Then, madam, I am quite at a loss how to please you."

"What do you call pleasing me, sir? You are joking, I believe. I ask for no favour—I am able to pay liberally for what I desire."

They thus continued, till at length Mrs. Flowerby gave the dentist orders to procure teeth worthy of her, cost what they might. We have seen how the doctor acquitted himself of that commission with the young woman, whom it is time for us to announce to our readers.

Louisa Hutchinson had lost her mother, and her father was already old; he had for a long time been in respectable circumstances, but some unfortunate circumstances, followed by the failure of one of the state banks, had reduced him, in his old age, to a state bordering on indigence. Louisa, during some years, had succeeded in concealing his poverty from the eyes of all. There was even an appearance of comfort in their dwelling, that prevented every idea of anything like want. She was always well, though plainly dressed, and that plainness, joined to her natural graces, was considered by those acquainted with her good taste, as a certain refinement of coquetry. By little and little everything changed; pictures, looking-glasses, the best furniture disappeared one after the other.

Louisa was seen less frequently in the pleasure parties of her companions; she even finished by absenting herself from them altogether, and when the latter, unacquainted with the real motive of her absence, became more pressing in their invitations, she pretended her father's ill health. At last her only servant was discharged, when it soon became known that Louisa was the sole support of her aged father, and that she worked night and day to procure him the most indispensable necessities of life. She was not ashamed of her situation, and her sweet temper, her resignation, won her the heart of some of her friends,



who often came to offer her the aid of their needle to relieve her in her work.

But Louisa's father was a proud man, in whose mind old age had destroyed all strength of character; and his daughter, that she might not offend him, saw herself constrained to break off from all her companions, and from that time had, unaided and alone, to provide the means of defraying all the expenses of an old man, as weak in mind as he was feeble in body.

Louisa had been betrothed to Edward Lenton, a young man every way deserving her affection. He well knew that Mr. Hutchinson was poor, but he was far from believing him reduced to indigence. Edward had a situation in the firm of one of the richest shipowners of New York, and his marriage with Louisa depended upon his getting forward in the world by his own exertions. In order to increase his chances of success, he had agreed to leave the half of his salary during a certain number of years in the hands of the merchant. This was one of the reasons that made Louisa so carefully conceal her real situation from him; not that she thought he would know she was living by the labour of her hands, but she did not wish to wound the feelings of him she loved, by acquainting him with a misfortune he perhaps would be unable to alleviate.

About this time Mr. Hutchinson fell seriously ill; his daughter, so long as her father's health had not kept him within doors, was able to attend to her work; but now that he was confined to his bed, Louisa's whole time was taken up by her attendance upon her father. A physician was called in, who ordered good wine and other expensive remedies and restoratives, which the poor girl was utterly unable to purchase, and her courage was scarcely able to bear her up, when her father, soured by his sufferings, called her to bring him what the physician had ordered, and harshly reproached her with neglecting her duties.

Such was Louisa's situation when Mr. Boak first saw her in the milliner's shop. When the half hour was expired, the dentist returned to the wretched abode of the poor girl; she received him calmly, and begged of him to proceed immediately with the operation. The dentist put down the sum he had promised, extracted two of her front teeth, and withdrew.

The joy of being enabled by this unexpected succour to alleviate the sufferings of her father, made Louisa, in the first moment, forget how frightful to her was the sacrifice she had just made.

The state of Mr. Hutchinson's health became, in the meantime, every day more and more alarming. Arrived at his last hour, a ray of that supernatural intellect, which very frequently illumines the dying, suddenly visited him, and made him know and comprehend the sublime devotedness of his daughter. His heart was touched by it; he shed sweet tears of admiration on the head of that cherished child, he blessed her, and expired with the cheering thought that such filial piety could not remain unrewarded.

We have said that Louisa's misfortunes had forced her to neglect her dearest friends, but as soon as they learnt the fresh blow that had struck her, they came in crowds to make her offers of service. Louisa suffered herself to be conveyed to the house of one of the earliest friends of her childhood; but her delicate constitution had been so shaken, she was seized with a violent fever that threatened her life. However, her youth, seconded by the careful nursing of her friend, triumphed over the disease, and she slowly recovered her health. Then, when she was able to contemplate her faded beauty, when she saw her mouth so sensibly disfigured, her pride and her delicacy made her resolve to disengage her betrothed from his word. She wrote to him an affecting letter, in which, after acquainting him with her father's death, she stated that circumstances were so greatly changed that their union had become impossible. She finished by conjuring him not to answer her, nor to seek for an interview with her that could only be painful to both.

That letter reached Edward at the moment when rich, beyond his utmost hopes, by the death of a distant relation in England, he was thinking of preparing to come and rejoice Louisa.

About two years after what I have just related, Mr. Boak was sitting one fine summer evening in his garden, playing with a little squirrel that was running along his knees and clambering over his shoulders, when an elegant carriage drew up at the house-door. A young lady alighted from it, and desired a moment's interview with the doctor. She was introduced into the library, where she was soon joined by the old gentleman.

"Is it Dr. Boak I have the honour of addressing?"

"It is, madam; my name is Boak," replied the dentist, with a low bow.

"You have acquired a very high reputation, doctor, for your professional skill."

"My reputation, madam, is greater perhaps than it deserves to be," modestly returned the dentist. "I believe, however, I may render my-

self the justice of having more than once in my life, relieved the sufferings of my fellow-creatures."

"Do you recollect, doctor, buying, nearly two years ago, two teeth from a poor young woman?"

"Yes, certes, I recollect it perfectly well; I even own that the bargain I made has ever since weighed upon my conscience. The poor child was in great distress, and I have a hundred times said to myself I ought to have given her the money, and inserted in old Mrs. Flowerby's mouth a couple of teeth from—no matter who. Poor Louisa, I greatly fear that unfortunate operation may have been injurious to her future prospects."

"What is it can have made you suppose that?"

"Scarcely recovered from a dangerous illness, she secretly left town, and entered as teacher into a little village school. I then learnt that instead of operating upon a poor labourer's child, as I thought she was, I had deprived a respectable and accomplished young lady of her finest ornament. I went to the village she lived in, determined to try everything in my power to repair the misfortune I had been the cause of; but, on the very day preceding my arrival, a young gentleman had come for Louisa, had taken her away and—"

"Had married her despite the loss of her teeth," said the young lady, laughing.

"I had always thought so," returned the doctor, whose simplicity had not yet permitted him to recognize the victim of his skill.

"But, doctor, look at me a little more attentively; don't you know me again? I am Louisa, I have come to return you your money, and beg of you to replace my teeth, if possible."

"Oh! it's quite possible! And it is now I esteem myself fortunate in having them still in my possession; for I tell you that Mrs. Flowerby having hesitated more than a week whether they should be put in or not, then learnt that her misfortune was generally known. So great was the vexation it caused her, that she at once engaged a passage on board a vessel on the point of sailing for France, and left America, forgetting her friends, her family, everything, in short—even to her precious teeth."

The lady's teeth being replaced, she took leave of the dentist, after inviting him to dine next day at the country house of Mrs. Edward Linton.

## THE WRECK OF THE HEART.

Oh! mark the wreck that blighted love hath made;  
Oh! see the phantom of each beauty fade;  
Oh! watch those soft blue eyes grow cold and dim;  
They speak the truth, that still she loveth him.

Her joyous step, that once would gladly bound  
With light'n'ing swiftness o'er the grass-clad ground,  
With the sweet smile, whose radiant light would play  
Around her coral lips, hath died away.

And mark the form, that slowly wasting now  
Before each passing breeze, would seem to bow,  
And say hath not death's cold and chilling power  
Claim'd for its own the drooping soul—the fading flower.

And blighted love—affection once return'd  
With glowing warmth, but now as coldly spurn'd—  
Hath work'd the change; hath dimm'd bright beauty's eye;  
Hath caused the soul to weep—the spirit die.

E. H.

LOVE CHARMS.—Theocritus and Virgil both introduce women into their pastorals, using charms and incantations to recover the affections of their sweethearts. Shakspeare represents Othello as accused of winning Desdemona by conjuration and mighty magic. Miss Blandy, who was accused many years ago for poisoning her father, persisted in affirming that she thought the powder which her villainous lover Cranston sent her to administer to him was a "love-powder," which was to conciliate her father's affection to the captain. She met her death with this asseveration; and her dying request to be buried close to her father seems a corroborating proof, that though she was certainly the cause of his premature death, yet she was not, in the blackest sense of the word, his wilful murderer.

After the appearance of the "Abderites," a comedy of one act, performed in 1732, written by the academical Moncrief, a critic, addressing himself to the author, says:—"The comedies of Moliere make us laugh, and we cry at those of La Chaussee; but we neither laugh nor cry at your 'Abderites.' Like Theognes, called by the Athenians the poet of snow, you keep us in perfect apathy, without exciting the least emotion either of grief or joy."



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CLXVII.

SIR CHARLES HOME'S PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE.—HIS INTERVIEW WITH ALICE AND MARGARET.

SIR CHARLES HOME continued making arrangements for his departure. Money he secured about his person, as well as jewellery, besides other things that he thought would be required.

He had ordered a post-chaise to be in readiness in the square at nine o'clock the next evening, to start instantly for Dover. It was not at his own door that Sir Charles caused the chaise to wait for him, but at some distance from his residence, at a spot that he could command from his window.

Soon his arrangements were completed, and he then seriously began to consider of breaking the intelligence of his instant departure to Alice; for that purpose he sought her in her own room.

"Alice, my darling Alice," said Sir Charles, as she rose to greet him, "I am come to bid you farewell, dearest."

"Farewell, father!" said Alice, apprehensively; "what mean you?"

"That I am about to go a journey, Alice, that may detain me some time."

"A journey, father; think of it."

"I have, dearest; I have thought of it, and I cannot remain here, but must take my departure to-morrow evening for the continent."

"Father," said Alice, "tell me, why at such a moment you must leave me; there is something that I cannot understand; something that I fear, yet I know not what."

"Fear nothing, my darling Alice," said Sir Charles; "but live to make Horace and yourself happy, and believe me I am happy in seeing you so. Circumstances have happened that make it indispensably necessary that I should make a rapid journey; but it may or may not last long."

"But tell me why you must leave thus. There must surely be some cause, and, as you love me, dear father, tell me, confide in me the cause of all your late disorder and unhappiness."

"'Tis all past now; you are happy, Alice; believe me, dearest, I am well; but this journey I must take—you will know the cause of it ere long, but now I wish you joy and happiness—farewell. Think of me when I am away."

"Farewell, dear father, since go you will, and must. I had rather you had been with us; Horace would have looked up to you as to his own parent; but it will not be long ere you return, I hope."

"Hope not, Alice; but I will write to you, and to Horace—farewell." As Sir Charles Home uttered these words, he quitted the apartment. Indeed, he could stay no longer, his feelings were of the tenderest character towards Alice. Indeed, all that was good and fine about him was centred in that one object, and his emotions were well nigh too powerful for him, and when he again reached the library Sir Charles Home wept.

Yes, wept. This man, who had stained his hand in human gore, who had looked on, with an un pitying eye, upon human misery, such as few could endure, and such as few men ever saw, who was hard of heart, and unscrupulous, and whose cares and sympathies were centred in himself—yes, he wept.

Many thoughts rushed through his brain. He thought of years now passed never to return. Those sweet hours of innocence and happiness had long ceased, and what was left to Sir Charles was the remembrance of what he had been; but not uncoupled with the remembrance of what he was now.

His passion was soon over, and Sir Charles Home was again the man of the world he had been but a short time before, cool and calculating; animated by the same motives that had actuated him hitherto in his course of life.

His papers were his next object, and taking several large boxes out, he began to look at them very diligently, burning the far greater part of them. In this employment he remained for some time, and when he had exhausted the boxes he made a careful search over the various drawers and places which he had been in the habit of making use of.

Then, again, he removed the iron chest he had, and carefully took possession of all that could be converted into cash, besides some few papers. This done, and he appeared absorbed in thought, and for a long time remained immovable; but, at length, he started up, and said,—

"Yes—yes, I shall see Margaret too; she shall hear from me that I defy her—that she shall leave this house to become what she ought long since to have been—a beggar."

Sir Charles Home strode to and fro in his own apartment, as if in deep thought.

"She must know nothing," he said, "from words. She will know more when I am gone; but I will tell her—taunt and defy her—turn her from the house, and then they may together seek what revenge they may."

"I shall not be long here, and shall be very unlikely to fail in escaping. All the arrangements I have made are secret, and unknown to any one save myself. I gave all necessary instructions, and it is all safe and secret."

These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, and, after a moment's pause, he rang the bell violently, which was soon answered by a servant.

"Is Margaret Home within?" inquired Sir Charles.

"Yes, Sir Charles."

"Then tell her to attend me here. I desire to speak with her."

"Yes, Sir Charles," was the obedient reply, and the servant vanished.

"Now," thought Sir Charles, "I must be firm, and I can defy her to do her worst, set her threats at naught, and desire her to go about her business. She can expect no mercy from me. She has shown none, and she will receive none, if I can prevent it."

These thoughts passed rapidly, but they had scarce done, ere Margaret Home entered the library without being announced, and closing the door after her, she advanced towards Sir Charles, saying,—

"I understand, Sir Charles Home, that you desired some conversation with me."

"I desired to speak to you, certainly, Margaret Home," said Sir Charles; and then he paused. Margaret noted the pause, and believing that it arose from dread of herself, she said,—

"Speak out, Sir Charles; do not fear saying what you desire to me."

"It is this, then, Margaret Home," said Sir Charles, in a cold, stern voice. "Your cool ingratitude, and disgraceful behaviour to those who have cherished and nourished you, and who have acted the part of a parent—"

"Meaning yourself, Sir Charles; go on," said Margaret, fixing her eyes upon the baronet.

"Yes, your abominable ingratitude renders it imperatively necessary for me to take some immediate steps towards punishment. It is my duty to myself to forbid your longer remaining in this house."

"Indeed!" replied Margaret. "Are you prepared to take a more extensive one for my accommodation? I think you will then deserve my approbation."

"Insolence!" exclaimed Sir Charles. "Know, Margaret Home, that this house no longer affords you an asylum—you have no longer a right to a shelter beneath this roof."

"Indeed, Sir Charles—who has a greater? But have you forgot your new inmate? Surely his presence can't make mine less welcome?"

Sir Charles winced at this answer; nevertheless he had resolved upon his course, and determined to persevere.

"His presence, as well as yours, can be dispensed with. I believe, Margaret Home, you leave this house as a poor helpless beggar."

"No—no, Sir Charles," cried Margaret, mockingly.

"Save what you may have amassed by pillage and robbery."

"Never heed that, Sir Charles; you can excuse trifles like these; they are not utter strangers to you."

Margaret, though she broke not out into open anger, was nevertheless extremely warm, and she strove rather to temporise with Sir Charles, that she might taunt him at an advantage, and Sir Charles, who had commenced the attack, was fast becoming desperate.

"Margaret," said Sir Charles, "you leave this house, and that immediately."

"Not while it is your's, Sir Charles. Your fortune is so connected with mine, that I could not go voluntarily forth and quit it."

"You shall be thrust out by my servants, then," said Sir Charles, in great anger; "and remember that I care nothing for your threats, they are mere empty vaunts. You know nothing, and can do nothing. I fear you not, and though you are here while I am here, this place may cease to be mine."

"What, sir?" replied Margaret—"you have not dared to act treacherously?"

"I have dared to do what I chose, and you had better retire. I have desired you to leave the house; quit it, and compel me not to use force to make you."

"To force only will I submit," cried Margaret. "I will not leave else. But recollect, Sir Charles, such a line of conduct may cost you your life, for I immediately take a coach to Bow-street, and give information, upon which you will be apprehended for murder. You understand me, Sir Charles?"

"I do—I do, and have learned to despise the vain, idle threats that you deal in."



"Idle, Sir Charles!" almost screamed Margaret, as she stamped her foot. "You know well you are guilty of murder—you know that death from the hands of the hangman is your fate."

"I do not, indeed. You are raving, Margaret Home, and will be confined; I predict, for a lunatic. Yes, your threats are idle."

Margaret's anger was extreme; words she scarcely could utter, or find expression enough, when the library door opened, and in walked the Avenger. Margaret was mute, and Sir Charles felt himself in a dilemma. He motioned Margaret to retire, which she did, observing at the same time,—

"Perhaps your opinion will change; this gentleman can give you reasons for many things, perhaps for this."

"What can be the meaning of this," inquired the Avenger; "Sir Charles, you cannot have been mad enough to have disobeyed my injunctions respecting the marriage?"

"No—no," replied Sir Charles; "I assure you I have nothing of the kind in contemplation—far from it; but I have some political calls to make, which I want to get through, and which are of some moment to me; I must go at once."

Sir Charles then left the house, and the Avenger immediately sought Margaret's room.

#### CHAPTER. CLXVIII.

SUSPICION AWAKENED.—SALMON'S INFORMATION.—THE HYPOCRITICAL PLAN.—THE QUARREL.

THE peculiar knock of her father at the door of her chamber was immediately recognised by Margaret; but it was recognised with none of those feelings which should live ever in the breast of a child for its parent. Was it Margaret's fault, however, that the natural ties of consanguinity appeared in her breast to have either never found a home, or be completely deadened? Alas! no. Under better culture, and with more of the sweet amenities of life around her, she might have been a very different person from what she was. Now it gave a pang to her father to find her just what he had laboured so long and so ardently to make her.

With, perhaps, a lingering touch of the insanity which for so long had confined him in a cell, he seemed to expect that he should find in Margaret a loving and affectionate daughter, as well as a being heaving with unholty passion, and thirsting for the most diabolical revenge.

Is it to be wondered at that her character did not present so remarkable an anomaly? No; she unhappily had possessed in her mind the germs of every bad passion, and most unhappily had they been fostered by the pernicious correspondence which had been kept up with her, from early life, by him who now felt it the severest pang he had ever known, in his utmost extremity of suffering, to find her looking with coldness upon him, and receiving the communication he had made to her, of being her father with such absolute indifference, that she was not even prompted to ask him how he had survived so long the direful and wretched circumstances in which he had been placed.

There was a time, some short space before that at which he made the communication of their near relationship, when a much stronger interest would have been awakened in Margaret's mind by such a statement, because she commenced her guilty career with a wish to be revenged on Sir Charles Home for his conduct to her parents, as well as a hatred of him for affecting to bestow upon her in charity that which she considered should have been her own but for the chicanery and hypocrisy of Sir Charles towards his cousin, her father, in early life.

Both she and George Home forgot that the original patrimony which he, George, had been deprived of, formed but a portion, and that by no means the largest, of what Sir Charles had since acquired, although it was undoubtedly the nucleus of his fortune. Every piece of grandeur or show of magnificence Margaret beheld in his house she considered ought to have been hers, and her mind was for a long time full of her father's wrongs and her mother's persecution.

The reader, however, is aware that soon another passion had risen up in her mind, which was eminently calculated to become, and did, in fact, become the master one. That passion was the love of Horace Singleton—a love fostered by difficulty, associated with despair by its evident utter hopelessness.

All, therefore, that her father had succeeded in doing was to give a peculiar bias to her mind, which induced her to forego all considerations of honour, virtue, or religion. The mode of manifesting that peculiar bias she had formed for herself, and he now felt that it was only an accidental circumstance that her feelings of revenge against Alice as a rival, and Horace Singleton as a man who had slighted her advances, tallied with his desire to be revenged on his cousin.

Some such thoughts as these were passing through Margaret's mind when her father arrived, and they were not strangers to his breast.

She opened the door herself, and then, without a word of greeting, walked to her seat again.

"Margaret," he said, mournfully, "have you no better, no warmer reception for me than this?"

"My heart is cold," he replied; "but you are welcome. You come to aid me for my revenge, and you are welcome."

"Methought when last we met, Margaret, some chord of feeling seemed touched in your breast, and you looked upon me with the affection of a daughter."

"It was a momentary weakness," said Margaret; "I am better now."

"A weakness?"

"Ay. If you are my father, you have taught me to have feelings and opinions strangely at war with anything like kindly sympathies; but enough of that—I love, and am slighted, scorned by him I have condescended to sue to, and will have revenge. Help me effectually to that, and I am your most dutiful daughter."

"You shall be helped to that most effectually, Margaret. I give you my word you shall have ample revenge. I have strong suspicions that Sir Charles is playing with me a double game, and that he is even now concocting a secret marriage between Alice and Horace Singleton. How, in such an event, he thinks to avoid my vengeance, I cannot divine, except by suicide, and that would give me all the revenge I require."

"He dare not wed Alice to Singleton," cried Margaret, with sudden vehemence. "He dare not—and even if he dared to be so madly vigorous in his opposition to my will, I have the means of wringing her heart, at the same time that I achieve the vengeance of death against him. He shall die—poison shall lurk in his food; for myself I care not, so that I have my revenge—he shall die by poison, I can give it him in wine. He cannot, he will not refuse to drink one glass to my affected repentance—I will meet artifice by artifice. If I am assured of this marriage having taken place, I will assume what they will esteem a virtue, and will simulate a feeling I never knew—repentance; and then I will succeed in swooping down upon them like an avenging devil."

George Home shrunk back from the wild maniacal gestures of Margaret as she spoke. Truly, he found he had raised a spirit he could not lay again.

"Margaret, Margaret," he cried, "be neither rash nor precipitate in what you do. Let me make ample preparation to save you from the consequences of the act you meditate."

"I can save myself."

"Indeed—how?"

"What is life to me? Can I not die when it shall please me so to do? Truly, Providence has been kind in one instance to its creatures, in leaving them the power of quitting life whenever it shall possess no further inducements."

"Nay, hear me; I can be politic as well as dangerous. Suppose I should contrive to fix the stigma of Horace Singleton's death upon Sir Charles Home?"

"Is that possible?"

"Yes—all is possible to patient endurance and consideration; I have done greater wonders than that. I will not say that the precise resources present themselves at once to my imagination, but I do not anticipate great difficulty in the matter. You have the poison, and surely some of it might be conveyed into Sir Charles's possession, while the remainder was used for the destruction of Horace Singleton."

"It would be a brave revenge against them all," said Margaret, with exultation; "poison the lover, and hang the father for the deed, leaving the daughter to the double pangs that must forever inhabit her breast. She would go mad, surely."

"Like enough."

"And yet I would not have her do so, for she would, by living in a fantastic world of thought, escape the agony that I wish to be here in reality."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed George Home; "I have, I believe, lived in such a fantastic world—I have inhabited the cell of a maniac, Margaret, but with returning reason came the return of the one great passion of my life—revenge against him who drove me to destruction and despair—revenge against him who with an unholty passion persecuted your mother, until she lay down to die, without one circumstance to soothe the pangs of death."

"It shall be done—it shall be done. Do you provide the means of making this accusation against Sir Charles effective, and I will be ready with the poison."

There was a slight movement at the door, and the Avenger sprung to his feet, drawing at the same moment from his breast a poniard.

"What is that," he cried; "are we watched?"

A knock on the panelling of the door immediately came upon their ears, and Margaret stepped towards it.

"Hush, hush," she said; "you will judge if there is danger, when you see who is the intruder."

She opened the door, and on the threshold stood no other than Salmon, the spy of the astrologer, and who, for the love of Miss Spriggs, was heedlessly aiding in the perpetration of so much villany.



and the production of so much misery, as Margaret and her father contemplated.

"What now?" said Margaret; "how dare you—"

"Hush," cried her father; "I know this man—come in. Leave him to me, Margaret Home. I know him, and he knows me."

"Yes," said Salmon; "we know one another."

"Come in, come in. Now, Salmon, what brings you here?"

"Spriggs."

"Well, well, but what have you to say?"

"I know'd you was here. Oh, I've got a somethink to tell you, as will harrow you. They is married."

"Married?" exclaimed Margaret.

"Hush, hush. Now, tell me, Salmon, who do you mean?"

"Miss Alice and Master Singleton. I overheard Miss Alice speaking about it to Sir Charles. They is married, I'm sure they is."

"Well, Salmon—well, I dare say they are. What do you think of our plan that you overheard just now at the door? why did you not come in, Salmon? we have no secrets from you."

"Your plan?"

"Yes—what you overheard just now. As you know it, I need not explain it to you; what I want, Salmon, is your candid opinion—shall we succeed, do you think? You are a man of judgment, and your opinion must be valuable. Come, Salmon speak freely."

"I'm blessed if I know what yer means."

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense. You overheard our conversation just now—have no delicacy about it—you know you did, Salmon."

"No, I didn't."

"You did not?"

"Lor, no—I'd only just come, bless you, and nearly fell over the mat, afore I knocked."

"You—are—joking, Salmon."

"No, I ain't."

"You really then know nothing of—"

The astrologer took Salmon by the collar, and led him to the window, before he added, as he looked him full in the face, "Poison!"

Salmon gave a great sneeze, and then said,—

"Eh, what did you say?"

"Poison!"

"Pizon? what pizon, eh?"

"He knows nothing," muttered the astrologer, as he turned on his heel. "Margaret, we shall meet again to-morrow morning. Till then, do nothing. Farewell."

"But—but what about Spriggs?" said Salmon.

"D—n Spriggs," cried George Home, and he strode down the staircase.

(To be continued in our next.)

## GILBERT AND WALTER; OR, THE TWO COUSINS.

"Get thee up, Walter Marstallen," said the baron of that name to his son, who lay idly in his bed, "get thee up, or thou art no son of mine. See, the sun has risen these three hours, and you, like a hog in his lair, shun the beams that bring joy and gladness to the world beside. Get thee up, I say again; it is thy natal day. I know not whether I ought to wish such a sluggish joy of its return, since he cares so little about God's most joyous gift—a glorious sunrise."

"Thou speakest, father, as if a sunrise did not come every day; and, though they be not all glorious—some being dull and raw—still there are enough to make them common, nay, ordinary; but I'll rise, since you wish it, though I cannot see the necessity."

"Ah, Walter, Walter, thou wilt never be better in heart or spirit than a grudging boor. Hark, there is thy cousin Gilbert Marstallen's horn; he is a lad of mettle and action; he has ridden ten miles to greet thee, and here thou art sweating in bed. Oh, Walter, thou wilt disgrace thy lineage. Thy race have ever been foremost when danger was near, ever earliest when the battle was over; but thou—I wish that my brother's son—but it would be ill wishing him thee in the place of his own gallant son."

Saying this, the old man left the apartment with a sigh, as he noticed the difference in the two youths, who were cousins, near of an age as could be.

"My father makes as much disturbance about an hour's rest or two, as if I had committed sacrilege, and then my very good cousin will only serve his turn. I wish he had broken his neck, or at least lamed him self, ere he had come here; but as to my cousin, may Heaven keep me from such a fearless jackanapes—if he be no worse I shrewdly suspect that he is not quite sterling. All is not gold that glitters, and his hunting and hawking cannot be kept for nothing. Something must be wrong somewhere."

Uttering these sentiments leisurely, he as leisurely dressed himself, and descended to the court-yard, where his cousin stood in conversation with the baron. He was a tall, well-made young man, possessed of great strength and agility; but his features were unpleasing, though they were decidedly handsome; but they were dark and swarthy. His raven black eye and hair gave him a sinister aspect, while his glances shot from beneath his brows like electric sparks, that when he was angered, struck terror into the breast of the beholder.

"I come, good cousin," said Gilbert, advancing with ease and grace, "to congratulate you upon this happy day, and wish you may live to enjoy many more."

"I thank thee, good coz," replied Walter, taking his extended hand; "but I fear you have risen over night, to be with us so early."

"Hardly, good Walter; but I would have done so, ere I had forgot to come. But are you for riding this morning?"

"I care not, where you will. I am conformable to your wishes in that respect."

"Well, shall we hawk?" inquired Gilbert, as he looked at the hawks that were brought out on the perch.

"Yes, we may as well hawk as hunt, and there will be more sport at that in this moist country—the marshes are clear of all intruders, I believe, so we may go without fear or danger."

"You design to ride down to the river?" said Gilbert.

"Yes, it is misty; but we shall come upon the long-shanked gentry unawares. We will take but a single bird each, and then we can do without any attendants. I do not like my father's old huntsman, who always takes charge of the birds, and the sports, too, for the matter of that, for he will let no man speak but himself, and is always too ready with his chatter, a thing I hate. This thing must be done this way, and that way, as if a hawk understood his jargon as well as himself."

"Be it as you list, cousin; I have carried a hawk on my fist ere now."

"That is reasonable," said Walter, growing more pleasant with himself every moment, and not sorry to escape his father's and the old huntsman's strictures, for the latter was a very despot in all matters relating to field sports. The two young men rode out unobserved.

They rode along the banks of a broad and gently-flowing stream for some distance, without meeting with a single heron. At length they reached a wild and desolate spot.

"There ought to be a heron here," said Walter to his cousin.

He had scarce said so, when a bird arose with his clanging cry. Throwing his long legs behind him, he rose high upon the morning breeze.

Gilbert gave his bird a view of his prey, and then threw him off with a shout of encouragement. The heron rose higher as the hawk rose in her wake, till she had attained a great height. In the meantime, Walter viewed the chase with something approaching earnestness, and threw his own bird off to assist in the chase, and his bird mounted the air, till they were well nigh out of sight, the heron endeavouring to keep the ascendant, and preparing its defence, and those who know the force and dexterity of this bird, in striking out its neck and beak, will not be surprised that Gilbert's hawk, the first to stoop at its quarry, was transfixed by its long javelin-like beak. The bird fell fluttering to the earth, on the farther side of the river, dead. Walter's bird was more successful, and struck its quarry.

"There goes your bird," said Walter, with a laugh, "to rest at peace, and await your service, should you hawk in the land of spirits hereafter."

"You'll need his services before I shall," replied Gilbert, burying his dagger in his cousin's side. Walter dropped from his horse, but regained his legs, while the blood spouted out of the wound.

"Traitor!" gasped Walter, as he drew his sword. "You shall pay for this."

Gilbert dismounted, and drew his sword. They both fought furiously, and through his over haste, Gilbert was twice wounded; but Walter's loss of blood was so great, that he fell down insensible. The survivor rose, and remounting his horse, galloped back towards Marstallen Hall, where he arrived faint from loss of blood, and was lifted out of his saddle, and carried in.

"Where is Walter—my son, Walter?" exclaimed the old man, who, ever ready to blame him for his faults, loved him with a father's love, now he thought there was danger.

Gilbert could faintly articulate that they had been set upon by some Welsh outlaws, and that it was not till his cousin had fallen, that he fled.

Great was the grief of old Marstallen, when he heard his son was no more. He immediately collected his vassals together, and rode down in force, until they came to the spot where the unhappy man was reported to have perished; but they could find nothing—there was no trace of anything. There were drops of blood seen, and the marks of a struggle—at least, what they believed to be such; but it was uncer-



tain, and they were compelled to return without effecting their object, and informed Gilbert, who was so far recovered, as to be able to give them a more distinct account.

He could not account for the absence of the dead body. It might be that the outlaws had dragged the body away, and concealed it. But though this satisfied the baron, yet it could not satisfy his own conscience. He reflected upon it more and more; but was utterly unable to account for the phenomenon.

Gilbert Marstellon, upon his recovery, rode all over the spot of the encounter, and yet he could not more clear up the difficulty than his uncle could; but believed that the body was carried away for some purpose that he could not guess at.

Time wore on, and he ceased to think any longer about the matter, and Gilbert was declared heir to his uncle's estates; and being now an orphan, his father having died, he was requested by his uncle to reside under the same roof with himself. This, of course, Gilbert readily agreed to.

Under his uncle's auspices, Gilbert wooed a lady of great wealth and beauty, who was, indeed, affianced to his cousin Walter, when very young. She was very beautiful, and as amiable and accomplished. Gilbert believed that, in wedding her, he should attain the height of felicity.

But men are apt to overvalue that which they have not attained, while they undervalue what they have got. And thus it was with Gilbert, ever restless, and ever seeking out for something besides his present possessions, so that one thing being obtained, it always left another to be done. He now courted the maiden with assiduity and tenderness. She smiled upon his suit, and Gilbert felt happy.

"I think, boy," said old Marstellon—it was his usual mode of address to his nephew—"I think you ought to bring your affairs to a close now. You, surely, don't intend to court all the days of your life—always to stand on the threshold, and never enter the mansion?"

"Surely not, good uncle; but I would not venture upon anything definite, until I had your sanction."

"That is very right, my boy; but why did you not ask? I fear you are a laggard in love. Hold up thy head, man—it may be thy first feat; but be not ashamed—do as I counsel thee—ask her consent, and wed her. You may refer her father or friends to me. I will satisfy them."

"My generous uncle and benefactor," said Gilbert, dropping on one knee, "I owe you more gratitude than ever I can express. Accept my thanks. I will do your bidding this very day, if it please you to permit it."

"Ay, I permit it—nay, enjoin it; go when thou wilt."

That day, Gilbert rode out to the dwelling of his beloved, and wooed her. He pressed for an early day, and hoped for a favourable answer. The answer was given, and the day appointed, and Gilbert rode back to his uncle's with the news. He had to pass the spot where his cousin fell. There had been a willow planted. Then it was a mere sapling, now it was a full-grown tree, and a mound had been raised at its base. He came to this spot, and started when he beheld a figure retiring beneath the tree. He, however, approached it; but as he neared it, his teeth chattered in his head, and he shook as if he were seized with a tertian.

The figure arose, and made towards him, but he instinctively drew back.

"Can you tell me if the Baron of Marstellon lives hereabout?"

"Yes, sir, at yonder halls," replied Gilbert, with difficulty.

"It is a few years since I was here," said the stranger, speaking slowly, and looking around. "But then this tree grew not here, nor was that mound raised there, else I should know the spot."

Gilbert heard no more; but spurring his horse, he galloped home with all the speed the animal could make, and entered the castle-yard without speaking. He dismounted, and entered the hall.

"I have seen him!—I have seen him!" he exclaimed, convulsively; but he could say no more, and he fell into a fit, and fit on fit followed in rapid succession, till the hour of midnight chimed from the neighbouring monastery, when he departed this life.

His uncle grieved for him, as for an only son, and his funeral was performed with great ceremony; but on the same evening as the ceremony was concluded, a stranger desired to see the baron. He was introduced, and they remained in private for some hours, and when they emerged, the baron proclaimed him his son. Walter was restored to him. He had been carried away by some merchants, who, passing, saw him lifeless; but he recovered to cheer his father's last days in peace and happiness.

A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is great or noble in his nature, makes him unfit for conversation, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion.

## CONRAD AND AURELIE;

### OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

THE young and lovely Aurelie had scarcely attained the age of seventeen before a crowd of suitors pressed forward for her hand, and amongst the number, Conrad St. Heinrich, the son of a wealthy baron, upon whom she looked with the greatest tenderness: their eyes were nearly similar, and, as far as features went, might be traced a similarity of disposition.

The father of Aurelie, the Marquis Hubert, was a man of grave and retired habits, seldom or never seen beyond the walls of his study, or those of the chapel adjoining his chateau, where he passed the greater portion of his life, a secluded devotee, gloomy and austere; and it was only through her mother, the marchioness, that the charming Aurelie got occasional glimpses of the gay world, where she now and then dazzled the eyes of all beholders.

At length the marquis died, leaving the marchioness and Aurelie to bewail his loss, and, upon reading his will, it was discovered he had left nearly the whole of his property to the neighbouring convent of St. Michael, for masses for the repose of his soul.

In consequence of this, the widow and her child removed to a more humble roof, and to sustain her fallen dignity, the marchioness was compelled to assume a hauteur which, in other circumstances, would have been foreign to her, and above all, she dreaded nothing more than making a match for her daughter in a lower rank of life.

"My dear girl," she would say, "when your father was alive we had enough, and to spare, but now we need, by every means in our power, sustain our rank and position in society."

"My beloved mother," would reply Aurelie, "I acknowledge the truth of what you say; but, nevertheless, rank alone, without affection for my husband, will never make me happy."

"Those are obsolete notions, my child; love and such like are out of fashion—we must consider our interest."

"I have not yet learned, dear mother, to disguise my feelings; but —"

"Let me hear no more of that Conrad St. Heinrich."

"He has rank, mamma."

"I am aware of it, Aurelie."

"And he is esteemed honourable."

"But he is very poor, and, by an union with his house should your family be large it would swallow up your whole income; besides, at present, he is dependent on his father."

Aurelie made no reply, but hung her head, while a crimson blush suffused her face and shoulders.

"Besides," continued the marchioness, "how will you be able to make that appearance in the world your youth and beauty entitle you to?"

"I care little for show, mamma," returned the blushing girl.

"As yet, you know little of the world, Aurelie, or you would not talk so."

"I am aware of it, mamma, and assure you I am not very anxious about it."

"You know not of what you speak, child; let me tell you nothing enhances a woman's dignity so much as the homage paid her beauty."

"I despise the empty flatterers," returned Aurelie, with a curl of her under lip and firmness of tone which caused her mother to regard her for some minutes in profound silence.

After a short time she said,—

"Aurelie, am I to consider that speech as said in defiance of my wishes?"

Aurelie was still silent.

"If so," continued the marchioness, as she left the room with a haughty air, "I expect you will not forget the respect due to yourself or me, by any wilful act of disobedience."

When her mother left the apartment the tears fell fast from the eyes of the beautiful girl—she saw that the long cherished hope of being the bride of Conrad was dashed to the earth, and nothing remained but to become the wife of one she loved not, or live a life of celibacy: the former she dreaded more than the latter, for to her the idea of being compelled to pass her life in the routine of duties, where her affections were not enlisted, seemed so withering a task that she shuddered at the thought as it rose before her mind.

It was one evening, while brooding over her misfortunes in her solitary chamber, that a gentle tapping at the window startled her from her reverie. For a moment she seemed bewildered, and was about to scream, when her eye rested on the form of Conrad, as he essayed in vain to open the lattice.

Joy and pride were the feelings that took possession of her mind as she rose from her seat, and unbolted the small window—joy at his pre-



sence and offended pride, that he should presume to take so great a liberty, and she exclaimed,—

"I think, sir, you might have chosen a fitter place of meeting, and be assured I think lightly of the man who would thus intrude upon my privacy."

"Adorable Aurelie!" cried Conrad, casting himself at her feet; "the less I feel for you must plead my only apology."

"Can that be love," returned Aurelie, "that for its own gratification would cause its object endless trouble and despair?"

"God forbid I should be the cause of anger to one so dear to me."

"You know the haughty temper of my mother?"

"I do."

"Then why visit me thus?"

"It was the knowledge she would deny me to you that made me do so."

"Then if it be against her will, be assured it must be against mine also. It is the duty of a child to obey. I pray you leave me."

"Remember, Aurelie, it is the only time that I can see you; must I relinquish you for ever?"

"Did I say that, Conrad?"

"No, my beloved; but your words were tantamount to a denial."

"Ah, Conrad!" sighed Aurelie, "you little know the conflict that agitates my bosom—the strife between love and duty——"

"Bless thee, angel, for that word," interrupted Conrad, rising from his knee; "I, then, am dear to thee—you love me!"

"Did I say so?" asked Aurelie, in confusion.

"If I heard right, you did, my love."

"For Heaven's sake, Conrad, do not misconstrue my words; I am agitated—I——"

"You surely would not retract that which has proved the happiest moment of my life;—yes, my beloved Aurelie, I will believe you love me."

"Oh, Conrad! Conrad!" sighed the maiden; "I have acted wrongly in allowing you to beset me thus."

"But I have gained the confession of your love, which will be my guiding star."

"Foolish maiden that I was," said Aurelie, "in the hurry of the moment thus to forget the respect due to myself!"

"You, then, do not love me, Aurelie?"

"Would to Heaven I could retract my word?"

"And wherefore would you?"

"Is it seemly for a maiden, think you, to confess her love?"

"Not if you deem the object of it false, and would betray it. Do you suspect my honour?"

"Oh, no, Conrad; Heaven forbid!—but——"

"Seal the contract with a kiss, enchantress of my soul, and I am thine for ever."

Conrad then passed his arm around her slender waist, and implanted a kiss of the utmost tenderness upon her coral lip, which Aurelie received without shrinking, but with much confusion.

"Let me now entreat of you to leave me, Conrad. The hour is getting late; and for ever I forbid your entrance to this chamber!"

"Where, then, can I visit you?"

"I hardly know."

"What think you of the garden?"

"It, then, must be at midnight!"

"The hour is as good as any other," replied Conrad, "and more suited to a lover's vows, for none but the stars can hear."

"Then be it so."

"Farewell, my love! To-morrow night, at twelve," said Conrad. He then descended to the garden, and was lost among the bushes.

No sooner was Conrad gone than Aurelie cast herself upon her pillow, and enjoyed a tranquil sleep, in which the most prominent figures of her dreams were Conrad, a priest, a wedding suit, and a ring.

On the following night, Aurelie waited anxiously for the bell of the adjoining convent to toll the hour of midnight; the night breeze fanned her cheek, and here and there a star might be seen through the interstices of the flying clouds.

At length the hour tolled on the midnight air, and echoed back from the adjacent hills; Aurelie cast her mantle round her, and cautiously descended to the garden.

For some seconds she listened with fear and expectation for the footsteps of Conrad; at length a gentle rustling of the shrubs caused her to start; she then whispered,—

"Conrad, is that you?"

"Hush! I am here," said a voice, and the next instant she was covered with the folds of an ample cloak and hurried forward.

"Where would you lead me, Conrad?"

"Hush! hush!" was the only answer.

"Indeed, Conrad, I dare not go with you; indeed I dare not—my mother——"

"Quick! quick!" replied her leader, hurriedly.

"Treacherous man!" cried Aurelie, "have I so soon to repent the folly of my confession? Unhand me, I say."

"Silence!" said her conductor, in a tone which she at once recognized to be not that of Conrad. Fear had now seized her, and she uttered a faint scream.

"A curse upon thy croaking!" said the villain who conducted her, and he laid his hand upon her mouth.

Aurelie now struggled violently; but upon gaining the garden entrance, a second assisted his companion, and she was taken upon a horse before the rider, who clasped her round the waist.

"Is it money you want?" asked Aurelie, with a terrified air; "If so, name the sum."

"It is not," said the man.

"My life, then, you seek?"

"No, nor your life."

"Merciful God! what then can be your intentions? Oh! Conrad—Conrad!"

"It is him we seek," replied the man.

"No, no!" said Aurelie; "had ye been messengers from him, ye would have been more gentle in your manners. Release me, I say!"

"Not so easily, my fair one," said the conductor, in a rude, familiar tone.

"Then, by the powers above, you meet your fate!" said Aurelie, and, snatching a dirk which the horseman carried in his belt, she plunged it into his side.

"Help! help, Lorenz!" cried the wounded man, and sliding from his horse, he dragged Aurelie with him to the ground.

At this instant his comrade rode up, and seizing Aurelie, bound her with his belt; he then assisted his comrade to the nearest hut, and returned to take Aurelie on the horse, as the other had done before him, and in this way they travelled many miles in a heavy rain.

Aurelie was, hitherto, uncertain whither she was going, or by whom she had been carried off, or the course that had been taken; she had fainted several times during the journey, and towards morning found herself within sight of the turrets of a castle.

In the meanwhile, Conrad was on his road to the chateau of the marchioness, when a storm came on; it was so dark he could scarcely see his hand before him, when a light from the hut where the wounded man lay, arrested his attention, and he begged shelter from the storm.

"You are welcome," said the voice of an aged female; "but make no noise, for the hand of death is in the house."

"Eh! what, my good mother?" replied Conrad. "Is it your husband or child?"

"It is neither, but a stranger that has been wounded."

"And are you left alone?"

"My good man has gone for a holy man to the convent of St. Jerome."

"And if he arrives not quickly, it will be too late," returned Conrad.

"I see the marks of a speedy dissolution on his features."

At this moment the owner of the hut and a monk entered.

"Benedicite!" said the priest, as he crossed the threshold; "where is the dying man?"

"He is here, holy father."

The priest approached the corner where the dying man was laid, and taking his hand, said,—

"Brother, relieve thy mind."

"I am dying," said the man, "and would fain die in peace with all."

"Let the room be cleared while I take his confession," said the priest.

Conrad and the proprietors of the hut then withdrew into a part that was partitioned off; but it was insufficient to prevent the conversation between the priest and his penitent being heard. After a long confession the priest said,—

"And from whom did you receive this wound which has brought you to the grave?"

"It was from the hand of Aurelie St. Hubert."

"Your brain must wander," said the priest.

"No, holy father!" replied the penitent; "I speak the words of truth."

"Indeed? How could the Lady Aurelie inflict that wound?"

"I was engaged to carry her off. She plunged the dagger in my breast in the attempt."

"And by whose commands?"

"The Count Aulaires, to whose castle she is now being carried by my companion."

"The wages of sin is death," said the priest, "both naturally and spiritually. Brother, depart in peace."



Scarcely had the priest left the hut, ere the man expired. The conversation Conrad had overheard had inflamed his blood. He cast a piece of money to the cottagers for their kindness, and, despite the storm, mounted the horse of the deceased man. He plunged his spurs deep in the animal's sides, and galloped furiously in the hopes of overtaking his beloved, before she reached the castle of her ravisher.

By dint of hard riding, he overtook them as they were about to enter the castle gates.

"Villain!" cried Conrad, "How darest thou arrogate to thyself a lover's privilege. Release the Lady Aurelie, and meet thy foe."

"Who art thou, boy, that darest interfere with my plans?" replied the count, for it was he.

"Thy rival and mortal enemy, who will chastise thee for thy presumption."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Aulaires, "to be thus bearded by a boy."

He then blew his horn, and to the well-known sound, the drawbridge was lowered for his approach.

In the interim, however, the blood of Conrad had been roused to madness. He then drew a pistol from the holster of the saddlebow, at the imminent risk of wounding his beloved Aurelie. He fired.

With a loud groan, the count fell from his horse and expired, while, at the same instant, Conrad leaped from his, to sustain the form of Aurelie. It was but the work of an instant to place her before him upon his own saddle, and they turned their backs upon the castle, from whose gates numerous domestics now issued to support their fallen lord; but before they could give chase, Conrad and his adored were far away.

The morning had far advanced before the lovers reached the chateau of the marchioness, who was bewailing the absence of her child in piteous accents, while her domestics had been sent in various directions, to gain intelligence of Aurelie.

"My child—my child!" cried the former, as Aurelie entered,—*"say—speak—tell me—"*

"Dear mother!" cried Aurelie, falling on her knees. "Forgive me—forgive me! Had I respected myself, this had not happened."

"But, where hast thou been, my child? Ha, and Conrad St. Heinrich, too! Art thou married?"

"No, dear mother; he is my preserver, and he alone can be my husband. The passion is too deep-rooted ever to be effaced."

"What, wilt thou disgrace thy former rank?"

"True honour is alone nobility," replied Aurelie. "I was carried away by a villain, who cared not for rank or worth. Conrad, who has rescued me, alone is worthy of my hand and heart."

"What think you of the cloister, girl?" said the marchioness, severely.

"That, for a broken heart, 't would be a fitting grave, dear mother."

"And is my child's affection so deeply rooted?" continued she, more mildly.

"No power on earth can disunite us."

"My dear Aurelie," said the marchioness, tenderly embracing her child. "Thank Heaven, I yet have some feeling left me. I now see that wealth cannot confer true happiness, and I will forego my previous notions for your welfare."

"My dear, dear parent," said Aurelie, as the tears fell from her eyes, "how shall I repay your kindness?"

"By obeying me."

"Willingly, dear mother."

"Bid Conrad enter."

In a few moments he was in the apartment.

"Conrad St. Heinrich," continued the marchioness, "I now recant my former errors. You are worthy of my daughter; and receive from a parent's hand the choicest gift she can bestow. She is yours;—be happy in her love."

Conrad pressed the proffered hand with ardour to his lips. He uttered a thousand incoherent protestations of gratitude, which were cut short by the entrance of a priest, and before many minutes were elapsed they were man and wife.

**GELLERT'S FABLES.**—One wintry day a Saxon peasant came to Leipzig with a cart load of wood, stopped at the door of Gellert, and asked him if he was not the gentleman who made such fine fables. Hearing it was him, the man leaped for joy, made many excuses for being so free, and begged he would accept the wood in return for the pleasure the countryman had received. The King of Prussia thus describes him in his letter—"This blunt Gellert is really an amiable man. Like the owl, he cannot be easily drawn from his retreat; but having got him he becomes a mild and cheerful philosopher, acute, original, and no imitator. His heart is melting, candour and truth are on his lips, and equity and humanity are painted on his forehead; yet the moment four persons are present, he becomes embarrassed, and when the babbling begins, timid, confused, melancholy, forgetful, and silent."

## MIRANDA;

OR,

### THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLXVII.

TWITTER'S WRETCHED SITUATION.—STARVATION.—THE INN AT LIVERPOOL.—THE FRANTIC RACE.—THE WAGGON.

THE morning brought no pleasing reflections or hopes to Samuel Twitter, who had been put ashore weary, wet, and hungry, and what was, perhaps, worse than all, penniless.

If ever Samuel Twitter felt human misery, it was at this moment. He knew not where to go—to what quarter to bend his steps.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Twitter, in the depth of his distress. "What shall I do? what will become of me? I would that I had never seen Varley, who must surely be the devil in human form. All my plans have failed—all I have done has come to nothing, and here am I in difficulties and danger—aye, danger of starvation."

"Then there is the confession! Curse the confession. What did I write it for?—for revenge. What did I want revenge for?—but that hasn't failed. I dare say I shall be hanged alongside of Bernard Varley, according to the prediction of that idiot. I wish his tongue would drop out. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Twitter wrung his hands in despair, and scalding tears ran down his face. Unable to go further, he seated himself on a bank for a few moments' repose, and to indulge his grief, which was extreme and loud; but at length a happy thought seemed to cross his mind, and he said,—

"Ah! it may not be posted. They may have forgotten to post it, and I may be safe yet. I will go and endeavour to find out the place."

But he forgot where he was, and when he arose, he saw nothing but a dreary road, which appeared, as far as he could see, to lead anywhere or nowhere, and despair again sat heavy at his heart.

At a slow pace he crawled forward. His clothes were hard, and stuck to him in places in a manner that was both uncomfortable and even painful. His feet were benumbed, and he crawled onwards at a slow and irresolute pace, each moment execrating his evils.

Hunger now drowned all other sensations, and all his fears vanished; for Samuel Twitter's stomach was most unequivocally empty, and he without the means to stay the cravings of his appetite. This feeling soon pinched him so sharply that he determined to beg.

"I must do it—I must do it, or starve!" he at length uttered, in a melancholy voice. "Yes, it has come to begging at last! Well, and if begging will do, I may yet escape; for then I will try to excite the compassion of some kind and charitable person; but, oh, dear! how far shall I have to go on this infernal long road?"

The road was not so long as Twitter believed, but in his then state of misery, a few yards became a mile in point of fatigue in travelling. He walked some distance, but was unable to meet with any human being, except a few labourers, who were too poor to afford him the slightest hope of even a crust.

At last, Twitter came in sight of a public-house—a road-side house, one with a seat and a water trough before it. It was a small, neat house, but bore the appearance of plenty, and here Samuel Twitter determined to make his first attempt at begging.

For this purpose he made straight to the house, but hesitated much at first. Hunger, however, soon admonished him that time was flying, and, with a desperate resolve, he entered the house.

The first individual he encountered was the landlord, who was at once struck with the belief that Twitter had a very suspicious appearance, and came to make observations on the position of the premises.

"Now, my fine fellow," said that worthy personage, "what do you want?"

"I want everything," said Twitter.

"Ay, I dare say; but we don't sell it, and you'll get it further on. Come—come; be off with you, or I'll set Jowler at you."

"I am starving—I have been shipwrecked," said Twitter, rendered desperate by his condition. "For Heaven's sake! be charitable, and give me a mouthful to eat. I am in great want."

"I dare say you are in great want, and so is Jowler, and he will make a breakfast off your leg, if you are not off directly."

Twitter trembled with fear, and was about to move off, when he again besought the aid of the landlord, and in another moment he was seized by the skirts of his coat by the aforesaid Jowler, who was growling and barking most furiously.

Samuel Twitter no sooner saw the dog, than, giving a loud scream, he rushed out of the house, leaving a part of his garment in the mouth of



the dog, the landlord applauding the dog most vociferously, and who appeared to enjoy the sport.

It was not until he had left the inn some distance behind, that Twitter ventured to slacken his pace, which he had kept up for nearly a mile, notwithstanding his fatigue. Nearly exhausted, he sunk upon a bank, a prey to all the horrors of such a situation as that in which he was placed. He groaned aloud and wept bitterly.

"Oh! that I should be such a fool as to write that confession. I might as well have gone and given myself up without any trouble. They might hang me, but they wouldn't starve me. No—no. I can't even get a bit of bread now. Begging is not a very good way of living. I shall die—I shall die! I hope so, and that will save me from a worse death. Oh, that I could kill myself! I would, but I can't. No—that's worse than dying. What will become of me?—what shall I do? I am starved!"

While Twitter was thus soliloquising, a little girl happened to pass, with a picher of milk in her hand, and stopped to look at him, and apparently felt pity for his misery, and, going up to him, she inquired what was the matter with him, and if he were not ill.

"I am dying of hunger—of thirst," said Twitter. "I have been shipwrecked and have had nothing to eat. Give me a draught of milk, for I am famishing."

The little creature took a slice of bread and butter from a pocket she had beneath her apron, and gave it him, and then offered him some milk when he had eaten it.

Samuel Twitter, when he placed the milk to his lips, never thought of quitting his hold of the picher until he had swallowed considerably more than half its contents. The little creature looked into the picher with dismay.

"Oh! what will my mother say now!" she exclaimed, crying. "I shall be beaten. I didn't think you would have taken so much."

The poor little thing went off, weeping bitterly, from the effects of Samuel Twitter's greediness; while he, being somewhat refreshed, and having a dread of the girl's mother, rose and started forward again, but at a slow pace.

"What hard-hearted creatures there are in the world," said Samuel Twitter; "who will not help a fellow creature in extreme distress. Even that child grudged me the draught of milk she offered me. Well—well; this is a dreadful world to live in."

With these reflections, and others like them, he wandered about till near sunset. What to do he knew not. Where to go, either for food or for shelter, he knew not. He had made such an unsuccessful attempt at begging, that he believed it would be useless to make a second attempt.

Twitter had at one moment determined to return and attempt to rob the larder of the house where he had been so unceremoniously dismissed. It could be done, he thought, for it was easily approached, and not very well protected; but, then, Jowler was there, and acted like a guardian angel to the larder.

For some time Twitter knew not what to do; but at length made up his mind to make the attempt. Hunger was the grand incentive to do a deed of so much boldness, and before Samuel Twitter was aware of his own temerity, he was in the neighbourhood of the public-house. All was dark and still; not a sound was heard, and no lights appeared to be moving.

"Now," thought Twitter, "I will be revenged upon these people for the way they treated me this morning. I'll empty their larder, if I can."

With this amiable resolution, Samuel Twitter crept close to the house, and, after listening attentively, he carefully dropped his way into an out-house or wash-house, and then into the larder. The wash-house door had been left open by the girl, who had left to speak to her sweetheart, and while Twitter was helping himself, she returned and bolted the door, and then passed by the end of the larder to her own place of repose.

Twitter's agony cannot be described. His fears of detection were intense, but of short endurance, for he heard her go into her apartment and bolt herself in. He then resumed his employment, and having eaten heartily and loaded himself, he sought for the means of gratifying his desire to drink.

A barrel of choice ale being near at hand, he attempted to drink, but the key of the tap was gone, and he was forced to pull it out. At first he continued to drink, but soon he was compelled to desist, as it came with great force, and he could not put the tap in again in the dark; he therefore commenced a hasty retreat, and had scarcely got the wash-house door open, when he heard the landlord's voice, saying,—

"Why, d— it, who's been at the ale in the larder, it's all running to waste!"

Twitter stayed to hear no more, but took to his heels as fast as he could, and after a long run he came to a kind of cattle shed, where the e was some straw, and there he fell fast asleep till the morning came, when he was again thrust out with threats.

It was not long ere he reached the next town, whither upon inquiry, he found to be Liverpool; he then determined to go to the inn at which he had stayed, and if possible obtain assistance of the landlord by representing his condition to him.

Going up to the door, he espied him, and made inquiry after his letter, when he was assured upon the landlord's honour, that it was carefully posted. Twitter had scarcely heard the answer when two men rode up to the door, and as one dismounted an officer's staff was visible. This was enough for Twitter, who believed them in search of himself, and instantly set off at full speed through the streets of Liverpool with the most frantic haste; indeed, many who witnessed his course believed him to a madman, and carefully avoided getting in his way, until at length exhausted, he espied a waggon leaving the town; to this he rushed, and made a most abject appeal to the driver, to be permitted to creep in and rest himself. After much persuasion, the driver did consent, and Samuel Twitter crept in and threw himself on a heap of straw quite exhausted with fatigue and overcome with terror.

The officers he saw, he doubted not had been posted from York on purpose to capture him. His agony of mind was intense, and so confused were his intellects that he could think no longer, and fell into a troubled sleep.

## CHAPTER CLXVIII.

### THE ROUTE TO YORK.—THE IDIOT.—TWITTER'S ALARMS.

WHEN Samuel Twitter sunk down among the straw and litter that was in the waggon, he felt quite a sensation of relief, for he was wretchedly uneasy, and, moreover, beneath the ample canopy that was above his head, and nestled among the straw, he was secure from that curious observation with which he thought everybody regarded him.

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured, "I am alone here; there is no one to torture me by glances that have horrible suspicions in them. How—how awfully strange it is now that every one seems to be able to see that I am a murderer!"

Twitter fully fancied that such was the case. Since his adventures in attempting to escape, and since he had become aware of the horrible fact that his letter to the mayor of York had been posted to that functionary, he had translated every casual glance of curiosity that was bent on him into a meditated seizure of him on the charge of murder, as well as that of having given false evidence against poor Rowland Percy.

Therefore was it that the gloom and darkness, and the loneliness of the waggon, became so grateful to his feelings. He lay for some hours without so much as moving from the position in which he had first cast himself; but what a world of bitter and awful thoughts passed through his burning brain during that period of bodily repose.

The question so easily asked but so difficult to answer, of "what shall I do—what shall I do?" escaped his lips frequently, in mournful and agonised accents.

"I am destitute—starving—friendless—homeless!" he thought, "and, moreover, I have accused myself of a crime, which, in a few hours more will raise the whole country in arms against me, and place a price upon my head.—God of Heaven, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

The idea did cross his mind of escaping from all his evils by suicide, and so leaving Bernard Varley still in the lurch; but the act of self-destruction required a degree of courage which Samuel Twitter never possessed, or a degree of insanity, however near which he might be, he had certainly not yet arrived at.

Soon, therefore, he banished from his mind all thought of self-destruction, but what remained to present to him any feasible hope of escaping from the gallows.

"I am lost—lost!" he groaned. "What can I do? they would not take me for a soldier or a sailor; and if I attempt to beg my bread through London or the country, I shall be in hourly expectation of recognition from some one. Oh! if I had ended all this horrible state by adopting a different plan, there might have been a chance of escape from death—if I had freely given myself up to Rowland Percy's friends, affected great repentance and reparations for what I had done, I might have been let off on becoming evidence against Bernard Varley: but now—now—oh, fool that I have been—I have criminated both him and myself for no consideration."

Twitter lay on his back and groaned aloud as these sad reflections crossed his mind; indeed the waggoner was attracted by his noise, and looked in at the tail of the waggon with a face of great curiosity.

"Halloa!" he said, "what's the matter, eh?"

"Nothing, oh, nothing!" cried Twitter, greatly alarmed, "nothing at all. I fell asleep, and was dreaming; that's all, I swear to you that's all."

"You needn't swear, I be main troubled with bad dreams myself—"



I thought I saw the whole team run away and upset a hay-stack—gee up!"

Twitter after this was more quiet, although none the less mentally tormented; he reflected as painfully and as intensely as before, but he took care the waggoner should not hear him.

Things went on thus until towards evening, which rapidly darkened into night, just as Twitter began to hear rain coming down heavily on the tarpaulin of the waggon.

The darkness of the night was intense, for heavy masses of clouds floated slowly over the surface of the earth, rendering the absence of the moon the more observable from the intense obscurity in which everything was enveloped, and objects were scarcely distinguishable.

The wind howled in fitful gusts, and rushed through the tall trees with a mighty rushing sound, but which ever and anon sunk from the utmost fury of the blast to the stillness of a calm, and notwithstanding the strength of the wind, the heat was great for the time of the night.

A strong and vivid flash of light suddenly rushed along the horizon, which in a few seconds was followed by a stunning crash of thunder. Now, indeed, the storm that had been brewing these last two hours broke loose, and the heavens became alternately illuminated by the vivid and fearful flashes of lightning and a scene of angry contention with the sudden and heavy storms of wind.

The clouds which had been gathering, now burst suddenly in a deluge of rain, which came down in such torrents that quickly enveloped the earth in a heavy mist; in the meanwhile, the thunder still rolled and crashed with unabated violence, and the blue streaks of lightning flashed ominously in the sky fast and frequently.

The heavy rain that fell soon filled the ditches that, in their turn, overflowed, throwing the water over field and over road in one shallow stream, but which poured over the hard road with great force.

The wind howled over the wastes of land through the yet green hedge-rows; the cottage chimney told a tale of the storm, for the loud roar was distinctly heard by those who enjoyed the comforts of a warm fire; the pattering of the rain as it dashed against the casements and window-glass, the terrible flashes of lightning that penetrated all impediments opposed to its ingress, while the sound of the rolling thunder gave to the sheltered labourer a sense of comfort that under other circumstances he would never have felt. The storm raged fast and furious, but yet no signs of abatement were visible.

The village was now full of rustics, who seized the opportunity as offering a good excuse for their stay from home until near midnight, in hopes that the storm would abate; but on it came with undiminished power and intensity, still the wind roared and howled over the broad expanse of country.

The wind sensibly increased, and ever and anon, upon the silence of the night, was carried the crashing sound of the rending of some strong limb from the trunk of an aged tree, or the destruction of such as were less able to bear up against the fury of the storm.

Much damage occurred on that eventful night. The vane, and part of the spire of the ancient village church were blown down, and carried a long way from the spot, while many farm buildings and cottages were deprived of their roofs of thatch.

Latticed windows shared in the damage, for where the wind came with full and fearful violence direct upon them they were forced inwards, and the glass fell from the widened grooves that held them, in many cases breaking them into pieces.

Those who had to leave the village late in the evening, felt the fury of such a gale they never before felt, and, in a few cases, narrow escapes from falling substances were the consequences.

It was late before the inhabitants felt the balmy influence of sleep. The prospect of the damage that would, in all probability, present itself on the morrow, kept many an eye open that otherwise would have been in happy ignorance of what was going on.

The heavy pelting of the rain continued with unabated violence, and the outer walls of the houses showed how they had received the heavy masses of water that had been dashed against them by the tempest.

Upon the whole, Samuel Twitter rather liked the storm. He was far from its fury, and there were not so many people abroad, so he considered his danger of arrest lessened.

Suddenly then the waggon stopped, and Twitter heard a conversation taking place between the waggoner and some one who appeared desirous of the same shelter from the storm he, Twitter, had enjoyed.

"Who are you?" he heard the waggoner say. "You gave me a bit of a fright coming out of the hedge in that kind of way."

"I'm mad Tom," was the reply, in a voice that Twitter knew well to belong to the maniac who had always so much annoyed Bernard Varley.

"Mad Tom, are you?"

"Yes. See, I am benumbed with the rain. I'm going to York. Ha! ha! ha! Why don't you laugh?"

"Cos I don't see the joke."

"But I do. There's a man to be hanged. I dreamt it, so I know

it's true. There's a man to be hanged. Ain't it fine. He will kick and plunge. A strange tall man to be hanged."

"You may like it, mad Tom, as you call yourself; but it's more than I do," said the waggoner. "Howsomédéver, get in. I don't like to refuse a poor fellow a lift."

"Thank you. Oh! oh! oh! It's enough to make one laugh dreadfully to think of it. Bernard Varley will be hanged yet at York."

A cold sensation came over Twitter's heart as he heard these words, and he drew himself up into the further corner of the waggon, so that he was not seen by the maniac as he scrambled in.

"Who's to be hung?" said the waggoner.

"Bernard Varley. Do you know him? He's a fine fellow to hang. They'll have Samuel Twitter, too, the sleek villain, I know them both. They are to be hung at York, and I cannot think of leaving the city when once I get to it till I see the sight."

"Ah!" said the waggoner, "you don't know what you are talking about, and I don't understand you."

For the first time it came across Twitter's mind like a shock of electricity that he had never thought to inquire where the waggoner was going, and that it might actually be conveying him slowly and surely to York, that city which, of all others, he had most now to dread showing his face in.

He was afraid to cross the waggon where the maniac was now seated, and he crawled right up to the front, where he removed a piece of the tarpaulin, and said, in a low voice, to the waggoner, who was walking close to the shaft,—

"Hi! hi! where are we going?"

"To York."

"Gacious Heaven."

Twitter fell backwards among the straw, and in a moment, with a loud cry of alarm, the maniac sprang upon him, and clutched him by the throat.

(To be continued in our next.)

## AFFECTION'S TOKEN.

There was a time when oft I watched  
The features of a beauteous maid;  
And when I won her placid smile,  
Oh, was I not ten times repaid.  
Then as our sighs of love were breathed,  
And vows of constancy were spoken,  
We to each other a gift bequeathed—  
That gift, it was affection's token.

Oh, such a maid was she, that when  
You looked upon her form and mind,  
She seem'd like something Heavenly;  
So chaste, so pure, and so refined.  
And thus she bloomed a lovely flower,  
But for a happier world bespoken;  
And oft she breathed a heavy sigh  
When looking on affection's token.

And then, methought her beauty seemed  
To fade away like summer flowers;  
Alas! stern death had stretched his hand,  
That hand which beauty soon devours.  
And then despite my looks of love,  
The vision fled, the spell was broken—  
She sped to happier realms above,  
And left me with affection's token.

H. BURTON.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed (post-paid) to the Editor, which will meet with immediate attention.

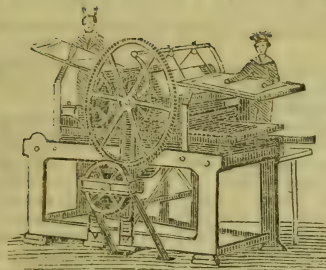
The conclusion of "The Foundling" has been received, and it shall make its appearance at the first opportunity. Thanks for the MS. ORLANDO (Ryde).—Many of our readers have doubtless not seen "The Sybil," and for that reason we will insert it; but does not Addison's "Spectator" claim a greater right to "The Bashful Man" than our would-be correspondent?

The first part of "The Secrets of the Caves" has been received, but we cannot give a decisive answer until the whole is forwarded. Some alterations will have to be made in it.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

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## THE FOUNDLING; OR, THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### MY ENTRY INTO THIS BUSY WORLD.

OF my parents I am entirely ignorant, and shall most probably remain so, as I am now rather a middle-aged man verging towards fifty, and if they are now in existence they cannot care much for me, or they would not have left me attached to the knocker of Miss Heavysterne's door; the aforesaid Miss Heavysterne being one of that despised class of people, vulgarly called old maids, and residing in the cathedral city of Winchester. This event, gentle reader, came to pass on the 17th of February, 1796.

Before proceeding any farther with the account of myself, I will describe Miss Jemima Heavysterne. She was about five feet three inches in height, age about six-and-forty, her natural charms, which were now, alas! somewhat faded, (indeed they had never been very great,) she very assiduously endeavoured to renovate by a plentiful coating of paint and a wig.

Sally Barnes, who was cook and housemaid, and indeed maid of all work to Miss Heavysterne, (a very appropriate name, by the bye, as she might have vied with a Hottentot Venus,) with wages of four pounds per annum, was just returned from purchasing a pound of tea, and other groceries; and a gossip with William Workwell, the blacksmith's man, uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing the head of a child protruding from a red cotton pocket-handkerchief, which was tied on to the knocker, and forthwith went into strong hysterics, which Miss Heavysterne, who came out to see what was the matter, uncharitably pronounced to be all sham, for what reason Miss Heavysterne undoubtedly best knew herself.

After awhile Sally Barnes thought fit to get more composed, and said, "Oh, ma'am, [sobs],—oh, look at the—[sob, sob,]—bundle; look—[sob]—at the knocker!—[Sob, sob]; whereupon Miss Heavysterne complied with her request, and discovered the subject of this autobiography fast asleep.

"How, in the name of Fortune!" said she, (a favourite expression of hers,) "did this little beggar's brat come here?"

"Oh! ma'am, don't call the poor child hard names. Bless his dear heart, how pretty he looks."

"Oh! very fine, indeed! What, in the name of Fortune, should make you take such a fancy to the little brat? It's a vile imposition to try to pass such an odious little beast on me. Stinking little wasp!"

"Lor, ma'am! now, I'm sure he don't stink no more than you do."

"I stink! you vile, slandering faggot! get out of my house, bag and baggage. I dare say, if the truth was known, you are the mother of the little brute. Get out of my house—quick—you don't stop here another hour."

"I don't want to stop in your house no longer," said Sally; "I dare say, Miss Heavysterne, I daresay I can get a better misus. I ben't sorry to go, no-how. I knows you be envious like, 'cause as how you knows you can't catch nobody with your wig, false teeth, and paint,—that you can't. Well, I never did in all my born days —"

How long the exasperated Sally Barnes might have proceeded in this strain, is uncertain, had not Miss Jemima Heavysterne (whose bile began to boil) flown at her, in a most tremendous passion, and commenced an attack on Sally's face. On her side Sally was not idle, but returned her antagonist's blows with interest.

Oh, Jemima, Jemima, hapless maid, would that I could celebrate thy exploits! and thou, oh, Sally Barnes, would that I were a Virgil or a Homer, to sing thy praises. Blood was spilled on both sides in the fierce encounter, and Miss Jemima's wig was seized by the triumphant Sally Barnes, who, waving it on high thrice, exclaimed, "I knowed yer war'n't no better than you should be."

Meanwhile Miss Jemima, seeing the day was lost, commenced a retreat, like a prudent general, not forgetting, however, to give a farewell tug at Sally Barnes' hair, and slamming the door in her face, as she was going to retaliate, thereby awakening the child in the bundle, who thereupon began to squall most melodiously.

Nevertheless, Sally Barnes effected an entrance by the back door, depositing Miss Jemima's wig in the water-butt on her way. Having collected her clothes, she departed, elated with her success.

Miss Jemima Heavysterne, having in a short time recruited her strength by a dram of spirits, taken from a snug little cupboard, ventured to sally forth, after repairing damages as well as she could, to reconnoitre the field of battle. Finding Sally Barnes had departed, she next directed her attention to the brat in the bundle, as she styled me; after bestowing a few hearty cuffs on my defenceless body, she had humanity enough to take me to the workhouse, where I passed the next fourteen years of my life, half-starved, and, as the reader may with justice suppose, educated in about an equal proportion.

### CHAPTER II.

I AM BOUND APPRENTICE, NOT TO A WATERMAN, BUT TO A BAKER, REMARKABLE FOR THE LIGHTNESS OF HIS LOAVES.—MY PROGRESS IN THAT SITUATION.

VARIOUS conjectures were afloat as to who were my parents. Some said William Workwell and Sally Barnes might claim that relationship; their reason for so saying was, because about three months before, Sally had requested permission to visit her parents, on pretence of being unwell, and it had been remarked that she was very stout, and she had only returned the day before I was tied on to the knocker.

Others insinuated that I might with equal justice claim Miss Heavysterne as my mamma; supporting their assertion by the fact that Miss Jemima had gone on a visit to Portsmouth during Sally Barnes's absence. Whether these conjectures were true or false, I cannot say. I know not, care not, nor want to know; suffice it to say, they were very unfeeling, whoever I belonged to, to leave me to make my own way through the world, and to undergo all the buffets and freaks of fortune.

At the age of fourteen years, or thereabout, after some consultation among the governors of the workhouse, it was determined, *nem. con.*, that I should be bound apprentice to Mr Solomon Shortweight, baker, who had applied at the workhouse for an assistant, and I was taken by him to his residence in Crane-street.

Mr Solomon Shortweight was a person of middle height, shuffling gait, and a look of habitual cunning, which prejudiced me greatly in his disfavour. Mrs. Shortweight, his better half, was a consequential meddling woman, as round as an orange, and as sour as a crab, never quiet, but always talking, and would have the last word in any discussion with her husband, which was a matter of very frequent occurrence.

Besides myself there was another apprentice, called Job Stubbs; he was an orphan; his father, who was a bricklayer, having fallen from a scaffold, was killed on the spot; and his mother, who had taken to drinking, to drown her grief, died of dropsy, as might have been foreseen from her habits of excessive intemperance, leaving her son Job to the care of Solomon Shortweight, her brother. Job and I became



great friends, and resolved to continue so, making an alliance offensive and defensive.

Mr. Solomon Shortweight did not trouble his India rubber conscience about the injustice of defrauding the poor, by adding potatoes and pea-meal to eke out his loaves, and using short weights, thereby securing a pretty considerable profit; he was, on the whole, a kind master, though I, for my part, never liked him, on account of his injustice and cheaterly. The man is base indeed who would wring hard-earned money from the poor, by substituting adulterated articles for pure wholesome bread.

I cannot say I liked Mrs. Shortweight—far from it; indeed I hated her most cordially. Her behaviour during the whole time I stayed with them was excessively mean and tyrannical. I had to do a great deal of work about the house, consequently my hands were none of the cleanest when I went to knead the heterogeneous ingredients of the meat-tub. Many people would, doubtless, never have bought another loaf of Solomon Shortweight had they known this circumstance.

I had lived with Shortweight about nine months, when one morning Mrs. Shortweight was scolding me about not having lighted the fire soon enough, I replied rather warmly,—

"I did not know, Mrs. Shortweight, before I came here, that it was usual for a baker's boy to light the fire, clean the stairs, and then make the loaves without washing my hands."

"You saucy, hopstopulous little warmint," said she, "mind your own business, and take that for your himperance."

So saying, she proceeded to thrash into me with a mop she had in her hand. I seized hold of the kitchen poker, and putting myself in an attitude of defence, exclaimed,—

"Take care what you do; I won't stand a thrashing for nothing."

She made a furious thrust at me with the mop, which I parried with the poker. After repeated blows the handle of the mop broke in two pieces, thereby rendering it of about equal length with the poker. Having now the advantage, I came to close quarters, and soon compelled her to desist.

After wreaking my just vengeance on her fat carcass, I darted out of the shop, having taken my cap, determining to return no more, and to go I knew not whither.

I left the city and walked briskly for half an hour on the road to Portsmouth, before I stopped to reflect on the folly of leaving a place where I was fed, and had a bed—coarse, it is true, whereon I might lay my head.

My whole fortune consisted in the immense sum of (to me) one shilling and eightpence halfpenny, a light heart, and a thin pair of breeches. My money was no large sum, certainly, but many have risen to competence from smaller beginnings. So after revolving for some time in my mind whether I should return or not, I decided on the latter course, resolving on purchasing ballads and hawking them about the streets. Accordingly when I arrived at Emsworth, a place nearly half way between Chichester and Portsmouth, I went into a stationer's shop, and laid out a shilling in ballads at three a penny, and sixpence in tracts at a halfpenny each; I therefore had for my stock in trade thirty six ballads and a dozen tracts. With these I commenced business, determined to make my fortune, and to ride in my carriage. How I succeeded the sequel will show.

I sold my ballads at a halfpenny each, thereby gaining fifty per cent., and my tracts at a penny each, making cent. per cent., no inconsiderable profit, as the reader will allow.

After staying for two days in Emsworth, after having sold all my stock and laid in a new one, I prepared to depart, having three shillings and threepence worth of goods, and fourpence in cash, several charitable persons having given me halfpence. I accordingly set out, overjoyed at my success.

### CHAPTER III.

I ARRIVE AT PORTSMOUTH, WHERE I MEET WITH A PERSON WHO ADOPTS ME.—I MEET WITH AN ADVENTURE, AND FALL DEEPLY IN LOVE.

IN about three hours I arrived at Portsmouth, rather tired; but after resting half an hour, I began to try and dispose of my wares, in which I soon succeeded, meeting with many purchasers amongst the sailors, who gave me considerably more than they were worth. One day happening to call at a house in Portsea, to sell my tracts, an old gentleman in the passage accosted me, and asked me if I had not any better means of getting my living.

"No, sir," I replied, "I wish I had; but I have been badly treated, which made me take to my present way of earning a living, and I can assure you, sir, it is not always a successful one."

The old gentleman, who appeared interested in me, asked me if I would confide my story to him, at the same time expressing a wish to assist me as far as lay in his power.

I complied with his request, not withholding the most minute de-

tails, as concisely as I was able. He appeared in deep thought when I concluded my narrative, and after awhile said to me,—

"What name have you, my good lad?"

"Why, sir, for want of any other, they called me George King, after King George."

"Would you like to be my servant," said he, "in preference to your present mode of living?"

"Yes, sir, most gladly," said I.

"Well, then, go down to the kitchen and ask Susan, my cook, to give you something to eat."

I accordingly went down to the kitchen, as he desired. Susan, who was still a good-looking woman, though on the wrong side of forty, immediately set before me some cold meat, bread and cheese, and as I devoured mouthful after mouthful, she exclaimed,—

"Don't eat so fast, my child, there is no need to hurry; mind, or you will choke yourself in a minute."

I did not take particular notice of her injunctions, but continued eating as fast as before, till the cravings of my hunger were satisfied, and I could not safely eat any more.

I did not continue long in the capacity of a servant with the old gentleman, whose name was Jarvis, for he had taken a great liking to me, and instructed me in Latin and Greek, as well as in mathematics and French, in all of which I soon became quite a proficient; and by my assiduity and desire to acquire knowledge, I obtained such a hold of the old gentleman's affections, that, after I had lived with him nine months, he adopted me as his son (his wife having died of a cold caught at a country ball two years after their union, which was unfruitful). I was clothed like a gentleman, and received everywhere in the society of my protector's numerous acquaintances as a gentleman.

This state of affairs continued for six years, when an event happened which altered my fate, and changed happiness into misery.

I was one day out walking, as was my wont, on the road to Cosham. Arriving at Portsbridge, so called from being thrown over the creek which separates the island of Portsea from the rest of the county, and defended by a double line of fortification, when the horses of a carriage taking fright at some bullocks which were passing, the coachman could no longer control them; the fiery animals ran with fearful velocity towards the bridge, which they reached in less than a minute, and upset against a post, precipitating a young lady into the river, where she would in all probability have been speedily drowned had not I, swifter than thought itself, thrown off my coat, hat, and shoes, and, vaulting over the rails, plunged into the moat. I seized the young lady by the waist, and struck out for the bank, where I deposited my senseless burden.

She continued insensible for a long while, her head having struck against one of the projecting buttresses of the bridge in her perilous descent; she was stunned, and, had it not been for my timely assistance, she would undoubtedly have perished almost before the eyes of her venerable father, whose agonised feelings at this event are perfectly indescribable.

The young lady after awhile opened her eyes, and, with a deep sigh, exclaimed,—

"Where am I? Oh, that horrid dream!—yet was it a dream?"

"No, madam," replied I, "it was no dream, but a sad reality; and had not Providence sent me to your aid, your spirit would ere now have quitted its earthly tenement to appear before its Heavenly Creator."

Meanwhile the coachman, who had gone for assistance, returned with a ladder, by means of which I landed on the road, and restored my precious burden to the arms of her anxious parent, who, after kissing her, exclaimed, in an agitated manner,—

"Excuse my feelings, my gratitude is too powerful for utterance. Tell me, to whom do I owe the preservation of my child from a watery grave? Bless you for that act!"

"Do not mention it, sir," said I. "The person who has been the instrument of Providence in saving your lovely daughter from instant death, bears the humble name of George King."

"Never mind the name, my dear sir. May I request the pleasure of your company to dine to-day?"

"Most certainly, sir," said I.

We then got into the carriage, which had been put to rights (the young lady having dried her clothes at a neighbouring house), and drove off to the gentleman's splendid mansion at Bedhampton.

### CHAPTER IV.

WHICH IS VERY SHORT, LIKE THE REST, AND CONTAINS PLenty OF LOVE AND A LITTLE FIGHTING.

I EXAMINED the face and figure of the beautiful creature I had rescued from death, and never had I seen finer black eyes, nor lips more resembling coral, or rather like two twin rosebuds on the same stalk; added to these, a splendid Grecian nose, and a high intellectual forehead, her raven tresses flowing luxuriantly over a neck surpassing



alabaster in its whiteness. Any one might well have considered the beauteous being before them an angel of light, rather than an erring being of day.

She was tall and commanding, and though heiress to the immense fortune of two hundred and eighty thousand pounds, besides an annual income of twenty-six thousand pounds, her heart was entirely disengaged, surrounded as she was by a host of needy suitors, who wooed her for her money, not for herself, most of them being persons who wished to repair their broken fortunes; others, being in search of one, consisted of younger sons, &c., mere fortune hunters, aspiring to wed so rich a prize, Miss Ormond being the richest heiress in the county.

Her father wished, and indeed would have thought it a crime had she refused, to unite her to Leonard Lawrence, a sporting, unprincipled young baronet, whose estate adjoined his own.

The dinner was concluded with an invitation to make their house my home, for at least a fortnight. I replied, that I must return to my protector, Mr. Jarvis, to inform him of what had happened, as he would no doubt be anxious about my protracted absence.

Mr. Ormond then ordered his carriage to take me to Mr. Jarvis, saying he would send it for me again on the morrow, and would take no denial to his invitation, hoping that I would make the fortnight a month, or even still more.

I thanked him for his kindness, and hastened away from a house containing so beautiful a being as Lavinia Ormond.

I soon arrived at the residence of Mr. Jarvis, who was more than a father to me, and whose mind seemed relieved of a great weight when he saw me safely deposited at his door. I expressed my sorrow at having caused him a moment's sorrow or anxiety on my account. I then told him the reason of my being detained so long.

On the morrow, at eleven o'clock, Mr. Ormond's carriage called for me, and in a short time I found myself near one who had already made a deep impression on my youthful heart.

The old gentleman, who was a justice of the peace, was in his study, hearing the case of a poacher, who had been detected in the act of snaring a hare on Sir Leonard Lawrence's preserves by one of his game-keepers, and was immediately taken before Mr. Ormond. The facts were fully proved, and the unfortunate man, when called upon to state what he had to say in his defence, gave the following narrative of his life, and the cause of his being reduced to his present wretched state.

He was the son of a clergyman in the north of England, who had seven children, besides himself, four of whom were sons, and a like number daughters, the subject of this narrative being the second son, and the third in order of birth. His father (who could hardly live comfortably on his small income of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, encumbered as he was with a wife and eight children, very expensive luxuries for a poor country curate) had turned his thoughts more toward a provision for his family than to his clerical duty. This he had endeavoured to do by making eligible matches for his children among the neighbouring gentry, and had married his eldest son (for whom he had procured a commission in the army, in a regiment of the line, through the interest of a relation at the Horse Guards) to the daughter of a squire, with ten thousand pounds in the three per cents. for her portion.

His eldest daughter, the next in age, had married a wealthy merchant, who had retired from a business which was both extensive and thriving, and who was commonly reported to be able to pave his hall with gold; and, indeed, his lavish expenditure, his splendid entertainments, his carriages, his horses, which he never used, and his hounds, the best in the county, with which he never hunted, though freely permitting others to do so, might well give rise to this assertion. He was a kind and attentive husband, rather old, it is true, but his wife never had reason to complain of anything. She had indeed made a good match, which delighted her father so much, that, in the exuberance of his joy, he gave a dinner to the rustics on the happy event of his daughter giving birth to a son. This generosity crippled him for a year.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE HASTY MARRIAGE AND THE FATHER'S CURSE.

WHEN, therefore, his second son (the poacher before us) declared his intention of marrying Louisa Sackville, the daughter of a ruined farmer, with no fortune but the charms which nature had bestowed on her, his rage knew no bounds, and he declared he should never enter his house again, if he persisted in what he called his insane intention. His son, however, refused to relinquish Miss Sackville, and accordingly married her clandestinely at a town seventeen miles distant, and immediately set out for Hampshire with his lovely bride, where a maiden aunt, his mother's sister, resided.

They fondly hoped that time would cause his father to relent from his

harsh and hasty resolve; but no such happy event ever took place; his father cursed the hour that gave birth to such a rebellious son. Tearing his hair out by the roots, he swore in a manner ill becoming a clergyman, that if they were to starve before his eyes, he would never assist them in the slightest manner.

In vain they deprecated his wrath, and implored him to forgive them. Their letters were returned unopened.

To add to the horrors of their situation, his wife having given birth to a child, their aunt died, without being able to assist them. In vain did they again supplicate compassion for their child, which was sickly, from the want of many of the necessities of life—everything was alike disregarded.

Still their misery had not yet reached its climax. Sir Leonard Lawrence, their landlord, distrained for the rent, which they had not the means of paying, not even the fourth part, and turned them houseless on the wide world.

They made one more appeal to their hardened, unfeeling father, who returned the inhuman answer, that they might go to the workhouse or the goal. The unfortunate man, infuriated to madness, took to poaching, as a last resource from starvation, and being suspected, after a while, was watched, seen, and apprehended. This was the end of the poacher's affecting tale.

The duties of the judge controlled the feelings of the man, and the unfortunate poacher was committed to take his trial, which, however, never happened, as one morning he was found suspended from the bars of his cell. His child died from want of nourishment, and his heart-broken wife did not long survive, but joined her husband in the realms of joy and bliss.

His father relented when too late, being seized with apoplexy at the intelligence of his son's ignominious end.

But I must return to my tale, as I have been anticipating.

When the poacher concluded the history of his life, I felt deeply for him, but Mr. Ormond having more business to despatch, recommended me to take a ramble through his extensive pleasure grounds.

I withdrew, accordingly, and entering a small grove in a very secluded part, I found Lavinia dissolved in tears, and sobbing convulsively as if her heart would break. I expressed my regret at having so abruptly intruded on her privacy, and asked if I might venture to inquire the cause of her grief.

"Oh, Mr. King," said she, "I will conceal nothing from you, for I can never sufficiently repay the obligations I am under to you."

I answered, "It is the duty of every human being to help their fellow-creatures out of danger as far as lies in their power, and therefore I have certainly done no more than is right."

"Oh, Mr. King," answered Lavinia, "I am almost wicked enough to wish that I had been drowned yesterday, for Sir Leonard Lawrence, a vile, unprincipled man, whom I abhor and despise, last night made an offer to my father of his hand and fortune for me, which was immediately accepted, and I was desired this morning to receive my destined husband. God forbid that I should ever marry such an odious man, and I know not how to escape from this forthcoming evil."

I could only reply, "that she must trust to Providence to deliver her from her unhappy situation."

She answered, "Oh, dear Mr. King, if you knew that my heart was another's, and how I recoil from the proposals of Sir Leonard Lawrence, you would not offer such consolation, which, alas! is of no avail. Oh, shall I confess it? Gratitude alone did not, in my estimation, suffice to repay you for your services to me, therefore, be not surprised when I tell you, that in you alone are centered all my hopes of earthly happiness; therefore, take it as freely as I give it."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet, I could not have been more surprised at this declaration of love, from the lips of a being so noble, so pure, and so spotless as Lavinia Ormond, for one so immeasurably beneath her in station and wealth.

Contending passions within my heaving breast for some time deprived me of the power of speech. Never had I for an instant suspected that my apparently hopeless love for Lavinia Ormond was returned. At length, however, I stammered out, almost inaudible, "Oh, dear Lavinia, cease to entertain a thought for one so undeserving as I am—nameless, poor, and without rank."

"Ah, Mr. King, you do me great injustice to suppose that the empty distinctions of rank have any weight with me; had my heart fixed on a beggar, I would bear the loss of fortune with indifference, rather than wed a man I detest."

I was indescribably confused, but answered, "We are commanded to honour and obey our parents."

"Mr. King," exclaimed she, "the Almighty never intended—pardon the expression—that a child should sacrifice its welfare and happiness to the despotic wish of a father."

I continued silent—her arguments were unanswerable.



At this point, so embarrassing to me, who should unfortunately interrupt our *tele-a-tele* but Mr. Ormond himself, having despatched his business. For my part I was struck dumb, ignorant of what construction he might put upon this affair. Thinking it best to walk away, I did so.

Lavinia, however, confessed to her father that I had unintentionally intruded on her seclusion; then, falling on her knees, her eyes streaming in tears, she implored him not to force her to an act which must involve his happiness as well as her own, and which, when too late, he might uselessly regret.

Mr. Ormond was moved; the image of his departed wife appeared in the weeping and kneeling child before him. He asked her what there was to render Sir Leonard Lawrence so undesirable for a husband, for he was wilfully blind to his glaring faults. His splendid fortune was, in his idea, of paramount importance, and his daughter's happiness in a married state, quite a minor consideration.

Lavinia answered, "It would be debasing herself before God and man were she to marry such a profligate, abandoned wretch."

"Pooh, pooh! none of your fantastical nonsense. However, as I see you are in no mood to converse wisely on this subject, we will drop it for the present; so come along to dinner like a good girl."

Lavinia took his proffered arm, and soon arrived at the house, where she retired to her room, and gave vent to the feelings of her almost bursting heart in a copious flood of tears.

When the dinner hour arrived, she pleaded indisposition in excuse for her non-appearance. Sir Leonard Lawrence made one at the dinner-table, and never, in the whole course of my life, did I behold any one more resembling a demon.

His height was not less than six feet; his hair, which was of a deep black colour, hung wildly and neglected over his louring brows; his countenance wore an expression of malignant ferocity which was painful to behold. He was dressed in a suit of green, with brass buttons; his embroidered waistcoat was further adorned by a gold chain, from which dangled two or three gold seals and a watch key; his hands were adorned, or intended to be so, by a profusion of gold rings of great value from the gems in them.

He received my salute with an insulting indifference, not deigning to make the slightest acknowledgment.

The meal passed off in silence, for I cared not how little I came in contact with him, Mr. Ormond being entirely taken up with the duties of carver to bestow any time upon conversation.

Dinner being removed, dessert and wine were placed on the table. I drank sparingly—not so Mr. Ormond and Sir Leonard Lawrence, the former of whom was a confirmed toper, thinking nothing of three bottles. They sat long and drank deeply.

I was not sorry when coffee was announced as ready in another room, to which we all repaired, Mr. Ormond appearing very reluctant to leave the seductive attractions of the bottle; and having taken more than his usual quantum of wine, was in the first stage of intoxication. The wine had rendered him loquacious, and he seemed to be making up for the time he had lost at dinner. He talked for some time with Sir Leonard Lawrence on politics, farming, and sporting, matters of no interest to me; and, about a quarter to ten, the baronet took his leave. Would that I had never seen him again.

#### CHAPTER VI.

I AM DEEPLY IN LOVE, AND MAKE A FIERCE AND DESIGNING ENEMY.

At ten I went to bed, but in vain did I court the embraces of the balmy god; all-refreshing sleep fled my eyelids. I lay awake the whole night, thinking on Lavinia, her father, Sir Leonard Lawrence, and my former and present condition. On the morrow I arose languid and depressed.

The days flew like minutes in the company of the divine Lavinia, with whom I have intimated that I was deeply enamoured, and I repeat that my love was returned. I was constantly with Lavinia, who had determined to marry me; but I would not consent to do so without the approbation of her father, which, alas! it seemed very improbable we should ever receive.

One evening I was perambulating the grounds, linked arm in arm with Lavinia, when, at the extremity of an avenue of elms, we encountered the hateful Sir Leonard Lawrence, who advancing, haughtily commanded me to resign her arm to him, as he was entitled to it.

"I shall resign the possession of this lady's arm to no man," said I; "especially to you whom she considers in no way entitled to it; neither do I myself recognise your pretensions."

"Indeed!" said he. "Then take that," drawing his sword, and making a furious thrust at me, which I parried with a walking-stick that I fortunately seldom neglected, to carry with me. I presently dis-

armed him, and giving him a sound thrashing, which he richly deserved, I left him and returned to the house with Lavinia.

I expected to receive a challenge, but he was too great a coward to venture on that; however, he so misrepresented the case to Mr. Ormond—stating that I made the first attack—that that gentleman requested I would discontinue my stay at the house.

I did not wait for a second intimation that my company was no longer desirable, but departed, having written a farewell note to Lavinia, which I sent by her Abigail, stating the reason of my abrupt dismissal.

When I arrived at the house of my patron, I told him everything; he was of opinion that I had best not remain so near Sir Leonard Lawrence, as he might take still more foul means of revenge, which his malice might suggest. It was therefore determined that I should get some situation as private tutor, or usher to a school.

Mr. Jarvis, through his interest with an extensive acquaintance, succeeded in obtaining for me the situation of usher of all work in the R— N— School, at C—, three miles from London-bridge, at a salary of thirty pounds per annum.

Thither I accordingly prepared to go, and was safely delivered by the stage coach; leaving a place where I had passed some of the happiest years in my life.

The R— N— School contained two hundred boys, from eight to eighteen years of age, over about forty of the youngest of whom I was to have the command.

Before proceeding further, I will describe the various masters connected with the establishment.

First, then, comes the head master, a clergyman of the Church of England, by name Preamble. I know but little of him, as I seldom or never came in contact with him. He was clever, and taught in a very creditable manner, but was not sufficiently strict as to discipline.

Next, the mathematical master, Mr. Meddlemuch. He was slightly bald, which made him look odd. He was extremely clever, could teach well also; and, to sum up all, was a perfect gentleman.

Equal to him was Mr. Harrington, the classical master; a dapper, little man, about five feet in height, of which his head and neck composed two. He was called by the boys "Bandy-legged Jack." He was a funny little man, as the reader may see from the following scene, which frequently occurred:—

The class—standing in a semicircle, each pupil with a copy of the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar, the little gentleman walking up and down outside, with the "Yellow Dwarf," a cane about three feet long, in one hand, and his snuffbox in the other.

Mr. H.—"Monitor, decline Cæsar."

Monitor.—"Cæsar, a proper noun, of the third declension, masculine gender, singular number. Cæsar, Cæsaris."

Mr. H.—"Cæsaris, boy" (pummeling his back with his fists). "Go down last, and learn what I have told you repeatedly; 'tis Cæsaris, not Cæsaris,"—taking a pinch of snuff, and then wiping his fingers in the boy's hair, under pretence of pulling it.

Mr. Turrell, the French master, was a lieutenant in the navy, and had been taken prisoner in the last war; and being confined seven years in Verdun, had acquired a thorough knowledge of the French language. Moreover he used to bawl out the French verbs as if he was hailing a ship through a speaking trumpet.

It was a favourite amusement of Meddlemuch to hide Mr. Turrell's register, by sitting on it, and after Mr. T. had hunted all over the school two or three times for it, when he wanted to number his class, Mr. Meddlemuch would take it from beneath him, and say, with a most provoking smile,—

"I've been sitting on it for the last half hour, Mr. Turrell."

Next came Mr. Birchwell, the writing master, commonly called "Old Buovets," the derivation of which I could never discover. He was a smooth-faced, double-tongued creature; he was very tyrannical over the boys, very mean, and a great hypocrite, and was universally hated and feared.

There were two ushers besides myself, a classical and a mathematical one. The former, named Oldbar, was a would-be poet, having commenced numerous poems, of which he never finished six lines. The following is a specimen of his powers; I discovered it inside the fender, having, most probably been intended to be thrown into the fire.

#### ODE TO NELSON.

"Bright rose the sun on that sad day,  
When Nelson's soul its flight away  
From earth below did take."

Here the muse had no longer inspired him.

The other usher, named Hand, was nicknamed "Snubbs," from his nasal appendage. His language to the boys was very amusing, being a native of Scotland.

"Feedlaw (Pedler) choke (chalk) me a line. What do you mean, saw? Stand on the foam (form)."



Besides these, there were four others, who did not reside in the establishment. Squatskin, the dancing master, who played the violin, danced, and talked all at once. Bumbotham, the drawing master, very famous for spinning long yarns. Winterbottom, the drilling master, about whom there was nothing remarkable, and M. Bohnstedt, the German master, a quiet, easy man. With these last four I had little or nothing to do.

It has been the custom, from time immemorial in many schools, to have an annual barring out of the masters. It had been intimated to the pupils of the R—N—School that that indulgence should be allowed no longer. The elder boys, exasperated at this curtailment of their usual privilege, determined on having their accustomed fun in spite of this arbitrary edict.

Accordingly, they had been secretly collecting, for some time, a stock of provisions, consisting of bread and cheese, and beer, biscuits, and other articles, determined to stand a siege.

One evening, therefore, being the time fixed upon, one of the elder boys rang the school bell, and calling out at the top of his voice, "b, a, r," ran into the large dormitory, and, with the help of the others who were in the plot, proceeded to bar up the door by placing beds against it.

The news soon transpired, the masters collected together, and endeavoured to recall the mutineers to their duty. The only answer they received was repeated scoffs and jeers.

Mr. Preamble, being greatly enraged at this total disregard of his authority, dashed his clenched fist through one of the panes of glass in the upper part of the door, with frantic vehemence, thereby lacerating it terribly and severely injuring it.

Roars of laughter followed this foolish and unmeaning act.

Workmen were then sent for, to break down the door with pickaxes and crowbars, which, after an hour's hard work, they accomplished. Before this, however, Mr. Harrington had gone down into the garden and commenced haranguing the mutineers; but, being saluted with the contents of a certain vessel, and a pistol, loaded with powder only, being presented at him; he was obliged to retreat; so he took to his heels in a most miserable plight.

Entrance being obtained, the ringleaders were seized and birched, and afterwards expelled. The others were merely birched and reprimanded, to which they paid no attention.

I had forgotten to mention the doctor, Maracle, called by the boys "Quack Maracle." When any patients were under his charge (woe be to all shammers!) he used to give them all, whatever was the matter, a dose of rhubarb on the tip of a knife, and conclude by rapping their heads with it afterwards.

Every Friday morning there used to be a general overhaul of all who had committed any delinquencies during the past week, and if any were doomed to punishment, the winding-up of the head master's speech was invariably,—

"It is a very painful task, but it must be done. Jackson,"—to one of the servants of the establishment—"give him a dozen."

If I was asked what was the most miserable state of servitude, I should reply, that of an usher to a school. It would take three folio volumes to enumerate all the indignities I suffered during the two years I passed at this hated school.

I was entirely disregarded by a set of little brats, whose irritating conduct caused the briny tears to flow, spite of all my efforts to the contrary. A slave could not have endured more than I did; I really often wished that I had never left that old rogue Shortweight, since I was doomed to undergo such outrage from a set of boys, more resembling a herd of swine than human beings.

But, thank God! a circumstance occurred which prevented my committing suicide, as I had often contemplated, and enabled me to leave a situation offering nothing but a life of continued misery if I remained. But before I relate what this circumstance was, I must mention an occurrence which took place two months before I quitted this den of misery. It may serve to illustrate the ingenuity of schoolboys on certain occasions.

Two boys had scented a beefsteak which was being cooked, and determined to gain possession of it, which they effected in the following manner.

One of them stationed himself at one door of the kitchen, the other went to another door, where there were a few steps. Ascending these, he pretended to fall down, and roared out, lustily, "Oh! my leg—my leg!"

The servants all ran out of the kitchen, thinking some dreadful accident had befallen him. The boy continued to groan till he thought his companion had escaped with the beefsteak; he then said,—"I'm better now. I wasn't hurt much," and then walked off to eat his share of the beefsteak, the mysterious disappearance of which surprised the servants, the loss being thrown upon a cat. The real depredators would never have been discovered, had they not bragged too much.

## CHAPTER VII.

MY PATRON DIES AND I SUCCEED TO HIS PROPERTY.—MY PROSPECTS BRIGHTEN, BUT ARE AGAIN CLOUDED.

I HAD one day risen at my usual hour, with a foreboding that something would happen, when casting my eyes over a newspaper, judge of my surprise at reading the following paragraph:—

"Sudden illness and death of Mr. Jarvis.—It is with deep regret that we have to announce the demise of our much respected townsman, Mr. Jarvis, who after a short illness of only two hours' duration, expired at his residence, on Sunday last, deeply lamented by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances. The funeral, which will take place on Friday, is to be strictly private."

After a while I recovered from the death-like stupor into which this unexpected intelligence had thrown me, and went to request leave for a week, to attend the funeral of my deceased friend.

Having obtained my request, I packed up a few things in a valise, and took a post-chaise to Portsmouth. Immediately on my arrival, I ordered a suit of mourning, and then went to the house of my dear departed friend, where I found a legal gentleman, who had sealed up all the papers of Mr. Jarvis, having discovered a will. The funeral obsequies were to take place on Friday, at eleven o'clock.

The ceremony having been performed, the lawyer proceeded to read the will of the deceased. After enumerating a few legacies to the servants, and a thousand pounds each to the executors, the will concluded by bequeathing his house and furniture, with five thousand pounds ready money, and forty thousand in the three per cents, being twelve hundred a year, to his adopted son, George King.

I would not have been more amazed had the earth opened at my feet, than at this unexpected change of fortune. All present crowded round and congratulated me, but my heart was too full to allow me to answer for some time. At last I requested their company to dinner; which meal passed off rather sadly, as I was in low spirits, though possessed of so much wealth.

Mr. Jarvis had named Mr. Ormond one of his executors. I accordingly visited him on the morrow, accompanied by Mr. Wilson, the solicitor who had charge of the will, having business to transact with him.

Mr. Ormond received me very cordially—very different, thought I, from the time we had last parted. He complained greatly at being debarred from paying the last tribute of respect to his old friend, and felt almost inclined to give up the executorship in consequence.

"Now," said he, to Mr. Wilson, "when I die I hope that my friends, and yourself among the rest, will not fail to attend my funeral."

To which Mr. Wilson replied, with great gravity,—

"I shall have great pleasure in doing so, my dear sir!"

This inadvertent expression made me roar with laughter, in which the parties, being just aware of the ridiculousness of this questionable compliment could not forbear from joining.

We were invited to dinner; at which I met my dear Lavinia, from whom I had been so long parted. She was greatly altered, and looked extremely ill and dejected.

I contrived to get away from the wine-bottle as early as possible, and joined her in the garden.

"For God's sake, Lavinia!" said I, "do not give way to despondency. What has occurred to render you so dispirited?"

"Dear George (my heart jumped), my heart is breaking. My father has commanded me, with curses if I refuse, to marry that monster of vice, Sir Leonard Lawrence. I shudder at the bare thought."

I had no consolation to offer, and was therefore silent. Happening to look round, I saw the hateful countenance of Sir Leonard Lawrence, distorted with rage and passion, scowling on us with the most fearful malignity.

In an instant we were struggling together. Powerful as he was I soon threw him, and, kneeling upon his chest, compressed his windpipe with all my strength, intending to have strangled him. But my better feelings prevailed, and I relaxed my grip.

Sir Leonard recovered his scattered feelings, and, darting a revengeful glance at me, exclaimed,—

"You shall smart for this."

"Not from your hands, my dear Sir Leonard," said I. "This is the second time you have received chastisement at my hands. Beware of the third."

He scowled on me, and turned away.

On second thoughts, however, I thought it best to get beyond the reach of his malice; and, making business of importance my excuse, I set off for Knutsford, in Cheshire, where a distant relation of Mr. Jarvis resided.



## CHAPTER VIII.

ILLUSTRATES THE MANNERS OF THE CHESHIRE SQUIRES, AND ENDS THIS HISTORY.

THE Cheshire squires, being a rough, uncouth set of persons, obtained for their county the name of the modern *Boeotia*.

I happened to arrive at the period of the celebrated Knutsford races, which were attended, amongst others, by some military officers from Liverpool and Manchester. The sport was good; but towards the close of the day, it rained hard. The officers not wishing to return to their quarters in such bad weather, had sought the principal inn of the little town of Knutsford to secure beds. The Cheshire squires being more regular customers, the landlord did not wish to disoblige them, and therefore told the officers that the beds were engaged for them. The officers politely replied,—

"D—n the squires! Let them sleep in the stables, along with their horses; it's good enough for them."

So saying, they took possession of the beds, and were most of them comfortably asleep before the squires, who had kept up carousing till a late, or, rather, an early hour, thought it time to seek repose.

Finding the beds occupied, the enraged squires, seizing the intruders roughly, endeavoured to dispossess them.

"You're in my bed, sir," said one of the squires.

"Well, indeed, am I? Then, I shall stay there. Possession is nine points of the law. I don't care if the devil engaged the bed."

"Well, I am the devil," said the squire; "and you shall feel my hoofs."

Having said this, he jumped into bed, booted and spurred, and, kicking the officer with his heel, soon expelled him.

The success of this person induced the others, who were accoutred in the same manner, to make the same experiment; and the officers being undressed, speedily evacuated, leaving the "booby squires," as they termed them, to enjoy the possession of their beds without further molestation.

Going down to breakfast next morning, I took up a newspaper to wile away the time, and read,—

"Fatal Accident to Sir Leonard Lawrence, Bart., of Scatterbrain-hall, Hampshire.—The worthy (?) baronet was thrown from his horse, whilst performing a steeple chase, and having dislocated his neck, died instantaneously. Being unmarried, the title is extinct."

The paper dropped from my hands, as I inwardly thanked Providence for removing my implacable enemy. Hastily concluding my business with Mr. Jarvis's relation, I set out for Portsmouth again.

Mr. Ormond shook me heartily by the hand, and said,—

"Providence has, I am convinced, my dear boy, ordained your union with Lavinia, to which I no longer object. So, go and make yourself agreeable to her, who will be very happy to see you."

I needed no second telling, but flew to Lavinia, and asked her whether she still entertained the same feelings for me, now I was fortunate, as she did when our love was desperate.

"You are unkind to doubt me," said she; and a tear trickled from each eye.

"I knew, dearest, you would never change. Then, you accept the nameless, but no longer poor, George King, as your devoted husband?" She softly answered "Yes," and I was in Elysium.

We were married by license; and, having left the house left me by Mr. Jarvis, took coach to Dover, and packet to Calais. We then proceeded to the metropolis in a lumbering diligence, to spend the honeymoon, which, though twenty years have passed, I may truly say is not yet ended.

In Paris we became acquainted with one of the *ancienne noblesse*, La Comte de Montmorencie, who took us into society, and guided us over the city.

Lavinia was delighted with all she saw. The novelty of the scene, and the politeness of the people, quite enchanted her. The comtesse introduced her to all her own acquaintance, and she was invited to attend a masquerade, in which I was included. We agreed to accept the invitation.

We consulted for some time as to what we should wear. It was at length determined that I should go as a ballad-singer—a character quite familiar to me—and that Lavinia should be attired as a Highland peasant girl.

At length the day arrived, and we went in a carriage belonging to the comte. Lavinia was all smiles, and anticipated much pleasure from the masque. The comte and comtesse were disguised as Spanish gipsies.

We entered the room, and the scene caused us to imagine that we were in some enchanted palace. There were kings and queens, gods and goddesses, Moors, nuns and monks, gipsies, peasants, soldiers and sailors, Spaniards, Jews, shepherds and shepherdesses—in fact, it would take a chapter to enumerate all.

The comte danced with Lavinia, and I with the comtesse—by report jealous of her husband, but, as far as I could see, very fond of him. After dancing for some time, the comte proposed to me to go and play at cards, which were provided in an adjoining room. So, leaving our partners to the care of a cuirassier and a Turk, we made our way through crowds of dancers to the card-room.

There were not many there, the dancing not having commenced more than an hour; but we soon engaged in *rouge-et-noir* with a man who, after nearly an hour's play, trampling the cards under his feet, rushed from the room, a loser of more than fifteen thousand pounds between the comte and me.

We did not take much notice of this at the time, but continued playing with great success, my gains amounting to twelve thousand pounds, and the comte's to nearly as much. We left off, and returned to the ball room, where we continued dancing till half-past three in the morning. We then returned to our hotel.

Next day we visited the Morgue, the place where bodies found in the Seine are deposited to be claimed. Judge, then, my horror at beholding the livid corpse of the man from whom I had won so largely on the preceding night.

I inquired where he lived, and obtained his address as No. 17, Faubourg St. Germain, whither I sent the whole of the money I had won the night before, inwardly resolving never to gamble again, even for the smallest trifle; and I have kept my resolution most religiously. The Comte de Montmorencie followed my example, thereby placing the otherwise destitute widow and orphans in affluent circumstances.

After remaining two years in Paris, we returned to England, accompanied by two children, my father-in-law having been attacked by the gout, which, from his habits of drinking, soon reached his stomach, and terminated his life five weeks after his arrival. He left all his property to Lavinia, who was his only child.

Lavinia was for a long time inconsolable. Mr. Wilson, who had replied "with great pleasure" to Mr. Ormond's appeal about attending his funeral, came in the same mourning-coach as we did. The gentry for miles round sent their carriages, for the deceased was universally respected, with letters of condolence.

Well, kind reader, it is above twenty years since my father-in-law died, and my children succeeded in regular gradations of size, like onions on a rope. My eldest son, called George, after myself, is a captain in the army, cultivates his moustache, and smokes his Havannah. My eldest daughter, Lavinia, married Lord Mackmorton last year, and has made me a grandfather already.

I have settled the house left me by Mr. Jarvis on William, my second son, who is a sad scamp, and a midshipman on board the Victory. He does nothing but write to me, coaxing me for money. However, the last one I received I did not comply with his request, though my wife, the little puss, did, as I afterwards discovered, telling him not be so extravagant for he has had two hundred pounds within the last three months; and, being not yet nineteen, how he spends it is a matter of conjecture.

The names of the rest I will not trouble you with, gentle reader. I believe I have fourteen in all, my wife having been lately delivered of twins, who are squalling so at present, that I must make that my excuse for concluding.

So now, gentle and indulgent reader, if this true history of my life has contributed to amuse you for one short hour, it is all the gratification I seek. "The Foundling" has arrived at the top of Fortune's ladder—the baker's boy, the ballad-singer, the adopted son of Mr. Jarvis, the usher of a school, thanks you for your attention. May you be happy and prosperous, is my present prayer. Reader, farewell!

## WHEN SHOULD LOVERS BREATHE THEIR VOWS?

When should lovers breathe their vows?

When should ladies hear them?

When the dew is on the boughs,  
When none else are near them.

When the moon shines cold and pale,

When the birds are sleeping,

When no voice is on the gale,

When the rose is weeping.

Oh! softest is the cheek's love-ray,

When seen by moonlight hours;

Other roses seek the day,

But blushes are night flowers.

When the moon and stars are bright,

When the dew-drops glisten,

Then their vows should lovers plight,

Then should ladies listen.



# ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER CLXIX.

LADY HOME AND HER LEGAL ADVISER.—HER VISIT TO SIR CHARLES'S.—THE SUPPENSAS.

At the departure of the stranger, the household of Sir Charles Home felt a relief. His stern mysterious bearing put a restraint upon them they did not even feel in the presence of Sir Charles himself; he was to them fearfully singular, and it was darkly hinted that he belonged to a place that is seldom mentioned with favour, though occasionally believed to be paved with good intentions.

The servants in the hall were congratulating themselves at this event, and had determined to have a slight gala on their own account—music was to be had, but nobody got it—universal congratulation was the order of the moment with them, for Sir Charles was out too, and with but little exception, they could have it all their own way, when in the midst of their felicity, such a tremendous rapping took place at the door, that caused the hall-porter, Davis, to reel several paces backwards, then to sink in his chair, from which he made several vain attempts to extricate himself before he succeeded.

There was an immediate scuffling and rustling along the passage and stairs among the servants, to get out of the way, but not before another tremendous knocking took place, and then Davis contrived to open the door, when, to his utter astonishment, he beheld Lady Home, attended by some person dressed shabby genteel, and a servant.

She carried a monstrous large reticule, but the shape of which fully indicated the burden it bore, and in addition, if more were wanting, the neck of a black bottle was easily seen.

"Is the wretch at home?" inquired Lady Home, in a querulous voice.

"No, my lady," was the reply, for Davis well knew who the wretch meant.

"Oh!" said Lady Home, entering the passage, "you may come in."

This was said to those who were with her, and who came there to attend her, one in the capacity of servant, and the other a solicitor, or, perhaps, and more probable, a solicitor's assistant, and who attended her under the denomination of legal adviser. The whole party were soon in the hall, and Davis closed the door; but his amazement was in no degree abated, far from it—it was considerably on the increase, and did increase, if he might judge from the prodigious extent to which his eyes and mouth opened.

The servants no sooner heard the voice of Lady Home, than they immediately crowded up the kitchen stairs, eager to listen, and become cognizant of all that was going to happen, and expectation was at its height.

Lady Home stood with her back to Davis, and her face towards the stair-head. She saw no one, and wiped her lips with her reticule, and the mouth of the black bottle by accident, purely by accident, got entangled in her teeth; the cork was out, and the contents went down without let or hindrance, and when the process was over, it caused Lady Home to sigh very deeply, and then she perceived that there stood within a few feet of her, the whole household regarding her with admiration.

Some little confusion occurred, and Lady Home clearing her throat, said,—

"You know the object of my presence here, Mr. Smart. How shall we proceed?"

"It will be necessary merely to see the parties whose names you have given me, and then, my lady, I will do the needful."

"Where's Thomas and Andrew?" inquired Lady Home; "dear me, I am amazed they have not presented themselves, but send them to me here in this parlour. I am so fatigued, and my nerves are so terribly shattered and shaken, that I feel quite unequal to the task I have undertaken."

"Bear up, my lady," said Mr. Sharp; "we have more trials in life besides those at Westminster-hall."

"That's very true," said her ladyship; "but it's a terrible thing to hear oneself talked of by low and vulgar people."

"It can't be helped, my lady," replied Mr. Sharp; "your case is one of great hardship, and extreme cruelty has been practised against you, and it is the duty of all who have witnessed it—the sacred duty of all, to come forward and relate it, to enable you to obtain your separate maintenance."

By this time her ladyship had seated herself, and Thomas and Andrew

had come forward, followed by all the other servants in the hall, who crowded to see what was going to happen, and Lady Home made several feints of placing the black bottle to her mouth, but apparently recollecting herself, she abstained.

"That is Andrew," said Lady Home.

"Ah, your name is Andrew, is it?"

"Yes," replied Andrew; "it is, sir."

"Then you are aware of how her ladyship has been cruelly ill-used; in short, you have often seen Sir Charles's treatment to her?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, then, there is that piece of paper, and that too," he added, giving him some money; "you are now a witness on the trial, and if you read that, you will see when you are wanted."

Andrew retired, turning over the paper he had received, first one side, and then the other, in some little amazement, not knowing what would come of it, and fearing that Sir Charles would scarce approve of his being a witness at all; and, besides, he looked upon a piece of paper connected with the law, as being something in itself suspicious and terrible.

In these feelings he was not alone, for Thomas too felt anything but pleased at the result, and took his paper with as much alarm as if he thought it would burn him. Lady Home was by no means popular among the servants, especially since she had quitted the house, for they felt sensible that all they expected would come from Sir Charles, and not from his lady, and anything they did that would serve her, would of necessity displease him.

"Is Miss Home in?" inquired her ladyship, after this ceremony had been gone through.

"Yes, my lady," was the reply, and they hastened out of the room glad to escape the infliction.

"What's this?" inquired Thomas of Andrew, when they had gained the passage.

"What is it—why I hardly know," replied Andrew, "but it's some law paper—a 'spena I think they call it."

"Well, I wish they'd come and 'spena Sir Charles himself, and then they might rest satisfied, for he would soon settle this business."

"Ay, if they were to 'spena that friend of Sir Charles, the Avenger, I think they call him—my eye what a name!—well I would have a pleasant one, but you see he is, I should say, touched here."

As Andrew said this, he touched his head indicative of his opinion that the Avenger was most certainly not a little, but much cracked, or touched with insanity.

"You may say that," said Andrew; "but lord bless me, where is she going now? If Sir Charles was to return now, what a dreadful row there would be. He would not allow her to go over the house, and I think we should come off but poorly for letting her."

"What can we do?—I can't stop her."

"Nor I, so I'll have nothing to do with it, but let things take their own course."

So saying, Thomas and Andrew, without any ceremony, dived down stairs, and were soon out of sight, while her ladyship proceeded up stairs to Alice's room, followed by her legal adviser, the attendant staying in the passage until she returned.

Upon arriving at the drawing-room, she apparently altered her mind, and rang the bell, which, when answered, she desired the servant to tell Alice that Lady Home wished to see her in that apartment immediately.

Alice when she heard the summons, was not a little amazed to find that Lady Home was in the house, and immediately proceeded to the apartment where she was, and there found her ladyship and her legal adviser.

"Alice," said her ladyship, when she was aware of her presence, for her applications to the *nervous liquidum* had been so frequent, that she had become somewhat somnolent; "Alice, you see I am returned once again to that place in which I have received such fearful and terrible treatment from that wretch, your father, and which has forced me from it."

"I hope," said Alice, "that you will stay, and no new disagreeable will arise between you and my father."

"Disagreeable!" echoed Lady Home, "disagreeable!—why his treatment has been perfectly dreadful—there is no living with him. You know Alice how fearful has been his treatment to me."

Alice saw the drift of Lady Home to cause her to commit herself before a stranger, and she therefore said,—

"I cannot enter into family affairs—and those too which are entirely between you and my father, of which I can say but little—before a stranger."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lady Home, giving a great start, "there is the brute."

The cause of this exclamation was a loud knock at the street-door, but the step was not Sir Charles's, but Alice at once recognized it as



that of Horace Singleton, who immediately after, unannounced, entered the apartment.

"Ah!" said Lady Home, as she perceived who it was, "I think Mr. Smart you had better do what is necessary, for the wretch has used his influence to keep back what evidence he can."

Upon this Smart arose and placed in Alice's hand the subpoena, which she was about to return, when he informed her she must keep it. But Alice, who was aware her name was no longer Home, felt reluctant to do so, until Horace, guessing her thoughts, whispered in her ear that she had better take it, without giving any refusal or explanation.

Lady Home, perceiving that all was done, and her presence was rendered unpleasant by the fact that everybody was looking at her, now arose, and without deigning to notice any one, left the room, and proceeded down stairs, and thence into the street.

This departure was a great relief to everybody. Even Alice felt as if a load had been removed from her mind, for she anticipated some painful scene, should Sir Charles Home return home suddenly and see her there.

## CHAPTER CLXX.

ALICE'S GLOOMY REFLECTIONS.—HORACE SINGLETON'S SEARCH FOR SIR CHARLES HOME AND DEPARTURE.

THE door had closed after Lady Home and her attendants some few seconds ere Alice or Horace could find resolution to speak. They stood mutely gazing upon each other in extreme amazement at the scene that had taken place. At length Horace broke the silence by saying,—

"Dear Alice, trouble not yourself about this paper; it is useless, and you will not be dragged up to give any evidence at all."

"I can say little or nothing that could benefit Lady Home," said Alice; "she has no sympathies with my father, and was always at variance with him; but I do shrink from being made to enter a public court by my own mother, to endeavour to make me say something to the disadvantage of a father who has always treated me with the greatest indulgence and kindness."

"Think no more of it, dearest; I do not believe it likely that such an affair will ever come to trial."

"I hope not, and yet I have a strange foreboding at my heart that something will happen to my father—his conduct has been so very strange of late."

"That is most true—his conduct has been contradictory and strange in the extreme," Horace replied; "and I own I think it arises from some slight derangement of intellect; but now I think he will be better; at all events it would be best to allow him to do as he pleased, and then it will wear off."

"I hope so, though I confess I fear worse may happen before better may come."

"Why do you think so, dearest?" inquired Horace, tenderly taking her hand, and leading her towards the fire, where they seated themselves.

"I can scarce say, and yet since Margaret's residence here he has scarce been what he was before; and then again the presence of this strange and unaccountable man, who is received here as one entitled to command the whole place, and as if by right it were his."

"It may be that your father's embarrassments were of a pecuniary nature, and this man may have some warrant for what he does, and Sir Charles might probably prefer us to form what conjectures the circumstances give rise to, in preference to entering into any explanation, which may be more hurtful to the feelings of such a man as Sir Charles Home than any other."

"I hope it may be no worse; but, to tell the truth, Horace, I fear worse, much worse; something seems to weigh heavily on my heart, and I cannot conceal my thoughts from you."

"Do not, dearest; it is in such secret and endearing intercourse that we will pass our lives, and make years of happiness. But why do you appear so downcast? and why should the tear damp your cheek?"

"I know not the reason, but the threats of this man and Margaret make me fear that in the heat and strength of youth my father has probably committed some act in a moment, either of madness or extreme passion, which these two persons know of, and have kept secret to make use of as they please, to extort from him heavy sums of money, or threaten him with an accusation."

Horace was silent for a moment, and he now thought that this must be the true explanation of all the apparent absurdities and contradictions that Sir Charles Home had been guilty of.

"Well, Alice, be that true or false, it can affect us no further than in so far as it affects him. His misfortunes are ours, and any evil befalling him, would be felt likewise by ourselves. But cheer up; he is about to quit England for a time, and this may not only benefit his health, but remove the cause of all his troubles."

"I would it may do so," replied Alice. "But where is he now? I fear something will happen to him as often as he leaves the house."

"He will be back by-and-bye, love."

"Nay, I fear not; besides, I think he ought to know what has passed this evening."

"You would have him know that Lady Home has been here, and what has occurred?"

"I would, for I think he ought; and besides it would tend to divert him from too constant a contemplation of things that may have brought him to his present unhappy state of mind."

"I will seek him, Alice—I will find him out, and tell him all."

"But you cannot tell where he has gone to, and will be but giving yourself useless trouble."

"I will seek him at some of the clubs he belongs to," said Horace, "and I doubt not I shall find him, and then I will return to you; but do not you give way to melancholy reflections, or I shall be unhappy at leaving you."

"No, no, I will not, Horace, I will not. Here are some books, and I will read until you return to me."

"Do so, dear Alice, do so, and when I have found Sir Charles I will return to you."

As Horace said this he quitted the apartment, and Alice heard the street-door close after him with a sigh, and turned the leaves of a book over, but she saw not their contents, for her mind was otherwise engaged. She thought of her father—of Horace—and of Margaret, and her heart beat quick as she called to mind the dark hints and threats that had been so frequently uttered against him.

It was in vain she endeavoured to shake off the notion that it was the mere effect of malice and spite; her father's dread of Margaret, and his endurance of the Avenger, was, in her mind a strong proof that there was some fearful deed that Sir Charles feared should see the light—or else his mind had become a mere wreck, and insanity had lighted up his fires in his heart.

Could this latter even be the case, what influence could Margaret, and, above all, the Avenger, have over him. It was a dark and mysterious affair, and she felt herself unable to solve it.

Dissatisfied with the result of her thoughts, she once more turned to the book which had been thrown on one side unconsciously, and began to read as follows:—

The moon was rising high in the heavens, and shed her wondrous light upon the earth; for it was the harvest moon, when that luminary shines most brightly. It was at such a moment that two lovers might be seen wandering slowly along the banks of a pretty winding stream, that ran skirting a small wood for some distance.

They were deeply engaged in conversation—in such low, sweet tones that seldom reach the ear of more than one, and that one a dear loved one. At length they came to a spot where they stopped, and appeared about to separate, and then the youth, raising his tones, said,—

"Meet me, then, to-morrow night, Eliza, and then we shall be made happy, and no envious parents can separate us ever after."

"I will," was said in a low, gentle voice.

"Thanks, dearest, thanks," replied the youth, as he took her hand and gently pressed her lips to his own. "I will have all in readiness, and then I defy the world while I have such a right to protect you."

They then bade each other adieu and parted; the lady strolled towards an old fashioned, rambling house, not far from the spot where the lovers parted, and was soon lost amidst the trees and double hedgerow that led to a low garden gate.

The lovers had scarce parted, when a third person stepped out from behind the stumps of some old trees. It was a female, and her form was distinctly visible in the moonlight; her gestures were as of one who suffered from some violent mental emotion. She stood still until the retreating figure could no longer be seen, and then throwing her arms aloft in the air, she said,—

"May the curse of a blighted heart rest on you! So you would marry, would you? but no, that can never be—I would destroy you—I would—ay, I will. No one will suspect me, and when she is gone, his wayward fancy may be diverted, and I become the object of his love. Oh! 'twould be sweet to walk in the moonlight, and listen to his manly voice breathing fond, endearing words into my ear—and feel his warm lips on my cheek. Yes, this may yet be, if I hesitate not in my plan of revenge. I will avenge her, and ere another hour is passed, I will be avenged."

Scarce had she spoken, when she darted across the meadows that intervened between herself and the house where the two cousins resided; but in which was contained two hearts totally at variance with each other. The one was beloved, but the other was not.

That evening, or rather night, Walter Cecil found he could not pass in slumber. A heavy oppression lay upon his spirit, and his thoughts wandered to his bride, and he arose determining to go and watch her window till the lark should summon her to arise.

He sat facing the room in which she lay, and could, had it been day—



light, have seen her door from the outside. But what was his astonishment when he saw her cousin go across the passage to her door, at which she stopped some minutes with a lighted candle, and then suddenly leave the spot.

A few minutes more, a bright flame sprung up, and an alarm of fire was given; the youth saw his bride in danger, and soon dashed into the house and burst the panels open, and released her whom he loved more than life, and the fire was speedily got under. When an examination took place, in the lock of the door was found a ring, and it was known to belong to her cousin, who had placed it there to prevent her opening the door, and thus secure her destruction.

Walter Cecil immediately accused her of the crime, which she denied, until the proof was too plain, and then she could no longer hold out; she fled, but was pursued—that pursuit caused her to fly the faster, and when she reached the edge of the stream, she plunged into it, the quiet waters closed over her, and she sunk to rise no more.

After a short space of time, Walter Cecil obtained the permission of the parents of his love to wed her when he pleased, and as he contrived to persuade her that there was no time like the present, they were soon made happy in each other's society for life.

(To be continued in our next.)

## HORACE SINGLETON TO ALICE HOME.

Art thou not fair, my Alice? yes, thou art passing fair;  
Thou art a gem of beauty—a creature rich and rare;  
The sun whose radiance lighteth my very path of life;  
The tree of peace whose whisperings allay wild passion's strife.

I love thee, dear one fondly; madly I think of thee;  
Thine image ever haunts me; if I sleep, I dream I see  
Thou, loved and beautiful, arrayed in all thy peerless charms,  
And waking I could almost wish my Alice in my arms.

We must not part, my Alice; lone, lone would be my life,  
Unless my flower of love so sweet were to become my wife,  
Unless thy smiling eyes, and lips, and soft melodious tone,  
In love's own deep-impassioned voice promised to be my own.

So fair art thou, my Alice, so radiant and bright,  
Stealing upon my senses like evening's dewy light;  
Say, only say, bright maiden, that never will we part,  
And sigh love's own soft murmur to cheer a lover's heart.

JANE.

**HORSE-SHOES.**—According to Aristotle and Pliny, shoes of raw hides were put upon camels in war-time, and during long journeys. Arrian mentions soles, or shoes, among the riding furniture of the ass. Xenophon relates that the Asiatics used socks to prevent their horses sinking in the sands. The Greek word "selinaia," a horse-shoe, first occurs in the ninth century, when it was only used in time of frost, or upon special occasions. Nero's mules had shoes of gold or silver. Winckelman figures a gem, with a man holding up the foot of a horse, and another shoeing it. Sir Richard Colt Hoare found halves of two shoes in a British barrow. Dr. Meyrick says the Normans first introduced the art of shoeing horses, as at present practised in England, yet, there was dug up at Colney, in Norfolk, Roman urns and horse-shoes, of an uncommon form, round and broad in front, narrowing very much backward, and having its extreme ends almost brought close behind, and rather pointing upwards, with the nail-holes still perfect. There were superstitions, beliefs, and practices, respecting horse-shoes. Aubrey tells, that in his time, it was a thing very common to nail horse-shoes on the thresholds of doors, which is to hinder the power of witches that enter into the house. Most houses of the west of London have the horse-shoe on the threshold. It should be a horse shoe that one finds. In the Bermudas they used to put an iron into the fire when a witch came in.

**THE GOOD MIMIC.**—A person named Cadoret, known by the anagram of *Terodac*, was so perfect a mimic, that the authors imagined they really saw and heard the actors whom he parodied. In his part of "Metroname," he so finely caricatured the actors of that time, that this was an additional reason for forbidding the actors of the comic opera to speak, and confining them to song. It was imagined by this means that the scene of "Metroname," which so highly offended the actors who were so imitated, would have been suppressed. But the author here found little difficulty; for as the comedians then, as they often do at present, rather sang than spoke, the author set their declamations to music, and the notes so nearly agreed with the inflections and rant of the tragic actors, that the difference was scarcely perceptible. Thus, instead of injuring the comic opera, its success was increased.

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

In a part of the Mediterranean sea, and to the east of the shores of Italy, is situated the island of Tolti, whose natural beauty could only be exceeded by those of cultivation, and whose charms of cultivation at the period of our narrative were what might be expected from the taste and industry of its inhabitants. As it is more to the south than Italy, it has more of that genial fervour, the soft influence of which is extended as far as itself, and affects no less the face of nature, than the breasts, the minds, and the spirits of men.

The surface of the fields was thus covered with the joyful garb of plenty; the dark green of the herbage, the waving gold of the ripened harvest, appeared to mark it as the seat of Ceres.

The happiness of the inhabitants was such as suited the plenty and beauty of the island. The government, as if fortune seconded nature, was no less mild than that of the climate of the former. Could any state be more enviable than that of the inhabitants of Tolti? Could any island be more suited than this for the throne of the Cyprian queen? It was, indeed, natural that love should here fix his habitation, but could avarice be found in a state like this? Alas! where man is found, the vices of men will follow; the wolves will still pursue the track of their prey.

The wealth of the inhabitants, like that of other islanders, arose from traffic, and the merchants of Tolti were scarcely less known than those of Venice. The most successful, and, therefore, the richest of this class of men, was a trader, of the name of Lysander.

The harbours of Tolti were crowded with his vessels; and, as if he set fortune at defiance, scarcely a wind could blow without hastening the arrival, or facilitate the desired departure of some one or other of his numerous ships. The wealth of Lysander, though still insufficient to satisfy himself, was in proportion to this extent and success in trade.

His credit was not confined to the narrow limits of his native island. His loans were sought, and his security accepted by the princes and states of Europe.

The family of the Medici, at that period the factors of the world, and whose princely magnificence gave new dignity to traffic, did not enjoy a reputation more general, or better established. This was enough to satisfy any reasonable desire; but the thirst of avarice is not confined within the limits of nature. Lysander was avaricious; and the accumulated riches of Europe and the Indies would have been unequal to his wishes.

There are some vices upon which the vengeance of Heaven is immediate, and, in order to effect that purpose, they carry their own punishment: such is that of avarice. It is the nature of this passion, that it calls all the powers of the soul to itself, and leaves no vacancy to the enjoyment of any other pleasure than what regards the gratification of its own appetite.

Lysander possessed a treasure of more value than his almost boundless wealth; and had he not been blinded by his predominant passion—had his avarice not suspended the feelings of nature—he would have felt and acknowledged its superior worth. Lysander had a daughter, of which a father like himself was unworthy.

The name of this lady was Janetto. Her beauty, though superior to that of most of her sex, was her least recommendation. All the mild and gentle graces, which are the proper attributes of woman, were to be found in her.

The extent of the traffic of Lysander required the services of many clerks and assistants. There was one, whose activity and ingenuity was more singular than that of his companions; the name of that youth was Manfred.

Manfred, whose situation in the house of Lysander gave him frequent opportunities of enjoying the society and conversation of Janetto, could not but be sensible to her superior beauty, and felt it in a manner suited to his youth and amorous nature. He was not, however, blind to their different conditions; and the ruling passion of Lysander, which was an unbounded thirst for gain, was an insuperable bar to the success of his suit.

The rash conduct of youth, however, inspired him with hopes; and finding that his assiduities were not displeasing to Janetto, he took a speedy opportunity of declaring himself.

One day he followed her, unobserved, into the garden, whither she had retired after dinner. She entered a grove of pines, and sat down on a bench, in the thickest obscurity of the wood. She had a lute in her hand, which she touched with a rapturous effect, and then accompanied it with her voice, which, taking part in the feelings of her mind, and the pathetic words of her song, faltered with every emotion of tenderness.

Manfred burst from his retreat, and threw himself on his knees before her. The declaration of his love was at once warm and eloquent, and, though impetuous, yet tempered by respect.



Janetto did not readily recover her composure; and when she did, her agitation answered her fondest hopes, and her tongue at length confirmed the warm confession of her blushes.

The lovers, after this mutual avowal, had frequent interviews; the constant subject of their conversation was their passion, and the little hope which attended it. Manfred, though the child of a merchant, and therefore himself a member of traffic, had nothing of the love of money common to his class.

The early part of the life of Lysander had been passed in the most rigid denial of all desires which were attended with any expence. He had married to get rid of a debt that he owed to another merchant, and which he cancelled by taking his daughter. What reasonable expectations of success could be entertained from an application to a man of this nature?

Could he, whose heart only relented to money, be supposed to take pity on the feelings of true lovers, and give his daughter and all his fortune to a man, when compared to himself, a mere beggar?

"Yet, strange as my proposal is," cried Manfred, to Janetto, "I will make it. It is useless to despond where there is the least spark of hope, and a reasonable confidence is at least our duty, till trial has convinced us that we have to contend against impossibilities."

"And what," cried Janetto, "can be more impossible than the consent of my father to make us happy? He will part with his daughter, perhaps, but will still retain his money; and as for myself, Manfred, I should show as great a want of love as prudence were I to give a beggar to your arms."

The reasoning of his mistress did not deter Manfred, who one day followed his master out of the counting house, and, with great hesitation, made proposals for his daughter.

Lysander was at first surprised, but far from irritated; his countenance, indeed, relaxed into a smile, and he desired Manfred to take a seat.

"My good friend," cried he, tapping him on the head, "do you think me in my senses?"

"Sir?"

"Yes, Manfred, do you think me in my senses?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, you or I must have taken leave of them. Now I trust I have mine, because I give you a plain refusal; but I doubt whether you have yours for making the proposal."

Arguments were as ineffectual as entreaty to overcome the reluctance of the merchant; Manfred was, therefore, dismissed, without having derived any advantage from his application.

The hopes of the lovers were terminated by this conference, and their misery, upon this event of their passion, was only equalled by the renewed protestations of their love. Janetto, after the manner of her sex, gave vent in tears and complaints. Manfred did not support it with greater resolution, though his gravity of character and greater strength of mind restrained the expression for his feelings within more narrow limits.

He had lost all relish, however, of his former pleasures. He could no longer fix himself to the discharge of his usual duties—his mind was occupied—his attention was absorbed in one only idea.

The misery of his situation induced him to take a singular resolution. He sought an interview with Janetto, and she at length attended him at the place of appointment.

Her surprise was great at the unusual appearance of her lover. His features, which had lately borne no other expression than that of hopeless love, had now the more lively character of rising hope. His habits were still more singular. He had laid aside the dress of a clerk, and assumed that of a sailor. Janetto demanded of him the cause of what she beheld.

"You appear very happy," said Janetto, with an air of reproach. "Your dress is still more changed than your features. What is the cause of this levity? Alas! can love so hopeless, admit those sports of a mind at ease?"

"You are deceived, my Janetto," replied he, "if you impute what you see to levity, or the sports of a mind at ease. Our love is, indeed, at present, hopeless; but the vicissitudes of fortune are various, and what she refuses to-day, she may return to-morrow. Behold the aim of my present purpose, and my changed habits. Your father has no other motive for his refusal to our happiness, than our unequal fortune, and, could that equality be removed, he would not hesitate to confirm our love by his parental consent."

"In my situation as the clerk and dependant of another, I can have no hope of attaining this eminence and wealth, and, therefore, if I remain in the service of Lysander, I must submit to see you the wife of a rich rival."

"To avoid this, I have resolved to leave your father's house, and embark as a sailor on a voyage of adventure. A Venetian captain, a relation of my father's, is now in the port of Tolti. He has invited me

to embark with him for the Indies, and to encourage me to an acceptance of his proposal, he has offered me the loan of four thousand ducats, to purchase the necessary merchandise."

"Behold, Janetto, the source of my better hopes! Yes, my Janetto, I feel confident Heaven will bless my honest efforts, and our union is not so improbable, or so distant, as it appears."

Janetto was about to answer as well as her tears would permit her, when they were interrupted by Lysander himself, who demanded, with some anger, the cause of her unusual emotion.

Manfred did not hesitate to declare his purpose. Lysander, for some moments, regarded him with astonishment; but at length returning to his usual air of gravity, he demanded of Manfred if he were in earnest.

"From this eminence," replied Manfred, "you may behold the ship. My departure is fixed on an hour hence."

Lysander, upon this reply, regarded him for a few moments in silence; but at length thus addressed him,—

"Manfred, you have served me for some years with equal faith and ability. Were your fortune anything equal to my daughter's, I would prefer you for a son to any one else in Tolti. The disparity, however, of your fortunes are too great, and if I act in the character and duties of a father, I must not hesitate to oppose your union."

"It is this which has caused my refusal. I now, however, repeat my promise, that, from the regard I bear you, and from gratitude for your fidelity in my service, if you can find any means to produce a fortune, but one half of that of Janetto's, you shall take her. Your present purpose is worthy of your courage and love."

"Janetto shall remain unmarried and unsolicited, a year from the present day. If you return within that period, and can produce the sum I have mentioned, Janetto, with all my wealth, shall be yours, Manfred. Farewell! Take an embrace of your mistress, and without further delay, depart."

Manfred did not wait for another invitation to salute his mistress; but embraced her with all the tenderness of sincere passion; nor was Janetto more restrained by the presence of her father. She was not merely passive in the arms of her lover; her embrace had more delicacy perhaps; but certainly equal tenderness with that of Manfred himself.

Lysander, who had no other view than that of avarice, could not regard them unmoved; but, perceiving the feelings of his daughter to be much agitated, he at length constrained them to separate, and pressing the hand of Manfred, he thus addressed him,—

"Manfred, your friend, has promised you the loan of four thousand ducats. I will add to them the gift of six thousand; there is that sum in this bill of exchange—it will be paid to you on your arrival in Venice, by the Venetian merchant on whom it is drawn. Go, Manfred, and may Heaven prosper your efforts. You have the prayers and wishes of Lysander."

Saying this, and throwing the pocket-book in his hands, he waved his hand for him to depart. Manfred, again embracing his Janetto in the arms of her father, obeyed, and a hill soon intercepted him from their sight.

Lysander conducted his daughter to the house, and gave her into the care of her usual attendants. Their attempts at consolation were for some time in vain, and though the violence of her emotions yielded to the usual remedy of time, the melancholy into which they had subsided, appeared wholly incurable.

In the meantime, Manfred had embarked, and the vessel, with a favourable wind, was already upon its voyage. The hopes of Manfred, and the pleasures of the navigation, had already dissipated part of his late chagrin. His countenance and heart were animated with a new joy, and he anticipated, with the sanguine confidence of youth and hope, the attainment of his wishes.

The voyage was, indeed, through the most beautiful part of the Mediterranean sea. As the science of navigation was less understood at that time than at the present day, it was the custom of the vessels rather to coast along the shores, than trust to the open seas. Their voyage was, therefore, varied and beautiful. Manfred enjoyed this pleasure. The fancy of the prince of poets has scarcely painted a scene like that which daily presented itself to the eyes of Manfred.

The shores of the Mediterranean are alternately mountains, hills, and plains; mountains, whose tops are hidden in the clouds—hills stocked with the growth of summer; and plains clothed in verdure, like that of an emerald. All the varieties of both culture and solitude concurred to add to the splendour of this scenery. The eye was now presented with the spectacle of a magnificent city, the gilded summits of whose turrets were glittering in the morning sun.

The cheerful sound of the distant bells, the ascending smoke, and the busy thronging of its inhabitants, all composed a morning landscape, the beauty and effect of which can only be conceived by those who have been spectators of similar scenes.

Nor were the scenes of solitude less touching to an admirer of nature.



Such were the woods, whose extent and height seemed to argue their primeval origin. Such were the plains which glowed beneath the genial influence of the noontide sun.

Manfred, who had hitherto been confined within the narrow limits of a city, and occupied with the cares and hurry of merchandize, was no less surprised than transported at the objects he beheld.

"How beautiful," said he; "how great in all her works is the framing hand of nature. How impossible is it to regard a scene like this, without reverting to its mighty origin, and all-wise Author. Thy wisdom is, indeed, legible in thy works—to see is to adore."

In this manner passed the greater part of the voyage of Manfred, and the beauty and variety of the scenery had infused that tranquillity into his troubled mind, that he had now no images but those of hope.

"Yes, my Janetto," he would say, in his moments of rapture, "the power who thus delights in general good, will not desert us. Seas shall in vain divide us, and more powerful avarice shall in vain interpose its bar; our love merits, and will obtain a superior protection."

The confidence of Manfred was soon dissipated, and by an event of fortune, as fatal and as sudden, changed to despair. The third week of their voyage had passed away in this serenity of hope. The morning which began the fourth at length dawned. Manfred, as he felt the charms of nature with more sensibility as they were more novel and fresh, was in the habit of rising with the first light, and enjoying in an early walk upon deck the freshness of the early hours.

Upon the morning of the fearful event which we are about to relate, he was in the enjoyment of this his usual pleasure, and the beauties of the opening dawn had never more merited the attentions of an admirer of nature. The sun, with all its eastern splendour, was rising from the bosom of the ocean and the sea, which bounded the horizon, reflected upon its surface its hurnished light—the concave of the heavens formed a bold and lofty arch, and the world of nature beneath received and communicated new beauty and freshness.

The inhabitants of the deep seemed not unconscious of the beauty of the scene. The dolphins ascended to the surface of the waters, and displayed their colours to the morning sun—the less shapely monsters of the ocean surrounding the ship, and in long troops over each side of the vessel, continued to move their unwieldy masses.

Manfred was occupied in observation upon these objects, when, happening to cast a look behind, he beheld, at some distance, a vessel in full sail. It was hardly yet visible—its white sails could hardly be distinguished from the clouds and waters. The landscape, however beautiful, had appeared to have too much what painters call "rest," in their words, of solitude. This defect was removed by the appearance of the approaching vessel, and such was the transport of Manfred upon the new finished beauty of the scene, that he could not restrain himself from summoning the friendly captain to partake of his pleasure.

After pointing out the various objects which had excited his admiration, he directed his attention to the approaching vessel.

"Behold," said he, "what crowns the happy scene!"

The captain here cast a regard upon the vessel; but her ensigns no sooner met his eye, than he started with surprise and uttered a sudden exclamation.

"We are lost! Alas, unfortunate men! We have nothing further to hope but death or slavery. The vessel which approaches is a rover from Tunis."

The captain then summoned his crew, and that no means of preservation might be neglected, commanded them to man their sails and yards. The fears of the sailors occasioned him to be obeyed with unusual alacrity. Manfred was not backward in encouraging and assisting the astonished crew.

Their united efforts soon put the vessel in a condition for flight, and as the ship was well built, and not too heavily laden, their rapidity was not inferior to that of the Tunisian. The latter ship, however, had approached so near, that it hailed the Venetian, and commanded them, as they valued their lives, to an immediate surrender.

Manfred, who was standing upon the stern of the vessel, made no other reply than by a discharge of his arquebus. Escape, however, was impossible; the Tunisian having been built for the purpose of piracy, was already alongside of the Venetian vessel.

They were again commanded to surrender. Manfred and the captain having the greatest ventures, and the most courageous spirits, again refused: but the captain had hardly uttered the words of rejection, and issued those of preparation for immediate combat, when he was pierced by an arrow, and he fell dead upon deck.

This incident had an instantaneous effect upon the crew. The prayers and reproaches of Manfred were equally fruitless, and the flag was struck. Manfred, however, was resolved not to survive this united disgrace and calamity. His mind presented to him at one view the whole extent of his misery—the certain defeat of all his late hopes—the loss of Janetto, and his future life of slavery.

With a resolution rather to fall than to submit, and preferring certain

death to the greater evil of servitude, he opposed himself to the whole crew of the corsair, whose men were entering the surrendered ship.

The infidels appeared astonished, and in some degree confounded by the vivacity of his courage, and, from the effect of his single opposition, it might be justly concluded, that, had he been seconded by the remainder of the crew, the vessel would not have become the prey of the pirates.

The remainder of the crew, however, were occupied in other thoughts. The rapidity of the vessel's flight had brought them upon the opposite coast; the sailors, therefore, now availed themselves of this circumstance, and whilst the attention of the pirates was occupied with the brave defence of Manfred, they had loosened a boat, and having hastily descended the side of the ship, were now rowing for the land.

In the meantime, Manfred was continuing the conflict, and, with the rashness of despair, appeared to be resolved on death. It was in vain that the captain of the corsair made him the offer of his life. Manfred returned no other reply than that they could not dispose of what they had not yet gained.

Courage, however, was fruitless against a superior force. Manfred was at length disarmed and beaten to the ground. The pirates again commanded him to beg his life—Manfred again refused.

One of the infidels, irritated at the continued obstinacy of Manfred, raised his sabre to cleave his head; but his hand was arrested by the hand of Hamet, the captain of the vessel.

Hamet was a character not uncommon among barbarians; as his chief quality was that of courage, he considered nothing in another so worthy of esteem. The conduct of Manfred had excited this sentiment, and the preservation of his life was owing, perhaps, to the favourable prejudice of his enemy.

Hamet, from the same feeling, arrested the uplifted sword of the pirate.

"Why wouldst thou kill a braver man than thyself?" said he to the pirate.

The man drew back immediately, and the captain, turning to Manfred, said to him,—

"Christian, thy courage shall redeem thee. You shall live because you have showed yourself worthy of life. The laws of our prophet require that you shall have the choice of slavery or our faith. Embrace the religion of Mohammed, and Hamet shall henceforth be your friend, brother, and protector."

Manfred was so absorbed in the sense of his calamity, that he returned no answer to the address of the pirate.

Hamet, who appeared to have a principle of humanity becoming a better faith, perceiving the cause of his silence, did not resent it; he even committed him to the care of his own attendants, and commanded that he should be carried to his own cabin.

They now proceeded to plunder the Venetian vessel, and such was the wealth of the lading, that it well repaid the length and danger of their cruise. Having finished this ransack, and put some of their crew into the plundered ship, they proceeded upon their voyage to Tunis. As the wind was extremely favourable, they reached the port within a few days.

Hamet, upon entering the harbour, gave a general discharge of the guns of his vessel, and as the Venetian vessel was a sufficient evidence of the success of his voyage, he was saluted by the guns of the castle.

Tunis was at that time governed by a dey of the name of Soliman. Hamet, therefore, no sooner arrived, than he attended the court of the dey, and having conducted Manfred to him, presented him as a slave to Soliman.

"He has a liberal presence, Hamet," said the dey, "and appears unfit for ordinary servitude."

"It was this," replied Hamet, "which has led me to think he was worthy of the Dey of Tunis. His courage is no less liberal than his appearance."

Hamet then related his rash resistance on boarding the Venetian ship. Soliman listened with attention and apparent approbation to his narrative, and in the course of it had thrown some favourable looks upon its subject. He now demanded of Manfred if he could speak the Moorish dialect, as used at Tunis.

Manfred replied that his nurse had been a Moorish slave, and that he could speak it with the readiness of a native.

"I perceive it," replied the dey. "I accept you, therefore, as the attendant upon my own person. Hamet, I accept your present, and shall return it with the gratitude it deserves."

Hamet bowed and retired.

Thus did Manfred become the slave of the dey. This was the most pleasing circumstance which had occurred to him since his captivity, nor was he rendered so stupid by his calamity, but that he acknowledged this incident as an unexpected good fortune. His hopes of liberty were not so desperate as in the more private servitude of Hamet.

His service was not burdensome, it was little more than attendance



upon the day. His memory, however, still presented to him the image of his lost Janetto.

"To what purpose," said he, "should I now recover my liberty? The captain, my friend, is dead; my ducats have become the prey of the pirates; Janetto is, therefore, lost for ever."

In this manner did Manfred consume the days and nights of his captivity. His former hopes were now succeeded by a more unreasonable despondency. He did not reflect that the designs of the Being who governs the fate of our lives, were seldom accomplished but by indirect means, and that a happy event was sometimes never so near as when, to our most limited sight, it appeared at the greatest distance.

It is now, however, time to return to Janetto.

We have mentioned that the greater part of the crew of the Venetian vessel had escaped from the ship, and by the efforts of their oars had gained the neighbouring shores. A few days afterwards they had been taken into another vessel, and by that means they returned to Polti.

The report of the death of Manfred was immediately spread, and arrived, after some interval, at the ears of Janetto. It is impossible to describe her grief upon the reception of this information. Her life was despaired of for some months, and she was only reserved from disease to sink into a state of the most gloomy melancholy.

It is the happy effect of time to wear away the impressions of the greatest calamity; it did not thus operate, however, upon Janetto. Her melancholy increased, and became at length so intolerable, that nothing but the sense of religion restrained her hand from suicide.

There cannot, indeed, be a greater degree of grief than that which arises from the utter ruin of the hopes of lovers. It is the peculiar nature of this passion to fill and monopolize the whole soul. It is no sooner, therefore, destroyed, than it leaves behind it a mournful vacuity—a dreary void.

The wound of love thus torn asunder is beyond the reach of consolation. The soul is occupied with the indulgence of its grief, and averts with still greater horror from any offered relief.

Such was the gloomy state of Janetto, and such is that of any other person suffering under the same calamity. Her despondency was the more conspicuous in the eyes of her friends in proportion to the former gaiety of her disposition. Her features had now lost their hitherto constant smile, and her countenance might have served a painter for the image of despair.

Lysander, as we have before observed, had no other fault but that of avarice, and he had ever loved his daughter with an affection truly parental. All the power and opportunities which this boundless wealth afforded, were now exerted in vain. In vain did he assemble the nightly ball, or gayer masquerade. Janetto, indeed, attended the scenes of gaiety, but her countenance only presented a contrast to those of the surrounding company.

She had continued some time in this condition of misery, when one morning she descended to the breakfast-room and took her usual seat at the head of the repast. Her father regarded her with a look of equal grief and terror. Her countenance had an air of melancholy and of a still greater gloom than usual.

Lysander was struck with the singular misery of her features, and demanded of her if she were well. She replied that she had never been more so; but the words had scarcely been pronounced, when she broke forth into a passion of tears.

"Janetto, my child," said Lysander, "whence this fruitless grief? Why do you thus refuse the consolation, the tears of a father? Can nothing console you for the loss of your lover, will nothing suffice you but the sacrifice of your father and yourself? I say of your father, Janetto, for I cannot survive the loss of my child. I am already oppressed with the weight of years. I have buried your mother, and all my children, except yourself. The mercy of Heaven, as I fondly thought, has left you for the last prop of my age and life. Will you be more cruel than my most persecuting fortune? Will you deprive me of the last comfort I have got? Will you, child, become your own executioner?"

"It is true, indeed, that you have not raised your hand against your life, but is this voluntary indulgence of your grief, this passionate refusal of all remedy and consolation; is this, I say, a less effectual method of destruction? Your youth, your celebrated beauty, a gift of nature not unworthy of preservation, are already consumed; your bloom of life is blighted, and you are falling to the earth in the very opening of your charms."

"Manfred is indeed dead, but Lysander still lives; your lover is lost, but your father still survives. Janetto, my child, restrain your tears, live for your father if not for yourself,—live from duty if not from love."

The consolation and embraces of Lysander were ineffectual; Janetto would return no other reply than that of tears. She at length rose from her seat, and leaving the apartment, retired through a glass door into the adjoining garden.

The pleasure-grounds of Lysander were planted with beauty and

magnificence, agreeable to the wealth of the owner; upon the south they opened to the sea; and a walk descended from the house to the margin of the waters. Janetto now entered this path, and following, perhaps insensibly the impulse of her grief had arrived at the brink of the approaching tide.

This spectacle could not but recall to her the fate of her lover; her melancholy was so augmented by such reflections that she was upon the point of rushing forwards, and thus at once concluding both her life and her misery. A conscience, early impressed with the precepts of our holy faith, was the only restraint upon this purpose, and even this perhaps, might have been insufficient, had not an object diverted her attention and inspired a new resolution.

The tide, which was flowing up, had set afloat the boat of a fisherman which was moored within a few paces of the spot where she was standing. Janetto, in the wildness of her despair, entered the boat, and raising the masts and sails, loosened the rope by which it was moored, and forced it forward into deep water. The wind happened to blow from the shore, the vessel therefore soon gained the main sea.

Janetto threw away the oars and rudder and surrendered herself to the tide and wind. She had no other expectation, nor, indeed, purpose, than that of being overset by the wind, or driven upon some rock, and thus without an act of her own arriving at the period of her existence. The design of Heaven, however, opposed that of Janetto.

Janetto, as if for the last time, threw her glance upon her native land; she then wrapped herself up in her mantle, and laying down at the bottom of the vessel, resigned herself to tears.

"My grief, however," said she, "approaches to its end. Yes, my Manfred, I thus reject a life which I can no longer devote to thee; before the morning sun of to-morrow our spirits will meet again: Ah! pitying Heaven, again forbear to divide us from each other."

Thus wept the wretched Janetto, expecting, with the impatience of despair, the last relief of the miserable, the solace of an immediate death. The expectation of Janetto, however, was deceived, and Heaven, who governs the events in the lives of mortals, and guides them by the most direct means to the accomplishment of its purpose, had prepared another fate and a happier destiny.

The vessel continued during the whole of the remaining part of the day and following night, to sail before the wind, and as the sea was smooth, and the breeze itself was rather fresh than violent, it sustained no injury from either. By this means, before the dawn upon the following morning, the boat had gained the opposite shore of Africa, and at length struck upon the shore, near a city of the name of Susa, about a hundred miles below the harbour of Tunis.

Janetto, being still wrapped in her mantle, and at length surprised into a deep sleep, was wholly insensible to her situation, nor knew whether her boat was upon the sea or land.

It happened at the time when the boat struck upon the shore, a poor woman, the wife of a fisherman, was mending the net of her husband, and her surprise was great to see a vessel approach, and with extended sails rush upon the coast. She imagined, however, that some fisherman might have fallen asleep, and with this conjecture approached to examine the boat.

Her astonishment was increased when she beheld no other person than a young woman, wrapped up in a mantle. The appearance of Janetto was not such as to excite terror; the woman did not hesitate to awaken her, and perceiving by her habit that she was a Christian, demanded of her in the language of Polti, by what means she had arrived there by herself.

Janetto, hearing herself addressed in her native language, suspected that her purpose had failed, and that the wind had driven her back upon the coast she had left. With this apprehension she raised herself upon her feet, and threw her eyes upon the country; every object, however, was new; she demanded therefore of the woman what country she had arrived in.

"My daughter," replied the woman, "you are upon the coast of Barbary, and near the city of Susa."

Janetto, upon this, again lamented the fate, and more particularly her escape from death, but not knowing how to proceed, she again laid herself upon the benches of the bark, and gave free vent to her tears.

The grief of Janetto, with the beauty and elegance of her form, excited the pity and interest of the woman, she exerted all her efforts to console her, and at length succeeded in handing her to the cottage of her husband.

Janetto here related in what manner she had arrived upon the coast, and the good woman from hence justly concluded her in want of refreshment, and setting some bread and cheap wine of the country before her, invited her with so much earnestness, and with so many caresses, to eat, that Janetto was at length prevailed upon to lay aside her purpose of seeking death from the refusal of food.

Janetto now demanded of the woman who she was, and by what means she had learned the language of Polti.



"My country," replied the woman, "is in the neighbourhood of Trappany, my name is Aprea, and I live here in the service of some Christian fishermen."

Hearing the name of Aprea, and learning she was amongst Christians, though upon the coast of infidels, Janetto, for the first moment, perceived a ray of hope to kindle in her mind, though, had any one demanded what was the object of this ray of hope; she had been utterly unable to explain. Her mind, however, under this influence became easier; her former desire for death vanished, and she consented with greater readiness to take the food which the kindness of the woman still continued to offer her.

In relating to the good woman the manner in which she arrived on the coast of Barbary, she mentioned nothing further than that she had been surprised into a sudden sleep, and that the wind and tide had thus driven her at their caprice; she had concealed her name, her misfortune, and her condition, and the place from which she had just came.

She now entreated the woman to have pity on her youth, and give her that counsel and assistance which might enable her to escape without injuring her virtue.

"I will go and put up my nets which I have left upon the shore," replied Aprea; "and when I return I shall have thought of something on the way. Do you, my child, remain here, but beware you do not approach the door, lest some of the Moors of the country should see you; your beauty would then be your ruin."

Saying this, Aprea left her for the purpose she had mentioned. After some interval she returned, and commanding Janetto to wrap herself in her mantle, and according to the custom of the country, veil her face, she conducted her under this concealment to the neighbouring town of Susa. She had no sooner arrived than she thus addressed her—

"I am leading you, my daughter, to the house of a Saracen lady of reputation; she has often had occasion for my services, and as I ever discharged my duty with equal honesty and punctuality, she has been pleased to reward me with the expression of her good-will. I will recommend you to her in the strongest manner I am able, and your appearance will not only confirm what I say, but will speak with yet more effect than myself; your mien and your form are those of a liberal education, and your language and manners correspond. I have no doubt, therefore, but that she will receive you upon my recommendation, and entertain you as her daughter; be it your part to cultivate her affection."

The woman had scarcely finished when they arrived at the house of the lady. They were admitted without delay, and Aprea performed her part she had undertaken, that of recommending Janetto to the good eyes of the Saracen widow.

Her words were not without their desired effect—the lady, who was advanced in years, after regarding the features of Janetto, began to weep in pity for the forlorn condition of a young woman of an appearance so superior.

Taking her hand and saluting her forehead, she conducted her into a house, and from that moment entertained her as her daughter. Nor did Janetto reply to her affection with less tenderness. There were several other women in the house besides Janetto, but no man; the wife of the widow and of her slaves, was that of working in silk and lin-leaves.

Janetto had not been in the house but a few days before she could work with equal speed and skill to those of her companions. She now, therefore, became a no less useful than pleasing partner in her labours; and did she long remain ignorant of the language of the country: in a day, Janetto was no less loved than admired by the widow and her whole household.

The former commanded her to address her by no other name than her own, and daily offered up her thanks in the mosque, that as it had saved Heaven to deprive her of her own children, it had thus repaired her loss by the gift of Janetto. Such was the effect of her virtue, her powers, and her beauty.

It is now time to return to Manfred. You may remember that at the period of our narrative in which we left him, he had been presented to Soliman, Dey of Tunis, and accepted by the latter as an attendant upon his person. He had continued in that servitude till the time in which Janetto was admitted to the house of the widow. About the period, however, a new accident relieved him from a situation so worthy of his merit, and hastened the final issue of his fortune.

The present Dey of Tunis, as we have already mentioned, was Soliman, the favourite minister of the late prince, and by the advantage of circumstance alone, elected to his present eminence. He was a Moor at that time were in the possession of the greater part of Spain, and more particularly of the city and kingdom of Granada. The King of this state produced a claim to the throne of Spain, and summoned him to surrender up his usurped dignity to his rightful lord. Soliman, whom favour had advanced, but whom merit confirmed in his empire, returned an answer of scorn and defiance.

"As to your right to my throne," said the proud infidel, "you have mistaken your desire for your right, but if the appetite for dominion can constitute a right, I likewise have the same claim to Granada. Surrender, therefore, your usurped dignity—admit me to my throne of Grenada, or your head shall answer the refusal."

With this mixture of irony and pride, did the dey reply to the demands of the ambassadors of Granada. War was, therefore, immediately declared between the two princes, and Mireabel, the King of Granada, was hourly expected to lead his army in person to the state of Tunis.

Manfred, being in the very centre of the scene, could not avoid learning the general hurry and preparations, and being one day in discourse with one of his officers, said to him in confidence,—

"If the king would demand my advice I would give him such information as would secure him certain victory."

Soliman happened to overhear these words—they were not forgotten; but he passed on without any present notice. A royal council, however, being called in the evening, to consider the means of carrying on the impending war, you may guess the astonishment of Manfred, when a slave summoned him to attend the assembly.

His surprise was not without reason. It was the custom of Tunis that none but the members of the court and a few of the most distinguished members of the first order of nobility, should be permitted to attend the council.

Manfred, with some confusion, obeyed; upon entering the chamber of the divan, the dey addressed him,—

"Christian, you have long served me with address and fidelity; you merit the reward our laws will permit. Your liberal appearance is a sufficient testimony of your superior condition in your own country; you will, therefore, not disgrace the same rank in another. From this day, therefore, you are raised to the order of nobility in the state of Tunis."

"It is true that the strictness of our laws require the possession of the Mahometan faith, but it is part of my prerogative as dey to suspend this acceptance of our religion. I will allow you ten years to study our writings and converse with our doctors, and I have no doubt, but at the end of this period, you will acknowledge Mahomet to be the last and greatest of prophets."

"Your present duty is to assume the seal and functions of your new rank. I overheard you say, that if I demanded your advice, with regard to the means of carrying on the war, you would give me such counsel as should secure my victory. Speak, therefore, Manfred; I now demand your counsel."

"My lord," replied Manfred, "I must preface my counsel by saying, that this is not the first time that I have visited Tunis; my experience has, therefore, given me some knowledge of your customs, both of peace and war."

"Your wars, I perceive, are chiefly carried on with arrows; if any method, therefore, can be discovered by which your army may abound in arrows, whilst the army of your enemy becomes deficient, your victory, I believe, must be secure and certain."

The dey and the nobles, who listened with the most earnest attention, here nodded their assents, and Manfred thus continued,—

"This may be effected with equal ease and dispatch; attend whilst I relate in what manner:—

"In the first place, issue a general command to your armourers that the strings of your bows may be made smaller than usual, and afterwards to make the arrows to fit those more slender strings, so that they may be useless to the other strings, which will not suit their notches; and this must be executed with all the secrecy such an affair of importance requires, that it may not arrive to the knowledge of your enemy, and by this means enable him to counteract your whole design and purpose."

"This happy event cannot fail, and when the archers of your enemy have shot off their arrows and yours have discharged theirs, each side must supply itself for a new discharge, by picking up the arrows which have been shot; the enemy must therefore collect those of your archers, and you those of the enemy."

"Now, your arrows must be wholly useless to the enemy, for the smaller notches will not fit the greater strings; the contrary, however, will happen to your army, for the small strings of your bows will fit an arrow of any notch whatever. Thus will it happen, that you will be well supplied with arrows from the quivers of your enemy, whilst yours, being so wholly useless to theirs, they must be deficient in their expected resource."

It is impossible to describe the applause and satisfaction of the council upon this advice of Manfred; but a few moments before they regarded him with equal envy and abhorrence; his new dignity had excited the first, and the antipathy of a different faith had inspired the latter.

This envy and abhorrence was now lost in general approbation, and



they united in acknowledging the superior sagacity of the dey, who had advanced a man of the merit of Manfred.

How universal, and even insensible to ourselves, is the influence of interest! By this it was that the general sentiment was thus changed into feelings of an opposite nature; and those who would have consented the preceding hour to have had Manfred impaled alive, were as loud now in inviting the dey to appoint him general of the forces. The dey assented, and commanded Manfred to accept the offered trust.

Manfred hesitated; but as the war of barbarians requires but little skill, and his refusal might be imputed to other motives, he at length obeyed.

It is the nature of genius, or what is more properly called vigour of mind, to attend its possessor through every mode of action, and to render him equally eminent in situations of the least similitudes. The success of Manfred in his new office justified the remark.

The army of the Tunisians, which was hitherto nothing but an armed multitude, assumed, under the command of their new general, the order and regularity of a disciplined body. Manfred was equally ardent and skilful in the discharge of his duty.

Soliman beheld with equal pleasure and admiration the fidelity and talents of his general, and one day addressed him in these words,—

"How blind art thou, Manfred, to thine own interest! Why dost thou refuse to adopt our faith? My age foretells a speedy vacancy in the throne of Tunis. I have no children, or other relations, to whom I desire to leave the succession. Your merit might attain the vacant dignity. The envy of your promotion will cease when you become one of ourselves."

The promises and even entreaties of the dey were alike ineffectual to shake the constancy of Manfred. His laudable perseverance in the faith of his country and education, would have excited the indignation of any other than Soliman. This dey, however, had little of the bigotry of his sect, and well merited the title of the Generous and Magnificent, which the general consent had imposed.

With this nature, therefore, the firmness of Manfred rather increased than diminished his esteem, nor did his expectation from his general deceive him.

Mireabdel, King of Grenada, having collected his army, and put himself at their head, had passed over into Africa, and was advancing to the walls of Tunis. Manfred, taking post according to his greater experience of the country, gave battle to the invaders. The conflict, from the superior numbers of the enemy, was long, but victory at length was Manfred's. Mireabdel was taken prisoner, and Manfred presented the proud monarch to the dey.

The general consent of the soldiers attributed the victory to the courage and skill of Manfred. Soliman, therefore, laying aside the pride and distance of his superior rank, embraced him as his friend, and added new honours and dignities to the benefits already conferred. Such was the glory and present honour of Manfred.

Janetto, during this time, continued in the house of the Saracen widow; and though her melancholy had much diminished, she still retained a tender remembrance of her lost lover. Her eyes were often suffused with tears, and the gaiety of her companions, though kindly intended for her entertainment, only augmented her uneasiness from its contrast to the real state of her mind. Such was the real situation of Janetto, when the whole country around rung with the victory and praises of Manfred.

The report at length reached the ears of Janetto. The name of Manfred being that of her lover, whom she supposed to be dead, excited all the feelings of her soul. But who can express her emotion, when to the demand of the widow, the messenger replied that he was a Christian from the island of Tolti, but had been taken by Hamet in the Mediterranean, and pre-ented by him as a slave to Soliman.

There was no room for further doubt. It was the same Manfred; it was Manfred, her long-lost but at length recovered lover. We will not attempt to describe the joy of Janetto—in a word, it was rapture, transport, and the very madness of joy. Her eyes glistered with fresher lustre; her features were animated with new life, and her cheeks glowed with all the imparted radiance of her hope and youth.

Her unusual appearance could not but excite the remarks and curiosity of his kind protectress. It was some time before Janetto recovered sufficient tranquillity to explain the cause of her transport. She at length related every incident of her life, and concluded by throwing herself into the arms of the widow, exclaiming,—

"Behold my Manfred is restored. It can be no other than himself."

The widow, upon comparison of the circumstances of the narration, was of the same opinion; and after the emotion of Janetto had subsided into greater tranquillity, they resolved to depart to Tunis, and seek Manfred.

This resolution was executed with equal alacrity with which it was taken. A few days brought them in safety to the gates of that city.

The first care of the widow was to leave Janetto at the house of one

of her friends; after which she departed in search of Manfred. She resolved, however, to have the pleasure of witnessing his surprise, and therefore at length having obtained admittance into his house and presence, thus addressed him,—

"Manfred, it has been my fortune to purchase a slave from the island Tolti; he is acquainted with your name and family, and requests to see you upon business of equal secrecy and importance. He was not willing to trust this message to any other than myself. I have undertaken it, and therefore I thus execute it. Will you attend, my lord?"

The name of his native island could not be by any means indifferent to the ears of Manfred; his emotion was visible in the features of his countenance, and the widow already understood that Janetto was not forgotten, nor was her penetration deceived. Manfred had never for a moment lost thought of his absent Janetto. In the midst of servitude and glory she was the constant image of his memory. He had no other purpose than to avail himself of his present wealth, and as soon as he could make his escape, or obtain permission of departure, to return to Tolti, and then demand the hand of his beloved Janetto of her father.

The widow, therefore, no sooner perceived that he would accompany her to see the slave from Tolti, than she motioned him to follow her. He eagerly obeyed, in hopes that he might hear something of Lysander and his daughter. They soon arrived at the house.

We will not attempt to describe the meeting of Janetto and Manfred. Conceive everything of love, joy, and transport—of astonishment on one side, and rapture upon the other—and you may form a faint image of their emotion.

"Oh, my Janetto! and art thou indeed alive? I have sent to seek you in your native island, but could receive no other information than that you had left your father's house, and were, by general report, supposed to have been dead. A thousand—ten thousand thanks to the fortune which restores you to my arms; yet it is not to fortune that I can impute such an act of benevolence. There is a being, my Janetto, who presides over fortune, and directs everything to the final accomplishment of His own wise purposes. It is He who at the same moment delivered me into the hands, and preserved me from the sword, of Hamet. It is He who has thus covered me with glory and victory in the hands of the infidels; it is He who preserved the life of Janetto though exposed to the caprice of tide and wind, in no other vessel than a fishing-boat. It is He who conducted the same boat to the coast of Tunis. It is He who has thus preserved us for each other; by means the most indirect, and which appeared the least suited to his final purpose, has thus effected our happiness and endless union. Janetto! my Janetto! nothing shall again divide us."

In this manner did Manfred breathe forth his love, his rapture, and his gratitude, and Janetto returned no other reply than such embraces as her modesty permitted.

Their tranquillity restored, Manfred leaving her under the care of the widow, returned to the palace of the dey, with a confidence which the knowledge of his victory inspired, and related to him everything with regard to Janetto and himself. He concluded by demanding permission of departure to his native land.

The dey was equally surprised and delighted at the singular incidents, and still more extraordinary events of this narrative, and desired Janetto to be brought before him. She immediately appeared and at the dey's request repeated her narrative; and when she had concluded it, he thus addressed her,—

"Janetto, you have merited him for a husband."

Upon this, he loaded them with the most costly gifts, and having freighted a ship with the richest commodities which his kingdom could afford, presented it to Manfred, and gave him permission to depart.

Manfred, after rewarding the good widow for her protection of Janetto, ascended the side of the vessel which was to carry them to their native land. Their voyage was happy; and Lysander being summoned to the shore by the appearance of a ship sailing immediately to his garden, had the happiness to receive them in his arms.

Byron, in a conversation with Nathan, observed to him, "They accuse me of being an atheist. An atheist I could never be. No man of reflection can feel otherwise than doubtful and anxious when reflecting on futurity. Yet," continued he, rising hastily from his seat and pacing the room,—

"It must be so—'tis not for self  
That we so tremble on the brink.

Alas! Nathan," said he, "we either know too little, or feel too much, on this subject; and if it be criminal to speculate on it (as the gentlemen critics say), I fear I must be an awful offender."

If you would know the value of a guinea, try to borrow one of a stranger,



## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CLIX.

THE APPEAL TO THE SHERIFF.—THE ATTEMPT TO BRIBE THE GAOLER.—THE SCAFFOLD.—THE DRAGOONS.

AFTER Mr. Anderson had returned with Miranda Rankley from her visit to the Grange, he felt much affected by what had passed between them. Her resignation, her beauty, and constancy, claimed his admiration. He began then seriously to consider whether all was dead, and there were no means of staying the execution of the sentence for a short time.

Late as it was, Mr. Anderson knew that if any attempt were made it must be done at once, and he determined that he would instantly set about consulting some of his neighbours, and the most influential people of the place.

Having obtained the ear of some of them, they soon listened to his proposal, which, however hopeless, was by many thought to be too near to be absurd to be useful, or even probable. They all agreed, however, that Mr. Percy's execution ought to be put off for a few days to give his parties an opportunity of petitioning the crown, and of being able to raise the case against the unfortunate prisoner. Feeling assured of his innocence as they did, it was no wonder that they all immediately assembled at his request, and quietly heard all that he said to them, and eventually agreed to go to the sheriff in a body to make the request that he would grant a delay of three days.

It was not long after Mr. Anderson had formed this resolution, that he obtained the assistance and co-operation of many of the principal and most respectable inhabitants of York, and in their company went to the house where the sheriffs were assembled, for they did not intend stirring for the night upon such an occasion.

Mr. Anderson's name procured him an instant admission to their presence, and they inquired kindly what they could do to oblige him.

"I have come," said Mr. Anderson, to the principal and most active of the two, "I have come, and with me these gentlemen, to pray you to exert your influence in behalf of the unfortunate man who now lies under sentence of death."

"You mean Rowland Percy?" said the sheriff, shaking his head.

"I do, sir."

"And upon what grounds?"

"I fear to name them; but we are assured of his innocence, and must but time to enable us to make necessary inquiries to be able to prove it. Should you grant our request, we will make application for a reprieve."

"These are really no grounds at all, Mr. Anderson, and you, as a lawyer, ought to know that; besides, under the peculiar circumstances, dare not—I have really no power left."

"We will undertake to bear any responsibility that you could possibly incur; for we are convinced that time, and time only, is required to take the innocence of Rowland Percy evident."

"I can't help you," replied the sheriff. "You know he has had me; he has escaped from us, and been at liberty for many days; he has had friends, and yet nothing has been done to establish the fact of his innocence; and, however my private sympathy may be affected, yet cannot exert it in his favour. He has been found guilty by a jury, and sentenced by the judge; were there any doubts, representations could have been made from these quarters, but none have been made."

"I want time to do so. I am convinced they will all assist me." "I wish I could, Mr. Anderson; but my duty binds my hands, and I am not to do anything of the kind you require. There has already been much disturbance at York about this prisoner and the authorities. I have been much blamed—I dare not, for that reason, grant the request you make."

"I have yet another to make of you," said Mr. Anderson, with a sigh, "which I hope you will be better prepared to grant me."

"What is it, sir?" inquired the sheriff.

"That you will permit Miss Rankley to visit Rowland in his cell."

"It cannot be done, sir; no one will be permitted to see him."

"That is very unusual as well as a great hardship," said Mr. Anderson.

"May be it is," replied the sheriff; "but it has been determined upon by the authorities, and I am merely the agent, the responsible agent of these, and she cannot be permitted to see him by a resolution they have come to upon the subject."

"Well," said Mr. Anderson, "I had hoped to be more successful, and I did think that at York the last request of a dying man would have been complied with."

"Do not think that I am to blame for your want of success, sir; it is with pain that the authorities have come to such a determination, but it is necessary for the ends of justice."

Mr. Anderson then, with a heavy heart, thanked those who had accompanied him to the sheriffs', and determined to go alone to the prison and endeavour to make an impression upon the governor, and obtain his consent to allow Miranda to visit Percy in his cell ere morning.

When he got there, a man at the wicket let him in, and desired him to wait awhile, as he was at that moment alone waiting for the return of one of his companions.

"My friend," said Mr. Anderson, driven to despair and seizing any project that was likely to be available, "would you like to earn a few pounds easily and safely?"

"Yes, I should," replied the gaoler; "but what's the dodge—it must be all right."

"Then I will give you a hundred pounds if you will allow Mr. Percy to escape; he is innocent, and as sure as he dies to-morrow, he is a murdered man!"

"I am very sorry, sir," said the man, "but I can't at any price have anything to do with that piece of business."

"He is innocent," said Mr. Anderson.

"Ah! sir, so we all are until the jury says we ain't, and his hash is settled. I wish it had been different, but there's no getting over such things."

"It is not enough, perhaps," suggested Anderson; "I will give you two hundred pounds down if you will assist him in getting free of this place."

"I wish I could, sir; but I have eyes enough on me now, and it's no use your trying it on. It can't be done."

"But it can if you will all agree; make them any offer—I will pay it all—so that Rowland Percy escapes free I care not. You know me, and know that I would not make you a promise that I would not perform."

"Very well, sir, I'll go and see what I can do with some on 'em, but you remain quiet for a minute or two."

Mr. Anderson remained with much anxiety seated, while the gaoler was gone, and it was with a palpitating heart that he followed the footsteps of another man who came and beckoned to him in a mysterious manner.

Presently they emerged into a small room, when the turnkey turned round, and taking hold of his arm, said in a low tone,—

"You are my prisoner."

"Your prisoner!" exclaimed Mr. Anderson; "what do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say—you are my prisoner. You've been trying to corrupt one of our people to let Rowland Percy escape."

"Where's the governor?" inquired Mr. Anderson; "Let me see him immediately; I have some business to transact with him."

"The governor will be here directly, sir," replied the man; "he has been sent for already."

"What noise is that?" inquired Mr. Anderson, as the sound of hammers and the working of mechanics was distinctly heard.

"Oh! that's the men getting the gallus ready," replied the man, coolly; "they always makes that ere row afore hanging mornings. Some people can't sleep for it, but it never disturbs me."

Mr. Anderson's heart sunk within him as he listened to the ominous sound; death seemed to stare him in the face, and the terrors of such an end seemed more real to him than ever he thought they could do.

The governor now entered, and bowing to Mr. Anderson, he said,—

"Mr. Anderson, I am sorry you have placed yourself in a disagreeable situation as well as myself. It is said you have attempted to bribe the gaolers."

"You surely do not intend to detain me on such a charge?" said Mr. Anderson.

"I don't think I ought to do otherwise; my duty would induce me to do so, yet the unhappy cause of it excites my strongest sympathy, and I feel reluctant to do so."

"I have seen the sheriffs and prayed of them to delay the execution."

"Which, of course, they did not do, for they could not."

"That was the result of my interview," said Mr. Anderson, with emotion; "though, God knows, I am convinced that this is an innocent man."

"Whatever my private opinions may be, I cannot be supposed to do what is not consonant to my duty."

"Then all I wish," said Mr. Anderson, "is that you will permit Miranda Rankley to see this unfortunate man in his cell; his hours are few, and you cannot refuse to grant such a request as that I now make."



"I am sorry to say that I cannot possibly grant you even that request. It has been determined that no one shall see him."

"That is very hard."

"It may be, but recent events render every precaution we can take necessary; this you, Mr. Anderson, must be well aware of."

"Well, then, she will not be allowed to see him again in life?"

"Yes, I can do this much—she may see him as he is passing through the prison for execution."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, all."

"Then I must bid you adieu," said Mr. Anderson. "I suppose I can depart?"

"Yes, certainly; but make no more attempts of this sort."

"I will not; but what is that?"

"A troop of dragons that are to quarter themselves before the prison."

Mr. Anderson's heart sunk within him as he saw the troopers ride up and dismount, scatter litter for their horses, and prepare themselves to remain under arms all night. As he looked on these preparations with an aching heart, some one pressed his arm—he turned, and perceived Ned Witlet, who motioned him to follow him, which he instantly did.

#### CHAPTER CLX.

THE ARREST.—THE PARISH BEADLE.—TWITTER'S ARTFUL PLAN OF ESCAPE.—THE CHALK PIT.

So tightly did the maniac hold Twitter, that he found himself unable even to raise a cry for help, and he truly thought his last hour was come. All the incidents of his evil life flashed in a bewildering maze across his imagination, and holding a prominent place in the hideous throng of images that crowded to his brain, was Sir George Rankley, as he, Twitter, had last seen him in life, struggling to free himself from the murderous gripe of Bernard Varley in the chamber at the Grange.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the maniac; "I have him now—I have him—my tormentor. He, the fiend, who has placed an imp in my brain to strike ding dong for ever, till I could have wrenched my head off in despair. Ha! ha! ha! I have him now—I have him now. Death—death."

So loud did the maniac speak, that the waggoner, although half asleep, was attracted by the tumult, and coming to the end of the clumsy vehicle, he threw the strong light of a lantern, which had been dangling by one of the shafts, into the interior. In a moment he saw, as he thought, one of his passengers murdering the other, and with honest zeal he flew to the rescue.

By main force he dragged Twitter's assailant from him, and it was well for Twitter he did so, for he was near insensible, and quite black in the face.

"Why, what art e' at?" cried the waggoner. "Thee called theeself Mad Tom, and I see thee are."

The maniac pointed with both hands full in Twitter's face, and then he burst into an uproarious fit of laughter. He clapped his hands—he danced among the straw in the waggon—he shouted and exhibited such demoniac glee, that the waggoner was amazed, and Twitter, who was slowly recovering, could scarcely believe he was not under the influence of some nightmare.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the maniac. "'Tis one of them—one of them. Oh! that I should attempt to cheat the hangman 'Tis one of them, and he is going to York to be hanged. He knows he must. He can't escape. Ho! ho! ho! glorious! He is going to York to be hung, and I in the same waggon to see the sport. I shall be in good time after all. Ho! ho! ho! and I was so afraid of being late."

"Why—why, what is all this?" cried the waggoner.

"For God's sake, tell me," said Twitter. "Are you indeed going to York, or not?"

"I am going to York—I always goes to York—I've been a matter o' thirty years now always going to York, or coming away from York."

"Then let me get out—let me get out."

"His name is Samuel Twitter," cried the maniac. "He and Bernard Varley murdered Sir George Rankley. They will both be hanged for it. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Let me go—let me go," cried Twitter. "I do not like travelling with a madman. Let me go now."

"I will go with you. Where you go, I go—where you stop, I stop, because I wish to be in time for the execution. I would not leave you for worlds. Ho! ho! ho! Come on—come on. Boon companions we shall make on the road to York."

"For the love of Heaven," cried Twitter to the waggoner, "save me from this man."

"I—I'm a-going to York," said the waggoner. "What can I do? I'm a-going to York."

"But you will not see me murdered by him?"

"He is a murderer," cried the maniac. "I denounce him as murderer. He committed a murder near to York, and he must not be at liberty—I know him. His name is Samuel Twitter."

"A murderer!" ejaculated the waggoner. "The Lord have mercy upon us."

"I am not," screamed Twitter, "I am not. Curses on you both Curses—curses."

He jumped from the waggon, and made an attempt at escape in the darkness, but such a manoeuvre only induced the waggoner to suspect more strongly that the accusation of the idiot had some sort of foundation, and crying "whoa" to his team, he made a blundering effort to catch Twitter, who would unquestionably have escaped but for the maniac who with a bound and a whoop, sprang after him at such a tremendous speed, and with such an unerring precision, as placed Twitter in a few moments quite at his mercy.

"You thought to escape me," he shouted, "but you cannot. Folk say I am not so wise as the rest of mankind, so they hunt me from their houses, and I am forced to wander about roads, and fields, and woods at night, till my eyes have become accustomed to them, and can see almost as well by night as by day. You cannot escape me Samuel Twitter."

So saying, he held him with a grasp which there was no shaking off, and brought him in triumph back to the waggon. Twitter only spoke once.

"Mercy—mercy," he said.

"Ask it of Heaven," cried the maniac, "and ask in vain as I have when some gleam of reason—ha! ha! ha! I am mad again—I am mad again."

"I am lost," thought Twitter; "lost—lost. I shall be taken to York, and there immediately arrested, for the mayor will soon receive my letter, and then there is but one step to the scaffold. I am lost—lost—lost."

"Get in," said the maniac, when they reached the waggon. "You shall still go to York."

"No, no," cried the waggoner. "I'll have no murderers in my waggon further than I can help. I'll let him go to the next village, and then he may be guved to some authority sort o' person."

"Good," said the maniac, and he commenced kicking Twitter till the latter scrambled into the waggon to escape him. Then he sprang in himself, and sitting down close to the entrance, he kept a vigilant guard over his wretched prisoner.

Twitter quite for a time gave himself up to despair. His evil stars seemed to be in the ascendant, and he saw no hope of release from the circumstances in which he was placed. He threw himself among the straw at the bottom of the waggon, and wished himself dead.

To be taken to York of all places in the world—York, where he was well known—where he could be recognised by thousands of individuals, and where, if not already, in a few short hours, his presence would be so much desired. Oh! it was horrible! If Twitter had had the means in some moment of the dreadful despair that then came over him, he might, indeed, then have raised his hand against his own wretched life.

In the sad confusion of his thoughts, he could form no sort of question as to how far they had gone, when the waggoner stopped, and upon looking up, he could see the glancing of lights through the canvas sides of the waggon. He sprang to the seat, but he was immediately pounced upon by the maniac, who held him with a grasp of iron as he shouted,—

"No, no; you shall not escape me; a village—a village. Secure the murderer."

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed to the Editor (post paid), will meet with immediate attention.

E. M. C. P.—We can return our correspondent but the same answer that we have given to some twenty others within the last two or three weeks. The engagements we are already under, prevent our accepting his offer.

F. CHITTENDEN.—The first chapter of "Real Life," shall appear next week, if possible; and we shall be glad to receive the second at the author's earliest convenience.

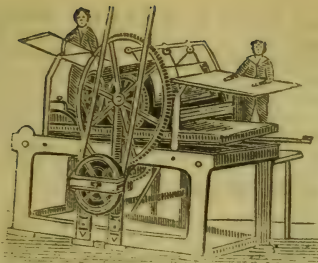
Accepted.—"Night;" lines commencing "I love, when the summer moon gleams o'er the Sea;" "Wind;" "Song," by H. D.

Declined with thanks.—"To C—;" "Intemperance;" "To Mary D—;" "On Spring;" "To Ida;" "A Dream of the Past;" "To Caroline;" "To Miss H. G—s."

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## THE POCKET-BOOK.

BY A. K.—K., AUTHOR OF "A DREAM OF THE PAST," &c.

WILLIAM GOODLAND had just completed the seventh year of his apprenticeship; he had served an exemplary time to one of our most worthy citizens, which gave great satisfaction both to his master and his friends.

His conduct, together with his pleasing manners, had so merited his master's favour, that a few weeks before the expiration of his time, he told him that if he could command five hundred pounds, he would admit him into his business as junior partner.

William, at this good news, instantly dispatched an epistle to his father, who resided in a distant part of the country, detailing an account of his master's kindness, and of his advantageous proposals.

The day following he received an answer from his father, which emphatically stated, that when he had perused his delightful epistle, he turned his eyes towards Heaven, brimful with tears of joy, and then poured forth his heart-felt gratitude to the great Father of all, for having in the fullness of His mercy, blessed him with such a son.—

"Such a family, I may say," he continued, "for behold, I see them all walking in the road of prosperity, and endowed with virtue. Such a scene is indeed a happy one," added he, "to comfort an aged parent in the last few days of his terrestrial existence;" and then he informed him that the sum he required, he could furnish him with. "But," said he, "that is every farthing that I have to give, and should that be lost, all of your future hopes must be for ever blasted if you look to me for assistance. But I am confident it will be made good use of," continued he.

"My son, my son," he thus added, "I fear that, notwithstanding your filial obedience towards me, you have forgotten, or neglected to gratify one of my most urgent desires—you have omitted to keep yourself furnished with that indispensable article, which is requisite to complete the gentleman as well as the man of business—a pocket-book. Remember, my dear son, the unfortunate Mr. Field, who brought irretrievable poverty and woe upon both himself and his once happy family—and, that, merely through neglecting to keep a pocket-book! Think, that you see that unfortunate man in the height of distraction, precipitately rushing to that awful extremity—depriving himself of that life which God hath given him, with that fatal instrument—a pistol—and all brought on through neglecting to keep a pocket-book! for had he kept a pocket-book, those important documents would have been in a good state of preservation when indispensably required, instead of being worn and rendered unintelligible through having been carelessly kept—merely wrapped in a piece of paper, and placed in his pocket. Hence, all of his misfortunes! I have frequently argued with him upon the necessity of keeping a pocket-book, but he has laughed at my counsel. 'I wish, Mr. Goodland, I had taken your advice!' were the last words he said to me, and then he exclaimed within himself, 'But it is now too late.' My dear son, if you have hitherto neglected, immediately furnish yourself with a pocket-book, lest you should have to make use of the same exclamation, and then add, 'but it is too late!'"

William, not bestowing a thought upon the conclusion of this astonishing epistle, I need scarcely say that he was completely overwhelmed with joy at its commencement. He now thought he beheld the glorious sun of prosperity resplendently illumining his future course (life with its never fading rays, and the god of content strewing his path with flowers, until he became so enraptured at the imagined scene, that he thought he was transported to the regions of eternal bliss! It

was not alone the thoughts of prosperity that so enraptured him—oh, no, it was far more the thoughts of the joyful tidings that he could impart to her whom he loved beyond all the treasures of this earth.

"Oh, yes, my dear Charlotte," he said, "you can now for ever banish all those ominous agitations that have so long disturbed your cheerful mind; for even as the sun dispels the mist on a fine summer's morning, so has prosperity dispelled the mist that so long seemed an obstacle to our union."

Filled with these enthusiastic imaginations, the happy William hastened to his lover's abode, to impart to her the joyful intelligence.

Charlotte was the only surviving child of a widow, who now moved in an humble sphere of life, but who had seen much brighter days; oh, yes, in those days when her husband was blessed with life, she had been surrounded by plenty, and provided with every luxury; but, alas! that fatal day arrived, when he whom she loved, and had sacredly promised to honour and obey, was unfortunately slain, while gallantly fighting for his king and his country.

As it is not my intention to fly into the wild extravagance of romance, but to remain upon the firm foundation of truth, on which principle I have commenced my tale, I shall not attempt to captivate my readers by telling them, that Charlotte's beauties were without a parallel—that she was cast in nature's most perfect mould—in short, that she was without spot or blemish, endowed with more perfection than mankind ever yet possessed. Away with such false delusions! But to speak the truth, I certainly must say that she was prepossessing in appearance, and that her disposition was gentle and kind—and that she had a heart to love—a constant heart—a heart to love but one; and she was deservedly loved in return.

I shall not minutely inform my readers of the manifest joy that William created when he imparted the news of his prosperity to his lover and her disconsolate mother, suffice it to say, that Charlotte's joy knew no bounds, and that her mother's tears, which were hitherto tears of sorrow and affliction, were, for the first time since her husband's demise, changed into tears of gratitude and joy.

When that happy day arrived that terminated William's term of apprenticeship, he arose from his bed early in the morning, long ere the sun had commenced its daily course, and while the great city was still wrapt in the most perfect state of tranquillity, he sallied forth, and hastened to the abode of his lover, whom he found eagerly watching his approach. After a short embrace and an affectionate adieu, he again departed, and hastened towards the railway, which would convey him within three miles of his father's residence. He just arrived in time to secure a seat in the first train—he was seated—the train started—and a few hours brought it to its destination.

William immediately procured a conveyance to his father's abode. There he found many assembled—brothers and sisters, friends and relations, had come both from far and near, to congratulate him upon his forthcoming prosperity.

"Have you brought with you a pocket-book?" eagerly inquired his father, as he fervently pressed his hand.

William became embarrassed, and did not answer.

"I see you have not," said his father, ominously shaking his head, and in an instant the smiles which had beamed so cheerfully upon his countenance, now turned to looks of disapprobation and sorrow. "You can never prosper without one, William."

William appeased the inquietude of his father, by assuring him that he intended to have purchased one, but having so many things on his mind, it quite escaped his memory.

"Then you have, notwithstanding my frequent admonitions," cried his father, "disobeyed me in that one request—and that one only—my



most particular and urgent one. I will forgive you—I'll say no more—I know you will fulfil it ere you leave for town again."

While William was thus admonished, the countenances of every one present became most unaccountably melancholy, so much so that any stranger would have thought they had met together to sympathise over the remains of some departed friend, instead of to congratulate one upon his happiness and success.

In a short period all sorrow was again banished, and the day passed away in mirth and revelry.

The next day, William was again to return to London. Ere he left his father's house, his father was going to purchase him a pocket-book, but William would not permit him to be troubled, assuring him that he would purchase one at the first shop he came to. His father then presented him with five one hundred pound notes.

"These you have as voluntary as my good wishes of success," he said, and then, after affectionately shaking him by the hand, he continued—"Mind you do not forget to purchase a pocket-book, lest this money, instead of being a blessing to you, should bring irretrievable ruin and poverty upon you, and bring your father's grey hairs to the grave in sorrow."

They then parted, and William again journeyed forth for London; many shops he passed where he beheld pocket-books of various sizes and dimensions, all ticketed at extremely low prices; he thought again and again of his father's warning, and of his own promise—but yet he made no purchase. He made no purchase, because he had no small change—nothing less than a sovereign.

"I will buy one another time," he said to himself, as he proceeded onwards, as each succeeding shop roused in his recollection the promise he had made his father.

Again he was seated in the railway train, which speedily conveyed him back to London.

With heart elate with joy, he again proceeded to the abode of his lover; again into her ears he enthusiastically poured forth the certainty of their happiness and prosperity, and then he made her consent to a day he mentioned for their union. The day fixed was that day six weeks. To end the scene—to end the scene, do I say,—yes, I mean to end the scene of that happiness and pleasure, which, at that moment appeared to all immutable, and display a scene of unrelenting anguish, and incurable pain. To end the scene, then, while they were all overwhelmed with joy—while every heart was filled with rapturous emotions—William felt in his pocket for the notes; his face became suffused with red, his heart commenced to beat, he felt again and again, his face became still more red, his heart more violently beat.

"Good God!" he uttered, distractedly, at that awful moment when he discovered he had lost the notes. "I'm a fool! a wretch! a deceiver!" he cried. "I've lost the notes!—I've disobeyed my father!—I've ruined myself to eternity! all through not having a pocket-book!" and then without saying another word, he rushed wildly from the house, leaving all in confusion and dismay.

The first impulse that he acted upon after leaving the house, was to make the best of his way to the Bank of England, in order to stop payment of the notes. He madly rushed along, passing carelessly through the densely crowded parts of the city—now throwing a lady prostrate upon the ground—now upsetting an apple-stall—and now knocking down several children. He was clamorously assailed by "stop him! stop thief! a madman! a madman!" and pursued by a mob almost close to his heels; but his heart was seized with desperate despair, and he rushed with insuperable alacrity along, and with unflinching dexterity, he fearlessly plunged among the many horses and numerous vehicles, displaying such daring fetes, that he soon outran his pursuers, and the uproarious tumult that was raised after him, soon died away from his ears in the distance.

Upon making inquiries at the bank, he was told that the notes had been cashed about ten minutes since. Filled with horror and dismay at this disappointment, even to a state of temporary insanity, he turned from the bank and wandered about the great city, unconscious of his actions or whither he went. In the most melancholy and insensible manner he continued throughout the day, inoffensively and quietly perambulating the streets of London; and then the excessive heat, together with his own fatigue, commenced to awaken him to a sense of what he was doing.

"I have now no friends," he bitterly exclaimed within himself; "I have lost all—and I have lost my home! I dare not go to my father—I dare not go to my master—and, I dare not go to my Charlotte. Alas! what a world of sorrow and affliction is this to me! I feel like what I am, a miserable outcast! I feel like one, wandering, forlorn, and unknown, or disowned—and all through neglecting to keep a pocket-book!"

The few pounds he had in his pocket he knew would be sufficient to sustain himself upon for some short period. He procured a bed at an inn for the night, and on the next morning he summoned his determination to quit London for ever.

"I am now a delinquent!" he cried, in the agony of despair; "the scenes of my younger days, the home of my happiness, retains no longer any comfort for me. Oh! no, my heart is now sore within me, for I see the days of my joy have vanished; and the days of my tribulation and sorrow draw nigh."

In this inconsolable and dejected state, he quitted those scenes amidst which his heart was overflowing with joy—but a few hours previous.

Oh! reader, give but a thought, think but for a few transient moments of the wretched fate of this unfortunate young man, and then I feel confident that every benevolent and commiserating heart cannot refrain from shedding the tears of sympathy in his behalf. Behold him one day with heart light and merry, in the midst of happiness, endowed with plenty, encompassed with real and affectionate friends on every side; and then behold him on the next day, when the most bitter and venomous anguish is gnawing his heart, destroying his peace, and banishing his long enjoyed rest and tranquillity from his grief-burthened and comfortless mind. See him in indescribable agony and despair, taking his final glance at all that is dear to him; see him with heart-rending, inexpressible, and unrelenting anguish, mourning in broken accents his painful farewell to the whole combination of his happiness and comfort; see him with eyes brimful of tears unknown and unseen, bidding his slow and fervent adieu, to her whom he is inviolably bound to by love and affection—to her whom he loves beyond all the treasures of this earth.

Reader, all of these interminable, painful cogitations he experienced in the fullest extreme of their poignant bitterness; he contemplated upon them until they wholly took possession of his heart, and again reduced him to a state of unconsciousness. While thus deprived of his faculties, he suddenly turned his back to the great city, and hastened away. With measured footsteps he continued travelling for a day and a night, and then he sat himself down at the door of a gentleman's mansion, and fell into a deep sleep, from which he was soon awakened by the gentleman of the house and his lady.

"I am sorry for your loss," said the gentleman, addressing him. "Was there much in the pocket-book?"

"Where am I?" cried William, much astonished at his situation.

"You are now at the door of Mr. H—'s house, at Brighton," said the gentleman.

"At Brighton!" cried William, his astonishment increasing; "no, it cannot be—I'm dreaming. How could I come all this way in so short a time?"

"However you came," replied the gentleman, "I know not, but you are now at my door at Brighton, and you are right welcome to partake of my hospitality."

"I thank you, sir," replied William. "But I cannot be at Brighton, I was but a few hours ago in London."

The gentleman looked surprised.

"The poor young man has been robbed," suggested his lady, "and consequently labours under some delusion."

The gentleman then assisted him into his house, and after he had taken a glass of port wine, he became much revived, when the gentleman again asked whether he had lost a large amount with his pocket-book.

"Me, sir? I have lost no pocket-book," replied William; "would that I had, and then I should be happy—but I never had one."

"Never had one!" said the gentleman, "why you frequently articulated in your sleep, 'my pocket-book, my pocket-book, I've lost all,' and consequently I thought you had been robbed or lost one."

"I wish I had but have had a pocket-book!" cried William, despondently.

"He must certainly be mad," said the lady, in a whisper to her husband.

"No, my dear," replied her husband, and then addressing William, he said—"you talk despondently, young man, some calamity has befallen you through a pocket-book, I presume?"

"No, sir," replied William, "though not having one," and then he related to them the whole of his misfortunes—a doleful tale of his sorrows and of his woes!

"I pity you with all my heart," said the gentleman.

"I pity you with all my heart," said his lady.

"I pity you with all my heart," responded two young ladies, in low accents, who appeared to be his daughters, and who presented themselves just as William had commenced his tale.

"I pity you, with all my heart," repeated the gentleman, with affected sympathy, for had his sympathy been pure, would not his pity have excited his benevolence, and would he not have said more unto this unfortunate and disconsolate young man, than "I pity you, with all my heart?" To these few words would he not have added something in the way of consolation? "I will inquire into your case, and if it find it to be true, I will replace the lost sum, and reinstate you in that



station of life from which you have unfortunately descended;" but he consoled him not with these happy prospects—he consoled him not with the least hope of ever again being able to return to his friends, although he could have done it. He could have replaced the lost five hundred pounds—for that sum when compared with his immense riches, would be considered below a trifle to him. Oh! yes, it would not have been the least object or inconvenience to him, to have turned this unfortunate young man's sorrow into joy; but he would not, but with his implacable avarice he agreed to take him as his hired servant, which offer William gladly accepted.

The day following William's departure for London, Mr. Goodland sat at his window in great suspense and anxiety, eagerly watching for each succeeding delivery of the post, as his son had promised immediately to dispatch him a letter upon his arrival in London. He watched, and he watched, and he saw the postman arrive and return again and again; but yet he brought him not those happy tidings which his heart so fervently anticipated. As the evening arrived, the expression of his countenance, which had been thoughtful throughout the day, assumed the most disappointed and sorrowful aspect. He retained his seat in the most immovable position, his arm rested upon the back of his old-fashioned chair, on which he reclined his head, almost burying his thin hand in his ancient-looking long grey hair. His eyes were fixed, and penetrated as far as they could in that direction from whence the postman arrived. He was now waiting for the last delivery of the day—he recognised the postman in the distance—he approached his house—he passed—and that without even glancing at it, and much more conveying that happy expected news which would tranquillize his mind.

The next day came, but with it no tidings of his son. Another day arrived, and was rapidly on the decline, but no letter was received. The affectionate parent was now filled with hopeless despair—the worst foreboding haunted his mind. Now he thought some serious accident had happened on the railway, and his son perhaps was injured, or had lost his life; and then he thought perhaps he had neglected to purchase a pocket-book, and lost the notes. While these painful meditations pressed heavily upon his mind, he was suddenly aroused from his reverie by a loud knock at the door. It was the long-wished for postman—he handed him a letter.

"Oh, happy news, at last it's come," he exclaimed, as he closed the door; his heart throbbed with joy, and then he pressed the letter first to his breast, and then to his lips, and then while the smile of happiness and satisfaction beamed upon his aged countenance, he broke the seal—he glanced at the contents—the smile vanished—his limbs trembled—and he fell back insensible in his chair. It was a letter from his son's late master, detailing an account of his son's misfortunes, and of his mysterious disappearance.

This alarming and awful intelligence banished both happiness and health from the poor old man for ever; he was thrown upon the bed of sickness; he struggled with anguish and pain for several weeks, and then death terminated his sufferings.

I must now draw attention to the abode of William's lover, and tell of the pain and sorrow that there prevailed at William's mysterious disappearance.

The unfortunate widow who had not for many years tasted the blissful cup of happiness, was just about partaking of its reviving contents, when it was suddenly dashed from her hold, and that of bitterness again presented to her, which consequently increased her sorrow and woe tenfold.

It was not alone the misfortune and disappearance of William that augmented and embittered her already overwhelming woes, but it was the fearful anxiety that her daughter experienced at his absence. She could not now glance at her own dear child—the staff of her existence—the only maker and promoter of her little remaining happiness, without seeing depicted in her countenance that anguish and sorrow which too plainly tell that the grave can alone terminate its victim's never ending woes.

Oh! was not this a sufficiency of grief for a mother, a poor lone widow to be afflicted with? but still this miserable and affectionate parent was born to experience more acute and dreadful pain.

Notwithstanding Charlotte frequently communicated and administered balm to her mother's wounded heart, while her own was profusely bleeding, she, one dark and dismal-looking night, when despair and anguish had more deeply pressed upon her feelings than it had hitherto done, so much so, that she was rendered totally unaccountable for the deeds she perpetrated,—she stole from the house, and with trembling and hurried footsteps, hastened to a stream of water, which ran silently through a solitary and unfrequented meadow. She stood by its side for a few moments, while she frantically with her own white hands, tore and dishevelled her long black hair. Then she gave utterance to several loud, plaintive, and wild incoherent exclamations, and then appeared to stand transfixed to the spot. The wind howled—the thick black clouds were impetuously dashed asunder, and scattered into numberless

fragments, the moon burst forth, and displayed her rich glories in the fulgence of her majesty. This seemed to be a warning, an awful warning, to summon some mortal into eternity, for at that moment a splash was heard—the lovely form of Charlotte no longer glided by the water-side—a piercing shriek arose from the deep, another one followed less audible, and then all was again silent.

The next morning her cold and lifeless form was conveyed to her mother's. The afflicted parent gazed upon it but for a moment, when a scream of inconceivable anguish escaped from her lips, and then she was deprived of her senses, in which awful state she remained till death.

The events which have just been related were promulgated far and near, through the powerful influence of the public press. William read the report with indescribable anguish—he read of his aged parent's death—of his last moments—and of his intense sufferings; he read of his lover's distraction—of her untimely fate—and of her choosing a watery grave.

This painful intelligence pressed so heavily upon his mind, that for several weeks afterwards he was completely unconscious of what he was doing; and when he was somewhat restored to a state of consciousness, a low and painful melancholy settled upon him, which rendered him an object of commiseration to all who knew him; he seemed to delight in drudgery of every kind, as if to produce pain to bury his bitter contemplations. When he had done his own work, he would go and work at the most laborious work in the garden, with almost unequalled alacrity, or carry heavy burdens backwards and forwards as if for amusement.

As the time passed on, and the bitter reminiscences of the past gradually vanished, he could not help noticing the conduct of his master and his lady towards the five young ladies whom he thought to be their daughters. Four of them were extremely ugly, and were most superbly dressed in satins and velvets, and adorned with gems and flowers, as if they were endeavouring to conceal their defects; but the more finery they added to their dress, the more defective they made their ugly and disagreeable countenances. The fifth one was altogether as lovely and as amiable as the others were ugly and disagreeable, and although her dress was common and simple, and no jewels or flowers adorned her person, her graceful form, and the sweet expression of her countenance, completely hid the insignificant effulgence of the jewels that decked the other four. The first mentioned four were indulged in all their fancies, and almost idolized by their parents, while the other was disregarded by them, and insulted and scorned; indeed every scheme of annoyance was resorted to to make her uncomfortable and miserable; and their schemes had their desired effect, for she was seldom in their company, and she was melancholy and sad. She was the only one of the family who had a heart to feel for another; she frequently came to William to endeavour to console and comfort him. William asked her the cause of her misery.

"Brother in sorrow," cried she, "I am told I once was happy—like you once have been—but I never knew that happiness. No, I am told it was when my dear parents lived—but they died ere I knew them. My mother died soon after giving birth to me; my father married again—and he died three months after that marriage. I was then left with only a mother-in-law, who never respected my dear father, and she married a man a month after his death, whom she had been acquainted with before she knew my father: a report spread at the time that she had poisoned him, and she was compelled to leave London and remove here. This man and woman inherited a great portion of my father's property; and I am to inherit a still greater portion if I live two months longer. I have been as long as I can remember treated by them with contempt, and annoyed with every possible insult; their own children have been taught to mock me, and inflict upon me all sorts of pain, in order to terminate my life, as all my inheritance would go to my stepmother if I died before I was one and twenty, but after that I can will it away to whom I please."

These interviews became so frequent that it was very evident that regard was quickly turning into love. They at length declared their passion for one another, and then the unfortunate Lady Emmeline fixed the day when she would become of age for their union. Their affection daily increased for one another, and the few meetings that they could now contrive secretly to have, were not sufficient to gratify their burning passion, so they were continually writing letters to one another.

All of these proceedings went on well and comfortably, until a week before the day arrived for the indissoluble knot to be tied. At that fatal period, when William was busied writing, he was suddenly aroused at hearing the whole household thrown into a state of the utmost confusion. He began hurrying here and there, but he was quickly stopped by his master, who, with the most disgusting language, and horrible oaths, ordered him to leave the house for intriguing with his daughter-in-law. William was about to defend himself, when his master, with the violence of a madman, dragged him to the street-door, and kicked him out, and then threw all he possessed after him. William knew there was no alternative but to walk quietly away.



"Oh, agony of agonies!" he cried. "Oh, Heaven! what misery! what wretchedness! What pain I endure, and all through not keeping a pocket-book!"

These were the desponding words that he uttered, as he left the house, and discovered that he had accidentally let some of the letters which Emmeline had written, fall out of his pocket.

"Oh, if I had but kept a pocket-book!" he continued, distractedly, "this greatest of misfortunes could not have befallen me!"

William might be seen continually day after day haunting the mansion in hopes of catching a glance of his Emmeline, if not something more important from her. He had read novels and romances, and he there read how the unfortunate heroines were imprisoned and suffered privation, and pain and torment, and just as they were dying under their sufferings—under those sufferings which were sufficient to kill a dozen of the most intrepid fair, how they endeavoured through some miraculous interposition, to make their escape, or, how their true lovers just opportunely arrived, and heroically released them, and brought their malignant persecutors to justice.

These incidents in his disordered state of mind he thought to be true, and he looked eagerly up at the mansion's lofty windows, in hopes of seeing the uppermost one open, and a lily-white hand waving in token of consolation, or a letter come fluttering down from its heights. Vain hopes! he watched day after day, without seeing the least signs of his anticipated hopes being fulfilled. At length he was surprised at continually seeing new faces going in and coming out, and upon inquiring, he was informed that the estate had been sold three weeks before, and that Mr. H—— and his family had gone abroad.

This alarming and unexpected intelligence totally banished all his hopes. Unremitting were his exertions in endeavouring to ascertain the part where they had gone to, but he could not succeed in obtaining the slightest information, all having been kept in ignorance respecting their intended destination.

Filled with intolerable despair at these disappointments, he returned to his apartments to leave them no more in life; for his complicated distress soon threw him into a consumption, the influence of which reduced him to mere skin and bone; he lingered in pain and sorrow for three months, and then expired. In his last breath he emphatically advised every one not to be without a pocket-book.

"For," said he, "that neglect has brought me and many others to an untimely grave!"

"From trifling causes what great things arise."

### SONG.

When thou, my cherished love, wert by,  
Light flew the golden hours,  
As flies the painted butterfly  
O'er blooming beds of flowers.  
And where we rovd' by fancy led,  
The rainbow tints of bliss  
Their bright and glowing radiance shed  
Like summer's rosy kiss.

But now that thou art gone, my love,  
How cheerless seems the scene;  
The groves that we were wont to rove  
Have lost their sunny sheen.  
E'en scenes did most delight bestow  
Are now enjoyed no more;  
In vain does Nature's banquet glow  
The reign of Beauty o'er.

Oh, haste thee to return, my love,  
That I may once again  
With pleasure range the swelling grove,  
And flower-embroider'd plain;  
Again the silver streamlet trace,  
By field and meadow stray,  
And, gazing on thy witching grace,  
Regain my bosom's May.

H. D.

**AGE AND INTELLECT.**—It is worthy of remark, and encouraging to those who are unwilling to believe, that the intellectual powers decay in proportion to the diminution of bodily activity, to know that most of Handel's greatest works were composed when he was between fifty-four and sixty-seven years of age. Jephtha was produced at the latest moment of that period. And here we may, in passing, observe that the finest offsprings of Haydn's genius had their birth after he had become a sexagenarian.

### OLD MARGARITE; OR, THE WARNING.

THE sun was shining in the door-way of a solitary cottage situated by the road side, and near the beginning of a village. The cottage was a poor one, but it was neatly and prettily furnished; and the display of the little ornaments evinced a degree of taste not usually found in the possession of the mere peasant. The only occupant, however, that could be seen at this time was a blind woman, who sat in the door-way as if she took pleasure in basking in the full rays of the sun, and rolling her sightless orbs in its most intense glare and brightness.

Old Margarite Smith, the old woman's name, was seated in her arm-chair, perfectly motionless, and would have been deemed asleep but for the movement of her eye-balls, which appeared ghastly to the beholder. She was dressed in a grey checked gown, which, though patched, was very neat and clean. There were few who would have come between Margarite and the sun, for the old woman was wrath at such times, and liked not that a shadow should be cast upon her. She was positive, and delivered her opinions with the tone of an oracle; this, and a few singularities, with her strong sense, caused her to be respected—perhaps feared; for they thought it was more than possible that she had much of her knowledge from a quarter that, though not revered, yet is ever spoken of with respect.

The old woman had sat some time without a movement, when a light footstep was heard approaching. Margaret turned her ear towards the quarter which the sound proceeded from, and was apparently satisfied, for she took no further heed of it, but turned her eye-balls towards the sun. The slight form of a young girl of about eighteen now darkened the door-way, and, for the first time, the old woman opened her lips by saying,—

"Is it you, Janet?"

"Yes, grandmother; I am returned from the village."

"Did you see Joe Bannister?"

"Yes, I did, but I will tell you all he said when we have our dinner, for I fear I have kept you beyond the usual time," she added, as she tripped into the house.

Preparations were speedily completed for a frugal meal, and then the old woman rose, and took her place at the table.

"And so you have seen your Joe, Janet? have you both made up your minds, and is all truly settled between ye?" inquired the old woman, with something like interest.

"Yes, grandmother," replied the maiden, blushing, "and all is truly settled; and Joe insists that you come to live with us. You must consent to do so, because he says that he cannot live happy and know that you are deserted through him, and that he has been the cause of your passing your days in less happiness than you now do."

"Ay, my child, Joe has a kind heart, I warrant, but an old body like me is but a burthen, go where I would; and I will not endure to be considered as living on the bounty of any one, not even on that of my grandchild: but be easy, there is always a crust to be found for the poor and the blind. Open begging and want is no disgrace when it cannot be helped; but to be a hanger-on to those who can ill afford it, is worse than anything I can think of."

"Do not talk thus, dear grandmother; you cannot refuse the request of one whom you have nurtured from childhood; and, should I leave you now, and thus, it would damp the joy I should feel. We are bound to each other by more than common ties."

"But you are about to contract a more solemn and binding one, which will sever all others. Your first duty will be your husband's wish, Janet."

"I know it, and am prepared to obey him in all things, and it is his earnest wish that you will not refuse his request, and be nigh me at a time when I most need your aid and advice."

"Be it so, my child; I will e'en do as he desires," replied the old woman, in subdued tones; "you know I have a proud heart, and cannot brook dependence, and I think you will need my consolation; woe is me, if I live to see the day on which my darling grandchild—"

"What mean you, grandmother—you do not doubt but we shall be happy? You do not surely see anything to interrupt our prospects?"

"I know not, Janet, but there is a weight upon my mind, and a gloomy shadow which presages coming events of a mournful nature. I ought not to say this to you, my dear girl, for it may only be an old woman's fancies; and yet I cannot banish the impression of the vision."

"The vision!—grandmother, what vision?" inquired the alarmed Janet.

"A vision I have had."

"What was it?—pray tell me, for I am more than usually nervous, and cannot bear suspense," said Janet, in hurried accents.

"Nay, I cannot tell thee what it was—it was but a shadow. Nothing was seen distinctly, yet the impression caused by it is, to me, what the



little cloud is to the distant storm—it is the precursor of a coming event."

"Pray Heaven it be an illusion, grandmother! Oh, that all were over, and then I should no longer dread the event."

"You would not, my child; but should you be alive and well, I will come to thy home and make it my home."

"Do so, grandmother; you will be welcomed there with the kindness of a son; but why not do so when I go?"

"No, I will a few days after—I feel that I may not; whence this feeling arises I cannot tell, but I cannot come till then."

Reluctant to press the old woman beyond her wishes, Janet said no more, but the joy and pleasure which showed themselves in the sparkling eyes of Janet when she first entered the cottage, was no longer to be seen, but a mixture of tenderness and apprehension lurked there without any power to shake off the latter.

Janet was an orphan. Her father was a poor man, a labourer, who had been blessed with a good heart, and a fair understanding; he had married her mother, but, before six months had passed over, he was numbered with the dead; an accident happened which deprived him of life. He was crossing a small estuary, when the boat in which he was passing over was upset by the force of the current, and he was lost.

Her mother lived for a few months after his death, but sunk soon after the birth of Janet, and the peaceful grave closed over her cares for ever. She was left in the charge of her grandmother, old Margaret, who received a slight pension from the government, her husband having served many years in the army, and had been sorely wounded.

Thus were Janet and her grandmother left to support and comfort each other. They lived in happiness and ease, for the inhabitants would often contribute towards their maintenance; they brought her various little presents, which seemed to lighten the labour of Janet, by whose exertions they were chiefly maintained. Some of the gentry would occasionally visit old Margaret, for she was a character that caused others to respect her.

Janet one day was returning home, having delivered some of her needle-work, when, within a few yards of her own door, she saw a man lying on the ground bleeding, and nearly insensible. Much frightened, she ran in for some water, which she threw over his face: he recovered, and, with her assistance, he got up, and made his way to the cottage, where he was seated in a chair, and such restoratives as they possessed were given him, and his wounds were dressed and bound up. They consisted of very bad bruises. He afterwards related that he had been set upon by several men and beaten.

He was entertained at the cottage that night, and in the morning he proceeded towards his own home, which was across the little creek; for he was a fisherman, one who was pretty well off for his station. He returned his thanks to Janet and her grandmother for their kindness and hospitality.

Joe Bannister was a fisherman, and prosecuted his calling with unwearied assiduity and care, and was, upon the whole, a successful man. He was young and single, with no encumbrance,—no parents to provide for, as they were dead. He now only desired a wife, but Joe was particular in his choice; though he might have had many, yet he would take none that he knew on that side of the water. Many now set Joe down as a confirmed bachelor, and yet he did not deserve it.

It was Joe who had met with the mishap above related: he returned to old Margaret and Janet, when he had recovered from the effect of his bruises, and thanked them for their kindness. He could not help admiring Janet; she was so kind, so clean, and so industrious, and, besides, she was certainly the handsomest maiden he had ever seen.

Beauty and good-nature, when met with in the same person, which is not often the case, form an union that is perfectly irresistible, and young Bannister found that every visit he made to Janet and her grandmother caused him to desire the time was shorter when he should be able to see them again, until he at length was loth to part at all.

Joe found at length that he could not live without Janet, and he knew that she would never part from her grandmother, for whom Joe felt a sincere respect, so that it was no great effort on his part to desire she would always remain with them.

"She can always nurse or rock the young ones," said Joe to Janet, who blushed at the thought of such things.

Soon after Joe began to reflect seriously, and then opened his mind to Janet; the love he professed for her he found she reciprocated. The great difficulty was to break the affair to her grandmother, who, she was afraid, might oppose their courtship, so it was put off from time to time, until at length old Margaret questioned her seriously about the motive she had in concealing it from her. Janet was silent; she knew not what to say. The old woman paused for a few moments, and then said, in a calm and kindly tone of voice,—

"You thought, Janet, that I should oppose your attachment to Joe; but I do not, Janet. I was once young myself, and can allow for your

feelings. I would be a burden to no one, for the blind would never want. Go, Janet, on; tell Joe, and mind it yourself, that your grandmother would never be the cause of unhappiness to you. I wish you well, my child; but I will never be a clog to your happiness."

The only answer that Janet could give was a flood of tears. She threw herself into her grandmother's arms, and sobbing for some time, at length said,—

"How could you think so ill of me as to believe that I could have any such motive? I never will desert you; and neither should Joe or any one else have my heart, without they cared equally for you. Indeed, grandmother, he often speaks in the kindest manner, and expects that you will always live with us."

"But, my child, you know that the promises that are given to entangle a woman's affections before marriage are not to be depended upon. I should be a burden to you both, and it is likely that after awhile he would look cold upon me and ill-use you on my account."

"Indeed, dear grandmother, you do injustice to Joe Bannister; he would never ill-treat either of us."

Poor Janet used all the arguments she could think of, and exerted all the eloquence she possessed to change her opinion, and at length she believed that she had succeeded. The courtship continued for a few months, and then was near being brought to a close; and Janet went one day to see her lover, to hear his final proposal, or rather a convenient period named.

On her return from this interview it was that Margarite hinted at a vision she had of some unfortunate circumstance which she could not distinctly relate. The old woman's mind appeared troubled, and she said many times she could have wished her grandchild had never seen Bannister; but Janet looked upon this as merely the peevish expression of age, and as often silenced her by repeated assurances of Joe's goodwill towards her and herself.

The wedding day now arrived. It was but the morrow, and to-morrow became to-day. What a thrill of joy ran through the frame of the hardy and youthful bridegroom, while he gazed upon the unassuming beauty of his beautiful bride.

Old Margarite herself felt in more than her ordinary spirits; but it was no slight matter that could either cause joy or sorrow to be very apparent in her.

It had been agreed that the bride and bridegroom should proceed at once to their habitation, while she should remain a day or two with a neighbour. They had left their cottage, and sold many of the articles they had no use for; what few remained would go with the old woman. They were married, and the day was spent in hilarity, and when the witching hour of twilight came, the boat was made ready, and all was prepared for the youthful pair to embark.

The word boat no sooner reached Margarite's ear, than she earnestly bent forward and said,

"Oh, Janet, go not in a boat! I had a sad vision last night again, and I saw you and your husband both perish. I thought it indicated his fate when exercising his calling; but, alas! now I see it is reserved for me to witness it before I die. Oh, Janet! go not in the boat."

The old woman's manner was so earnest, that Joe listened to her, and it is probable would have complied with her wishes. He, however, said,

"The distance, grandmother, is so great; it will be twelve miles further to go, if I go up the stream till I come to the bridge."

"And what signifies that, Joe, if you are both lost? You and your wife will give up the enjoyment of life, just as the cup of happiness is about to be presented to you."

"But, Margarite," said a neighbour, "consider, he has about three miles to go by crossing the creek. What can be your reason for objecting in this manner? They lose time."

"Alas! neighbour, if they cross it, they lose their lives. They will be lost!"

"But the water is as smooth as glass. To the boat. It is not usual that the bridegroom should lag behind thus," said several voices at once.

Much clamour now arose, for all were speaking at once; some averring that old Margarite knew more than most people, and strongly recommended them to take her advice; while many, who knew little of her, were above being influenced by an old woman—and there were many of the latter, for the liquor had gone round freely, and the debate gave them much exertion, which caused the drink to have more than its usual effect.

At length the friends of Joe Bannister, being from the other side of the water, they owned no sort of respect for old Margarite and her predictions, declared they were ready to re-cross the water, and would do so by themselves, if Joe chose to desert them; but they always thought him too brave a man to be scared by the predictions of an old crazy creature. Joe must know, they said, that the water could not be better, or the weather more propitious, or the moon brighter.

This decided Joe, who could not bear the idea of deserting his friends, especially when he could see no cause for doing so.



Bidding the old woman a hasty farewell, he led the trembling Janet to the boat, into which she stepped and took the seat appointed for her. The word was given, and the boat pushed off.

They rowed heartily, but the tide was strong, and they had lost the best moment for returning. While they combated her notion full one hour had been consumed.

Their friends were waiting for them on the opposite shore. They could hear their voices, and the merry sound of musical instruments. They had a sail, and as there was breeze enough, they determined to rig it and put it in order.

The sail answered the purpose—the boat glided like a swan over the waters, and dashed the white spray from her bows, and the shouts of the people on both shores reached the bark at the same moment—they were half way.

They now reached, within a quarter of a mile of their landing place—half that distance had disappeared—they shouted—but at that instant a gust of wind caught the boat at the side, and she was capsized, and all were thrown overboard.

Every hand was immediately busied with latching boats to their relief, and the whole of the crew were saved except Joe and his bride. He was a strong swimmer, and sought to save his bride. He seized and supported her, but the current was strong, and his utmost efforts could not prevent his being carried out.

He struggled hard, and by himself he could have succeeded, but he would not save himself alone, and finding they must sink, he clasped her in his arms, and they both sank to rise no more.

The next tide washed their bodies on shore, and they were buried in the same grave with old Margaret, who lived but a few days beyond the loss of her granddaughter.

## ALICE HOME;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLXXI.

ALICE HOME'S INTERVIEW WITH MARGARET.—HORACE'S SEARCH AFTER SIR CHARLES HOME, AND THE FAREWELL.

ALICE HOME closed the book, and fell into a deep reverie; she thought of Margaret, and her past misconduct; her evil intentions towards herself, and her many attempts to injure her in the opinion of Horace Singleton. Her motives might be possibly of the same nature as those which animated the unfortunate creature she read of to commit suicide.

Alice's heart smote her, and pity found a home in her breast, for she thought what pangs must Margaret have endured if she really loved Horace Singleton. She could even forgive her for all she had done and attempted, in consideration of the misery she had no doubt endured.

"Shall I go to her and offer her my forgiveness? she can no longer injure me; and I would not willingly let even Margaret have it in her power to say I bore her an ill will on such an occasion. She may be suffering what I have suffered, but for a far longer period; her whole life will be a scene of regrets and sorrows. I would not, indeed, exchange with Margaret. Her life will be one of sorrow and misery, since she is so ill able to bear disappointment, and equally violent and revengeful. Yes, I will go."

Alice rose with the intention of immediately going to Margaret's room, but she considered whether she ought to go without first announcing her desire to speak with her.

"She may refuse me, not knowing my intention," thought Alice, "and then my endeavour to establish a friendly and kind feeling will be stopped in the outset; no, no, I will go and see her unannounced, and, if she shut the door in my face, why I cannot blame myself for not having made an attempt."

With this intention, Alice Home left the drawing-room, and at once proceeded to Margaret's room, and for a few moments paused at the door ere she knocked for admission; but at length she tapped quietly at the door, which was answered by Margaret herself, who started back a pace or two in sheer surprise.

"Alice Home!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Margaret," replied Alice, "it is me; may I enter your room?"

"Enter my room! do you not reckon it your own also sufficiently to feel justified to enter whenever you please?"

"I have your permission," replied Alice, "and I am not used to idle ceremony; I would say a few words to you."

"Come in, then," said Margaret, who shut the door when Alice entered, "and say what it is that brings me this visit."

"Margaret," said Alice, kindly, "we have been but strangers to each other for some time past; the ties of relationship seem, in our case, to have driven us apart, rather than have given an impetus to friendship."

"All that is very true, Alice Home; where came you to have learned so much, and what can be your object in coming here to repeat it?"

"I forgive you, Margaret, for your unkind taunts, which are not deserved; on the contrary, I came to you with the best intentions, and I was desirous of offering my forgiveness to you for the evil you have attempted, and the injury you have already inflicted; after this, cannot you feel sorry that any motive, no matter what, should have induced you to make the attempt you have already so often failed in?"

While Alice was speaking, Margaret's astonishment was great indeed, and her eyes opened wider and wider; it was so utterly different from anything she had expected, that she could scarce believe the evidence of her own senses; but she recovered her usual self-possession by a sudden effort, and a smile of triumph came over her features, as she said,—

"Well, Alice Home, and so you will condescend even to forgive me?"

"Yes, but I hope such forgiveness will be met in the spirit it deserves. I hope that you feel regret for what you have attempted to do, and sorrow for the temporary uneasiness you inflicted on me; this, I think, I may expect from you; your repentance of evil can be no hard terms."

"So, your condescension shall be met in a proper spirit. It is you who have need of repentance and forgiveness; I heed neither. I have nothing to be sorry for, save temporary failure, in any attempt I have made of effecting my own purpose; your condescension is sheer impotence and assurance, and repentance, or sorrow, will not save Sir Charles Home at the foot of the gallows!"

"Margaret," said Alice, "can such dreadful thoughts still lurk within your breast—can you still cherish ill will, and a desire to inflict evil?"

"When the evil that has been done to others has been repaired; when the dead shall be brought to life, then, indeed, I shall cherish no other feelings than those which circumstances at the time dictate, and no more."

"Margaret, I pity you," said Alice, in a tone of deep feeling; "I am sorry for you. Your state of mind is wretched indeed; I would I could do ought to ameliorate the mental obliquity that thus afflicts you so fearfully!"

Margaret's anger was extreme, and fury flashed from her eyes as she said:—

"Peace, Alice Home. I need not your pity—you need mine; nay, you may yet be glad to sue to me for protection and succour. Your coming here to offer me insult will but recoil on your own head. I scorn you and your pity, poor creature that you are, and about to suffer what you shortly must. Daughter of a murderer, cease to pride yourself on beauty and successful love, for bitter disappointment awaits you."

"My effort has been in vain, and you only are to blame for the consequences, which must be terrible to one in your helpless and dependent condition."

Alice, when she said this, quitted the apartment, and proceeded to the drawing-room; and had she seen Margaret's countenance, she would have been struck with its fiendish expression. Indeed, Margaret's passion was at its utmost, for Alice's last words were such as to excite every feeling of anger and revenge she possessed.

For a few moments she was motionless, and then clenching her hand, she shook it in the direction in which Alice had gone; she uttered a curse, not audible, but yet her lips moved—it was a deep and deadly vow.

Horace Singleton's search after Sir Charles Home was by no means so easily brought to a successful issue as might have been anticipated. He called at many places where Sir Charles Home was usually believed to call, and at many of the clubs of which he was known to be a member, but the answer returned was, they had not seen him.

Wearied and fatigued with his search, he felt half inclined to give it up as useless, but he did not like to return with such a reason to Alice, whom he had promised that he would find and bring back her father.

At length he walked into a small tavern near Oxford-street, thinking he would rest there a short time, and then begin his search anew. He seated himself in a corner of the public room, and far apart from a few others, thinking over the many strange incidents that had occurred of late, and for which he could find no probable explanation, and which baffled all his attempts even to understand.

He had been here some time when he turned his attention towards a small box, the curtains of which were drawn all round, so as to seclude



the person occupying the same from the observation of others in the room.

He felt a strong desire to see who it was that was thus secluded from observation, and yet he did not like to break into a person's privacy without his permission; but at length his desire overcame that, and to his surprise, he perceived Sir Charles Home reclining in one corner of the box. He immediately entered, and then related his object to him, saying that Alice was very uneasy about him, and would not believe he had not left the country, unless he immediately returned to her.

After some conversation, Sir Charles Home reluctantly agreed to return to his residence, and then speak to Alice about his departure for the continent, which, he explained to Horace, must take place on the following evening early.

They both left, and as it was but a short distance to Sir Charles Home's residence, it was not many minutes ere they gained the door, and were immediately admitted.

Alice no sooner saw her father than she threw herself into his arms, saying,—

"My dear father, I see you once again. Do not leave me any more."

"Alice, my darling Alice, why this grief? I must leave you, and you me. You have a right now to the protection of one who can do so more effectually than I can; besides, I have important affairs that will require my presence on the continent, where I may be some time."

"But you will return to us, father;—you will return to us again?"

"Doubtless, my child, I shall return whenever my affairs will permit me, though my stay may be somewhat protracted. But you know, Alice, that you and Horace can come and see me, and stay with me; you will not be entirely isolated in a country where your father is, therefore you must come."

"I will, I will," said Alice; "and I am sure that Horace will be happy to come too—I know he will."

"Alice is right, Sir Charles. I should, indeed, be happy to come and see one who has conferred so much happiness on me by giving me such a wife."

"But when do you propose to go, father—surely not immediately?"

"Yes, my darling Alice, I must go almost immediately—to-morrow evening at the furthest. I have made arrangements for my departure at that time; so, adieu, dear Alice, and think not I shall ever forget you, or that our present parting is more than temporary."

He pressed Alice fondly to his heart, and kissed her marble brow, and then gently disengaging himself from her embrace, he placed her in the arms of Horace Singleton, and quitted the room; but as he went Horace saw the tear on his cheek,—his silent adieu to Horace spoke more than words, and Horace felt it was so. The door was again closed, and they were once more alone.

## CHAPTER CLXXII.

LADY HOME AND FORTUNE TELLING.—THE VISIT TO THE CONJUROR'S AND THE EMPTY BOTTLE.

SUPERSTITION is confined to no class in society, especially with "the sex," whether they be devout or not, young or old, well taught or ill.—The lady's maid, or the lady herself—they are all equally liable to the infection, for it spreads from one to the other like a pestilence.

This was true to a great extent in the household and family of Sir Charles Home, and where there was one whose mind was biased by the thrall of events, in themselves sufficient to disturb the seat of reason, and who from this cause became imbued with the idea that futurity might be deciphered and explained by adepts, there were at least fifty or a hundred who believed in all the mysteries of fortune-telling, because it was something strange, and beyond their comprehension altogether.

But many females, devout, and of rank above all others, greedily seize upon anything that is mysterious and occult, and immediately place an unlimited amount of faith upon all the professors of the science of telling fortunes. With them a real gipsy is worth a "Jew's eye," though we know of no Hebrew who would willingly part with that organ to purchase one.

Among those who had heard of the celebrated conjuror, was Lady Home, who, now that she was no longer wheeled about by Andrew and Thomas, was compelled now and then to make use of her own legs, had long objected to become a locomotive than formerly, and go to a place where her inclination strongly urged her, and, being thus strongly urged to visit the individual named, she determined to pay him a visit.

It was an undertaking of some importance, and required much perseverance to go through the ceremony; nay, it required great resolution to hear one's fate from the mouth of an oracle unmoved by the many desperate things that are to happen to us, according to these modern soothsayers—and Lady Home well calculated the effects that would be

produced upon her weak and debilitated nerves. It was, therefore, of some importance to fortify herself against the evils that were in prospect for her; or, if there were none, she could not do better than to guard against the evils of anticipation, and strengthen her mind against the chance of a shock, if one should occur.

What could be so effectual for this purpose as the never-failing remedy which she had hitherto used with such constant success as the *elixir lixivium*.

Fortified, ere she started, by copious draughts, and a full bottle concealed in a reticule, she towards dusk at night quitted her abode, and slowly proceeded in the direction of St. Paul's.

Lady Home would not take a coach for several reasons; she did not desire to attract attention to herself by calling one, and she would not, for the world, have named in the house where she was going, and therefore would have none called to the door.

It was some time ere she reached the precincts of the conjuror's abode, and so dark and gloomy did it appear, that she walked up and down several times, taking more than one dose of the contents of the black bottle to fortify her sinking nerves.

At length, for the fourth or fifth time, she came to a stand still opposite the door of the house she desired to enter, yet dare not; she made up her resolution on the instant; she stepped very quickly up to the door, and took the knocker in her hand; she was about to make application for admission, when she found the door open, and it required but a gentle touch to enable her to enter.

This she did after some little delay; she entered the passage as much from the fear of being noticed by any chance passenger, as from any other motive at the moment.

Lady Home had no sooner entered the passage than a loud groan assailed her ears, and bang went the door behind, at which she gave a great start, exclaiming,—

"Dear me, I am alone! Oh, my nerves!"

"Never mind your nerves, my lady," said a low voice; "try the black bottle."

"Oh!" screamed Lady Home, as she felt for the article alluded to, and, finding it safe, she did apply it to her lips, and then began to make an attempt to pierce the gloom that enshrouded the place; but so dim was the light, she could scarce see her way to the other end of the passage, where, after much difficulty, she arrived.

"Enter," said the same voice; but Lady Home could not see the door, and made several attempts to force an entrance through some of the panneling by the side of the door.

As if the inmates, or resident spirits, were aware of her difficulty, a bright blue flame arose, and thus illumined for an instant the spot where the door-handle was situated; at the same moment a tremendous explosion took place immediately behind her, and she felt herself propelled forward, and in another instant she was in the doorway of the conjuror's apartment.

There was the same sickly green light shining upon the different objects in the room; there was the chafing dish, with its burning charcoal; and there, in the same seat, sat the singular and abstracted being who had acquired such a reputation in the town.

Lady Home scarce ventured to move towards the interior of the room. She was particularly struck with the appearance of age that everything in the place bore, even including the conjuror himself.

There were many moving things that crawled over the walls and ceiling, but of such indistinct and shadowy forms, that she could scarce say what form they bore.

At length, after standing thus irresolute for some time, she felt nervously about for the black bottle; but lo, it was gone! For a moment Lady Home was bereft of sense; she scarce knew that she stood. A few moments before, she felt certain it was there; but now it was gone. Where? That was a question she could not solve, and she felt dreadfully afraid.

"Enter," said a voice close to her ear, in a very deep tone.

Lady Home propelled herself forward with a sudden jerk, and then the door closed after her, leaving her standing in the middle of the room, with the conjuror, who still maintained his immovable posture.

How long this would have continued it would be impossible to tell, had Lady Home continued silent; but some of her pride and spirit of contradiction came to her aid, and she said,—

"Are you the celebrated conjuror?"

The figure made a slight inclination of the head in reply.

"Deaf!" said Lady Home, to herself. "If that's the case, he can tell me but little."

"Fool!" said the conjuror, suddenly. "Do you know not that I can divine thy thoughts? I am not deaf, but I waste no words. Ask what you would desire to know; and such answers as the fates award shall be yours."

"Where—where—who's got my black bottle?" said her ladyship, ere she was aware of what she was about to demand.



"The *elixir livivium* is above," was the solemn and ready reply.

Lady Home looked up, and there, sure enough, was the *elixir livivium*, hanging in a mysterious manner from the ceiling, without any visible means of suspension. Lady Home made an effort to grasp it, but she could not reach it, and she was very angry at being thus disappointed.

"What would you with the conjuror?" exclaimed the man, without moving his head.

"I wish to ask you a few questions; but I scarce know whether to do so or not. I never was in such a low, abominable place before."

"Say on."

"Give me my—my—medicine. I must have my property," exclaimed her ladyship.

"No—no—my lady. You shall have it when your visit terminates. But go on, time flies, and others are waiting."

As he said this, he threw something on the fire, that gave out a peculiar odour, that immediately diffused itself over the room, and then a red light arose from the place.

"I wish to know if I shall be fortunate in an undertaking that is about to be commenced on my behalf!"

The conjuror drew some mystic lines, and chanted, in some strange language, some verses, and then said,—

"The time is not propitious. Mars and Venus turn their backs upon each other and separate; and the cornucopia turned towards Venus is empty—nothing will come out."

"I have commenced a suit for a separate maintenance against that low brute, Sir Charles Home. You know my name, and I will tell you all. Tell me truly—shall I obtain my object?"

"You will not," replied the seer, sharply.

Lady Home gave a deep groan, and said,—

"I have nothing more to ask, since fate is so adverse to me. I need not occupy your time any longer. Give me my black bottle."

"The applications you make to that bottle are the cause of your adversity. I cannot rule events. I might tell you what would please you; but it would be untrue. Your misfortunes, however, will not be the only ones. Sir Charles will meet a fate he merits. He will not pass through life unscathed."

"Thank Providence!" said Lady Home. "If I can't get my separate maintenance, I hope he may be punished. But give me my bottle."

At a signal the black bottle descended, and, as it neared Lady Home, she suddenly seized it, and in haste quitted the house, when she raised it to her lips—but, oh! what a disappointment! The bottle was empty!

(To be continued in our next.)

## ALICE HOME IN ANSWER TO HORACE SINGLETON.

Horace, we will not part; thou art to me  
Radiant and bright, like sunbeam on the sea;  
But well thou know'st that maidens ought not tell  
How much they feel of love's bewitching spell.

Deep in the heart, within its very core,  
Should be enshrined the image we adore;  
And scarcely to ourselves the secret may  
Be owned—love shuns the light of day;

It hides, like violets, its soft perfumed spell:  
How maidens blush when first of love they tell—  
I blush, my Horace, when I think of thee,  
And parting would, indeed, be death to me.

JANE.

OBLIGATIONS.—Sir John Carr, when at Cadiz in 1809, observing that a lieutenant of a British man-of-war had been running very fast, and was in a state of considerable agitation, took the liberty of inquiring the cause of his apparent distress. "Have you seen, sir," said the lieutenant, "a little fat man, with a wig, and golden-headed cane, go out? I never was so used in my life; I have been drinking two glasses of punch, and only said two words to this little gentleman, for I know no more than two of the Spanish language; he left me, and, sir, when I asked the waiter what I had to pay, he told me that the gentleman who sat next to me had settled everything." He continued, with an oath, that he had never been treated so before, that he had never hitherto been under an obligation to any one, and would not put up with it. He returned to the coffee-house, and persuaded an Englishman, who spoke Spanish, to tell the waiter that he insisted on paying for the punch. The waiter refused to take his money, and an altercation ensued, which was at length terminated by the lieutenant's throwing a dollar into the bar, and running out of the house, declaring that, much as he liked a Spaniard, he would not submit to be under any obligation to one.

## ZULEIKA ;

OR, THE HALL OF SKULLS.

A SYRIAN TALE

ABOUT twenty miles to the north of Antioch, on a small stream, a tributary to the Orontes, is a castle which the Mussulman peasantry of the neighbourhood believe to have been founded by Saladin the Great, but which was more probably the work of the Crusaders. Its lofty walls, its solid architecture, its square grey turrets, and commanding outline, gave it an imposing appearance from the opposite bank of the river, to which it is joined by a low bridge of stone architecture, which leads to the lofty archway of the main portals of the fortress.

Here, about the year 1619 of the Christian era, and in the reign of Othman the Second, resided the beautiful Zuleika, a princess of the blood royal, who had been married, by the orders of her father, in a moment of displeasure, to a bey of Syria, to whom the castle had been assigned for his residence, with a district of some extent, (independent of the Pasha of Aleppo,) for a government. To this husband, the bey Mustapha, she had become devotedly attached; and when he was carried away a prisoner by a wandering horde of Kurds, and supposed to have been put to death, (which happened about a year before,) her resentment knew no bounds. Naturally of a warlike disposition, and brought up, though a woman, to bend the bow, use the sword, and lance, and subdue the most spirited coursers; her resentment against the vagabond Kurds who infested the neighbourhood, soon became fatal to their race.

She had a large hall in the castle, which she called the *Hall of the Kurds*, but which was better known as the *Hall of Skulls*. A fountain flowed in the middle, whose sides were stained with the blood of a hundred of the devoted race, whose skulls were ranged in a pyramid at the north end of this chamber of horrors. It was singular to observe the ferocious delight with which Zuleika, the most beautiful woman of the age, whose figure was as matchless as the contour of her face was seraphic, would count these dreadful proofs of her unappeasable hatred to the murderers of her lord. This was her gala chamber, the only place where she appeared to forget her sorrow and despair.

A hundred soldiers, the best of the Turkish race, guarded her castle, and submitted to her orders; and these were exercised in daily encounters against every Curdish, or Turcoman horde, which approached her territories. Two only of her domestics were treated with particular confidence, and appeared to enjoy her unlimited favour. The elder of these, Hassan, was a man of forty, and an Arab by birth, of noble extraction, great plausibility of speech, and undoubted valour. He was particularly ingratiated with his mistress, by the number of the children of Curdistan whom he had sacrificed, in single combat to the manes of his late master. She placed the greatest trust in him, which, in no single instance, had ever been abused.

The other was Selim, the favourite page of her late husband. This youth had always testified to his master the same devotion which Hassan testified to Zuleika; but, though highly favoured by his mistress, he had never looked upon her with the same partiality. He appeared to shudder in her presence, and never voluntarily presented himself before her. Still he was favoured; for nothing beloved by her murdered husband was ever indifferent in the eyes of Zuleika.

It was on a lovely evening in June, that the lady was sitting on one of the turrets of the castle. Hassan was standing by her side, and their view stretched over some of the fairest mountain scenery that had ever been laid out by the hands of nature.

"Who is that, Hassan, who descends yonder mountain so rapidly?" said the princess. "He is a good horseman, or he would ere now have been over the sides of that yawning precipice."

"Young Selim, my lady; he has been hawking among the mountains. He has some good news, or he would never ride home so rapidly. If you observe, he is generally a laggard when he returns to the castle."

"I have noted it," said the princess; and she continued to watch his course.

Half an hour of the most rapid riding, on one of the very best steeds that Syria had ever produced, brought the page to the bridge of the castle. He descended—threw the reins to a soldier—inquired for his lady—and ascended the turret.

"Good news, my lady. News which you would purchase by the richest ring on your finger. A strong band of Kurds are encamped in those mountains!"

The princess raised her beautiful face to the blue skies, as if in gratitude, and, grasping her silken tresses, which fell in long rich curls over her shoulder, with one hand, and her dagger with the other, she looked as if she were already gratifying her revenge in the Hall of Skulls.

Then, turning to the page, whose countenance gleamed with pleasure,



she took a diamond ring off her finger, and threw it into his cap, exclaiming,—

"Thou art not usually the bearer of good tidings, Selim, and we must reward service in proportion to its rarity."

The page blushed, and looked as if he would gladly have refused the present, which he had justly demanded; but, not daring to take such a liberty with his mistress, he bowed low to cover his confusion, and waited her further orders.

"These worshippers of the devil," said the princess, "these accursed Yezedies, do you think they will remain in the mountains till to-morrow?"

"They are encamped, my lady; and, from the deliberation of their movements, they are certain to remain some days if not assailed."

"It is well," said the princess; "to-morrow we will assail them," and she descended from the turret, followed by Hassan and the page, smiling peculiar meaning, as with a last glance at the setting sun, she noticed its colour to be the exact hue of a stream of blood.

The following morning, all was gay and alert in the castle—spears were glittering, swords shining, plumes waving, horses prancing and neighing, and everything was preparing for a march of cavalry. Three hours before sunrise, the castle portals were thrown open, and a hundred veteran horsemen, the pride of the Turkish chivalry, richly clothed, and armed in the finest Damascus steel, rode two by two under the frowning archway of the fortress. In the rear of this troop of warriors rode a lady armed in a light and splendidly ornamented cuirass, a turban case with steel on her head, a long spear in her right hand, and a short crooked scimitar hanging by her side. Behind her, as her personal attendants, were the Arab Hassan, mounted on a coal-black steed, (the very figure and living effigy of a warrior,) and the page Selim.

They continued their route for about six miles from the castle, and Selim, by an order from his lady, then rode at their head as their guide. They now entered a mountain defile, where a long and very narrow valley ran between two ranges of rocky mountain, like a cleft produced by some earthquake, or convulsion of nature. The road was formed of a ledge, or shelf in the rock, half way down the range of hills; below it was a precipice, the bottom of which was covered by a forest of thick-planted trees; above it on both sides were rocks, whose jagged and ragged summits ascended in a thousand picturesque forms to Heaven. For two miles the march continued along this natural road. The lady then commanded a halt.

"This," said she, to Hassan, "is the Valley of the Genii, is it not?"

"Yes, my lady, and the entrance to it is deemed so ominously unlucky, that I will wager none of our troop has ever entered it, though so near to your castle."

"It is a dreadful place; how dark and unwholesome appear the firs and cypresses at the bottom of the valley."

"True, my lady, but I fancy they are as innoxious as the evergreen oaks which flourish so thickly among them."

"And the genii?"

"There are probably no other genii than the goats, which you may see upon every crag and pinnacle of the rocks, and which seem, with their long beards and picturesque attitudes, as if they were really the genii of the place."

"Hassan, I fear no living creature, but I own I am superstitious of the dead, and I like not the community of spirits."

Hassan thought of the Hall of Skulls, and not even the beautiful features of the speaker could prevent a smile of derisive mockery from playing upon his lips, as he replied,—

"An ambush, I fancy, is more to be dreaded here, than any attack from the dead, or the denizens of Ginnistan."

"Call the page Selim."

Selim was called, and immediately rode to the rear, his bugle in his hand.

"How far are the Curds from here, boy?"

"About four miles, my lady, will bring us to the bottom of the mountains, at the top of which they are perched, like an eyrie of eaglets. They are proper fellows—true children of the desert—wild as wolves, as fierce as hyenas—more like men of bronze, than living flesh and blood."

"Return, boy, and lead on, but quietly. Hassan, do you think this place is true?"

"The place, my lady, is suspicious; but I see no other reason to doubt him."

"Ride up to him, and at the least appearance of treachery, shoot him through the head."

They proceeded, and, at the end of three miles, the shelf, or bank of rock, on which they were riding, descended gradually into the valley. The path then continued at the bottom of the valley, which was here bare and level, except when a fragment of rock occasionally impeded their progress. The valley still remained extremely narrow, resembling a rent or chasm in the rocks. There were occasionally sudden turnings

and windings, a new feature in the valley, which had hitherto been as straight as a line.

At one of these turnings, the page Selim suddenly set spurs to his horse, and was followed by a dozen bullets from his fellow-soldiers, to requite his evident treachery, all of which missed, except one from Hassan (who never missed his mark), but whose bullet was turned, in this instance, by the Damascus cuirass of the traitor page.

At the same moment, the valley before and behind them, appeared full of armed men. In the front were foot soldiers, who knelt down, and levelled a double line of spears—behind them, men armed with matchlocks, which they planted on the shoulders of the front ranks, took a deliberate aim. The sides of the hills were also bristling with armed men, who had been concealed in the clefts of the rock. The princess's people were caught in a trap.

The beautiful Zuleika scarcely changed colour at this unexpected ambuscade. She waved her spear, and urged her men to the attack, but their situation was too desperate, and the soldiers, brave as they were, remained quiet and despondent—all except Hassan, who blew his bugle, and shouted to the onset.

At the moment, a messenger of truce appeared from the hostile ranks. A long turban, floating at the top of a spear, supplied the place of a flag. He approached the princess, and thus addressed her,—

"Noble princess, your hostility has been fatal to our race; but you are of the blood of Othman, and not the slightest harm is intended towards you. You command our reverence, and have won our admiration. But our chief craves your permission to descend, unharmed, for a trial of skill with your servant Hassan. With him the combat must be deadly; he is a traitor, in whom you have misplaced your confidence, and the page Selim is, as the future will prove, most friendly towards you. This our chief will maintain to the death, at the point of the sword and the spear."

"Be it so," said the princess; "your leader may descend unharmed, and Hassan will meet him in the combat. Let the event decide which is the traitor."

The music of the hostile forces now struck up, and its wild and unearthly sound seemed a fit climax to the horrors of the place. It needed little superstition to believe still, that they were in the haunts of the genii, and that their wild opponents were disembodied spirits.

The chief of the ambuscading force now descended from the top of the rocks. A goat could scarcely have descended by the wild and dangerous path which he pursued; but he rode as safely as an Arab sheik coursing on the plain of Esdraelon, the battle-field of nations. Down he galloped, by the yawning precipice, as if he and his horse were eagles, flying through the air. A moment brought him to the bottom of the valley.

"Where is the dog Hassan?" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder,

"Make room for the combat."

"Fool!" said his opponent; "Hassan is here, and will soon lay thee low on the plain."

The combatants rushed like lightning on each other, and a battle of spear-thrusts ensued, the like of which none of the spectators had ever seen or imagined. The skill of both was inimitable, but at last the stranger forced the spear of Hassan out of his hand, and carried away, on the point of his own spear, the turban of Hassan. The stranger then threw away his spear, and a sword combat ensued. Not the flashes of lightning in a thunder-storm were ever quicker or more brilliant than the whirl of their swords. For a moment the stranger relaxed his exertions, and the victory seemed to be inclining to Hassan, who doubled his impetuosity; but the delusion was fatal, and the next moment decided the fight, as the gasping head of Hassan rolled six paces from the ground of the combat.

The stranger dismounted, and, grasping the head in his left hand, approached Zuleika, threw down his sword, and tossing the head at her feet, he exclaimed,—

"Zuleika, my love, embrace thy husband! This is the traitor who sold me to the Curds."

The princess, as may be imagined, fainted with joy; and never arose a louder "Illah allah," from Moslem voices, than now greeted the reunion of the lovers, in the Valley of the Genii.

When the princess recovered, she found the page Selim by the side of his master, smiling at the success of the stratagem which they had mutually concerted.

E. M. C. P.

**THE SHOP.**—At a late dinner at the Mansions-house, three foreign consuls were present, to whom Don Key wished to do honour by drinking their healths, and directed the toast master to proclaim the health of the three present consuls; he, however, mistaking the words, gave out the following:—"The Lord Mayor drinks the three per cent. consols."

We should esteem virtue, though in a foe, and abhor vice, though in a friend.



## THE DUELLISTS.

WHILE Lower Saxony was oppressed and exhausted by the Austrian and Bavarian troops in the Thirty Years' War, the circle of Upper Saxony had been preserved for a considerable period from military outrage by the cautious or timid policy of the elector, John George. At length the advance of the savage Tilly into his states, in consequence of his refusal to recede from the treaty of Leipsic, and the successive captures of Merseburg, Naumburg, and other places of strength, compelled the Saxon prince to relinquish his temporizing policy, and to embrace the proffered alliance and protection of Gustavus Adolphus. This unexpected accession of strength determined the Swedish monarch to abandon the defensive system he had for some time pursued, and to advance immediately upon Leipsic, which had also opened its gates to the Catholic general. At this dreadful crisis, when intelligence of the rapid advance of Tilly had spread consternation throughout the electorate, and the dread of Austrian barbarity overbalanced the hope of deliverance by the Swedes, I had been officiating several months as curate in the populous village of B—, in Upper Saxony. The atrocious cruelty of Tilly at Magdeburg was still fresh in our recollection, and the consternation of the villagers impelled them to seek relief from incessant and devout attendance at church. The bells were tolled hourly, and fervent prayers for divine assistance were succeeded by the sublime hymns of Luther, while around the portrait of the immortal reformer large tapers were constantly burning, as before the altar of a saint.

One day, while the congregation was singing with fervent devotion the fine hymn, beginning, "The Lord is a tower of strength," the church door was abruptly thrown open, and a dusty courier, in the electoral uniform, rushed into the middle aisle. Immediately the organ ceased—the singers were mute—and every head was turned in anxious anticipation of some momentous intelligence. The stranger advanced rapidly to the altar, ascended the steps, waved his hat thrice above his head, and exclaimed, in tones of loud and thrilling energy,—

"Rejoice, my dear fellow Christians, rejoice! The brave Lutherans have conquered—the battle of Leipsic is fought and won—7000 Imperialists lie dead on the field—Tilly has fled—and the great Gustavus Adolphus and his army have returned thanks to God Almighty on their knees."

At this joyful and unexpected intelligence every knee was bent, and every lip moved in thanksgiving; the pealing organ put forth all its volume, and the assembled villagers concluded the hymn with streaming eyes and grateful hearts.

About three weeks after this happy day, I was sitting alone in my humble apartment, and contemplating with a grateful heart the improved condition and prospects of the great Protestant cause, when a stranger entered the room unannounced, and seated himself opposite to me in silence. His tall person was enveloped in a military cloak—his countenance was bronzed by exposure to sun and storm, and his eyes and forehead were overshadowed by a dragon helmet.

I gazed for some time upon this mysterious intruder; but my earnest perusal of his features, although it roused some remote reminiscences, led to no satisfactory conclusion, until an arch-smile, which curved his well-formed lips, revealed my old friend and fellow-student, Seifert. Joyous exclamations of "Dear Charles" and "Dear Albert," were followed by a cordial embrace, and many eager inquiries concerning our respective pilgrimages since our separation a few years before at the University of L—.

My surprise at this unexpected meeting was no little increased, when my friend threw aside his cloak. At the university he was distinguished by the classic elegance of his tall and slender person; by fastidious refinement of mind and manners; by his temperance, diffidence, and taciturnity, in mixed society, and his unceasing devotion to study. I now gazed upon a robust and military figure, whose light yellow jacket and polished steel cuirass announced the Swedish officer of dragons. His former diffidence of tone and manner had vanished for ever, and was replaced by a loud voice, an air of military frankness, and an imposing self-possession which, however, became him well, and developed advantageously his powerful and well cultivated understanding. I congratulated him upon his improved appearance, and upon the rank he had attained in the service of the noble Gustavus.

"I need not explain to you," he replied, with the air of a man who is not ignorant of his own merits, "by what process I have become captain of dragons. When the great drama of European politics grows serious, and the thrones of princes totter beneath them, the sons of nobles, and the minions of kings and ministers, yield to the force of events, and give place to men of talent and energy. At the present time there are few field officers in active service throughout Germany who have not carried muskets in early life. This rule holds good, even in the Imperial and other Catholic states, which are pre-eminently aristocratic. Tilly and Wallenstein, although of noble birth, are sprung

from indigence; as are, also, Bucquoy and Dampier. Johann von Wert was a peasant; General Beck, a shepherd; Stahlhantsch, a footman; and Field Marshal Aldringer, a valet-de-chamber."

He now arose, threw open the window, and whistled. This signal was soon explained by the entrance of a tall, blue-eyed and fair haired Swede, who covered my deal table with a napkin of white damask, placed upon it a bottle of wine, with two green glasses, and disappeared. Seifert filled two bumpers of costly Hochheimer, and exclaimed, with glowing enthusiasm,—

"Long live Gustavus Adolphus!"

"Since I have known this great and admirable man, Albert," he continued, "I have ceased to indulge my fancy by building models of superhuman excellence. My day-dreams are dissolved, and my understanding and affections are occupied by a splendid reality. What has not the heroic Gustavus conceived and accomplished! A better man, in every sense of the word, walks not the earth; nor has any soldier, of ancient or modern times, made so many discoveries and improvements in military science. The Swedish regiments formerly comprised three thousand men, and were helpless and unwieldy as elephants. By reducing their numbers to one thousand two hundred, he has enabled them to perform the most complex manoeuvres with facility, and to move with the bounding energy of Arabian coursers. Four surgeons of approved skill are attached to each regiment. Before the introduction of this humane and politic improvement, the wounded were left groaning on the field of battle, a prey to the vulture and the wolf. In the Austrian army there is no provision of this nature; and Tilly himself, when marked with a Protestant sabre, was obliged to send to Halle for a surgeon. The brigading of troops—the firing *en pelotons*—the dragon service—the short cannon, which carries farther than a long one—the new pike, and the cartridge-box—are but a portion of the inventions which we owe to Gustavus Adolphus. Every field-officer in the Swedish service is a worthy pupil of our hero's master, who fights alike in summer and in winter, and who has proved himself the best engineer of his time, by his skill in the conduct of sieges, batteries, and entrenchments. When he drew his sword in the Protestant cause, and advanced like a hurricane into Germany, the military tops of Vienna called him the Snow-King, and predicted that he and his troops would melt in the summer heats. They little knew the formidable enemy they had to encounter. But the more sagacious Tilly shook his head when he heard this favourite jest of the Vienna circles, and was heard to say, that the snow-ball would probably roll up into an avalanche. He had sufficient knowledge of human nature to foresee a possibility that the fresh and ardent zeal of the Swedish and German Protestants would eventually triumph over the worn-out fanaticism of the Catholic soldiery. To return to Gustavus. I could utter volumes in praise of his eloquence, and of the talents displayed in his letters, treaties, and manifestoes. His character, in short, exhibits a splendid combination of intrepidity and self-possession—of temperance and industry—of affability, clemency, and candour. To crown all, he is a good husband and father, a sound and fervent Christian; and may I fall into the talons of old Tilly, or of the devil, who is the best of the two, if I would not shed my blood for him as cheerfully as I now pour out a bumper of Rhine wine to his health."

I listened with growing amazement to my enthusiastic friend, whose language and deportment had experienced a change as striking as the alteration in his person. I could not discern in the martial figure before me a vestige of the modest, taciturn, and temperate youth I had formerly known. The fire of his eyes, and the stern compression of his lips, indicated a resolute and decided character. His language flowed like a torrent; and he had so entirely subdued his dislike to the bottle, that, in the ardour of his eulogium, he swallowed successive bumpers, without observing that I had limited myself to a single glass.

After he had entered into some farther details of his military career, he rose to depart, and thus addressed me,—

"My object in calling upon you, Albert, was not merely to embrace an old friend, but to make his fortune. You are irretrievably spoiled for a soldier; but a king, who pillows his head on the works of the immortal Grotius, can appreciate learning as well as valour. He loves the book of Grotius on War and Peace as much as Alexander the Great prized the Iliad of Homer; and he has often declared that he would make this highly-gifted man his prime minister, if he would accept the appointment. He has, also, a fine taste, or, I should rather say, an impassioned feeling, for poetry. After the surrender of Elbing, but before the definitive treaty was signed, the king walked into the town unobserved, and purchased the Latin poems of Buchanan. You, Albert, are a scholar and a poet; but, more than all, you are descended from the family of Luther. I have often bantered you for attaching importance to this accident of birth, but I now foresee that it will greatly promote your advancement in life. Gustavus is a zealous Lutheran. He venerates the great Reformer as a second saviour; and he will certainly bestow upon you an honourable appointment, when he learns that, in



addition to more solid merits, you are a scion, although but collaterally, of the stock of Luther. And now, my Albert, *vale et me ama!* The moon will be down in an hour, and I must to quarters. We are encamped three leagues hence, near the small town of R—. The king and his staff occupy the adjacent castle. Visit me the day after to-morrow, and I will introduce you to his majesty."

With these words he embraced me, and summoned his dragoon. Two noble chargers were brought to my cottage door, and the active riders, vaulting into the saddles, bounded rapidly across the church-yard path into the high road. The night was still and beautiful; the moonbeams shone brightly upon their nodding plumes and steel cuirasses; and as I gazed on their retreating figures, and listened to the loud ring of their sabres and accoutrements, I fancied them two knights of the olden time, rallying forth in quest of nocturnal adventure.

On the morning of the day appointed for my introduction to royalty, I felt a natural impulse to adorn the outward man, and surveyed, with some trepidation, the contents of my scanty wardrobe. Alas! the best coat in my possession displayed a surface more brown than black; and, while endeavouring to improve it with a brush, I discovered more nebulous spots and milky ways than ever met the gaze of an astronomer through his telescope. At the risk of giving dire offence to the royal nostrils, I obliterated many of these celestial systems with turpentine, converted an old hat into a new one by the aid of warm beer, took my walking-stick and bundle, and commenced my journey to the Swedish camp.

About a quarter of a league from the town I encountered groups of soldiers, seated at the entrances of tents and cottages. They were men of comely aspect, well clothed, and of peaceable deportment.

To an officer of some rank, who inquired my object in approaching the camp, I mentioned the invitation of Seifert. He treated me with the respect due to my sacred office, and in terms of courtesy and kindness told me, that my friend was quartered near the castle gate.

Anticipating a kind and hospitable reception from Seifert, I was not a little surprised by his altered look and manner. He was sitting with folded arms and clouded aspect; and did not immediately reply to my cordial address, nor even acknowledge my presence by look or gesture. At length he coldly replied,—

"Good morning, Albert. Excuse my reception of you, but I thought our appointment had been for to-morrow."

Suddenly the stern expression of his features relaxed into kindness and cordiality; he started from his seat, seized my hand affectionately, and exclaimed, with visible emotion,—

"It is well, however, that you have arrived to-day, for possibly you had not found me in existence to-morrow."

"Good God!" I ejaculated, "what calamity has befallen you, Seifert? Have you by any fault or misfortune lost the royal favour?"

"On the contrary," he replied, with a smile of singular meaning; "the king has just granted me a signal and unprecedented favour."

He then closed the door of his apartment, and confined in a lower tone,—

"Every human being, Albert, has his weak side, and even a great king is but a man. The failing of our heroic Gustavus is that of inordinate devotion. He is the high priest as well as the general of his army, and no superannuated devotee can surpass him in praying, weeping, and psalm-singing. I give him full credit for zeal and sincerity, for it is impossible that Gustavus Adolphus can stoop to hypocrisy; but among various unmilitary regulations which have sprung from this religious enthusiasm, he has forbidden duels under the penalty of death."

Here I would have interrupted him.

"Excuse me, Albert," he continued, "I know all that you would say on the subject; I know that, as a clergyman, you must vindicate this absurdity of Gustavus; but kings and curates are privileged men. The latter are not very tenacious of the point d'honneur; and when a king is insulted, he wages war on a large scale, and arrays a nation against a nation to avenge his private quarrels. For instance, what was the battle of Leipzig but a duel between Gustavus Adolphus and Ferdinand III., or rather Maximilian of Bavaria? I must, however, do him the justice to acknowledge that he has at length relaxed the severity of this regulation, and has permitted me to measure swords with Captain Barstrom; but on condition that the duel shall take place in the baronial hall of the castle, and in the presence of the king and his staff-officers. The gallery will be open to the public, and I will procure you a good seat and an intelligent companion, that you may have the pleasure of seeing me avail myself of his majesty's gracious permission to humble the pride and insolence of my opponent. You are a classical man, Albert, and may readily suppose that you are beholding a mortal combat of gladiators, for the encounter will only terminate with the death of one or both. In return for this gratification," he added, with a careless smile, "you must pledge yourself to read the service of the dead over my remains, should I fall, and to compose for me a Latin epitaph in

flowing hexameters. And now, my beloved Albert, farewell. I must go and apparel, for it would be a breach of etiquette to perform tragedy before spectators of such exalted rank in any but full dress."

"Strange being!" I here impatiently exclaimed, "you speak of a deadly combat as you would of a pageant! Cease this unallowable levity, and tell me in plain language what is the nature of this insult, which can only be atoned for by the sacrifice of human life?"

"Last night at supper," he replied, "Barstrom called me a German coxcomb, and I returned the compliment by calling him a Swedish bear. A defiance to mortal combat immediately ensued; the king's consent was obtained, and this day will prove whether the bear shall give the coxcomb a mortal squeeze, or be compelled to dance to the coxcomb's fiddle."

With these words he left the apartment, and shortly returned with a Saxon subaltern of mature age and intelligent physiognomy. He told me to accompany me to the gallery of the castle-hall and to procure for me a commodious seat.

Thunderstruck at this intelligence, I left the quarters of Seifert, and approached the castle in silent consternation. My companion gave me a look of humorous meaning, and remarked, while he offered me a pinch of snuff,—

"All this is doubtless above your comprehension, reverend sir. It is almost above mine, although I have lived above half a century, and have made some use of my opportunities. Perhaps, however, you, who have studied at the university, can explain to me why no man likes to be called by his proper name. I have known Captain Seifert for a twelvemonth—I have seen him in battle—and, God knows! he wields his sabre as well as he does his tongue, which is no small praise, because he surpasses most men in wit and knowledge; but I maintain, nevertheless, that he is somewhat of a coxcomb. Captain Barstrom is also a man of distinguished bravery, and he had once the good fortune to save the king's life, but in manner he is a wild beast; and why he should take offence at the very characteristic appellation of a 'Swedish bear,' puzzles me exceedingly."

I followed my conductor into the gallery, which was crowded with citizens, who readily, however, made way for me and my escort, and we gained a position commanding a good view of the arena below. The royal guards, a fine body of men, in light blue coats and steel cuirasses, lined both sides of the spacious hall, and their polished battle-axes flashed brightly from the tops of their long black lances.

"I suppose," said I to my companion, "that these fine body-guards are the king's favourite regiment?"

"Gustavus is a father to all his soldiers," answered the subaltern; "and, incredible as it may appear to you, he knows personally almost every Swede in his army, has conversed with most of them, and addressed them even by name. The entire Swedish force is as well equipped as the men before you. On this point the munificent Gustavus differs widely from Corporal Skeletoz, as he always calls Tilly. The old Bavarian maintains that a polished musket and a ragged soldier set off each other. The Swedish monarch studies the health and comfort of his soldiers collectively, and indulges no preference for the guards. Indeed he has been often heard to say that he trusted not in body-guards, but in the providence of God."

During this discussion, the castle hall had become gradually crowded with officers in Swedish and Saxon uniforms. Suddenly the loud clash of spurs and voices ceased, and was succeeded by a deep and respectful silence. The lofty folding-doors were thrown open, and with a beating heart and aching eye balls I awaited a first view of the mighty Gustavus.

A tall man entered the hall, spare in body, but stout and muscular in limb. His forehead was lofty and commanding, his eye-brows were prominent and bushy, and his nose had the curve of a hawk's. Good feeling and intelligence were finely blended in his physiognomy; but the powerful glance of his deep-set eyes was softened and shaded by an expression of settled melancholy. He saluted right and left with much urbanity, proceeded to the upper end of the hall, and stood with folded arms and abstracted gaze, evidently unconscious of the passing scene.

"That is a personage of high rank," I observed; "but it cannot be the king. I have understood that Gustavus is robust in person, and has a full and jovial countenance."

"That field-officer," replied the subaltern, "is the king's right arm, the admirable Gustavus Horn, whose division was immediately opposed to Tilly in the battle of Leipzig. He is at once a terrible warrior and a noble-minded man. I could relate many instances of his humanity and forbearance."

"But why," said I, "that expression of sadness in his countenance?" "He has recently lost an excellent wife and two lovely children," answered my companion, "by a contagious malady. He clasped their dead bodies in a long embrace, and sent them in a silver coffin to Sweden for interment. But you must not overlook the Chancellor Oxenstiern, the tall and majestic figure approaching General Horn. Ob-



serve his fine open countenance, exactly what the Italians call a *viso sciolto*. He is no Cardinal Richelieu—no Machiavel; and yet as cunning as the devil. He is of a mild and tranquil temperament, and affords a noble proof that an honest man may be a clever fellow. Observe how cordially he presses the hand of his son-in-law, and endeavours to console him. The wife of Gustavus Horn was his favourite daughter, but his grief for her loss is not outwardly visible. The king, who is a man of quick feelings, could not refrain from remarking this singular composure on so trying an occasion, and called him a cold-blooded animal. But what think you was the chancellor's reply? 'If my cold blood did not occasionally damp your majesty's fire, the conflagration would become inextinguishable.' Gustavus did not hesitate a moment to acknowledge the justice of the remark, nor does any man in Sweden better understand the value of Oxenstiern's cool judgment and comprehensive understanding. Had the chancellor's feeling been more acute and obvious, his mind would have been proportionably deficient in that consummate power and self-balance which have enabled him to accomplish so much for his king and country. Look at that impetuous young soldier, who is striding rapidly up the hall—I mean the one whose locks are combed over his forehead, after the newest mode, instead of being brushed upwards in the lion-fashion, like the hair of Gustavus and the chancellor."

"Hah!" I replied, "that is my own illustrious sovereign, Prince Bernard of Weimar. I have often met him when we were children, on the stairs of Luther's tower, near Eisenach, and he always honoured me with a friendly greeting. He has shot up into manly strength and beauty; and, if I read correctly his impatient gesture and flashing eye, he is a man of daring and impetuous character."

"Right," answered the subaltern. "He is young and inexperienced; but there are within him all the elements of another Gustavus. Observe how eagerly he approaches General Horn, and how cordially he embraces him. The general has many claims upon the esteem of this headlong youth, who has sometimes in the field dared to dispute the judgment and the orders of the veteran commander; but at length he saw his errors, and redeemed them nobly, by proving himself soldier enough to submit to his superior in rank, and man enough to acknowledge in public his own rashness and inexperience."

"Who is that grave-looking field-officer," I inquired, "who has just entered, and is so cordially saluted by every one?"

"Ah, my good and reverend sir!" exclaimed the old man, "you see there a striking proof of the great advantages of war over peace, and especially in the Swedish service. In peaceable times the signal merits of that man would not have raised him from obscurity. He is Colonel Stahlhantsch, a Finlander. In his youth he was a footman, and now he is the equal in military rank, and the personal friend of Duke Bernard. But he is a highly-gifted man, and, amongst other accomplishments, is well acquainted with the English language. He gained this knowledge when in the service of Sir Patrick Ruthven, and it has enabled him to render some valuable aid to the king, who speaks German, French, Italian, and Latin, as fluently as his native tongue, but is ignorant of English."

My companion was here interrupted by the loud cheers of a numerous assemblage in the court-yard. The window being immediately behind us, we had only to reverse our position to obtain a good view of the spacious enclosure, crowded with a dense mass of human beings. The pressure was terrific, and yet no soldiers were employed to clear the way for the approaching monarch and his retinue. The assembled people showed their sense of this forbearance, by uncovering their heads, and giving way respectfully as he advanced. I now beheld a large man on horseback, plainly attired in a suit of grey cloth. He had a green feather in his hat, and was mounted on a large spotted white horse of singular beauty and magnificent action. I required no prompting to tell me that this was the great Gustavus.

"Behold!" exclaimed my cicerone, "how slowly he rides across the castle-yard. He is afraid that his mettlesome courser may injure the thoughtless children perpetually crossing his path; and, being near sighted, he shades his eyes with his hand."

"The king is very plainly attired," I remarked; "but a man so distinguished by nature needs not the aid of dress. His features are finely moulded and full of dominion; but his person, although majestic and imposing, is somewhat too corpulent."

"Not an ounce too much of him," replied somewhat abruptly the subaltern. "He is not a heavier man than the heroic Charlemagne, or Rolf the Galloper, who founded the powerful state of Normandy; and in activity of body and mind, he is, at least, their equal."

Unwilling to irritate this partizan of Gustavus by pursuing this subject, I remarked the uncommon beauty of the king's horse.

"A fine horse," he replied; "he is the hobby of Gustavus, and by the indulgence of this foible, he has too often exposed to imminent peril, a life on which hinges the fate of Protestant Europe. On all occasions, and even in important engagements, he persists in riding

horses easily distinguishable from all others. A few days before the battle of Leipsic, a horse-dealer brought into the camp a noble charger, very peculiarly marked and coloured. This fellow was a spy employed by the base and cowardly Austrians, who calculated that Gustavus would ride this fine animal in the approaching engagement, and become an easy mark for their bullets."

"And who," I inquired, "is that broad-shouldered hero, with a clear, dark complexion, accompanied by a fine youth in the garb of a student?"

"That man of bone and muscle," he replied, "is the brave and chivalrous Banner, a name admirably characteristic of the man. He is truly a living standard, and, in the wildest tumult of the battle, stands firm as a castle-tower, rallies round him the bewildered soldiers, and leads them on again to combat and to victory. His noble daring cannot, however, be unknown to you. How much I regret that I cannot also show you those valiant soldiers, Collenburg and Teufel. Alas! they fell on the field of Leipsic. That fine-looking youth," he continued, in a whisper, "is a natural son of the king, born, however, before his marriage. Such an accident may happen to the best of men in the days of youthful riot; and to kings, who are greatly tempted, we should be greatly tolerant. When Gustavus married, he undertook, in good faith, to become the husband of one woman, and he has ever been a model of conjugal tenderness and fidelity."

During these details, the king had entered the hall, and taken a chair upon a raised platform at the upper end; his chancellor and staff officers standing on each side of him. Suddenly the lively and beautiful march, which had greeted the entrance of Gustavus, ceased; the king nodded to the band, and the wind instruments began to play the solemn dead-march, usually performed when a condemned officer is going to execution. The large folding-doors again opened, and two black coffins were brought in by soldiers, moving in slow time to the saddening music, and followed by a tall and harsh-looking man, with uncovered head and vulgar features. He wore a red cloak, which but partially concealed a glittering blade of unusual breadth, and resembling rather a surgical instrument than a weapon. "What does all this portend?" I eagerly inquired from my old companion, who had hitherto answered all my queries with singular intelligence, and in language far above his apparent condition. Without, however, removing his eager gaze from this singular spectacle below, he briefly answered—"Those are two coffins, and that man with the red cloak and sword is the provost marshal." The coffins were placed in two corners of the hall, the headsman retreated behind the body-guards, the music ceased, and Gustavus spoke to the following effect, with an impressive dignity of look, voice, and language, which no time will erase from my recollection:—

"My beloved soldiers and friends! It is well-known to you, that after mature deliberation with my faithful counsellors and field officers, I have forbidden duels in my army, under pain of death to the offending parties. My brave generals expressed their entire approval of this regulation, and recorded their unanimous opinion, that there is no essential connexion between duelling and the true honour of a soldier, and that a conscientious avoidance of a single combat is perfectly consistent with heroic courage and an elevated sense of honour.

"The soldier must be animated by a just cause, or his courage is worthless as the embroidery of his uniform; an ornament, but not a virtue. During the middle ages, duelling was, perhaps, expedient, to counterbalance the enormous evils which grew out of a lawless state of society; and it must be allowed, that the rude and chivalrous habits of that savage period were redeemed by no small portion of honourable and devotional feeling. Let us, then, prefer the substance to the shadow, and model our conduct by the better qualities of our ancestors, instead of copying their romantic exaggerations and absurdities. The lawless days of chivalry are gone by. They have been succeeded, throughout Christian Europe, by settled governments and institutions, which, however imperfect, afford comparative security to person and property. Why, then, will civilised men cling to the savage customs of a savage period? And why are we Protestants? Why are we in arms against Catholics? Is it not solely because they forbid us to keep peace with an improved state of knowledge, civil and religious? Some of you will, perhaps, contend, that an occasional duel is favourable to discipline and good manners; but, are you prepared to prove that the Catholic officers who fight duels with impunity, bear any comparison with mine in urbanity and discipline? And do you attach any value to that base and cowardly complaisance, which springs from the fear of death? Believe me, gentlemen, in a well-disciplined army, there will always be an immense majority of brave men, whose courtesy is prompted by good feeling and common sense; and, where the great majority is civilised, rudeness becomes the exception to the rule, and meets with merited contempt and avoidance.—Why, then, will even men of tried courage apply a remedy so strong as mortal combat to an evil so trivial?"



Here Gustavus paused, and fixed his eagle eyes upon the duellists, who stood, with folded arms and sullen mien, in the centre of the hall. Their very souls seemed to quail under his searching glance; their eyes fell, and the dark red hue of conscious guilt suffused their cheeks and foreheads. The royal orator resumed.

"And yet we, this day, behold two officers of acknowledged bravery, who have yielded to this insane impulse, and who, perhaps, flatter themselves that their readiness to stake life will excite admiration and astonishment. I had given them credit for better heads and better hearts, and I lament exceedingly their infatuation. There are some individuals, whose gloomy and ferocious temperament betrays their natural affinity to the tiger and the hyena; whose pride is not ennobled by a spark of honourable feeling; whose courage is devoid of generosity; who have no sympathies in common with their fellow-men; and who find a horrible gratification in hazarding their lives to accomplish the destruction of any one whose enjoyment of life, health, and reason, is greater than their own. I thank the Almighty that this demoniacal spirit prevails not in my army; and should it unfortunately animate any of my soldiers, they have my free permission to join the gipsy camps of Tilly and Wallenstein."

The Swedish generals here exchanged looks and nods of proud gratification, and Prince Bernard of Wiemar, whose fine eyes flashed with ungovernable delight, advanced a step towards the royal orator, as if he would have expressed his approbation by a cordial embrace. Controlling, however, with visible effort, this sudden impulse, he resumed his place. Meanwhile, the king exchanged a glance of friendly intelligence with his chancellor, and continued in a tone of diminished severity,—

"You will, probably, gentlemen, charge me with inconsistency in thus sanctioning a public duel, after my promulgation of a general order against the practice of duelling. There are, however, peculiar circumstances connected with this duel, to explain which, and to vindicate myself, I have requested your presence on this occasion. The gentlemen before you, Captains Barstrom and Seifert, are well known as officers of high and deserved reputation. Barstrom has evinced heroic courage on many occasions, and he saved my life in the Polish war, when I was bareheaded and surrounded—Syrrot having struck off my iron cap, which heretic head-gear the Austrians sent as a trophy to Loretto. I knighted Barstrom on the field of battle; and, relying upon his good sense and moderation, I promised to grant him a free boon. He never availed himself of this pledge until yesterday, when he solicited my permission to meet Captain Seifert in single combat.

"Seifert had studied chivalry at German universities, and to good purpose, if we may judge of the brilliant valour which made him a captain on the field of Leipsic. He has endeavoured to prove to me, by different Greek and Latin scraps, that I ought to sanction this duel; but it would not be difficult to bring forward old Homer himself in evidence, that the Greeks were not very fastidious in points of etiquette. For instance, Achilles called Agamemnon "a drunkard, with the look of a dog and the valour of a deer." Seifert, however, is not a man to be influenced by either classical or Christian authorities; his reason lies in prostrate adoration before the shrine of false honour, that Moloch of the dark ages, around which the chivalry of that period danced, until their giddy brains lost the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong.

"Thus solemnly pledged to two irreconcilable obligations, how can I extricate myself from a predicament so embarrassing? I have exhausted my powers of reasoning and persuasion in vain endeavours to accomplish a reconciliation. My promise of a free boon to Barstrom I cannot honourably retract; nor can I, for his sake, infringe upon the salutary law so long established. Happily one alternative remains. Be it so! Their savage propensities shall be gratified, and I will witness their chivalrous courage and heroic contempt of life. Now, gentlemen! draw, and do your worst! Fight until the death of one shall prove the other the better swordsman; but, mark well the consequence! Soon as one of you is slain, my executioner shall strike off the head of the other. Thus my pledge to Barstrom will be redeemed, and the law against duelling will remain inviolate."

Here Gustavus ceased to speak;—the solemn dead march was repeated by the band—the coffins were brought nearer to the duellists, and the grim-visaged executioner again came into view, with his horrible weapon. At this awful moment I beheld Seifert and Barstrom suddenly rush forward, throw themselves at the feet of Gustavus, and supplicate for mercy.

"Mercy depends not upon me, but upon yourselves," mildly replied the king, soon as the band had ceased. "If you do not fight, the executioner will find no occupation here." These words were accompanied by a glance of the headman, who immediately quitted the hall by a side door. "But, if you are sincerely desirous," continued Gustavus, "to regain the good opinion of the brave men and good Christians here assembled, you will at once relinquish every hostile feeling, and embrace each other as friends."

The duellists instantly flew into each others arms. Gustavus raised his folded hands and kingly features in devotional feeling towards Heaven, and the chancellor gave a signal to the band, which played a fine hymn on reconciliation and brotherly love. I now heard, with inexpressible delight, the king, Oxenstern, Horn, Banner, Stahlhauth, and Prince Bernard, with the assembled officers and guards, singing the impressive verses of Luther, with beautiful accuracy of time and tone. The magnificent bass of Gustavus Adolphus was easily distinguished by its organ-like fullness and grandeur; it resembled the deep low breathing of a silver trumpet, and although forty years have rolled over my head since I heard it, the rich and solemn tones of the royal singer still vibrate upon my memory.

The hallowed feeling spread through hall and gallery, and every one who could sing joined with fervour in the sacred song. Even my old subaltern, whose voice was painfully harsh and unmusical, drew from his pocket a hymn book and a pair of copper spectacles; his tones were tremulous and discordant; but, in my estimation, his musical deficiencies were amply redeemed by the tears which rolled down his hollow and time-worn cheeks.

Thus was this terrible camp scene converted, as if by miracle or magic, into a solemn, and, surely, an acceptable service of the Almighty.

## DEATH AND SLEEP.

AN ALLEGORY.

Two brother angels, twins in love and birth,  
Travers'd in mutual intercourse the earth;  
Upon a hill, near which a village rose,  
They laid them down to take a sweet repose;  
A deep, a mournful stillness reigns around,  
The village chimes are hush'd, nor e'en a sound  
Disturbs the tranquil air; the silent night  
Steals on apace, and claims her ancient right,  
At length arose, from off the mossy ground,  
The genius of sleep, and scatters round  
His unseen poppies with a lib'ral hand.  
The breeze of ev'ning, then, at his command,  
Bears them upon its wings, unto the walls  
Of the tir'd husbandman; sweet slumber falls  
Upon the villagers; from him who, grey  
With wintry age, and tottering to decay,  
Leans on his staff, unto the dimpling child  
That careless sleeps within the cradle mild.  
He makes the sick awhile their pains forego;  
The poor their cares; the sorrowful their woe.  
His bounteous task and pleasing toil then o'er,  
Again he laid himself as erst before,  
Recumbent at his serious brother's side,  
And thus soliloquiz'd with generous pride:  
"When the fair face of blushing morn appears,  
And with its presence all creation cheers;  
When the shrill matin of the lark awakes  
The rustic hinds, and every one betakes  
Himself to labour; when to Heaven ascend  
Their morning orisons; their constant friend,  
Refreshing sleep, will never be forgot,  
But loud his praise resound from every cot.  
What pleasure to our happy hands are given,  
To be the bounteous messengers of Heaven  
To all mankind, and with an unseen hand  
To scatter blessings over every land."  
Thus spoke the friendly angel, and his eye  
Beam'd forth benignity and Heavenly joy.  
"Ah, me!" the genius of death rejoin'd,  
"Why cannot I be lauded by mankind?  
Alas!" said he, while from his eye there ran  
A tear immortal, "I am deem'd by man  
The bane of all his peace." "Oh, say not so,  
My brother," said the genius; "well we know,  
When the last trumpet's awful blast shall sound,  
And summon an uprising world around,  
The righteous will thy benefactions bless,  
And all thy friendship thankfully confess.  
Are we not brothers? sons of one kindred sire,  
Whose works we do, whose wonders we admire?"  
"Tis true," the genius of death replies,  
The tears still sparkling in his heavenly eyes;  
Then clasp'd his brother closely to his breast,  
And in a kind embrace they sank to rest.

London.

J. A.



## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

Twitter now heard the confused murmur of a number of voices, and then he heard one man say distinctly,—

"If so be as there lies a murderer in the waggon, arn't I parochial? Bring him out. Hold him fast, and then you'll see how I'll mystify him. Am I a beadle, or am I not—eh?—eh? Nobody says no. I is."

"Ah! Mr. Fitch," said a thin, cracked, female voice, "you may be very good for a sturdy vagrant, or a little boy as plays marbles on a Sunday, but don't you have anything to do with murderers, there's a good man."

"Woman, woman," cried the insulted beadle, "you are a female woman, and consevevently anti-parochial—show me the ruffian—five or six of you hold him tight, and leave him to me. A-a-hem—a-hem—a-hem."

"I will surrender myself to that man," thought Twitter, "and get him to have confidence in my quietness, after which I can escape from him, if needs be, at the expense of his very life—but he won't resist me."

A crowd of people now appeared at the tail of the waggon, and the maniac, jumping out among them, suddenly created so much consternation, that they rushed away in all directions, the most astonishing thing being the sudden disappearance of Mr. Fitch, the beadle, who, as we dislike mysteries, we may as well state at once, crept under the waggon, which, moreover, gave him all the appearance of having suddenly disappeared down some trap-door.

The maniac then reached his hand into the waggon, and before Twitter was aware of him, he seized hold of his leg, and dragged him out.

"Mercy—mercy," cried Twitter; "I surrender myself to the proper authorities. I am an innocent man, and I claim the protection of the proper authorities."

"Eh," said the beadle, "that's me."

He slowly emerged from beneath the waggon, and then the maniac cried aloud,—

"Who will take charge of a murderer? I accuse him. Who will carry him to York?"

"Me," said the beadle. "Look at me and shiver—I'm a beadle. La! take him of course. My name Fitch will be in all the newspapers. I shall be called that active and enterprising beadle Fitch—ah!—hem."

"I'm an innocent man," said Twitter, "and a timid one. I yield to your authority—quite yield."

"You are sure you are a timid one?"

"Very, sir, very."

"Good. Then I'm a perfect lion. Don't attempt to escape, or else woe—woe—woe—a-hem."

"I tell you what it is," said the waggoner, "Mr. Fitch, I suspect the fellow myself. He did go on so talking to himself when he got in the waggon."

"Ah! ah! It's only fifty miles to York, near, but I'll get all the authorities—all the road to give us a hoist. My chay-cart will do the job. Oh! if I should become the celebrated Fitch."

So inflamed was the beadle with the prospect of celebrity before him, that nothing would satisfy him but an immediate departure with Twitter, and having procured a chaise-cart, he placed him in with good confidence in his timidity, and was about to start, when the maniac made an effort to go likewise, which Mr. Fitch by no means approved of, and whipping on the horse, he stopped the argument by the force of speed and distance.

How hollow are human expectations—how short-lived are human glories—Mr. Fitch—alas! for a beadle's reputation. It was—but we will not anticipate—something serious did befall Mr. Fitch with his timid passenger that must form part of another chapter of our most veritable narrative, which is now so very near its close.

## CHAPTER CLXI.

SAMUEL TWITTER'S ESCAPE FROM MR. FITCH, AND THAT GENTLEMAN'S FATE.—TWITTER'S TERROR AND ARRIVAL IN THE VICINITY OF YORK.

THE situation of Samuel Twitter was one of some peril, and which begat, by force of circumstances, which were imminent, a proportionate degree of cunning, or wisdom, as the reader shall determine.

Whatever reluctance he at first felt to get into the cart with Mr.

Fitch, and be driven quietly to the next authorities, had now vanished and his desire to do so was stronger than he thought it prudent to admit. He was soon seated, Mr. Fitch having both the charge of him, Samuel Twitter, and the horse and chaise.

Now a constable may do either; but none save a Fitch could undertake to do both. Mr. Fitch was anxious that his prisoner should not think him at all in an embarrassed situation, and to do this was a matter of serious thought, and when once away from the crowd, he said, in an elevated tone, and easy, off-hand manner,—

"Prisoner, are you a timid man?"

"Yes," said Samuel Twitter, "I am, very. Didn't you see how I trembled when they first pulled me out of the waggon?"

"Yes—yes, I noticed that. I am not at all timid or afraid myself, you see. Oh, dear, no—no, not at all. It wouldn't do for Fitch the beadle to be afraid." Why, I could never keep our village in order, I tell you, if I were."

"I should think not," remarked Twitter. "Your horse won't run away, I hope?"

"Oh, dear, no; he's never been known to do such a thing, and upon parish business, too, with me inside; why—why, I'd impose the bridle if he were so much as to cock his ears. But he's quiet enough, I'll go bail."

"I hope so," said Twitter, dubiously.

"Are you timid, nervous, frightened, and all that sort of thing? Well—well, I ain't surprised, considering how queerly you must feel, your conscience must be like a dead weight."

"It is, indeed," said Twitter; "how far have we come?"

"I don't know, not two miles; but, Lord bless you, conscience never troubles me, that's because I'm strong; morally and 'tisically strong."

"Eh?" said Twitter.

"Why, you see, morally strong is having nothing on your mind. The mind, you see, is like a clean sheet, you see nothing on it. Now, 'tisically strong is very much the same thing. Why, it relates to the corpus, the habes corpus, I believe. So you see I am as good as two men, for I am strong in two ways."

"Ah!" said Twitter, "I wish I was like you. I think, in that case, they could only hang me morally and not 'tisically, as you see I have only moral faults and crimes to answer for."

Mr. Fitch was considerably embarrassed by this argument, and knew not how to consider it; but he gravely shook his head for some time in silence, but at length said,—

"It's all very well of you, prisoner, to talk after such a fashion; but them are lawyers will tell you something like what they told the man who stole a halter with a horse at the end of it. It's no use your denying the deed, you took both instead of one, and you must be transported all the longer, so I expects they'll hang you all the longer."

Samuel Twitter felt somewhat uncomfortable under this intimation, and made a motion indicative of his extreme dislike to anything approaching familiarity towards his neck. His object was to get to as lonely a spot on the road as possible, and escape from the custody of Mr. Fitch.

This, he was pretty sure of he could not effect except partly by stratagem, and partly by force, though the latter was of such an easy character that none save Samuel Twitter could have hesitated or doubted for one minute.

They journeyed on for some time, and many spots were passed that would have served the purpose of a more resolute man than Samuel Twitter; but as each lonely spot was reached, his heart sank within him, and desperate as his condition was, he could not as yet become the assailant.

The morning was fine, though cold, and a sharp breeze sprang up, much to the annoyance of Mr. Fitch and his prisoner, the former decidedly voting driving with the wind in his teeth a bore, and the latter feeling anything but easy with an empty stomach, and as seriously placed as man could well be. At length Twitter suggested the propriety of refreshment.

"Refreshment!" said Mr. Fitch, in astonishment; "a prisoner—a murderer captured by me think of refreshment. Good God! what a state of mind you must be in—how horribly hardened. What will the world say of me, who have trusted myself in a cart with an impenitent (impenitent) murderer? my temerity will be the theme of future times."

"Well, but I am hungry and cold," said Twitter, "and you have no right to starve me."

"No right—no right; why, what can you be thinking of? A murderer has no rights save the prison, and may be the gallows; but you'll be refreshed when you get to York, and so shall I, but it will not be at the same shop."

They now jogged on for some distance. Mr. Fitch's importance increased with his sense of security, which was almost perfect, as Samuel Twitter exhibited no signs of resistance, or even a desire to escape, and Mr. Fitch, always a man of importance, was lifted up now into



regions even far beyond the reach of his own conceit, and that was extensive enough, and fear was a stranger to the great man's breast, because he saw not the remotest danger.

They now neared a lonely and desolate spot near to some lime quarries that were, indeed, worked close to the road; or, rather, had been worked, for they were now deserted and overgrown with vegetation. This Samuel Twitter thought would be a good spot to put his plan into execution; indeed, he became sensible, that unless it were done quickly they would soon get so near York that it would become, probably, impracticable, or near some village, and aid might be procured, all which reflections greatly urged upon Twitter's mind the necessity for immediate action, and with a desperate resolve he determined to make an instant attack upon Mr. Fitch, which he did by starting up and seizing Mr. Fitch by the collar.

The great man also rose to his feet; but this was quite an involuntary act, for of himself he would rather have laid down; but he recovered from his surprise, and said, in a loud, though tremulous voice, while he laid his hand on Twitter,—"Hilloa—hilloa, prisoner, what's the matter? Didn't you say you were a timid man? Leave go your hold, or I'll—I'll—"

"I want to get out," said Twitter. "I'll—I'll—yes, leave go, can't you."

"Oh, you blood-thirsty wretch," thought Mr. Fitch. "Here's an encounter. His thoughts are too terrible for utterance. I say, prisoner," he added, aloud; "leave go, or I'll have you punished when we get to York."

"Ay, but I ain't a going to York," said Twitter, trembling so excessively that, to any one save Mr. Fitch, it would have been apparent.

Affairs had now come to a crisis, and one or the other must succumb; both were most dreadfully afraid of each other, and neither liked to give way; but one must, and Samuel Twitter being in by far the most desperate situation, despair supplied the place of that courage that nature had denied him, and, by a slight push, Mr. Fitch fell flat on his back in the cart, crying out, in a piteous tone, to Samuel Twitter, not to strike a fallen man, and to spare him for the sake of his wife and the little Fitches.

Twitter did not wait to hear all Mr. Fitch's adjuration, who was now engaged in repeating the Lord's prayer, mingled with the creed in a curious manner, with his legs hanging over the cart; but, scrambling out of the cart, he picked up the whip and struck the horse a blow with it.

The animal made a swerve from the spot where Samuel Twitter stood, and thus came near the edge of the lime quarries, where it tottered for a moment, and then gently rolled over and over, till finally the whole machine came to a stand still, and the gallant Mr. Fitch was nowhere to be seen.

Samuel Twitter did not wait to render him any aid, or even to hear his fate; but, lest posterity should think the world lost the valuable services of such a functionary, they must know that being in the cart and laying fast hold of the seat, he kept his position, and was finally compelled to do so, by being thrown on his back, and the cart on the top of him, like a hen in a gigantic coop.

On rushed Samuel Twitter across fields, and woods, and roads, he knew not whither, but he had turned his back towards York. He rushed on with a speed that would have astonished anybody, ay, even himself—but he was scarce sensible of fatigue—but, at length, fatigue and hunger became so great that he was compelled to rest himself on the banks of a small stream, at which he assuaged his thirst, and then began to think how he should act.

Food was his first requisite, and he determined to take that, rather than ask for it; but, to do so, he was compelled to wait until nightfall.

It was then that Samuel Twitter went in search of food, like the obscure bird of night, whose deeds are hidden by darkness; but he was terribly frightened, for every noise, the creaking of a dry twig, caused a pang to his timid heart.

Again was he successful in a petty robbery; and he began to think he might be able to live a long while without detection, having obtained the supply he required; he next sought for a lodging, which he found in an out-house, but at some distance from the spot where he had committed the robbery, and where he found plenty of good straw.

Here he slept well, and long, but had a terrible dream, for he dreamed that he and Varney were being hanged at York, and the pñ was so very great, it was with a cry of horror that he awoke, and found that he had been seized by a large dog by the throat, and two men were standing by encouraging the animal.

He released himself from the dog, and made off with what speed he could; the men abused him, but he knew not what they said, so great were his fears.

At length he came near a large town. Twitter knew not what place it was; but the roads were broad, and well made, and every indication of being near a place where there was a large population; and Samuel

Twitter, seeing a countryman coming from the place, went up to him, and said,—

"What is the name of that town?" pointing in the direction.

"That, master, is no town, but the city of York."

Twitter was stunned, and at that moment the booming of the Minster clock struck with solemn sound upon his ears. So great was the effect of this that he staggered a few paces, and then sunk beneath the hedge, by the road side.

## CHAPTER CLXII.

WITLET'S PROPOSAL.—THE RESOURCES OF DESPERATION.—ROWLAND PERCY'S ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE DEFEATED.

WE left Mr. Anderson in very great despair at the utter failure of all his attempts to benefit Rowland Percy, and in the company of Ned Witlet, who had just accosted him after leaving the prison in which Rowland was confined.

The deep dejection of Mr. Anderson's countenance did not escape the eyes of Witlet, and he said,—

"You have been striving to do something for our poor friend, young Percy, and I need not ask you if you have failed. Your looks sufficiently proclaim it."

"I have failed," reluctantly said Mr. Anderson. "His fate is now certain, inasmuch as he is—he is a doomed man."

"I fear so. It is, indeed, a hard case. Have you asked for time, sir?"

"I have; but the sheriff is inexorable; but yet I cannot blame him. Were I in his situation, I should feel myself perhaps bound to act as he is acting. A train of wretched circumstances seem intent upon sacrificing that young man, and I do think now no human power can save him."

"If human power can save him," said Ned Witlet, "it must be by some desperate means."

"Impossible—impossible."

"What say you to a desperate combined attempt of a couple of hundred strong determined men to-morrow morning to storm the very scaffold?"

"It would never do. Lives would be lost in the attempt, and it would be sure to fail."

"Nay, such things have been done, and have succeeded on account of their very desperation."

"Saw you the troop of dragoons?"

"I did. Of course a regular contest with them would be out of the question. If anything were done successfully, it would depend upon the suddenness of the proceeding. If a dozen or two strong active men were to spring upon the scaffold, and throw Percy among the mob, there might be just a possible chance of his escape."

"Do not attempt it—do not attempt it. Sufficient evil has been done already, and sufficient evil will be done, I fear, to-morrow morning, without adding to it an useless waste of life and limb. Your expedient is a desperate one."

"I own it is, but I am myself desperate. Mr. Anderson, you saw the glance of Miranda Rankley when she fell in the Court-house. You saw the look of utter despair which crossed her beautiful features. Was it not enough to turn one's heart to stone? I love her, sir—I adore her, but not with a selfish love—not with a common adoration which seeks its own gratification before the happiness of its object. No, sir, I would lay down my own life to be sure that she would be the happy wife of Rowland Percy."

There was pathos as well as passionate sincerity in the manner in which these words were uttered, and Mr. Anderson replied sadly,—

"Your feelings do you honour; but, alas! poor Miranda, although beloved by many, can now be helped by none. I fear her mind will not stand the shock of to-morrow's proceedings. By Heavens, I would give all I possess, and freely sacrifice every fancied prospect of life I have, to save Rowland Percy."

"And I—and I... Can you think of no scheme whatever, no matter how dangerous in its execution or consequences, so it look promising of success?"

"None—none. I have racked my brain in vain. What you yourself propose, is very little short of madness. I pray you not to persevere in it."

"Alas! sir. I know I am not in a state of mind to think calmly on this matter. You must excuse my emotion. I never thought to have been moved, as I am, by anything human."

"I can readily excuse you," said Mr. Anderson, "for I have myself made as mad and outrageous an attempt to save Rowland Percy as could be well imagined."

Witlet walked on for some moments in silence, then in a voice of deep emotion, he said,—

"Sir, remember me to Miranda. You have always been very kind



and good to her, but it would be some solace to me if you would allow me to have some share in contributing to her comforts."

"Do not think of that," replied Mr. Anderson; "while I have a home, she shall have one. I fear, however, that she will not long require assistance or kindness from any one. A most remarkable change has already taken place in her. I have the very worst fears on her account."

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed Witlet. "Can it be possible that one innocent life is to be taken, and an innocent heart broken, without some interposition of thy mercy?"

"Hush, my friend—hush!" cried Mr. Anderson. "Let us not call in question the decrees of Heaven."

"Farewell—farewell. Will you do me one favour?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Mention me, then, to Miranda, and ask her to see me, if it is but for a minute, some time to-morrow. I wish to take leave of her. It will, in all human likelihood, be for ever."

"I will faithfully carry your message. Farewell—farewell."

At this moment a man touched Witlet on the shoulder, and turning hastily, he saw Jones.

"Well, Neddy," said the latter "what's the verdict? Is there to be never such a blessed row to-morrow, or isn't there, eh?"

"There is no chance, Jones."

"Well, that's what I said; but I didn't want to throw a lot of cold water slap in your face, Neddy. The game's up, and all we can do is, to pray—I mean swear."

"Good night to you both," said Mr. Anderson, "and accept from me my sincere thanks for what you have done for Rowland Percy and Miranda. Never hesitate about applying to me in any difficulty. I shall always be happy to see you, or hear of you."

"Very much obligated," said Jones. "Just you tell Miss Miranda, from me, not to mind nothink, but to hold out like a brick, bless her."

"Alas! poor girl, she is dying."

"What—croak—croaking? You don't mean that? Come along, Neddy—he's a gammoning on us. Why, veres her ekal, I should like to know? I—I—Somebody must have blowed some snuff in my eye—that's uncommon plain."

"Your good feelings, Jones," said Witlet, mournfully, "bring a tear of sympathy to your eye."

"My good feelings be bothered. Don't all for to go for to insinuate as I'm gw to blubbering. Don't insult me, Neddy. Call me a bass at once, will you? Oh, you wretch!"

The contortions of countenance which Jones made to conceal his emotions while he spoke, would have excited laughter under any other than the present mournful circumstances; but his audience were not in a laughing vein, and after another brief adieu, Mr. Anderson went sorrowfully home.

"Alas!" he thought, "poor, poor Miranda, I have but small comfort to bring you. Oh, what a day will be to-morrow."

As for Jones and Witlet, they both repaired to a tavern, where they determined to remain till the morning came, that morning on which they freely believed so fearful a tragedy would be enacted.

While these proceedings, so unsatisfactory in their result, were proceeding outside the walls of the prison, how frightfully and fearfully passed the hours to poor Rowland in the condemned cell, from which he so soon would be dragged to suffer a painful and an ignominious death.

He knew not whether to wish the hour between then and the fatal morning prolonged or shortened. At one moment he would wish that all was over—at another he felt that wild painful clinging to life, which will, however its manifestations may be smothered, come over the boldest spirits at such times.

And then, in the midst of all, he thought of Miranda; and what a world of agony was now concentrated in the mention of her very name to his own heart.

The wish to commit suicide, too, as hour after hour slowly winged its weary flight, came stronger and stronger upon him, until at length it assumed all the force of an awful fixed determination. He sat down and leaned his head upon his hands on the table that had been placed in his cell, and he strove to concentrate all his thoughts upon the means he should adopt to get some weapon into his hands which should enable him to carry into effect his frightful purpose.

He thought if he asked for food, they would surely bring it to him, and that, if he seemed calm and resigned, they might trust him with a knife. One moment of such a possession, and what was to hinder him from plunging it into his heart.

"Yes," he thought, "they shall have a barren triumph over me. I will not be dragged to the death that is preparing. They may say that I was hunted, goaded to destruction—that I was persecuted, until I laid vio-

lent hands upon myself; but the deep malice—the awful villainy that would make me die upon a scaffold, shall, if possible, be foiled."

He then rose, and in a perfectly calm voice, he said to one of the men who were placed in his cell,—

"Can I have food?"

"Yes," was the reply. "You can have any food you like, and drink, in moderation."

"I wish, then, for some meat and bread, and water."

One of the men immediately left the cell to procure what was required, while Rowland could see that the other, who was by far the most athletic of the two, kept a watchful eye upon his movements.

Some time elapsed before the other returned—nearly half an hour in fact, and when he did, he brought a tray with him, on which was meat, bread, cheese, some porter, and one fork—but no knife.

"How am I to manage," said Rowland, in as calm a tone as he could assume, "without a knife?"

"Knives are not allowed," was the reply. "You will find your meat cut up, and it is presumed you can help yourself to the cheese."

A pang of disappointment came over Rowland's heart, and he looked despairingly at the victuals. Then he thought,—

"Surely the prongs of a fork will reach deeply enough to find the heart. I may disappoint them yet."

He looked warily around him. The two men were both watching him intently, and he found it necessary to take some of the food, in order, if possible, to throw them off their guard. It was sorely against his inclination; but he did swallow a mouthful or two, and then he took a firm hold of the fork. He uttered but one word—that was Miranda, and raising his arm, he made a stab at his own breast. The officers saw the movement, and threw themselves upon him in a moment. He was uninjured, for the fork had been turned aside by a button of his clothing, and had only torn the skin of his side.

(To be continued in our next)

## PRAY!

Youth in all the bloom of health,  
You, who live in boundless wealth;  
Mortal wrapt in earthly joy,  
Merry, laughing, heedless boy;  
You, who have each want supplied,  
You, who death do now deride,

Pray, before thy hours decrease,  
To God, whose mercies never cease.

Child, who yet can scarcely raise  
Thy tiny voice with infant praise;  
Man bent down with age and care,  
Blooming maiden, young, and fair;  
Parents with thy offspring round ye,  
You, who plenty's cup doth bound ye;

Pray, before thy hours decrease,  
To God, whose mercies never cease.

You, who dwell in palace grand,  
Stranger in a distant land,  
You, who live in sumptuous home,  
You, who without shelter roam,  
You, who taste of life, its sweet,  
You, with health and strength replete,

Pray, before thy hours decrease,  
To God, whose mercies never cease.

H. J. CHURCH.

The truest courage is always mixed with circumspection, this being the quality which distinguishes the courage of the wise from the hardness of the rash and foolish.

He who saith there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure he is a knave.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed (post-paid) to the Editor, which will meet with immediate attention.

J. T. (Sunderland).—At present we cannot comply with his request.

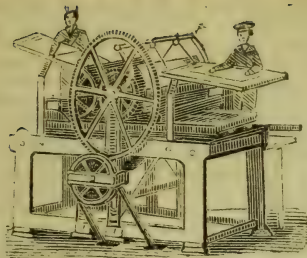
P. WILSON.—The M.S. has been received.

JOHN HART.—It is totally impossible to answer the numerous frivolous questions we have addressed to us every week.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## THE MURDER IN THE FOREST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MATILDA HARVILL," &c.

It was a beautiful evening, in the month of May, that a travelling carriage drew up at an inn, situated in the village of —, in Italy, known by the sign of the "Traveller's Rest." Two cavaliers, the occupants of the carriage, alighted, and inquired for the landlord. A ruffianly looking fellow, about the age of forty, soon made his appearance, and informed them that he was the person inquired for.

"How now, Andreas Marco?" exclaimed the elder of the two gentlemen. "Do ye not recollect me?"

"To the best of my recollection, I have never seen your face before," answered the person addressed.

"What? Is it possible that you have so soon forgotten Sir Richard De Vielda?"

"Ho, ho," cried Andreas, "it is you, Sir Richard. Why, what in the name of all the fiends has brought you here?"

"I'll just inform you," answered Sir Richard.

"But can your companion be trusted?" inquired the landlord.

"He can," was the reply.

"Tis well; and now, if you will just step into my little parlour, we can talk on your business, without the fear of being overheard," and so saying, he led the way to the parlour. When they arrived there, Sir Richard began thus:—

"You must know that I intended to marry my daughter to this gentleman," pointing to his companion; "but she is beloved by one of my own menials, and I have reason to believe that his passion is returned. The following circumstance gave rise to it:—

"The Lady Marian was wandering through some fields adjoining my castle, when she was suddenly attacked and robbed by some ruffians. A stranger passing by heard her cry for assistance, and soon set her free from their clutches, but, in doing so, he got wounded, and was asked by my daughter to accompany her to my castle, where he would get his wounds attended to. He most thankfully received her offer, and accompanied her as well as his weak state would allow, and, informing me that his name was Henry St. Aubrey, I shortly after installed him, as he appeared poor, in the office of my chief vassal."

"A very romantic adventure, truly," exclaimed Andreas. "But any thing else? I suppose this stranger has run away with the Lady Marian?"

"You have guessed rightly," said Sir Richard.

"A truce to this," exclaimed Sir Richard's companion, who had not before spoken. "Have you seen any such persons?" continued he to Andreas Marco.

A girl appeared on the face of Andreas, as he extended his broad hand. Sir Richard understood the meaning, and instantly dropped a heavy purse into his itching palm.

"Why, now," said he, "that's what I call a gentlemanly action. There are two such persons."

"Will you allow me to see them?" inquired Sir Richard.

"Certainly, if you will follow me," answered Andreas.

So saying, he led them along a sort of corridor, and then, turning to Sir Richard and his companion, he said,— "Shall I announce you?"

Sir Richard replied in the affirmative, and the landlord, entering the room, informed the occupants thereof that a gentleman wished to speak with them. They were about to return an answer, when Sir Richard entered the room, and immediately recognised his daughter.

"As I expected," said Andreas, coolly; "and now there is your daughter, Sir Richard, and what shall we do with the signor?"

"Save me, save me, Henry!" piteously cried the Lady Marian.

"At the peril of my life, dearest," exclaimed her lover, drawing his sword, and placing himself in an attitude of defence.

The landlord, seeing this, stamped thrice on the floor, and immediately three ruffianly fellows entered armed with drawn swords.

"To work, to work!" exclaimed Andreas, and they instantly attacked Henry St. Aubrey.

"Oh! Father of Mercies, save him!" exclaimed Lady Marian, wringing her hands in despair.

"What, girl," exclaimed her father, hoarse with passion, "do you dare me for this craven? And he dies if I even have to strike the blow." And so saying, he joined in the attack upon Henry.

Henry Saint Aubrey was an expert swordsman; but what could one man do against such odds? So thought he, and, gathering up his remaining strength, he cut his way to the door, and escaped. \* \* \*

Sir Richard and his daughter soon arrived at the castle, and thinking to better his fortune, and make his daughter forget Henry St. Aubrey, he departed for London, accompanied by her. But with the reader's permission we will take him back a few years from the period of our tale.

The Baron de Hendos was a rich and benevolent man; his castle was situated in the west of England. In early life he had lost a wife, whom he loved most sincerely. Immediately after this event, he wrote to his son Henry to return from the university, who arrived shortly.

About this period the baron's nephew, much the elder of his son, came upon a visit to him, and soon, by his cunning and address, became the favourite companion of the youthful Henry; but the two boys were greatly different. Henry was open, generous, and candid, while his cousin was the very reverse. He had all the cunning and address of the Italian, which he was; his father, lately dead, once possessed a large castle in Italy, and his visit was to inform the baron of his death. The moment he entered his uncle's castle, all the feelings of envy and avarice reigned paramount in his breast. To cut a long story short, he engaged two noted braves to murder his uncle, one of whom was no other than Andreas Marco, the landlord of the "Traveller's Rest."

While the baron was one day returning from a hunt, accompanied only by one retainer, he was set upon by three men. The retainer, whose name was Gilbert Roley, had also been bribed by the baron's nephew to assist in the murder of his uncle; but the moment the baron saw that his servant was leagued with the robbers, as he supposed them to be, for they were masked, he, with one stroke of his sword, cut him down. He had now three men to contend with; he fought bravely, until at last he severed the string which was attached to one of the villain's masks, which fell off, and what was his surprise on beholding his nephew! Astonishment and horror for a time rivetted him to the spot, but at last he found power to exclaim,— "My nephew—horror—horror!"

It was the last word he uttered, for Richard Vielda, the name of his nephew, took advantage of his surprise, which had left him quite defenceless, and plunged his sword into his benefactor's heart \* \* \*

The villains who had been helpmates in this hellish action fled the country, after having secreted the body of the Baron de Hendos. Richard de Vielda, whose only object for murdering his uncle was to get possession of the property, forged a will, in which the baron left the whole of it to him; and so well did he forge the signature that it was declared genuine, and he got possession of the property without further trouble. The baron's son was offered an asylum in the castle of the villain Richard de Vielda, which was indignantly rejected by him. Search was made for the baron for some time in vain; but at last his body was found dreadfully mangled, by an old



hermit, where it had been secreted by the murderers. Henry (the son of the murdered baron) was now houseless, and yet he half suspected the murderer of his father was no other than Sir Richard de Vielda, for he had now been knighted by Cromwell, and yet he surmised that there must have been more than one assailant, as the body of Gilbert Roley was found by the side of the baron. He knew not what to do; but at last he gave his assistance to the then shattered fortunes of Charles Stuart, who was at that time struggling and fomenting Europe with continual wars to gain his crown from the Protector Cromwell.

Soon after leaving England, Sir Richard de Vielda married a lady of great fortune; but she departed to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," in giving birth to a daughter. About eighteen years after the death of his lady, Sir Richard made acquaintance with one Sir James Beaumont, who was a rich, but harsh man. He had a son, whose character was well known to be dissolute and revengeful; in fact, he had all the bad qualities of his parent. To this young man Sir Richard was determined to marry his daughter, when about this time Henry St. Aubrey gained a place in her affections. The consequences have already been shown.

We left Sir Richard de Vielda in London. In a skirmish with a party of royalists, he took prisoner a young man, in whom he recognised Henry St. Aubrey.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Sir Richard, triumphantly, as he had him bound hand and foot, and cast into a loathsome dungeon. "Thou art now in my power. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Taunt on—taunt on, murderer! your career is nearly run, when you will have to expiate your crimes on a scaffold!"

Sir Richard turned ghastly pale; but, casting a look of hatred upon Henry, rushed from the cell. When he reached his apartment, he muttered,—"What can he mean by calling me murderer? He surely cannot know the secret. Oh! conscience—conscience—will ye never cease to haunt me? That boy's face has often put me in mind of—; but psah! why do I fear?—why do I fear? Is he not in my power?" So saying, he rang a small silver bell which lay on the table, to which summons a servant immediately appeared.

"You inquired for me, Sir Richard?" said the man.

"Yes, yes," answered Sir Richard; "you know the prisoner that was taken this morning?"

"I do."

"Then get the scaffold ready, and behead him instantly."

The man bowed and withdrew. In a short time the scaffold was erected, and the prisoner brought forward. He ascended the steps with a bold and undaunted mien, and laid his head on the block. The executioner, while in the act of raising the axe, whispered to Henry,—

"When I give you the signal by a stamp of my foot, jump up and tear your bandage off your eyes; I will let you wrest the axe from my hands, and you must cut your way to liberty—I am a friend."

This, of course, took much less time in speaking than I can describe it in, but Henry heard what the man said, and recognised the voice as that of Rupert Cordwell, an old Royalist, who had undertaken the office of executioner for the sole purpose of aiding Henry to escape.

The reader can but think that it was a bold project; the signal was given, and Henry possessed himself of the axe, jumped over the barriers, and was instantly stopped by the soldiers, who encompassed the scaffold. But new and unexpected aid arrived; a small party of armed men, who had mixed themselves up with the crowd, cut down the soldiers and thus was Henry St. Aubrey restored to liberty; the executioner, taking advantage of the general confusion which prevailed, likewise escaped.

A few years after this event, two cavaliers entered a tavern in one of the most fashionable parts of London.

"I promise ye, Harry," said one, "that in another twenty-four hours you shall have an audience with his Majesty."

"Rochester, I thank ye, I thank ye; but do you think he will see me righted? Oh! how I boil for revenge against that villain, Sir Richard; it was he, Rochester, who murdered my poor father."

"Indeed!" said Rochester; "do pray tell me the whole story, my friend."

"I will, I will," said Henry St. Aubrey; "it is this:—My father, you know, was the Baron de Hendos; all was peace and happiness at our home until that fiend, Richard de Vielda, entered it; he was jealous of what I should possess at my poor father's death, and he murdered him."

"Murdered him!" said the Earl of Rochester, in a tone of surprise and horror—"murdered him!"

"Ay," said Henry, sorrowfully, and the tears starting to his eyes.

"Ay, it is, alas! too true—too true."

"But how know ye that?" said the Earl of Rochester. "What proof have you that he was murdered by your cousin?"

"Listen. After my miraculous escape from the scaffold, by the aid

of that true friend, Rupert Cordwell, I made the best of my way to Italy, where, passing through a small village, and feeling fatigued, I stopped at an inn of the sign of the 'Traveller's Rest.' The landlord's name, I understood, was Andreas Marco; and while I was there, he was taken suddenly ill; when, having no one near him, except his servants, but myself, he called me to his bedside, and confessed that Sir Richard de Vielda bribed him, and a few of his companions, to murder one Baron de Hendos, who lived in England, for which deed they received the sum of one hundred pounds. He then informed me of the places where his companions resided, and while in the act of asking pardon of God for his offences, he expired."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the Earl of Rochester, "you have indeed cause to wish for revenge on Sir Richard; but we here lose time—I will go instantly to the king, and if you are not righted I—I—"

"I thank you, Rochester, for your zeal in my behalf, for Heaven knows I have done nothing to merit this friendship."

"Psah!" answered Rochester; "did you not save my life on the field of battle? But, come, we waste time."

And, so saying, they departed from the tavern, and wended their way towards the palace of King Charles the Second.

At the restoration of Charles Stuart to the throne of England, Sir Richard de Vielda, fearing for his property, basely (on his part) joined the king. But still he was in continual fear that the baron's son might, by some means, become acquainted with the fact that he was the murderer of his father. This fear, however, in time wore off, and one morning as he was sitting in a splendid apartment, enjoying all the luxuries of this life, and dropping into a gentle slumber, he was aroused from his lethargy by becoming aware of a loud and repeated knocking at the gates of his mansion. Hastily descending to the courtyard, he was about to demand the cause of the disturbance, when Henry St. Aubrey advanced, sword in hand, and commanded him to surrender himself in the name of the king on a charge of murder. He gave one appalling shriek that froze the bystander's blood, and rushed up the marble staircase to his dressing-room. The soldiers pursued him, but he had locked himself in the room before they could prevent it, until at last one of them, placing his musket to the door, fired and shattered the lock, and they entered, but what a sight of horror was presented to them! Sir Richard was stretched his full length on the floor, his face frightfully distorted and black; a small phial, which lay by his side, told his horrible fate. He had taken poison.

A year after this event, the churches in London were sending forth their merry peals, and, when a stranger asked a citizen the reason of it, he was informed that it was the wedding day of Sir Henry de Hendos, and the beautiful Lady Marian de Vielda.

The men who had assisted in the murder of the Baron de Hendos were taken and expiated their manifold crimes on the scaffold. Rupert Cordwell, by Sir Henry's influence, was raised to a high post of honour.

H. F. J. JENNINGS.

## STANZAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENETIAN BRIDE," &c.

Lonely in a lovely vale,  
Stood a cottage, clean and neat;  
Before the door, there sat one, pale,  
Dejected, gazing on his seat.

Near sixty winters had he seen,  
And deeply felt the pangs of woe;  
The hair which once so dark had been,  
Was clear and riven, like the snow.

His vacant eyes, absorbed in thought,  
Would o'er the extended valley soar;  
He gazed for one, for one who'd fought,  
But fought, alas, to die no more.

Here sat the aged dejected man,  
Pourtraying old undying themes;  
His thoughts would by-gone days oft scan,  
A visionary world of dreams.

Here gazed he oft, oft gazed in vain,  
Daily his cheeks became more furrowed;  
'Till nought but sorrow was a pain,  
For, alas, his heart with grief was burrowed.

Oh, poor old man! whose stifled sigh,  
Would oft suppress a tear, for one;  
Oft said, "Here, here, I alone shall die,  
In thinking of my son! my son!"



## THE PIKE-HOLE.

At no very considerable distance from the town of Philadelphia, the Schuylkill receives into its bosom one of those beautifully romantic streamlets with which our country so much abounds—where nature, with her unerring pencil, seems to have given, in her solitude, those exquisite touches in the great picture of creation, as if occasionally to contrast her own sublime reality with the frequent imitative efforts of human skill.

It still retains the old Indian appellation of *Wissahiccon*—supposed to have originated in the circumstance of a young squaw of that name, the wife of a celebrated chief, having taken refuge in a cave about two miles from its mouth, after escaping from a band of hostile savages, who, in the absence of her husband on a hunting party, had captured, and were in the act of conveying her to their own domains in the high-lands, now called the Blue Ridge.

It is, in truth, a lovely stream—at least it was so five-and-twenty years ago, when, a little urchin, I wandered and played upon its banks, with my younger sister, Jean. Poor thing! Little thought she then how unlike the broad and billowy ocean of life were the sweet meanderings of that peaceful rivulet. Full many a summer's sun has sunk behind the "big rock" that, in my childish moments, I used to think *very nearly, not quite*, reached the blue ceiling above, and left us still pursuing the wayward butterfly, or gazing on the mimic cataract that, to our young eyes, was the greatest wonder and beauty of the whole scene. The tall oaks, with their mossy seats beneath, decked with the ruby ground-apple—the playful squirrel that bounded forth as we approached its quiet haunt—the waterfall—the mill-race—the neighbouring brook, where I had erected a dam that served to set in motion the tiny machinery of a small mill—all, all appear *now* as fresh to my imagination, as if my childhood were but yesterday! Envious period of human life,—when all around is brightness, and joy, and peace, who is there that would not recall these, if it were possible, and live over the sunny hours of infancy, despite the world's proud honours, and the tinsel baubles that glitter around manhood only to deceive!

There was a miller's boy, one Hendrick Hutz, of Dutch parentage, as his name indicates, who went by the distinctive appellation of Bully Hen. There never was a row, for miles round, but this *hen* was sure to be the greatest fighting-cock amongst them. For mischief and evil-doings of every description, he was as renowned as any freebooter of the age; and the youngsters round about, if they caught a glimpse of Bully Hen, particularly if they were aware that he owed them a grudge for betraying him to the owner of a breeding sow that he had wantonly maimed, or of a brood of young goslings, whose heads he had thrown into the barn-yard, as an intimation that their bodies were no longer worth providing for—if, under such circumstances, they caught a glimpse, I say, of Bully Hen in a bye-lane, or any distance from home, they were as sure to give him *leg bail* for it, as though he were a wild cat of stray panther. And well might they; for, once in his clutches, it *was* fortunate if they escaped without visible marks of his flagellating skill, or, perhaps a ducking, almost to death, in a mill-pond; and, as to the old ones seeking redress from him, what was to be the consequence? Why, scarce a day or two would pass before the cider-press would be found unfit for use, the plough and harrow broken, not an egg in all the numerous nests of the sitting fowls, and so forth.

Now this same mischievous chap had taken an unaccountable liking, it appeared, to myself. Whether it was that I listened attentively to his long stories about the "walking man of the woods," who, he averred, was never seen but at moonlight, or in the daytime during a thunder-gust, and that his uncle, Deaderick Hutz, had more than once encountered this strange man at a late hour of the night, who glided by him through the bushes, followed by an animal, the like of which was never heard of; whose head was a sharp-pointed spear, and from whose sides and back sparks of blue fire were constantly issuing—or, whether it was that I praised his dexterity in mounting the loftiest trees, in backing the wildest colts, or in riding Farmer Thresher's vicious red cow, I know not; but so it was—he would make me his boon companion through many a ramble along the borders of the Wissahiccon, even to where Robson's Falls present to the eye of the admiring passenger along the Ridge Road one sheet of liquid silver, from shore to shore of that romantic stream, which, passing over this last of its many mill-dams, gurgles over a bed of rocks to the adjacent Schuylkill.

I frequently remarked, however, that there was one spot on the banks of this stream that Hen uniformly avoided. In all our rambles to and fro, I observed that whenever we approached a certain small but much dilapidated bridge, he would strike off immediately in a direction from the water, and, by a circuitous path of a full half mile, extend his walk, to my great wonder sometimes, no matter what urgent errand he might have been sent on by his employer, or what might have been his own inclination for haste in arriving at his place of destination; nor would

he ever reveal to me his reason for this singular manœuvre, so regularly repeated, until one day, very tired with clambering over rocks and precipices, I begged he would not go the round way home, but keep straight onwards by the margin of the stream.

He looked at me for a moment in fearful astonishment.

"Why, for sartin," said he, "you don't want to go by the Hole—do ye?"

"Hole, Hen. What hole?" I inquired.

"Come along, boy—the Pike-hole. Don't you know the Pike-hole?"

"No."

"Why, then, you don't know nothing. Come on. I'll tell you when we get round this path."

Taking me by the hand he quickened his pace as he spoke, and not many minutes brought us in sight of the stream, and not very far from our homes.

"And you don't know nothing about the Pike-hole?" said he. "Gosh! if you'd ever go that ere way, you'll never want no more apple-butter this side o' Christmas. I know. That's where old Satan kept his fish a-long ago, and a tarnation sight o' pike he had there, I can tell you. Don't you know the white house t'other side the creek, just over the old bridge? Well," he continued, lowering his tone almost to a whisper, "that's where he used to stay, and carry his fish there o' nights; but nobody never could tell what he did that for, for no fire nor light was ever seen there, except once, when Uncle Deaderick spied, in a window up stairs, two large fiery balls, that he was sure was Satan's eyes, looking full at him, as he put one foot on that ere old bridge, to cross over, one moonlight night, after a straw hever. But, gosh! I guess t'other foot did not go after it, though; for something knocked him flat through the old bridge into the creek, and glad was he to get out alive, and make the best way home."

"And does he stay there still, Hen?" I inquired, in the same suppressed tone of voice.

"Stay there still, boy! Umph, go that ere a-way, and you'll soon see, I warrant; but they do say he's never been seen for a long while, and that there's no more pike there now, nor ever has been, since Giley Brunt, the old blacksmith at the falls, went a fishing drunk, and threw his hook in that ere hole, and, go-h! something laid hold of his hook, and jerked line, and rod, and poor Giley down to the bottom—if it has any bottom, that is."

"But, Hen, maybe he fell in."

"Fell in your granny. I tell you, boy, he was jerked in, don't I? And nothing but his hat has ever been seen of him since, and that smells o' brimstone to this day."

By this time we had reached the mill, Hen's place of employment and abode; and, ruminating on my uncouth companion's strange stories about the Pike-hole I soon found myself beneath the shelter of a parent's protecting roof.

Parent! What a train of reflections does that word bring forth! Who that has ever been nourished at the maternal tount, with the stream of love flowing, and flowing into our young being, till, unconsciously we sleep beneath the look that beamed with tenderest affection—who that has ever sat upon the paternal knee, or gambolled round the paternal hearth with him, thy mimic playmate in our childish sport, only to enhance its pleasure or its consequence in our eyes—who that has ever felt the parental caress, or received the parental admonition, when love, pure, unsophisticated love, was beaming, like an ever bright, though clouded star, through parental authority—who that has felt and seen all this, whose heart does not warm at the name of parent, with delightful reverence and affection, when, in after years, recollection sirens before us the sweet flowers that were wont to deck the paths of infancy and youth!

"Well, doctor, what are you studying about now?" said my mother, as she entered the rural little back parlour, where I had seated myself, pondering over the information and remarks of Hendrick Hutz. "I think, my dear, we must certainly make a doctor of Thee, or a logician."

"Ay, a logician," said my father. "What say you, my boy?"

"I would rather be a magician," answered I, thoughtfully.

"A what?" inquired my father and mother at once.

"A magician," I repeated.

"And why a magician, Theodora? Have I not before told you there are no such things as magicians? You have read these Arabian tales I bought you too soon, I fear, The."

"Indeed, dear father, I was only jesting; but I thought a magician—I mean such an one as we read of last night—could soon find out all about the Pike-hole."

"The what?" again inquired my father.

"And the old bridge," I continued thoughtfully.

"The bridge?" said my mother.

"And the white house, and the large eyes, and —"

"Why, the child's crazy. What are you talking about, Theodora?" continued my mother.



"I mean the Pike-hole, mother, that Hen has been telling me of, on the banks of the Wissahiccon, where nobody goes now, because of —"

"Theodore," said my father, "that boy, Hen, as you call him, is not a fit companion for you, my child, and I am very sorry you are so often with him. But, come, tell us what he has been saying to you about this, what do you call it, Pike-hole?"

"Yes, father, because it once had a great quantity of fish in it they call pike."

"And a very good fish it is.—Well, go on, my boy."

I proceeded to narrate all that Hen had told me, as particularly as possible—not forgetting, of course, the untimely end of poor Gilley Brunt, and the sad catastrophe consequent upon the attempt of Deaderick Hutz to cross the old bridge.

"Well," said my father, after I had concluded, "do you really believe all this nonsense of Hen's; or shall we go, to-morrow evening, and examine the premises ourselves?"

I confess the proposition at first startled me.

"Come, sir," he continued, "to-morrow, on my return from town, if it is a fine evening, we will walk in search of this terrific place; and, if we find it, you will then have it in your power, though so much younger than he, to put to shame this foolish boy, your informant, for his childish and ungrounded fears of a spot that, I doubt not, you will discover to be as harmless as your favourite play-ground by the high rock."

Now I have always felt conscious of a full share of ambition, and more than once in my boyhood, my mother's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, have I had a strong yearning toward a sword and a pair of epaulettes, especially when hearing of the military prowess and fame of the First Consul of France, or of England's naval hero, Nelson: and so, thought I to myself, what! do that which Bully Hen is afraid to do!—the thought had something of pride and self-satisfaction in it, and I dropped to sleep that night, more pleased than otherwise with the prospect of the promised walk on the morrow.

And the morning opened fair and beautiful—it was one of those remarkably fine, clear days often experienced upon the approach of autumn—when the glorious sun, shining forth from an unclouded sky of the deepest blue, seems to impart an unwonted lustre to every object, and marking, therefore, so distinctly the bold outlines of light and shade.

The business of the day transacted, at an early hour in the afternoon we were already on the way to this dreaded neighbourhood of the evil one; the fineness of the weather and the little heed taken of my wonderful narrative the preceding evening (except by a laugh or two, at my expense, as, at times, I would look sedate, as though pondering on what might be the result of the expedition), and the distance also not being very great for an afternoon's walk, having induced my mother with little Jean to accompany us.

We had not proceeded far before we observed Hendrick Hutz sauntering along before us.

"Whistling as he went, for want of thought,"

and it was determined so far to encourage the acquaintance he appeared bent on maintaining with me, as to ask him to be our guide over the old bridge to the identical spot in question.

"So, Hen, we want you to show us the way to the Pike-hole," said my father, as we came up to him.

"Anan," said Hen.

"If you are not busy, will you go with us?"

"Anan!" repeated he, edging off to the other side of the lane.

"We want you to show us the way, Hen, to the Pike-hole."

The eye was first a vacant stare, indicating a want of all comprehension as to the nature of the request made—then a look of inexpressible surprise—and lastly a grin of simple incredulity, as he breathed, rather than articulated, "The Pike-hole—," getting no farther than merely aspiring the h.

I believe there was not one of us, even including little Jean, that could repress our risible faculties at the comical expression of Hen's features.

However, after some persuasion, and a promise of reward, he consented to accompany us to the dilapidated bridge before mentioned. And we accordingly soon reached, and I recollect well the expression of my father, "sublimely beautiful," as he cast his eyes down the stream which here seemed almost wholly excluded from the rays of the sun, the tall trees on either side intertwining their thick branches above in occasionally impenetrable masses of green foliage.

But the bridge at first view appeared in such a state of decay as to render it a matter of question whether it were prudent to encounter the peril which it seemed, from some avowed invisible cause however, awaited the luckless wight, Deaderick Hutz, when in pursuit of his beaver. On examination, however, it was found that one side of it had been recently repaired, and was quite secure.

"Come, Hendrick," said my mother, cheerily, "lead the way, unless you are afraid the bridge will break."

"Gosh! I'm not afeard o' that neither," said Hen; "that ere plank's strong enough for a load of flour, I warrant—if you'd a seed what uncle Deaderick seed a setting on that ere bridge once you'd —"

"Well, Hen, no nonsense," said my father—"come, if you are assured of its strength, lead us to where we purpose going; why, surely you are not afraid because you have heard some foolish stories of this place."

"I am not afraid," said I, boldly; "come, father, let us go without him, then," taking my father's hand, while Hen was about leaving us on his way back.

My mother laughed at him, and so did I; my father uttered "For shame, so stout a fellow and such a coward!"

Hen stopped, turned round—no—he would not be called a coward; and with his favourite ejaculation of "Gosh!" he stalked past us and walked upon the bridge.

But, alas! poor Hen—he was too confident of the frail structure upon which he strode with so much assumed boldness—had it not been for that misplaced confidence he would have perceived that he avoided the part that was evidently strong and secure, and chose that which was as evidently weak and dangerous.

Before my father had time to caution him of his error, he made the fatal step upon a plank decayed to rottenness, and down he went souse up to his chin in the water beneath, which here was much narrower, and of course deeper than at other parts of the stream; but, among his other qualifications, being an excellent swimmer, he soon regained terra firma, when, with an imprecation upon us all of "Gosh ye!" he retreated, at full speed, homeward, and was soon out of view.

All hopes of his further guidance having been by this untoward accident lost, it was determined to continue our walk, notwithstanding, on the opposite side of the stream: the bridge was easily passed in perfect safety, and a few minutes brought us to a part of that romantic stream, the recollection of which even now brings with it a feeling of superstitious awe, like that which I well remember experiencing as, grasping my father's hand, I looked on the scene before and around us.

We had crossed over, with some little difficulty, a rock that, projecting into the creek, had kept wholly from our view the curtailed and extensive bower into which we had entered. Beneath we trod on a carpet of green verdure that seemed newly spread, as it were, by some fairy hands for an approaching revel: above us was an impervious ceiling of the richest foliage, that extended, as before observed, over and across the stream, the opposite bank of which, elevated considerably above that on which we were, gave the appearance of an inaccessible wall, at the foot of which the rivulet passed, without a murmur, along. All above, below, and around us, the eye met nothing but the deep green of shaded verdure, without a single ray of the blessed sun to enliven that deep solitude; and all was silent as the tomb.

"My love! is it not growing late?"

"Four o'clock, and we are not more than a mile from home," answered my father, as we resumed our walk.

"Theodore, there are some fine grapes," said my father, pointing to the right, where the growth of shrubbery and underwood formed an apparent barrier on that side of this secluded spot.

Forgetting for a moment the feelings to which the scene had given rise, I hastened, followed by little Jean, to gather the purple fruit that hung so invitingly in the dark recess before me. In my attempts to procure some of the largest and best, I ascended to the branch of a tree that extended still further into the thick underwood, and passing on with my eyes intently fixed upward to the prize I kept in view, little dreamed I of the peril to which I had exposed myself for a simple bunch of delightful grapes. The bough on which I had placed myself, too near its end exty, suddenly gave way; I lost my foot-hold, but clung to an end of the vine that had fastened its stout tendrils to the top of the oak. Looking below me, with the intention of dropping upon the ground, it was with feelings of dread and surprise that I beheld myself suspended over a large pool of water, so dark, and still, and dismal, that it wore the appearance of a subterranean lake on which a zephyr had never played, or a sun-beam ever lodged.

My first impulse was to cry to my father for help, and the next instant brought him as near as he could approach me—but there was I dangling in the air some feet from the shore, and what could he possibly do to rescue me?—I had sufficient presence of mind to inquire of my father if he thought the water very deep.

"Very deep!" said a strange voice, as a small skiff came immediately under me, in which sat a venerable old man, who caught me in his little vessel just as, my strength failing me, I dropped from the vine to which I had been clinging.

"Young master, had you fallen into that water, you would never again have seen the light of the sun, I fear," said my deliverer, in a voice rendered tremulous by age, as we both stepped upon the shore.



"Then, indeed, are we grateful to you, sir," replied my father, "for your timely succour; but for your small boat my son must certainly have encountered the risk of a plunge in deep water without being very dexterous in swimming."

"That would have availed him but little here, sir," continued the old man; "a singular suction has within the last few years formed itself at the bottom of this pool, occasioned, I have no doubt, by a subterranean duct that empties itself at the lower extremity of the adjoining creek, which at this particular spot, from several circumstances that have come under my observation, appears to be irresistible at the distance of a few feet from the surface."

"And may I ask," said my father, "to whom we are then indebted for so great a service as that you have just rendered?"

"Oh, that matters not—by this time I am a poor silly old man—fool enough to persist in believing we were formed to aid and assist each other—but dear me! dear me! I have seen for many a day how the actions of men show the contrary of this mistaken notion of mine."

"You reside near this place?" inquired my father.

"Ay, sir," said he, pointing up the hill on the opposite side of the pool—"there will my bones rest, I hope, and mingle their dust with—"

The old man paused, and I could perceive a tear steal down his aged cheek as he turned toward the skiff, apparently with the intention of leaving us.

There was in the direction he pointed an object but indistinctly seen through the trees, the snow-white appearance of which beautifully contrasted with the green verdure around it; and which, on more minute examination, proved to be a tomb, ornamented at either end with an urn.

In the act of stepping into the skiff, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he turned to my father, and with a countenance expressive of affability as well as dignity,

"But come, sir," he said, "you have been strolling far, perhaps, with your lady and young ones; walk to the Hall—'tis near—and—"

He was interrupted in his friendly invitation by a cry that proceeded from the summit of the hill before us of

"Grandpapa!—grandpapa!—where are you, grandpapa?"

"Here, child," he answered, raising his voice, "here, at the fish pond. What is the matter, my love?" he added, affectionately, as there issued from a path overgrown with thick underwood on the opposite bank, a young and blooming female of about fifteen, who with breathless impatience was seeking the old gentleman by our side.

"Oh, grandpapa, poor old Carlo is dying, grandpapa—John has told me—and so—"

Observing us she stopped, and looked for an instant like a living statue in that embowering shade, so intently she gazed on the strange faces of these with whom her grandsire was conversing.

"What say you, child, Carlo dying?—then I must leave you, sir—but no—come, sir, you shall go with me and see my faithful greyhound.—Poor Carlo! art thou indeed going at last to leave thy old master?—Well, he must follow thee soon, old dog."

"But, sir," resumed my father, "we intrude—"

"Will you follow, sir,—we will not venture in the skiff—this path will lead us round my old fish-pond—Maria, my love, meet us at the Urns."

So saying, he led the way along the margin of this singular piece of water, that lay as a dark mirror at our feet, reflecting nothing but the gloomy thicket in which it was embosomed, dull and dismal as though its banks were formed for some devoted solitaire, whereon to find seclusion more secluded—loneliness more lonely.

"Pray, sir," inquired my father, "is this the piece of water they call the Pike-hole?"

"The what?" returned the old man.

My father repeated the appellation.

"I know it by no such name," said our conductor. "In the days of my manhood, it was a favourite resort of mine. I had it formed originally for the purpose of a recreation I was very fond of, that of angling—and if the fine species of pike I preserved here has given it that appellation, I care not if it retains it. Poor Carlo! how often in my wanderings across the creek in my first settlement here would I have been lost in the dusk of evening but for that faithful creature! he would lead me instinctively to this my frequent haunt—and he is dying, is he, child?—did you not say Carlo was dying, child?"

The old man caught himself as he was sinking into a train of thought in which ourselves were apparently about to be forgotten—and with an air of dignity and politeness he continued his office of guide round one extremity of the pool, my father and mother, myself, and little Jean, following close in the rear.

A few minutes brought us full in view of the white tomb, leaning on which stood the fairy form of that young being who had appeared to us so suddenly while conversing with her grandfather. It was a simple oblong pedestal of white marble, beneath a large and beautiful droop-

ing willow, whose branches waved over the marble urns with which its tablet was ornamented. As we approached, the brief inscription of

"MARIA, ætæt 25,"

presented itself upon one of those mournful appendages as if to inform us that the ashes of some dear departed relative rested within its bosom. Turning to it again, after we had passed onward, we perceived the other urn had engraved upon it

"MARIA, ætæt 33,"

from which it appeared that two dead Marias reposed beneath that cold sepulchral monument, while one other in the bloom of youth and loveliness, yet spared by the ruthless destroyer, was supporting our aged guide before us.

The scene now became changed, for it opened upon a verdant lawn, in the centre of which was a mansion of considerable size, but of antique form;—into this we were cordially welcomed by the old man and his fair attendant, who I well remember to have been particularly fond of Jean, and, with great sweetness of manner, attentive to my mother.

"Grandpa," said she, "do you not wish to see Carlo?"

"To be sure, child, I am going now—come, sir, give me your arm, and let us see the poor old dog."

He took my father's arm, and I accompanied them to an outhouse very near the mansion, leaving my mother and little Jean with their young hostess.

Here upon a bed of clean straw lay a large English greyhound whose skin, closely adhering to the visible muscle beneath, and dull, sightless eyeballs, plainly indicated a state of very advanced age, while his motionless and apparently breathless figure, seemed also to announce that his long term of faithful servitude was now about to expire.

"Why, Carlo! my dog!" said the old man, as he approached him, "art going, old fellow?"—and he seated himself by the head of the expiring animal as if to watch for his latest breath. There was evidently some tie of extreme interest between this dumb beast and the old man, that seemed to call forth the latent feelings of a heart where they had long lain dormant, but which were now acting upon his feeble frame with a force it really seemed almost impossible for it to sustain. He even went audibly when the dying creature raised up his head in the direction of his old master, and made an effort to approach nearer to him, but sinking into his former position, stretched out his wasted limbs, and died.

"Bury him, John, near the urns," said the old man, "and to-morrow, if to-morrow shall come to me, we will raise over him a stone of remembrance—nothing care I now for in life, sir, but my sweet granddaughter, and she I trust may be spared to close my old eyes in peace."

Resuming my father's arm we returned to the house:—the young Maria was in the act of pointing to two pictures hanging in the room, and as she pronounced the words, "My mother and my grandmother, madam," I thought I could perceive the old man's breast heave with renewed suffering, as he stopped, and pointing himself to the painted resemblances, dropped silently into a chair.

After awhile he observed, "Why, sir, I have had my day of happiness for all; short but very, very happy. The original of that likeness was my wife; she died suddenly—in the prime of life—when I was absent from her, but returned just in time to see her cold form placed in the coffin and lowered into the family vault—and she left me a living image of her self; you see how alike they were, sir—who grew up and made me happy first in her endearing infancy, and next in her intelligent womanhood.—She married, sir—"

The old man paused—perhaps to regain strength.

"A villain, sir," he resumed. "A villain, who forgot his nature in brutish habits of intemperance and immorality, broke the heart of my sweet child—ruined his own reputation—and died. She survived the blow but a few months, when she yielded up her spirit in my arms, bequeathing to my care, and that of her paternal uncle, her own little Maria. She spends most part of her time with me, though her permanent abode is with near and very dear friends in the city."

"Your lengthened life, then, sir, has been but the common lot of humanity, chequered with good and ill—you must have lived through many events which are now but the records of history; but how do you pass your time, sir? do you not sometimes walk or ride further than the boundaries of your estate?"

"Not now, not now, sir; walking was a great solace for several years after the death of my wife; scarcely a path lay through the thick forests on this and the other side of the creek that was not familiar to me. Followed by my faithful Carlo I would often wander till sunset warned me to return—my life was a life of solitude; even in my rambles I scarce met with a human being face to face—sometimes I thought I was avoided by the neighbouring country people, who took me, perhaps, for some wandering spirit; yet I wished communion then with no earthly one but my motherless child and faithful Carlo."

The old man again stopped—and I almost audibly breathed, "This



then must be the walking man of the woods that Hen told me of—and his greyhound was—

"My reason for asking," resumed my father, "is, that as we are neighbours, a return of this unlooked-for visit of ours, by yourself and your granddaughter, would give us great pleasure. We generally spend our summer's in this vicinity."

"Good bless you," said the old man, "your invitation is kind, and my young one there will no doubt accept it—but for me, my days are very near their end, and it is but rare that I now even go as far as the fish pond. Heaven must have directed my steps there this afternoon for the purpose of relieving your son from his dangerous situation:—it is not the first time I have seen the hand of Providence in the circumstances of life."

Thus it seemed that an acquaintance so accidentally formed was about to lead to future friendly intercourse, for the remainder of the day was spent in social converse, and after partaking of the accustomed evening beverage, served without ostentation and with much hospitality, we took our leave, feeling a peculiar interest in our visit to the Pike-hole.

And will the already tired, but indulgent reader, follow me once more to the scene of the incidents I have related?—merely to drop a tear on that old man's grave, where he lies by the side of his wife and not far from his faithful Carlo!

It was deep in autumn, when, having returned from college, after an absence from home of a considerable length of time, I wandered alone to the banks of the romantic Wissahicon:—it was deep in autumn, and the brilliant attire with which nature is wont to decorate herself at this season of the year, shone in all its splendour.

Who shall attempt to pencil the glowing tints of an American autumn?—when the green curtain that hung over every hill and dale is as it were lifted up, and the rich and varied scenery within disclosed to the wondering eye of man. Look upon that woody hill, drenched with a thousand hues, from the sombre brown of the thick undergrowth, to the bright yellow of the poplar that glitters like a golden minaret in the sun; the crimson dog-wood, surrounded by the ever-green cedar—the rich sumac, with its berries of the deepest damask—the towering oaks, with their party-coloured branches—all vivid and bright as though it were a gala-day among the nymphs of the forest, and they had clothed all their bowers in fanciful beauty.

It was at such a time I entered again that fairy spot I have before described, and found myself soon on the margin of the adjacent pool where I had so narrowly escaped, in all probability, a premature death. All was still, but even this lonely spot partook of the bright hue of the season, for the dark green having given way to the lively tints of autumn gave it an appearance of more cheerfulness than when here I first beheld the venerable proprietor of the soil. The foliage having become more open and unconfined I distinctly saw the tomb, which seemed to me to have been enlarged, and an additional urn had been placed in its centre. With a presentiment that this indicated that another lifeless form had been consigned to this cold tenement, I walked up to it, and found that our old friend had indeed paid the last debt of mortality, and now slept in the quiet grave.

The inscription upon his tomb told the outlines of his history:—"Descended from a noble family in England," it proceeded, "he shared the confidence of his sovereign, and the munificence of a vast patrimonial estate. He was high in military rank, and had performed important service to his country in the wars of Europe—but ordered to America at the breaking out of the Revolution, he resigned his commission, rather than serve in the cause of oppression—and by that act lost the favour of his government and family, while it proved his ardent devotion to liberty and the rights of man. Disguised with unmerited neglect in his own country, he sought and found a home in this—where, after a long life of virtue and sterling integrity, he hath yielded up his spirit unto Him that gave it, and his mortal part to the dust from whence it sprang.

"Reader! the tomb of virtue claims a tear,  
Pause for a moment then—and give one here:  
Where buried worth, ben with this marble, lies,  
Till the last trumpet call him to the skies!  
There, belov'd sire!—there is thine abode,  
Blest with the presence of thy Saviour God!—MARIA."

This tribute, it will be readily perceived, sprung from the bosom of his affectionate granddaughter, who, I was informed by a domestic on the premises, made frequent visits to the spot where lay the ashes of her parents.

On my return, who should cross my path but bully Hendrick Hutz. I recognized him instantly, though I was not so fortunate as to be known immediately to him.

"Why, Hen, how are you, Hendrick? and how have you been this while?"

"Anan!"

"Have you forgotten me, Hen? Theo——"

He looked at me intent for a few minutes.

"Why—gosh!" said he, "The! is this you? or maybe it's you father?—No, it can't be, neither—it is you; though I swaggers, boy, you crows like our young bull."

"Well, Hendrick, do you often go to the Pike-hole, now? I am just from there, and am glad to find the old bridge is in excellent order. Hen. I have no doubt it would bear the weight of a load of flour, and you and your uncle besides—do you not suppose so, Hen?"

"——Gosh!"

## THE TEETOTALLER'S SONG.

In a cottage all cosy and neat,  
Sat a man by his own fire-side,  
And he gazed at his wife from his seat  
With a father and husband's pride;  
On his face sat a good humoured smile,  
And his frame was Herculean and strong;  
His wife lulled her sweet baby the while  
He sang the teetotaller's song.

Abstain, abstain, abstain,  
From the cup that with misery runs o'er;  
Abstain, abstain, abstain,  
And drink the sweet poison no more.

And his sinewy arms in the air he flung,  
As he gleefully sang the teetotaller's song.

"Though I work in a foul murky air,  
And begin and give o'er with the sun,  
Yet is temp'rance my shield, as my hammer I wield,  
And I'm happy when labour is done.  
My wages are not very scant,  
'Tis sufficient, and I want no more,  
For a little we save, and we buy what we want,  
And a little is left for the poor.

"No philter or potion is here,  
Disease never entered my cot;  
My wife ne'er through me shed a tear,  
And if I can help it shall not.  
My steadiness, temp'rance, and skill,  
Will gain the reward that I seek,  
For my master has promised he will  
Create me his foreman next week.

"And at night, when from labour I come,  
When for that day I've finished my toil,  
My wife gaily welcomes me home,  
And woos me from care with a smile.  
Then, drunkard, I do advise thee,  
Remove from thy fame the foul spot,  
Then may happiness, such as has fallen to me,  
Ere years are gone past be thy lot.

Abstain, abstain, abstain,  
From the cup that with misery flows o'er;  
Abstain, abstain, abstain,  
And drink the vile compounds no more."

And his sinewy arms in the air he flung,  
As he gleefully sang the teetotaller's song.

Birmingham.

H. R. J.

EGYPT CONSIDERED THE CRADLE OF THE SCIENCES.—By universal tradition Egypt is allowed to have been the cradle of the sciences, and when reason finds in that region a concurrence of all the physical circumstances calculated for such an effect, when it finds at once in the vicinity of the tropic a zone of heaven equally free from the rains of the equator and the fogs of the north; when it finds there the centre point of the antique sphere, a salubrious climate, an immense, yet navigable river, a land fertile without either labour or art, inundated without pestilential exhalation, situate between two seas which lave the shores of the richest countries; it becomes manifest that the inhabitants of the districts of the Nile, who are inclined to agriculture, from the nature of their soil; to commerce, from their facility of communication; to geometry, from the annual necessity of measuring their possessions; and to astronomy, from the state of their heavens, ever open to observation, must first have passed from the savage to the social state, and consequently first have attained that general knowledge requisite to civilized man.



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CLXXIII.

HORACE'S UNCLE, THE MINISTER.—THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE MORNING.—THE LETTER.

HORACE SINGLETON's only reasonable worldly expectation, as the reader is aware, depended wholly upon the favour and affection shown to him by his uncle, the minister; and when he proceeded to unfold to that important personage the fact of his marriage with Alice Home, the beautiful daughter of Sir Charles Home, the communication was heard with mixed feelings by the uncle—a mixture, in which the amount of regret and annoyance at the match, rather preponderated over the amount of satisfaction.

Horace was a little surprised that this should be the case; because, on many occasions, he had heard his uncle express a favourable opinion of Sir Charles, and talk of him as one of those rising men of the age, who were destined, in the natural order of things, to take important places in the government of the country.

When, therefore, Horace Singleton saw an air of perplexity creeping over his uncle's face, on receipt of the frank and candid communication made to him, he felt very much mortified, and awaited with no small share of anxiety the result of the matter.

"Well, Horace," said the minister, "it cannot be helped now, you know."

"Helped, uncle! Oh, you know not what an union of beauty, grace, and —"

"Yes I do; of course, I know all about that. We have always such unions in such cases. There was a time, and that not very long ago, too, when I should have thought this match a great consolidation of political interest; but do you know, Horace, we have heard some very odd things of this Sir Charles Home lately."

"Indeed."

"Ay, indeed, we have; and just a little while since, when some changes were contemplated in the ministry, his name was mentioned among us as eligible for a particular office, and although we—that is, two or three of the privy council, thought we had the matter quite secret among ourselves, the next day there came to me a letter, couched in extraordinary language, and stating that if Sir Charles Home were made one of a new or compounded administration, certain disclosures connected with his past life would be made, that would have a strong tendency towards the Old Bailey."

"I, too, have heard of such things," said Horace; "and my own opinion is, that from some circumstances which have pressed heavily upon his mind, Sir Charles is at times not quite in his right senses."

"Oh, pleasant!" remarked his uncle.

"But that cannot affect his daughter, otherwise than making her a greater object of interest and sympathy."

"Humph."

"And as I am married —"

"There's the argument. You need say no more. You remind me, Horace, of the man who offered a toll-keeper six good reasons for not paying the toll, saying—'In the first place, I have got no money.' You are married, and that is quite sufficient. There requires no other reasoning upon the subject; and now, I suppose, you cannot keep a wife upon three hundred a-year, and I suppose, likewise, the fortune of Sir Charles Home, as he is a man of no family, must be great."

"On the contrary, I am inclined to think that his strange conduct arises from pecuniary embarrassments."

"Ah, then, you will find this marriage a great clog to your political career."

"But, my dear uncle, you know I don't care about a political career. My highest ambition, and I cannot help thinking it the noblest, is to become a country gentleman—to live in some quiet spot, adorned by nature's beauties, and enjoying the live-long day the dear companionship of her to whom I have given my hand and heart, and for whom I could so easily bid adieu to all the so-called pleasures of town life."

"Ha! humph!" said the uncle. "Very good."

"I think," continued Horace, in a tone of enthusiasm—"nay, I am sure, that with Alice I could never be unhappy. Oh, how I could enjoy the sweet retirement of some verdant spot, shut out by clustered hills from the rude world!"

"Very verdant," remarked the minister.

"Yes," said Horace, unconsciously, "a very paradise upon earth could be created there, with love for its presiding genius. Oh! what a

picture I could paint of a future, just dancing as mine is upon my mental vision."

"Don't take up your time with any such nonsense; of course you want some more money?"

"Oh!" sighed Horace, "how awful it is, that such dross should engage the thoughts at all."

"It is a denced deal more awful," said his uncle, quite in a passion, "when all your thinking won't produce any of the dross you speak of. Now, I tell you what, it strikes me forcibly, as you have been so very verdant as to marry somebody of very doubtful expectations, I must send you abroad."

"Abroad! Well—I—I—perhaps to Greece—classic, beautiful Greece! Very good, uncle."

"No, not to Greece; although you may do a little business in tallow. I shall get you appointed assistant to the sub-secretary of the consul at St. Petersburg."

"Eh?"

"Assistant sub-secretary to the consul at St. Petersburg, I say."

"Really!"

"Or you may go to Sierra Leone, if you like."

"The devil!"

"Or to the devil, as you remark, where, it seems to me, you are hurrying as fast as you can."

Horace looked excessively mortified; but in a few moments he recovered his serenity, and replied,—

"Very well, uncle. When my father died and left me an orphan, he called me to his bedside —"

"There now—don't begin about that. Pho! pho! pho!"

"And he said," continued Horace, not heeding the interruption, "Horace never mind me, my boy. Go to your uncle. You need say nothing to him, but that you have come. Ask him for nothing, because that will pain him. I leave you to his heart, Horace, because I know it well."

"Psha! psha!"

"Then he breathed his last; since when I have never felt the loss of a father's tenderness, because you, uncle, have supplied the place of one to me."

"Go away—go away!"

"And when you choose to send me to St. Petersburg, or to Sierra Leone, I shall go, convinced that you are doing for me the best you can, and the kindest thing you can."

"And do you imagine this Alice you care so much about, will go with you?"

"Do I imagine, uncle! Do I doubt that this is sunlight that beams around us?"

"Very well. Now I will make a bargain with you, Horace. If she is willing to go to Sierra Leone, that grave of Europeans, with you, I will provide a suitable appointment for you. Where can I see her?"

"She will come with me and see you, uncle."

"No—no. I will wait upon her, if you will permit me, and talk to her about it."

"Do so, uncle—do so. If anything could increase my happiness, in having gained such a treasure as Alice Home for my wife, it would be an admission from you that in what I have said of her, eulogistic as my words may have been, I have not failed to do her justice."

"There, now—I'm busy. We will talk over all that another time."

At this moment Mr. Biggs was announced by an attendant, and he was immediately desired to come to the apartment where this conversation had been going on; but, when he entered, he looked rather non-plussed at perceiving Horace Singleton there, for, to tell the truth, Biggs had himself come to declare the secret marriage to the minister, and to take the brunt of any displeasure he might be expected to show upon the occasion.

"Well, Biggs," cried the minister, "how do you do?"

"Pretty well thank you, how are you? I suppose you know, eh?—do you—marrying, and all that kind of thing, eh? He's told you, I suppose?"

"My nephew has told me that he has been indiscreet enough to commit a clandestine marriage."

"Nay," interrupted Horace, "I told you, uncle, I had been happy and fortunate enough to secure to myself the possession of one, without whom the world would have been a —"

"There—there—no more raptures, if you please; we have had a tolerable dose of them rather, I think, and if you please, we will drop the subject. What I have to say is to be said to Biggs, a man in whom I placed great confidence—a man to whom I trusted you, Horace, confiding in the fact that his discretion and known calmness of temperament, would act as a sedative to your more exuberant spirits."

"Yes—yes," cried Biggs, in a despairing tone; "I knew you'd abuse me, and that's what's made me come to be abused. I have all the blame upon me."



"I mean to do so."

"I gave away the bride."

"Then, Mr. Biggs, you had better—far better, have kept her. That's my opinion, Mr. Biggs."

"I kept her—I keep a delicate young lady. Bless me, I never thought you could have given me such advice. I tell you what, now—Horace may be a little insane to have married; but if you had seen as much of him as I have lately, you would have consented, in order to save him from going altogether mad, if he had not married."

"It's all very well, Mr. Biggs, of you to attempt ingenious and fine-drawn theories in defence of your conduct on the occasion; but I looked upon you as Horace's mentor, and you have betrayed your trust."

"Good-bye," said Biggs. "Excuse me, but you are stupid—quite stupid. You don't know what you are talking about."

"I wish I didn't," replied the uncle, gravely. "I really wish I didn't."

"No more you don't."

"Hush—Biggs—hush!" said Horace Singleton. "Let me play the mentor to you, now, if you please. I have all faith in the kindness of my uncle, so now come away."

"Well," cried the minister, "I shall take an opportunity of seeing this phoenix of perfection myself, and shall then decide whether to send you to the West Indies—the Gold Coast—Sierra Leone, or Spitsbergen."

"What?" screamed Biggs; "send him where?"

"Come away—come away," said Horace, and taking Biggs by the arm, he forcibly dragged him from the room. As he did so, he saw a covert smile upon the face of his uncle, which induced a happy feeling in his heart, and a full expectation that, after all, he might not be troubled to leave his native land for any of the inhospitable regions that had been enumerated to him.

There appeared but little now to stand in the way of Horace's happiness, for the more he reflected on the subject, the more he became convinced that Sir Charles Home's state of mind arose from a nervous exaggeration of some circumstances perhaps really trivial in themselves, but which, acting upon a disturbed imagination, became gigantic and full of terrors. That Sir Charles's fortune was in a state of dilapidation he verily believed; but that was not a source of disquietude to Horace, because he had always pictured to himself such a felicity in the mere society of his Alice, that no frowns of fortune could possibly mar the joy that he assured himself would make beautiful the humblest home in which he might, by circumstances, be compelled to live.

#### CHAPTER CLXXIV.

MARGARET IN HER CHAMBER.—THE LAST ADVICE.—THE DECLARATION OF MARRIAGE.

MARGARET HOME, after her interview with Alice, tried to review all that had been said during its continuance; and the more she did so, the more reason she had to be dissatisfied with the part she had taken in the matter. She began to fear that she had committed herself too far in what she had said, and instead of following the cautious advice of the astrologer, she had given way to her own passion, and uttered sentiments which she would find it difficult to recall.

This state of mind, however, did not last very long—nor was it likely so to do with one of such a temperament as Margaret Home. Soon the natural fiery indignation of her character began again to struggle through every feeling of regret, and she paraded her chamber with a quick and impatient step, as she gave a muttered utterance to the feelings that oppressed her turbulent spirit.

"Must I dissemble—must I control feelings which seem inclined, like a volcano, to burst forth, despite all control? Can I, oh, can I ever hope to be able to follow the judicious, but still cold advice of him whom I must call by the name of father; and yet, I have ere now been politic, and have contrived to veil my face in smiles, while dark mischief was brooding at my heart. I have talked winningly and soothingly, like an assassin in the dark, who wishes to see his victim yet a little closer ere he plunges his poniard in his heart. I have spoke even to this Sir Charles Home, in accents of civil attention. I have affected to listen to his words and mark their meaning respectfully, and yet I knew he was the murderer of my mother. I knew, or was taught to think I knew, that he was the actual destroyer of both my parents, and yet I velled my real feelings, and ever whispered to my heart, I bide my time. And even—even now, methinks I could dissemble with him—much as I hate him. Yes, hate is the proper word—I do hate him. I hate him with a hatred undiminished, even by the fact, that my father lives, and his wrongs appear not to me so great living as they did dead; when, to my mind, he was surrounded by that halo of dim reverence that is ever around the dead. Oh, would that he had been in his grave, or that, having so long kept his secret from me, he still suffered me to believe him gone."

Margaret spoke these latter words with an energy that showed too plainly how all kindly or natural feelings had been extinguished in her heart. Truly had George Home, with all the singular acuteness that appeared to have come to him in later life, made one great vital error in the education of his daughter. He had taken exceeding pains to make her the selfish, cold-hearted, revengeful creature she was, forgetting that when such feelings became a second nature to her, towards him as well as towards others would they freely show themselves.

It was as if a person had taken a world of trouble to contaminate some stream at its very source, and then felt wonder and disappointment that, throughout its wanderings, it flowed not with purity and clearness.

"If," continued Margaret, "I had now nothing to avenge, but the distresses that had been brought on my parents, and the injustice that had been done me by my loss of fortune, I think I could play any part that would enable me to avenge myself on him who has been the cause of both: but now I love, and am scorned. I have stooped to sue, and have been rejected—contemned—pitied—talked to in fine-drawn moral sentences, as if a love like mine was to be controlled by the small wisdom of creatures who never felt the passion they condemn. Oh, it were easier to control some fiery courser with a silken thread—easier far with a lady's fan to stem the current of the sea, than to subdue the passion that even now burns in my veins and makes my pulses throb with wild excitement. My love may be quenched, but it shall be in blood. Yes, in blood. I have said there should be a tragedy rehearsed when my story was told, and I swear it shall be so. Horace Singleton, you are not mine—you never can be now; but another bride shall claim thee—a bride of my choosing—death—death—death!"

With a countenance in which was displayed a world of diabolical passion, Margaret took from her breast the poison packet to satisfy herself that it was safe. Then again she exclaimed, in a low, husky voice,—

"Yes—I will, despite them all, be the arbitress of destiny in this house; who can stay my hand if I please to raise it, saying, 'Such an one shall die?' Surely there is something akin to a god-like power in that means which I shall employ to accomplish my revenge. What more can even Heaven do than strike to death him who has come under the ban of its high displeasure?"

Thus wildly, madly, and yet with such mischievous method in the madness, did Margaret Home reason with herself upon the guilty acts she meant to perform, schooling her heart to fresh wickedness, and determining that she would sacrifice herself wholly and utterly, rather than forego that always dearly-bought pleasure—revenge.

She did not think that Alice's marriage had taken place, because she knew Sir Charles Home's ostentatious feelings, and she thought that when his darling child should be given another, it would surely be done with all the pomp and circumstance that could surround the ceremony. Yet she did not for a moment doubt that all was arranged—that preparations were making, and she only waited now until the actual marriage should have taken place, ere she struck the blow which would fall the heavier, through falling late.

She was all anxiety to see again her father, or the Avenger as she rather chose to call him; for that he was her father, and she could not doubt it, gave her a pang of bitter feeling she thought not to have endured in conjunction with the horrors that already possessed her mind.

She waited at first patiently for his appearance, and then with an impatience that in a little time amounted to anger when he came not. She seemed to feel that he should now wait upon her, and that, having led her so far on that downward path, which, if Margaret had had any religious sentiments at all, she would have trembled to reflect upon—he was bound to provide her with all facilities and all information for pursuing her perilous and awful course.

She had risen very early, and it appeared to her, although really the day was very young, that a long time had elapsed without any intelligence which she expected being brought to her. Suddenly then she formed the resolution of going herself to the lone house near St. Paul's, and urging some steps which should enable her to obtain the earliest information concerning any secret preparations that might be making for Horace's marriage with Alice.

With Margaret almost every action was impulsive, and she had no sooner determined upon going to seek him who had exercised so important and so bad an influence on her fate, than she hastily arrayed herself in proper clothing for the street, and rapidly descended the staircase.

A glance then at the clock in the hall told her it was near twelve o'clock, and without a passing remark to any one, she went on, and in another moment was in the open street.

The hall-porter looked after her, and shook his head as he remarked to himself,—

"That young woman ain't always quite right;—no—no—not she."



She goes and she comes like streaks o' lightning. She never says nuthink to anybody—howsoever, it's no business of mine."

How light and beautiful was the daylight—how calmly serene the sweet sky that looked down upon the giant city, and yet Margaret saw nothing of the beauty—nothing of the serenity; her heart was a little world of storms, and there alone she lived.

And yet the city of London at mid-day presents a scene which has no parallel in the world.

The main thoroughfares are thronged with living creatures both human and animal, and such an inextricable maze of things, that the stranger to such scenes would surely predict destruction to any one who attempted to escape what appears to him an eternal entanglement.

The streams of individuals who continually go one way, and constantly meeting another stream which appears to be as constantly going another, is a singular phenomenon in human affairs, for it is more than probable that not any two individuals who go through these thoroughfares in the course of any twelve hours go to precisely the same spot; this might be considered an exaggeration, and yet it is strictly true. It then becomes a matter of wonderment where such a stream of human beings can all be disposed of, where they can all go to.

The same might be said of the masses of vehicles that appear to be constantly moving along Cheapside, some going to the right, some to left; but, nevertheless, there is always a steady stream of all kinds of carts, coaches, public and private, and all kinds of carriages, great or small, set in right from end to end, both going and coming.

The many serious, anxious faces we meet impress one with a notion of the importance of each person's mission. At least to them there is no appearance of joy or light-heartedness, but all seems sober seriousness, as if, indeed, the moments were too precious to be thus wasted by an idle movement; and this appearance of stolidity and gravity is kept up from morning till near midnight; but by or before that hour many of these busy men find their way to their various places of amusement, the tavern where many meet to talk over the transactions of the day, and to worship the shrine of Bacchus; while laughter and fun seem to be the order for the time with most of those who have spent many hours in toil and deep thinking.

The shops afford a scene that perhaps none but a stranger, or an inhabitant who has spent some time in small country towns, and then returned to London, can only appreciate—their splendour and costliness, the value of the goods there exposed to view.

Whole masses of houses, sides of streets—nay, whole streets together, form one continuous line of shops, in which no private dwelling house can by any pretence whatever creep in, and nothing but shops are tolerated or found. Many thoroughfares besides the principal ones are precisely of the same character, so that it becomes a matter of amazement as to where customers can be found sufficient to support them; but so it is, they all exist and thrive; and if, perchance, one fails, or the owner dies, retires from business, or desires to move to another part of the town, there are always plenty who are willing to take the unoccupied premises, and hence it is that it seldom happens that a house is long unoccupied in any of the leading thoroughfares.

The variety of shape, make, and decoration of the London shops is very great, showing an utter independence of thought and taste of one from another; not, perhaps, that this adds to any beauty of the streets as a whole, but regular beauty will sometimes pall and weary the eye, while the less regular, and perhaps more grotesque appearance is often really beautiful and pleasing by the contrast it affords of one house with another.

Some thoroughfares are entirely occupied by the sale of goods—such as clothing, furniture, stationery, trinkets, and all kind of articles that are required for use, and others will be appropriated entirely, or nearly so, to the sale of consumable articles; and this, not by any arrangement that such should be the case by the authorities, but by the choice of those who occupy the several houses, who are generally the best judges of situations the most suitable for their respective trades.

The busy scene goes on without any apparent diminution of numbers or the intensity of the earnest and continuous motions of human beings. All have some object—this way or that way, and such a thing as one idle person is scarce to be seen; for if such a one were by accident to come into such a scene of bustle, he would become busy for the time, were it merely in appearance, for where all appear in hurried motion, such a one could not stand still.

Taverns, and houses of refreshment, form a different feature by themselves, and at certain hours are all full, and the inmates seem as much burdened with the spirit of trade as those who appear in the streets, and look as if walking from one place to another for their lives.

(To be continued in our next.)

Emergencies put little folks in a flurry; mark the sedate and courteous, how they travel through the danger.

## MARGARET HOME'S REFLECTIONS.

I yielded to love's passion, its deep and powerful flame;  
I cherish'd the delusion, and wild delirium came;  
I, proud and haughty, quickly found, when love, the tyrant god,  
Enters a maiden's bosom, she must bow before his nod.

And love to be rejected, to find the loved one calm,  
When an Etna flame was scorching my bosom, proud but warm.  
To be rejected, scorned of Him for whom I'd gladly die,  
Oh, how I hate myself, and loathe the life I fain would fly.

Revenge! revenge! a sorrowing blight be over all he loves,  
A mildew on his favorite flowers, a gloom where'er he roves;  
May the chill of disappointment rest heavy on his heart,  
And hope no longer smile on him; may joy and love depart.

Revenge! oh, 'tis a sweet, sweet thing, a thing to be desired.  
Revenge! it is my watchword, I think till I'm inspired;  
I think; oh, God of Heaven! I think till my poor brain  
Reels in its wild delirium, and whispers one bright name.

JANE.

## CATCHING THE BINNY OR BARBEL OF THE NILE.

The binny is very common in the Nile, it grows to a large size, sometimes weighing upwards of seventy pounds, and is described as being a fine, delicate, and well flavoured fish. The Egyptians employ the following means for catching the binny. Having kneaded together a quantity of oil, clay, flour, and honey, with some chopped straw or other similar material to unite the different parts of the composition, the whole is formed into a mass in size and appearance resembling a Cheshire cheese, round the sides of which in different parts are stuck small pieces of dates, saturated in honey. Seven or eight stout hooks, each having a separate line of strong whipcord, and baited with a date steeped in honey, are concealed in the centre of the cake. The fisherman then bestriding his inflated goat skin, paddles himself and his burthen out into the middle and deepest part of the stream, where, having sunk the whole mass, he carries the cords attached to the hooks on shore, and fastens each of them separately to the brand of a pole stuck firmly into the ground, and having a small bell suspended from the top of it. He then goes off about his work, which, upon such occasions, is always contiguous to the river, and within hearing of the bells. In a short time the action of the water begins to dissolve the mass of paste at the bottom of the river, and the small pieces of dates getting detached from it, float down the river and are greedily caught and devoured by the binnies. These naturally ascend the stream in the direction from which they perceive their favourite food to proceed, and having arrived at the mass of composition, begin as is their custom, to root out and bore into it till they at length arrive at the dates inside, which they ravenously swallow, and are, of course, caught by the hook concealed therein. In his struggles to escape he necessarily pulls the line and the palm branch to which it is made fast on shore, when the ringing bell agitated by the motion, gives immediate notice to the fishermen. The fisherman runs immediately to the bell, and finding thereby the particular line, hauls his prisoner in, but does not kill him, but keeps him alive until he is wanted for food or sale.

REQUISITES FOR A DUTIFUL CHARACTER.—Gratitude, sensibility, and honour, a fear of God, and a respect for man, are the essential component parts of a dutiful character. And, as in youth they produce humility, submission, and love; so in manhood they will direct to self-government, equanimity, and justice, and by conforming in the early practice of moral duties they will ensure the happiness of well regulated passions and a good tempered disposition.

BEAUTY.—Indefinite as our notions of beauty are said to be, we seldom differ in assigning the place of its abode. That assemblage of graces which in former ages gave celebrity to the women of Circassia, still characterises their descendants upon Mount Caucasus; and with the same precision we may refer to limits where it never was indigenous. In some countries from the degraded state of nature it might be deemed impossible to select a single instance of female beauty, but among enlightened nations a traveller would hardly be accused of generalising inaccurately or partially, if he should state that female beauty was rare in Germany, although common in England; that it exists more frequently in Russia than in France; in Finland than in Sweden; in Italy than in Greece; and that the Irish women are handsomer than the Jewish, although learned antiquaries would assure us that both were originally of Pelasgian race.



## MARY WATSON; OR, TRIALS OF LOVE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

*By the Author of "Martha Langley," "Gregory Thornton," &c.*

## CHAPTER I.

## A DEATH BED-SCENE.

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still;  
Is human love the growth of human will?—BYRON.

In a neatly furnished but dimly lighted room, in a pleasantly situated cottage near the delightful shelving banks of the Thames, lay Mary Watson, in the last stage of that rapid disease—consumption. By the side of the bed was seated an aged female, apparently a widow; this female was Mary's mother—that mother who had tended her infant steps, and brought her up to womanhood, and who now was administering the final comfort and consolation that her only child would need on this side the grave. On the opposite side of the bed stood an aged man, a physician, living in the neighbourhood, who had been a constant attendant during Mary's illness.

There were numerous friends and relations in the room; but as our story has nothing to relate of them, we will pass them over with a cursory glance, and proceed to relate the events for the proper development of our present tale.

The room, and in fact, the whole house had an air of neatness imparted to it that plainly indicated the occupants to be above the pale of want; on the table, beside the bedside, lay a family Bible, from which, previous to the entrance of the physician, Mary's mother had been selecting appropriate passages, thereby affording that religious consolation so necessary to the invalid in her dying state.

'Twas the solemn hour of midnight when the doctor had been hastily summoned to attend Mary, her mother fearing that every moment would be her last; and immediately on his entrance poor Mary fainted; but after a short time, by the aid of proper restoratives, she revived, when a deep drawn sigh escaped her overcharged bosom, and grasping her mother's hands, she exclaimed, in a faint voice:—

"Mother, dear mother, I am dying; I shall not long be a trouble to you: the lamp of life will soon be extinguished, and, thank Heaven, I shall not live to bring forth a living proof of my dishonour. But tell him that I forgave him: tell him that with my dying breath I forgave him for the deep wrongs he has done me. Too well I loved him—worshipped him—adored him—would have suffered for him; but to be deserted by him has broken my heart—the grave is yawning to receive me—a few hours more will close my earthly pilgrimage. But see, he comes," she exclaimed, pointing upwards. "He comes! Ha! ha! ha! William, William, they told me you were false to me, and I would not believe them. No; I have brought scorn and contempt on myself, but I have borne it all for thee, dear William; I knew you would come once more—and now—now—"

Overcome by these exertions she sunk back on the pillow, and a low guttural sound was heard in her throat. Her glazed eyes became fixed, her pallid cheeks assumed the hue of death, her breathings became shorter, she essayed to speak, but could not; her finger pointed to some imaginary object; and at length, a heavy sigh, that seemed to rend her heart in twain, accompanied by the words,—"William, I am ready—ready," told that her soul had winged its flight to those regions of bliss that know no distinction between peasant or queen.

There is something most awful in witnessing the departure of those we hold most dear, even for a journey to some distant land, when we still hope to see them again; but when snatched away by the grim king of terrors, all hope is gone—gone—fled for ever.

Such is the destiny of all—from the most abject wretch that crawls the earth to the rich and purse-proud aristocrat; all, all must bend with quiet submission to the will of that Supreme Power that distributes alike over this vast universe the piteous bounties that are daily received.

Reader, didst thou ever witness the death of one you held most dear, if you have, you can imagine, far more accurately than the pen can delineate, the feelings of the occupants of that chamber of death, wherein lay the youthful Mary—once the village pride—once the most fair and innocent of Eve's daughters, who was only saved from one death to endure another more painful and lingering. Her too confiding heart had been betrayed. She had loved, not as some love, with a passionate, but with a pure and holy love—such a love as is seldom witnessed.

Brought up under the care of a fond mother, with the attention usually bestowed on an only child, she knew no pleasure beyond her parents' home. Her father had been a corporal in the army, and had been engaged in the peninsular war, but in consequence of the wounds

he received, he was pensioned off, and had settled in the quiet village of C—.

They had resided in the village about five years, and numerous had been the offers for the hand of Mary; but to no purpose; she would not give encouragement to any, and well would it have been for her peace of mind had she never felt the influence of that most engrossing of all passions.

But we must not anticipate; in this short, pithy tale are many striking circumstances; circumstances that actually did occur not many years since, in one of the villages skirting the great metropolis.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE LOVERS.

Love may spread his tempting snare,  
And her simple heart beguile;  
But all these pleasures change to care,  
When unsanctioned by a parent's smile.—ANON.

THERE was not a more gay or lighthearted maiden in the whole village than Mary Watson, until she unhappily met with William Granger, twelve months previous to the scene depicted in our opening chapter.

'Twas summer; the sun shone in all the splendour of July, as a small boat was seen bending its course along the river Thames; seated therein were several young men and women; occasionally sounds of mirth would be wafted to the adjoining shores, while the whole party seemed bent on enjoying the few short hours they would have to be in each others company.

Suddenly, one of those numerous steam-boats that ply between London-bridge and Chelsea, hove in sight, and quickly passed the boat from whence the sound of mirth proceeded; the heavy swell caused by the steamer made the boat rock about with fearful motion; the females became alarmed, and uttered screams of terror and one of them, suddenly rising up, caused the boat to capsize, when the whole party became immersed in the water.

Several small boats instantly put off for the rescue of the party, but the tide, flowing strongly at the time, caused poor Mary Watson (who was one of the party) to float some distance from the scene of the accident. Twice had she risen to the surface of the water, and again sunk, when a young man, who had been anxiously watching the proceedings from the shore, instantly rushed into the water, and in a few moments brought his apparently lifeless burden in triumph to the shore.

The whole of the unfortunate party were immediately conveyed to the nearest public-house, and a surgeon having quickly arrived, and the proper means having been resorted to, the whole of the sufferers were so far restored to convalescence as to leave no danger from their sudden immersion.

After the lapse of a few hours they were conveyed to their respective houses in a coach, and the stranger, whose name was William Granger, accompanied Mary Watson for the purpose of seeing her safe under her parents' roof, and most grateful were the aged couple for the restoration of their only child.

After staying a short time, he took his leave of them, promising to call the next day to inquire after the health of Mary.

Months have passed away, William and Mary often met, and need we say they loved. The singular circumstances attending their first meeting were sufficient to inspire a passion in any heart far less susceptible than Mary's. She loved him, and with a love as pure as that of Heaven.

William Granger was born of humble parents and had been left an orphan at an early age. A distant relation, who was fond of children, adopted him, and when he arrived at a proper age, obtained a situation for him in a gentleman's family, where, having by dint of great parsimony contrived to save a small amount of money, he started in a small way of trade, and for a time had been successful, but in consequence of some heavy losses which he had sustained, his little business had for some time been in a tottering condition. These circumstances he had studiously kept a secret from Mary, who, poor girl, had for some time been flattering herself she should one day be happy in the possession of him.

They met one evening about six months from their first interview. Mary was all life and gaiety, while William's brow appeared clouded with some heavy trouble, which Mary's keen eye was not long discovering.

"What ails thee, dear William?" she said; "you look sad this evening—come, tell me."

"No, 'tis nothing," he replied, "but an unusual depression of spirits; 'twill soon wear off."

"Nay, I'm sure now something has happened to ruffle your temper,



and I've a good mind to be angry," she added half coquettishly, "if you don't tell me directly."

"Not now, dear Mary, not now, some other time—when next we meet I will tell you all."

A strange kind of tremor came over the whole frame of Mary, and she felt a sensation she could in no way account for. This did not pass unnoticed by William, who immediately led her to a rustic seat near the spot.

It was some minutes before Mary was sufficiently recovered to be enabled to speak, and when she did, 'twas only in monosyllables in reply to sundry words of William's.

The place where the above conversation took place was in a most secluded spot; in fact a more favourable spot for lovers could not be imagined—it was a beautiful lane, nearly half a mile in length, containing hedgerows on either side. Sundry small lanes to the right and left might be seen, leading to various gardens belonging to the work-people of the adjoining village; rustic stiles had been erected at the entrance of these lanes, and seats with overhanging boughs had been made by the inhabitants of the village, where in summer the lads and lasses would repair, and there enjoy in sweet exuberance the delights that a life of true industry and toil yields, such as are known to none but those that live a life of rusticity.

Not a house, however, was to be seen for a considerable distance, and it being winter, no one was there to interrupt our lovers. There sat the youthful and innocent Mary, with her head reclining on her lover's breast, his arms entwined around her slender waist; their lips are pressed together,—they breathe but for each other. But how different the thoughts of the two individuals; at this moment a most unholy thought entered the mind of William, while Mary's was all purity and innocence, little dreaming of the cloud, that, like the waterspout over the distressed mariner, would shortly burst over her head, and inundate all her fond hopes and wishes in this world for ever.

Need we say more? The seducer triumphed, and Mary fell a victim to the vile arts of a libertine.

William she saw no more, but time began to show that Mary would shortly bring forth living proof of her own disgrace,—that she would shortly become the mother of a child of shame.

Great indeed was the grief of the aged parents when they discovered their daughter's dishonour, and in less than three months after her desertion by William, her best of fathers fell a victim to a broken heart.

These circumstances combined to throw Mary into a rapid consumption, from which, as the reader already knows, she never recovered.

Mary's mother did not long survive her daughter; grief, caused by the unfortunate combination of circumstances, tended in a great measure to accelerate her end, and she expired within one month from the death of Mary.

Peace be to their ashes! They all rest in one grave—father, mother, and daughter.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE RETURN.—CONCLUSION.

##### My theme—

My task is done; my tale hath ceased;  
Hath died into an echo; it is fit  
The spell should break of this protracted dream.  
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit  
My midnight lamp; yet what is writ, is writ;  
Would it were worthier.—CHILDE HAROLD.

##### Time worketh changes.—OLD PLAY.

'Twas spring; the birds were carolling forth their notes in joyous song; all nature seemed gay; shrubs and flowers emitted their fragrant sweetness to the sensitive organ of a weary traveller, who was seen wending his way on the high road, leading to the village of C—, exactly five years after the events recorded in the first chapter of this tale. As the traveller approached the village, a merry peal was heard from the old church, which reverberated strangely on the heart of the stranger, and it seemed as if he was recalling some bygone circumstances to his mind, for occasionally a tear might be seen trickling down his sun-burnt cheeks. He was dressed in a military uniform, and appeared to scan every object with an eager eye.

As he wended his way through the village, the sounds of music struck his ear; but it seemed to have no charm for him. His whole thoughts were concentrated on some grand object, for ever and anon he would raise his eyes towards Heaven, and clasp his feverish brow, uttering such exclamations, that, had not the villagers been too much engaged with their holiday making, they would no doubt have thought him to be some madman who might have escaped from his keepers.

'Twas May-day, not as May-day is now, but such as May-day was in

the days of our ancestors; the May-pole was erected near the centre of the village, decorated with all the appurtenances that the village could produce. All hearts seemed gay, the lads and lasses vied with each other in attempts to keep step with the rustic music, while the hearts of the oldest inhabitants leaped with joy, their recollections seeming to go back to former years, when they could trip on the light fantastic toe as well as the best.

The reader has, no doubt, recognised William Granger in the person of the traveller. Such, indeed, he was; he had not visited the village since he last parted with his beloved Mary, and he was now returning to fulfil his promise to her whose image was for ever engraven on his heart—to her who had been his presiding genius in the midst of all his perils and dangers in a foreign country.

On a rustic seat, in front of the only ale-house the village could boast, were seated some of the villagers, enjoying their pipe and glass. To this place did William Granger repair, and having called for refreshments, sat in moody contemplation for some time; at length he accosted an old man, and inquired if he could inform him aught of the family of the name of Watson, who formerly resided in that village.

"Ha, my lad," replied the old man, "you must indeed be a stranger to the place not to have heard of the unfortunate circumstances that attended that family."

"I am indeed a stranger," said William; "years have passed since last I was in this village, but there are circumstances that have occurred, which make me anxious of learning where they might have gone to."

"Well, my lad, 'tis a doleful tale. I have lived here fifty years; I was born here, and have never been ten miles from the house I was born in: I knew the Watsons well—'tis now about five years since that lamentable occurrence cast a universal gloom over our whole village."

He then related the circumstances to William, with which the reader is already acquainted, laying frequent stress on the villanous conduct of William Granger, and what he, although an old man, would do could he but once get hold of him.

The agitation of William's mind during the above relation was extreme, and had not the old man been a little near-sighted, he might have noticed it; as it was he did not, and after thanking the old man for his condescension, William left the spot, a prey to the most agonising tortures.

"And is it come to this?" he exclaimed; "my beloved Mary in the grave, and her poor old mother likewise, all snatched from me for ever by the griping hand of death; why should I crave to live? Who in this world now cares for the unhappy William Granger? None, none; all gone from me for ever. But I am resolved,—yes, in this village, where last I parted with all I held dear on earth, will I be laid; if the cruel hand of poverty parted us in life, it never shall in death."

He raised his head, and found his steps had involuntarily led him to the village churchyard. The merry peal from the church bells had no charms for him; his thoughts were firmly fixed on one object, never to be removed. Silently he wandered among the tombs; at length his eager eyes detected one, on which he fixed his gaze; eagerly did he swallow in the words that were inscribed thereon, which were as follows:—

Sacred to the Memory  
of  
Mary Watson,  
Aged 19.

He stood for some minutes gazing on the grave of his beloved; at length he started, and drawing a pencil from his pocket, he hastily tore a leaf from a pocket-book, and wrote,—*"Lay me in the same grave with Mary Watson,—William Granger."* This he replaced again in his pocket, and drawing a small dirk of peculiar make from his vest, he plunged it through his heart, and died on the grave of her whose death he had so unintentionally caused.

His last wishes were complied with. Some villagers passing through the churchyard discovered the body, and conveyed it to the old public-house before mentioned, where, upon searching for some clue, the paper was found. The festivities of the village were suspended, an universal gloom seemed spread among the whole inhabitants, and never from that day have they ceased to think on the unhappy fate of Mary Watson and William Granger.

A few words and our tale is ended. The reader will, no doubt, remember the last interview between William and Mary. Upon his return home that evening, he had the misfortune to find that the whole of his property had been seized by his creditors, and that he was comparatively a beggar.

This circumstance, combined with remorse for his conduct to Mary (and being now ashamed to see her in his altered circumstances), determined him to enlist in the army, resolving in his own mind, should fortune ever smile again on him, to return to his beloved Mary, and fulfil those vows of constancy so often made at the shrine of beauty.



It is not our intention to follow him in his military career, suffice it to say, that he had not been long a soldier before his regiment was ordered abroad, and having been in several engagements, and at length, receiving a bullet in the shoulder, which, of course, disabled him for further service; he was sent to England, passed the board, and received a goodly pension—more than sufficient to keep him from want; independent of this, he had a pretty considerable sum in his possession, that he had obtained in a foreign country, which he had hoarded up for the darling prospect of returning to Mary, and making her his wife; in what manner his intentions were frustrated the reader already knows, and, although parted in life by a singular combination of circumstances, they rest side by side in one grave.

Koso.

## MANNERS MADE EASY;

OR, HOW TO COBBLE A SILK PURSE OUT OF A SOW'S EAR.

PUNCTUALITY is essential to the character of a gentleman. Early in the new year, send peremptorily for all your bills. If they do not arrive in a day or two, send again. By this exactness you give your tradesmen confidence, and ensure their civility for some time, in the hope of a settlement. Having thus prevented any increase of charges, you can pay at your leisure. I have heard of a gentleman whose aversion to the sight of paper ruled in money columns had been indulged in as long as was consistent with his personal safety, who thus addressed a creditor for whom the *shut sesame* of "call again" had lost its charm. "After having for many years neglected my affairs, I have at length awakened to a sense of my error, and resolved, by a vigorous system of economy, to retrieve them. Method, sir, I now perceive that method is everything. From this day, I set apart a certain portion of my income, sacred to the payment of my debts."—"I am delighted sir, to hear of your noble resolution."—"I have made a schedule of all I owe, and shall begin at the top and persevere undeviating in regular though slow succession towards the bottom:—so that you see, my dear Mr. Figgins!"—"Sir, my name is Wiggins!"—"Wiggins! I had quite forgot; but I am sorry to hear it, very sorry—for my list is alphabetical—had it been Figgins, or even Higgins, there would have been some chance for you, but the W's are so very low down.—No, I cannot say when I shall reach the W's."

If you wish to refuse the request of an old friend or a poor relation, but can hardly screw your courage to the sticking-place, put on a pair of tight shoes, and you will find it perfectly easy.

Never introduce your friends to strangers without their consent, nor permit such a liberty towards yourself, especially about November. Many have been entrapped into the hands of John Doe and Richard Roe thereby, unawares.

Choose rainy days to pay your visits on. You will thus show your sincerity, and be less likely to miss callers at home. Take your cloak and hat into the drawing-room,—to leave them below would be like one of the family—but above all carry in your umbrella; you have no right to leave it streaming in another person's hall.

When you visit your maiden aunt, as you value your legacy expectant, preserve an amiable face, and keep your hands and feet to yourself, while her favourite tom cat reposes in you the height of his friendship by looking you full in the face and vigorously stretching himself by the aid of his ten talons, hooked through your tight and tender kerseymeres.

Though you may be a Nabob, or as rich as one, be not too anxious to parade black servants before your friends, for both your sakes—they have, in general, two bad qualities—"stealing, and giving odour."—Shakspeare,—nem!

Never marry a widow, (unless her first husband was hanged,) or she will be always drawing unpleasant comparisons.

Never refuse a pinch of snuff, but never become a snuff-taker; it is paying through the nose for a little pleasure.

Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning a yarn among silks and satins, a man is sure to be *worsted*.

It is common to speak contemptuously of tailors and dressmakers. This is bad taste, none but a rat would run down the sewers.

When a lady sits down to the piano-forte, always volunteer to turn over the leaves. To be able to read music is of no consequence, as you will know that she is at the bottom of a page when the stops short. If you turn over two leaves at once, you will probably have the secret thanks of most of the company.

When your friend enters the room instantly rise, and, though there may be half a dozen unoccupied chairs at hand, draw him with gentle force into your own. You will thus show the warmth of your friendship; for a damp seat may be as bad as a damp bed.

In driving out, never make a lady treasurer of the turnpike trusts; or, when you want twopence for a toll, you have to wait while the reticule string is snapped in two; then, out comes a lace-edged white

muslin pocket-handkerchief, a pair of lemon-coloured kid gloves, a smelling-bottle, a bunch of keys, and, to crown all, a five-shilling piece to change. All this while you are stuck fast in the jaws of a turnpike-gate, the Brighton Quicksilver in your rear, driver raving at your back, leaders snorting over your shoulder.

Never plan a pic-nic, on pain of skulking about the town for six months after, dreading to meet, at every turn, the infuriated looks of the bereaved parents of half-a-dozen little innocents in white frocks and trousers, who have been washed away by an inundation; or to encounter the menacing glances of budding heroes, fierce in the rudiments of moustaches and chin-tufts, whose Celiass and Delias have dropped into a decline through sitting on the damp grass at your instigation.

Never hesitate to take a friend with you, when you go out to dinner. Disappointments are so frequent that the lady of the house may perhaps be glad of a spare gentleman to fill up a gap.

In carving, remember that "twere well it were done quickly." He must be, therefore, the best carver who soonest fills the greatest number of plates. Waste no time in asking if people like a wing or a leg, this bit or that—many do not know their minds on any subject. Besides, as they cannot all have the prime cuts, nothing but discontent can ensue from giving them the choice.

As too much of a good thing is morally impossible, fill the plates well—the delicate can leave half, and the modest are saved the unpleasantness of a second application; besides making the hostess your eternal friend, if, through your management in the outset, some of the dishes go away uncut for another day.

Always return into the dish, before it goes from table, any portion of a ragout that your friends may leave in their plates. It is ten to one if your careless servants think of doing so afterwards.

Instead of waiting for the dessert, let your children come in with the first course—they cannot be used to good society too soon. They will furnish topics for conversation, and if any present be vulgar enough to require a second supply of soup, when the tureen is at low water mark, they will probably relieve your embarrassment by upsetting it, and so dispose of the question.

Help the darlings first—they are dearer to you than mere visitors, to whom you might, otherwise, inadvertently transfer some delicate bits on which the little cherubs had set their minds.

Do not detain the toothpick long after dinner, it's unpleasant to be kept waiting for it.

If a lady requests you to select an apple for her, bite a piece out. How can you recommend it without?

Always wipe the brim of a pot of porter with your sleeve, if you are about to hand it to a lady.

## A PICTURE OF (IN) CONSTANCY.

'Tis true our sex are known as rovers,  
And schoolboys are inconstant lovers;  
Amongst my sweethearts there was one,  
An orphan girl, and all alone;  
With melancholy smile that sate

Like wintry sunbeam on her brow;  
Making the cheek more desolate,  
That wasted in the shade below;  
She pined for his remembered love,  
The sire that lapped her infant head;  
And ceaselessly she paced above  
His grave with fairy tread.  
She pined for her maternal breast,  
Whom sadly they had laid to rest.

She was a sweet and cherub child;  
A lovely angel meek and mild;  
The winds that Heaven permits to blow,  
The flowers that open to the sun,  
And streams that sparkle as they flow  
Mingling their channels into one;  
She loved them for the inward stir  
Of feeling they revealed to her.

A lovely form that scarce did press  
The flowers to earth, on which she trod;  
A gentle girl that well might bless  
Some lover in his lone abode.  
I know not—time has chilled my brow,  
I do not love that maiden now.

C. W.

Follow the fashion of things indifferent, but stop when they become sinful.



## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

*(Continued from our last.)*

## CHAPTER CLXIII.

THE MORNING OF EXECUTION.—A SHORT RESPIRE FROM SUFFERING.  
—ROWLAND IN HIS CELL.

Thus far have we led our readers in our narrative, and we hope with feeling and interest for the innocent hearts who were made to feel the bitterness and scorn of an unfeeling world; and who, albeit most innocent, suffered more pangs than ever fell to the lot of real guilt.

Soon will the thread of destiny which has connected together, in bands forged of bitterness, many noble and ignoble hearts, be composed of other materials, flowing easier through the loom of fate, and presenting fewer asperities to the progress of the real happiness of the great and good.

The awful morning was close at hand—that morning when poor Rowland Percy was to be sacrificed to the demoniac spirit that had wrought him and his own peerless, beautiful Miranda so much evil. Who would have doubted for an instant the triumph of Bernard Varley with all his wickedness? Who would have ventured, as that awful night was yaning fast, to doubt that the dawn would see a deed done which there was no recovering, and that, innocent or guilty, the law was destined to wreak its vengeance upon the unhappy young man who lay despairing in the felon's cell?

And yet, who shall dare to say where Heaven's mercies end? What impious man will venture, even in the direst calamity of evil fortune, to exclaim, "There is no hope!"

There is a hope while life yet lingers in the frame. There is a hope even in death, that the life which is to come will compensate for all worldly ills. But alas! poor Miranda! The sweet spark of trustfulness was dead within her, and, with the world's Saviour, who in his dying agonies felt sufficient of his earthly assumption to be cognisant of earthly pangs, she could have exclaimed, "Father, hast thou forsaken me?"

The agony of that night was indeed dreadful—too dreadful for words to depict. It was wonderful how she lived and yet suffered so much. And what shall we say of Rowland, when we cannot even describe the feelings of those who sympathised with him? Alas! little or nothing.

The awful dawn was coming slowly but surely—a dawn full of teeming horrors.

Long ere the gray of morning, the sounds of workmen and the gathering of people together was heard in the good city of York. The morrow, or rather this day—for it was long past midnight—was that on which Rowland Percy was to suffer the last extremity of the law.

The busy throng that assembled began to do so as early as midnight, for this affair had made so much stir at York, that people looked upon it as one in which they were particularly interested, and the whole city, or nearly all the inhabitants capable of going, were expected to be there.

The houses commanding a view of the fatal spot were all barricaded, or rather so fenced within and without with seats, that they presented a very singular spectacle. These were allengaged by those who were desirous of witnessing the execution, without suffering any of the inconveniences of the crowd.

Soon after midnight, strong bodies of police were stationed at various spots, and a numerous force was placed around the scaffold, to protect it from the multitude, and to prevent any attempt at rescue.

That night was unlike other nights in York. The stillness that usually reigns at this dead hour, was broken upon by the suppressed murmurings of men. The din of workmen—the sound of men tramping in bodies from one spot to another, under the orders of the magistracy, came to the listener's ear mingled in one suppressed murmur.

Few eyes were closed that night, and few who laid their heads on their pillows ceased to think of the fate of Rowland Percy and the desperate attempts he had made to evade it.

The first faint light in the east gave signs of the coming day, and ere the sun was up, the whole city was alive with human beings. The streets were patrolled, and the heavy tread of the men sounded solemnly on the ear.

The day promised to be fine. Indeed, the rising sun shone through the heavy night clouds, that were slowly drawing off, with a beauty and grandeur seldom seen so late in the season. The gorgeous colour of the clouds, their variety of shape, hue, and disposition, were noticed by the

many, who hailed the coming day with gladness, for it was a weary time they had during the dead, dull hours of night.

This was a day less grateful to the heart of the unfortunate prisoner, whose sufferings were to be the show of the day—the grand spectacle that every individual in the city of York, nearly, and some for many miles around, had come to witness.

This day seemed to be merely a holiday in York, for few indeed were there who would return to their work among the lower classes, while only such shops as were likely to benefit by the vast concourse that was assembled, were opened.

The sun was now clear of the encumbering clouds, and his warmth began to diffuse new life around. The vapours drew off, and the cloudless sky reminded the spectators of the beauties of midsummer. Indeed, it was little like the even of the year; it was one of those days that appear with borrowed beauties out of their own season in that of another.

Such was the morning a few hours previous to that which was appointed for the execution of young Rowland Percy.

There had been much sympathy felt by many individuals who distrusted the justness of the verdict, but yet who were not sufficiently convinced of his innocence to induce them to make any effort to save him from destruction. Indeed, none could be made. Time was short, and the moment was close at hand when the object of their sympathy would cease to exist.

Such a day had seldom shone upon York. As the sun rose higher and higher, the spires of the old cathedral and the walls of York castle were distinctly visible from various parts of the city. The windows of the cathedral threw back the morning rays in many colours, for its old window was one of those rare works of art that are seen here and there only—the painting of the best sort, and the colours were beautifully set and contrasted.

Though so great a multitude of people were up and stirring in the streets, yet but little noise was heard—nothing save the tramping of feet and the low, whispered murmurings of a crowd awaiting to witness an imposing and solemn festival. Here they were assembled with serious aspects, awaiting the arrival of the dreaded moment with something like impatience.

And was there no hope amid all this that the poor criminal might yet be saved? Did no one shake his head and doubt if yet Rowland Percy would be dragged out to suffer that awful penalty of the law which he had been declared to have outraged? No—not one. There was no individual of that vast multitude who would not have wagered his own existence upon the "hanging" that was about to take place. Truly did poor Rowland's fate appear fixed and inevitable.

There had not been an execution in York for some time, and never had there been one within the annals of the city that had carried with it such an overwhelming interest, or one on which there had been so many contrary opinions or so many conjectures hazarded.

The several circumstances which had occurred to prevent the sentence being carried into execution, and the long period that had elapsed since Rowland's trial, had made the whole case celebrated for those reasons, as well as for the interest which the singular occurrences of the trial had created; and the authorities, among themselves, were thoroughly resolved that nothing should interfere to prevent the law being fully carried into effect upon the person of one whom they were led to consider criminal upon the fiat of a jury and the judgment of a judge.

After his attempt at self-destruction, which had utterly failed, Rowland had quite given himself up to despair. He would speak to no one. Even the governor, who had shown so much sympathy for him, could only get a few words from him, and they contained a complaint of how much those who had lent themselves to his persecution increased the pangs even of death, by preventing him from breathing to Miranda a few last parting words.

This the governor thought a needless aggravation of the prisoner's punishment, and an utterly needless precaution; for what other plan of escape for Rowland could Miranda possibly devise than the one which had already once proved so successful, and the very fact that it had been so successful, was quite sufficient to prevent it from being so again.

After turning the matter over in his own mind, the governor resolved upon taking a step which, although it might throw some responsibility and possibly some blame upon his own shoulders, would tend to give him the after-reflection of having soothed some pangs, and possibly smoothened the passage to the grave of a fellow creature. That step was to invite Miranda Rankley to the prison, as his guest, and so permit her, at a very early hour in the morning, to have an interview with Rowland Percy out of his cell.

With this object, about four o'clock in the morning, he sent a messenger to Mr. Anderson to say that the governor wished to see him, a message which Mr. Anderson was by no means remiss in paying attention to, for he accompanied the messenger back again, hoping, and yet hardly daring to expect any communication which should hold out a ray of hope to the condemned prisoner.



He then learned at once what was the humane proposition of the governor, and warmly thanking him, he immediately returned home to awaken Miranda, if exhaustion should have sunk into repose, and convey her to the prison.

Mrs. Anderson, at the request of her husband, immediately repaired to the chamber where Miranda had been persuaded to lie down for a brief space, and endeavour to obtain some rest. This the gentle girl had done to please her kind friends, although she herself despaired of snatching one moment of repose while such harrowing thoughts as those that now possessed her were running riot in her brain.

Mrs. Anderson returned in a few minutes, and when her husband said, in a low tone,—"Is she coming?" Mrs. Anderson could not speak; but sitting down in the first chair that presented itself, she burst into a flood of tears.

"What has happened? Gracious heavens! what has happened to Miranda?" cried Mr. Anderson.

"Hush! hush!—nothing," was the reply; "but I could not awaken her; she is sleeping soundly, and there is a smile upon her face as if God had granted to her at this sad time some pleasant images in slumber to cheat reality for a brief space of its abounding terrors. Oh, such a smile—so beautiful—so full of innocence—of purity—of joy. I could not awaken her. Indeed, I could not."

Mr. Anderson turned aside himself to hide his emotion, and it was some moments before he could say,—

"Let her sleep—let her sleep; if she is happy in that slumber, Heaven forbid that we should disturb it."

Mrs. Anderson then went and sat down by Miranda's bedside, resolved to wait until of herself she should awaken from the temporary oblivion of sorrow that had so sweetly crept over her.

It was strange that at that very time a slumber should have stolen over Rowland Percy, and that the visions that visited his sleep should be even as Miranda's were, bright, beautiful, and full of joy; but such was the fact, and at the very same time that Mrs. Anderson was watching by the couch of Miranda, the two men who had charge of Rowland Percy in the condemned cell, were looking on in silent wonder at the calm and joyous expression of his face while sleeping, and the bright smiles that occasionally, like sweet sunlight, broke over his features.

Oh! it was great and merciful of Heaven to grant such a respite to human suffering—to step between the criminal and the scaffold at the eleventh hour, and soothe his wounded spirit with beams of joy and Heavenly love. What to Rowland Percy and Miranda were then the frowns of a too bitter fortune?—what to them, while this sweet oblivion of care lasted, was the present with all its terrors?—a dream—a fleeting phantasy; but, alas! the time of awakening was at hand, and then, oh, horror—horror!—what a revulsion of feeling would then ensue. Could reason stand the shock—would the pulses of life still beat with such an awful retrospect before them?

Four o'clock had come and gone. Then five, then six, and then—yes, then Rowland Percy awoke, with the blessed name of Miranda upon his lips.

He sprang at once to his feet, and for the space of about three fleeting moments the truth of his awful position came not before him; when it did, with one short, sharp cry of mental agony he sunk down again, and buried his face in his hands, leaving his two guards gazing at each other in silent wonder and trembling terror.

They then whispered to each other, for it was a relief to them to hear their own voices, and then a gleam of sunlight streamed through a narrow grating into the condemned cell, and one of the men extinguished the lamp that had been burning all the weary night long, saying to his fellow, in a suppressed tone,—

"It is morning now. Our task will soon be over, and I don't care how soon."

The sunlight fell upon Rowland Percy's face, and again he sprang to his feet, saying,—

"The time—the time? What is the time? Tell me, am I to be sacrificed soon, innocent as I am, or have I yet a little space to commend myself, in my own fashion, to my God?"

#### CHAPTER CLXIV.

THE CHAPLAIN.—MIRANDA'S APPEAL TO THE GOVERNOR.—THE THREAT.—THE INTERVIEW IN THE COMMON ROOM.

MRS. ANDERSON kept her lonely watch by the bedside of Miranda for some hours, and it was only when, upon gently moving to leave the room a moment, in order to consult with Mr. Anderson upon the propriety of awakening her, that a slight accidental movement of the chair upon which she had been sitting, aroused the sufferer from the sleep that had so beneficently come over her, and Miranda, with the same winning expression of joy she had worn in her sleep, gently unclosed her eyes.

Oh, how strange and awful, then, was the change that gradually

swept over those beautiful features. It seemed as if, in the course of one minute, the usual work of ages was being produced upon a human face. Then she pressed her hands upon her heart, and said, in a tone of such exquisite mournfulness, that it brought tears again to the eyes of Mrs. Anderson,—

"Oh, why did I awaken—why did I awaken? If that sleep had been the sleep of death I might have been happy. Rowland—Rowland—"

"Hush! hush! For the love of Heaven," cried Mrs. Anderson, "arm yourself with fortitude and calmness. Life itself is but a fleeting shadow. While it lasts, let us trust to God and his decrees."

"I—I will try. Rowland—Rowland—what are your thoughts now I—I—the time—the time?"

She eagerly examined a watch that was close at hand. It was half past six. Then she rose, and without another word, she commenced rapidly replacing the few articles of dress she had taken off when lying down on the bed.

"My dear Miranda," said Mrs. Anderson,— "let me implore of you to remain here."

"Remain here!" cried Miranda, in a strange, unnatural voice. "Remain here while Rowland Percy is being murdered! No—no, I dare not."

"But—think again. You cannot save him."

"No. But I can still raise my voice against the frightful deed."

Have still strength left to denounce those who in cold blood will take the life they cannot give. Oh, I will cry aloud to Heaven for justice. I want no mercy—no consideration—no miracle to make me more than grateful. No, I want justice—justice. Now I am ready. Let me go forth."

"Oh, where—where?"

"To the execution. You see I can pronounce the word. I am going to see the execution of—of—Rowland Percy, my betrothed husband. The innocent Rowland Percy, who is going to be gravely and calmly murdered, with all pomp and ceremony by his fellow men. Yes God help me, I am going to the execution."

There was a wild vehemence about her manner that gave poor Mrs. Anderson the worst fears on account of her reason; and she hurried from the room to seek her husband, in order to implore his interposition to prevent Miranda from leaving the house in such a frame of mind as she appeared to be in.

"Hush! hush!" replied Mr. Anderson. "I will take charge of her. For the love of Heaven, let her go where she likes—do what she likes. I would not thwart her for worlds now. Where is she?"

"Here," said Miranda, entering the room. "You see I am very calm. I have had a dream. I thought Rowland and I stood upon the terrace steps of the Grange, and that he called me his wife, while a voice rung through the sunny air, saying, 'He is free—he is free!' but that is a delusion, or this is all a dream."

She shuddered a moment, and Mr. Anderson thought she would have fallen, but by a violent effort she recovered herself, and in a low, agonised voice she said,—

"To the execution—to the execution. Yes, to the execution. We—we shall be late."

"Miranda—Miranda," said Mr. Anderson,— "be calm. You shall go with me, and yet see Rowland Percy. Exert all your fortitude for this day, I pray you."

"I—am—calm," she said, "very calm—who would be so calm as I when all they loved on earth was being murdered. I tell you, since my poor father's death, such have been the horrors that have surrounded—horrors, mind you—not mere griefs—that I have not shed a tear. I could not weep. Let sympathies and ordinary evils draw tears from tender eyes. My griefs lie deeper. Would that I could weep, but I cannot—I shall never weep again."

Suddenly, then, Miranda pointed to the window, past which hundreds of persons, who had arrived from all parts of the country, were hurrying, to be present at the execution. She guessed the cause of the unusual throng, and she said, in a hoarse whisper,—

"See—see. They are all going to see Rowland murdered, and I am lingering here. Late—late—late."

She walked hurriedly to the door, and Mr. Anderson lost no time in following her. In another moment they were in the street, and Mr. Anderson was on the point of turning out of the main thoroughfare, and proceeding by a less frequented route to the place of interest, when his progress was suddenly arrested by Jones, who stepped up to Miranda, and taking off his hat, said, in a voice so different from its usual wild recklessness, that no one would have at all recognised him by it, even had they known him well,—

"God bless you, Miss Miranda—God bless—bear up against it all. I—I—don't know what to say—because—because, you see—I can't see at all, somehow. God bless you, and good bye."

"My kind friend," said Miranda, "we shall yet meet again in Heaven—in Heaven—farewell. The blessing of God be upon you for all you have done for the innocent and persecuted."



She held out her hand, and Jones took the small taper fingers in his a moment. Then he dashed his hat on his head with a vehemence that sent it quite down to his eyes, and darted off.

"I am glad I have seen him," muttered Miranda in a low tone to herself, "before I die."

Mr. Anderson caught the last words, and he said,—  
"I beseech, implore you to think more resignedly."

"I cannot help it," she replied. "Would you have me long outlive him, who is to be sacrificed this morning? Ah, no. And yet understand; Heaven shall do its own work, I contemplate no unholy act. So—no. Oh, God, let it be soon; but I will go only with thy warrant or my going."

The throng of persons now became so very great that Mr. Anderson found it extremely difficult to proceed with his charge, and, to add to his perplexity, he had been in constant dread ever since leaving his own door that some one might recognise Miranda, and turn the attention of the crowd upon her, which, whether sympathetic or not, could not be otherwise than distressing. The time was rapidly sliding past, and before they reached a side entrance to the governor's house seven o'clock boomed forth from the sonorous bell of the Minster.

"Hark! hark!" cried Miranda.

"'Tis only seven."

"Only seven!" she repeated with a shudder. "On—on. Oh, shall I yet see him to tell him we shall meet soon again. Only seven. Another fleeting hour, and then!—oh, God—oh, God, support me now!"

She hung mainly upon Mr. Anderson's arm, and they were close to the governor's house, when a sudden movement took place in the crowd, and, pale and disfigured, covered with plaisters and encrusted blood from the punishment he had received from Jones, Bernard Varley opposed Miranda's further progress.

She shrunk back with a half shriek, as if the spirit of all evil stood before her.

Varley raised his hands; and at first Miranda thought he was going to touch her; but it was only to give urgency and force to the words he was about to utter—words which came with an awful quickness and energy from his lips, while his whole frame seemed convulsed with contending emotions as he uttered them.

"Miranda Rankley," he said, "once for all—for the last time, hear me—hear me—I conjure you to hear me. Even yet—even with the fatal dose around his neck, while the last words of those around are wringing in his ears, and the funeral knell is tolling, Rowland Percy may be saved—yes, saved—to life—to you—to joy."

"Hence, monster—hence!" said Miranda.

She attempted to draw Mr. Anderson away; but he felt too much interested in Varley's words to move, and he cried in a voice of anger,—

"Bernard Varley, man or devil, say what you have just now said in presence of the authorities of York, and Rowland Percy will not die this morning. Oh, if you do, indeed, repent you of the false evidence you have given—that false evidence upon which a fellow-creature is at this moment trembling on the verge of an awful doom—save him, ah, save him, and lay up in Heaven one action that will plead trumpet-tongued for you at the throne of God."

Varley waved his arm, as if, by that one action, he threw aside all that Mr. Anderson had said, and then again addressing Miranda, he said,—

"Be mine, and he is saved."

Miranda shrunk still further from the presence of the hateful object. She made no reply to Varley; but in a low voice, said to Mr. Anderson,—

"Come—come—oh, come. Time is flying fast. Come, I implore you."

"But—but—this fiend. He as good as declares his own villany. How else than by a crimination of himself, such as must bring the vengeance of the laws upon him, can he save Rowland Percy. Hear me, Varley. Let me tell you—"

"Peace!" thundered Varley. "I address no discourse to you. I ask you for no remarks upon my words. To you, Miranda Rankley—beautiful being—shrine of an angel spirit—divinity—miracle of earth, to you I sue. Be mine, and Rowland Percy is saved."

A solemn boom from a bell announced, at this moment, that preparations were actually commencing for the execution. The sound seemed to cut into Miranda's heart, as if some deadly weapon had been suddenly plunged into it. A half-suppressed cry escaped her lips, and clasping her hands, she said,—

"Mr. Anderson, I go alone, or with you at once. I cannot—dare not delay. The execution—the execution!"

"May yet be stayed," said Varley, frantically—"may yet be stayed. Miranda—Miranda!—at your feet, grovelling in the dust before you, I plead as much for Rowland Percy—ay, more than for myself."

"Murderer!" said Miranda, and she passed on, leaving Varley crawling on the pavement, while a wondering throng, attracted by his

words and violent gestures, was beginning to collect, although, as it happened, none but strangers were passing at the time, who knew not personally any of the parties.

Then Bernard Varley, for the first time, seemed to consider that there was no hope, and the change that came over his features was a more awful one than that which takes the place of vitality, when death has done its work upon a human form. There was an expression of such utter despair, accompanied by such awful fiendish malice, that at his glance around him, the few spectators who had been attracted to the spot, reeled into the road-way, as if struck by a flash of lightning.

He then gathered around him the cloak in which he was attired, and gasping out so awful a curse, that we cannot stain our pages with its record, he walked after Miranda and Mr. Anderson.

(To be continued in our next.)

## WIND;

### A SLIGHT ANTIPATHETICAL FRAGMENT, BY MYSELF.

WHAT an easy word "wind" is to utter. How convenient it is to write. You have no fear that the long letters may be out of the parallel; how comfortable for persons who stutter; what a subject for philosophical conversation!

I will no longer praise that which I do not like. I am not at all partial to wind; indeed, I have a great antipathy to its blast. My childhood disliked the wind, my increasing years felt the same respecting it, and I suppose my old age will limp out of its way.

I was born on a windy night, and the tiles rattling from the house-top on John's head, who was about to risk being blown to the antipodes to fetch Doctor Pilus, was the music that ushered me into this windy world.

When a few weeks had passed, my infant face was exposed to the bright and open sky; but the wind—I may not be believed by some if I were to say that I remember that day, so I will not assert my opinion too boldly—I am almost certain it was north-east—made my unfortunate eyes and infant nose three diminutive fountains, all flowing towards the same outlet.

My nurse was a large, very stout, rosy, fat woman, and always smelled of snuff. She didn't mind the wind. She would have taken it up her nose if she could have held it between her finger and thumb.

Then there was John, a most breezy footman, that always said he liked to feel a little h-air, and, suiting the action to the word, would throw up both windows, while nurse sat by and complained that it was "remarkable close."

When I was breeched and indulged in juvenile sports, the wind was continually breaking my kite and string; blowing my hat off, if ever I chanced to hang behind a gentleman's carriage when I was too late for school; and if I did nothing else, it propelled the dust into my eyes.

Now, if ever I carry an umbrella—by-the-by, from long experience, I have given up the use of this article—the wind is sure to turn it inside out. If you wish to take a sketch, the wind most obligingly absconds with half your paper, which when, by dint of running, you have succeeded in replacing, your handkerchief, which you had spread out to seat yourself upon, gives you another run, so that by the time you are settled, it is time to go to tea.

You dare not leave your window open, for fear of the French clock or your china vases being dislodged from their stations. And the world is just the same. It is one mass of wind—unruly, boisterous, chilly blasts. Ugh!—I shall never like the wind.

FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA.—Frederick of Prussia having succeeded in persuading Joseph II. Emperor of Germany, of the policy or necessity of a partition of Poland, they spread before them a map of that ill-fated country, agreed on their respective shares, and fixed on the tract of territory to be given to the Empress of Russia, who, being engaged in a hazardous and expensive war with the Porte, was obliged to acquiesce in the proposal. Every part of the villanous plan being thus arranged between these three robbers, proper manifestos were prepared, and at a time of profound peace they each introduced an army into Poland, which deprived the king of large and fertile provinces, containing about 7,000 square leagues of territory, and five millions of inhabitants. The three powers then compelled Stanislaus to invoke a diet, which they surrounded with troops, and the king was obliged to ratify his own degradation by giving to their usurpation the mock sanction of legislative and deliberative consent. The aggression was afterwards renewed under circumstances yet more atrocious. Being, by the capture of Kosciusko, relieved from all obstacles, the courts of Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg, divided their ensanguined prey; and, by an act signed at Petersburg, on the 3rd January, 1795, and communicated to the different powers of Europe, the three potentates designated the limits of their possessions in Poland, the whole of which they had appropriated to themselves.



## THE MAROON.

THE Maroons from Jamaica had been brought to the island of Sierra Leone, and fixed in and about the skirts appertaining to King Tom. I was informed of a curious pit at some distance round the island. I one day started to find it by myself; I was told, that if a large stone was thrown in, a great roaring noise would be heard, and then a report like a cannon. I had walked some time without discovering the object of my search, when I was met by a black man, one of the Maroons, who accosted me thus,—

"Ky, massa, where you go? You no see where tornado comes? You no get back before he come—he catch you in de bush—no go any more that way, massa. You no see him over de mountain?"

I looked back and then discovered that the clouds were gathering as it seemed from all points, into one dense black cluster over the high mountains close to the town. The effects of those tornadoes, as they are called, are truly terrific, attended when they burst forth with the most loud and roaring claps of thunder, long and vivid flashes of lightning, torrents of rain, and gusts of wind, as though the elements were at war with the earth, and all nature was about to dissolve itself in one general ruin. Perplexed and alarmed, at a distance from home, without arms, and alone with a strange black, one of the Maroons who had been transported from Jamaica for riot and murdering their masters, what was I to do? To show fear of him would be to cause his anger. To go forward would be to brave the storm. I resolved to accept his offered protection and hut for the night, which we reached just before the storm burst forth with dreadful rage—all was drowned in one universal noise and confusion. I was tired, and soon fell asleep, with disturbed dreams. I awoke—and hearing an unusual noise, like a great dog snoring at a rat, I roused my companion, who listened for a while, then jumped up saying,—

"No peak, massa—no peak, massa! he come now he yaffle me—he yaffle you, massa. Buckra, no peak, I go!"

He left me to my reflections, and to my fears—then came a dreadful clap of thunder—then again the lightning shining through the chinks. My alarm was nearly at its height, but it was soon heightened by (as I thought) the dying groans of my unfortunate companion at the other end of the hut, which were soon followed by the report of a musket. I thought, verily, that I was shot—I lost my senses for a few minutes, until aroused by the now welcome voice of my black companion, desiring me to—

"Go seep, that he no come now—he give him pill. Spose he no give him pill? He come in and yaffle poor Sambo, then he yaffle Massa Buckra—then he go home fetch he friends—come see he game. But he give him pill, so he no go see him friends—but stop, while Sambo show him Massa Buckra, when sun come morrow. So, go seep, inassa."

Any further information, as to the facts or cause of alarm, I could not get; the only answer to my importunities was,—

"Go seep, massa; he no come now, Sambo give him pill."

Sambo soon gave such proof of his being asleep as awoke me as often as I presumed to doze, as it brought to my disturbed mind the dreadful idea that the cannibal creature was again forcing its way into the cot, for a taste of either black or white man's flesh, and I feared he might choose me, by way of change.

The thrice welcome morning at length arrived; I awoke Sambo, and again asked the cause of what I had suffered during the night. Now all was silent and calm; the rain had ceased, the wind abated, and the sun shone—I was truly impatient to know what had disturbed our repose. But my suspense and expectation were to continue some time longer, for Sambo now with provoking slowness advanced, and with apparent caution, to the door, holding up his left hand to me in token of silence, while with the right he removed the fastening from the door; then clapping his right hand to the doorpost, holding the door with a tight grasp in the left hand, raising himself on tiptoe, he thrust his head out, stretching his neck at the same time, then cautiously thrusting his shoulders and half his body out, turning to the right, then to the left.

During this time I dare not move; it was a time of painful suspense to me, not knowing anything of the true cause, or how it might end. But he now advanced further out, his hands still fastened as at first to the doorpost and edge of the door—now one leg advanced, then the other foot—now the hand from the doorpost—now the other from the door—the door nearly shut—Sambo out—and I alone. I now offered up my prayers for protection to that power who alone could save.

In an instant the door was forced open—in bounced Sambo, his hands uplifted, his white teeth shining through his red lips, and his whole countenance and body dancing with satisfied delight, exclaiming,—

"Now, Massa Buckra, come see; there him lay, him no peak, him no look—him now kickaraboo—me give him pill he no like."

He hastened to obey this invitation, for I well understood that what-

ever might have been the danger, the object of our, or at least, my fears was dead; he led me out a short distance to the spot, where I saw a fine large male tiger, shot in the head and shoulders. I afterwards learned from Sambo how he shot him so well and sure in the dark; the facts are these:—

There are many wild beasts of prey in the woods, and when a storm comes on it frightens them out of their dens, and then it is that they will sometimes approach the abode of man in the absence of other prey. Custom seems to have taught the Maroons (at least, Sambo) how to guard his cabin, when shut in from the storm, against the attack of Mr. Tiger, or any other powerful creature that would force his four legs into his domicile, by the following ingenious scheme, viz.:—The hut being supplied with a loaded gun, in case of attack, as upon the present occasion—he started from his bedplace, took a gun, and breathed through a hole about sixteen inches up the door, and two inches wide; this breathing (which I thought his moans in the agonies of death) brought the tiger to the spot. At the same time Sambo was upon one knee, the muzzle of the gun a short way through, and his mouth to the hole; the gun held resting upon his knee, the right hand thrown back at the trigger, and the left supporting the muzzle. When the tiger, attracted by the noise and scent of his breath, thrust his nose against the hole and gun at the same time, Sambo, feeling the touch, pulled the trigger, when the gun went off against the head of this unwelcome intruder, to my great alarm at the time, being ignorant of the cause or intention.

My friend, for I must now so call him, soon skinned him and presented it to me; I sent it for England, but the vessel was taken, so I saw no more of it.

I never sought for the pit, or even ventured out without arms or attendants for the future.

G. S.

## STANZAS TO JULIA (OR ANYBODY).

I gazed upon thee, and thine eye

Was not withdrawn; our glances met—

I marked thee well, nor blush, nor sigh

Betrayed confusion or regret.

If thou canst bid me thus depart,

I go, and will not e'en repine;

But, once estranged, my wounded heart

Will seek no more to link with thine.

Yet often when, in western heaven,

The fire-eyed planet glows afar,

How shall I deem that thou wert given

To my frail bark a guiding star!

Though absent, present to my sight;

By lingering streams when I recline,

From day's decline to morning's light,

From morning's light to day's decline.

C. W.

ORDER AND REGULARITY.—There cannot be more important requisites to successful trade than order and method. Regularity diminishes the labour, and proportionably increases the profit of business. It brings the most multifarious employments readily and easily within the compass of our time, and that without any burden to the mind. It reduces to a narrow and practical compass avocations of the most extended nature, and enables us at all times to have a perfect and an immediate knowledge of our own affairs.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed (post-paid) to the Editor will meet with immediate attention.

W. LOVE (Belfast) has been both hasty and unjust in his remarks upon our correspondent J. Pender. If he will refer to Cleland's "Annals of Scotland," he will find that "The Pear Tree Well," and "The Three Tree Well," are one and the same.

Accepted.—"The Poet's Wish;" "An Expedient for Reducing a Fine;" "To the Vampire;" "The Parting Hour;" and "The Secrets of the Caves."

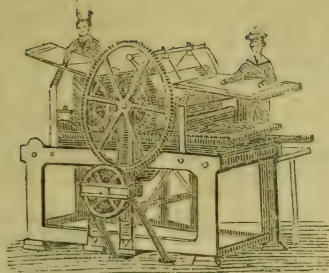
W. F. G. L.—From the great number we already have on hand, we are compelled to say "No."

Declined, with thanks.—"The Duel;" "The Nun's Farewell;" and "The Forsaken One."

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## THE SLEEPING POWDER; OR, THE UNWILLING GUEST.

It was black midnight, as the storm burst in its utmost fury—the vivid lightning played over the rocks and bosom of the tumultuous deep, and the loud, terrific peals of thunder aroused from their slumbers the inmates of a miserable hut that stood on a cliff jutting over the sea, near to an inconsiderable village on the Sussex coast.

The walls of this hut were formed of mud, and a partition of a similar material divided the interior into two unequal parts. In the largest of the two a few flickering embers yet blazed on the rude hearth, while on a block of wood, serving for a table, stood an expiring lamp, from which, occasionally, a fitful blaze would spring, and light with sudden glare the surrounding objects.

By its aid might be discovered little that every fisherman's cabin might not boast of possessing. No article of furniture adorned the hut, save an old high-backed chair; strings of dried fish decorated the roof; a bench, fastened to the wall on one side the hearth, supplied the place of chairs. Immediately opposite the resting-place was the door which afforded egress to the inmates, and between that and the hearth was a decayed and broken casement, before which was hung a piece of old and dirty sail-cloth; a doorway led into the other chamber, and a shelf, on which were displayed a few drinking cups, completed the miserable aspect of the place.

Seated on the chair, which was placed before the hearth, and gazing on the dying embers with a vacant stare, sat a young man, attired in tattered and mean habiliments. His skin, always dark, but seen by the uncertain light which the hut afforded, appeared almost to approach a Moorish tint; his eyes, which were likewise dark, were large and penetrating, now abounding with deep thought, and then anon flashing with deep glee, as though their owner was one on whom the frowns of dame Fortune had fallen in no trifling degree, but who possessed spirits of so mercurial a character that the severest misfortunes would descend upon him lightly, as though that which would bow another with misery to the earth would with him but serve to vary life with some slight portion of seriousness.

His features were so strongly marked as to approach coarseness in their expression; but a certain air of nobleness in his appearance, as though his spirit scorned the clothes which prudence commanded him to wear, proclaimed him far above that rank which, at the first glance, would have been assigned him.

His dark hair, curling in wild confusion over his shoulders, announced him to be one of those cavaliers who were at that unfortunate period forced by stern fate to adopt almost incredible disguises, to escape the barbarous warfare of their fanatical and victorious enemies.

A second person reclined at full length on the bench, and displayed a short, stout, square-built figure, whose garb showed his occupation to be that of a fisherman, and whose sleepy, passionless eye and features announced his Dutch parentage. This was Nicholas Vandercloud, the owner of the hovel and all it contained.

At a trifling distance from the other two, lying stretched on the floor, and muffled up in a large cloak, reclined the manly figure of a person of middle age.

The fire-watcher had dropped his eyelids; loud snoring testified the sound repose Nicholas Vandercloud enjoyed, and he who laid upon the floor was buried in slumber, when the sudden bursting of the storm aroused them.

"Arthur, to arms!" shouted the young man, addressing his startled companion.

At the same moment he sprang from his seat. A second burst of thunder passed over their heads, and distinctly might the waves be heard lashing with angry power the base of the cliff.

"Tis but the storm," cried he to whom the ejaculation was addressed, with half closed lips. "Sleep on, sir; to-morrow we may, perchance, pass without rest;" and following precept with practice, he again threw himself on the ground, and composed himself to slumber.

"Right, right!" answered the other; and suffering his form to sink into the capacious chair, once more he fixed his wandering gaze upon the embers.

Nicholas Vandercloud, more accustomed to those storms in all their fury, did but turn on his side, and mutter,

"Der teufel!" and he slumbered again.

Mighty gusts of wind swept the steep; and, sheltered from their violence by a rising rock, the little hut remained safe from all danger of destruction. Bright flashes of lightning played across the horizon, and when the wind paused in its wild career, torrents of rain descended.

Suddenly the young man bent forward, and with convulsive motion, and then starting from his seat, he uttered, in the loudest possible whisper,

"Arthur, Arthur! Arouse thee! This cursed lamp," and he dashed it to the ground, "has betrayed us."

"How, now, my lord? I hear nothing," sleepily answered he on the ground.

"Then arouse thy drowsy ears, and listen well. There—did you not hear it then? They come—they come! Out with thy trusty blade, good Arthur—let us not die like children."

The person addressed had started from his recumbent position, and listened attentively.

"Good sir, your ears deceive you. 'Tis not the sound of pursuers, but the cry of some bewildered traveller, that comes borne on the blast."

"A traveller, Arthur?—what should a traveller do on a barren cliff like this at midnight? A feint, sir—a mere feint to draw us forth. Confusion on this vile disguise which forced me to discard my trusty sword."

At that moment the wind having sunk to a mere whisper, a loud and anguished cry for help distinctly reached the ears of all.

"My life on it, there is no disguise in that," said Arthur; "there's agony in the very sound;" and he hastened towards the door.

"Hew!" shouted the cavalier, "would you betray me?—sacrifice me for a stranger?"

Arthur looked at him reproachfully, yet hesitated.

"Der teufel!" exclaimed the Dutchman; "wouldst pause, and let him without die, donner? Shall we not be three to one?" he exclaimed contemptuously, as he rushed from the hut.

"Follow him, Arthur—follow him, as ye think it no deception—follow him, in the name of Heaven."

Arthur waited no second bidding, but vanished instantly.

Few moments elapsed ere the Dutchman and his companion re-entered the hut, accompanied by a stranger. He was a man of athletic, yet finely formed figure, as near as might be judged from a person enveloped in the folds of a large cloak. On his head he wore a broad brimmed hat, with drooping feathers, which partly concealed his features, and in his arms he bore a slight female figure, closely enwrapped, likewise, in a large roquelaire.

The cavalier advanced, and tendered his services, but the arm of the



stranger waved him away. The latter advanced to the hearth, and seating his fainting companion in the chair, in the action of stooping, her hat dropped off, and, although rich clusters of ringlets fell over her neck and shoulders, enough might be discovered to prove her countenance was bewitchingly beautiful.

The discovery of her form produced a variety of feelings in the breast of the cavalier. His colour came and went with astounding rapidity, and the look with which he turned to survey again the person of her companion, betrayed the mingled feelings which swelled his bosom.

His agitation, however, passed away unnoticed. The Dutchman proceeded to open a cupboard, which would have puzzled and defied the scrutiny of a supervisor, and drew a bottle of right Nantz from it, which he handed to the stranger.

"A thousand thanks, good fellow," he cried; "I will repay you for this kindness; but I pray you, have you any bed in which this lady can repose for a short time? Your hospitality shall not go unrewarded."

"There is yonder room," answered Nicholas, in his best English; "but it has no better bed than straw."

The stranger had knelt by the side of the chair which supported the lady, who now seemed somewhat recovered from exhaustion.

"Dearest Caroline, will a straw bed content you?"

"Oh, yes, Henry, grateful will any resting-place be. But you—you repose."

"Fear not for me, dearest; a soldier is not accustomed to sumptuous fare or lodging. The threshold of your door will content me."

The lamp was relit, and Caroline taking it in her hand, bent gracefully to those around, and supported to the door by her companion, entered the inner chamber to repose.

"Drink, friends," said the stranger, handing the bottle to Arthur; "and many thanks for your timely assistance."

"Name it not, sir," replied Arthur; "the man who can hear the voice of distress, and not fly to the aid of the sufferer, is unfit for civilized society."

The stranger grasped the hand of the speaker, and shook it cordially. The young man who interpreted these words, however differently meant, as intended to sate his suspicious tenderness, regarded the speaker with a scowl, which, however, passed unnoticed. He seated himself again in the chair, and apparently regardless of the persons around him, or the conversation that ensued, appeared equally engaged in thought. The stranger threw himself across the entrance of the inner chamber, and placing his cloak for a pillow, appeared fast resigning himself to slumber.

Arthur lay near him, and Nicholas Vandercloud, with whom sudden impulses were ever rare, and consequently overpowering when attended, as in the present instance, with physical exertion, lay sleeping on the bench.

"The storm is dying away," said Arthur. "I think, sir, you buffeted the worst."

No answer followed, and Arthur, dying with curiosity to know what circumstances had placed the stranger and his fair companion in so perilous a situation, puzzled his brains to discover some mode of ascertaining this fact, without adventuring a direct question. This, indeed, he cared not to hazard, for there was a certain flashing in the stranger's eye, which seemed to say mere idle curiosity would not obtain its paltry end from him, and Arthur, wisely considering that to arouse anger in the man whom he had assisted to save from destruction, particularly one so well armed, for, having thrown off his cloak, both pistols and sword were visible, were neither generous nor prudent in him.

A short pause ensued, and then the reflections of Arthur, struggling with curiosity, produced the following question to the stranger:—

"'Twas fortunate, sir, you had no horses. If you had been mounted, the chances are fifty to one the headstrong animals would have sprung from the cliff."

"We were mounted," was the reply; "but, terrified at the lightning, our jaded steeds refused to move, and fearful of goading, lest they should become desperate, and carry us to death, and likewise observing a light from this cot, we determined to dismount, and seek shelter here until dawn. Fatigued before, the lady found herself inadequate to the exertion of climbing the steep, and being unable to discover my way to this door, and not knowing, likewise, whether trenches crossed the path, I shouted loudly, and you kindly came to my assistance and relief."

"Can, then, the light in this cottage be seen from the road?" said Arthur, well knowing it might, but wishing to ascertain if that was the stranger's path.

"Plainly; we were journeying to the village for the purpose of going aboard the vessel, which sails to-morrow. But you are, I presume, a stranger here, by that question?"

However willing to learn the affairs of others, it was by no means the intention of Arthur to discover his own. He, therefore, mumbled out an inarticulate answer, and pretending to be overpowered by slum-

ber, stretched himself on the ground and counterfeited snoring, which speedily changed into real nasal oratory.

One hour passed away, and then the cavalier, who had carefully replenished the fire, softly rose and took a flaming brand from the fire, and advancing to the stranger, passed it repeatedly before his eyes.

He slept profoundly. The brand was thrown down, and the inquirer grasped the hand of Arthur, and shook it gently. The first touch aroused him, and he sprang from the ground.

"Is there danger, sir?" he demanded, and his hand caught his sword.

"No—silence, and follow me," was the reply, and Arthur obeyed.

The cavalier threw open the door of the hut, and stepped out on the cliff, followed closely by his companion. Having again closed the door, and advanced some trifling distance, he paused, and looked around.

The storm had died away, and a clear night had succeeded its violence. The moon was now fast sinking, while, in the east, a few streaks of early light foretold the approach of dawn. The cliff on which the hotel stood, divided the common road from the coast; the ascent to it from the road was steep, but far from difficult, while the part that fronted the ocean, overhung it in a trifling degree. A rugged path, dangerous to inexperienced climbers, led to the hut—to the sea shore beneath it; and the tattling neighbours sometimes said, that Nicholas Vandercloud might occasionally be seen toiling up it with a hamper on his back; but perhaps that was mere scandal.

Cecil, for such was the name of the cavalier, appeared lost in thought, and Arthur stood by his side, with his arms folded on his breast, patiently awaiting whatever his companion might choose to communicate.

"You remember," at length he said, "that while concealed in the house of Sir Thomas Mortimer, I became desperately enamoured of the Lady Caroline, Sir Thomas's beautiful daughter."

"I do remember it well, sir," answered his companion, drily; "and I also remember, you fell desperately in love, at the same time, with her cousin, who was visitor there, and also her cousin's sister, and also her own waiting-woman."

"Nonsense, Arthur—nonsense; it was the beautiful Caroline, and her only I adored."

"Perhaps so, sir, and I recollect that I used to think then that your passion was increased, because you knew that she loved another."

"It might be so; but the girl must surely be bewitched, to love a rascally Roundhead, with his sanctimonious phiz, and hypocritical eye, impious conversation, and rebellious sentiments."

"I never, I must confess, sir, saw Colonel Masterman, but people do say, that he is a very different character from what you describe, except in the last particular, and that perchance, makes him interesting in the lady's eyes."

"Well—well, a truce to this trifling," said Cecil, warmly; "listen to me; of all those I have loved, or fancied I have loved, the daughter of Mortimer stands pre-eminent; nay, so much do I adore her, that the greatest love I ever felt before, sinks into mere admiration in the comparison, Arthur," and he grasped his arm almost convulsively, "give me but your assistance, and she shall become the partner of my exile."

His companion staggered back several steps, overcome with sudden astonishment at its unexpected conclusion.

"Is it possible? do I hear aright?"

"Yes, yes; she has fled from her father, the firm old royalist, with Cromwell's officer, Henry Masterman, and they now are —"

"Where?" demanded Arthur.

Cecil pointed to the cottage.

"Impossible!"

"No; they sleep there. They are the fugitives whom you saw last night."

"Then that explains," said Arthur, "why they travel so late. Doubtless they leave England,—she to fly from her father's resentment, and for having dared to love a Roundhead, and he to free himself from the power of Cromwell, having dared to love the daughter of a Cavalier."

"Pause not now to speculate so uselessly, but listen to my plan, and remember, to assist in robbing a Roundhead of his intended bride, you assist to avenge your king on his enemies. Here is a powder, it is a powerful soporific. Mix it with the brandy, and dexterously induce the colonel to take it. It will immediately take effect, and, undeterred by his presence or interference, we can bear the lovely Caroline to yonder vessel."

His finger pointed out a light which shone on the ocean's surface at some distance.

"We will conceal the colonel as she passes from her sleeping room, and a well-told tale that he awaits her coming in the boat, will induce her to descend the cliff in quietness. We can pretend to suppose he is gone on board, and left us to follow him; once there, leave to me the charge of deprecating the lady's anger."



"Pardon me, sir, with this wild plan I will have nothing to do."

The speaker expected a burst of anger at this plain avowal, but it came not, and consequently emboldened, he continued:—

"To rob a Roundhead of his intended bride I would have no objection; but to oppress one who has fled to your refuge for safety, agrees not with my temperament, nor will it with yours, I am certain, if you dispassionately observe your proposed conduct. Moreover, sir, it will be but ill requiting the loyalty of Sir Thomas Mortimer, to carry away his daughter to a distant land."

"Have you done, sir?" inquired Cecil.

Arthur bowed.

"I cannot say," continued the former, "that I ever heard Barebones, the leatherseller, of Fleet-street, preach, but it appears to me that you would far eclipse him in lessons of morality. Be that as it may, allow me to congratulate you on your newly acquired sentiments. Pray you, haste to the next town, make known your conversion from a staunch Cavalier to a Roundhead; preach; inform the worthy burgesses you have had a miraculous call; relate all you know respecting that reprobate fellow Charles Stuart, not forgetting to receive a reward for the same; bring a guard to this hovel, and deliver into their hands the person of Earl Cecil, your obedient servant, and then, as a return for what silly persons will call treachery, preach and expound to him all the way to the scaffold. Away, sir!"

Arthur bowed lowly, and turned to withdraw.

Cecil watched his proceedings with troubled eyes, and having allowed him to advance several steps towards the hovel, followed, and caught his arm.

"Arthur, where go you?"

"I go, sir, to my resting place, to sleep another hour. With the dawn I return to London."

"Do so," cried Cecil, throwing violently away the arm he grasped—"do so, and I pray you forget my instructions respecting your future conduct."

"Ere I leave here, I trust to see you in safety in yonder vessel."

"Arthur, Arthur, why will you not assist me? Add to your inestimable services but this one action, and my gratitude will be everlasting."

A long and somewhat impatient argument ensued, and, as it generally happens, that when a superior condescends to entreat and flatter an inferior, he gains his point, so Arthur agreed at length to forward the designs of the other.

On returning to the hovel, they discovered the Dutchman still sleeping soundly. The stranger, or rather Colonel Masterman, slept restlessly, probably overpowered by excess of fatigue, and the two confederates commenced roaring a revolutionary psalm of the time, with astonishing vigour. Almost the first word produced what they aimed at, and Masterman started up, perfectly free from the influence of Morpheus.

"How now, friends! Is it dawn?" he demanded.

"No," answered Arthur; "time flies not so swiftly—danger lurks around. Drink," he added, handing him a cup of brandy, dexterously slipping in the powder—"drink to our toast, 'Down with Charles Stuart.'"

"Charles Stuart," said Masterman, "folks say has abandoned all hopes of playing tyrant here, and now only wishes to escape from England. I, for one, will not exult over a fallen enemy; let us therefore change the toast to 'A safe escape from all enemies,' and I'll pledge you with all my heart."

"Amen, amen," responded Arthur, and Masterman took a hearty draught, and returned the cup.

Very few minutes elapsed, ere, wrapped in profound slumbers, Colonel Masterman once more reclined on the ground, and the Cavalier, who had watched him with attention, now sprang from his seat; in doing so, the cup caught his eye,

"Sdeath! He has not drunk it all. We have no time to lose. His slumbers will scarcely exceed two hours. What ho! Nicholas Vandercloud, wouldst sleep for ever man!"

An inarticulate grunt answered the question, and the Dutchman, distending his jaws most fearfully, rose gradually from his resting place. Arthur withdrew the rugged sail-cloth which hung before the window, and disclosed the eastern atmosphere glowing with embryo day. The light which now shone in rendered the lamp unnecessary.

"Here, Nicholas, how shall we put this Roundhead colonel out of the way of the door?"

"Out of the way of the door?" said Nicholas, inquiringly.

"Yes. He is a Roundhead officer, running away with a good Cavalier's daughter."

"Ter teufle he is!" said Nicholas.

"I want to bring the lady out, and carry her on board of the vessel without her seeing him."

"Oh, dere is der door on the other side, which I use when I don't want to see the guager."

"That will do, Nicholas—that will do. Now do you go round to the lady, and tell her to get ready, as the colonel waits for her in the boat, or, perhaps, Arthur, you will do this service better."

Arthur, hardly pleased with his task, nevertheless set about it, and, conducted by Nicholas, found the door and knocked. The lady was already awake, and he informed her that the colonel had been on board to get everything ready, and was waiting in the boat for her, as he was afraid his appearance would betray him in daylight.

The lady hesitated, and said,—

"I wonder the gentleman did not come for me himself. There must be something wrong."

"Oh, no, madam. The colonel confided to me his name, which is Masterman; and your own."

"Indeed! Well, I will follow you immediately."

She retired, and in a few moments emerged from the hovel, and, with the assistance of the Dutchman and Arthur, she descended the cliff, and came to where the boat was moored, and in which was seated Cecil.

"Where is Colonel Masterman?" inquired the lady, looking around.

"In yonder vessel, madam, awaiting you; there are several parties prowling about, and he feared to stay here in case of a discovery."

"Indeed! that is not his usual way;" but she stepped into the boat.

In a short time they were by the side of the vessel, and she was helped on the deck. The vessel itself was a small one, and six or seven men were amply sufficient to work her at all times. She bore a very suspicious character; it might be deemed a transport trading vessel, or smuggler, which last was very near the fact; and if we add that it was frequently employed in conveying the discomfited royalists to kinder shores, we shall as accurately as necessary describe the real nature of her occupations.

The anchor had been weighed before the arrival of the boat, and immediately Vandercloud stepped upon the deck, he gave orders to let fall the canvass, and ere a few minutes had elapsed, the vessel was under sail, propelled by a strong breeze.

Meanwhile the lady was handed down the cabin by Cecil, and upon entering which, she turned round and again inquired for the colonel.

"I hope, Lady Caroline," began Cecil, "that I shall be pardoned in using a little artifice in taking you out of the hands of so disloyal a man as Colonel Masterman."

"Good Heavens! and is he not here—and have I been basely, cruelly deceived?"

"No, madam, he is asleep in the cottage. I could not see a daughter of an old royalist carried away by an officer of Cromwell's."

"And what is your purpose?" inquired the terrified maiden.

"I trust, lady," said Cecil, dropping on one knee, "that the love of the Earl Cecil will be a sufficient excuse for what I have done."

"Earl Cecil!"

"Yes, madam, such I am, though in a poor condition; but when I reach the opposite shore I shall be able to appear something more in accordance to my rank, when I trust the Lady Caroline Mortimer will deign to grace the home of the exiled Cecil."

"Oh, my God—my God!" sobbed the lady, and she went into strong convulsions.

It was long before she recovered, and when she did, she was so weak that she was unable to sit up, but was compelled to recline at length on a bench fitted up in the cabin, and was left to her thoughts, which were of the most agonising kind.

Meanwhile the ship sped on its course, and the steady breeze which sprung up after the storm carried her merrily over the waters.

The vessel had not left the coast half an hour before the colonel awoke from his heavy slumber, and starting to his feet, he looked around and beheld himself alone, and the hut appeared deserted. He tapped at the door through which the lady entered; but receiving no answer, he pushed it open, but it presented to his view a mere empty apartment. He was thunderstruck; he sprang through the door and called upon her name, and left the hut by the same door she had, and called her on the cliff. He could now see there was some treachery he could not fathom. He returned to the hut and searched it over and over, but he could find no one. He looked around the cliffs; the vessel he could descry in the horizon.

"She must be aboard of that vessel," said he, mentally. "Those men who were here last night were more than they appeared to be; they were evidently disguised royalists about to escape. I must endeavour to follow them—but how? I must see if I can induce any of these fishermen to put to sea and carry me to Calais."

With this view he descended the cliffs, and went to some of the fishermen who were with their vessels, most of them, however, declining the employment. At length he came to one who was engaged in getting his boat ready for sea, and by offering him a heavy reward, induced him and his three sons to put to sea and sail direct for Calais.

The vessel he sailed in was more than once very nigh capsize by the fury of the sea, which heaved and swelled in a most tumultuous



manner, as if, though the storm of the winds and heavens had ceased, that of the ocean had not become tranquillised.

Cecil and Arthur were deeply engaged in conversation as to what would be the best plan to place the lady in safe custody.

"I am afraid," said Arthur, "after all the lady will be but an incumbrance. You do not seem much beloved by her, nor likely to be."

"Thou art inexperienced in the ways of women, Arthur; she is now at my mercy, and must go with me. I will take her to a good dame whom I know in the suburbs of Paris, who will keep a watchful eye on her."

"Ay, my lord, but will she go with you?" said Arthur; "and if not, how do you propose to act?"

"Ay, will she; she has neither friend nor money, and how can she help herself without?"

"True; but she may make an outcry at the Custom-house, and desire to be sent back again, and the French authorities will no doubt do so."

"They will do no such thing; they will not encumber themselves with a woman; but there is no fear of that. However, I must go down and visit the lady, and endeavour to reconcile her to her fate."

He descended to the cabin, and found the beautiful Caroline Mortimer drowned in tears; her beautiful ringlets hanging in disorder over her shoulders.

"Dearest lady," said Cecil, "let me entreat you to dry your tears, and speak a few words of hope to your devoted slave, and let him taste the joys of life."

"Alas—alas!" said the beautiful mourner; "if you have any regard for me, let me return to the friends I have so lately left."

"Impossible; we are on our way to France, and no vessel will convey you back."

"Monster! then what can your object be in decoying me away from my protectors?"

"I am no monster, lady, but an unfortunate nobleman, who loves you to distraction; and as for your protector, as you call the enemy of your king and your father, there is not a more devoted one than is to be found in him who sighs at your feet."

"Colonel Masterman was but the enemy of tyranny and oppression, and you avow yourself the friend of both."

"I say nay to that, lady."

"Your present conduct proves you such."

"Oh, you must not look so hard at the excess of love I bear you. If I have stepped out of the common way, it was impelled by my passion."

"Do not insult the weak and defenceless with the name of love."

"Nay, some time since I doubt if the Lady Caroline Mortimer would have considered the love of Richard Earl of Cecil as an insult; but then I had lands, tithes, and wealth; now I am compelled to seek safety in a foreign land."

"My lord, I am sorry for it; but it has nothing to do with your base conduct towards me in this affair, and I conjure you by all that you hold honourable and sacred to enable me to return to my friends."

"I will place you in the hands of a respectable lady a few miles from Paris, where you can remain till you hear from your friends, and in the meantime I trust you will not think unkindly of me."

"What I shall think of you, my lord, entirely depends on the result."

So saying, Caroline arose, and the earl quitted the cabin well pleased that he was likely to get his prize quietly to the mansion he desired over there, and he thought her scruples easily overcome.

The winds, which at first proved favourable, now were contrary, and they had to tack and beat about, and eventually they were driven out of their course.

By the next morning, however, they contrived to land at Calais, and happy they all were as soon as they felt their feet upon the firm earth; for, being tossed about in a fishing-smack on the sea for twenty-four hours, is anything but pleasing.

But what was the astonishment of Cecil and Arthur when suddenly, from the midst of a number of custom-house officers, Colonel Masterman stepped forward, and, taking Caroline's hand, he took her away from their custody.

Nicholas Vandercloude now came up and opened his eyes to their utmost, and exclaimed,—

"Mine God, who'd have thought it!"

"Perdition!" exclaimed the cavalier, as soon as his amazement gave him back the power of utterance, and he drew his sword, and was about to assault the colonel, but the by-standers interfered.

The colonel held a few minutes' conversation with Caroline, and then stepped forward, and said in his ear,—

"If Master Cecil thinks himself aggrieved, he can find me in the aisle of St. Nicholas's church to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, or a little before."

He then turned quietly around, and walked away in triumph.

It was not before he was out of sight that they had recovered from their amazement sufficiently to give utterance to their thoughts, and then a chorus of curses and expressions of wonderment was the first effort they made to disburden themselves.

"Well," said Arthur, "I wonder what he wants to see you to-morrow for?"

"It is a meeting," said Cecil.

"But not a hostile one; for you know that though these men will fight upon a text of Scripture, or almost any matter, they will not draw the sword on the occasion of honour."

"True; the knaves have none to fight for; but never mind, I'll be with him to-morrow."

The vessel that bore the colonel arrived some hours before that which conveyed the cavalier, and hence the colonel anxiously awaited their landing. Knowing no other vessel was to sail within many hours, Cecil did not calculate upon his appearance, and hence he did not know what to say or do on his appearance; it was quite electrifying.

The meeting the colonel designed for him was quite of a different character from what the cavalier supposed.

Early next morning the earl arose and dressed himself, in accordance with his rank and title. Arthur was prepared to attend him, in the character of a captain in the king's army, which was his rank.

A little before ten they strolled down to St. Nicholas's church, and at the further end, at the communion table, they perceived a marriage ceremony being performed; they strolled listlessly down towards it.

It was terminated ere they arrived, and the parties had retired to a small room, and the earl, with Captain Arthur, awaited their return, having nothing better to do.

They did so, and the parties presently returned, and came towards them, and it was easy to distinguish the fine form of the colonel, and the flowing ringlets of Caroline Mortimer in that of the bride. She clung to his arm as they walked down the aisle.

As the colonel neared the two strangers he was perfectly conscious he had kept his appointment; leaving, therefore, his bride, for a moment, he stepped up to the earl, and said to him,—

"I have much to thank Richard Cecil for in his base attempt to abduct and decoy my bride away from me."

"I thought I came here to meet a soldier, and not to bandy words."

"Ay, ay, you thought so no doubt; but my intention was different. I invited you here to witness the happiness you would have destroyed, had you been successful. It is the conduct of you, and such as you, that has brought your late master to an untimely end. The men of England will not submit to have their liberties wrested from them, and their wives and daughters debauched by every dissipated fool."

"Hold, sir. Did you possess a soldier's heart as well as a soldier's weapon, you would not fear to draw it; you recollect the old saying:—

'He who fights and runs away,  
Lives to fight another day.'

And, I may add, to perform the same farce over again. Good day. Had you been a gentleman, I would have touched my hat, but you are beneath the courtesy of an earl. Farewell, Lady Caroline; your father, the stout old Cavalier knight, will give bitterly to find he has for a son-in-law a man who has neither courage, spirit, or honour."

"As for the last, my lord," said Caroline, "your lordship has none to spare."

The earl bit his lip at the rebuke, and haughtily strode away, accompanied by Arthur.

The colonel, whose principles did not go the length of Cromwell and his party, retired from the army and politics, and resided on his property, and in the course of time, Sir Thomas, who was dreadfully exasperated by his daughter's choice, became reconciled to his son-in-law, and peace and happiness dwelt in the old halls of Sir Thomas Mortimer, while Colonel Masterman and his happy bride passed many years of true felicity and content. At the time of the restoration, the Earl of Cecil was once more restored to his lands and titles.

**CYPRUS.**—The costume of the Cyprian ladies is extremely interesting. Their hair, dyed of a fine brown colour, hangs behind in long straight braids and in ringlets; near the face are fastened jasmine blossoms, strung upon slips from the leaves of the palm trees. They also tinge their eyebrows with the same hue. The most splendid colours are displayed on their habits, the upper robe being always of scarlet, crimson or green silk, embroidered with gold. Like other Greek women they wear scarlet pantaloons, and boots or slippers of the same colour. Around the neck are a profusion of gold coins or trinkets, and they have a large belt fastened in front of their waist by two large polished brass plates. They are more handsome than the women of any other of the Grecian islands, are of a taller and more stately figure, and their features, which are more stately and dignified, exhibit that devoted cast of countenance so much admired.



## THE DRUID;

OR, THE SYLPHID AND THE STATUE.

It was on a sultry day at the end of summer, just as the sun began to decline towards the horizon, that a sudden tempest surprised a meanly apparelled traveller, in a savage region, to which he was wholly a stranger, and compelled him to seek a shelter from the pitiless storm. The natural obscurity of a thick forest of lofty pines, heightened by the heavy and opaque clouds, which in every part shrouded the horizon, hurried all the surrounding objects in so deep a night, that without the frequent flashes of lightning, the pilgrim would have been unable to see twenty paces before him.

Happily, by this dreadful illumination, he discovered an old half-ruined tower that rose above some thick underwood on a small eminence, and offered him a sufficient defence from the violence of the tempest. This sight imparted a ray of joy to the stranger that was succeeded by rapture, when, by a flash of uncommon splendour, he discovered that, among the ruins of the desolated castle, three turrets still remained uninjured.

"At length," cried he, in a voice of transport, "I have found the termination of my troubles, since it is impossible that Calasiris would deceive me, and this is indubitably the spot he has indicated as the period of my miseries."

At this moment he perceived a narrow path that led through the thicket to the tower, at which he arrived in a few minutes; with so much vigour and alacrity had the discovery inspired him. These three towers were all that the destructive hand of time had spared of a spacious and magnificent castle, the majestic fragments of which, overgrown with moss and shrubs, lay for a vast extent scattered about.

The stranger, whom the heavy rain did not permit to contemplate these awful ruins, hastened to gain the interior of the tower, the entrance of which was open, and which, at various apertures, admitted the lightning sufficiently to display a winding ascent, that led to the top of the building.

Notwithstanding the prosperous conclusion which he augured from this adventure, his heart throbbed, and he felt the same kind of agonizing suspense that racks the mind of a criminal who waits the sentence of his judge, while with outstretched arms he gropes his way up the dark ascent, which, without steps, mounted by a gradual slope, and, winding thrice round the tower, terminated in a small ante-chamber, so feebly illuminated that he could discern nothing but a bench of stone placed against one of its walls, and the passage to another apartment, from which issued the little light that glimmered in the former room.

He looked through the entrance, and the first glance gave such tumultuous certainty to his expectations, that he drew back and seated himself on the bench in the ante-chamber, to recover his composure. He observed his dress, and, for the first time, was ashamed of his appearance, which indeed was not calculated to justify his intrusion into an apartment like that before him. A tunic of coarse brown linen reaching to his knees, and a long tattered mantle of blue taffeta, bound about his body by a leathern girdle, composed his whole apparel, if short sandals be excepted, and a bonnet of brown woollen, that covered half his face.

All these ornaments, added to a red beard that covered his whole breast, gave him an aspect not very prepossessing. Recollecting, however, that by favour of this appearance he had passed unhurt and unmolested through various provinces and kingdoms, he resolved to proceed a little longer with it, however ill accordant to the magnificence of the apartment he was about to enter.

He stepped in, and seemed to tread in the chamber of a monarch. The floor was covered with cloth of gold, the walls were hung with green silk tapestry, bordered with rich carved work, from which hung festoons of artificial flowers, that rivalled the productions of nature. A sumptuous bed in the form of a pavilion, with hangings of blue satin, flowered with silver, stood on one side of the apartment, which received all its light from a lofty arched window of crimson glass, that threw a rich glow over the room, at once solemn and cheerful. However unexpected all these particulars, in such a wilderness, might be to the pilgrim, and in a ruinous castle, he was still more surprised, instead of the object he was in search of, to find a young man reclining on the bed, who raised himself at his approach and regarded him with a serious but serene look, without exhibiting the least sign of alarm or embarrassment at the abrupt appearance of a person, whose figure was so little adapted to impress any one in his favour.

The youth was wrapped in a large scarlet mantle; his hair, of a most lovely amber, floated negligently in long tresses on his shoulders; his eyes were sunk in his head, his complexion was pale and sickly, and on his whole person there was an impression of tender sadness,

that gave to the relics of his faded beauty something irresistibly moving.

The stranger felt his affections so attached by the first look to the amiable youth, and was filled with such sympathy for him, that he was embarrassed for words to express his sentiments. He began an apology for his rash intrusion, which the youth did not suffer him to finish.

"You seem," said he, "by your appearance, little favoured of fortune; if you are unhappy you are my brother, and welcome to me who-soever you may be."

"I am a stranger," answered the pilgrim; "the native of a distant land. A furious tempest, that surprised me in this forest, drove me for refuge to this tower, which I found to be the same that for some weeks I have been seeking in this kingdom."

At these words the youth raised his eyes, and observed the stranger with great attention; and though his exterior was rather hideous than alluring, the sound of his voice was so unspeakably engaging, as to gain him the whole heart of the youth, who strove in vain to reconcile so uncouth a figure with an accent that excited in him such pleasing emotions.

He bade the old man seat himself on the bed, which was composed of a number of cushions, and served equally for a seat as a couch, and he produced from a buffet in the wall next the ante-chamber some bread and fruits, and a flask of Cyprian wine.

"This delicious liquid," said he, "has remained here untouched many days: I cannot expend it better than on thee, who seemest to need somewhat to invigorate thee. I have lived for more than a month on bread and water, and shall probably never indulge on richer food."

The old man surveyed his host with a look of pity, and thanking him for his kindness, said,

"As a proof of my wish to be grateful, I will show myself in my own form, in which I may be more servicable than in my assumed one."

With these words he divested himself of his cap, beard, and brown-wrinkled visage, which was but a mask, and casting off his cumbrous mantle, revealed to the mournful youth a young man with dark hair, of his own age, and equal to himself in beauty, though he too seemed to have suffered from inward chagrin, as well as from the toils of his long pilgrimage.

The youth of the tower had been thrown into an agitation at the words, "I will show myself in my own form," which he strove in vain to conceal; but though he seemed to feel a partial disappointment at the sight of the stranger's face, there was yet somewhat in it, that, as well as the sound of his voice, appeared to raise the most pleasing and painful remembrance in him. He gazed long and earnestly at his guest; at length, unable to repress his emotions, he threw his arms about the stranger's neck, and pressed him to his bosom, and washed his cheeks with tears.

The stranger, however affected by this sudden effusion of tenderness, could not be surprised at its abruptness, and his astonishment was perceived by the youth of the tower.

"Thou shalt learn the cause of all these wonders," said the latter, embracing again his amiable guest; "but first swear never to desert me, but to reside with me here till death shall separate us."

"I do swear it," answered the stranger, with half-smothered voice; "I vow never to quit thee, by the life of her for whom I breathe, whom I so long have sought in vain, and expected to have found in this tower."

"In this tower," exclaimed the other in visible perturbation; "but I think you have already said so. There is something mysterious in thy discourse, in thy features, and in our meeting in this tower. Tell me, I conjure thee, who thou art, and whom thou seekest here; I will return thy frankness, and confide to thy bosom a secret, that hitherto has been limited to mine, and on which depends the destiny of my life."

"An involuntary sympathy has attracted me to thee from the moment I first saw thee," said the stranger. "How can I withhold anything from thee, when I feel inclined to shed my life to testify my affection for thee. But expect to hear a strange and incredible history."

"It cannot be more marvellous than what I shall relate to thee, when thou hast satisfied my curiosity."

During this discourse of the two youths, which engaged them too much to suffer them to remark anything besides, a couple of cavaliers, muffled up to the eyes, arrived at the tower, where they sought shelter from the storm. They left their steeds below, and ascended the winding stairs, but before they reached the ante-chamber they perceived that others were arrived there before them. They stopped, therefore, and searing themselves on the stone bench near the door of the further apartment, wrapped themselves anew in their mantles, and listened with greedy attention to every word that was uttered.

"The place of my birth," said the stranger, beginning his narrative,



"is Memphis in Egypt, where Calasiris, my father, is arch-pontiff, and chief minister of the sultan."

"What do I hear?" interrupted the youth of the tower; "Calasiris thy father? and thou his son Osmandyas?"

"How!" cried the Egyptian, amazed, "and are you then acquainted with us?"

"Forgive me, Osmandyas, this interruption," said the other, "which shall not be repeated, and proceed with thy relation."

The names Osmandyas and Calasiris caused such emotion in the two strangers in the ante-chamber as must have betrayed their vicinity, had the young men at that instant been at leisure to attend to aught but themselves. They soon, however, recovered themselves, made mutual signals of caution, and moved a little nearer towards the interior chamber for the advantage of listening.

"As you seem not acquainted with Egypt," continued the stranger, "it would be superfluous to mention in what manner the sons of our high priests are educated. Suffice it to say, that when I had attained my seventeenth year, my father sent me, under the care of an aged priest, to complete my education in Greece, that I might be initiated in the Eleusinian and other mysteries, and learn the manners of a people, who, in his esteem, as much surpassed us in the beautiful and grand of the arts, as we excelled them in the profundities of science. In this tour I employed two years; and after having in Samothracia, Crete, Lemnos, Eleusis, and elsewhere, learnt all that the several mysteries could teach me, returned with the conviction, that I was equally ignorant of every valuable knowledge as at my departure from Egypt. My father received me with great kindness, and, finding me little elated by my acquisitions, often conversed with me very freely on the insignificance of my attainments.

"To what," said he, 'will all these high secrets avail thee? The true sage is not he who can talk of what few know, and none need or wish to be acquainted with; but he who knows how to render his life most agreeable to himself, and most useful to his fellows, who is versed in the powers of nature, and can operate things by their means, that to the ignorant appear miraculous or magical. The real mysteries, to which persevering diligence and indefatigable investigation alone can conduct thee, are confined but to a small number of nature's favourites, and the secrets which we now possess, are but miserable reliques of what men knew before the last revolution of our planet terminated the period of the former glorious race. Thou wilt discern proofs of this that must amaze thee, and wilt own, that our acquisitions are but a small portion of what the man may know and perform, who has stored himself with all the knowledge of which his nature is capacious.'

"By such discourse as this Calasiris strove to inflame my curiosity, and excite me to diligence, that could alone, as he said, 'endow me with true knowledge. But fate has cut me off from the inheritance of his wisdom, by subjecting me to a passion, from which all his philosophy did not enable him to release me. This passion (the strangest and most irrational that ever tyrannised over a human breast) mastered my phantasy, and destroyed all my former plans of life, frustrated all my efforts to render myself worthy the cares of Calasiris, and chained me languishing and inactive to the feet of a statue."

"A statue?" exclaimed the youth of the tower, in a tone at once expressive of mirth and amazement.

"Hear me out," said Osmandyas, "and excuse or condemn me as thy heart shall decide: for in the concerns of the heart the heart alone is a proper judge. After my return from Greece, Calasiris left his apartment at all times open to me, into which, previous to this, I had never entered but at this summons. Adjoining to this chamber was a cabinet, which no one in the family dared to open, though it was generally unlocked, and without any fastening; every one believing that the door was guarded by a terrific spirit, who would slay any one, except the high priest, that presumed to invade this sanctuary. On me a mere prohibition of my father would have been a greater restraint than the fear of this tremendous spirit; for from my childhood I had been accustomed to revere all his intimations as inviolable commands. But as he had never imposed any restraint on me on this subject, curiosity impelled me to examine the contents of this mysterious cabinet; and one morning, when I was alone in the apartment, I entered it.

"I confess it was not without agitation that I unclosed the doors; but the supposed spirit was favourable to me, and regaining my composure, I observed an old man in sacred vestments, whose majestic form and dignified benignity of countenance so awed and delighted me, that I was about to cast myself at his feet, when I was withheld by his entire immobility of attitude. Is it possible, thought I, that it can be a statue? I had need of all my senses to be convinced of the truth of this conjecture; it was inconceivable to me, that art could so seize the spirit of nature, and imprint on an inanimate mass the semblance of life and intelligence.

"I was still busied with observing this admirable performance, when

my eye was caught by a virgin of most divine beauty, who was sitting on a couch and playing with a dove, that seemed to nestle in her bosom. She was dressed in a long robe of fine linen worked with gold, which hung from her right shoulder, and was bound beneath her half-revealed bosom with a golden zone. Her arms and shoulders were bare, and the light vestment, with which she was clothed, though in the Grecian manner it afforded a complete covering to her limbs, delicately betrayed the beauty of their form and proportion. I was astonished to find so lovely a person in the cabinet of Calasiris, whom his wisdom, his age, and his virtue elevated above suspicion; but though I had already seen how close an imitatrix art is of nature, I was a second time deceived, and did not suspect this beautiful form of being an image, till her remaining entirely motionless after some time made me suspect it.

"I cannot express what took place in me at this instant, nor can any one conceive, who has not experienced it. I could not doubt that it was a lifeless image, and yet my heart persisted to think that it lived and breathed, and heard what I addressed to it. This self-delusion was so strong, that I remained a full half hour on my knee before it, uttering all that the most impassioned love could suggest without venturing to touch it and certify myself that it was not endued with vitality. Certainly, thought I, she can only be enchanted; she lives, though she does not breathe; she can hear me, though she cannot answer; she will not be ever insensible to the fervent love with which she has inspired me. I will move her by the ardour and constancy of my passion to return it; perhaps it is reserved for me to break the charms that confine her, and to become, by her possession, the happiest of mankind.

"I am sensible that such a passion cannot but appear irrational to you, and I can only excuse it by saying, that from the first sight of this enchanting form, I was no longer master of myself. So entirely, indeed, I was absorbed in this strange fantasy, that I at length seized her unresisting but, alas! unapproving hand, and, with wild yet timid transport, pressed it with my lips.

"At this moment my father entered the cabinet, and surprised me on my knees before the lifeless figure, with my face inclined on her hand. I rose at his entrance, expecting a severe reprimand; but I perceived nothing austere in his aspect.

"I see that you have become, in Greece, an enthusiast in the arts, Osmandyas," said he, smiling.

"I have never seen anything in my life so adorable," replied I, blushing.

"Adorable?" said Calasiris, regarding me with attention.

"So admirable, I would have said," stammered I.

"That may well be," returned he; "'tis the work of a great master; and with this he terminated the conversation. However desirous I was of making a thousand inquiries about my loved statue, I did not presume to put any question to him; for so great was the awe of him in which I had been educated, that I was never wont to seek more of any subject than what he voluntarily communicated.

"I retired from the cabinet; but my mind carried with it the beautiful image on which my heart lavished every tender sentiment. I became every hour more confirmed in the opinion, that it was a real virgin under the power of enchantment. The belief fed my passion, and strengthened it to such a degree, that in a few days I was wholly absorbed by the thought of my charming statue, and was lost to every other idea.

"My father suffered some weeks to elapse, without indicating by a single word that he remarked my inattention to my pleasures and studies, or my sudden pensiveness and aversion to society. Meanwhile I conceived, though without discerning any affection on his part, that he contrived to leave me no opportunity of entering the cabinet. The consequences of this were so visible, that they could not have escaped his attention.

"I grew pale and melancholy, lost appetite, and became so changed, that even I scarcely recognised my features. Calasiris did not appear to notice the alteration; but at length allowed me an opportunity of passing several hours alone in the cabinet.

"The rapture with which I fell at the feet of my entranced virgin, when a second time I approached her; how fondly I embraced her knees; what I said to her, and how happy I felt myself in this indulgence, he only can conceive who has truly loved."

"Alas!" said the youth of the tower, with a deep sigh, "I am too well qualified to judge of them."

"This renewal of my pleasure operated so favourably on my health and spirits, that again I appeared another man. Calasiris still took no notice of these revolutions; but for the ten succeeding days gave me opportunities to be in the cabinet, where I constantly passed one happy hour at the foot of my adored image. At some moments my infatuation was so entire, that I fancied she appeared affected with my



addresses, and that her lips moved as if she would have said something kind to me.

"My persuasion that she was only under the influence of enchantment acquired by this delusion fresh force, and I could not refrain from declaring this belief to my father, as leaving no doubt in me. Calasiris listened patiently to me, and when I had finished, casting on me a severe look, said,

"There is indeed one enchanted, and that one is thyself. It is time, Osmandyas, to terminate this ridiculous conduct: what thinkest thou thy love for a statue can avail thee?"

"However painful this austerity of my father might be to me, I was yet more rejoiced at an opportunity of revealing to him the state of my mind. The violence of my passion now overcame the restraints which awe of my father had opposed to it; I threw myself at his feet, besought his compassion and aid, and confessed that my love for this statue, however irrational it might be, would decide my life to happiness or misery.

"Passion is wont to render us verbose; but Calasiris heard me with unwearied patience, and without being offended by the warmth and freedom with which I addressed him. He said everything to me that affection for an only son could inspire to so wise a man, on the subject of a strange delirium both of the head and heart. But he shamed without convincing me, and he left me with some expression of discontent at the little trouble I gave myself to vanquish my weak and senseless fantasy.

"After this there was an interval of several weeks before we made any reference to this subject. The opportunities of seeing my idol grew more rare; Calasiris daily seizing some occasion of diverting my attention on the object of my delirium: sometimes by little commissions and employments, sometimes by voyages on the Nile, sometimes by other amusements suited to my years. But all these intended remedies only inflamed my disease. Whatever scenes were before my eyes, nothing but my beloved image was present to my mind; and the chagrin of several days was repaid, when I could gaze, but for an hour, uninterrupted on the lovely statue: a felicity for which no price appeared to me extravagant.

"Calasiris appeared particularly intent to seize every opportunity of procuring me the sight of the most beautiful virgins of Memphis. Very opportunely for this purpose occurred the festival of Isis, as on that occasion all the young virgins of the city passed unveiled and richly adorned in solemn procession before me. I saw some who were accounted of extraordinary beauty, though I did not admire, or even notice them. My father, after the ceremony was finished, asked me, in a jesting manner, 'whether, among all these lovely virgins, I had beheld the original of my admired statue!'

"No," answered I, in the same tone; 'not one who appeared to me worthy to be her slave.'

"I am sorry for it," returned Calasiris, 'since thou hast seen among them her whom I intend for thy consort.'

"My consort?" exclaimed I, confounded at this sudden declaration.

"She is the most amiable of all," continued he, 'and unless my eyes deceive me the most beautiful; at least, she is far more so than the lady of enamelled clay for whom thou hast conceived such a fancy.'

"That," cried I, 'is impossible!'

"And if it were," said Calasiris, 'a rational man is not determined in his choice of a companion by beauty; but as thou art not at present capable of a rational choice, I have employed my reason for thee. I am master of my understanding; I know what accords with my views and thy happiness; and I am assured thou canst have no solid objections to her whom I shall propose to thee.'

"This discourse overwhelmed me with fear and grief, and I cast myself at the feet of my father. But why should I repeat what my frenzy inspired? If you can conceive that I loved my statue above every living woman, that my passion, notwithstanding its absurdity, had every character of the purest and most ardent love that ever animated a human bosom, you may easily imagine what I said to move my father, and induce him to revoke his purpose. He listened patiently to me, and, seeing my emotions too violent to admit the operations of reason, left me for awhile, desiring me to compose myself; that, when he returned, he might be informed of my final determination on this subject.

"No sooner had he quitted the cabinet than I threw myself at the feet of my beloved image, and in a paroxysm of enthusiasm vowed eternal fidelity to it, though the misery of my life, or even a cruel death, should be the consequence. For the first time my transports overstepped the limits in which I had been restrained by my respect, and which hitherto had only permitted me to kiss her vestments, and press her hands with my lips. I now embraced her with the most rapturous passion, pressed my heart to her marble bosom, covered her cold cheeks with tears and kisses, and was so little master of myself, as to fancy she acquired warmth and life from my touch.

"This delusion did not endure long, and it was happy for me that it did not. But the disappointment I felt in being undeceived did not in the least enfeeble my mad passion, and, when Calasiris returned, he found me still more resolute and inflexible than before. 'My father,' said I, with firmness yet with respect, 'I am convinced that there is something extraordinary in this statue, and in the sentiments it raises in me. Either it is a real virgin reduced to this state by magic; or, if it be an inanimate mass, there exists somewhere the original of this beautiful form.'

"In both cases my happiness hangs to this image; it will ever remain the idol of my adoration and love; and it will be impossible to tear my affections from it. I can cease but in death to love this angelic maid, and whoever would banish her from my wishes must separate my heart from my body. Oh! my father, to whom I owe my life, let me be indebted to thee for my happiness! I am certain that the mystery of this lovely form, as of the reverend patriarch, is known to thee. I cannot longer sustain this state of anxiety. Tell me, I conjure thee by the sacred reliques of our ancestors, what must I do to obtain my beloved; or say it is impracticable, and terminate my life and misery.'

"Is this thy last resolve," said my father, with an awful serenity of aspect.

"My last," answered I, unshaken.

"Then return to me to-morrow at sun-rise, and hear what I have to say to this," returned he, with a look more expressive of affection and pity than of severity and anger, and made signs for me to retire.

"I left him with respectful humility, but in a state of raging impatience that I should in vain attempt to describe. My whole soul was devoured with eager expectation, and every moment that stood between the present instant and the ensuing day, seemed a bar betwixt me and happiness.

"Ere the day began to dawn I repaired to the ante-chamber of my father; but I had yet to be tortured with an eternal hour of waiting. I counted a thousand pangs in every tedious moment, while my eyes were fixed immovably on that point of the heavens where the signal of my happiness was to appear.

"The sun at length ascended doubly luminous and welcome to me; the door of Calasiris's apartment opened, and I entered. I found him standing before the majestic old man, as if he were addressing him. While his back was turned, and he took no notice of me, I hastened to prostrate myself before my idol. She seemed to regard me more graciously than before; and touching her hands with my lips, so disordered was my fancy that I thought to receive a gentle pressure.

"At this moment Calasiris turned towards me, and said in a placid and gracious tone, 'Since thou wilt have it so, Osmandyas, we must separate. A love, violent as thine, must be gratified or eradicated, and one or the other will be done by the means I shall suggest to thee. Dress thyself in these vestments, and disguise thy face under this mask. They will give thee the appearance of a needy old man, will protect thee from rapine and violence, and procure thee pity and aid wherever thou shalt go. Here is thy staff; and here a purse, in which thou wilt find as many drachmas, as there will be days in thy pilgrimage. Go, my son; and may thy love animate thee to persevere in thy undertaking. Travel to the north-west until you reach Gaul, and, when thou hast arrived at Armorica, seek for an old castle, of which only three turrets remain undestroyed. There shalt thou find the term of thy wanderings, and the object of thy wishes.'

As the young Egyptian spoke these words, the youth of the tower fell into a deep musing, and Osmandyas, observing it, ceased to speak. But the other recollected himself, and desired him to continue his relation.

(To be continued in our next.)

SCOTTISH MANNERS.—Many young ladies of quality were sent to reside with, and be finished off by, the Hon. Mrs. Ogilvie, lady of the Hon. Patrick Ogilvie, of Longmay and Inchmarnock. She was supposed to be the best bred woman of the time in Scotland, and died in 1753. Her system was very vigorous, according to the spirit of the times. The young ladies were taught to sit quite upright, and the mother of our informant (one of the said young ladies), even, when advanced to nearly her eightieth year, never permitted her back to touch the chair in sitting. There is a characteristic anecdote of the husband of this vigorous preceptress. He was a younger brother of the Earl of Finlater, who greatly exerted himself in behalf of the union, and who observed upon the rising of the last Scottish Parliament:—"Now, there is an end of an Auld Sang!" The younger brother had condescended to trade a little in cattle, which was not then considered derogatory to the dignity of a Scottish gentleman. However, the earl was offended at the measure, and upbraided his brother for it. "Hold your tongue," said the cattle dealer; "better sell nowt, than sell na-tions!" pronouncing the latter word with peculiar and emphatic breadth.



## ALICE HOME;

OR,  
THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CLXXV.

THE LETTER—THE AFFECTED REPENTANCE—THE QUARREL, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

MARGARET had not proceeded above two streets' length on her walk to the city, when a man stepped up to her, and without saying a word, handed to her a note. She took it on the surprise of the moment, and before she could ask a question concerning it, he who had placed it in her hands was gone.

One glance, however, at the superscription, was enough for Margaret. Too well she knew that handwriting. It came from him she had left home to seek—him, the Avenger, and hastily placing the letter in her bosom, she turned, and retraced her steps to Sir Charles's house.

On her way, she could not but reflect upon the many agents her father must have, for the purpose of carrying out his plans and projects; but at the same time that she gave him abundant credit for such skill and tact in the management of many things that he had done, she could not, in the impatience of her mind, retain from a muttered censure upon him, for being so slow in his revenge.

"Could I," she said, "have waited years, ere I let those who had garnered up such feelings in my heart, as he seems to have kept so long in his, feel my vengeance. No; had my own life been the certain penalty, I would, as I will, have a vengeance that shall make my memory a terror, even when the grave has closed over me."

When she reached her own chamber, her first act, as was usual with her, was to lock the door, and then she opened the epistle of the Avenger. It was brief, and contained these words,—

"MARGARET,—The time has nearly come—with some difficulty I have received a confirmation of what we partially knew, through the medium of my spy in Sir Charles's house. Horace Singleton and Alice Home are married, or on the eve of marriage—Sir Charles himself contemplates an escape to the Continent. Upon him must the vengeance fall, and let it fall upon him only to appearance, although you may be assured it will cut deeply to the hearts of others, for whom you feel no friendly regard. Singleton's uncle is averse to the match. Through me he has heard quite sufficient of Sir Charles Home, to be full of uneasiness at a close connexion with him. Leave all to me—wait patiently, and you shall see such results as shall amply compensate you for all.

"Be patient, and confident in my resources. Attempt nothing yourself, or you may possibly cross me in my own designs.

"FROM HIM YOU NOW KNOW."

Margaret suffered the note to drop from her hands on to the floor of her apartment, while her lip curled with contemptuous scorn. It was some minutes before she spoke, and when she did so, it was in a voice of such arrogant and self-sufficient violence, that had George Home heard her, and seen the reception this, the most pacific letter he had ever written, had met with, he would indeed have groaned to find how successful he had been in planting weeds of sudden and evil growth, in the mind of his daughter.

"Leave all to you!" she cried. "Be patient—submissive, lest I cross you! Ha! ha! ha! Is this a time to talk to me of patience—of submission? Now, by my very soul, I scorn this once much esteemed and revered Avenger. Were he ten times my father, I scorn him, and henceforth throw off all regard for his advice—all respect for his opinions. I was in leading-strings, but I have now learnt to walk alone, and my path is to revenge. The poison—aye, the poison—methinks I have now the power to be hypocritical—to smile, and murder while I smile. Yes, I can temporise—use gall, and speak honey. We shall see—married, or nearly married, are they? Well, well—what matters. The honeymoon will be cut short. Ha! that knock. It is Sir Charles—I know his summons for admission. Shall I seek him—shall I stoop yet to conquer, and by an affectation of humility—and—repentance, yes, they call slinking cowardice repentance—endeavour to beg sufficient confidence in me, that I may murder—safely and surely. I will try—I will try. Father, Avenger, name yourself which you will, you have already given me too many good lessons for them ever to be forgotten.

Margaret was right when she said that the knock at the outer door proclaimed the return of Sir Charles Home. He had come for the purpose of placing some documents in the hands of Horace Singleton, and to urge him at once to take Alice away from a house he, Sir Charles,

never intended to see again. It was the plan of Sir Charles to leave Margaret in undisturbed possession of the house, well knowing that some uncomfortable circumstances must soon occur, as he was deeply in debt, and she would not be permitted to possess herself of a single article in the mansion.

Still, had Sir Charles left behind him the valuable property he chose to take with him, his affairs, upon investigation, would not have presented by any means a bad aspect; but, as he quite made up his mind, notwithstanding all he said to Alice and Horace, not to return to England again, he cared not in what state of inextricable confusion he left everything behind him. Indeed, he rather pleased himself with the reflection of what a disappointment must ensue to both Margaret and her father, at finding Alice married, and under the protection of one who could and would protect her, while he himself was beyond the reach of their malice.

Then, again, Lady Home was proceeding rapidly with her suit at law, for a separation, and a decree against him, Sir Charles, which should enable her to get from him fifteen hundred pounds per annum, and she smiled to herself, as he said,—

"Let her get her decree, and then, if she gets fifteen pounds instead of fifteen hundred, she will be a very fortunate woman indeed."

By thus acting, Sir Charles was certainly placing George Home in a difficulty, for he must either at once prefer against him, Sir Charles, all the charges he had so repeatedly threatened, or he must remain quiet, and allow him fairly to escape, in which case he, Sir Charles, had everything to hope for, from the progress of time. Should George Home, however, at once accuse him, how great would be the advantage of Sir Charles, in knowing the extent of the evidence which could be brought against him, whilst he remained in safety abroad.

Such was the nature of Sir Charles's reflections; and, upon the whole, he felt in a pleasanter frame of mind than he had been in for many months.

He expected to find Horace Singleton at his house; but, upon inquiry, he found such was not the case. Nevertheless, he resolved to wait for him, as he felt assured he would not be long in coming, and he wished most particularly to see him, on that, his last morning, as he hoped, in England.

Alice had heard her father knock as well as Margaret, and she at once hastened to the hall to meet him. How admirably does real affection translate looks! Alice saw at a glance that her father was happier, and she could have wept for very joy at the favourable change that had come over him. Placing her arm within his, she led him to the library where they had held so many pleasant, as well as so many painful discourses.

"Father—dear father," she said, "you are better and happier than I have seen you for a long time."

"I am better and happier, my Alice; for you are happier, dearest, although I cannot call you better; for what can Heaven ask of any of its best creatures that you are not?"

"There speaks the partial affection of a father," said Alice. "You and Horace would fain spoil me."

"No, no; else had you been long since spoiled. But I have come to place some papers of importance in Horace's hands, which I have only this morning got from my solicitors. My darling, I think I must to-day leave you to the care of a husband."

"You do not, father, surely persevere in your intention of leaving England for a time."

"I do, and must, Alice. But we shall meet again soon. You and Horace would like a continental tour."

"And why can we not go with you?"

"Because there may be something to do for me—something to say for me in London, which I could trust no one to do or say but Horace Singleton."

"And you have such faith in him, father?"

"I have, Alice. You know him, and so do I, to be just and honourable. Faults he has of temperament; and it may be that enthusiasm at times blinds his judgment; but Horace Singleton is one whom I am quite convinced never perseveres in wrong, whenever he knows it to be wrong."

Tears of pleasure started to Alice's eyes, as she heard these commendations of him she loved, and to whom she had given heart and hand. She threw herself into her father's arms, and while the pearly drops from her eyes bedewed his cheek, she said,—

"Father—dear father—you are calmer, firmer, more collected than I have seen you for a long time. You are taking a happier view of things; your imagination is not so oppressed as I have mourned to see it for many months past. Moreover, you speak in tones of the utmost confidence in Horace's affection and kind feeling to you. Now, let me entreat and implore that you will not leave us—lay bare this secret uneasiness that oppresses you. Tell Horace all that gives you pain. If you have enemies, he will help you to contend against them. If your



mental agony arises from pecuniary considerations, the best policy is to face such matters, and so rob them of half, if not the whole of their hideousness. Father, father, you will—I am sure you will—exercise a better, sounder judgment than you anticipated, and remain with us. Believe me, there's no evil but must lose half its terrors in its communication to sympathising hearts. Stay with us—oh, stay!"

Sir Charles Home was much affected—indeed it was some moments before he could reply to the appeal of his beautiful child. Her manner, breathing as it did the most heavenly sincerity, had as much effect upon him as her words; and oh! how his heart smote when he looked for an instant back into memory's cells, and saw himself the guilty wretch he really was.

"Alice—Alice," he said, in saddened accents, "urge me no more. I cannot—I cannot."

"Caunt, father!"

"Think you the word not strong enough? If so I must correct it, and say I dare not!"

Alice breathed a deep sigh—she was not convinced of any criminality on the part of her father; that was a supposition that she could not for a moment entertain along with her affection for him, but she became quite convinced that whatever were the circumstances oppressing him, they had acquired too strong a power over his mind to be readily displaced, and she gave up the attempt to dissuade him from his resolution of leaving England from a conviction of its utter hopelessness. With the elasticity of a youthful mind, she strove then to think that perhaps after all it was better he should go—that change of scene might rouse his mind, and tend to banish from it those gloomy vapours that had so long oppressed it. There was however one subject upon which she did still wish to question her father, and that was concerning Margaret—that Margaret for whose destitute and dependent condition Alice felt pity, notwithstanding all her wickedness and designing malice.

"Father," she said, "when you are gone, and I am gone, what is to become of Margaret?"

"Can you ask," said Sir Charles, "and care about the answer?"

"I can, father. She is very young——"

"And has the heart of a fiend."

"But still——"

"Spare yourself, Alice Home, supplications on my behalf," said Margaret, as she stepped within the doorway; "I am capable, as well as willing, to trust to my own fortunes. I have not been a listener to your conversation. The last words only met my ears as my hand touched the lock of the door. You came some short time since to speak to me, Alice. As a consequence of that I have now come, in a better spirit, to say a few words to you."

## CHAPTER CLXXVI.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.—THE DEPARTURE OF SIR CHARLES.—  
MARGARET'S PASSION.—THE WINE.

SIR CHARLES HOME, upon this sudden appearance of Margaret, stepped some paces from the door, and placed his hand in his bosom instinctively, to lay hold of some weapon for protection against such an arch enemy as he knew her to be. Latterly he had always been well armed, and upon so unexpected an appearance of Margaret, he felt an acute pang of uneasiness at the thought that even then, but a few short hours before his departure, he might accomplish something to stay him.

Margaret, after speaking the few words we have recorded, looked intensely at Alice, as if she would read in her countenance what sort of reception any hypocritical professions of repentance on her part would be likely to receive. That she was satisfied with the scrutiny might perhaps have been gathered from the slight contemptuous curl of the lip, for Margaret did truly scorn that nobility of feeling which looks ever kindly on a fallen foe.

"If you have come here," said Alice, "as you say, in a better spirit, Margaret, you are truly welcome."

"Yes," said Margaret; "I am done with all machinations now. Alice, can you forget the past?"

"I can forgive, if I cannot forget."

"Neither—neither," cried Sir Charles Home, suddenly straining an energy into his voice, that surprised Margaret and afflicted Alice.

"Neither, I say, hypocrite! fiend! damnable, juggling fiend! I know you too well, Margaret Home. Your frown is not so fearful as your smile—for the frown is understood,—the latter may be but the mask to some hellish project, that acquires duplicity such as you only can practise to give it a slender chance of success. Away—away—Margaret Home. I know you too well to trust to any professions from such a hollow, cankered heart as yours! You have failed—away with you—away, and brood over your disappointment."

Margaret's eyes flashed with resentment, and she was on the point

of saying something that would have been of a very violent character; but, by a great effort, she controlled the impulse, and turning to Alice, said,—

"It is to you I come to speak. It is to you I have come to wish happiness, and to express what I never in my life expressed before—regret."

"Enough," said Alice. "All is forgiven."

"No," shuddered Sir Charles. "Alice—Alice, are you mad? Hold no sort of converse with this wretch, who knows no one noble feeling of humanity, but has striven to break down the roof that has so long sheltered her. She is baseness itself—I charge you listen not to her, though her words were full of mock repentance. Heed her not, I say. Heed her not, Alice—she will betray you. You may understand her enmity, but beware of her affected friendship!"

Still Margaret was calm. It was the first taunt from Sir Charles Home that had given her great difficulty; but now she made up her mind to carry through her project, let him say what he would, and once again she addressed Alice in words of affected contrition.

"You have said you can forgive, and I am satisfied. Let my own fate be now what it may—and that it may soon terminate in the grave, is my earnest prayer—I shall at least know that you are happy."

"Now," cried Sir Charles, "was ever hypocrisy equal to this? Margaret Home, I throw off to you all disguise—we know each other. You are my ferocious, determined enemy, and not content with an hostility to me, which has been as reckless as unjustifiable, you have endeavoured to destroy the happiness and wound the peace of my child, merely because she was mine. Fiend—savage—know that you have utterly failed—that all your fine-drawn schemes have melted into thin air—Alice is the wife of Horace Singleton!"

Margaret uttered a short, sharp cry of pain—such as might have been wrung from some heavy, determined spirit, if a dagger had suddenly reached the heart, putting the finest fortitude to the test. Then she turned deathly pale, and in gasping accents, said,—

"Alice is the wife of Horace Singleton—married?"

"Ay—married. Did I touch you there?" cried Sir Charles. "Now, Margaret, you know your defeat. Alice is protected from you by a husband, if a father had become nearly powerless. There is the door of my house—pass through it, and never let me look upon your face again."

"Father! father!" cried Alice.

"And take with you," continued Sir Charles, "the abhorrence of all—the curse of those whose peace and joy you have made such frantic efforts to disturb. Away with you. Now you know how signal has been your defeat, and along with that knowledge, I tell you I defy you utterly. Leave my house, Margaret Home."

Sir Charles expected a passionate reply, and he was not a little enraged when Margaret said, in a low tone,—

"In a few hours—in a few hours, I will obey the mandate. My presence shall no longer disturb you—I will go in a few hours."

"No, no," said Alice. "Remain, Margaret, and school yourself to better thoughts than those which have of late oppressed you, for surely guilt must be deep oppression. Father, send her not forth now friendless—homeless."

"She is neither," said Sir Charles. "She knows where to find a friend—a home—I give her joy of both."

"Yes, I will go—I will go," muttered Margaret, as she moved to the door of the room. "I will assuredly go—to-day. Yes—yes—yes."

Her words appeared to come mechanically from her lips, as if her thoughts were elsewhere; and most truly were they, for at that moment she saw in her mind's eye the form of Horace Singleton writhing in the agonies of death from the poison she now fully intended to give him. The how and the when had still to be settled, but surely, she thought, there must be some opportunity in food or wine to administer the fatal dose which shall wage such war with life.

Alice made a movement towards the door as if she would have stopped Margaret from leaving the room, but Sir Charles interposed, saying,—

"No, no, let her go, for Heaven's sake—as you value your own peace, let her go. She is even now full of some plot, which I hope I have foiled. Let her go, Alice; she means you evil, and had she courage she would not scruple even at murder."

"Murder!" said Margaret, as she pointed full in the face of Sir Charles Home; "people of small amount of courage can murder—as you know—as you know."

In another moment she was gone.

Sir Charles had been for the moment staggered at Margaret's last words, accompanied as they were by such appropriate action, and had she chosen to follow up the advantage she had gained, she might have said much more greatly to his discomfort, without much prospect of a reply; but she was satisfied, or rather she had said already more than she had intended, because, just then, she was acting a very particular part, and it was not her policy to have an altercation with Sir Charles



Home in the presence of Alice. She was content that he should enjoy a little triumph in order to ensure herself a greater.

And now that she had left the room, all necessity for schooling her features to an expression of repentant humility ceased, and at once, with the rapidity of lightning, they changed to an aspect of the most awful malignity.

She turned and glanced at the closed door which hid Sir Charles Home and Alice from her sight; and, as she did so, her countenance bore an expression that might well have suited the infernal regions. She was about to say something, but she suddenly heard a footstep behind her, and turning abruptly, she saw the man whom we have before introduced to the reader as the devoted admirer of Miss Skeggs, and who, in consequence of such devotion, had become so ready an instrument in the hands of George Home, the supposed astrologer. He stood glaring at Margaret with surprise for a moment, and then he uttered the energetic monosyllable of—

"Lor!"

Margaret then rushed past him, and proceeded some distance up the staircase, when she paused for a moment, and then, to the consternation of Mr. Salmon, as rapidly descended it again.

Salmon tried to make good his retreat, but Margaret cried in a voice that immediately brought him to a stand still,—

"Hold! I would speak with you."

"Ye—ye—yes, mem," said Salmon.

"When Mr. Singleton comes here this morning, as very likely he will come, let me know."

"Yes, oh, yes."

"Be sure not to neglect my instruction. Bring me wine to my own room—yet stay, I—yes, bring me wine to my own room."

"What wine, ma'am?"

"Port."

At this moment the library door opened, and Sir Charles looked out. Margaret immediately ascended the stairs, and betook herself to her own room.

"Salmon, what was that?" said Sir Charles.

"Nothing, sir; only Miss Margaret wants something to drink, sir, like—like missus used."

Sir Charles shut the door again, and Salmon made the best of his way to the butler for the wine.

Now that he had declared to Margaret the marriage between Alice and Horace, Sir Charles Home felt that there was no time to lose in taking his immediate departure from England, for he guessed that she would at once communicate the fact to George Home, and that every mischief which could be done him, Sir Charles, would be immediately attempted. Still he considered he had ample time, for Margaret must either write, send a messenger, or go herself to the house near St. Paul's, before the news could reach the ears of him who, upon its receipt, would doubtless throw off all disguise, and boldly come forward as the accuser of his cousin.

Turning then to Alice, Sir Charles said hurriedly, as he took several folded papers from his packet,—

"Alice, I will place these documents in your hands to give to Horace. They are stamped papers, principally connected with my affairs, and I wish him to take charge of them. I cannot, I fear, wait to see him, but I charge you to leave this house to-day, as you value your peace and happiness."

"And you, father, whither are you going?"

"You shall hear from me before many hours have elapsed; in the meantime, hold no sort of communication with Margaret; but, when Horace shall come here, give him that open note—you can see its contents."

He handed to Alice a note, in which were merely the following words:—

"MY DEAR HORACE,—I am compelled to leave England suddenly; take your wife with you away from my house immediately after the receipt of this.—Yours truly,—CHARLES HOME."

"Why, oh, why, all this precipitation?" cried Alice.

"It is absolutely necessary; and now, dearest, farewell for a space. When we meet again, I hope and trust I shall be much happier, because freed from the weight of cares that now sit heavily upon me; but, let my fate be what it may, when you think of me, dear Alice, think but of the kind father who never willingly let you have a wish ungratified, who at any time would have sacrificed future ambition, aye, life itself, to ensure your happiness."

"I will, father, I will."

"Farewell! may Heaven bless you, my child—my own Alice; the only living thing I ever loved. Blessings on you, blessings!—farewell!"

"Nay, father, yet a moment."

"Hush! hush! what is that?"

The outer door shut heavily. Sir Charles snatched his hat,

"I have no time to lose," he cried; "Alice, one last kiss, and now farewell!—we shall meet again."

"No, no—my heart tells me no," sobbed Alice, as she sunk into a chair, and burst into tears.

(To be continued in our next.)

## SIR CHARLES HOME TO HIS DAUGHTER ALICE.

Oh, what were I without my gentle Alice,  
My dove-eyed daughter, beautiful and rare;  
Fate, with its horrors, and its deadly malice,  
Has left this angel to a father's care.

Alice, my child, my beauteous fragile flower,  
Sweet in thine innocent simplicity;  
Thy smile irradiates my gloomiest hour,  
And sin itself is chased afar by thee.

My heart is a vile leprosy of sin,  
The past! the past! forgotten could it be,  
I might a new life's pilgrimage begin,  
And be how happy, dearest child, with thee!

Alice, my child, my idol, my delight!  
Joy of my heart, if joy could e'er be mine;  
Come to my arms, be ever in my sight;  
Light of my eyes, thou ray of love divine.

Alas! alas! conscience will call aloud,  
And banish even Alice and her smile;  
Whether alone, or in the thronging crowd,  
Still conscience will be clamorous awhile.

JANE.

## THE PAINTER AND THE BANDITS.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

THE most authentic and interesting of the numerous banditti tales which circulate in Rome, is the detail of an attack made upon the villa of Baron V. Rumohr, at Olevano, on the 16th of June, 1819, of which a narrative was transmitted to a friend in Rome, by a hero of this romance of real life, a young and intelligent Swiss painter, named Salata. I have extracted the most striking particulars in the words of this modern Salvator.

I had been residing some time at Olevano, a small town in the mountains, near Palestrina, thirty-eight Italian miles from Rome, for the purpose of sketching the scenery; and before my departure, paid a farewell visit to the Baron V. Rumohr, who occupied a villa in the vicinity. I arrived there about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and my return being delayed by a thunder storm of uncommon violence, accompanied by torrents of rain, I sat down to a game at chess with the baron, after which, as the storm still raged, we were pacing up and down the saloon, accompanied by a young artist from Mentz, named Rambour, when suddenly two Italians, armed with carbines, and dripping with rain, entered the room, and, in tones too peremptory for guests or travellers, inquired for the master of the house. The baron, whose opulence was well known in the vicinity, saw at a glance that these men were banditti; and, guessing their object, replied, with ready, and wonderful self-possession "that he would go and call him."

Hastening from the saloon, he ran down stairs, and escaped from the house; but, as I afterwards learned, was pursued by one of the gang, who fortunately slipped and fell on the wet soil, as he was levelling his carbine, and before he could recover himself, the baron was far enough on his way to the adjacent town to reach it in safety.

Rambour had succeeded in quitting the saloon with the baron, but finding himself pursued by one of the robbers, sought refuge in the kitchen, where the cook was preparing dinner.

"There are robbers in the villa! How shall we escape?" said he to the cook, who, coolly pursuing his employment, replied in a whisper,—

"I know it, but I shall remain where I am."

Rambour then darted out of the back door, and across several gardens, until he arrived at a lonely house, where he requested of the female inmates shelter from the storm, and was not a little surprised to find them perfectly aware of the attack upon the villa, which they told him as the news of the day. He did not long delay his departure, and eventually succeeded in reaching Olevano.

During these occurrences, I remained in the saloon with one of the robbers; and as I paced up and down, racked my invention for some means of escape. Suddenly I heard a loud scream of horror from Rambour, uttered most probably, when he saw the carbine levelled at the baron. Approaching in my walk gradually to the door, I sprang forward



and seized the door latch; but the bandit, who watched my gestures with the eye of a hawk, darted towards me, and he levelled his carbine close to my breast. Immediately I struck it upwards with such force that it nearly fell from his hands, but in an instant the ruffian's naked dagger was at my throat. I paused as if in resignation to my fate, but while he was recovering a better grasp of his carbine, I succeeded in opening the door, and rushed down stairs. At the bottom, however, another robber faced me with a levelled carbine, and my pursuer being close at hand, I offered no further opposition. The bandit eagerly searched the house, but not finding the baron, concluded that he had escaped, and by way of compensation seized a youth named Baldi, son of the innkeeper at Olevano, who, with ill-timed, and as it proved, disastrous curiosity, was gazing on this scene of outrage. Attaching cords to one hand of each captive, the robbers held the other ends, and after making free with my watch, bade us move on through the still heavy rain; and although constantly impeded by the cords, which were held tight to keep our hands behind us, were urged forwards by blows and pushes from the butt end of their carbines. The alarm bell now sounded from Olevano, and the robbers shouting to a peasant who guided them, "To the forest! to the forest!" handed their wet and heavy cloaks to a goatherd who met us at this moment as if by appointment, quitted the high road for the open fields, and proceeded with increased rapidity, until they reached a rivulet swollen by a flood of rain into a broad stream. Here they halted for two of their associates; during their pause I had leisure to survey the apparent leader of these desperadoes, whom they addressed by the name of Nicola. He was a man of dark and menacing exterior, and apparently about thirty-five years old. He wore a round-brimmed, high-crowned, sugar loaf hat, adorned with red ribbons and gaudy coloured flowers.

Strong black mustachios and enormous whiskers almost covered his wild features, and two long black locks hung over his ears, excepting which his hair was closely cropped. His throat and breast were naked; the latter was thickly covered with strong black hair, and in his ears hung heavy rings of gold. Around his neck were several strings of coral and one of pearls, from which depended a crucifix of black ebony, with a Christ of gold. His short jacket, waistcoat, and breeches were of green velvet, and the waistcoat was adorned with three rows of silver buttons, while his leathern girdle was studded round with cartridges, and in the middle of it appeared a long dagger, with a black horn handle, inlaid with silver. The Papal arms were engraved on the brass clasp of his belt; a decoration which surprised me no little, until I recollected having heard that the reckless habits of these men did not preclude a profound and superstitious veneration for the Holy Father of the church; and indeed the number of amulets and pictures of saints which covered his breast, sufficiently indicated his devotional habits. His carbine was suspended behind his shoulders by a leathern strap, in which were also fixed a silver spoon and fork; and instead of shoes, he wore sandals, secured by long bands which wound spirally up his naked legs as high as the knees. While I was attentively observing this picturesque ruffian, he turned fiercely round and thus addressed me.

"I shall make you answer for the baron. Your friends must raise money, or it will go hard with you."

To pacify him, I voluntarily surrendered a little hoard of about fifty scudi in gold, which I had saved by long economy, to defray my expenses to Naples. This I told him as I handed the purse, adding that I was a poor Swiss artist, and an orphan, supporting myself with difficulty by professional labour.

"But if so poor," he replied, as he poised the gold in his hand, "how came you to have a watch? and how did you travel through Italy?"

"The watch," I answered, "was left to me by my father, and I entered Italy with the army as an artilleryman. Afterwards I served some time in the Swiss guards on Monte Cavallo, got tired of the service, and returned to painting for a support."

The bandit and his men listened with growing interest to my replies, and questioned me minutely respecting the campaigns I had served, and the countries I had marched through. They appeared, I thought, to find a gratification in the close resemblance which the scenes of military rapine I had witnessed bore to their own less honourable process of exaction and outrage.

We now resumed our march, and, after a five mile walk, halted again under a projecting rock called *Mora Kosca*, where they informed me that I must write a letter to obtain the sum required for my ransom.

One of the robbers cut a blank leaf out of my pocket-book with his dagger; a second shook some gunpowder into the lid of his powder-flask, let some drops of water fall into it from his dripping hat, and thus prepared a substitute for ink, while, with my knife, I converted a wooden splinter into a pen. Two of the gang now suspended a pocket handkerchief over my head, to protect me from the rain while writing, and a third levelled the point of his dagger at my throat. They then dictated with loud tones and menacing gestures a letter to Baron V.

Rumohr, which I began to write in German, but was soon compelled, by very significant gestures, to make use of Italian. The letter was in substance as follows:—

"DEAR BARON,—My life is in imminent peril, and if you do not immediately send two thousand scudi for my ransom, I shall most certainly be murdered. In mercy do me this favour, and save my life."

"SALATHE."

Before I had recovered from the mortal terror under which I penned this short letter, I was required to address another to the innkeeper at Olevano, demanding ten thousand scudi for the ransom of his son, after which the letters were immediately dispatched by the peasant who had been our guide. With rapid steps the robbers now commenced another five mile stage up the mountain road. The rain still fell in torrents; and I was so utterly worn out by terror and previous fatigue, that I fell exhausted on the grass, telling the bandits that I should expire before them if they did not allow me some repose. They paused a few minutes to relieve me, and then started forward to the summit of the mountain, which I reached utterly exhausted and breathless, and was allowed to repose a considerable time under a beech tree, while the robbers looked out with eagle eyes into the vale below, to see if they were pursued. Proceeding at length some miles farther into this mountainous region, we paused for the night; and a circular hollow, resembling a crater, was selected for our bivouac. Immediately a fire was lighted by one, while others of the gang helped themselves to a calf from a distant herd of cattle, killed and flayed it; after which slices of the flesh were roasted by the primitive process of laying them on the fire, and turning them, when done enough on one side. A few hours later arrived a shepherd with a provision of wine and bread for these marauders, who, like all others of their tribe, had numerous satellites, or accessories, in the shape of spies, providers, receivers, and barterers; through whose agency they were enabled to maintain the requisite intercourse with civilized society.

The dinner being soon ready, we sat down to partake of it, and I must, in justice to these vagabonds, acknowledge that they not only shared alike with me, but helped me first. During our meal the captain observed in the possession of the shepherd a prayer-book called *Santa Croce*. He immediately seized and offered it to me, saying,—

"You can read this book. Give us a prayer out of it."

I complied, and read a prayer to the robbers, who uncovered their heads and listened with much apparent unction, especially the leader, who sighed deeply, and repeatedly kissed his crucifix with much fervor. When I had concluded, he expressed himself much edified by the prayer, and immediately ordered a requisition to be made upon the town of Olevano for five similar prayer-books.

This anomalous personage generally kept aloof from the others, and sat with folded arms in silent abstraction, often sighing deeply, while his men were full of life and enjoyment. This reserve was probably assumed by the captain to support his authority, and not unsuccessfully, as their deference to his commands, and opinions was very obvious. He was also the most active and vigilant in his vocation, and invariably took his turn at the look out in common with the others.

About nine at night arrived two peasants from Olevano with a sumpter horse, carrying a supply of bacon, bread, cheese, and a keg of wine, and the bandits began to make preparations for their nocturnal banquet. Slices from the remainder of the calf were spitted on their iron ramrods, and I was compelled to contribute my assistance as a turnspit; but in return for my labour and attention, they helped me first, and always to the choicest morsels. After supper, the air on this high ground being cold and penetrating, the robbers started on their feet, and endeavoured to warm themselves by dancing. With riotous cordiality, they seized my hands, exclaiming,—

"Come along, Federico, and dance with us, it will warm you."

Sensible that unqualified submission was my best policy, I joined in the dance of these frolicsome ruffians, with a heavy heart, and, doubtless, a most indifferent grace. At midnight a man was stationed on the look-out, while the others stretched themselves round the fire and went to sleep. I lay down on the wet soil, and vainly endeavoured to obtain the repose I so much needed; at length I tried a sitting posture, and succeeded better.

Who will believe that under all this accumulation of terror and suspense, I not only enjoyed refreshing slumber, but a soothing and delightful dream! Methought I was residing, as in early youth, under the parental roof, surrounded and caressed by loving parents, brothers, and sisters, and without a wish ungratified. Too soon, alas! this vision of by-gone bliss was broken. The moist and penetrating cold speedily roused me to a chilling sense of my calamitous situation—to the bitter consciousness that I had lost parents, brothers, and sisters—that I was a captive, and my life at the mercy of cruel and reckless robbers. A stout and handsome youth of twenty, who reclined at my elbow, roused himself, and observing my extreme depression, kindly endeavoured to cheer me.



"Federico," said he, "be tranquil. We shall do you no injury; and before long you will be at liberty."

He then questioned me for some time about my native country, the late war, and the artillery service. While I was replying to his queries, he suddenly interrupted me with—"Hear me, Federico; have you then really no more money?"

"None on earth," I replied, "except these two scudi, and some smaller coins, all of which are at your disposal."

"No," said he; "I will not take them. They will pay your expenses back to Rome."

Slowly passed this miserable night; but at length the daylight dawned upon the hills; the robbers roused themselves, and sent the two peasants to Olevano for the ransom of the innkeeper's son, who was half dead with terror, and whom from time to time they tortured with imprecations and menaces. Nor did I altogether escape these brutal frolics. The mischievous Nicola, drawing his long dagger from its sheath, turned to me, saying, "How strange it is that we can never get the rust of human blood out of steel! Say, Federico, you have seen service; how do the soldiers contrive to keep their arms so bright?" I told him that we cleaned them with fine brick-dust and vinegar.

"Ha! I shall recollect that," said he, poisoning the weapon in his hand with complacency, and then with true bandit-frolic in his glittering eyes, he pointed his dagger at my stomach, made a sudden gesture as if to stab me. "There is a firm grasp in this handle," he continued; "this knife never fails me, Federico! It has blanchied many a cheek for ever."

Fearful of rousing the murderous propensities of this human tiger, I concealed as much as possible my deadly terror; and, with assumed indifference, I inquired his reason for stabbing upwards from below the ribs, instead of plunging the dagger downwards into the breast.

"We know better than that, Federico," he replied; "the blow downwards is never certain. The bones lie close, and often resist the blade, or give it a wrong direction; but the stab upwards reaches the heart in a moment, and never fails."

Thus did I endeavour, by theoretical discussion and inquiry, to prevent any practical experiments at my expense, while Nicola continued to play with his dagger, gazing on it the while with an eye of fondness, and then laying hold of the point, he threw it aloft, and, watching its revolutions, caught it adroitly by the handle as it fell. Pleased with his own dexterity, he offered me the weapon, challenging me to as much. I declined the attempt, but showed him another trick, common in Germany, by attaching a small bit of paper to one side of the blade, and rapidly turning the dagger to produce the appearance of a paper on both sides of the blade, and then on neither side of it. The robbers were delighted with this optical delusion, but not one of them could guess how the trick was done. I revealed the secret to the captain, who tried, succeeded, and was so much elated with his success, that his savage features relaxed into more friendly meaning; and he told me that I had really won his heart.

This gleam of sunshine was, however, soon succeeded by a dark and threatening incident. Information was received that soldiers were approaching through the valley; and immediately my companion and I were bound with cords, laid on the ground, and told, with fierce menaces, that our lives should be answerable for theirs, and that if the soldiers attacked them, we should be instantly put to death. Ere long, however, we were released from our bonds; intelligence, as I afterwards heard, had been received by spies, that the inhabitants of Olevano, fearing this result, had prevailed upon the soldiers to retire.

About eleven o'clock some peasants arrived from Olevano, with 200 scudi, and several watches and silver spoons, as a ransom for young Baldi. Captain Nicola, who was sitting on the ground, took the proffered valuables on his lap, counted the money, and tossed the plate and watches on the grass, exclaiming, "I can do nothing with such trash as this—I must have money!" Indignant at the small amount in coin, his anger blazed out in furious menaces. "What," said he, "do the Olevanese take me for a fool, that they dare to send me 200 scudi instead of 10,000?—Have they no conscience, no decency, that they treat me thus unworthily?—By Heaven, fellows! if you don't bring me more money, I will send this boy's head to his father."

The robbers, to show the alarmed peasants that their leader was in bitter earnest, began to prick the trembling youth with their dagger points, and, with fierce gestures, threatened to cut off his ears; which brutal prelude to a more horrid catastrophe, rightened the poor fellow into convulsions, and he fell on the turf utterly insensible. The distressed Olevanese immediately departed in quest of a larger sum; and, as my letter to the baron was still unanswered, the robber made me address to him another and still more urgent petition for his interference to save me from death.

With this order, however, I firmly refused to comply. The letter I said, would be utterly fruitless. Again I assured them that I was a destitute and friendless artist, and that I had no claim upon the baron,

who was doubtless already in Rome, and would certainly make no sacrifice in my behalf. I begged them to release me; or, if they intended to destroy me, to put an end to my suspense on the spot.

Not one of them, however, betrayed an inclination to put their threat in execution. Their deportment to me continued friendly as before; they even desired to see some specimens of my skill in drawing, and told me to sketch their portraits. Selecting a suitable piece of charcoal from the ashes, I scraped it to a point, and began to sketch their miniature likenesses on the blank leaves of my pocket book. Several of these rude portraits were highly approved of, and pocketed by the originals; but one of them was objected to as crooked and caricatured, which, I must admit, was the fact. With growing cordiality, these singular ruffians endeavoured to prevail upon me to take up my abode with them, telling me that I should enjoy life, and that they possessed beautiful pictures, which they had taken on the high roads from English travellers. Some time back, they told me, that they had captured an Englishman, travelling with an English lady of dazzling beauty. They had carried them up into the mountains, had made a table of tree-bark for the accommodation of the lady,—and had endeavoured to cheer and amuse her by every possible attention,—but all in vain, her depression and alarm were invincible. They farther told me, that they only frequented the high roads when they had no better employment, and that such excursions were hardly worth the risk and trouble incurred rarely yielding above 300 or 400 scudi, and a few watches, rings, and snuff boxes. From the conversation at different times, I collected that the whole gang comprised fifty men, who assembled every three months for purposes of festivity; and that each new year's day they met to celebrate an annual festival, which was attended by many women and girls, with whom they danced and feasted for a week.

They did not hesitate to discuss before me various projected enterprises; and, amongst others, expressed their intention to lay hold of a cardinal, and to retain possession of him until the holy father should have granted them a free pardon.

At five in the evening the peasants returned from Olevano, with a further sum of 129 scudi in gold, to ransom the captive Baldi; but the robbers, still unsatisfied, threatened to murder him if more money were not procured. The peasants intreated and wept for him, assuring the captain that they had already brought not only all the father's property, but all the coin in Olevano. The agonized youth fell on his knees, and implored Nicola to release him, but the robber was inexorable; and the peasants were again dismissed with loud repetitions of the threat, that old Baldi would see his son's head if he did not raise a larger sum.

With regard to me, they appeared to have at length reached a conviction that I had no friends to redeem me, and that as a hostage I was worthless. Suddenly Nicola turned to me, and in a voice which fell like heavenly music upon my ears, exclaimed, "Go—go, Federico! You may depart in peace."

"Another of the band added, smiling, 'Forgive us, Federico, for taking the wrong man. We shall perhaps meet another time.'"

"I hope that I shall never again burden you with an incumbrance so unprofitable," I replied, laughing.—The bandits joined in the laugh, shook hands with me in turn, and thus amicably we separated.

I had proceeded some distance down the mountain, when my steps were arrested by a loud call of "Federico! Federico! come back!" I paused and hesitated, but soon determined to comply; and, returning, met one of the robbers, who asked me for his pocket-handkerchief, in lieu of which being vet, he had borrowed mine to protect the lock of his carbine from the rain.

The friendly ruffian again shook hands with and embraced me, saying, "Kiss me, Federico;" I complied, and, again turning upon the banditti, I proceeded through Olevano to Rome, near which I met several acquaintances coming with arms and money to attempt my release. They had heard of my captivity, and through the kind agency of Mr. Schnell, the Swiss consul, a sum had been collected for my ransom. The Papal government had also pledged itself to defray my ransom, and to refund any sum of which I might have been robbed; and, through the perseverance and energy of the worthy consul, I actually received from the Roman authorities the fifty scudi of which I had been deprived.

Subsequently I heard that Nicola and his men had succeeded on the following day, in extorting a further sum of 1,353 scudi for young Baldi, who was restored to his father half dead from the terrors he had experienced.

"The limits that separate us from offences," says Walter Savage Landor, in his *Imaginary Conversations*, "ought not to be too closely under our eyes; a large space of neutral ground should be left betwixt. Part of mankind, like boys and hunters, by seeing a hedge before them, are tempted to leap it, only because it is one."

No worldly thing seems great to him who minds eternity.



## RICHARD AND MARIA ;

OR, THE "WHITEWASHED."

BY H. J. JENNINGS, AUTHOR OF "ALTHEA THE BRIGAND," &amp;c.

NIGHT had nearly spread her sable mantle over the earth, when a door, in Charlton-street, Somers Town, opened, and a female issued from it. She had just turned into the Polygon, when the same door again opened, and a young man, attired as a mechanic, hastily left the house, and followed the lady. He had not proceeded very far, when he heard her accosted by a young man, dressed in the very tip-top of fashion. A pair of "white ducks" encased his genteel legs, white waistcoat, and best Paris hat, of the latest fashion; straw-coloured kid gloves covered a pair of hands, which often grasped a pen, the property of Messrs. Juggleman's and Wyslops, and on his feet, he wore a pair of boots, which had just come out of —. No matter, such was the person of Dick Fuggums, Esq.

"Ah, my dear Maria," said Dick, "so you have come at last; I have been waiting here for the last half hour. Couldn't you come before?"

"No, Richard, I could not, for my brother was at home, and I could not ohase his vigilance."

"Oh," said Fuggums, "if that's the case, of course it's not your fault. But what say you, Maria; would you like to go to see the new drama that's out at Sadler's Wells?"

"Well," said Maria, "I don't mind if I do, for I should never get to the play if I was to depend upon father."

"Come, along, then," said Richard, and Maria having taken the arm of Fuggums, they walked on towards the desired theatre, the young man following. Twenty minutes' walking, brought them to the "Wells;" they entered the pit, as half price had then commenced. The young man hesitated, then brought out of his pocket sixpence. Having duly paid his "tanner," he entered; but for what he witnessed, we must refer our readers to the bill of fare of Monday the 13th of May, 1843. The last act of the last piece was about to commence, when Maria said to her lover,—

"Lor, Richard, what shall I tell pa has kept me out so late?"

To this Fuggums returned no immediate answer; but a sudden light seemed to break upon him as he said,—

"Can't you say that you have been stopping at some female friend's house?"

"Yes," said Maria, "that is a very good thought. I can say that I have been to Catherine Conway's, to take a hard at whist."

Further conversation was interrupted by the curtain drawing up, and the last act commenced. In half an hour the play was over, and Maria departed with her lover, still followed by the young man, who had not lost sight of them the whole of the evening. Having followed them down Pentonville-hill, he saw them part at the corner of Charlton-street, not before, however, he had heard Maria make an appointment to meet Fuggums at the solemn hour of eight, the following evening, in the "Polygon." Maria then walked down Charlton-street, towards her residence, and gently knocked at the door. The father opened it, who said in a tone of the greatest astonishment,—

"Why, Maria, where have you been?"

"To Catherine's," said Maria.

"And pray what have you been doing there?"

"Playing at whist."

"Well, now, I tell you what it is," said her father, "if ever you stop out so late again, I'll not let you come in at all. There, go to bed—go to bed," added the old man, as he saw Maria was about to answer him.

"Now," said the old man, when Maria had gone, "I'll let John in, and hear from him where she has been to, though, I suppose, gadding about with that Richard Fuggums. Well, I should like the fellow very well, if he was not such a coxcomb."

And so saying, he ascended to the street door and opened it; a few paces from the house stood the spy, who had watched Maria all the evening.

"Come in, John," said Mr. Wilkins, "and tell me now where your sister has been? I think, though, I can pretty nearly guess?"

"Yes, father, it is as you suspected; she went this evening to Sadler's Wells Theatre, with that Fuggums. I followed them in, and when they parted at the corner of this street, I heard Maria make an appointment to meet him at eight o'clock to-morrow evening."

"To-morrow evening!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins.

"Yes," answered John, "I can assure you that is a fact; but I have got a plan in my head how to serve this young Fuggums out—that I have."

"Let's hear it."

"Not now; I'll tell you to-morrow, and as I am rather tired, I think we had best go to bed."

The day passed off, and as the hour of eight boomed from New St. Pancras Church, Maria sallied forth to meet her lover; but she was not only followed by John, but old Wilkins, and two other men. All were dressed in great coats, out of the pockets of which something peeped forth, very much resembling the head of a large stick. Maria having met her lover, they both walked towards King's Cross, when Fuggums said,—

"Shall we go to White Conduit House, to-night? I have got enough money to pay for us both, and I believe there is to be a ball there."

"Well," said Maria, "I will, if you promise to be home by half-past ten or eleven."

"That we can easily do," exclaimed Fuggums, "and as I do not wish to go all the way up Pentonville, suppose we turn down the New North-road."

"Very well, if you will promise me not to begin any of your nonsense."

"I promise," said Fuggums, "solemnly," and they proceeded towards the New North-road, followed by the men in great coats.

"Now, my dear Maria," said Fuggums, "I really do think as I have given you enough proof that I love you, you ought to name the day on which I shall be the happiest of beings."

"Lor, Richard," answered Maria, blushing; "how you do talk."

"Why, of course, I do; you would not have me be silent, dear Maria? But do name the day."

As he said this, he was about to kiss Miss Wilkins, when, alas! for poor Fuggums's shiny hat, there came such a whack on it, that he fell quite stunned to the ground.

"Now," said the man, who had inflicted the blow, and who was no other than John. "Where's the pot?"

"Gracious goodness, John," said Maria; "what do you do here, and what you are going to do to poor Richard?"

"You shall see—you shall see, Miss Pert. I'll give it him for keeping you out until almost twelve o'clock every night, that I will. Jim, where's the pot—where's the pot?"

"Here," said Jim, as he took a pot from under the skirts of his coat, containing some white liquid, and handed it to John. Another of the men speedily produced a whitewashing brush, and began painting Fuggums's best coat, with shiny buttons, all over, with the liquid of the pot, which was whitewash.

"Now, Maria," said old Wilkins, "come home—come along, miss—no nonsense."

In spite of all Maria's entreaties to remain with Fuggums, she was obliged to go home with her father.

When the unfortunate Fuggums came to his senses again, he found himself in one of the arches by the side of the New North-road, while a policeman was leaning over him. He stared around him, and as the reader may imagine, was much surprised at his situation; but was aroused from his nonplussed state, by the rough voice of his companion.

"Hilloa!" said the "crusher," "what do you do here this time of the morning?"

"Lor," said Fuggums, "I recollect, now."

"Do you?" interrupted the "man of leaden buttons." "I am glad of it, for if you ain't off in a second, I shall be under the hobligation of puttin' you in the watchhouse."

Poor Fuggums arose from his downy bed, and asked the policeman what the time was.

"Vy, just upon eight o'clock, my covey."

Fuggums started up—he recollected that he had to be at Messrs. Juggleman's and Wyslops, in Clifford's Inn, by nine o'clock, and taking one despairing look at his best whitewash coat, he scampered along certain streets, to the great amazement of divers little boys; nor did he stop until he came to his lodgings in the Bagnigge Wells-road.

Exactly as the clock of the church situated in Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, struck the hour of ten, Mr. Fuggums entered the office of the aforesaid gentleman; but had not been there ten minutes, when Jeremiah Wyslops, Esq., entered; and after some conversation, ended by informing Fuggums that his services would not be required any more, as the firm of Juggleman and Wyslops were about to retire from business. This was, indeed, a blow to poor Fuggums; but he was partly re-assured by Mr. Wyslops informing him, that he knew a gentleman who was in want of a clerk at the salary of two pounds a week. Fuggums gladly offered himself, and was accepted at the recommendation of Wyslops, and in another month, was installed in his new situation. Fuggums, to tell the truth, did love Miss Maria Angelina Wilkins, and, therefore, it may be imagined that he could not rest long without making some attempt to renew his acquaintance with her. Ac-



cordingly he, one evening, sauntered down Charlton-street, on the opposite side of the way to Maria's house. He there, to his great surprise, saw a coach, into which Mr. Wilkins, sen., his son John, and the two other men who had taken so active a part in the affair of the New North-road, entered, and drove off. But who is that young lady that stands at the door? Ah, it was the object of Fuggums's visit to Charlton-street—it was the long wished-for—the long thought-of, Maria Angelina Wilkins.

Need I tell of the sighs—of the vows of eternal fidelity which passed between them. But what was Fuggums's joy, when Maria informed him, that her father had consented to her marriage with him, when he could support a wife. Gentle reader, need I say more. Fuggums and Maria were married, and are now doing well, and often does he laugh about his being "whitewashed."

## THE JEWELS OF THOUGHT.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

'Twas a night for gorgeous dreaming,  
A night of cloudless skies,  
When silent stars look'd calmly down  
With their untroubled eyes;  
And my heart drank in their glory,  
And their mystic meanings caught,  
As I sat alone and gazed thereon  
In the hush of solemn thought.

Sleep came at length, and stealing  
The world's cold bonds away,  
Gave freedom unto Fancy's wing  
It might not know by day;  
And the dream-angel waving  
His broad white wings above,  
Bade many wondrous fantasies  
Around my pillow move.

Methought I saw a spirit,  
Embodied and apart;  
I saw the hidden treasury  
Shrined in a poet's heart;  
It was a mine of jewels,  
That at the angel's call  
Rose from its depths, and as they rose  
That angel named them all.

Affections like the sapphire  
Celestial hued and bright;  
And hopes that radiantly come forth  
Clad in the emerald's light:  
Fears like the varying opal,  
Fancies as topaz fair:  
And griefs congealed to tears of pearl  
The angel showed me there.

There were passion-tinted rubies  
Burning within their cells;  
There were amethysts, whose purple hue  
On love's own pinion dwells;  
But how much of dross was round them,  
How much of worthless clay,  
That time, and care, and a master's hand  
Had yet to purge away!

But 'midst the rich confusion  
Of hues, and light, and shade,  
One solitary starry gem  
A halo round it made:  
And I blest the Heavenly wisdom  
That the diamond faith had brought  
To shine with pure unswollen light  
'Midst the coloured gems of thought.

The following extract from Fielding's *Amelia* should be engraved on the memory of every person who is likely to commit a false step, and per consequence, to repent of it:—"To retrieve the ill consequences of a foolish conduct, and by struggling manfully with distress to subdue it, is one of the noblest efforts of wisdom and virtue: whoever, therefore, calls such a man fortunate is guilty of no less impropriety in speech, than he would be, who should call the statuary or the poet fortunate, who carved a Venus, or who writ an *Iliad*."

## MIRANDA; OR, THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE. A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER CLXXV.

TWITTER ON HIS ROAD TO YORK.—THE VAN.—A RADICAL REFORMER.—THE FELICITATION OF THE GUILTY MAN.—YORK.

WHEN Samuel Twitter, after his adventure with the beadle, heard the sound of the Minster bell of York, and found that, despite all his exertions to the contrary, he was gradually approaching the city which was so dangerous to him, and where he expected, the moment he had set foot in it, to be apprehended upon his own confession, such an universal tremor came over him, that had his life, at that moment, depended upon proceeding half-a-dozen steps, he could not have done so, but must have met any death that any one chose to subject him to. His eyes became dim—a confused singing in his ears mingled strangely with the sound of the Minster bell, and he fell heavily to the ground, not quite insensible, but sufficiently so to have but a very slight consciousness of where he was, or what had occurred to him.

His miserable-looking condition arrested the attention of several chance passengers, and they gathered round him as people do round any object of more than common-looking misery to speculate upon what could have reduced a man to so absolutely awful a state.

Samuel Twitter was never, at the best of times, a well-looking mortal. He always had, even when well fed and well lodged at the Grange, a strange, clammy, unwholesome look; but now that he was suffering from want of food—that mental anxiety had made deep ravages upon his appearance, and that his clothing was in tatters, while several long scratches upon his face and hands showed evidences of falls or squabbles, he did, indeed, look the very picture of wretchedness.

"Well!" exclaimed one person, "I never did see any one so thoroughly done up."

"Poor devil," remarked another, as he put his hand in his pocket, intending to give Twitter a halfpenny; but finding nothing less than a penny, he gave up his benevolent project.

"It's a take in," said a fat man, in a half-clerical costume. "Never encourage beggars—and—then you see, you will have no destitution, because it won't be worth while to beg, you see. I never give away anything."

"Mercy—mercy! Oh, God!" moaned Twitter.

The people shrunk back a little, and looked at each other.

"I am starving," added Twitter, "starving. Oh, save me from death—and—from York!"

"What does he say?" inquired one.

"He says he's going to York. Who'll give him a helping hand?"

"Here's my penny to begin with."

"Oh," cried several, "we have no change."

"And I shall be too late for the execution," cried one, "which I wouldn't miss for a crown piece. I've seen, do you know, every execution that has taken place for the last fifteen years in the county. I've got a piece of the rope that the celebrated Muggo was hung with. I've got one of Larkins the murderer's eye teeth. D—n it, I wouldn't be late for a crown."

Twitter felt the cold pressure of a penny piece in the palm of his hand, and he looked down sorrowfully upon it, as he muttered,—

"Bread—bread—I am starving!"

"Oh, you are a horrid-looking wretch," said a fat woman, who had bustled through the throng; "and I dare say you are no better than you should be, or you would have somebody to give you a helping hand. Howsomdever, drink some of this rum and milk, you wretch."

She placed a bottle in Twitter's hands, and he drank greedily of the contents. With each drop his strength revived, and by the time he had consumed half the contents of the bottle, he was able to look about him a little more confidently, and to wonder what had brought so many people on to the highway, at so uncommonly early an hour of the morning.

"Thank you—thank you," he said, "I am much better. What is the meaning of all this? Where—what has happened? Let me go now. How far am I from York?"

"Not very far," cried a man; "and if you must know where we are going, why we are going all for to see the hanging as is to be."

"Hanging—hanging?"

"Yes, to be sure."



"And you look," remarked one, "as if you'd been hung and cut down again."

A laugh from the crowd proclaimed its appreciation of this brilliant stroke of wit at Twitter's expense, and some of the people began to move off. In fact, the interest was fast diminishing, for Twitter was manifestly better. The rum and milk had done wonders.

"Tell me—for the love of Heaven, some of you tell me who is to be hung?"

"Why, the murderer, to be sure."

"At—at York, say you, and this morning?"

"Yes—yes."

"His name; is—is it Varley?"

"No. Varley?—oh, no. Rowland Percy, that has led the officers such a dance after him. It will be a famous hanging."

Twitter passed his hand over his face several times as he muttered to himself,—

"Perhaps I am dreaming after all. Rowland Percy hung this morning at York—Rowland Percy? What—what has become of my written confession? God of Heaven! am I after all safe? Has it got lost, destroyed, or is no credence given to it? Rowland Percy, too, why—why but a few days since and no one knew where he was. I am surely dreaming, or mad."

"What's the matter now?" cried one. "I tell you what, old chap, if you are going to York, I don't mind giving you a lift in my van. Come on."

"A hanging," said Twitter—"are you sure there is a hanging at York?"

"Sure enough. They have caught young Percy that murdered Sir George—what's his name?—a good while ago now, and they are going to hang him at last."

A dawn of hope began to brighten in Twitter's mind that after all he might be safe. He felt certain that his communication to the Mayor of York must have reached its destination, if all had gone smoothly in its carriage, long ere that hour; and, therefore, if Rowland Percy was about to be hung, it must either have miscarried, or been received and disregarded. One of those propositions must be the case. There was hope. Even yet, despite all his miseries and distresses, he might succeed in saving himself from the horrors of utter destitution by wringing a sum of money from Bernard Varley, with which he might leave England openly and promptly.

"If," he thought, "Rowland Percy is being hung this morning at York, there is Bernard Varley—yes, of a surety, he will be there. I can see him, and, by threats, get money from him, he knowing nothing of the contents of my confession, or of the fact that I have made such an attempt at his destruction—an attempt which has so inexplicably failed, too. The letter must be lost. Yes, I am safe—safe for a time. In a few days it may be found. It may reach at last its destination, and still ruin Varley—still bring him to a scaffold; but ere then, I may be away and safe. I will—at least I think I will, go to York. Yes—yes, I will venture, and yet 'tis scarcely a venture—I am determined."

These thoughts passed much more rapidly through the mind of Samuel Twitter than we can read them, so that there was scarcely a perceptible delay between the offer of the man who had the van to give Twitter a lift, ere the latter replied,—

"I shall thank, and be able too to pay you, when we reach York, for there is one there who will immediately supply me with money."

"Very well, jump in."

"But—but you are quite sure it is Rowland Percy who is to be hung?"

"Oh, quite—quite."

"And you have heard nothing to the contrary, no hint, no whisper of any circumstance having occurred to stay the execution—no doubt upon the subject, no surmise of any other person's guilt?"

"I'm d—d if I can understand you," said the man. "Here's the van. I'm going to York to see the hanging. If you're going to get in, get in; if you ain't, don't."

"Yes—yes, I am—thank you, I am. Rowland Percy it is who is to be hung?"

Twitter said these words aloud as he scrambled into the van in hopes of receiving an unconscious confirmation of them from the parties who were already in the vehicle, and he was not disappointed, for several said, "Yes, to be sure;" and one man, with an argumentative air, added,—

"Look here; this here Rowland Percy ought to have been hung ever so long ago; and I means for to say, a more out-and-out villain nor he is isn't. Cos why?—that's the reason. There's reason in roasting eggs, as my misus says. He puts himself afore honest people as wants to yarn a honest penny—how—cos why? Last time as he was to be hung, I got up his dying speech and confession. Well, what does he do?—he breaks out o' quod; in course the dying speech and the confession ain't no go, no how, and I gets precious well bonnetted by the

mob; cos why?—he'd got away. There's a wretch for you. Well, now he's going to be hung really, and I'm agoing with this here bundle o' last dying speeches and confessions to try my luck; and all I means to say is this here—if, mind, he ain't hung now, d—n me!"

The people in the van appeared to think this very conclusive indeed, and not one appeared to imagine that there was the slightest discrepancy in having the last dying speech and confession ready beforehand.

One woman, indeed, said,—

"Oh, it's always the way. Poor people is never let earn a honest penny."

"That's true," exclaimed the argumentative vender of last dying speeches and confessions. "It's all along o' the *antistockocracy* as grinds the poor. Is we freemen, or isn't we? No.—Has we our rights, or hasn't we? No.—Is we Englishmen? Yes.—Is we slaves? Rather. My opinion is, down with everything and up with nothink. Hurrah! bonfires and bonnetting for ever! Down with property and divide it ekeal. Let me ax who am I?—a Briton. Well, there's the consequence. I ain't well off. Why?—cos I hasn't the rekisite tin. Well, somebody else has. Take it from him, guv it to them as hasn't; that's what I calls radical reform, and the only vun as will please the people. I knows it, and I says it, and I ends where I begins—down with everything, and let's have a scramble."

The radical reformer, who, if he had lived now, would have instantly been retained by the Anti-Corn-law Society as one of their first-rate lecturers, looked round him quite triumphantly, and as no one seemed inclined to take up the cudgels on the other side of the question, he looked, as he was, a great man, and relapsed into silence.

The distance to York was not great, and in a very short time the suburbs of the ancient city were gained. The progress of the van then became slow, on account of the vast throngs of people that were hurrying to the place of execution, and Samuel Twitter had the satisfaction of receiving from many mouths assurances of the, to him, gratifying fact that it was poor Rowland Percy who was about to be hung for the crime he had never committed.

The spirits of the villain began to rise as he found himself in the streets of York, and never heard the least allusion to himself, or any doubt suggested by any one of Rowland's guilt. He began to feel quite convinced that he was safe, and that, by some singular accident which would in time develop itself, his confession had never reached the Mayor of York at all.

The mind has an immense influence on the body, and Twitter looked so much better now that he was rapidly shaking off the horrible fears that had harassed him, that he looked quite a different creature, and began to gaze about him at the well-known buildings of York with feelings of satisfaction, instead of dismay, that he had been by such a series of strange circumstances brought there again, so contrary to all his expectations.

#### CHAPTER CLXXVI.

THE PRISON CHAPLAIN.—THE LAST INTERVIEW.—THE QUARREL AND THE THREAT.—THE CROWD AND THE EXECUTIONER.

BERNARD VARLEY's notion, when Miranda so abruptly and with such evidences of abhorrence left him, was to follow her, and, if possible (for his was a disposition in which hate held as high a place as the passion he dignified by the name of love), add to the painful mental sensations she must be experiencing what additional pangs he could in his vile nature invent.

With this view he quickened his steps, and would have carried his passionate resolve into effect, had he not observed Witlet suddenly come from among the crowd and fix his eyes upon him with an expression that taught him, Varley, to think there might be absolute personal danger in pushing his resentment too far, for he recollected the severe punishment he had received from Jones, and he doubted not but that Witlet was quite as ready to bestow a second dose upon him as not.

As for Jones, he resolved, if he should see him after the execution, to give him into immediate custody, and prosecute him with relentless rigour. Before, however, Rowland Percy should be a dead man Bernard Varley smothered all his pettier resentments, and resolved that nothing should withdraw him now from seeing the sentence of the law carried into effect upon him who had stood between him, Varley, and his dearest hopes. He was vain enough to think that, had Miranda never known Rowland Percy, he might have moved her heart to love for himself, as if it was necessary that she should, failing to bestow her heart upon one endowed with every manly quality she had ever held in estimation, give it to one whom she had ever looked upon with dislike amounting even to absolute abhorrence.

Witlet, too, Bernard Varley resolved should find that he had brought upon himself vengeance: and after the execution he fully intended having him apprehended, and offering ample rewards to all parties who



could prefer charges against him in addition to that of his escape from Newgate; but such was Varley's terror lest some popular riot should yet save Rowland Percy, that now, although he saw Witlet, he shrunk from him, and gave no alarm whatever, nursing his vengeance until a more fitting opportunity.

The delay which had taken place in Miranda's route to the prison had fearfully dipped into that hour which appeared to be destined to be the last of poor persecuted Rowland Percy's existence; and when she, with Mr. Anderson, stood upon the stone steps of the governor's house, half-past seven o'clock was rapidly approaching.

"Oh, let us hasten," said Miranda. "Let us hasten. He will think himself at this, the last hour, deserted alike by earth and by Heaven. Let us hasten—let us hasten."

The governor had given orders to admit Mr. Anderson and Miranda, and he had been not a little surprised at their non-arrival. He had, in fact, began to think that something must have befallen Miranda to prevent her appearance. She might have actually sunk under her severe griefs, and when seven o'clock came, and the awful preparations for the death of the unhappy man were nearly completed, without one person coming to bid him a last adieu, the humane governor had himself gone to his cell to say some words of comfort to him, and to ask him if there was anything he could do that would give him any satisfaction in his last moments.

It was only a voice of so much kindness as that in which the governor addressed him, that could get a word from Rowland Percy; but, even in those awful moments that were swiftly intervening between him and a death he so little deserved, he could not be insensible to such sympathy as was thus voluntarily offered to him.

"I thank you," he said, sadly. "I am much beholden to your kindness. You have done all that you possibly could do to alleviate the wretchedness of a condition little susceptible of any alleviation whatever."

"Have you any request to make that can be attended to? Be assured that your wishes shall be to me sacred commands."

"Only one," replied Rowland, with emotion. "Tell Miranda that her name hovered on my lips when I was leaving life, and that my last, my only prayer, was for her."

"I will."

"I have been fearfully wronged. I am innocent as you are of the crime imputed to me. Therefore, the strong urging to confessing guilt, on the part of the chaplain, has become to me insulting. He likewise has tormented me with set prayers, which, with badly composed hymns, he wishes me continually to be repeating and singing. It is the will of God that I should be placed in the position I am now in, and I cannot help it; but it would be the grossest hypocrisy of me to say I am resigned to my fate, when God knows I am not."

"Do you forgive those who have brought you to this sad end?" said the governor.

"To forgive is divine," said Percy. "I am human."

"I regret I cannot help you. I believe now there is indeed no hope. God bless you in a world to come. It is not, as you know, with my sanction that the chaplain has been let loose upon you. He and I before have had serious disagreements on your account, and, in fact, it was only on the interposition of the magistracy that I consented to retain my situation while he retained his."

"I know you are free from the faults I find in the chaplain," said Rowland. "Once more accept the heartfelt thanks of one standing, as I am, on the threshold of eternity. I—I would fain once again have looked upon Miranda's face. Surely it was a needless cruelty to prevent me."

"I hope you will see her yet, and you shall, if I can so manage it. I have sent for her on my own responsibility, and believe she will be here."

Rowland Percy wrung the hand of the governor, as he said, with much emotion,—

"You are a true friend. God bless you, sir."

The governor was now informed that the sheriff had arrived, and that his presence was immediately required, upon which he left the condemned cell, in order to act according to his painful duty in the solemn arrangements that were in progress, and, in fact, nearly completed.

The two men still remained with Rowland in his cell; and, perhaps, the greatest aggravation of his imprisonment had been the fact that he was constantly watched so closely. He now turned his back to them, and sat down, giving himself up to a review of his past life, interspersed with such bitter gushes of anguish as could not fail to attack the mind of one so young, condemned to an awful and degrading death upon false testimony.

Let none of our readers blame Rowland Percy for want of religious fervour in the awful moments preceding his expected execution. He was no bigot, nor had he been brought up with any doubts or fears of Heaven's goodness. He was one who had tried through life to do right. If he had in some instances failed, his failures were errors, not wilful

wickednesses. All, therefore, he would have asked of Heaven, had he not deemed it impious to ask what could not be doubted, would have been justice. Consequently, he refused to subscribe to the fact implied by the clergyman, that he was a miserable sinner, deserving of everlasting damnation, and only to be saved by howling appeals for mercy—psalm-singing, and wild rhapsodies, without force or reason, in the shape of prayer.

Rowland considered that

"He loveth God, who loveth best

The creatures he has made;"

and, having a conscience uncorrupted by wrong or injustice, he had no qualms about the future, and in his silence upon the injustice of the Almighty, he refused to listen to those persons who would

"Ring the gospel gong in both his ears,

And, if he feared not, fill him full of fears."

"Well, Mr. Governor," said the sheriff, "this is a painful duty we have to perform; but, thank God, we are only portions of the executive in this case. I would not have been on the jury for a great deal of money, for I really have serious doubts as to this young man's guilt."

"And I."

It was at this moment that Miranda and Mr. Anderson arrived at the prison, and were announced by name to the governor by one of the under turnkeys.

"Admit them instantly," he said, and then turning to the sheriff, he added, "There can scarcely be an objection now to an interview between Miss Rankley and the prisoner."

"Do what you please," said the sheriff, "till eight o'clock. I will see nothing."

(To be continued in our next.)

## FROM A DESERTED LOVER.

I knew not that thy fickle heart was altered,

Nor read thine eye;

I thought the welcome of thy sweet voice faltered,

But asked not why.

There wanted but one fatal word to sever

Our hearts in twain—

That word thy lips have spoken, and we never

Can trust again.

Thou wilt go forth on Summer's fragrant morning

Once more to see

The radiant smile the purple hills adorning,

But not with me:

I shall be where no memories household waken

Thoughts of the past.

I shall forget thee, lonely and forsaken,

Forget at last;

I shall forget thee—many a deeper sorrow

Has been forgot.

But yet I dare not look into the morrow

Where thou art not.

I dare not think how oft my fond heart's yearning

Will wake again.

How shall I watch to see thy smile returning,

And watch in vain.

For thou could'st teach what nothing else had taught me

From early youth;

Not all the wisdom of the world had brought me

So deep a truth,

That human love, however fine its fountain,

May waste away,

Like the fresh dew upon the mountain

At break of day;

That this fair earth, with all its gorgeous beauty,

Its fruits and flowers,

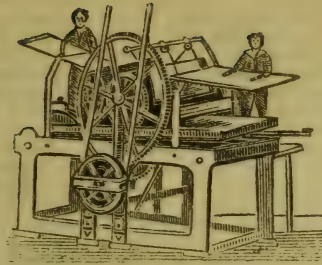
Forms not the scope of love and beauty,

Though once of ours.

**THE EVIL EYE.**—It is a well-known fact that the natives of India, to counteract the direful consequences of an evil eye, place cameos about the necks of their children, particularly if they are good-looking, and ejaculate with all possible fervour some unintelligible sentence by way of charm, and perform at the same time the ceremony of forming a circle, and running three times round the child to complete the spell.



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## CRIME UPON CRIME; OR, THE SECRETS OF THE CAVES.

BY JOHN DONOVAN.

### CHAPTER I.

THE MOUNTAIN PASS.—THE CAVERN.—THE WELCOME.

At the close of a beautiful day in the month of August, 1608, a low-sized, muscular, ruffianly-looking man, was seen wending his way through the many windings, and across the lofty hills and steep descents of the heights of Ben Lomond. The setting sun was quickly retiring behind the tops of the distant hills; the noise of the many feathered tribes, which so abundantly populate these, and all such places, was quietly stilling into repose; not a sound, even a slight breath of wind, to ruffle the heather, and produce a melancholy, murmuring sound, disturbed the stillness of the evening. The person alluded to, seemed thoroughly acquainted with the path he was pursuing; now and then he would look back, to assure himself that no persons were dogging his footsteps, and an experienced eye might have concluded that he was about some villainous purpose, if, indeed, he was not after committing one.

He was attired in a doublet of brown stuff; his legs were encased in long hose of the coarsest skin; on his feet he wore a pair of buskins, and his arms, as far as his elbow, were covered with thick and woolly gloves; on his head he wore a bonnet, which was surmounted by a sprig of heather; a green scarf, which was suspended from the left shoulder, crossed his breast, and was fastened by a large silver button on the right side. A huge leather belt went round his waist, and fastened by a catch which was on one end, while on the other end was the grim head of the monarch of the forest, one half of which projected over the end of the belt, so that when it was fastened, the end of the catch neatly fitted into the projecting half of the lion's head, and so disposed it, as to leave the mark of joining entirely invisible. A sword dangled by his side, and a brace of pistols were hung in his belt. His features were far from prepossessing, dark, lowering, and repulsive; his bushy whiskers, and huge mustachios served to render his countenance of a still more fearful aspect.

After he had proceeded onwards for upwards of an hour, he suddenly turned the corner of a projecting rock, and there beheld a frightful precipice yawning before him. It were madness for any human being to attempt a descent of that fearful height, for, from the top to the distance of about twelve feet downwards, it was almost perpendicular; and then, rock followed rock, in the most disordered and confused manner imaginable, until they were fairly lost in the dimness beneath. Were an unexperienced person, out of mere curiosity, to traverse the same path by which we have followed the mountaineer, they would, on arriving at the precipice, out of necessity, be compelled to retrace their steps, or, otherwise, attempt to descend the abyss, to seek further adventure, in which case it would be doubtful that they would ever return with life.

The mountaineer, on reaching the place before mentioned, seemed not the least surprised; on the contrary, he folded his arms across his chest, and remained for some moments in moody meditation. At length, arousing himself from his reverie, he took a small, elegantly wrought silver horn from beneath the folds of his scarf, and placing it to his lips, sounded forth three sweet notes, but so alarmingly loud, that it

echoed from rock to cliff, from mountain to precipice, for, at least, the space of three minutes.

Suddenly the stillness of the evening was broken by the loud, deafening shouts of men, seemingly at a short distance off; but the many echoes they created on all sides, left it impossible to imagine from which direction the sounds proceeded. Next succeeded the loud report of fire arms, the shrill tones of the Highland pipes, and finally the loud, and terrible boom of cannon struck upon the ear. As the mountaineer stood nigh the edge of the precipice, a bullet darted up from the yawning gulf, and for a few moments ascended rapidly over his head; then with a whistling noise it descended, until it came in violent contact with his foot. He started back a few paces, looked at the ball for a few moments in silent contemplation, and stooping, he picked it up, and for the first time within the last two hours, he spoke.

"Even thou," he said, in a solemn, impressive, yet clear and melodious voice, which contrasted strangely with his savage aspect, "even thou may complete my revenge, if what I hear be true. Yes, I will keep thee safe as if thou wert sunk into yonder rock never to be eradicated, save to answer the like purpose for which I now keep thee."

The firing had now abated, but the shouts still continued to rend the air, and even to make the rocks "re-echo with gladness."

Suddenly a creaking sound, within a short distance of where he was standing, again aroused him, and, on looking round, he beheld the projecting piece of rock before mentioned, slowly moving upwards. With a slow, steady motion, and a harsh grating sound, it was raised, until it gained a particular height, and then, with a steady gait it let itself into an aperture which was evidently made for its reception.

The mountaineer entered the cave, which now presented itself before him, and warmly wrung the hands of two men who were standing nigh the entrance, and who bore lighted torches, ready to escort him into the interior of the cave.

A short distance from the latter, were two more, who were busily engaged clearing large drops of perspiration which hung on their brow, for it was those who turned the large wheel which raised the formidable barrier to the entrance, and admitted them into the gloomy abode. After conversing earnestly for some moments with the former, he turned round to the men of the wheel, and wringing their hands also, he said,—

"My dear friends, your generosity affects me deeply, and all that grieves me, is, that I cannot repay you by befitting your services; but rest assured, that your fidelity shall not go unrewarded. With the help of Divine Providence, I am nigh the consummation of my hopes, and when that time comes, then look to your reward."

"All the rewards and prosperities of life, my lord," answered one of the men, "are nothing to us, if separated from you; 'tis all we ask—all we wish for! Deny us that pleasure, and we are tired of life."

"Be it so, then," said his lordship, with a smile. "Ye shall not leave me; I feel I could not part with ye, without regret. Repair at once to our muster-place, and await my arrival, where ye shall hear and understand how to bring happiness to your —"

He paused, but the retainers finished the sentence with, "chieftain and master," after which they shouted forth "hurra!" and "long live the Chief of Ben Lomond!"

The chief paused a few moments while his faithful followers shouted forth the token of their admiration. When, at length, they thought proper to cease, which did not occur till they made his ears actually ring again, he said,—

"Friends, I would fain to my apartments, for, to say sooth, I am not well adapted to this disguise, and would fain get rid of it."



The men who carried the torches, now proceeded in the direction to the right of the cave, and the others, after lowering the massy door, which so mechanically blocked up the entrance to the cave, and which would so effectually baffle all designs of search, as no human being would imagine for a moment, that that piece of rock was the security to the haunt of men, darted off in the opposite direction to join their comrades, and to inform them of what had transpired.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MUSTER-PLACE.—THE NEGRO.—THE CHIEFTAIN'S ADDRESS.

THE obscurity in which the deep ravine was enveloped, as rock followed rock, each projecting over the other, which threw their dismal shadows downwards, left the gazer in perplexity as to how their base was situated; but the principal part of our tale lies there. In order the more accurately to describe its mysteries, we will, with our fair reader's permission, follow the men of the wheel to where their chieftain directed them, namely, the muster-place.

After traversing rapidly the passage which lay to the left of the entrance, they suddenly came to another turning, at the end of which a lamp was dimly burning. It seemed to be there for the purpose of discovering a small black spot, which was visible in the wall underneath. One of the men laid his finger on this mark, and a square panel slid back, and discovered an opening large enough for a man to pass through. After entering the spacious dungeon, which the opening led into, they carefully replaced the panel, and crossed the gloomy apartment.

It seemed as if they were too much absorbed in the joy of once more beholding their beloved master, for either to break the dismal silence which reigned throughout the caverns which surrounded them on all sides, for it was two months since they had seen him before. He had disappeared so suddenly from among them, that no one knew whither he had gone.

At the end of the apartment they were now in was a trap-door, which they raised and descended a flight of steps, which were of considerable depth. These steps led to a smaller sized dungeon than the latter, at the right side of which was another stout iron door; this, one of the men opened, and a dark passage lay before them. A loud chorus of voices now struck on their ears, which was now and then followed by merry peals of laughter. The passage was in a short time traversed, and quitting the caverns, they joined their companions in the muster-place.

It was a large, irregular square, if it may be called such, three sides of which presented nothing but the bas' of rocks, while a row of dismal looking caverns, out of one of which issued our two companions, comprised the remaining side. This square was styled the muster-place.

In the centre of this space was a small rock, not exceeding five feet in height; on the top of this were two pillars, one on each side, which supported a canopy, on the top of which floated a white flag, with the crest of the clan, the lion's paw, emblazoned on it.

The clan of Ben Lomond consisted of about three hundred warriors; each clansman was attired in the exact uniform of his chieftain. They were all collected round the small rock before-mentioned, on the top of which all eyes were intently fixed. Not a dull heart was to be found there; all were joyful and in high spirits; and as they grew weary and impatient with watching, each man slowly withdrew his eyes from the top of the rock on which they rested with so much interest, and indulged in an attitude best suited to his bodily ease, or wiled away the time conversing with his neighbour. In a short space of time, the "muster-place" exhibited a different aspect. Some men were now stretched at full length on the rugged pavement, in different parts of the square; others were sitting on the rough seats which projected from the base of the rocks; more were lounging in an indifferent attitude against the massy walls; the remainder were either singing, musing, or jillicoquising.

"Ees!" ejaculated a negro, who was a volunteer in Ben Lomond's service, and who was renowned for his bravery and skill in battle. "Me hab de 'onour ob 'peaking to 'm 'gin! Cuss id, he stops 'way dam long; but I spose he wash 'mselp, and repair 'mselp to 'pear decent 'mong us. Ha! ha! ha!" Here he grinned horribly at his own wit and cleverness.

"I tell thee what it is, Master Blackey," said a stout, well-built, manly-looking fellow, looking sternly on the negro; "the next time thou speakest thus of our chieftain, I'll cut thy tongue out, and leave thee that thou canst not speak at all."

"I praise 'im!" shouted the negro. "I peak well ob 'im; 'e pull my tongue out; oh, cuss 'e; I cut 'e 'ead off, puss." So saying, he flourished his sword menacingly over his head.

A shout of laughter followed this speech of the negro's, who sheathed his sword in contempt, and was quite satisfied with the bold speech he had made.

"Now, you black-muzzled devil, I'll compel thee to swallow this sword," cried a low-sized, small-eyed man, who roared himself hoarse with laughter at this last sally of the negro, and who seemed to enjoy the fun much more than any other clansman, at the same time he poised the fearful weapon in opposition to the black's mouth.

Now this was an insult which the negro would not pass unheeded on any account, so instantly drawing his sword, he, with the quickness of thought, before the little man could remove his hand, sent the sword flying from his grasp with such force, that it flew against the massy rock, and shivered into a thousand pieces.

A loud burst of applause followed this feat of the negro, whose large white eyeballs rolled and glittered with fury. A roar of laughter followed at the discomfited little man's expense, which so exasperated him, that he was about to rush upon the negro, when a well-known sound attracted their attention. It was the creaking of a small trap-door, which was slowly raised on the top of the small rock, and which otherwise was not visible.

Slowly, then, ascended a man through the opening, until he fairly stood erect on the top of the rock; the trap-door then closed with a loud bang. A figure of more commanding form might not be found through Scotland; his features were regular and handsome, even to a fault; glossy sloop-black curls graced his elegantly-shaped shoulders; and as he now stood attired in a splendid suit of Highland plaid, few men would recognize in him the moody ruffian-like chief of Ben Lomond, as he was first introduced to the reader.

It was, indeed he; but his disguise was thrown off, and he now appeared worthy the title of chieftain. He had ample reasons for using the disguise in which we have seen him. The first was, there were enemies infesting those mountains, who thirsted for his life and were he recognised by any of them, certain death would inevitably be his fate. Another reason, though not so fatal as the last, but which the chieftain considered full as inconvenient at the present period was, were he recognised by any of his friends, which were abundantly scattered about the borders, he would, of course, be detained, even against his inclination, which would, in all probability, defeat all his present purposes. As it was, however, his disguise was so complete, that he always remained undiscovered; he had even ventured to question some of his most intimate friends in a feigned voice, yet he always had the good fortune to escape.

He had mysteriously quitted the cavern in this successful disguise about two months previous to the commencement of our tale; and no one knew whither he had gone. Now he returned to them in as secret a manner. Judge, then, what must be the feelings of curiosity and anxious expectation, as they impatiently awaited his appearance on the top of a small rock, which seemed to be erected for the sole purpose of the chieftain addressing himself in the centre of his clan.

The cheers and loud shouts with which he was welcomed, may be more easily imagined than described; suffice it to say, that his efforts, for some time, proved unavailing to quell the tumult. At length silence was once more restored, and after thanking them for their kindly feelings towards himself, he continued,—

"My friends, the crisis in my fate has arrived, which will proclaim my rise or downfall. Ere the moment arrives, which will restore me to happiness, blood—blood must flow in torrents." The vehement tone with which he spoke these last words, completely startled his auditors. However, he continued in a more subdued tone,—*"Yes, my friends, blood must flow ere my vengeance shall be appeased, which, I trust, is not far distant. And now, let me see, are ye as faithful as when last I was among ye, for 'tis to your tried fidelity that I trust to-morrow's issue? Are ye all as stout and ready to aid me, and stand faithful as ye were wont?"*

An exclamation burst from their lips; they all drew their swords, bent one knee to the ground, kissed their flashing weapons, and slowly raising themselves, they sheathed their well-tempered blades, and remained calm as before.

"Tis well," continued the chieftain. "I was wrong to doubt ye for a moment, and now,"—he stopped short, and said hurriedly, "tell me, what flag waves over my head?"

"Dat 'o peace, massa," answered the black, though it was in an opposite direction he looked for an answer.

"Lower it, and replace that of death," said Ben Lomond. "I carry no false colours when I am at war with mankind; I hoist not the flag of friendship when I wish to revenge my wrongs; on the contrary, I openly avow my enmity, though, Heaven knows, there are not many enemies nigh this place to witness my signals. In the meantime, I need a little refreshment, in order to recruit my strength, for in my hurry to see and converse with my faithful clansmen, I have quite forgotten the wants of human nature. At my return I will relate to you a few incidents, which will explain the cause of my sorrow, and the reason that grief lies heavy at my heart." He disappeared through the opening, amid the cheers and shouts of his faithful clan.



## CHAPTER III.

SIR RONALD APPIAN'S HISTORY.

ERE the chieftain of Ben Lomond reappeared, the black pennon waved lazily to and fro, in lieu of the white one, which a short time before hung suspended from the long staff that stood erect in the midst of the cavern. When he did appear, he thus began:—

"Clansmen and fellow warriors,—My history is so well known to most of you, that a few words will explain the principal cause of my sorrow, which, I must confess, seems rather mysterious. It would likewise be well to inform you of my present purpose, that you may be the better prepared for the approaching event. Know, then, that I am Sir Ronald Appian."

An exclamation of surprise escaped the lips of those who were unacquainted with his real title. They had often heard of the good and benevolent chieftain of Ben Appian, but never could get an opportunity of joining his clan. Now that they found they were really his clansmen, they raised a boisterous shout of joy, which was heartily re-echoed by the remainder of the clan.

"Yes, I am that Sir Ronald, who was so much esteemed and beloved by all who knew me. I am that Sir Roland who disappeared so mysteriously from my castle, with a few remaining clansmen, who still stood by me and had an interest in my fate."

"It is well known that my castle stands in the centre of a small glen at the foot of these mountains. I was so beloved by the surrounding peasantry, that I was envied by many of the neighbouring nobles. It was one of these lords that caused all my misery, and left me reduced to what I now appear—I may say—an outcast of the mountains. His title is Roderick of Lochell."

"The villain! The monster!" shouted the clan in a breath.

"Yes, he is both villain and monster," energetically said the chieftain. "I had a daughter, beautiful as the blushing dawn; so beautiful, indeed, was she, that she was styled 'The flower of the glen.'"

"On her did the villain cast his eye. He proposed for her hand, but I rejected his offer with scorn, well knowing him to be a villain. Stung by the rejection of his suit, he vowed revenge, and hired some ruffians to carry off my beloved child by force, in which they succeeded but too well."

Hence a murmur of grief and indignation ran through the clan, and each man firmly grasped the hilt of his broadsword. The chieftain covered his face, and for some moments his whole frame shook with convulsive emotion. Rage, grief, despair, and revenge, alternately struggled for mastery in his throbbing brain. At length he continued:—

"One beautiful morning, a short time after the rejection of Lochell's haired suit, Isabelle strolled down the glen, to inhale the fresh early breeze. I waited breakfast for her till long after the usual time of returning; I became uneasy at her long absence, and I sent a domestic to seek her, and to learn why she did not return; but the messenger returned, and no trace of her could be discovered."

"Bursting with grief, I summoned my vassals, and scattered them over the glen. They very shortly returned without any better success. A small bracelet which she always wore on her right hand, was found at the extremity of the glen."

"The bracelet had been presented to her by the young knight, Roy of Glendovan, to whom she willingly, with my consent, bestowed her young heart; for she thought him worthy of her love."

"The bracelet, I am assured, she would have parted with but with life. Evident marks of a slight struggle were visible in the vicinity of where it was picked up, and it is but too evident that she has fallen a prey to the miscreant Lochell."

"I knew it were madness to attempt to rescue her, for the clan of Lochell amounts to nearly double the number of mine. I therefore presented myself before his majesty, and laid my charge before him. Of course, I had no proof of Lochell's guilt, and therefore the answer I received was, 'Art thou mad, Sir Ronald, to doubt such a loyal subject as Lochell?'"

"I am not mad, sire," replied I, "except the madness be caused by the abduction of a beloved daughter. Hear me," I said, earnestly, "and, oh! if thou hast one spark of pity, grant a bereaved father his request. I have served you long and faithfully, ever ready with my faithful followers to obey thy commands; ever willing, with my brave hearts, to push first in the field, when necessity requires it. The boon I crave of thee, for those oft repeated services, is the restoration of my child. In your majesty's hands her fate lies. Say but the word to Lochell, and she is free; for I am assured that no other person committed the deed. Deny me this, and I quit thy court for ever."

"Now, by Heaven!" shouted his majesty, "thou art the most insolent knave that—"

"Insolent knave!" I exclaimed fiercely, and, drawing my sword, I moved a step towards where he stood.

"Hut treason!" roared the king; at the same time he staggered

back a few paces. "What ho, there! Guards seize the traitor! On your lives, let him not escape!"

"I now came to a full sense of my critical position. I knew that death would be the reward of my temerity were I to abandon myself to capture, and casting a look of deep hate towards his majesty, with my good sword I cleared myself a passage from the council chamber."

"At day break next morning, I summoned the clan, and, quitting my castle and beloved friends, I sought this abode, vowing a deep and deadly revenge against all who wronged me, when time and power should enable me."

"The following, which transpired after my withdrawal from the castle, I learned since my latter disappearance from the cave:—

"Scarcely had I quitted my castle two hours, when it was surrounded by the king's troops, searched, ransacked, and plundered. Great was their rage and disappointment on finding that I had escaped with my clan. Orders were issued for my apprehension, and immense rewards were offered for my capture."

"The wily king even offered me pardon, were I to present myself before him, and solicit his forgiveness. You perceive, my friends, that in these stratagems to get me into his power, he was foiled. In a short time this cowardly, tyrannical king ceased to exist."

"He was succeeded by one as brave and noble as he was the reverse. Some old friends, which I still have at court, placed the whole affair before his majesty, who listened, with riveted attention, until they had concluded. He then called on Sir Roderick of Lochell to defend himself against this charge. Of course, he feigned surprise, and pleaded innocence; but the king liked him not."

"The next day his majesty sallied forth, escorted by a sufficient number of his troops, and proceeded towards the castle of Lochell, which he searched, in hopes of discovering my lost child; but no trace of her could be discovered."

"At length, tired and weary, his majesty was about quitting the castle, when a taunting remark from Lochell roused the ire of the impetuous young monarch. Hot words were exchanged on both sides—threats were used—i.sults given, and, finally their swords were drawn. Just as they were about to commence an attack upon each other, a young knight dashed into the apartment, and rushing between them, he turned to the monarch, and said,—

"Sire, this quarrel must be decided betwixt me and this villain. He has basely destroyed my happiness, and I here swear that either he or I quit not this place alive!"

"His majesty, after some deliberation, at length consented, and space was made for the combatants to have fair play. They were both equally experienced in the use of the broadsword, and for a long time the duel remained undecided."

"At length a misguided arm, which would have decided the fate of young Roy of Glendovan—for it was the betrothed husband of my daughter Isabelle—caused Lochell to stagger on one side, and ere he could reach his feet sufficiently to recommence the combat, he was stretched at full length upon the ground, and bled copiously from a gash in the sword arm."

"Spare his miserable life," said the king, as he rang for an attendant. When he appeared, the monarch said to him,—Mark me, airrah, bear thy master hence, summon his clan, and inform them that, by royal mandate, if they quit not Lochell within two hours, they will be hung from the battlements of this castle ere sunset."

"The monarch then collected his followers, and spoke to them as follows:—

"If ye, my friends, happen to know or hear of any person or persons who will give the slightest clue to the retreat of Sir Ronald Appian, let them appear before us. In the meantime we will issue our proclamations through Scotland, exhorting him to appear before us, that we may offer him what consolation lies in our power."

"Now what surprises me greatly, is this," continued Sir Ronald: "about a month since, as I was wandering in quest of information, I strolled down the small glen, which surrounds my castle. I was aroused from my unpleasant thoughts by the sudden appearance of a peasant, who placed in my hands a document, which I still retain." Here he took from beneath the folds of his scarf a large sheet of parchment, and read the following:—

"This is to certify, that by our royal authority, if Sir Ronald Appian, chieftain of the faithful clan of Ben Appian, does not appear before us, within the space of three months from hence, we declare it our painful duty, to proclaim his lands and castle confiscated, and himself doomed to eternal banishment. If, on the contrary, he proves himself a faithful subject to his king, and appears within the said space of time, we offer our royal word, that he shall receive ample satisfaction for the abduction or mysterious disappearance of his daughter."

"(Signed)

JAMES."

"A fortnight still remains to conclude the three months," continued



the chief, "by which time I expect to be prepared to meet my sovereign as a chieftain ought."

So great was the joy of the clan on hearing that they were once more like to breathe the air of liberty, for they might as well call themselves prisoners, that they knew not what they did.

"What seems to me most inexplicable," continued Ben Appian, when silence had been restored, "is, King James informs me in his proclamation that, on appearing before him, I shall receive ample satisfaction for the abduction of Isabelle. What may he mean by that? Lochell has not in his power; that I am assured of; for in the heart of these mountains, surrounded by his clan, does he carry on the trades of freebooter and murderer."

"What! and does he know where 'bout?" asked the negro, whose delicate mouth on this occasion seemed to enlarge very much, for it was open to an awful extent during the recital of the narrative.

"Yes," answered the chief; "I am acquainted with the exact vicinity in which his haunt is situated. Now, my plan of operation is this,—in the morning, at daybreak, we will proceed to the hiding-place of this villain and give him battle. 'Tis true his clan is superior to ours; but what matters it, have ye not all brave hearts and trusty swords? I perceive by your radiant countenances that ye are willing to aid me in my present purpose. A good stout heart and broad trusty blade will work wonders among a number of dastardly knaves, which I am assured the clan of Lochell consists of. The evening is drawing to a close; this time to-morrow my fate will be decided. My beloved Isabelle shall be rescued, or I perish in the attempt. You have heard my history, my friends, and it now remains for you to prepare for to-morrow's meeting. Farewell, and may Heaven defend us in our righteous undertaking."

The chief of Ben Appian smiled on his faithful followers, and descended through the trap-door amid the shouts of his clansmen.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE MARCH.—THE ATTACK.—THE TWO CHIEFS.—LOCHELL'S TREACHERY.—THE REINFORCEMENT.—CONCLUSION.

It were useless, fair readers, to occupy your time with useless descriptions of the many apartments this huge rock contained on this part; suffice it to say, there were apartments for better than half the clan. Two clansmen occupied each chamber, and a splendid room was decorated and beautifully furnished for the reception of their chieftain.

It would also prove too tedious to explain the many preparations which were made for the next day's journey. We will at once, at early morning, introduce the whole clan, uniformly accoutred, and ready for march, each man determined to die by the side of his chief.

First advanced one hundred swordsmen; in their right hand, unsheathed, they carried their ponderous broadswords, the end of which rested on their shoulder. On their left arm hung their tough bull's-hide shields, which so often cast grim death aside. Next followed a like number of spear-men, who carried five pennons, beautifully adorned with their favourite—the lion. The rear was brought up by archers and pipers, whose shrill tones awakened numerous echoes through the mountains.

A more splendid sight was never witnessed than the followers of Ben Appian proceeding to revenge their chieftain's wrongs. The flags and pennons which fluttered in the morning breeze, the glittering of the spears and broadswords, the regular tramp of the clansmen, and the melodious and thrilling tones of the Highland pipes, contributed to enrich the scene, and made it appear still more romantic and beautiful.

About noon they found themselves twenty miles from whence they started, and the distance of about a half mile from a huge frowning rock, which ascended high in the air.

"There lie Roderick of Lochell and his clan," cried Sir Ronald Appian—"there he lies in fancied security; little he dreams of what is about to occur. Donald," said he, "addressing the young Highlander who first spoke to the negro, and who, the reader will recollect, threatened to cut out his tongue, "proceed towards yon cliff with one hundred of our clan, where, no doubt, you will be forced to remain; immediately order a retreat, and speed hither, when we shall be ready to receive the pursuers."

The reckless men proceeded as they were desired, and the main body remained in anxious expectation of what the result would be. They strained their eyes in the direction they had taken, and could perceive the clansmen reach the cliff.

A man darted from behind a rock, with a drawn sword in his hand. They were not ignorant of what passed, until they heard a shrill whistle. Scarcely did he remove the whistle from his mouth when a figure darted from among Sir Ronald's followers, and with a wide sweep of his broadsword cleaved him to the brain. The clansmen now made a sudden rush towards where the chief stood; they were immediately

pursued by about twenty of their enemies, who, on seeing their large number, raised an echo of whistles, which soon brought the whole clan to the rescue.

"By Heaven!" said Sir Ronald, "they muster strongly; yet a little skillful management on our part will overcome them. Look to your arms, my friends, and see all be ready for instant use."

Sir Ronald, on seeing his men pursued by so many, drew his followers behind the rocks, and left his remaining followers to retreat beyond where he lay. The clan of Lochell, on perceiving the small number they had to contend with, and expecting a rich booty with their capture, rushed after them without reflection.

The plan of Sir Ronald—namely, his removal behind the rocks, was a skilful manoeuvre on his part; for his men, as he had anticipated, retreated far beyond where he lay concealed. They were quickly followed by the yelling clan of Lochell. Now Sir Ronald gave the word to advance, and his clan, with a wild yell, rushed to the rescue of their comrades.

The clan of Lochell, confused and surprised, found themselves completely surrounded by between three and four hundred warriors.

Sir Roderick stood in the midst of his followers inactive; every moment he expected to see a fresh reinforcement rush from behind the rocks. Part of his clan, amounting to one hundred and fifty, threw down their arms, and declared themselves prisoners.

As yet, however, the chief of Lochell was entirely ignorant of who the commander of the men who now confronted him might be; neither did he perceive what was going on among his rebellious comrades until they were fairly bound and taken prisoners. When, at length, he did perceive the number of his clan decrease, believing them to be seized, regardless of opposition, he shouted out in a voice that echoed far among the mountains,—

"Faithful clansmen of Lochell, forward I charge ye, to the rescue of your comrades."

Shouts, roars, and yells, rent the air, as the enemy rushed on the clan of Ben Appian, who stood calm and collected, ready to receive them. Ere, however, they could reach them, a volley of arrows darted through the midst of them, which did great destruction to the enemy. Oaths, imprecations, and groans of the wounded rent the air, and as the clans rushed to close quarters, the struggle became desperate. Now they close in fearful and deadly strife, blows are showered in on all sides, each man selects his adversary, nor does he abandon the fearful struggle which ensues, until his adversary has fallen; and then, blood-thirsty, like a roaring lion, he seeks a new victim.

The enemies of the clan of Ben Appian were fast disappearing before the well-directed and steady aim of their foes; and it was evident to Lochell, that if he did not execute some manoeuvre to his advantage, he would soon be compelled to deliver himself prisoner. Placing, therefore, a horn to his lips, he sounded a shrill blast, which produced an immediate stillness; all looked in the direction of where he stood, and he raised his hand, and waved a white flag. All stood still—he strode into the midst of his enemies, and eagerly ran his eyes through the frowning clansmen, until he was blasted by the sight of Sir Ronald Appian, the man he had so much cause to fear. He staggered back a few paces, and for some moments looked aghast. At length recovering himself, he said, in accents of mingled rage and fear,—

"In the name of Heaven, Sir Ronald Appian, what is the meaning of this, thy sudden appearance before me? Art thou an apparition, or art thou human? Have I done aught to merit this usage, or say, what is thy purpose?"

Sir Ronald for some moments regarded him with a stern countenance, which the villain quailed under; but a sudden thought struck him, and his usual aspect of ferocity crossed his features, as he said,—

"Sir Ronald Appian, knowest thou not thy life is in jeopardy, and that thou art declared an outlaw? thou hast also yet to learn that I am placed here to apprehend any of thy clan, who may be unfortunate enough to lurk about these mountains, and now, by Heaven, here thou appearest before, with thy clan, as though thou droppest down from the skies. Thou art my prisoner—I arrest thee for high treason, and in his majesty's name. I command thee and thy clan to deliver yourselves captives, until such time as his royal majesty's troops arrive to escort you to his presence. Persevere in thy rash act, and I summon a force which will crush double thy amount of men."

"Vain boaster," answered Sir Ronald; "if thou really possessest the power which thou speakest of, why then not summon thy overwhelming force, and capture us without further bloodshed; but I have known thee ere now to be a liar and deceiver. From the time I disappeared from my castle, up to the present moment, I have not been ignorant of one transaction which transpired; a few incidents, to your confusion and shame, I will relate."

Here the chieftain related what transpired after King James's accession, up to when he was wounded by Roy of Glendovan, and declared outlaw by James, a relation which Lochell was too painfully aware of,



and which so exasperated him, that he was about hewing Sir Ronald down, until he looked and perceived the frowning and grinning faces which surrounded him, as though they waited a signal to tear him into atoms.

"And now," concluded Sir Ronald, "thy base and cowardly character lies open before us. Away to thy men, for if thou tarry here much longer, I fear the result, and prepare them for instant action, for, by Heaven I swear, that ere sunset, either clan shall be extinct."

"Then be it as you wish," roared Lochiel, in a paroxysm of rage. "I will stand while one of my clan remains by me, and when that one falls, prepare for the worst."

The conflict was then renewed with tenfold fury.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,  
To armour armour, lance to lance opposed;  
Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew,  
The sounding shafts in iron tempests flew;  
Victors and vanquished join promiscuous cries,  
And thrilling shouts and dying groans arise.

In the present instance, it occurred to the chieftain of Ben Appian, that his latter engagement with Sir Roderick was not so successful as his former. With dismay he beheld his faithful clansmen hewn down before the terrible attacks of the enemy; in vain they rallied, and rushed on to the attack—all fell.

"Heaven help me in this hour of need," murmured the exhausted chieftain, as he dashed into the thickest of his foes, closely followed by his few remaining faithful followers.

"Hurrah for victory, and a fee, merry life!" shouted the chief of Lochiel, as he beheld with joy the ascendancy he was gaining on his unfortunate enemy. "Strike to your victim's heart, brave men, and let no pulsing feeling stay your hand."

"He, at least, shall not escape me," muttered Sir Ronald, as he drew a pistol from his belt, and loading it with the identical bullet, which the reader will remember he picked up on the rocks, he placed it in such a position in his belt, that he might grasp it at a moment's notice.

The chieftain of Ben Appian was about to jump over a prostrate heap of his ill-fated clan, to try a last effort to obtain the ascendancy, (an effort which must have destroyed himself and his remaining friends, consisting of between thirty and forty, who still fought desperately,

Showering their blows like wintry rain,"

who, as they perceived death staring them in the face, renewed their fierce, but unavailing efforts to free themselves, for they were opposed by upwards of one hundred foes, when the enlivening tones of the pipes, at a short distance off, struck on his ear. On looking in the direction, he beheld a legion of mountaineers, ascending a hill, their pennons fluttering in the breeze, at scarce the distance of half a mile.

Faint and exhausted from loss of blood, the chieftain groaned aloud, and staggered into the arms of one of his jaded companions, who was scarcely able to support his drooping master; his remaining strength would inevitably be exhausted on this latter meditated attack, for he consoled himself with the idea that he would not die unrevenged, as his pistol was firmly grasped in his hand; but now, as this host appeared before him, he firmly believed them to be the force Roderick before spoke of, and he gave up all for lost.

Sir Roderick seemed to be no less surprised, for he and his clan stared aghast. Alarm and apprehension sat on his brow, as he viewed the coming squadron, whose gay and martial air failed not to strike the beholder with animation and delight; he became painfully aware that his hour was come.

When the chief of Ben Appian again raised his head to view the coming clan, a loud cry of joy escaped him.

"Saved, saved!" he exclaimed joyfully; "by all my hopes of future happiness, it is young Roy of Glendovan and his clan."

"D—n—lost!" rattered Lochiel.

A faint shout burst from the exhausted clansmen of Sir Ronald, and each man seemed inspired with fresh glory, on perceiving the warlike march of young Roy's clan.

In a short space of time he was warmly embracing his youthful friend, "who came," he said, "for the purpose of extirpating a ruthless mountain robber, who, for his atrocious and murderous deeds, gained himself the application of 'assassin.'"

"Heaven has surely ordained this meeting," said Sir Ronald; "were it not for thy timely appearance before us, we would, ere now, be captives in that villain's hands. Look yonder," he said, pointing to where Lochiel stood in an attitude of despondency; "note him well, and bethink you of the title of the villain that possesses that countenance."

Roy looked in the direction Sir Ronald pointed out, and when his eye lighted on Roderick, he shouted in a voice of thunder,—

"Ha! by the eternal powers, the villain Lochiel! he who carried off

my beloved Isabelle, and who, I have every reason to believe, was the cause of my sister's disappearance."

So saying, without further explanation, he rushed over to where Sir Roderick of Lochiel was standing and shouted to his trembling assistant:—"Villain, miscreant, disgrace to mankind, release thy female captive, or, by Heaven, this moment is your last; what—"

He was here interrupted by a loud shriek, and, on lo king round, he beheld two maidens swiftly advancing towards them. The chief of Ben Appian rushed to meet them.

"Elizabeth of Glendovan," cried he, embracing her; "tell me, for Heaven's sake tell me, what of my daughter, Isabelle, for I deemed her to be thy companion when first I observed you."

"For Heaven's sake, my lord," said the trembling maiden, "look not so wildly on me; I know nought of my young friend, Isabelle. She was rescued from a villain's hands about two months since, I imagined, by thee; but I thank Heaven for this timely deliverance, for I was well nigh falling a sacrifice to a monster."

So saying, she rushed over to embrace her brother, leaving Sir Ronald in a state of mind bordering on madness. At length, arising himself, he made a sudden rush towards Lochiel, and seizing him by the throat, he cried, in a voice, full of emotion and rage:—

"Villain! this moment is your last, unless you inform me where to find my daughter."

"Release my throat," groaned the suffocating wretch.

The chief released his grasp, and then Lochiel said,—

"Thy daughter was rescued from me some time since by a band of desperadoes, as I was conducting her thither with yonder maidens; ere they had time to rescue them I was reinforced; and had they not sent the girl away before the remainder of my followers joined me, by Heaven I would not have parted with her so easily. Now, it is but too evident she is murdered, for what use could she be to a band of wandering bandits."

"All is lost now," groaned Sir Ronald, in heart-rending accents, as he sunk back, fainting, into the arms of one of his followers.

"Sir Ronald, for Heaven's sake, look up, hear me. Good God, he is dead. Seize yon villain; let him not escape," cried the young chief, in a piteous voice, as he stooped over the prostrate form of Sir Ronald. "Rouse thee, Sir Ronald; Isabelle shall be rescued, even if all Scotland should be searched. I myself—"

"Who speaks of rescuing Isabelle?" murmured Sir Ronald, opening his eyes, and staring wildly about him.

"Ah, Roy, is that you, my boy? Good Heaven, what will become of me; on this day's issue my hopes rested; now they are blasted at the moment when I thought my happiness complete. God help me."

"Compose thyself, Sir Ronald," said the young man; "and yet rest assured, if she be in Scotland she shall be found. In the meantime, what meanest thou to do with yonder villain?"

"Deliver him over to royal vengeance for his many atrocious crimes," answered Sir Ronald.

"Then the sooner we depart hence the better," remarked the young chief. "We will commence at once our attempt to secure our captives."

The two chieftains now advanced towards Lochiel and his remaining followers, and Roy, addressing him, said,—

"Sir Roderick of Lochiel, we, in the name of his majesty, arrest thee of high treason; and summon thee, forthwith, to appear immediately before his royal presence, where thou wilt be judged, and mercifully treated, according to the many charges which will be brought against thee. We, therefore, expect no opposition on thy part to the securing of thy person, and that of thy followers."

"At least," said Lochiel, in a voice trembling with rage; "restore me yonder followers, which were so treacherously detained at the commencing of our meeting, and in open battle, even against thy fearful odds, give us one chance of liberty."

"No," shouted a voice, as, advancing from among the followers, which he pointed out, came a mountaineer, who had overheard the foregoing demand, "such a chance must be denied thee. Thou knowest, chieftain of Lochiel, that thy commands were ever irksome to us, and that we never obeyed them with the alacrity of faithful clansmen. And why, thinkest thou, did we not cheerfully obey thee? Because thou wert a murderer, and we liked not thy deeds. Now here, in the face of Heaven," he continued, advancing towards his comrades, "we are all ready and willing to swear allegiance to the chief of Ben Appian. Long have we wished for this hour to arrive; and it now only remains for Sir Ronald to consent, and bind ourselves to him for ever."

After some hesitation, they were released. Each man got possession of his sword, and dropping on their knees, they crossed their weapons, and swore the terrible oath.

"At least," roared the vanquished chief, in a paroxysm of rage, "I shall not die wholly unrevenged."

He drew a pistol as he spoke, and fired at random towards the two trembling maidens. With a loud shriek both fell. The ball grazed



the shoulder of Elizabeth, and entered the breast of her ill-fated companion.

"Coward, monster, villain!" shrieked Roy of Glendovan, springing forward with his drawn sword; "draw and defend thy worthless life, for, if thou hadst ten thousand lives, all should perish. Have at thee, coward."

"Now," cried the chief of Ben Applan, rushing between the rival chiefs ere they had time to cross swords, "now hast thou added one more hideous crime to the enormous list thou hast before thee. Thou shalt never commit another—die."

And the chief of Lochell fell dead, with a bullet from Ben Applan's pistol through his heart.

"I had rather have offered him a chance of his life," said the chief of Glendovan. "In the meantime, let us see to the state of the wounded females."

Elizabeth sat, pale and smarting under a slight wound in her shoulder, which had been carefully bandaged by one of the clansmen, while the other maiden was stretched lifeless on the ground.

As the young chieftain was diligently tending his wounded sister, Sir Ronald was issuing the necessary orders for their departure.

"Some of ye collect our wounded companions; and ye," he said, pointing to his new clansmen, "bring forward the treasures of your late master, that we may restore comfort to the indigent peasants as we proceed towards Stirling."

About fifty wounded men were collected, and carried into the cave, where they remained until sufficiently recovered to join their comrades. Immense wealth was brought forward, and, in a very short time, the clans were arranged and ready to march. An embassy was despatched to inform King James of the approach of Sir Ronald Applan, and all were joyful except that chief; though, to outward appearances, he looked joyous and happy."

There were times, however, as they journeyed onward, that Sir Ronald entirely lost his presence of mind. At such times he would droop his head, and heart-rending thoughts would crowd through his mind concerning the fate of his beloved daughter. Regardless of the affectionate looks of his clansmen, he would thus journey on, until the consoling voice of his young friend would arouse him. Thus did their journey continue, and they were followed by the blessings and well wishes of the poor peasantry, upon whom the chiefs very liberally bestowed part of the ill-gotten money which once was the property of Lochell.

At length, after a long and toilsome march, they suddenly turned a mountain pass, and beheld, at the distance of a mile, towering to the skies, the massy frowning turrets and time-blackened battlements of the magnificent castle of Stirling. The instant they came in sight of the garrison of soldiers that was stationed there, they were saluted by a thundering volley of cannon, which raised terrific echoes around. Sir Ronald and his friend returned the salute, and, in a short time, the whole party, amid the thrilling music of their pipes, entered the spacious court-yard of the immense pile of building.

Sir Ronald had scarcely entered the courtyard, ere a herald approached him with a summons from the king, desiring his immediate presence before him.

Leaving his young friend to see after the refreshing of the two clans, he immediately followed his conductor, and soon found himself in the council chamber, and before King James. He bowed gracefully to the lords of the court on entering the hall, and a buzz of admiration ran through the assembled nobles as they all returned his salute. He advanced to the throne with a graceful gait, which excited the admiration of all present, and dropping on one knee, he awaited the monarch's pleasure to break the silence, which did not continue long. The first words of his majesty were,—

"Speak, Sir Ronald Applan! thou hast free permission."

Low and sorrowful were the tones with which the chieftain spoke, which roused the pity, and gained the interest of all present.

"Pardon, my liege," he said, "pardon an unoffending subject, whose wrongs cried aloud for vengeance, and whose only crime, if it may be called such, was too great grief and despair for the loss of a beloved daughter. I trust, my liege and lords, that my short tale, which, with your permission, I will relate, will suffice to wipe from my honour whatever stain that might have cast upon it. If—"

"Hold!" cried King James, starting from his seat, and descending to where Sir Ronald stood. "Thou cravest our pardon; and for what? Bethink thee, didst thou do ought to offend thyself? If so, relate it to us, and we shall consider about thy pardon, for thou hast done naught to offend us; if thou didst, thou hast our free pardon. But we are all impatient to hear thy wonderful tale."

"Wonderful, my liege, it is not?" replied Sir Ronald; "'tis but an uninteresting one; but, such as it is, thou shalt hear it."

The chieftain then related all that the reader is already acquainted with, commencing from where he disappeared, at early morn, to his shooting the chief of Lochell, at which part the king's brow lowered.

"Thou should'st have brought him before us, that we might judge him according to his deserts," he said, angrily.

"Such was my intention, sire," said Sir Ronald; "but, as we were about to seize and secure him and the remains of his clan, he drew the pistol I before spoke of; and fearing lest more harm would be done at his hands, I dispatched him at once."

"'Tis no matter now; thou hast free pardon," said James; "but inform us what plans hast thou in thy mind concerning the rescue of thy daughter Isabella?"

"Alas! I have none as yet, sire," answered the chief. "Were I to know into whose hands she has fallen, by Heaven I would rescue her, or perish in the attempt."

"Then, Sir Ronald Applan," cried King James, "if our news avails thee aught, we can inform thee of the miscreant, who holds thy daughter captive."

"Hail—then, thank Heaven, she will be saved," cried Sir Ronald. "Inform me, your majesty, who the villain is, that I may immediately away, and wreak my vengeance on him."

"Patience, sir chieftain, patience!" answered King James, with most provoking coolness, which almost maddened Sir Ronald; "thou hast not yet, after thy long march, refreshed thyself; to-morrow, when thou art properly restored from the effects of thy fatigue, thou shalt know all. By-the-by, bethink thee, rememberest thou certain mysterious words, in the latter proclamation, concerning ample satisfaction for the loss of thy daughter?"

"That do I, your majesty," answered Sir Ronald; "but even these I can remain in ignorance of until another time, so thou putt'st me in possession of who the villain is, that detains my only joy."

The piteous tone in which he said these words, moved the king, and he said,— "Then thou shalt be made acquainted with all we possess concerning her. What ho, there!"

The lords of the court now fell back on either side, and a passage was cleared from the front of the throne to the wainscoting of the opposite wall; at the same time a door was thrown open, and a young lady, beautifully attired, attended on either side by a female, entered the council-hall, and advanced towards where Sir Ronald was standing. Scarcely had he cast his eyes on the advancing maiden, than a cry of joy escaped his lips, and he remained transfixed with astonishment. It was his daughter!

A tear started to the eyes of the ancient warriors, as they witnessed the affecting scene that followed. They were interrupted by the entrance of Roy of Glendovan. He started back aghast. "Good Heaven," said he, "what do I behold?"

"My daughter—my beloved daughter!" shrieked Sir Ronald, in the fulness of his joy. "My liege and lords, allow me to present the chief of Glendovan to you, as my future son-in-law; and well worthy they are of each other!"

"Then," said James, "as we had the pleasure of rescuing her from the hands of assassins, let us also see her united to the man she loves! What say you, my lords?"

The lords all bowed assent, and Sir Ronald, having no objection to the proposal, they proceeded in procession towards the chapel, where, in a short time, Isabella became the Lady of Glendovan. The remainder of the memorable day, nothing was heard but the continued roar of artillery from the battlements of the kingly walls of Stirling.

Once more did the lion banner of Ben Applan wave proudly over the keep of Applan Castle. Once more did Sir Ronald reign sole master over the surrounding peasantry, who, contented and happy under such a good master, lived in uninterrupted felicity. And lastly, though not least, once more did Sir Ronald live in real happiness, in the society of his beloved daughter and sons, who never passed a day without spending the best part of it in his company.

Daily, nay, even hourly, did soldiers flock round the standard of Ben Applan; and, about two months after his re-establishment in his castle, no two clansmen throughout Scotland could muster a stronger force than Sir Ronald Ben Applan.

About a year after the marriage of the happy couple, when a young heir was brought forward, the chief of Glendovan had it brought into the centre of his clan, and with loud shouts of joy, the faithful clan vowed fidelity and eternal faithfulness to the young Roy of Glendovan.

HANOVER.—The military establishment is 40,000 infantry, 2,700 cavalry, and 18,000 militia, or landwehr. All men able to bear arms, from the age of 17 to that of 50, without exception, are liable to serve in the landsturm, or local militia. There are ten garrison towns. The manufactures connected with the army are one of small arms at Herxberg, one of gunpowder at Hersew, and a cannon-foundry in Hanover.

LORD BURLINGTON.—That great and wise minister was used to say,— "I will never trust any man not of sound religion; for he that is false to God can never be true to man."



# THE DRUID;

## OR, THE SYLPHID AND THE STATUE.

(Continued from our last.)

"Calasiris aided me to dress, and with his own hands bound on the mask, which was so artfully made, and fitted so closely to my visage, that none would have suspected that it was false, without a very near and earnest scrutiny.

"I see inquiries floating on thy tongue," said Calasiris, when he had thus equipped me; 'but ask me no questions; only trust thyself to thy destiny. Do not desert thyself, and thy genius will not abandon thee. My heart forebodes thy success. Farewell, Osmandyas! we shall again see each other.'

"With these words he embraced me with paternal tenderness, and recommended me to begin my journey.

"A year has revolved since I left Memphis. The difficulties and dangers that I have encountered would have probably subdued my constancy, and induced me to return, had I been in pursuit of a diadem: but what I sought could not in the estimation of my heart be purchased too highly. I should be rewarded by attaining the original of my charming statue. I had the promise of this from a man whose words had ever been considered by me as oracles, and I felt confident of a happy event, though the way to it was dark and incomprehensible to me. This morning I had expended my last drachma, and the tower had yet eluded my search. Unexpectedly I lighted on it during the storm, and in it on a friend, whom I had not hoped for: but, alas! the object of my wishes——"

"Is, perhaps, nearer than thou thinkest," interrupted the youth of the tower. "At least thou hast reason to hope so, since hitherto everything has corresponded to the predictions of thy venerable parent. Would to Heaven I had no greater cause for despair than thou! Thou canst not be more happy in the vivified arms of thy beloved image, than I have been, and might still be, had not my own folly—for why should I accuse destiny?—by depriving me of her, whom alone I love, rendered me the most miserable of mortals."

The youth of the tower, as with half suppressed voice he uttered this self-reproach, reclined his face against a cushion, on which he leaned, to conceal a flood of tears which, spite of his resistance, gushed from him. Osmandyas was so affected by the grief of his young friend, that he forgot his own. He approached him, caught his hand, which hung mournfully down, pressed it with affectionate warmth, and remained some time silent before him.

The lovely youth did not remain long insensible to the sympathy of his new friend; he seemed ashamed of his weakness, and exerted himself to rise above it. When at length Osmandyas perceived him more composed and serene, he said, "it is sometimes an alleviation for an oppressed heart to unload its cares into the bosom of a friend. If thou thinkest thyself able to sustain the pain of recollection, reveal to me the subject of the sorrow that consumes thee. Perhaps thy situation is less desperate than thy fears represent it. Perhaps the eye of friendship may discern means of relief, where thou canst perceive none."

"Hear my tale," answered the youth, "and judge if my case be not hopeless. I have promised thee my history, thy frankness has left me no right to be reserved, and it is ever a consolation to the miserable to converse with a sensible being of their former felicity.

"Nature has endowed me with a tender and susceptible heart, and an inclination rather to seek my happiness in an ideal world of fancy's creation, than in the narrow earthly circle of human existence. My education fostered this tendency, since, though of noble race, I was brought up in solitude, and among other consequences engendered in me, when I arrived at manhood, a strange aversion to the female part of the creation. This is the more singular, as few mortals have ever possessed a more exquisite relish for the beautiful, or more susceptibility of the most refined and exalted tenderness, than myself. About this time, among a collection of curious manuscripts made by my father (the chief of the Druids in this realm), I found some which treated of the *habitations of the several elements*; an intermediate race of beings between men and angels, who, when I became in these books acquainted with them, had quite other charms for me than the residents of this gross, impure earth.

"Judge if the pictures I here met of the ethereal beauty and perfection of the elementary nymphs was calculated to diminish my distaste for the daughters of *Armoria*, and whether, when I had learned the possibility of arriving at the closest intimacy with this sublime order of beings, anything was more natural than that I should form the resolution (which I did in my sixteenth year) of renouncing all commerce with the daughters of men, and by a consecration of myself to

their meditation, to attain the exalted happiness of being beloved by a Sylphid or Salamandrine.

"My mother, a woman of great beauty and virtue, and my only sister, a young maid the exact copy of the former both in mind and person, were alone excepted from my general aversion to the sex; the first, because I was persuaded she was herself of this ethereal race, from her great superiority over all other women whom I had beheld, and from the extraordinary esteem which a man so wise as my father testified for her.

"My education in the solitary house of a Druid gave me but rare and short opportunities of seeing her, and contributed to confirm this idea; and persisting to consider this amiable and adorable woman as of superior origin, my images of the elementary fair became more strong and embodied, and operated more sensibly on my heart. The accounts which I had heard of the depraved manners of the women who resided in the cities around me, nourished my contempt and aversion for the females of my own species, and threw me entirely into the contemplation of the invisible world.

"My esteem for the fair became at length an instinctive disgust, and I found it impossible to endure for any time their society. My father, when he became acquainted with my capricious dislike of women (as he named it), highly disapproved it, and laboured by every means to overcome it.

"My sister too seized every occasion of laughing at my insensibility, and threatening me with the vengeance of her sex for my obduracy. But neither reason nor railery effected any change in my sentiments. My father, I thought, only opposed my inclination to a certain its force, and my sister, though I loved her most affectionately, had little weight with me; her intimacy with various daughters of earth seeming to render her unworthy my esteem.

"Eight or nine weeks have now past since, in a solitary ramble among these regions, a white dove of uncommon beauty rose from a bush before me. Her flights were so short and low, and she so often suffered me to approach almost within reach of her, that I did not despair of finally overtaking her. My hopes were continually disappointed and continually renewed, and I followed her till night sheltered her from my views. I found myself in so thick and pathless a wilderness, that, though I was sensible I could not be very distant from my father's mansion, yet I could not determine its direction. It soon grew too dark for me to think of returning; lest, bewildered as I was, I might probably further lose myself, and I apprehended being obliged to pass the night without shelter, when I was led by a sudden light to this tower. I entered, and, by favour of a glimmering lamp, perceived the staircase: I ascended it, and arrived at this chamber, which I found illuminated as if by the purple of the morn. But I had no time to examine into this phenomenon, for a young nymph, who lay slumbering on this couch, attracted my whole attention as soon as I cast my eyes on her. A long robe of azure silk covered her from the shoulders to the feet. It was formed in the Grecian fashion, and was bound with a starry zodiac beneath her bosom, the beauties of which shone through a veil of Tyrian purple.

"A Greek would have imagined himself in the chamber of Aurora, but my instant, and only, conception was, that I beheld before me one of those divine beings, whose mere idea had for several years turned all earthly charms into deformities in my eyes, and had rendered the most beautiful of their sex odious in me.

"The ineffable emotions that this heavenly spectacle excited in me, confirmed me in my conjecture. I felt a sweet confusion of sentiments, an alternate succession of hopes and fears, of reverence and rapture, for which language affords no suitable expressions.

"There are feelings so exalted and rapturous, and which so completely fill the soul, that they leave us no leisure to compute time. Such was the nature of my emotions, when, having by degrees approached the slumbering goddess, I stood silent, motionless, and hardly daring to breathe before her. I know not if I were one, two, or more hours in this trance of admiration and delight; for, when the divine form vanished, it seemed to me but an instant."

"Alas, my poor friend!" cried Osmandyas, "and was it then but a dream?"

"Quite otherwise," replied the youth of the tower: "but she waked, raised herself from the couch, observed me some moments with attention, and then making a motion with her hand, which I did not comprehend, suddenly vanished. I stood in an instant surrounded with the most profound darkness, and seemed as if I should have sunk to the ground had I not been supported by invisible hands. For some moments I lost all perception, and when I regained my senses found myself on the couch, which had just been pressed by the lovely nymph.

"The morn beamed through the coloured window; I looked round, and recognised the chamber; but of its lovely habitant was there no trace, except the impression of her image in my soul, and the new emotions she had infused into me.



"I left the tower, and returned to my father's mansion, where my absence had caused much uneasiness. I told how I had been led astray and benighted, and how I had at last found a ruined tower, where I had sheltered myself from the cold and damps. No one knew of such a tower; but all observed an alteration in my appearance, and harassed me with inquiries concerning what had happened to me.

"I retired to my room as soon as I could disengage myself, and passed the day in reflections on my adventure. The supposition of my having had little rest the preceding night gave me a pretence for leaving the family early in the evening; but, instead of seeking my chamber, I hastened to the forest, and endeavoured as well as the twilight permitted to pursue the path, by which I had returned from the tower; but the increasing obscurity would have baffled me, and prevented my continuing any constant road, had I not seen a faint light before me, which I resolved to make my guide. It continually fled as I advanced, and in a short time conducted me within sight of the tower, which the moon, now rising above the trees, pointed out to me when the light was vanished.

"Conceive my ecstasy, when, at the distance of about thirty or forty paces, I saw the form, that had so enchanted me the ensuing evening, seated on the fragment of a broken column. Her dress was the same as before; but her veil thrown back presented me a more lovely face, as I thought, though I could not clearly discern the features, than ever my high imagination of Sylphids and Salamandrines had suggested.

"She sat leaning her cheek on her left arm, and gazed on the moon, as if she beheld in it the image of her beloved. The attractive charms that embellished her would have drawn me to her feet, had not the majesty of her form, and the belief of her superior nature, held me at a timid and respectful distance. As soon as she perceived me, she covered herself with her veil, and advanced towards me.

"Dost thou seek any one, Clodion?" said she, in a tone that was echoed through my heart.

"Whom should I seek but thyself, Heavenly being?" said I.

"Is this adulation, or is it the voice of thy heart?" asked she, smiling graciously.

"A glance into my soul," returned I, "will best inform thee, where, since my first sight of thee, every other image has been erased, and where no feelings remain but admiration and love."

"Your sentiments are forward," said she, "for an acquaintance so young and green as ours is on thy part; I confess I have long known thee, and my friendship for thee is mature."

"I interrupted her by throwing myself at her feet, and kissing her offered hand with uncontrolled transport. What I said in this intoxication of mind I am ignorant of; but she seemed rather pleased than offended with the fervour of my emotions. She bade me rise, and, as the night was uncommonly warm and fine, led me into the regions behind the castle, which, among all their variety, simplicity, and freedom, displayed too much harmony, correspondence, and choice, to conceal the hand of art.

"We strolled through groves of aromatic shrubs, which now terminated in parterres of roses, now conducted to arbours of eglantines and Jessamine, now to vales, where murmuring rivulets meandered among scattered trees and rocky fragments, and at length, collecting into a canal, surrounded the grounds with a liquid zone. The varied beauties of this enchanting spot, illuminated by the silver rays of the moon; the odorous gale which breathed from every side; and the presence of my adorable nymph, plunged my senses and fancy into a delicious delirium, and I imagined myself transported into the fairy land. This conception was strengthened by the apparent impossibility of such a charming place being so near the residence of my father, and yet remaining concealed from all his family.

"My fair unknown entertained me, as we wandered through this fascinating spot, with such delightful discourse, as gave me the most exalted opinion of her understanding and fancy, and all with a frankness and confidence as if we were brother and sister. At length we passed by an ivory bridge over the canal, and found ourselves again in the forest near the spot where I had met with my lovely companion.

"The morn began to empurple the eastern heaven; she perceived it, and said:—

"We must now separate; but if my society have any charms for thee, thou mayest enjoy it every night, by repairing at the hour of twilight to this tower. She then pointed out to me a beaten path on the other side of the ruins, which in less than an hour conducted me to my residence. After accompanying me some part of the way, she disappeared so suddenly that I proceeded several steps without missing her.

"I need not tell thee, Osmandyas, that I used the permission which my unknown fair had given me; and fortunately neither my father nor any of the family seemed to view my conduct with suspicion. Sometimes I pretended excursions of pleasure, sometimes the chase,

sometimes little journeys, to account for my nocturnal absences. My friends seemed satisfied by these pretexts, and were not surprised at my sleeping half of every day, nor alarmed at my spending every night abroad.

"By these means I passed some weeks, in the regular enjoyment of the most fascinating converse with my unknown fair. I expressed to her all I felt towards her; she in return suffered me to read in her soul; and, though my awe, and her virgin austerity held me within such limits, that a vestal need not have blushed at what I required and she granted, yet she knew how to affix such value to all her favours and proofs of confidence, and was so inexhaustible in brilliancy and fecundity of imagination, that her society made me the most blessed of mankind.

"She confessed to me in one of these moments of tender effusion, that from her first sight of me she had resolved to bestow on me her heart and person, should she, on examination, find me worthy her choice. She owned too, that my contempt for the earthly fair, and my love for the more refined beings of the elements, had raised me in her esteem; but she persisted to make her name and nature a secret to me till she had sufficient proofs, that the integrity and constancy of my passion distinguished it from the frail, fallacious love of others of my race.

"As I really adored her, and was ready to sacrifice my every interest for her, I was not slow to offer my passion to any test; but so profound was my reverence for her, and so great my fear of offending a being of her rank, by displaying too fierce desires, that I durst not treat her to shorten the period of my probation, however superfluous I thought it to her and painful to me. I redoubled my attentions and efforts to please her; I studied every art to be amiable, endeavoured to set and mould my manners by her wishes, and directed all my actions to her approbation.

"It is now about five weeks since, repairing as usual, full of fervent but respectful love, to our wonted place of meeting, I sought her in vain among the ruins, in the arbours or walks of the garden, and at length found her on the couch in the chamber where I had first been blest with her sight. A slight rain which had fallen in the evening induced her to this precaution, as she said, for my health, which might suffer by exposure to the damps of the earth and the night air. She seemed, in this voluptuous scene, to apprehend as little the excesses of my passion, as in the former places of our nocturnal meetings. My moderation and respect justified her confidence; everything between us departed not from the purest decency; but our discourse grew imperceptibly more tender and unrestrained than it had ever hitherto been.

"She seemed to have lost all austerity, her voice softened into the accents of melting love, and the fire of her eyes darted contagious passion through the purple veil that hung from her forehead. I spoke with rapture of the joys of love, and of the blissful hopes she had encouraged me to; and, for the first time ventured to express, in the most delicate manner possible to me, the impatient expectations that fired me.

"She did not resent my boldness; but bade me wait seven days without murmurs.

"Seven days, idol of my heart," cried I, falling at her feet, "will be seven ages of intolerable torture to me. Make my trial as thou wilt, but collect together all torments, I will endure them without repining; but, oh! do not let them be thus eternal!"

"At length she was prevailed on to reduce the seven days into three.

"Give these three days," said she, with the full accent of tenderness, "to my fears of venturing my happiness on the unstable basis of human inconstancy. Employ this time in examining thy heart, and judging if it can be capable of so pure and constant an affection as beings of my nature require. Do not think this superfluous, nor reckon on my tenderness shouldst thou be capable of infidelity to me. It would indeed restrain me from any severe vengeance; but never wouldst thou see me again. I exist only in thee, but in return I demand that thy heart shall be wholly mine. If thou think me worth this sacrifice, and find thyself capable of enduring the test, return hither on the third night from the present, and we will exchange vows of eternal constancy. But now, Clodion, suffer me to quit thee!"

"Do not ask it, goddess of my soul," cried I, clasping her knees with passionate ardour; "let me here at thy feet—"

"At this instant the magic day, that filled the chamber, died into the most opaque darkness, and my fair unknown melted from my embrace. In vain I supplicated her to revisit my eyes; in vain I felt everywhere in the apartment: she was gone, and vexed and disappointed, I was obliged to console myself with the hope of a blissful recompense for my patience at the expiration of the three days.

"The interval of these three days was a chasm in my existence; during them I was a mere time-piece, and thought only to count the moments as they crept slowly along. The wished evening at length



came, and I hastened earlier than usual to the forest; but my senses were confused and dazzled with expectation and joy, and I was unable to discover the path which my beautiful nymph had pointed out to me, though I sought it most solicitously. At length I was bewildered in the forest, tried various ways without success, and was surprised by darkness before I had discovered any signs of the tower, at which I never had been so impatient to arrive.

(To be continued in our next.)

## Alice Home;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLXXVII.

THE PROJECTED POISONING.—HORACE SINGLETON'S UNEXPECTED DELAY.—THE DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

THE demeanour of Margaret Home when she reached her own apartment, was most singular and fearful to behold. Her whole form and features were those of a person possessed; passion and rage, were manifest in every lineament.

Her eyes were full of fire, and might almost be said to have emitted sparks, so glaring and bright were they, while her raven hair hung in loosened ringlets down her back, as if they had escaped by some accident; but they added a peculiar wildness to her appearance, while the dilated and sparkling eye, gave her the air of a lunatic in a sudden and violent fit of insanity.

Her veins were swollen—her white neck was crossed by the blue strings, which, from their unnatural state, appeared to be about to burst, and was almost black.

For some minutes she stood erect with her hands clenched, in the attitude of an ancient Pythoness, calling down the vengeance of the gods upon unbelieving mortals below. She changed her attitude, and essayed to speak; but no sound issued from her lips—her tongue was dry, and clave to the roof of her mouth, and her lips livid.

Then she essayed to speak but could not; words would have been a relief to her at such a moment, and tears better, but the latter she scorned, and had she not so, her parched and feverish brain could not have suffered one tear to fall.

At length, with a great effort, she spoke; but it was in such a torrent of words, that she could not have been well understood, so rapid was her utterance.

"Vengeance—vengeance!" she cried. "I will have my revenge! yes—yes! Alice Home, you are married. Well, be it so. I will be revenged upon you for all that, my revenge never sleeps. I hold my purpose, and they who thwart me, shall feel my power; but you—you, Alice—to marry—marry—(yes, I can use his name)—Horace Singleton, is a crime against me that I never will forgive. You think I am easily got rid of. Indeed, you know me not.

"And as for you, Horace, you have my bitterest enmity, and wert thou more powerful and a thousand times what you are, the offence of marrying Alice Home would be too deep and too deadly to be forgiven.

"Yes, you must die—ay, that, too, by my hand. Never shall you live to triumph over Margaret Home; that must not, cannot be. You have caused the last lingering motive to quit my breast that I had to spare you and your father, and that was your submission; but you have declared open war—be it so. You have set me at defiance, and I am your foe—ay, to the last extremity, I will show no mercy—none—none.

"Mercy!—where was the mercy that was shown to my parents, and such as was meted to them, shall be offered you."

She paused, and appeared to consider for a moment, and then starting suddenly, she exclaimed with great energy,—

"Yes, poison—it shall be poison—he shall die the death of a dog—fearful—painful—all that humanity can suffer, you shall suffer, and your bride, Alice, shall be the spectator of your pangs, and know that you are dying—a rare bridal this will be, a merry place indeed will the house of Sir Charles Home present.

"Yes, he, too, will suffer—death and disgrace will cling to them all, like the plague of Egypt. He shall have it in wine—yes, wine—he drinks wine—a rare liquid it shall be. Instead of carrying gladness to her heart, it will carry pangs to the brain. Instead of mirth and joy, delour and misery shall follow."

She hastily rang the bell; but with such a pull, that every servant in the house started, as the sound came ringing in his ears, worse than an alarm.

"That's Miss Margaret," cried Salmon. "I wonder what's the matter, now. In my opinion, she's decidedly mad—ay, mischievously and dangerously mad. I wonder Sir Charles don't have her confined; but lor, he's very little better himself. I wonder what this house will come to next."

Another furious ring stopped the flow of Salmon's eloquence, and Thomas said,—

"Are you not going to attend to that bell? Miss Margaret will not let you off easily if you let her ring twice—go on, you'll get into a pretty scrimmage if you don't."

Before this was finished, Salmon was half way to her apartment, which he opened with much fear and trembling.

"Bring me wine!" exclaimed Margaret, in a voice and manner that caused Salmon to start back, not simply astonished and awed, but he was literally frightened.

"W—w—what—miss?" he at length stammered out. "What did you say?"

"Wine, fool—bring me wine, instantly."

Salmon was gone ere she could say another word, and made the best of his way down stairs, where he related all that had occurred, begging for mercy they would give him the wine Miss Margaret wanted.

"Wine?"

"Yes."

"Well, but what wine?" they all exclaimed, thinking either something dreadful had happened, or Salmon was going into a fit.

"Margaret's wine! Oh! for God's sake give me the wine, she's mad and will bite me."

Indeed by his earnestness, rather than from really understanding the nature of his wants, they thrust a bottle and a waiter before him, both of which he seized and ran up stairs as if he had been threatened by some formidable foe from behind. He dared not stop to hesitate at the door, but he at once opened it, saying,—

"Here's—the—the wine, Miss Margaret."

"Put it down," exclaimed Margaret, in short, sharp, and dissonant accents that caused him to start so that the bottle rolled from one end of the tray to the other; but he caught it before it fell, and placing it on the table, he looked at Margaret as much as to say, "Is that all?"

"Begone!" said Margaret, and before she could repeat the injunction he was gone. She then took the wine and emptied the contents of a packet into it, and then replaced the bottle upon the table, where she contemplated it in silence.

"Yes," she at length exclaimed, "that will indeed do my behest; death will surely visit those who drink of that, and then, Margaret Home triumphs. I wonder what can detain Horace so long? He should have been home long ere this. His home! well, I suppose, it will shortly become one to him for a limited period, and then the quiet grave closes over his anticipated life of happiness and pleasure.

"'Twill be a scene fit for a painter, to see him in his last agonies, and she in the depths of despair and anguish. He is late—I wonder why he comes not. He will return, for Alice is here."

There was more than one who expected Horace Singleton home ere this. Alice sat anxiously waiting his return, but yet he came not. She felt very unhappy at his absence, a dread of she knew not what, came over her mind; some ill defined foreboding appeared to hang over her mind. Her fear was for Horace's sake; not one particle of selfishness was present to mar the purity of her feelings, but yet she wished that Horace was home. It was long past the hour she had anticipated his return.

With the best possible intentions, a man may be delayed and kept from those with whom he would rather be, than even with those in whose company he might at the moment be in.

Such was Horace Singleton's case. Biggs was a sincere and staunch friend of Horace's, and, notwithstanding that gentleman's eccentricities, Horace returned his friendship.

Just as Horace Singleton was about to quit the Albany, he heard a strange noise and confusion of voices on the stairs.

"No, no, don't pull so, I ain't going to run away, my good man."

"Oh, ain't you; I takes very good care of that. I'll hold you as long as the tail holds."

"There, God bless my heart, you've torn the tail of my coat off."

In another moment, Biggs entered the chambers, closely followed by two men, bailiffs. The scene was extremely ludicrous, but Horace forbore to smile, on account of Biggs's evident embarrassment.

"Here you see's the consequence of doing a kind action," said Biggs.

"A kind action," repeated Horace. "What, have you got into somebody's debt, and won't pay him?"

"That's the ticket, yer honour," replied one of the men; "this ere gentlemen is took for debt."



"Well, said Biggs, "I don't owe anybody a penny, but I made myself answerable for the debt of another, and I am suddenly arrested. Bail me out, Horace, I can't go to prison."

"I will be this gentleman's security," replied Horace; "you will not detain him after that?"

"But I must, I can't take anybody's words, whatsoe'er; he must go to a sponging-house; they charges, but he can settle all there."

There was no help for it, and to a sponging-house Biggs must go, and Horace determined to see his friend out of this trouble, and when they got there, Biggs ordered wine, but he was so terrified at the expense, that he could not be induced to touch it.

After much delay, and some difficulty, Biggs was set free, and when once in Chancery-lane, Horace shook Biggs by the hand, and bade him a hearty adieu, he ran up Chancery-lane and took the first coach, and ordered to be driven to Sir Charles's as fast as they could go, for he knew he was late, and yet he could not avoid being so.

#### CHAPTER CLXXVIII.

SIR CHARLES HOME'S REFLECTIONS.—THE DEPARTURE FOR DOVER.  
—THE EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.

WE will now, for a brief space, return to the unhappy baronet.

As the evening set in, the mind of Sir Charles Home became restless and uneasy; he dared not trust himself to look even towards the quarter where he knew the post-chaise was in waiting for him, lest by the slightest circumstance he should betray himself, and thus cut off the only hope he had of life.

The evening was one he would have chosen had he had the power to do so.

The season had set in but sadly, and instead of fine bracing weather, there had been but a succession of disagreeables, while but on one or two occasions anything like clear and favourable weather was experienced.

The rain had now continued some hours, and the streets were but thinly peopled, for none who could afford to stay in, or hire a vehicle, would think of venturing out on such an inclement night.

Now and then a passenger might be heard in a hurried step as he passed along the nearly deserted streets, but this was only in the less frequented parts of the town—those places where men congregated together for business pursuits. In the principal thoroughfares there was still an endless line of human beings making a progress one way or another.

The stream of umbrellas that appeared floating along was a singular and often an amusing sight; but neither this nor aught else did Sir Charles Home see.

To him the pelt of the rain and the howling of the wind, as it rose and fell in occasional gusts with great violence, did indeed convey some comfort to his excited and painfully agitated mind.

Often would he pull out his watch and examine the hour, and then turn his attention to the weather, as though he feared a cessation before a certain minute, and some dreadfully heavy and disastrous consequence would immediately ensue.

How his heart beat, and how his blood jumped through his veins as he became conscious that each succeeding half hour diminished the time between that moment and that in which he had determined to start for Dover, and yet much might happen before that moment had expired. Some unfortunate event might happen to precipitate matters, and then, at the very moment, when he believed himself safest, he might be dragged back from the very carriage seat to meet infamy and death.

There was no escaping from the dilemma in which he was placed, but far from it—he was as fixed as fate. The deed was done that had had been so strongly prohibited. There remained now but the chance of escape from punishment that was sure to follow.

This Sir Charles Home was now endeavouring to accomplish as quietly as he possibly could—his whole and sole anxiety being now regarding the successful issue of his journey.

So strongly was Sir Charles's mind bent upon the performance of that one event, that, were he but checked for an hour, serious injury would no doubt ensue to him from such an event, however free it might be from any other consequence.

He had taken farewell of Alice, his darling and beloved child, for whose happiness he was even at that moment risking so much—nay, even periling his own life; he had bidden Horace Singleton, now his son-in-law, farewell, and commended Alice to his keeping, believing that, if he knew aught of the human heart, her happiness was secured for life.

These considerations, so long as he dwelt on them, acted as oil upon troubled waters to his mental anxiety; but no sooner did some more immediate and less happy thought cross his mind than he became as disturbed and as timid as ever.

The hour was now approaching. Scarce half an hour intervened between him and the moment when he hoped to hear the sound of the wheels and the clattering of hoofs that were bearing him fast from the spot where he had been the actor in more than one fearful drama.

Anxiously and carefully did he search over his person to make sure that both money and jewellery were about him.

Yes, he had all he intended to carry away with him. So far all was right. Time pressed. The moment was approaching. Sir Charles Home's mouth was parched, his very body trembled, and cautiously and heedfully did he look around on all sides to see that no one watched him—no, no eye saw him—no soul, save his own, was aware of his intended departure—a few minutes more, and his fate was decided.

Sir Charles barely breathed; he anticipated each moment that he should be seized by some unseen hand, and whirled back from the carriage as he was about to enter it.

The cold, wet, and miserable night had no effect on Sir Charles Home—he was perfectly insensible to it—he felt it not—his mind was scarce capable at that time of containing more than one idea, and that was his escape from the enemies that beset him.

"Hark, the chimes!—yes, the chimes. The hour has arrived—yes, eight—nine—nine was the hour."

The last stroke scarcely sounded on the night air, ere Sir Charles, casting a hasty and careful glance around him, almost bounded towards the spot where he had ordered the post chaise to be in waiting.

Yes, it was there; all as he had desired. The moment he appeared the steps were lowered, and Sir Charles sprang in, saying,—

"Drive on, my good fellow, as fast as you can; I will reward you amply."

The man touched his hat, and hastily put up the steps, and then closed the door; but appeared to hesitate, and at length said,—

"To Dover, sir?"

"Yes, as fast as you can go."

"Yes, sir."

"You have good cattle, as I desired you?"

"The best that can be had, sir, I'll warrant. They will carry you on handsomely, I'll undertake to say."

"Then be quick. If I am twelve miles hence before ten o'clock, I will give you a guinea each; so hasten to your saddle."

The man in another instant was in his saddle, and said to his companion, in a hurried voice, as they rolled off,—

"Drive like h—ll, Bob! A guinea each if we do twelve miles in less than an hour."

Smack went the whips, and the rattle of the wheels, as they emerged into the crowded streets, was music to the ears of Sir Charles Home, who threw himself back into the carriage, and drew the side blinds, so that no one could gain a glimpse of himself; keeping the front, indeed, up, that he might occasionally urge the post-boys onwards, and that he might ascertain where he was each moment of his rapid flight.

This was a moment of such ease and happiness to Sir Charles Home, that he could scarce believe himself travelling from his enemies. Safety he thought now certain. He could not be sure that he was leaving London; it was too important a step to be successful in, after his late repeated failures in all that he had attempted.

A deep sigh passed from his breast, and he breathed freely. Now so much had been done, he had leisure to look back upon the past, and again he congratulated himself upon Alice's marriage with Horace Singleton—they were happy.

Oh! what revenge was there in that thought! What would be the feelings of Margaret Home and the Avenger when they came to be informed of the occurrence. The bitterness of their disappointment, and their rage, were sweet to the mind of Sir Charles, who could enjoy the idea that he was causing those who were doing him so much injury extreme and acute suffering.

The marriage alone would not be their bitterest disappointment. His escape would be the loss of that for which they had lived, and in which they were baffled at the eleventh hour, when success in their schemes, and the downfall of Sir Charles Home, was the anticipated reward for all their exertions.

The twelve miles had been done in less than one hour, for when they stopped to change horses, the hour was scarce ten, and the postillions pocketed the reward of their exertions.

Fresh horses were put in, and again off they sped, and again did Sir Charles Home urge them to speed.

Once more did Sir Charles Home congratulate himself upon the manner in which he had managed his flight. He felt over his person again, to make sure that he had forgotten nothing.

No; all was right and Sir Charles was now fairly on the road to Dover. It was a matter of speculation to him as to how soon Margaret and the Avenger would become acquainted with his flight from them.

Perhaps not till to-morrow. Perhaps they might have already discovered it, and even a chase commenced after him at that moment.



Sir Charles ceased to feel the happiness he felt a few moments before. He listened attentively. At first he could hear nothing but the pelting storm, but then busy fancy thought she heard the sound of wheels and the tramp of horses' feet.

The thought that he was pursued, and that his pursuers were within hearing, for some moments paralysed Sir Charles Home. He leaned his head out of the window and listened with painful anxiety.

All his self-congratulations had flown, and he was once more the thing of every varying emotion of fear and deadly hate.

"Drive on!" he exclaimed, frantically, to the postillions—"drive on to the utmost speed your horses will go, and ample rewards shall be yours. Drive on, and gold shall be your reward."

Thus he went on at every stage, urging the men by large rewards to put their beasts to the utmost they could do, and Sir Charles Home's gold was freely given.

Still on they went. He listened for the sounds of pursuit; sometimes he heard it and sometimes he could not, and he began to doubt whether or not it was merely the effect of his imagination, diseased as it was; but now he thought he could again hear the clatter of horses' feet. A little more than half the distance had now been accomplished, and as yet he saw not any signs of pursuit, though busy fancy pictured such to be the case.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE PARTING HOUR.

I knelt beside his dying couch,  
And hushed the rising sigh,  
And caught his last fond look of love  
Ere the spirit soar'd on high.

My thoughts roll'd wildly o'er the past,  
And memory lent her aid  
To summon back the hours that seem'd  
For love and rapture made.

To childhood's dream, that vision bright,  
The young alone can prove;  
To all the days and years that bless'd  
Our early happy love;

To well remembered spots where oft  
We've sat for hours together,  
And vow'd eternal lasting faith  
That nought on earth should sever.

I thought on all and madly gazed  
Upon that sunken eye,  
Then rais'd my voice and heart to Heaven,  
And pray'd I too might die.

One gentle sigh, the happy soul  
To its lasting home had fled,  
And they bore me from that sadden'd scene,  
And laid him among the dead.

And they bid me cease on him to think,  
Or his image to recal;  
But can I forget him—my hope, my joy,  
My light, my life, my all!

M. C. B.

**SAVINGS OF ANTISTHENESES.**—Laertius has enumerated many of the sayings of Antisthenes, but like the witticisms of the ancients in general, most of them have an elaborate and ponderous air to a modern taste. One that has been often quoted, in his sarcasms on the foolish choice of their magistrates and other public officers, frequently made by his fellow citizens, is, he advised them one day, with a serious air, to set to work and make their asses horses, and when they stared at the absurdity of the proposal, and exclaimed, "That the thing could not be done," he answered, "It will be done, if you merely command it; do you not in this way, every day, do what is quite as wonderful—turning incapables and blockheads into generals and admirals? Another which illustrates his religious opinions is, his answer to the priest of the Orphic mysteries, when he was assured by that personage, "That all who should be initiated therein, would enjoy eternal felicity after death." "Why, then," said he, "do you not die?" He was himself sceptical of a future state. When Diogenes came to visit him a short time before his death, as he lay ill in bed, he eagerly expressed his impatience under his sufferings. "Here," said his derisive and unceremonious pupil offering him a knife, "this will relieve you in a moment." "Ah!" answered Antisthenes, "It is not my life that I want to get rid of, but my pain."

## THE CORSICAN.

A FEW years since there was no chief road from Ajaccio to Bastia. It is not more than twenty-five years since a direct and regular means of communication has been established between the two metropolitan cities of Corsica. A small and dangerous route, scarce large enough for two mules abreast, led formerly from Ajaccio to the delightful village of Bogognano, placed on a jutting point of that long chain of mountains that cuts the island of Corsica from north to south.

From thence a foot road, more suited for the antelope than for man, extends its capricious and dangerous windings through the flanks of the mountain, and by the side of the fort of Vizzavona, leading obliquely into the centre of the forest of that name, and rejoining, by the valley, the road that leads to Corte.

An immense bridge of granite now throws its massive arch over the roaring torrent of Vivaro, where formerly a few perilously supported planks trembled under the foot of the venturesome traveller.

In those unhappy times, in the midst of the incessant wars that ravaged the country, it was so difficult and dangerous to move from place to place, that it was seldom a visit was hazarded to this country; and never but by armed and numerous parties,—the nature of the country being equally to be dreaded with the wild and desperate character of the inhabitants.

One thing alone remains unchanged by time—the nature of the country. Always savage, but grand in its simplicity—full of character and spirit in its sterile nakedness. Then, as now, elevated six thousand feet above the level of the sea, stood the ancient forest of Vizzavona, full of mysterious murmurs and melancholy moanings.

Upon the eastern flank of the mountain, under the shade of the gigantic elms and towering pine trees, were grouped a few miserable cabins—the little village of Moreto—one house alone remains, all the others have disappeared under the destroying hands of war and pillage. The Corsican could point out the destructive deeds of all ages, and write his history in the blood of his race, that each succeeding year had flowed in torrents.

Among the miserable ruins of Moreto, one house is remarkable from its white walls and restored buildings. The proprietors were formerly rich possessors, but a predatory war of thirty years had completely ruined them. Of this family the father and two of his sons had successively fallen under the weapons of the enemy.

The last male heir of this family still existed, with his sister, and they endeavoured to console themselves for their long history of misery and blood, by saying to each other—"We are avenged—completely, terribly avenged."

This last son had, indeed, destroyed with his own hand the chief of the enemies of his house. With his own hand he had fired their dwellings, and seen the last building crumble into ashes—forcing into flight the chief and his infant son.

For three years he incessantly pursued him, until at length, on the Sabbath, he encountered him at the gates of Daques, and there, in open day, three times plunged his poniard into his heart, exclaiming in a voice of thunder, as he struck,—

"Tis I, Ghisoni, thy mortal enemy!"

From that moment Ghisoni passed his life in quiet, and in peace with his conscience. Had he not fulfilled the most sacred duty of a son and of a Corsican? The race of his enemies was annihilated. The last that was able to bear arms had fallen under his poniard.

No doubt a scion still existed—the infant of which we have spoken; but he had not been seen again, and for ten years had entirely disappeared.

Thus they lived in solitude, holding no communication with the world—Nicolo Ghisoni and his sister, younger than himself. He loved her as much as it was possible for a man like him to love. After his carbine, and the blood-stained garments of his father, she was the dearest object in the world.

You might have said that he did not wish to show a brother's love, but that he laboured to conceal his tenderness under a veil of severity and sadness.

His only thought, his only object appeared to be to restore the honour of his house. For seven years he had persevered with an economy known only in Corsica—laboured with an activity, a perseverance, of which no other country can give an example.

By his untiring industry, the vineyards were again covered with flowers and fruit. His grounds were again filled with cattle, and stalls for their protection were raised behind the house.

Ghisoni passed among his mountain friends for rich. However he might be flattered by the distinction, no alteration in his appearance or deportment betrayed his feeling. He still preserved the rustic costume of the mountaineer, and each succeeding Sabbath was seen in the church of Vivaro, in his father's place.

For a young girl full of life and love, it must be admitted, this was a



solitary existence; never seeing other than the sombre figure of Nicolo and his terrible carbine. The cares of the establishment, which the pride of the Corsican abandoned to the female, occupied one part of the day; study filled up the rest, for her brother had been well educated for a mountaineer, and omitted no opportunity of securing books and means of instruction for his sister.

The long evenings appeared most tedious. During the hours of sunshine, the young females of the village would appear clothed in their smartest attire, and urge their merry dances under the shade of the gigantic pine trees.

But the pride of Nicolo, who was the chief of the little clan, would not permit his sister to mingle in their sports; the poor girl thus lived a prisoner's life. Throughout the week she had but one day of joy—the Sunday.

On each succeeding Sabbath her brother, or more frequently an old aunt who lived with them, conducted her to the distant church of Vivano. This long walk was, indeed, happiness to Angelina; all her youthful spirits flowed afresh, and she pursued the mountain path with the life and joy of the antelope.

It was on a Sunday in April, that Angelina, in the happy consciousness of liberty, and full of those soft emotions that the first breath of spring had given birth to in her soul, returned with her aunt from Vivano to her home.

Old Nuccia, unmoved, pursued her staid and measured pace. The poor girl's spirits carried her hither and thither; now threading the trees and thickets after a gaudy butterfly, or stooping to gather the wild flowers from the turf. Suddenly she perceived one of those brilliant reptiles coiled in the sunbeams that the children of the mountain secure and trifle with unharmed. She endeavoured, cautiously, to obtain the glittering prize, that, startled at her approach, made a sudden spring, and concealed itself in the bushes.

Alarmed by the unexpected movement, Angelina gave a piercing scream. Nuccia turned in terror, while her niece, followed by a young man who had sprung from the thicket at the sound, rushed towards her pale and breathless.

Nuccia trembled violently. The man she never seen before, but his features were impressed with a terrible resemblance—a resemblance to a family she had too much cause to know. By instinct she recognized the serpent that Ghisoni had failed to destroy in the shell. Nuccia extended her arms towards her niece, but Angelina, overcome by terror, stumbled over a pine root, and fell senseless to the ground.

At one bound, the young man was by her side. His object was unknown to Nuccia, for thinking Angelina dead, she took to sudden flight, uttering shrieks for help that resounded through the forest, and were echoed back by the most distant recesses of the mountains.

Angelina and the stranger remained alone. For some minutes he stood gazing at the young female, who, stunned by her fall, lay senseless before him. He bent his knee, and endeavoured to raise her towards him, without knowing what means to take for her restoration.

Angelina moved not. She was before him, pale and helpless, but lovely in her paleness beyond all the wanderer's eye had looked upon. The young man sought for help, and endeavoured to call back the old woman who had fled at his approach; but she had disappeared.

What was to be done? At length he gently passed his arms around the fainting form of Angelina, and raising the precious burden with precaution, bore her through the thicket to a small cavern in the rock, where a bubbling fountain gave refreshing coolness to the air. Here a few drops of water sprinkled on her forehead, restored Angelina to consciousness, who, overcome with terror to find herself alone in that desert place, in the power of the bandit, threw herself at his knees, while her streaming tears moistened the ground beneath his feet.

"Oh! do not injure me!" she said. "I am a poor girl, who never did you harm; let me pass in quiet to my home! I will pray for you each day, and the holy Virgin will reward you."

The young man could not withdraw his gaze of admiration from Angelina. He heard her voice; but the ears of that banished man, accustomed only to the rush of torrents and the roaring of the tempest, could not understand the words.

And there she was, so beautiful in her sad despair—her maiden bashfulness. Through the thick tresses of her hair, that escaped from its control, and fell in rich luxuriance from her forehead, scarcely dared she turn her dark and humid eyes upon the Corsican; while he, fascinated to the spot, listened with his soul, and would not dare to breathe, lest he might lose the smallest sound of that adored, that heavenly voice.

"And wherefore should you fear me?" said he, in a tone mingled with jest and earnest. He was grieved to see her tremble thus before him, and yet, strange thought, he wished her still to fear, that she might retain the touching attitude of her grief.

His faltering voice revealed to Angelina her woman's power, and she felt conscious of her ascendancy over the man; so, without trembling, she looked upon the stranger.

He was a young man, of eighteen years at least; his swarthy visage bronzed deeper by the sunbeams. His features spoke a quick intelligence, and were shaded by locks of raven blackness. Both his features and his figure betrayed the working of the most savage passions; but in that moment, under the control of softer thoughts, were remarkable for their beauty.

Motionless he gazed upon that divine creature, whose strange and sudden apparition had diverted his thoughts from blood and vengeance. Angelina lowered her eyes, perhaps again in terror; but, nevertheless, she did not tremble.

"Who are you?" asked the Corsican, raising her.

She shrunk not; but, when he touched her, she started as from an electric shock. This caused him to recoil a pace.

"Who are you?" repeated he, in a voice of the most touching softness.

"Angelina Ghisoni, sister of Nicolo," said she. "I live near here, at the village of Moreto."

"Nicholo Ghisoni!" cried he, with the fury of a lion. "Sister of the man who destroyed my father! I have sworn his death upon the dead body of my father. I will keep my oath. Lead me to him—I will keep my oath!"

The unhappy Angelina threw herself at his feet, and wrung her hands in supplication to the mortal enemy of her house. This female, who a moment before was conscious of her woman's power, was changed to a timid child, trembling in agony for her brother's life.

"Mercy! mercy!" murmured she at length, in trembling accents.

The Corsican felt himself again disarmed in presence of that gentle creature who thus claimed an empire over his soul. A softer expression chased the fury from his features, and his uplifted arm fell motionless by his side.

"Hear me!" he said at length. "I will recount to you how I have passed ten years; then you will understand why I require your brother's life. I saw him—I was then an infant, but the image is ever before my eyes—yes, I saw him, in cold blood, plunge his poniard into my father's heart."

"Helpless and unarmed, I threw myself upon him—I seized his legs—I forced my teeth into his flesh—I drank his blood! He threw me from him in contempt, not thinking me worth the trouble of destruction. Yes, 'tis his death! I have sworn it by this arm, that was dripping with my father's blood!"

"From that moment my life has been a dream—barely preserved from famine by my carbine, for seldom has pity thrown me bread. Thus have I passed ten long years—observe me!—ten years of misery and suffering, without a shelter, wandering in savage wildness round the mountains."

"Seldom have my lips breathed other name than Ghisoni. Of every passer I have demanded, 'Know you Nicolo Ghisoni? Show me his dwelling, that I may destroy him.'"

"They mocked me in reply, for I was then a child; but now I am a man, and no one dare mock me more."

"Oh, pardon! Mercy for my brother!" cried Angelina. "You shall have bread for life. 'Tis I who wish to nourish you. I will give you shelter, and each day these hands shall bring you food."

A sudden thought seemed to cross the soul of the Corsican, and with a melancholy smile upon his features, he fixed his fiery glance upon the maiden. Angelina became suffused with blushes, but, nevertheless, she trembled not.

"Observe me well," said he, approaching slowly, and the soft tones of his voice sunk into the maiden's heart. "I am a savage beast—not one yet has been able to tame. Tell me, young woman, what is it that you would do? Will you have pity on an outcast wretch? Can you restore a family, a home, a country, to one whom your brother has deprived of all? Will you be to me these, yes, all these, and more? Then from my heart I'll pray for you. Yes, like the infant wild I pray for you, that the mother brings to pray before the Virgin. Yes, 'tis your love alone can change me into man. You do not answer," said he in sorrow, as if he understood the silence of Angelina. "You fear me—you wish to fly—I see it well! Then go! I wish no more to detain you. My heart was once as good as yours. No—no—I would not have you love me—I have too much misery! Nevertheless, I still am young—so young—and still one thought, one horrible scene pursues me! Yes, ever, ever, the same bitter scene besets me—a memory that drives me to folly—to fury!"

The Corsican paused, and scarcely breathed. There was an irresistible charm in his language—his excess of passion. Angelina laboured to control her emotion. She wished to reply. The streaming eyes of the Corsican appeared to wait with anxiety for a word—a single word of consolation. She thought it was in her power to save her brother's life; but at what a price!

"You will not destroy my brother?" murmured she, at length, in a gentle and confiding tone; "for my sake you will not destroy him."



The outcast started, a light of happiness sparkled from his eyes. The dread of frightening the maiden from her confidence controlled alone the full expression of his joy.

"How could I otherwise prove the full extent of my love?" cried he. "With what happiness will I sacrifice my oath and revenge; but you will love me—will you not? You will love me well? Every day you will come to see—to speak to me? Be not hindered by your brother, for if you come not I may be mad, and then—but, adieu. If in three days I do not see you here, I go myself to the dwelling-place of Nicolo Ghisoni, and then one of us must die—him or me. It matters little; but you promise—do you not?"

Struck to the soul, Angeolina knew not whether to consent or refuse. The fiery spirit of her race scorned to be influenced by threats. But then the suffering of that wretched man. Might it not be an interposition of Heaven to heal a deadly feud, and check the flow of blood. So, with a faltering voice, she said,—

"But if my brother should surprise us?"

"O!" exclaimed the Corsican, transported. "Then you promise I shall see you," and, in the excess of his joy, he forgot his oath of blood; "fear nothing for him—for Nicolo Ghisoni; were he at this moment here I would not harm a hair upon his head for love of you."

"If he should destroy you?"

"I should die in your arms."

Angeolina was unable to reply, and, with downcast eyes and beating heart, she accepted the gentle and respectful assistance of the Corsican to regain the beaten path. She thought over the danger of her position. She no longer feared the outcast. She feared only for herself. Ought she to link herself to the Corsican? Ought those two to be united, that fate, by the most terrible decrees, had apparently separated for ever? They reached the path in safety.

"Farewell! to-morrow!" cried the Corsican, and without giving the maiden time to reply, he disappeared in the thick recesses of the wood.

A few paces distant she discovered her aunt kneeling at the foot of a rude cross, and with sighs and tears entreating the Virgin for protection for her niece. Angeolina had no difficulty in persuading her aunt that sudden illness had caused the accident: her niece was safely restored, and Nuccia wished to know no more; but little danger was to be apprehended from the sombre Ghisoni. He only required answers to his questions, and Ghisoni's questions were few and short.

From that moment Angeolina each morning sought the forest. The dependants, accustomed to her rambles, disturbed her not. Thus, every day, she passed some hours with a man that, by a dread fatality, she had so much cause to fear, and now had learnt to love. Two months flew swiftly. The tenderness of her love augmented daily. With the most jealous care she locked her secret in her breast, and strove to hide her feelings from herself. Dear maid, her happiness was too complete to last. The agitated manner of Ghisoni foretold a matter she was unable to divine.

"At last I shall be informed," she cried, as Ghisoni one morning, his face less severe, and his manner more gentle, entered the chamber of his sister.

"Angeolina," said he, "it is time to settle. You appear to like to pass your life in thoughtful solitude. I have thought of this. Pietro Ricardi, of Vivano, asks your hand. He is willing to take the name of Ghisoni, which otherwise would die with me. I am well pleased at it. I have given him my word. The marriage shall take place in fifteen days; therefore, see you are prepared." He turned suddenly and left the room, not waiting for a reply, and chose to interpret favourably the silence of his sister.

Angeolina was for the moment overcome. She wished instantly to carry these frightful tidings to him who was dearest to her in the world. Some unlucky accident, however, detained Nicolo all day in the house, and in the evening she was seized with a violent fever, that left her without power to quit her bed. The anxiety increased each moment as she communed with herself. "What will he think, should the news reach him by other means? The Corsican, driven to despair, will force himself into the house, and, before my brother, declare that I am his. Then—horror."

Three days were passed in agony. Notwithstanding the fever that consumed her, she never, by word or act, betrayed her heart. O ten, forgetful of her weakness, she wished to rise from her bed and hasten to her lover. But old Nuccia watched her closely. On the third day the fever left her, and her aunt, weary, with her watching, was forced to seek repose. Angeolina remained alone, abandoned to her grief.

"Three days of sorrow; to-morrow I at least shall speak to him. But there is a long night between, and in that time what may not happen?" Angeolina raised herself in trembling weakness from her bed, and placed herself at the window, through which the forest breezes came with refreshing coolness on her fevered forehead. The night was serene and tranquil, and the heavens resplendent with countless stars, that cast a soft and doubtful light upon the earth. All nature seemed reposing

after the exhausting heat of a long summer day. Not a sound was heard but the distant warbling of the nightingale, and the murmuring of the ancient cypress trees, that cast their funeral shadow over that angle of the mansion.

Angeolina sank into a profound reverie, from which a sudden movement made her start. She observed a figure issue from the long avenue of trees. Her heart beat violently.

It was the outlaw. It was indeed himself. She recognised him on the instant. Her stifled cry died upon her lips. At peril of his life the Corsican climbed the high wall, and after a minute of agonising suspense was before her. Transported with joy he threw himself on his knee, and taking her hand, still burning with the fever, covered it with kisses. A slight noise was heard—what could it be? perhaps a window shaken by the wind. Angeolina scarcely dared to breathe. A silence like the grave succeeded. There at her feet, the presence of her best beloved restored her courage. But the moment had been terrible, and that interview, so sweet, so full of joy to both, must end. Delay a minute, and the life of one or both must be the price. The Corsican at length yielded to the entreaties of the maiden, and tore himself from her arms, pronouncing a thousand vows of love. He knew that Angeolina lived, and that she loved him. That was all the world to him. The outlaw descended the high wall, and bounding lightly on the earth, retreated rapidly. Angeolina followed him with her eyes until he disappeared among the trees. Then she thought she had the glimpse of a human form that pursued him in the darkness.

Was it an illusion? was she deceived by the uncertain shadows of the night? What presentiment—what horrible emotion struck upon her heart?

"Angelo," she called, in a convulsed and stifled voice.

No reply was given. A deep groan was heard. She became immovable, breathless in the agony of listening. A savage and convulsive laugh broke the deathlike silence. It was himself—she knew it well—it was her brother. But once before in her life had she heard that laugh. Angeolina heard or saw no more. She descended precipitately the ancient stairs, and flew with desperate rapidity towards the spot. At that moment the moon rose tranquilly above the mountains of Vivano, and her pale and sickly light displayed a scene of horror. A bleeding corpse upon the earth, and a man beside it. The bleeding body was her lover, the man beside it was her brother. Nicolo, awakened by the noise, had learned the secret of his sister; and discovering, by his distinct and imprudent words, the son of his mortal enemy, had thus completed his revenge. The measure of his happiness was full. He had now no soul on earth to hate or destroy.

Nicolo heard and knew his sister's footsteps; nevertheless, he recoiled before her. That young maid, so soft, so calm, had become a fury. Her large black eyes, still dilated with the fever, threw their glances on him. The fire of anger had replaced the pallor of sickness on her lips, while her long dark hair fell in disorder on her neck. She was no more the gentle sister; but realized the terrible Medusa, or the lioness suddenly deprived of her offspring.

"Miserable murderer! give me back my best beloved," she cried, with fury, and in a voice that made the iron heart of Nicolo to tremble. "Wherefore have you murdered him? because I loved him; is it not so?"

"I have done it," growled he, "because he was our mortal enemy."

"Yes, you have murdered him," she replied, with increasing energy; "you struck him in the back. In the shade of night. Miserable assassin! You were too base to measure swords with him in the face of day."

"Beware, Angeolina! beware of your own safety," said the Corsican, and his dagger glistened in the moonbeams as he raised it.

"Ay, strike! Destroy me also! What, do you pause? I am but a woman! You do not fear me—do you?" Then, with a frenzied joy, she sprung so close to the arm of Nicolo, that his poniard grazed her bosom, and would have pierced her heart, had not the hand of the Corsican trembled like an infant.

But the crisis past, the rage, like a hectic flush, as suddenly expired. Without thought of her brother, Angeolina threw herself upon the dead body that but a few minutes before was full of life and love. The rage, too strong for woman's heart, spent itself in tears and sobs. The savage Nicolo was moved to pity. He would have plunged his poniard in her heart; but that would have been to condemn himself. Besides, the true descendant of his race, he was the slave of his word, and had he not given it to Pietro Ricardi? He had no longer power over Angeolina.

"Yes, complete the rendezvous upon the dead body of your lover," said he, repeating the same savage laugh that had announced to Angeolina the fate of Angelo. "I go this instant to Vivano to relate to your affianced husband how faithful you are to him. You will answer to me for that body at my return—you understand me?"

Angeolina heard not, knew not, what was passing round her. Her



only movement was to press convulsively the lifeless form before her. She understood the full extent of her misery, the reality of the horror. She placed her hand upon his heart—the heart that only beat for her. With all the anxiety of her soul she sought for one pulse as indicative of returning life. Could it be? Yes, 'twas there—one pulse; but so weak—so feeble; it was only the maiden's love could have discerned it. A cry of joy escaped her, and her heart beat violently. But, alas! poor girl, it was the last adieu of that cherished life. The last glimmer of the lamp before it expired for ever.

The moonbeams shone on the pale and motionless form of the young outlaw. Upon his features might still be seen the lingering traces of the melancholy smile which is often observed on the lips of those who meet their death by sudden and unexpected means. With a mingled feeling of grief and terror, that no language can describe, Angelina continued to gaze upon that marble visage. Still the morning broke not. By the earliest twilight her brother would return with her intended husband and his friends.

She already saw herself the mark of shame; pointed at by children. What then? She must fly. But the dead body of her lover; must she abandon that to the mockeries of the crowd, and expose him, after death, to the cruel insults of her brother? She looked despairingly upon her delicate arms, wasted by the fever.

"What matters it?" thought she; "Heaven will give me strength, and if I fall I shall die, and then no human power can part us."

She knelt, and tried to pray. In vain—in vain! Her lips could only pronounce the name of God, and one other name; but He who protects the unfortunate heard the prayer. With a supernatural strength Angelina raised the body of her lover to her shoulder, and, guided by strange instinct, bore the precious burden, in that uncertain light, to the spot, where, with the poor outlaw at her feet, she had dreamed of happiness on earth; here she placed it on the moss-grown bank, where often they had sat in happiness together. For a moment, by the melancholy light of the moon, she looked around; then, with her fair and delicate hands, she dug a grave in the soft earth, large enough to contain the body of her lover. She looked upon him for the last time; no rest was there to bless the grave. She knelt and prayed fervently; then, drawing the consecrated emblem from her neck, she placed it on the bosom of her lover, imprinting upon his forehead a last kiss of love and pity. She cast her eyes around, and observed a huge mass of granite, on which, in happier days, she had engraved her name and Angelo's. How often had her lover smiled at her childish efforts to remove it; but, at that dreadful moment, mistress of supernatural strength, she rolled the stone over the grave of her beloved Angelo, and then fell lifeless on the surface.

In this condition, at day-break, she was discovered by Nicolo Ricciardi and his friends. Her bruised hands, and the disappearance of the corpse, sufficiently betrayed her secret; but when, after long and anxious care, she recovered her consciousness, neither menaces or prayers could induce her to reveal the grave of her beloved. Nicolo had destroyed the last of his enemies, but his triumph was purchased at a bitter price. From that fatal night, Angelina, clothed as a widow, lived in close retirement, passing the day in her chamber, and each night, at the same hour, wandering to the forest to kneel at the foot of a simple cross, that her own hands had raised upon her lover's grave. A holy terror pervaded the simple inhabitants of Moreti, who declared that the spirit of the Corsican had been seen near the place with his carbine in his hand. The iron heart of Nicolo was infected with the superstition, and he carefully shunned the spot. Ten years after, the last of the Ghisonis lay upon his death-bed. Angelina went to see him, and before he died pronounced his pardon. Since the night of the murder that was the first and last word Nicolo had heard from the mouth of his sister.

G. G. G.

### THE BEAMING EYE.

I love, when the summer moon gleams o'er the sea,  
And the stars shed their twinkling light,  
To gaze on the waters, all bounding and free,  
As they mirror the heavens so bright;  
And I love to view the sun's first blaze  
As it peeps from the eastern sky:  
But oh! I love far dearer to gaze  
On my Julia's beaming eye.  
I love to watch the decline of day,  
As red Sol sinks down in the west,  
And list to the lover's soft roundelay  
That tells of his fluttering breast;  
And I love, through the morning's early haze,  
Sweet nature to descry:  
But oh! I love far dearer to gaze  
On my Julia's beaming eye.

H. J. CHURCH.

## MIRANDA;

OR,

### THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLXXVII.

HALF-PAST SEVEN.—VARLEY'S ADMISSION TO THE PRISON.—THE IDIOT AND THE CROWD.—THE FUNERAL KNELL.

In a few moments Miranda was introduced into the room where were the sheriff and the governor. It was a small apartment, connecting the private rooms of the governor with the other portion of the building, and went by the name of the common room, owing to its being made usually a waiting-room for parties coming with messages to the governor.

Miranda had scarcely entered, and been kindly handed to a seat by the sheriff, who, despite his resolve to see nothing, had too much of the gentleman in him to be uncourteous, when the chaplain made his appearance by another door, fully attired in his canonicals.

He stood near the door at which he entered, and it would seem as if he was on good terms with neither the sheriff nor the governor, the latter of whom immediately approached Miranda, saying,—

"You shall see him? I will have him brought here to you in a few minutes."

Miranda did not speak; but she looked up in the governor's face with a thankful expression, combined with such an appearance of suffering, that it smote him to the heart.

"God help you!" he said; "God help you!"

"Amen!" was all Miranda could reply, and that was in a tone so different from that in which she usually spoke, that even Mr. Anderson started, and could hardly tell whether it was from her the word had proceeded.

"If," said the sheriff, "the unhappy prisoner is innocent, Heaven have mercy on us all, and on his accusers."

Miranda shuddered and moaned audibly. She had not the spirit now to speak; she could only suffer.

Here the chaplain advanced, and standing a few paces from Miranda, he said in a nasal tone, such as would well become some groaning conventicle,—

"Young woman—young woman, if you have come to this prison-house to see the grievous sinner who is about to be launched into eternity, and to fill his awfully sinful mind with yearnings for life, and the things that belong to the earth earthly, I tell you to begone—avaunt! If you come to withdraw the mind of a wretched man from a contemplation of the awful original sin in which he was born, and for which he must suffer, except through atonement and everlasting torments, I again say avaunt! Get thee hence, agent of Satan—get behind me."

"Who is this man," said Miranda, "who thus insults misfortune, and steps between Heaven and its creatures with such denunciations as these?"

"This man," said the governor, "is an intolerant bigotted priest, who I will at once remove from the room, if he dare address you contrary to your wishes."

"You dare not," cried the chaplain, turning most unchristianly angry. "I say you dare not. For your place you dare not. It is my duty to attend upon criminals in this place, and I insist upon being permitted to do so."

"You know me sufficiently," remarked the former, "to be aware, by this time, that considerations connected with what you call my place, would not prevent me from kicking you into the street, and you ought to know, if you do not, that, although you are paid for attending to the spiritual wants of prisoners, you have no right to force your presence or your doctrines upon any one."

"You will hear of this in another place," said the chaplain. "I will make you repent of this."

"Hear him—hear him. How very meek and Christian-like is this holy man. He can, however, condescend to threaten. It is sufficient that Rowland Percy refuses your ministering, and as for this young lady she is my guest, and I will not have her annoyed by you."

The chaplain was in a great passion; but he seemed, at all events, to think discretion the better part of valour, and he no longer confronted Miranda; but walking to the window, put up an extemporaneous prayer, in which he begged he might not be made too proud, in consequence of the assurance he felt that he was one of what he called the elect, and hoped the governor of the prison and Miranda Baskley



light, albeit they were scoffers and mockers, and dared to use the reason God had given them in matters of belief, be saved from fire everlasting.

The prayer was couched in a form, and uttered in a tone which implied a strong conviction that it was of no use at all, and that Miranda and the governor would both be burnt for ever, which we may fairly resume was a great and pious consolation to the chaplain.

The same door at which the chaplain had entered the room was now opened, and preceded by one turnkey, while he was closely followed by another, Rowland Percy made his sad and melancholy appearance.

Miranda and he saw each other at the same moment. To pronounce each other's names was the first impulse. In another instant she was ying on his bosom, alike indifferent of who was present, or what might be their opinions of her for so acting.

In her own innocence and sweet purity lay her strength. The governor and the sheriff were visibly affected. As for the chaplain, he looked perfectly aghast, and after lifting up his hands in holy horror, he turned to the governor and said indignantly,—

"Do you—dare you allow such awful immorality to take place within these walls?"

"No," said the governor.

"But look—look—the young woman embraceth the young man who is to be hung and then d—d."

"Oh, I don't call that immorality. The immorality lies wholly in your vicious mind, which puts an immoral construction upon the most innocent and pure actions that can be conceived."

"Miranda—my Miranda!" sighed Rowland; "am I, indeed, so blessed as to see you once again?"

"Yes, Rowland, it is your own Miranda. She, who even now, would die to save you. Rowland, let me look upon your face. Let me see that you can meet, as a man and an innocent one, even this misery as becomes you. Rowland, dear—dear Rowland, dearer now than ever, I shall not be absent from you long. The world and I have done with each other even now. Look up, Rowland, and let me see your face again."

"Call upon your Redeemer," said the chaplain. "Do not talk of love here."

"Silence, priest!" cried Miranda; "profane not the now holy atmosphere of this place, made beautiful by the presence of guileless hearts. Remember, God hears you even as he hears us."

"My darling Miranda!" said Rowland Percy; "death's pangs will not have half their bitterness now. I thought I should not see you again, and that even now, without a last kind word from your lips, I was being hurried forth to die."

"No, Rowland, no. There are still hearts that feel for us; still voices that will breathe kind words of us when we are both gone. I have prayed to be permitted to follow you soon to that world where no false witness will avail—where an infallible judge is the only judge, and where we shall meet my dear father, too, and you, Rowland. Oh, that I could die to-day—this hour—now, Rowland—this moment—cradled on your breast—held to your heart—in your arms—my Rowland—my affianced husband—dearer to me for all your sufferings—closer to my heart for all your persecutions."

"Oh, this is a foretaste of Heaven," cried Rowland, with a cheerful voice.

"What wretches," muttered the chaplain.

"You are happier, Rowland. Death is but a fleeting pang—would I could share it with you. And the time will come, too, when your name, in this world, will be rescued from the obloquy cast upon it, and your innocence will be made apparent. I should like to see that day; but still, even for such a triumph, I would not live."

"Nay, my Miranda, live on, and if it be permitted for the spirits of those who have gone before to bring a blessing to the earth they have quitted, and breathe soft visions of happiness into the ears of those whom they loved while in life, I will be to you such a minister of joy, waiting, not with impatience, but hope, for the day when we shall meet to part no more."

Miranda led Rowland to the window, and then looked long and anxiously in his face. Alas! it bore too evident marks of mental pain, and, with a deep sigh, she said,

"Rowland, you have suffered much. Surely your reward will be great."

"I have my reward," he replied. "The brightest, best, highest reward I can have is your love. These few moments, Miranda, repay me for all."

"Then fate, after all, has not succeeded in bowing completely our hearts to its stern decrees," said Miranda. "Rowland, I—I hope that my heart will break to-day."

The chaplain commenced a hymn entirely on his own account, in which nobody joined, and then he took out his watch, and told the governor it only wanted twenty minutes to eight, to which the governor

made no reply, but turned his back upon the evangelical chaplain, who then applied to the sheriff, who told him to mind his own business.

"Dearest!" whispered Rowland Percy, "allow me now to bid you farewell. Let me implore you now to go home with Mr. Anderson—I pray you do so—now—now."

"Not yet, Rowland—not yet; I—I cannot leave you yet. Surely they will not drag you from me. I feel strong, and will resist them. Rowland—Rowland, do not look so sad; they shall not tear you from me."

"Oh, Miranda—Miranda! Leave me now. As you love me, leave me now."

"No. As I love you, so will I remain. Let them kill me in wrestling you from me, Rowland—then, and not till then, shall they separate us."

The door of the room was opened, and the mayor of York made his appearance, arrayed in his robes of office. Then came several other of the functionaries of the city—sad indices of the lapse of time.

Miranda tightened her grasp of Percy, who looked the living picture of despair. She gazed around her like one distracted, and with a voice that was perfectly appalling, she said,

"No, no; you cannot—dare not kill him. Why do you all glare on him as if you would make him your prey? Think he is guilty! Oh, no, you cannot; he never harmed you or yours. It is my father he is accused of killing, and I declare him innocent. Touch him who dares. God knows he is innocent. You will not murder him. You are men; you have brave hearts, full of human and kindly sympathies. I tell you Rowland Percy is innocent—I swear it—before the Majesty of Heaven I swear it. Save him—save him. Give him to me. Let me take him home. Mercy!—mercy!—mercy!"

"This is terrible," said the governor.

"A quarter to eight," said the chaplain.

The mayor trembled and turned towards the door, which was on the instant thrown wide open, disclosing two men with white wands, and a third behind them, who carried a coil of rope.

A shriek burst from Miranda's lips, and she twined her arms round Rowland so tightly that it seemed next to impossible to tear him from that wild embrace.

As for Rowland himself he seemed distracted. Every vestige of colour had left his cheeks—a dewy moisture stood upon his brow, and all he could do was to lift up his hands, and keep repeating the one awful abjuration of

"God! God! God!"

The scene was indeed a terrible one—one calculated to live in the memories of all who witnessed it while life remained. Even the chaplain shrunk back and looked terrified, while the book he carried dropped from his hands on to the floor of the room.

"It must be done," said the sheriff, in half choked accents to the mayor. "It must be done."

Miranda heard him, and answered by an appalling shriek.

"Help—help—help!" she cried. "Wit! God of Heaven, is there no help? Off, murderers!—off. Mercy—mercy!—you shall not kill him."

She twined her arms still tighter round the prisoner, and none liked to be the first to raise a hand to tear him from her grasp.

#### CHAPTER CLXXXVIII.

TWITTER IN THE CROWD.—THE IDIOT.—VARLEY'S APPEARANCE AND DANGER.—THE PARTIAL RIOT.—VARLEY'S ADMITTANCE TO THE PRISON.

SAMUEL TWITTER was much relieved by the recent circumstances that had occurred to give his fate an apparently different complexion. He felt quite certain now that his letter to the mayor had been lost, and he almost laughed as he congratulated himself upon the rare accident which had saved him from the evil consequences of his detention in England.

"So much for providential circumstances," he muttered. "Providence works for me as well as for others. I may as well consider that I am saved by a special interposition, for who would have at all calculated upon the rare accident of a packet, addressed properly to the mayor of York, never reaching its destination?"

He then smiled, as the van proceeded through the crowded streets, and he found himself getting comfortably on without the trouble of pushing his way. Perhaps the full dose of rum and milk he had had contributed a little, having been thrown, as it was, upon an empty stomach, to make his reflections of a light and lively order; but, be that as it may, certainly Samuel Twitter, considering all things, his peculiar disposition included, never had been in better spirits than on that morning.

By degrees, however, as he neared the place of execution, his natural timidity exerted itself a little, and he began to think he would rather



have been in a less conspicuous position than he was, and yet he reasoned with himself—

"Why should I care? I am free; and, moreover, I wish particularly to see Bernard Varley, for from him I must and will procure funds to carry me out of England, and then from some secure foreign land I can send another accusation of him to the proper authorities. What matters it to me that Rowland Percy, innocent though he be, is hung first?—not a whit—not a whit; it will not decrease Varley's danger; on the contrary, it will tend to make his crime appear the greater. Let Percy be hung then by all means."

The progress of the van now was exceedingly slow, for the people were so closely wedged together in the principal streets leading to the place of execution that any attempt to get on quickly would have been resented and unquestionably frustrated by the mob.

As it was, there was much swearing and tumult as the van proceeded, and Samuel Twitter slunk down low in the vehicle in order to escape observation as much as possible, for although he did not think he ran any danger by being seen, yet he thought it might be pleasanter if he were out of sight of the mob, some members of which might recognise him, and confer on him an unenviable notoriety.

At a sudden turning now the scaffold, with all its frightful appendages, came to view, and a cold shudder came over Twitter as he gasped to himself,—

"If—if now that scaffold was erected for me instead of him who is to suffer, I—I think I should drop down dead ere I reached it. I'm sure I should."

The van driver now, after several ineffectual attempts to get a little nearer, was compelled to be content where he was, and turning to those he had brought with him to see the sight, he said, as he shook his head,—

"We shan't get a better place than this. We ought to have been sooner; but who would have expected such a crowd?—why, we might walk on the people's heads."

And such, indeed, was the fact, for from the spot where the van was compelled to halt to the scaffold was now one dense mass of human heads. It seemed as if it would have been impossible to have wedged in another human being, so closely packed were those already there. All eyes appeared turned towards the scaffold—a circumstance which gave Twitter more courage to stand up in the van and look around him, for he was very near the outskirts of the crowd, and, consequently, not likely to be seen or recognised. A confused noise pervaded the vast assemblage, and here and there, by undulations among the mass of humanity, it would seem as if some partial rioting was taking place, either in consequence of some person striving to force himself unduly forward, or, as was the real case in many instances, from the frantic efforts of somebody who had been waiting long and was half dead from exhaustion, to escape from the terrific pressure of the mob around him.

There were women, too, in that vast assemblage, and if one place more than another was dangerous to get into, or troublesome to escape from, there to be sure were women, and some of them screamed till the crowd became sympathetic, and made a lane for them to escape by; but the sympathy was in many cases thrown away, for, after adjusting their disordered apparel, they again pressed forward to get into the same difficulty as before.

Some of these—shall we say ladies?—had brought young children in their arms, and when they got into the middle of the crowd they, with a mock feeling, asked those around them if they had the hearts to push a baby.

Beyond this moving throng Twitter saw the uniforms of the dragoons, who were drawn up round the scaffold, so as to keep the pressure of the mob off it, which they succeeded in doing by now and then letting the horses tread on the toes of the most forward of the sight lovers.

Oh, how Twitter congratulated himself that he was in a van, and free from the pressure and inconvenience of the mob. That Varley would be there he did not doubt for a moment, for he well knew how his rascally coadjutor in villany had set his heart upon the execution of Rowland, and he turned his eyes in all directions, and scrutinised the faces at every window with the hope of discovering him.

All his endeavours, however, were in vain—no Varley could he see; for although that ruffian had secured a place from which he could see the execution, and had paid a high price for the exclusive use of a window, the attempt he had made to induce Miranda to listen to him at the last hour had so much delayed him in reaching it, that after the most tremendous efforts, he began to think it impossible to force his way through such a mob as had assembled. Still in his attempt he succeeded so far as to wedge himself in the crowd to that extent that it became doubtful whether it was not just as difficult to get back again as to go on.

Varley's height gave him an advantage in some respects; but, as the sequel showed, it was of great disadvantage in others, for it made him

very conspicuous, and liable to be recognised by some of those very persons who, in their love of a riot more than their hatred to him, had before done him the honour of hunting him through the streets of York, at the great damage of his person and near risk of his life; for mobs are not very particular, and whether their victim be a mad dog, an over-driven bullock, or a man, it's much the same. The only fact worthy of remark being, that the human animal is the only one that shows a strong disposition always to hunt down its own kind.

Varley then had hardly relaxed a little in his endeavours to push his way to the house where he had engaged a window from which he could see the execution, when a screaming shout from some short distance behind him came like some well-remembered tone to his ears, and in the next moment he heard the cry which had annoyed him so often.

"Bernard Varley. Ha! ha! ha! Hanged at York. Bernard Varley will be hanged at York yet. There—there goes the murderer; look at him well that you may know him again when he is hanged at York."

This was quite a treat for the mob, and in an instant Varley was greeted with a shout that struck terror to his heart, for he knew himself to be surrounded by many desperate men who had been waiting for amusement for some hours, and would gladly seize the first opportunity that presented itself for a little interlude before the play begun.

The idiot was within half-a-dozen feet of him, and Varley's first impulse was to make a rush in that direction and strike him down if possible. Oh, how pleased he would have been to have got him trampled to death, and so been rid for ever of his evil greeting. In the attempt, however, he most signally failed, and only brought upon himself the resentment of those who were in his way. Again the idiot raised his crazed voice, shouting,—

"Hanged at York—hanged at York! Bernard Varley will be hanged at York, and I shall see it. Ho! ho! ho! A brave sight—a gallant, noble sight will be Bernard Varley's hanging at York."

Varley was not quite so unprepared for a personal encounter with either an individual or a mob as we have hitherto found him, for since his little adventure with Mr. Jones he had taken counsel with himself how he should best provide against such attacks for the future. His first impulse had been to provide himself constantly with loaded firearms, and shoot any one who should attempt to meddle with him in any way. But there was one objection to the use of the pistol which did not escape Varley's penetration, and that was, that when once discharged, and possibly the object missed, it was an utterly useless weapon.

Moreover, in a crowd such as that which was now beginning to hustle him, he could shoot but one person, which would be ample excuse for the others tearing him to pieces. No; Bernard Varley resolved upon not using pistols on every provocation; but he provided himself with two of those formidable weapons called self-protectors, and he made up his mind that should he ever again have to battle for his life amongst an enraged multitude of persons it should be with one of them in each hand.

When, therefore he now found that he was prevented from reaching the idiot and wreaking his vengeance upon him, he drew out the two with which he was provided, and commenced so desperate an attack upon all who opposed his progress, that he cut for himself a lane through the people, despite all their efforts to detain him.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed (post-paid) to the Editor, which will meet with immediate attention.

H. J. CHURCH.—As it is our wish to avoid meddling with politics in the "Miscellany," we are obliged to decline the "Rhymes." Thanks for "Woman."

W. B.—Thirty-six numbers; 4s. bound.

W. GREEN.—We really cannot make the "Miscellany" a vehicle for amatory correspondence.

A CONSTANT READER (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Out of print at present.

T. ALFRED F. (Stratford).—Accepted.

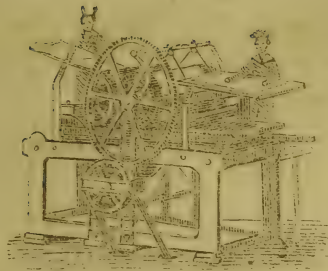
"The Smuggler of Wapping."—Would the author oblige us with the conclusion?

Accepted.—"Natural Revelation;" "The Last Farewell;" "The Sabbath;" "The Spirit's Music;" "The Masked Lady;" "The Nymph of the Lurel Berg;" and "Gilbert the Bold."

Declined with thanks.—"The Ship on Fire;" "To a Friend;" "A Remarkable Anecdote;" "On Leaving my Native Place;" "The Confession;" and "The Effects of Death."



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## LOVE AND AMITY; OR, THE WARRIOR MAID.

In one of those cities in Germany which the French army, under Marshal de Turenne, had taken by storm, in the year 1678, a small body of soldiers of the garrison were still making a resolute defence, and seemed all determined to sell their lives dearly, when the general himself arrived at the place, where these valiant men were signaling themselves. The marshal's presence, however, inspired the French with fresh courage; they quickly laid at their feet the remainder of those who continued to resist them.

In a very short time but few of them remained alive, amongst whom were three young volunteers, whose excellent mien and noble air sufficiently showed them to be persons of distinction, and who soon acquired the admiration of the marshal by their prodigious bravery; being greatly moved by their youth and good appearance, he immediately put an end to so unequal a combat, and advanced towards them, surrounded by his principal officers, to give them some mark of his esteem, and enquire who they were; but before he could get at them, one of the three who had fought as long as he had any strength left, dropped down motionless, and instantly expired.

Upon this, one of the two who survived threw himself headlong upon the body of the deceased, with all the signs of a despair so violent, as to give reason for fearing he would attempt shortening his own life; whilst the other, who had received several wounds, and being quite covered with blood, that streamed from all parts, not being able any longer to bear up against the sorrow that overpowered him, fell into a swoon, which seemed the forerunner of approaching death.

The marshal, being greatly affected by this melancholy and affecting scene, took care himself to have him taken into a neighbouring house, and had his wounds dressed in his presence. Whilst he was thus employed, some officers, who by his order had performed the same charitable office to the other, came into the room, and by what they told him, increased his pity and compassion, but added to his surprise and admiration.

This young volunteer had scarce got to the house to which they removed him, but being overcome with the fatigues he had gone through, and quite spent with the violent emotion caused by his despair, his senses at once forsook him, and he fainted away. Upon this they immediately undressed him with all speed, to get him into bed; but judge how great was their amazement, when on pulling off his clothes, they found that this warrior, who had acquired their esteem a little before, sword in hand, by his bravery, was a woman in disguise.

Upon hearing this account, the generous Marshal de Turenne being affected more and more, and suspecting, not without reason, that some important secret was concealed under this metamorphosis, gave strict orders that double care should be taken of her, and that she should be attended by her own sex.

Towards the evening, he that was wounded began to mend, and there were great hopes of his recovery; but whatever they about him would do, it was impossible to prevent him from giving himself up to the most immoderate grief, continually with his eyes drowned in tears, and also he would call with vehemence on the names of his two companions, and his sighs, sobs, and lamentations, were so moving, that they forced the pearly drops from all who stood by, which being related to the marshal, made him so much the more impatient to hear the story of those brave volunteers.

Accordingly, next day, being followed by some of his principal officers, whom curiosity induced to accompany him, he went to visit the

wounded unknown, stayed to see the first dressing taken off, and heard with pleasure that his wounds were but slight, and could not be attended with any dangerous consequences, it being evident that his illness proceeded chiefly from his weakness, through the great quantity of blood which he had lost.

The marshal also being informed that he might engage him in discourse without any prejudice to his health, was just about to desire that he would satisfy his curiosity, when the unknown prevented him, by giving him thanks for all the testimonies he had received of his goodness.

The noble and graceful manner in which he delivered his acknowledgments on this occasion, heightened Monsieur de Turenne's opinion of his merit, and induced him to compliment him in the most obliging manner imaginable; after which, he begged he might be favoured with a recital, both of his own adventures and those of the young amazon, his fellow prisoner, at least with such of them as might be related, without any detriment to the fair captive, since her disguise was no longer a secret.

This request drew the tears afresh from the wounded unknown, which having wiped from his cheeks, and heaving a deep sigh,—

"My lord," answered he, "I return the sincerest thanks to Heaven, and to you, for your great generosity in preserving my life, since you have enabled me to discharge whatever I am indebted, either to love or friendship; and yet, alas, after the loss I have just sustained, of the most sincere friend, I know not whether the life I owe to your goodness ought any longer to be deemed a benefit, and should I be able to survive any time that of my dear companion, who was my second self, I must expect to pass the remainder of my days in bitterness and sorrow.

"What a shame is it for me, my well beloved friend, that I seconded your courage no better. However, since fortune has not suffered me to follow you to the grave, but has saved me from a death, that redounds altogether to your honour, I will devote my life wholly to the service of her who was the idol of your soul. I will make it my sole business to assuage her grief, and ease her of all her cares. I will entertain her continually with an encomium on your virtues, and though I cannot help adoring her likewise to the last gasp, I shall at least be able to respect your memory, and will sacrifice even my love to you; the fair one who was the object of both our vows, shall never hear from me one syllable of a passion that may affect her.

"Excuse, my lord," continued the young stranger, addressing himself to Monsieur de Turenne, "the agitation of a soul, which feels at this moment all the anguish and concern which the most tender love and the most unfeigned friendship can occasion, excuse these overflowsings of my heart, which now seem mysterious and obscure to you; they will no longer be so presently, when you are informed, that these two passions have caused all the happiness and all the trouble of my life.

I was born at Ingoldstadt, a considerable town in Bavaria; my name is Salborg, and my extraction noble. Being once at the court of Munich, I there got acquainted with Baron Straalun, a young nobleman about my own age, who had been page to the elector, and was born at Emberg, the capital of that part of the palatinate which belongs to Bavaria. Our mutual conversation soon produced so great a liking to each other, that we were scarce ever seen asunder, and this grew in a short time to so strict and sincere a friendship, that we were commonly called by the names of those famous Greeks, Pylades and Orestes, who owe their immortality to their reciprocal and inviolable affection. You will judge, my lord, whether we deserved these glorious names where-with they honoured us.



Be that as it will, our intimacy was founded upon our mutual love of virtue, the resemblance of our tempers, and the conformity of our inclinations, which was so great, that when we separated from each other, though this happened very seldom, that sweet sympathy, which united our hearts, created in us a violent longing and impatience, again to rejoin each other, as is felt by two of the most tender lovers, when they have been absent for some time, and ardently wished to meet once more.

On the contrary, when we were together, no melancholy, no heaviness, could ever find place in our souls; a mutual satisfaction and content was always visible in our faces, for a lively and cheerful mirth continually enlivening our conversation, left no room for satiety or dullness—in short, we had always a thousand things to say to each other.

If we ever happened to be of different opinions, we disputed without bitterness; being only affected by a love of truth, we either maintained our sentiments with mildness and moderation, or gave them up without being ashamed of so doing. However we spent our time, whether at our serious or more leisure hours, we were always employed alike, and both our studies and diversions were continually the same, for we both equally abhorred debauchery, and applied ourselves wholly to the perfecting ourselves in those exercises and services which were proper for persons of our birth.

Thus every day passed away so agreeably, that it seemed but as a moment, nor were we asunder ever at night, for we lay in one and the same chamber, as we had but one purse, one table, and one lodging; nay, our very equipage, footmen, and liveries, were all the same, and in common.

Whether the desire of visiting our friends, or any other motive, carried us to our respective countries, Emberg always saw me enter her walls in company with my dear Straalun, and I never set my foot in Ingoldstadt, without being attended by my inseparable friend. He would insist on my being master in his house, and I did the same when he was at mine; nay, even our very servants valued themselves upon their concurring with us, as far as lay in their power, in our views and in our friendship, inasmuch that if any one happened to ask them their master's name, they would immediately answer, they belonged to the two friends.

To sum up all in a few words, my lord, so extraordinary and perfect an union became the common subject of discourse, both at court, in the city of Munich, and at the places of our nativity; in short, it gained for us the admiration of the whole world.

Even love itself seemed for a long time to respect a friendship that was so singular, for, during the four first years we lived together in this strict intimacy, it never offered to disturb our sweet tranquillity, by those tumultuous emotions, which it usually causes in the minds of its vassals; we had, till then, beheld the charms of the greatest beauties without being affected by them; being fully satisfied with enjoying each others company, we formed no other desire, nor had no other ambition than to love, and be beloved mutually by each other.

But soon after the fatal moment marked out by the destinies for the loss of my friend's liberty, did not fail to arrive, and it was within the walls of Ingoldstadt that love lay in ambush for him, and prepared us for such a train of misfortunes, as we were not able to foresee.

One day we were walking together at an assembly; a young lady came in, who did not use to appear frequently in public; she was a person of quality, and her name was Clarinda. The charms of this blooming beauty made so violent and sudden an impression upon the heart of Baron Straalun, that his seeing her, and conceiving the utmost affection for her, was the work of one and the same instant, as I immediately perceived.

On our return home to my house, he made her the sole subject of conversation. I thought he would never have been weary of talking of her, and launching into extravagant encomiums upon her charms, and, as I scarcely joined at all in his exaggerated praise, but affected great coldness in all my answers to him on that head, it nettled him to that degree, that he could not forbear crying out, in a sort of pet,—

"He who does not allow that Clarinda is the most absolute beauty in the universe, must be very ill-natured, or have a wretched taste."

This amorous rant made me burst into such a fit of laughter, as was very near provoking my friend to anger in good earnest; but I knew the way to appease him immediately. Accordingly I said,—

"My dear Straalun, who pretends to dispute upon Clarinda's being a perfect nonpareil? I will readily agree with you that her charms are matchless, provided you will own to me, what I know as well as you do yourself, namely that you are desperately in love with her; but it will not be enough for you to confess this truth unless you likewise promise that this new passion shall no ways undermine our friendship, nor cause any alteration in our way of living till this time. I place all my happiness so entirely in our reciprocal affection, that I should never forgive Clarinda, or any one else who should be the occasion of interrupting the harmony which has hitherto subsisted between us."

"My dear Salborg," said the young baron, returning my embrace with equal heartiness, "it was never my intent to conceal from you the present situation of my soul; you are too tenderly beloved by me, and I repose too great a confidence in you to disguise anything from you. I confess, then, I do love Clarinda; love her did I say? I adore her, and Cupid himself lay perdu within her bright eyes when first I beheld her. The dart wherewith he has wounded me has penetrated to the utmost recesses of my heart; I have known her but a few hours, and yet my passion has grown to such a height, that it seems impossible it should admit of any increase, in short; I dare be confident it will never end but with my life."

"My dear baron," replied I, laughing, "I see plainly by your discourse that kind of witchcraft which is the usual effect of a new passion; thus do all talk when their hearts are first smitten. Everything seems incomparable in the person whose chains they wear, but very frequently a small matter will make them speak very differently, and a mere trifle will remove the veil that was first before their eyes. A fire which is kindled with such suddenness and whose flame bursts out with such violence in an instant, is seldom long before it abates considerably, and even goes quite out like the snuff of a candle. However, be that as it may, my dear baron, I have reason to complain of you; the charms of your new engagement transport you to such a degree, that you forget to dispel the fears it causes in your friend. What, my dear Straalun, would you then renounce an old, inseparable associate, for a mistress, of whose humour and character you are as yet altogether ignorant. For my part, I am something versed in women, and know they cannot suffer any partnership, let it be of what nature it will, and a friend is sometimes thought as dangerous by them as a rival. They expect to reign absolutely in a heart, and are bent upon banishing from them every one but themselves. Consider, therefore, well beforehand; if Clarinda should require such a sacrifice from you, should you be able to refuse it?"

"How injurious are your suspicions of me!" returned the baron, "and how cruelly you wrong the fair Clarinda. Do you seriously imagine that divine charmer would suffer the little caprices and mean jealousy of her sex to transport her so far as to oppose a correspondence so innocent as ours? Wherefore should you think me capable of changing my sentiments of you? Cannot love and friendship subsist at one and the same time in our heart? Have not each of them their separate rights, which may be easily reconciled together? The having a mistress, let her be loved ever so tenderly, can be no obstacle to our retaining a sincere friendship; on the contrary, a virtuous and true friend can never cease to be infinitely valuable, for what relief may not two lovers hope for from one in whom such confidence may be reposed?"

"Instead, therefore, of your having any room to be alarmed at this new passion, my dear Salborg, I ought to be apprehensive on that account; in short, I ought to conjure you not to let Clarinda become an obstacle on your side to the continuance of our mutual friendship, and should beg you to bear with this engagement, which shall never diminish the affection that unites our hearts. But about what are we amusing ourselves? With what fancies am I deluding myself! I talk to you as if Clarinda had already admitted my addresses, and perhaps, alas! the cruel fair one will only receive me with rigour, and take pleasure in my sufferings. Ah! for pity's sake, dear friend, assist me with your good advice, and tell me what course I must resolve on to induce her to accept of my sincere and tender passion."

"I am not sorry, my dear Straalun," answered I, "if it is decreed your heart must be in love, that your heart has declared itself in favour of a person with whom I may be enabled to do you some good offices. Clarinda and myself were not only born in the same town, but I am one of her relations; it is true we are not very near akin, but yet this little gives me free admittance to her father's, and I can easily introduce you, after which you must do the rest; you must find the inlets to her heart, which will not undoubtedly reject the offer of a man of your merit and extraction."

On saying this the baron was not able to contain himself for joy; but, embracing me several times, he conjured me to set about it earnestly next morning, and to forward his happiness as much as possible. In effect, he was so much captivated, that he talked all night of nothing but the charms of Clarinda, and assured me that the good offices I promised to render him to my fair kinswoman, would be the greatest proof I could give him of my sincerity and friendship, for her love was already become as dear to him as life itself.

Nevertheless, I was far from being certain that the effects would be answerable to my hopes, of which I endeavoured to make him sensible before it was too late, what powerful obstacles there were to the attainment of his desires; but my friend was not daunted by anything. When I found, therefore, that whatever difficulties I started only increased the ardour of his passion, I assured him I would overlook all considerations in order to serve him, having nothing more at heart than to hasten his satisfaction.



Accordingly, next day I set about the performance of my promise of going to see my beautiful cousin. I prevailed on her insensibly to admit of a visit from my friend; indeed, he went several times with me to pay his respects to her, till at last he found a favourable opportunity to declare his passion to her, which was neither received so well as to give him any hopes, nor so ill as entirely to discourage him. He did not despair, therefore, of one day touching her heart.

Nor was he deceived, for in a little while she began to listen to him with pleasure; and, though she did not let one word slip, whereon he might ground any reliance, he might reasonably flatter himself with the thought that she would not hold out long.

In the meanwhile I did not fail to go often by myself to Clarinda, whom I continually entertained with the encomiums on the baron's fine accomplishments; and, as my friendship for him rendered me eloquent in his behalf, it was no difficult matter for me to persuade her what I really believed myself. In fact, the fair maiden suffered herself to be staggered at last by my discourse, after which the baron's good mien, and the charms of his conversation, soon got the better of her indifference, and she confessed she found herself disposed to favour him. This acknowledgment filled my friend with the most lively transports, wherein my friendship made me sympathise with him.

Having succeeded thus far in our design, we next concerted measures how to overcome the obstacles that were likely to prevent his happiness, one of which, above all, seemed to us insurmountable. But is there anything impossible to love, especially when it is seconded and assisted by friendship?

Gilbert, the father of Clarinda, when a widower, had taken for his second wife a very rich widow, and she had a son by her first marriage, who, it had been agreed between the two parents, was designed to be the husband of this fair maiden.

The two children had never been consulted on this head, both being at that time too young to give a valid consent to the agreement of the old folks.

It was interest alone that induced Gilbert to marry the widow, and make this stipulation, and as this was his predominant passion, and the time was now come for the accomplishment of this hopeful engagement, it was no wonder that he bent all his thoughts on seeing it performed.

But Brian, the widow's son, was disagreeable in his person, without one good quality to recommend him, or lessen that aversion which the sight of him naturally created. It was not at all surprising, therefore, that Clarinda, whose reason increased as she grew in years, and who was, consequently, not ignorant of her own charms, could not behold the unworthy object to whom she was to be sacrificed, without horror.

Accordingly, she lamented every day the unnatural tyranny of her father, who, in spite of all her remonstrances against such barbarity, was obstinately resolved upon concluding the match, which could not fail of rendering her miserable.

Things were in this situation when my friend made her the offer of his heart and fortune, nor could we have chosen a better opportunity, for the aversion she conceived against Brian contributed not a little to give her a liking to the baron. Indeed, she used continually to compare the merit and agreeableness of the one with the homeliness and ill qualities of the other, which turned out so much in favour of my friend, and to the disadvantage of his rival, that she could not help thinking the former as worthy her love and esteem, as the latter was her contempt and hatred.

Whilst the young baron was thus gaining ground more and more by his assiduous addresses, in the breast of this fair maiden, Brian began to take notice of the favour she showed his rival, and as he was cursed with so many defects, to all of which it was impossible he should be quite blind, he could not fail of becoming jealous.

Accordingly, he complained, threatened, and made a great noise; but his complaints, threatenings, and clamour served only to render the baron yet more dear to her.

At last, being exasperated at seeing he was only an object of contempt to her, he informed Gilbert what he had discovered, and this unjust father, who was wholly intent upon providing a rich husband for his daughter, promised Brian he would soon remove the lover who gave him umbrage.

Accordingly, on that very day he enjoined Clarinda not to admit of Baron Straalun's visits, and in vain did she use her utmost efforts to prevail on him to revoke that injunction. She had even recourse to a flood of tears, and repeated sighs, together with the most moving entreaties and supplications, and all to no purpose. To as little effect did she extol his noble birth, and insist upon the honour done her family by his addresses. Gilbert still continued inflexible, stopping her mouth always by dwelling upon Brian's great riches, and the promise he had made his mother when he married her.

Thus did sordid interest cause him to sacrifice the peace and content

of his only child to the mean view of filling his own coffers by continuing still to manage Brian's estate, and the empty honour of keeping a rash and unjust promise.

Nor was he satisfied with having forbid his daughter's admitting the baron's visits, but happening to meet him two or three hours after, he accosted him bluntly, and desired he would refrain from visiting his house.

My friend was not a little provoked at this rudeness and incivility; but he prudently dissembled his resentment, rightly judging that he ought to keep fair with the father of the lady he adored, and being afraid of ruining his own designs by exasperating the mind of a man naturally obstinate and haughty, he answered him with great moderation, but without engaging to renounce the sight of Clarinda, for whom, on the contrary, he expressed, even then, the greatest value and esteem.

After this, however, it became necessary to visit her no longer at home, but to find out some other places where they might meet each other without offence. Accordingly, they had their interviews at divers houses of their friends or acquaintance, as often as prudence would permit, and renewed their assurances of remaining inviolably constant to each other, let what would happen.

But whatever precautions these two lovers took to see one another without any risk, Brian soon discovered that their mutual correspondence still continued, and not only doubled his complaints and menaces, but engaged his mother to prevail on her father to treat her with severity; upon which that wicked woman, who was a downright domestic fury, would not suffer her husband to enjoy any quiet till she had satiated, upon that helpless and innocent victim, the hatred she bore her. How many mothers-in-law may see their own pictures in this description. In short, Gilbert carried the ill-usage of his daughter to an excess, and even threatened to confine her in a nunnery if she did not quickly break off all intercourse with my friend.

The young baron received the news of this inhuman behaviour with all the sorrow a lover can possibly feel, and I stood in need of all the influence I had over his temper, in order to restrain his fury. Had I not abated its violence, its effects had been both fatal to Gilbert and Brian, but I made a shift, though with abundance of difficulty, to persuade him to bear with all moderation, and prevailed on him not only to give way to his sudden storm, but even to leave Ingoldstadt for a time, promising to stay behind myself, both to take care of his interest with Clarinda, and to prevent them exercising any violence over his lover.

I also undertook to give him notice of all that passed in his absence, which assurance, with his firm reliance on my friendship and vigilance, pacifying him in some measure, he set out for Munich, without being able to get an interview with his mistress: being forced, then, to content himself with unbosoming himself by letter, he vented his grief in the most moving and pathetic terms sorrow could find or language afford.

As soon as he arrived at the place of his exile, for that was the title he gave to the place of his banishment from his mistress, on this occasion, he sent me word that the most charming objects the court had been able to produce, were eclipsed by the idea of Clarinda, which always kept a firm possession of his thoughts, as she herself did his heart.

In the meantime, while I supplied his place near the maiden, who, knowing the strict friendship there was between us, she disclosed to me the inmost sentiments of her soul, with such frankness and sincerity as she would have done to the baron himself had he been present. Accordingly, I apprised my friend of the unshaken fidelity of his mistress, upon whom neither his absence nor the continual contradiction she underwent from her father and Brian, could make any impression to his disadvantage.

But, alas! how great reason had I to fear that my compliance to my friend would be fatal to myself; for it was decreed by fate that the conformity of our sentiments and inclinations should produce the same effect upon my heart as it had upon that of the baron.

By my frequent visiting Clarinda, and the opportunities it gave me of knowing her thoroughly, I conceived an affection for her, to the nature of which I was at first a stranger. Alas! it was love! and I was not sensible of it.

I could not be a moment without seeing her, and when I was with her, I knew not how to tear myself away from her. In the meanwhile I shut my eyes to the perception of such a passion, which seemed to me no more than an innocent esteem and kindness for the mistress of my friend, inasmuch that it had gathered strength considerably before I found out my mistake. I then became sensible how dangerous the office of a confidant is for a man of honour—how difficult it is to be always upon one's guard—and how hard a trial for virtue to stand firm on such slippery ground.

Being, though too late, convinced of the impression Clarinda's charms had made upon my heart, I was at first prodigiously confounded at it, and abhorred myself for my unfaithfulness to my friend. Accordingly, what reproaches did I not make myself on that account. And yet no



corner had I again seen her, than I thought myself not so highly blameable. Shall I be the first, said I to myself, whom the undertaking of so ticklish a commission with a fair lady has caused to fail? Beside's, what injury do I do my friend? Do I not know he can never enjoy Clarinda? Can he obtain her against the will of her father, and a father who is inflexible? Why should it be forbidden me to try whether I may be more successful? My birth is equal, and I have a better fortune, and Clarinda is already my relation. How many reasons are there to flatter myself with hopes of being preferred, not only to the baron, but to Brian himself, by her parents?

However, a moment after a thousand stunning reflections came to the assistance of my wavering virtue.

"Oh, Heavens!" cried I, "what would Clarinda think of me after so shameful treachery? What other fruit could I extract from it than her scorn and indignation? What will my friend say of it? Is not the bare attempt to make myself master of what is dearer to him than anything else in the world the same as if I were to plunge a dagger in his bosom? Base wretch! is this the return you make for the confidence we reposed in you? Is it thus you discharge the sacred duties of friendship? Do you not hear it complain of this violation—of all its ties within your own breast? Ah, rather recollect yourself as soon as possible, and, whilst it is yet time, blush at having conceived the thought of so monstrous perfidy."

This last reflection finished at once the dreadful conflict that was maintained for some time within my soul; reason, honour, and friendship triumphed over my revolted senses, after this generous effort to master my inclinations. I continued faithful to my friend, and, in a little while, all those pleasing fancies which had deluded me vanished away.

Nevertheless, I did not get this victory over myself without undergoing great trouble, and I had great struggles with myself whenever I was with Clarinda; however, I gained every day fresh triumphs over myself by interceding with her in behalf of my friend, the affection I bore to the one rendering me the more capable effectually to assist the love of the other. At last I gained so much power over myself, that I looked on Clarinda as my sister, and wife to one whom I loved as my brother.

In the meantime the jealous Brian had cunning enough to see through my design. As the friendship I had for the baron was universally known throughout the country, he began to suspect that under the pretence of visiting Clarinda as a relation, I continually entertained her with the love of his rival; accordingly he renewed his expostulations and complaints to her father. The mother-in-law also, for her part, looked on me with an evil eye as soon as she perceived that I was more assiduous than ever in my visits to my daughter-in-law; but whatever endeavours they used with Gilbert to induce him to forbid me the house, they never obtained their ends.

The name of relation carries with it a tie which one is not always disposed to violate. Gilbert respected me as a kinsman, and not being persuaded that I really visited his daughter with those views of which they accused me, persisted in receiving me as kindly as possible for a man of his humour and character.

It is true, indeed, that one day, being overcome by these importunities and persecutions, he begged me to remember that Brian was destined to be his daughter's husband, adding, that he desired me, therefore, not to talk to her of Baron Straalun, lest the suit of that nobleman, who was one of the handsomest and most accomplished about court, should make her more clear-sighted than was convenient to discover Brian's imperfections, which he frankly owned to be but too apparent.

"But," continued he, "I have given my word to my wife that I would see this marriage concluded, and I cannot avoid keeping it; you will, therefore, act the part of a good relation in not doing anything that will thwart my design."

"The part of a good relation," answered I, "is to endeavour to bring his kinsman to right reason when he finds him acting contrary to it. Suffer me, therefore, to tell you that you seem to me quite out of the way, when you insist on your daughter's compliance with what she looks upon as insupportable slavery. Marriage, as you cannot but know, is nothing else but the union of two persons for life, by their mutual choice and free consent; therefore, in attempting to extort a compliance from your daughter against her will, would you not break through the most venerable and sacred of all ties, at the same time you pretend to act conformably to it? Constraint and violence being in opposition to freedom, which the nature of such an union requires, do not they render it absolutely invalid, and consequently make her but a concubine, who would otherwise have been a wife, had her consent been freely given?"

"That Clarinda has an aversion to Brian is neither a secret to you nor anybody else. She has declared to you several times she will never give her consent voluntarily to this match; consider, therefore, with yourself seriously what may be the consequences of it, and do not render an only daughter the most miserable of women."

"Riches alone will not make a reasonable couple happy; the satisfaction of the mind and the union of their will can only yield that peace and harmony which conduce to the honour, security, and comfort of a married life. I should then be wanting in my duty to you as a good relation if I neglected to represent to you the dreadful ruin to which you are about to expose your daughter, who is no less virtuous than amiable. The point to be considered, is not how to make her rich, but how to make her happy."

"I know very well," cried the unnatural father, "how far my power extends, and if Clarinda be ignorant how far she ought to submit to me, I shall easily find the way to make her sensible of it. A daughter has no business to trouble herself about the choice of a husband; in that case she ought to rely entirely on her father's care, and to have no other will than his. Besides, the state of my affairs and the welfare of our house absolutely require my daughter's being married to Brian. Had it not been for this stipulation I should never have made his mother my wife. In short, I have promised him Clarinda; my word is engaged for it, and I am a slave to my word; therefore, whether my daughter consents or not, it signifies very little to me; she must submit to it, and must, therefore, tear from her heart every other passion which may prevent her nuptials with Brian."

This plain declaration made me shudder with horror; however, I had so much command over myself as not to return any answer thereto, lest by too sharp a reply I should do a real prejudice to my friend and Clarinda.

Indeed, I found that the resolution of this unjust father was fixed, and all I could say to induce him to alter it would be to no purpose; therefore I took my leave of him, after some other discourse about indifferent matters, which, giving him no room to suspect me of concerning myself in the affair, we parted very amicably.

But Brian had other more considerable causes of jealousy than any I could give him—a great number of rivals starting up of a sudden, and making their addresses to his mistress. Being prodigiously alarmed at this, he consulted with his mother, in which it was resolved by both of them to conclude the marriage as soon as possible, as the only way to deliver themselves from the disquietudes and uneasiness which these lovers could not fail to cause them.

Accordingly they proposed it to Gilbert, with the strongest importunities, and he desiring no better than to continue in possession of Brian's estate, under the pretence of his marriage with his daughter, willingly consented thereto, appointed the day, and prepared everything for this odious match.

As Clarinda did not fail to give me notice immediately what a destructive design was forming against her, I sent word of it directly to my dear Straalun, who returned to Ingoldstadt with all possible expedition, ready to run all hazards to ward off so fatal a misfortune. I found means to procure him an opportunity of seeing Clarinda in secret, and they renewed before me their vows to be each other's, whilst I promised on my side never to forsake them, but to venture everything for their service.

Indeed, the baron had recourse to all the expedients he could think of to avert the impending storm; and, amongst the rest, he prevailed upon some persons of distinction to demand Clarinda in marriage in his name; but Gilbert, not content with merely refusing him her hand, added contempt and abuse to his denial.

My friend, therefore, seeing himself without hopes or remedy on that side, concluded that he ought to owe his mistress to his sword alone. Accordingly, he sent Brian a challenge, but that despicable wretch took care not to accept it.

In the meantime, while the baron was venting his rage in vain, in unavailing menaces, Gilbert, sure of his interest at the court of the elector, set out for Munich, and complained to that prince of the audaciousness of Straalun, who came to Ingoldstadt to prevent the marriage of his daughter, and to disturb the quiet of his family.

Immediately the baron was sent for to court, and the elector, after giving him a very sharp reprimand, forbade him to proceed any further in his addresses to Clarinda, on pain of incurring his indignation.

This sentence, pronounced from the mouth of his sovereign, admitted of no appeal. Behold, then, my friend threatened with the displeasure of his prince if he did not dispense with his pretensions. In vain did he represent to him the violence of his passion, which was approved by Clarinda herself, and the aversion she had for his rival, whom he described as the very reproach of nature.

His remonstrances and entreaties, far from making any impression on the elector, provoked his anger to such a degree that he commanded his officers to carry my poor friend to prison, that he might learn to speak more respectful of Brian and his family, for whom he had an esteem.

And this order would, undoubtedly, have been executed directly had it not been for some of the baron's friends who happened to be present, and who prevailed on that prince to revoke it.



My poor friend was far from imagining that his sovereign would have interposed to such a degree in behalf of his rival; therefore, finding him incensed, contrary to his expectation, he implored his pardon with great submission, and assured him, he would sooner banish himself voluntarily from his dominions than do anything that might be disagreeable to his highness, adding, however, that wherever he went he should retain the most tender remembrance of Clarinda, whom he should never cease to adore as long as he lived.

The elector did not in the least regard this declaration, which he looked upon only as the extravagant flight of a lover reduced to despair, and Gilbert, highly satisfied with the advantage which he had gained over Straalun, having thanked his highness for the justice he had done him, set out instantly for Ingoldstadt, with a design to hasten as much as possible the nuptials of his daughter, the celebration of which she determined to delay no longer than till that day se'nnight.

But to what extremities will not love, reduced to despair, transport a soul which has suffered itself to give way to that impetuous passion? Clarinda resolved to choose death itself, rather than consent to be Brian's wife, and the baron determined to sacrifice not only his fortune but his life, rather than see his mistress in the arms of his unworthy rival. In short, he had found means to get secretly into my house, and inform me of all that had befallen him at Munich, after which we consulted together what course there then remained for us to pitch upon.

We were not long in deliberating on this head. Alas! what other way was there than to betake ourselves to flight with Clarinda? Upon which I undertook to give her notice of our design, and prevail on her to consent to it; and in the extremity to which love on one hand and hatred on the other had reduced her, I found it no hard matter to bring her to resolve on adopting it.

Judge, my lord, of the strength of my friendship on so ticklish and critical an occasion; if not only induced me to overlook the extraordinary step I was about to take in serving my friend, to the prejudice of the honour of my own family, but to renounce in an instant my own country, my estate, my prince's favour, and all hopes of bettering my fortune, and all this for no other end but to involve myself in the ruin into which those two unfortunate lovers, for whom I had the most inexpressible affection, were voluntarily running headlong.

Accordingly, I was the person who, during a dark night, when black clouds favoured our enterprise, carried off Clarinda from her father's house, having first made her disguise herself in a man's habit, and in that disguise I conducted her to Baron Straalun, who had provided horses for us without the walls of Ingoldstadt, and was then waiting for us with equal impatience and anxiety.

It would be impossible, my lord, unless one had been present at this interview, to form a right idea of the mutual transports of those two tender lovers. I thought they would never have been satisfied with the pleasure of again beholding each other, and expressing the ardour of their love, whereupon I represented to them the danger to which we exposed ourselves by staying there too long.

We mounted on horseback, therefore, directly, with only two servants, on whose fidelity we could depend, Clarinda having previously exacted an oath from the baron that he would marry her without delay as soon as we should arrive at a place of safety.

We travelled with great expedition until it was day, and even part of the morning, nor had we stopped when we did, had we not been afraid that Clarinda would be over-fatigued. We were willing, therefore, to allow her a few hours' rest, of which we thought she might stand in need.

To this end, we alighted at an inn, which was not many leagues distant from the frontiers of the elector's domains; but staying here a little too long, was very nigh proving fatal to us, for Gilbert having discovered his daughter's flight as soon as it was light, if not before daybreak, had despatched horsemen in pursuit of us, who overtook us within three hundred paces of the inn, and about an hour before the close of the evening.

There were six of them, well armed, and they seemed resolved not to give us any quarter; we judged, therefore, that we must either conquer or die.

Indeed, the fair object for which we were going to contend and venture our lives, inspired us with the most lively courage, and, accordingly, the baron fought like a lion, and performed actions worthy of eternal fame—even Clarinda herself would signalise her courage on this occasion. It seemed as if the dress that the fair maiden had put on had fortified her against the fearfulness of her sex, for she rushed, in spite of us, into the midst of our pursuers, and shot him who seemed to have the command of the rest through the head.

After so resolute an action, you will not be much surprised, my lord, at the heroic deeds of which you were a witness, for the brave amazon whom you saw behave so gallantly is the very Clarinda of whom I have been speaking.

To return from whence I have digressed, young Straalun and myself

killed two others of our enemies much about the same time, which struck such terror into the three who survived, that they chose rather to owe their safety to flight than run the hazard of undergoing the same fate with their companions.

As for ourselves, we had the good fortune not to receive any wounds that were dangerous in this action; my valet-de-chambre was the only one who lost his life therein.

After this brisk and bloody combat, we made all possible haste out of the territories of Bavaria, and as we were apprehensive of being again pursued, both by the orders of our sovereign and Clarinda's father, if we stayed within the limits of the empire, we took refuge at Strasbourg, where we believed we should be more secure.

As soon as we arrived there, the baron performed his promise of marrying the fair maiden, who had behaved herself with so much candour and modesty during the whole journey, that she greatly increased the esteem we had for her.

Then, and not till then, it was that I discovered to them the lively passion with which Clarinda inspired me, as also the restraint I had put upon myself, and the violent struggle I had with myself, when I first became acquainted with it, to keep it within the bounds which friendship required.

They both heard this confession with no little surprise, and could not help admiring the conquest I had made upon myself; the baron, in particular, assured me that his value for me before was so great that it would hardly admit of an increase, but, nevertheless, this action of mine, in sacrificing my love to him, would heighten his esteem for me, and render both that and his gratitude eternal.

As for Clarinda, she protested that I should always be dearer to her than any one but her husband, and she should even love me with the affection of a sister, to which both she and her spouse added, by way of gallantry, that I should be permitted to call her my mistress.

These, my lord, are all the favours I have ever received from her to this day. Whenever I have taken delight in viewing her charms, I have observed them to be tempered with so much majesty, that if one kindled in me the most ardent passion, the other always kept it under due restraint, by inspiring me with the greater awe and respect; indeed, I can truly say, that love and friendship at once reigned equally in my breast, and I should rather have chosen immediate death than have given way to anything which might have created the least uneasiness in the baron or his beloved Clarinda.

In the meantime they both of them enjoyed a very happy state, when their satisfaction was interrupted by letters from our mutual friends in Bavaria, which brought us the worst news we could possibly receive. This was, that the elector had been so highly incensed against us, that he had ordered us to be arraigned as ravishers, and prosecuted with the utmost severity the law would allow.

Gilbert himself was the most earnest of any to solicit the court against us, and hasten our ruin; in short, Straalun and myself were condemned to be beheaded, and our whole estates confiscated.

This misfortune, which we never expected, made us resolve to advance further into France, for we were apprehensive of being arrested in Alsatia, and thought even Strasbourg too near our own country. Paris, the sanctuary of all unfortunate strangers, appeared to us a more secure retreat, and we repaired to that capital directly, which we found every way worthy the reputation it had obtained by the many wonders we there beheld, which we could never have been weary of admiring.

We resided then two years in that beautiful city, during which we used our utmost endeavours, by the interposition of our friends, to appease the anger of our sovereign and Clarinda's father, but without the least success.

Gilbert, being wholly influenced by his wife and Brian, was inexorable to all the solicitations and entreaties that could be made in our favour. Besides, he had obtained half of our forfeited estates, which, in a man to whom interest is the predominant passion, as it was in him, was no small inducement to shut his eyes and ears against all the cries of nature, which pleaded in behalf of the baroness. Accordingly, he chose rather to renounce his only daughter than to be deprived of his estates, which, in case of a reconciliation, he must have restored to us.

Things being in this melancholy situation, it is no wonder that all our means of subsistence failed; our money was not only entirely gone, and all the valuable effects we had brought with us out of Bavaria, but even the jewels of the baroness, with which she cheerfully parted for our sustenance, and which only put off our necessity for a few months.

In this cruel extremity, poverty, more than the news we heard of an approaching war with our native country, made us think of withdrawing from Paris. We supported our misfortunes, however, with courage; and, not being able to pitch upon anything better, we resolved to return to Germany, and take up arms in the defence of the empire.

The baroness alone was an obstacle to this design, for it never entered our thoughts that she could accompany us. Her husband,



therefore, whose love for her was not the least abated, with much difficulty imparted it to her, grief and despair being all the while painted in strong colours on his countenance. At the same time he proposed to her to endeavour to make her own peace as soon as possible with her father, that she might find reception in his house, whilst we went wherever the war called us, till it should please misfortune to put an end to our distress.

But, far from consenting to our proposal, this heroine would never so much as hear of forsaking her husband; on the contrary,—"I will follow you wherever you go," said she, with a manly resolution; "and, if it is impossible for me to contribute to the change of your destiny, I will at least render it more tolerable by sharing it with you. Let not my sex," continued she, "be any hindrance to your undertaking. I will disguise it as I did before in our travels,—nay, more, I find in myself more resolution to second you in all your military toils. Come, my dear lord, let us at least deserve a better fate by our courage and constancy, or let us die gloriously in the defence of our country."

On hearing so noble and so uncommon a declaration, the baron could no longer restrain his transports; but, embracing her tenderly several times, he extolled her resolution, from which he endeavoured, however, in vain to divert her, and gave her a thousand thanks for this new testimony of her affection and generosity. As for my part, I was so much astonished at this extraordinary and unprecedented instance of heroic love and gallantry, that all I could do was to admire this incomparable lady, without uttering one syllable.

As the baroness continued fixed in her resolution, there was no remedy but to comply with it, and in order to do this we remained two months in Paris, during which time, having removed our lodgings to a distant part of the town for fear of being discovered, we then taught that adorable charmer, who had now quitted the habit of her sex a second time, all the exercises which were proper for the new profession she intended to follow.

And she learned them all with such ease as was certainly astonishing, and handled her arms with so much dexterity and grace, that she was taken for a most accomplished cavalier. This done, we left Paris; and, directing our course to Germany, where it was not long before the war was declared, we entered as three volunteers in the same regiment.

The baron and myself showed upon all occasions that offered we had no other hopes of rising but by our valour, and our heroine, resolving not to be behind us, had sufficiently demonstrated that love which had given birth to that courage, which not only raised her above all persons of her own sex, but rendered her superior even to the most intrepid of men.

After an infinite number of actions from which we came off with some honour, we shut ourselves up in this place to have a share of the glory of defending it, and have performed our duty with some reputation; but what could our feeble efforts avail against a general whom victory continually precedes whenever he advances to execute his designs? Why, oh, cruel fate! since it was written in the book of destiny, that his laurels should be watered with the blood of my unfortunate friend—why, I say, was it that mine was spared?

"This, my lord," continued Monsieur de Salborg, addressing himself to Marshal Turenne, "is the history you desired of me; excuse, on account of my grief, the manner of relating it. Nothing now remains for me but to die, and I should do so contented, could I flatter myself that a hero, full of generosity and humanity, would not refuse to honour an unfortunate widow with his protection, and would use his interest with my sovereign to put an end to her distress. This is the only favour of which I can now be sensible after the loss I have sustained of the most perfect friend that ever lived."

The generous marshal was extremely affected with this moving story, and he thanked Monsieur Salborg for his complaisance, loaded him with civilities, and advised him not to suffer himself to be cast down by his ill fortune, assuring him that he would not only show all manner of regard to the fair baroness, but would labour earnestly to restore them both to the favour of their sovereign, and to reinstate them in all the splendour of their former condition. Some days after, he went to the beautiful heroine, and made her the same promises, assuring her at the same time, that he sympathized with her, sincerely, in all her calamities.

The care that had been taken of her, had restored her partially to her strength, but she still had a lively sense of the loss of her spouse. She asked, therefore, several times to see Monsieur Salborg, in order to mitigate her grief by the presence of so dear a friend, and to mingle her tears with his; but he was not in a condition to afford her that satisfaction, for though his wounds were very slight, he was not suffered to stir out of the chamber.

When she was entirely recovered, she appeared in the habit of her own sex, with all the lustre of a most enchanting beauty; the melancholy and languid air which was visible in her countenance, added to her charms instead of impairing them.

As soon as she was able to stir out, the great obligations she had to Monsieur Salborg, induced her to pass over the punctilios usually observed in widowhood—she made him a visit. At the sight of this so dear friend, she could not refrain from shedding a flood of tears, which streamed down her fair cheeks whilst M. de Salborg was ravished to see her again; but as much swallowed up in sorrow as herself, answered her in a like affecting manner. It was a long time before they could speak to one another, but there was an eloquence in silence which informed them better than the most tender discourse could have done what passed in each other's breast.

After this she made him divers other visits, and the presence of so dear an object contributed more than all the dressings, to the speedy cure of his wounds.

Accordingly he was soon made able to wait on the baroness, to testify his acknowledgment to her for so great a favour; on all those occasions their conversations turned upon the loss they each had sustained, nor did he ever suffer a word to escape him which might discover the love that inwardly consumed him.

This prudent and respectful behaviour touched the heart of the beautiful widow, and inclined her to requite, without any reluctance, a passion which showed itself only under the protection of submission and respect.

In the meantime the Marshal de Turenne had done more in favour of Monsieur de Salborg and the beautiful widow than he had promised them. Not satisfied with having written to the elector of Bavaria to have them restored to their estates, he had also laboured to join them in marriage. Accordingly, besides sending him an account of the most moving circumstances of their story, he added the most urgent entreaties in their behalf.

The elector was much touched by this, and the death of the Baron Straalun had appeased his anger; he considering him as the cause of all that had happened, and the misfortunes of his widow and Monsieur Salborg, whom he esteemed, disposed him to restore them to his favour, in testimony of which he sent for Clarinda's father, and commanded him not only to receive her again with all respect and kindness, but to bestow her hand in marriage to Monsieur Salborg.

Upon this, the father, who could not neglect the elector's recommendation, much less his commands, felt speedily all his former affection for his long absent daughter revive in his heart, and as not a word was said to him about restoring the share that he possessed of the Baron Straalun's fortune, he consented without hesitation to whatever his sovereign pleased to enjoin him.

The generous Marshal de Turenne having received this joyful news, resolved himself to acquaint the baroness and Monsieur Salborg with their good fortune, and soon after which he had them safely conducted to Munich. But what words can express the raptures of Monsieur de Salborg, who saw himself on the point of possessing the fair object of a passion, till then, so unfortunate.

On their arrival at Munich, they went directly and threw themselves at the feet of the elector, who received them very graciously and presented them himself to Clarinda's father, who was present, and who received them very honourably, and having made a merit of obedience, he accordingly embraced them and welcomed them back with all the appearance of a sincere affection; upon this they soon left Munich, and went altogether to Ingolstadt, where they met with such a reception from Brian and his mother as showed but too plainly how much they were vexed to see all their designs frustrated.

Monsieur Salborg thought justly that he might speak openly of his love for the baroness, but he did it always with the submission of a respectful lover, without taking the advantage of the orders of the elector, or the consent of her father, resolving to owe his happiness to his love alone. Moved by such uncommon regard, the baroness could not hold out against the many motives which urged her to complete the happiness of her lover; to discharge, however, what she owed to the memory of her husband, she resolved to wait till the usual time of mourning was expired, after which their nuptials were solemnized with great pomp and magnificence, and the happy Salborg received the reward of his devotion and friendship.

**HAGGAI.**—We know nothing concerning the time or place of his birth. The pseudo Epiphanius, in his "Lives of the Prophets," states, that he was born at Babylon; and, according to the Rabbis, he was a member of the great synagogue. The date of Haggai's prophecy is fixed by himself, and by Ezra, in the second year of the reign of Darius Hystaspis, B.C. 519. We learn from Ezra, that the Jews, who returned to their native country in the first year of the reign of Cyrus, commenced rebuilding the temple, but were interrupted in their undertaking by the neighbouring satraps, till the second year of the reign of Darius Hystaspis, when the building was again continued in consequence of the exhortations of Haggai and Zachariah.



# THE DRUID;

## OR, THE SYLPHID AND THE STATUE.

(Concluded from our last.)

"At last I perceived a light, and I hastened towards it, in the hope that it would direct me to the goal of my wishes. It led me about for some time in a kind of labyrinth, and vanished, having conducted me to the porch of a palace, from the door of which issued a servant richly dressed, who observing me by the light of a torch, which he held in his hand, asked with an air of reverence if my name were Clodion? I had no sooner answered in the affirmative, than he flew into the palace with an exclamation of the most violent joy. In an instant the portals were thrown open, and six virgins, magnificently attired, and preceded by twelve slaves bearing white torches, came out, welcomed me, and took me by the hand to lead me into the palace. I entreated them to excuse my declining their invitations, said, that I had wandered from my path, that I was expected elsewhere, and could not delay my departure an instant.

"Pardon us, my lord," returned one of the virgins, 'you are arrived where you have long been impatiently expected.'

"You mock me," cried I, angrily, 'I know none in this place who could expect me, and am losing here the most precious moments of my existence.'

"With these words I would have abruptly quitted them; but the slaves barred my way with their torches; the virgins threw themselves on their knees around me, and the eldest of them conjured me by the life and love of my lady to listen to her.

"What we solicit from you, generous knight," said she, 'is what can be effected by you only; it will detain you but a few instants, and it is what no one of your rank and character can refuse to the supplications of the unfortunate. Grant our request, and none in this palace will detain you a moment longer.'

"The other virgins joined their entreaties to her's, and conjured me with prayers and tears to yield to their petitions. Overcome by her importunities, and seeing no way to disengage myself from them, as longer refusal would but protract the delay, I consented to their request, and followed them, though with inward discontent and vexation.

"They led me through a long and sumptuous gallery, splendidly illuminated, and through various apartments, of which the last had no light, but what it received from a dim lamp. At the upper end were folding doors that opened into another room, and beside them stood two giants with enormous maces to guard the entrance. I stopped and turned to the virgins, who were my guides, and reminded them that I was unarmed; but at that instant a dragon descended from the ceiling with a flaming sword in his mouth. I seized the weapon, and rushed towards the gigantic forms, who protruded their ponderous maces; but as I drew near sunk to the earth. I now passed into a hall lined with black, which, from a cupola that seemed vaulted with fire, received a blue sulphurous light, that rendered the darkness below more horrible.

"Beneath the dome, on an estrade raised three steps above the floor, stood a bier covered with black velvet, that hung to the ground. Six Moors in yellow habits, with black plumes in their turbans, and naked scimitars in their hands, stood in menacing attitudes round the bier; but as I advanced with the flaming sword to encounter them, they sunk to the ground and disappeared. Two of the virgins, who had accompanied me, mounted the estrade, and removed the pall. She who had hitherto taken the word beckoned to me to ascend. I did; and beheld, by the dismal light that gleamed from the dome, a young lady of extraordinary beauty lying in a coffin, with an arrow plunged up to the pining in her left breast. As I shrunk with horror from this piteous spectacle, the virgin thus addressed me:

"You see before you the unfortunate person whose deliverance from her present sad condition is reserved to you. This young princess, our mistress, unhappily inspired a powerful genius with a violent passion for her. As he is not less odious than she is admirable, her aversion to him was equal to his love for her.

"After having long persecuted her with his hateful suit, finding all his offers scorned, and himself detested, he determined on vengeance. He conveyed her by his power to this hall, placed her in the coffin, and plunged with his own hand the arrow in her breast. For more than a year past he has visited her every morn, and drawn the shaft from her bosom. The wound instantly heals, and he urges her the whole day with his abhorred passion; but as she remains immovable in her aversion, he every evening drives the arrow into her breast, places her in the coffin and retires, secured by his precautions of finding her in the same state the ensuing morn; since beside the guard of the Moors and giants, whom he set over her, he has affixed a talisman to the palace, which renders it invisible; and, as if this

were insufficient, he removes it every day to a different place. Yet all these provisions have not prevented its being in your power, noble stranger, to terminate the miserable captivity of the princess. A vision informed me, that her deliverance could only be achieved by a young knight of Armorica, by name Clodion, who, guided by superior powers, should elude and vanquish the enchantments of our tyrant.

"After long expectation, noble knight, you are arrived; and are doubtless the same whom the vision announced to me. Your discovery of the palace, the magic sword, and, above all, your valour and success, assure us of it, and promise a happy conclusion. Proceed to finish the glorious adventure! No power of the earth, but the genius's and you own, can extract that arrow from the bosom of our unhappy princess. Do not delay the attempt; if it succeed, the power of the tyrant ceases over the lovely Pasidora, and her unbounded gratitude will exhaust itself to recompense you.'

"I assured the virgins, that were the service greater, and more arduous, I should look for no other reward than the reflection that I had been useful to so deserving and unfortunate a princess; and I approached the fair form, whose beauty was so dazzling, that I did not venture to observe her attentively.

"With mingled expectation and horror I grasped the dart, and with some labour drew it from her breast. Immediately the gloomy light of the cupola was quenched in utter darkness; a burst of thunder shook the whole edifice; and, for some time, I was wrapped in a thick pitchy cloud. At length it dissipated, and I found myself in a magnificent hall splendidly illuminated, and hung with blue velvet fringed with pearls; the bier was replaced by a sumptuous throne, on which I beheld the fair Pasidora in the attitude of one recovered from a long trance.

"Her face reclined on the bosom of one of her attendants, while the others, kneeling around her, displayed the most respectful joy at her redemption from the malice of her inhuman lover. She rose to retire, and, while leaning on two of her virgins, she slowly passed me, cast on me a look of grateful tenderness that penetrated into my heart. My eyes involuntarily pursued her till she left the hall.

"Amazed and confused with the succession of strange circumstances, I was some minutes forgetful of the tower, and of my fair unknown: at length I was preparing to depart, when one of the virgins returned, and begged me in the name of her mistress not to leave the palace, till she had expressed her sense of the vast service I had rendered her.

"As she cannot with propriety appear before you in the apparel of the grave, she entreats your patience till she is re-attired. She will not long retard you.'

"Painful as this new delay was to me, it seemed impossible, without violating the laws of courtesy, to avoid it. I suffered myself to be conducted by the attendants into an apartment, where they endeavoured to amuse me by dancing and music, and set before me a collation on a table of ebony supported by silver feet. My long wandering in the forest, and my chagrin at the repeated delays, had so enfeebled and exhausted me, that some minutes repose and refreshment was necessary to me.

"Yet I found the time intolerably long; and, inattentive to the musicians and dancers, began to walk about the room in agitation and impatience. The virgin had retired, that she might be ready to inform me when her lady would attend me; but she did not return, and one minute slipped away after another without her re-appearance. At length I perceived the morn break, and saw, with inexpressible pain, that the time for meeting my fair unknown was elapsed. The thought of having lost and violated the appointment drove me to madness. What must she conclude of my love? What would excuse my negligence, and how could I hope to appease the anger of her offended delicacy?

"In this tumult and vexation of spirit the virgin found me, when she returned to conduct me to her mistress. I followed her with a visible expression of discontent and uneasiness on my face; but, can I confess it, Osmandyas, without being crushed by your contempt as by my own?—the first ray of Pasidora's eyes dissipated every shade of sadness and anger that clouded my aspect, and all was serenity and joy in my soul.

"Whatever might be the consequences of this adventure to myself, I could not but congratulate myself on having been, in the hands of a higher power, of such essential service to so amiable a person. My mysterious mistress herself, thought I, will commend my neglect, when she knows the cause of it.

"I found the lovely Pasidora seated on a sofa in a posture of beautiful languor, and on her charming features traces of what she had suffered were legible in paleness and faintness, that rendered her more interesting and amiable, if less beautiful. She invited me to sit beside her, and thanked me, in a tone of the most thrilling sensibility, for the services I had afforded her. The sound of her voice strangely



affected me: it was not the accent of my beloved sylph, but it resembled it, and this resemblance endeared her to me. Her lips spoke little, but her beauteous eyes were too eloquent. Her glances were arrows of love, that pierced directly to the heart; but their wounds were too pleasant to be avoided or counteracted. Every part of her divine countenance was worthy her enchanting eyes; and all together composed a face, that in delicacy and symmetry of features, in proportion and perfection of form, and in beauty of complexion surpassed everything I had beheld.

"Imagine a face embellished with every charm, and armed with every seduction; conceive it the impression of the most insinuating sensibility; fancy a gentle, tender smile, floating on the lips and cheeks, that alternately reigned and yielded to the most interesting languor; and say, if it were possible for mortal to remain unconquered."

"Unhappy Clodion!" exclaimed the beauteous stranger, "where was fled the image of thy beloved, that a vacancy was left in thy heart to the impression of other charms?"

"Thou wilt pity though thou condemn me," said the son of the Druid, "when thou shalt have heard the whole; and will perhaps own, that I am more unfortunate than guilty. It was difficult to withdraw the eyes from so amiable a creature; but I did not spare attempts to tear myself from the enchanting spectacle. The fair Pasidora sat half reclining on the sofa, in a soft lassitude that infused a delicious tenderness in all her looks and motions. Her dress was a delightful union of pomp, elegance, and simplicity.

"A transparent veil, or rather film, of white silk covered her head, and, softening the lustre of her eyes, shed a mild delicacy over her features, that took one ere aware, and chained the gazer in invisible fetters. A triple band of large pearls encircled her arms, to whose dazzling whiteness theirs yielded. Her ebony hair, adorned also with pearls, hung like an unproped vine in luxuriant clusters on her ivory neck and shoulders, and her bosom was less concealed than is common to the sex, as if to convince her deliverer, that no ruinous trace remained of the accursed dart. Confess, Osmandyas, that my constancy was put to a fiery test! My heart and my senses were equally assailed, and, perhaps, the mortal does not exist, who would have resisted so many seductions.

"I felt my danger; and my agitation and disorder, which betrayed more anxiety than tenderness, did not long remain concealed from the fair princess. She inquired with affectionate solicitude about the subject of my uneasiness, and added, with a tender sigh, that she should be inconsolable if my generous efforts in her deliverance had cost me a sacrifice greater than she could replace to me.

"This address threw me into a wild commotion, and I had almost invoked my adored Sylphid to sustain my sinking constancy. I renewed in my heart all my vows of unshaken fidelity; but every glance at the fair Pasidora rendered me faithless. I felt that flight alone could save me; so infatuated was I, that I had not the power to fly.

"While this revolved in my soul, I endeavoured to return an answer to the princess, that, without violating sincerity or injuring my passion, might be courteous and obliging. I said somewhat that I intended to be flattering; but which in effect was tender: she at least seemed to consider it as such, and henceforth laid less restraint on her gratitude and affection for me.

"Every moment magnified the danger, and it was by a series of most violent efforts that I was at length able to resolve on departure. I assured her, there was no recompence in the world equal to the pleasure of having served a person of her merit and beauty, whatever might be the expense to myself. As, however, she was now safe from her persecutor, I would discharge her of my presence: an affair of the highest value to me requiring my attendance at a place, where I was expected the preceding evening, when accident led me to the gates of her palace.

"This address, which appeared wholly unforeseen to her, filled her lovely features with sadness; and she did not disguise the pain she felt at my requiring from her gratitude only the permission to depart. I defended myself on the expectation of my arrival, but probably in a tone that betrayed my irresolution and weakness; for pleasure was relumed in her eyes, and she said in an accent of satisfaction and serenity, 'she should for ever accuse herself, if by obliging her I should cost myself the least sacrifice; that what she was already indebted to me gave her no right to expect new complaisances on my part, and if I would gratify her with my company only for the day (she added with a smile), she would surrender me at eve to those who had a prior right to me.'

"Unfortunately I did not presage, notwithstanding what I had already found to fear, how much hazard I incurred in exposing myself for the whole day to the power of her charms, and the seductions of her tenderness. In short, Osmandyas, I yielded to her entreaties, and, after having suffered her to gain this victory over me, was con-

ducted to a chamber where I might recreate myself by a few hours repose.

"As soon as I was alone, the depth and extent of my danger presented itself to me, and I meditated to profit by their dependance on my word; and, notwithstanding my promise to the lovely princess, to depart privately from the palace. Happy for me if I had obeyed this suggestion of my good genius! But to impose on so amiable a person, who confided on my word, was so contemptible and base in my eyes, that I could not resolve on profiting by it. Convinced, however, of the state of my heart, I was anxious to summon all my constancy, and arm myself with all my firmness to oppose her dangerous fascinations.

"About noon I was again invited to the fair Pasidora, whom I found in a superb saloon that opened to the garden, surrounded by her virgins, and attired in an oriental dress, that gave a more voluptuous character to her beauties. I felt all my firmness melt beneath her glance, and could scarcely refrain from throwing myself at her feet. The tumultuous struggle that now raged in me must have rendered my deportment abrupt, distracted, and turbid; but she did not notice it, nor even appear to perceive it.

"Her behaviour was free and unconstrained; and, though she did not herself converse much at the banquet, she gave her virgins opportunities to amuse me with their discourse. After the repast, which consisted of the richest and rarest fruits, she challenged me to chess; and, if her design were to assail me in a narrow circle with the collected force of all her charms, and thus complete her conquest of my reason, her plan could not have been chosen with more art. You may conceive, Osmandyas, how often I was mated, and will judge, that Pasidora had little cause to thank her skill in the game for her success; but the more for this her eyes glittered with exultation at the triumph of her seductive arts.

"The approaching evening invited us to enjoy its beauties in the gardens of the palace, which were of vast extent, and embraced whatever nature possesses of the grand, the beautiful, and fantastic. Enamoured of the lovely scene, and inebriated with pleasure, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the moment, and, giddy with joy, staggered heedless on my ruin.

"Insensibly we were left by the attendants, who had for some time accompanied us; nature insensibly operated on us; the soft perfumes of the gardens, the warbling of the birds, who seemed to chant an hymeneal; the love-inspiring whispers of the amorous zephyrs, the sweet confusion of light and shade, which equally conspired to lull us to repose and languor, insensibly attempted us to feel and express the most tender emotions: insensibly I pressed Pasidora's consenting hand against my throbbing heart; insensibly I imbibed from her love-melting eyes an entire oblivion of the past and future; and ere we knew where we went, we found ourselves in a temple of white marble, that stood inclosed with a grove of myrtles.

"I see thou tremblest for me, Osmandyas, and I blush to proceed. The lovely seductress sunk voluptuous on a sofa, and I fell at her feet, and was devouring her hand with kisses, when suddenly the whole temple appeared in flames, and a loud clap of thunder shook the ground, Pasidora vanished from my arms, and the sweet voice of my unknown fair, in an indignant tone, exclaimed, 'Perfidious youth, thou hast lost me for ever.'

"Spare me the rest of my sad tale; I have not strength to support the renewal of that fatal night; since which I have been the most miserable of men. Alas! but for this, I should have been the most blessed. I am too surely convinced that it was my adored Sylphid, who, in the character of Pasidora, unveiled herself to me, and by all her concentrated charms, of which I had beheld in the tower but a few scattered rays, and by every seduction of time, circumstance, and manner, laboured to render me unfaithful to her. Cruel fair! how could she expose my heart to such a test? How can her own allow her to punish me with such unrelenting rigour, for loving under another name herself?"

"She will not, she cannot remain implacable," said Osmandyas. "That she loves thee is evident, and—"

"Thou dost not know," interrupted the desponding Clodion, "the jealous delicacy of beings of her nature. They are inexorable to the image, to the shadow of an infidelity. Alas! forgiveness and oblivion of my crime are hopeless. Some weeks have elapsed since this fatal event, which I have passed alone and wretched in this tower. She has beheld my penitence and despair, and has not relented! What have I not said to appease her! What floods of tears have I not shed! For, though she has ever remained invisible to me, I doubt not that she has heard me. But I have lost her for ever! These were the dread words that will ever ring in my ears, and I cannot doubt that they are irrevocable.

"Renouncing all hope of happiness, I devoted myself to lamentation and despair, and shut myself in this tower, which I have never



since quitted. Here absorbed in contrition and woe, I have groaned under a miserable and odious life; but since the gods have sent me in so unhop'd a way the son of Calasiris, a ray of hope has illum'd my soul, and shed a partial brightness on my prospects. It cannot be that my adored Sylphid desires my death, since she deigns to provide for my subsistence; and she cannot wish by continuing my life to perpetuate my misery: let me then hope that she will not hold my crime inexpiable."

One of the masked personages, who, during all this discourse, had remained in the anti-chamber, whispered these words to the other: "It is now time for us to finish our work and retire." On this the other drew a small flask from beneath his mantle, slid to the upper part of the tower, came down immediately, and with the former stole away as unperceived as they had arrived.

"I cannot think," said O-mandyas, "that your mistress can be so odurate, as not to pardon a crime so deeply lamented, and that must rather flatter, than offend, her pride by indicating, that herself only can be a formidable rival to herself. But permit me, since you have reminded me of it, to ask the source of your acquaintance with Calasiris and Osmandyas. Have you ever been in Egypt?"

"Before I answer thee," returned the youth of the tower, "let me entreat thee to partake with me of what I can set before thee. We both need some refreshment."

With this he opened the secret closet, and drew from it some fruits and eatables, together with a flask of wine, which he had not before perceived.

"My invisible purveyor," said he, "seems to have reckoned on my guest by the unusual abundance of the provisions."

"An auspicious omen for us both," returned the Egyptian, who did not fail to honour the repast of his new friend.

The sage spoke from inspiration, who said, that wine is a gladdening cordial to the heart of the mourner. The young men forgot their cares, and mirth and hilarity crowned the repast.

"A sudden thought strikes me," said the son of the Druid, as the gloom of anxiety fled before the cheerfulness of the table: "how say you, if your beloved statue should be of my acquaintance, and indeed my nearest relative?"

The Egyptian gazed at him with amazement and expectation.

"At least," continued the other, "the idea is plausible, as thou wilt confess, when I relate to thee the origin of my acquaintance with thy family."

"It is now the third year since the death of my excellent mother. My father, though esteemed the wisest of all the Druids, found in the whole magazine of his philosophy nothing that consoled him for this loss; and he was compelled to resort to the usual distractions to forget it. He intimated to me and my sister Clodina, who was then about fifteen years of age, that we should prepare for a long journey."

"I will voyage to Egypt," said he, "and confirm my fortitude in the arms of my friend Calasiris." I learned on this occasion, that they had known each other in early youth, and during more than forty years, notwithstanding absence and vast distance, had cultivated the closest friendship.

"After we had viewed the most celebrated cities of Greece, we proceeded to Memphis, where we were received by the venerable Calasiris with every testimony of joy. The two sages found in meeting, after a separation of so many years, a renewal of their youth; and their mutual communications were so reciprocally delightful, that my father was easily persuaded to remain a whole year at Memphis. Thou wert then traversing Greece; and I, after having passed some days at the house of thy father, entered into the temple of Isis, to be initiated into your mysteries, where I passed the greater part of the year."

"As I was curious to examine the wonders of Upper Egypt, and make a journey to the Ethiopian Gymnosophists, I was permitted to be absent another year, and my father returned without me to Armenia. Thy sister, Thermutis, at our arrival, was with a relation of her mother's, and I had shut myself in the temple of Isis before she returned; so owing to this, and to my aversion to the sex, I have never seen her. But between her and Clotilda there grew so warm an affection, that they soon became inseparable, and when a separation began to be spoken of, it was found that either Clotilda must remain at Memphis or Thermutis proceed to Armenia, unless their fathers would risk the loss of both."

"Thy father at length yielded his claim to mine, and consented for some time to part with his daughter, on condition, that his friend should leave with him the statues of himself and Clotilda. My father, among various arts and secrets which he possesses, is skilled in statuary, and has discovered a method of tinging marble with hues, that enable it to emulate life. A Grecian artist, who had accompanied him to Memphis, prepared the work, which my father perfected; and these, Osmandyas, must be the forms, that so attracted thy wonder in the cabinet of Calasiris."

Here the son of the Druid noticed a singular incident, which was no less than, that his young friend had not been kept awake by a tale, so interesting to him. This event appeared unaccountable to him: but while he was reflecting on its singularity, he himself yielded to the power of sleep, and sunk unconscious on the couch behind him.

Their sleep continued some time, and both waking about the same time, what was their amazement and joy, when Osmandyas beheld his beloved statue, and Clodion his adored Sylphid. Both imagined they were waking from a delightful dream, and closed their eyes to continue it; but finding that they thus lost the precious spectacle, they opened them, and saw with rapture the same sweet appearances. Osmandyas beheld his statue on the same couch, with her dove on her bosom, and breathing and looking love, as he had so often seen her in the cabinet of his father.

Clodion saw his celestial fair in her azure robe, purple veil, and luminous zodiac, as she was wont to appear to him in the tower. Both feared to trust their eyes and their wishes; yet both rushed to throw themselves in speechless rapture at the feet of their idols; when a concealed door sprang open, and the majestic sages, Calasiris and Taranes, entered hand in hand, and by their sudden appearance fixed them in dumb amazement. Taranes seized the hand of the young Egyptian, and smiling said to him; 'Animate her, if thou canst, and be happy!'

At the same time Calasiris led the son of the Druid to his supposed Sylphid, and drawing aside the veil, said, "Let your forgiveness be mutual, your mutual offences will but heighten and confirm your love and felicity."

The moments that ensued were such as spurn the compass of description. Osmandyas, sinking in the arms of his beloved image, felt with extacy her heart, for the first time, beat against his own. Clodion needed all the fire of love, that streamed on him from the eyes of the tender Pasidora, to feel himself in the embrace of his austere Sylphid, without expiring with rapture. Never had love made four mortals so blest: and never had two fathers enjoyed to such a height in the transports of their children the accomplishment of their favourite project.

The hospitable tower was too confined for so much happiness, and they descended to the garden, which, behind the ruins, fell by a gentle slope into the plain; and Clodion now recollected, in the nocturnal elysium of his Sylphid, the magic garden of Pasidora, which he had seen but by day. The lovely Thermutis pointed out to him a winding path, leading to the palace of the supposed fairy, which had been concealed from him, in his nightly rambles, by a lofty grove of poplars.

After some time the reverend sages, with their happy child-en, entered the marble temple, which had been so memorable to Clodion by the sudden transformation of the tender Pasidora into the jealous Sylphid. They seated themselves on the cushions which were placed around it, and Taranes, who read in the eyes of the young men their curiosity to learn what was incomprehensible to them in this blissful adventure, began to gratify it by a full explanation.

"The friendship betwixt myself and the wise Calasiris was built from its origin on such an entire conformity of character, that never, perhaps, did so solid an affection subsist between two men. No sooner did we see ourselves blessed each with a son and daughter, whose rising youth announced the most flattering promises, than we resolved, if possible, to unite the two families by a double marriage. We did not consult your horoscope; we knew that your happiness would depend on your own hearts and our cares, and not on the positions and aspects of planets. We made it our business to observe your minutest actions, to spy into your subtlest sentiments, and endeavoured so to direct your steps, that our views might be the forerunners of your wishes. In the late visit which I made to Calasiris, the desire of uniting our families was renewed with redoubled warmth. But the son of Calasiris was absent, and to Clodion, who from his childhood had nourished so obstinate an aversion to the daughters of the earth, it would have been dangerous to show the amiable Thermutis as the daughter of Calasiris, though she might inspire him with an immortal love as one of his fantastic beings. Osmandyas was suffered to continue his studies and travels; Clodion was left undisturbed in his whimsical but not contemptible phantasy, and the budding inclinations of our daughters were suffered to expand and develop themselves. Thermutis had opportunities of seeing every son without being observed by him, and Clotilda needed but the assurance that Osmandyas resembled his sister, to conceive a sufficient partiality for him."

"However certain we might esteem ourselves of succeeding in our project, we considered it necessary to prove, by the sharpest tests, a passion which was to decide the happiness or misery of our children's lives; and we concerted the double adventure, which has terminated so favourably to our wishes. Osmandyas's affections were engaged to his future consort as a statue; and Clodion was enamoured of Ther-



nautis as a Sylphid. The year which you, my son, employed in your journey to Ethopia, gave me sufficient time for all my preparations. The wildest part of the forest near my mansion was changed into the paradise of the supposed fairy, and the pavilion, which after thy return was the usual residence of the two sisters, was so situated among the surrounding gardens, that Thermutis could perform her double personage without difficulty; and your supposition that a spot like this, so near your residence, could not have remained unknown to us without magic, was confirmed by all the household having the strictest injunctions to profess ignorance, whenever your curiosity impelled you to make any inquiries respecting the wondrous place."

"And that there has been no sorcery in the proceedings at the enchanted palace," interrupted Thermutis, with a smile, "Clodion will be convinced, when he receives this magic seat, together with the moors, giants, dragons, and other apparatus, which accompany the heart and hand of Pasidora herself."

"I ratify the assurance with pleasure," said the venerable parent of Thermutis. "What remains to explain to thee, my son," continued he, turning to Osmandyas, "is briefly—"

"Nothing," interrupted Clodion; "I have already told my brother the secret of the two statues, and as I finished my relation, which I thought must have waked every feeling of his soul, I was amazed to perceive him buried in slumber; probably from some secret quality of the wine—"

"Which we privately introduced into the closet," said the two nymphs, "when impatient to learn if Osmandyas were safely arrived, we rode in disguise to the tower, and, without our vicinity being suspected, heard the chief part of your discourse."

The marvellous has something in its nature so alluring to the feelings of man, that it is often an ungrateful office to dissipate illusion, and reduce wondrous events to their true dimensions. But in this case the reality was so beautiful and extraordinary, that the charms of fiction were superfluous. The son of Calastris found in the arms of the lovely Clotilda a world of joys, that he had not in the fervour of his enthusiasm hoped to find in his adored statue; and Clodion, to whom his lofty imagination had represented nothing so perfect as the divine Thermutis, was henceforth convinced, that a mortal nymph like her had been the original of the Sylphids and Salamandrines, with which the fancy of poets and painters had peopled the elements.

### AWAKE, MY LOVE!

Awake, my love! my bright one!

Awake, and come with me,

The summer rose is budding,

Less fair that flower than thee.

The summer rose is budding, and the birds are on the spray,  
And I only wait for thee, love, to gather flowery May.

Awake, uncloset thine eye, love,

That eye as diamond bright,

Come hither at my bidding

To bless my longing sight;

Come in thy glorious beauty, and Maying go with me,

All around are perfumed flowers, and the lambs are on the lea.

Come! come! time passes fleetly,

The sun a cloud may dim,

The flower that flaunts so brightly

May droop on stem so slim.

Oh, sleep not then on May-day, when lads and lasses go  
To gather flow'ry garlands from the hawthorn's laden bough

Fair one! the very brightest

Of the daughters of our isle,

I prithee leave thy downy couch

And bless me with thy smile.

Remember this is May-morn; of all days in the year,

May in its flowers and beauty, to lovers must be dear.

JANE.

**A VERY SINGULAR FACT**—A good lady, who had two children sick with the measles, went to a friend for the best remedy; the friend had just received a note from another lady, requiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, while the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following:—"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt, and in a few days they will be cured."

### ALICE HOME;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLXXIX.

THE DRUGGED WINE.—THE ARRIVAL OF HORACE.—THE LOVERS' FELICITATIONS.—MARGARET'S APPEARANCE.

OH, what pen can paint the frightful thoughts that passed through the mind of Margaret as she there sat in her solitary chamber awaiting the time and opportunity to commit a crime, in comparison with which all her past deeds, or all her schemes, plots, and sinful contrivings were as nothing? Who could describe successfully the deep throes of anguish that ever and anon came across her heart, making her for the moment believe that death was stepping between her and her revenge, and that she should not live to accomplish the awful purpose she had wound up all her feelings to execute?

There she sat without one kindly thought to cheer her solitude—a being now without affections, without sympathy—a very outcast from all humanity. What to her was the name of father? Had not he who bore it raised the fiends in her heart he could not now quell again? What knew she of the kindly, cheering endearments of social life?—What knew she of the dear love that knits together in holy communion heart to heart? Nothing—nothing. She had gone so far through life without one real, kindly, gentle affection; for her wild, stormy passion for Horace Singleton could not be termed such, terminating as it had in deadly hatred. It might be termed love, but it was not of the true stamp. It was a spurious passion, fit but to end, as it had ended, in despair.

To her existence now appeared an utter blank, and well could she have exclaimed with the misanthropic Hamlet,—

"How stale, flat, and unprofitable appear to me all the uses of this world."

She cared not to live so that she accomplished her revenge. The grave appeared to her a place of rest from such mental horrors as were now nearly insupportable, but which she in the midst of all her passion appeared to have a conviction would, after that day's work, increase tenfold.

"Yes," she gasped, "I wish after to-day to die or go mad. I prefer the former. 'Tis said we are all in the hands of Providence, who moulds us to its wishes. It may be so; whether the doctrine be true or false matters little to me. I will not live, and I know that I can crush the vitality that pervades this wearied form. Horace Singleton, you and I will share between us this poison, and if there be, as priests tell us, another world, we may meet there, and I hope I may still retain human feeling sufficient even then to tell you I have triumphed."

These were awful thoughts—such thoughts as could alone find a place in the mind of a contemplated murderer and suicide. It is truly said that

"——— The brain o'erwrought,  
Preys on itself, and is destroyed by thought."

So it was with Margaret Home. She had become decidedly deranged, although with yet sufficient method in her madness to attempt and deliberately arrange the means by which she purposed hurrying Horace Singleton from life, and herself likewise.

As the dim shadows of the evening drew on, gently covering the face of nature with their misty veil, strange shapes appeared to flit before her eyes, and she could fancy that mocking fiends were around her, gibing and grinning with exultation that they had succeeded in bringing one of God's creations to such a state as to war with his holiest ordinances. She fancied in the darkness that large eyes were glaring upon her; she thought she saw long bony fingers pointing in her face, and that she heard low, chuckling laughter, as if she were surrounded by mocking fiends. The perspiration of intense horror stood upon her brow, and she could not for some time move from the chair she occupied. At length, with a desperate effort, she rose and rung the bell.

The very sound of it was a relief to her. It seemed to drag her back to the world, and withdrew her startled fancy for a time from the awful reverie into which it had been plunged.

In a much shorter space of time than it ought to have taken him to get from the lower part of the house, Mr. Salmon made his appearance, and the notion at once came into the mind of Margaret that he was watching her, and had perchance been listening to her solitary musings upon the awful subjects that engrossed her thoughts.

A flash of passionate resentment came from her eyes as she exclaimed,—



"Villain! you are playing the spy upon my privacy."

"No—no," said the alarmed Salmon, retreating to the door—"no, no—upon my soul, no. I heard the bell as I was coming up the stairs."

"You are sure?"

"Oh, dear, quite—quite."

"Then you have not heard me reading a romance, where it talked of poisoning? I wish you had, Salmon, the book would amuse you."

"I, Miss Margaret! Oh, dear me, no. Poisoning!—lawks, what a idea!"

"Then bring me lights."

"Yes, miss. Have you done with the tray, Miss Margaret?"

"No. Has—he come?"

"Muster Singleton?"

"Yes."

"No, miss, he hasn't; but—ellow! that's his knock as I'm a sinner. I know it. It always begins with a sort of a rattle, and then ends with a little kind of a dab, and then——"

"Peace—begone! I asked for lights. Quick—quick! Hush!—his knock—are you sure? Bring me instant word. Go—go—go."

Salmon left the room, and Margaret stood still as a statue till his return. She heard the rain pattering upon the windows, and the melancholy wailing of the wind found a responsive echo in her own heart.

"He must die—he must die," she whispered. "Hence—hence, busy, hideous phantoms, hence. Ye cannot tempt me to more crime than that I already contemplate. Hence—mock me not. Hence, hence—enough, enough. I may soon be one of you; for, unless I strangely err, this night will be my last."

A flash of light from the staircase assured her Salmon was returning, and she placed her hand upon her breast, saying,—

"Be still—be still—I have a part to play. Be still—oh, be still."

In a moment, then, Salmon made his appearance with lights, which he placed on the table before Margaret, scarcely daring to take a glance at her countenance.

"Has he come?" said Margaret; "has he come?"

"Ye—ye—yes."

"Horace Singleton?"

"Yes, miss—ye—yes."

"Why do you tremble?"

"Who—I—I tremble? I ain't a trembling, Miss Margaret. I ain't uncomfortable. Tol-de-rol. I never was more happy in my life. Oh, dear me."

"Begone!"

"Yes. Thank you."

Salmon wiped his face with a dingy-looking blue cotton handkerchief, and was evidently in a state of great mental trepidation about something, while Margaret's own state of mind prevented her from fully appreciating the symptoms exhibited by Salmon, or she would have suspected much more than she did his knowledge of her fell purpose. As it was, she found his absence a great relief, and then throwing a scarf over her shoulders, she took two steps towards the door of her room. Here she paused, and spoke in a suppressed tone of voice, saying,—

"Shall I go now, or wait a little? Shall I give them time to smile upon each other for the last time, ere, like the destroying angel, I swoop upon them with death in my countenance? I must be very calm—exceedingly collected—can I command tears—no—no—I cannot do; but I can, surely, dissemble sufficiently for my present purpose. Let me see—let me see."

She went to the glass and took a glance at her own face. Its frightful expression made her give an involuntary start of surprise. She was pale as monumental marble—her very lips were bloodless, and about her eyes there was an expression which she herself trembled at.

"This will not do," she muttered. "This will not do. I shall inspire more terror than sympathy or pity."

She drenched her face with cold water, and felt much invigorated by the process. Still she could not trust herself to take another glance in the glass at her own countenance; but lifting one of the lights, she walked slowly from her room, and crept gently down the staircase.

Meanwhile, Horace Singleton, full of impatience and vexation at the delays that had prevented him from reaching Sir Charles Home's house so soon as he wished, no sooner reached the hall than he exclaimed,—

"Is Miss Alice within?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "I believe, sir, she is in the library. Shall I announce you, sir?"

"No—no; that will do."

Horace immediately hurried to the library, and opening the door without any ceremony, in another moment clasped his much-loved and beautiful Alice in his arms.

"My Alice—my own—my wife. Oh, how I have longed to come to you. Nothing, dearest, could have kept me so long away but the sacred call of friendship. How often have I asked myself, 'Can I deserve such a treasure as you are?' How beautiful you look, and yet there is a shade of grief upon your brow, dear one."

"My father, Horace," said Alice, "he is gone."

"Gone, Alice?"

"Yes, he was not altogether uncheerful. But my heart is very heavy, Horace, and some dread—an undefined, terrible dread seems hanging over me."

"A dread of what, dearest?"

"I cannot tell. It is all the more terrible from its obscurity. I am very glad you have come, Horace, and that I see you once again, safe and well."

"Safe and well, dear one! What fears could you have on my account? And, besides, I am so careful now, for what a dear interest I have in life in comparison with what formerly I possessed. To me this is the commencement of a new and more glorious existence, a change such as I could not before have imagined, but which is, indeed, full of light and joy."

"You are kind and good to me, Horace."

"And yet very selfish am I, dear Alice, for to what a vast usurious interest have I put out my love. You repay me so amply—one of those dear gentle smiles, my Alice, is to me a glimpse of Heaven."

"Alas! my poor father! I cannot forget him, and am lost in endless surmises as to what secret grief can so prey upon his spirits."

"Travelling will do him a world of good. He has promised from abroad to write to me, explaining fully the causes of his melancholy, and I doubt not but they will be found such as friendship and affection may easily remove. Then he will rejoin us again with his health, both of mind and body, invigorated by change of climate and scene. Believe me, my Alice, I am sanguine in looking forward to meet happiness—happiness that I do not think will be at all marred on your father's account."

"You give me new hopes, my Horace. But here is a note my father has left for you."

Horace Singleton read Sir Charles's brief note, and then he said,—

"His commands are instant withdrawal from this house, Alice, and convinces me more than ever that Sir Charles's embarrassments are of a pecuniary nature."

"Alas!—alas! I fear they are something worse."

"At all events, dear Alice, let us obey his commands in this instance. Are you not my wife—and where should you, now that your father has thought it necessary to leave his home, find a refuge, but with your husband?"

"I am yours," said Alice; "yours only, Horace."

She sunk into his arms—with rapture he pressed her to his heart—he murmured gentle words of love into her ear. Oh, that was, indeed, a moment of joy, sufficient to repay them for all the suffering they had endured, when doubting of each others faith and constancy in consequence of the arts that had been used to separate them from each other.

They spoke in low accents, forgetting all but that they loved, and they were for some moments unconscious that the door had opened, and Margaret was standing on the threshold with her eyes fixed upon them.

#### CHAPTER CLXXX.

THE POISONING.—THE RESCUE AND THE SUICIDE.—MARGARET'S GUILTY TRIUMPH, AND ULTIMATE DESPAIR.

MARGARET continued gazing silently for many minutes. What were the complexion of the thoughts passing through her mind during that time, it is impossible to say, for she had schooled her countenance to express far different feelings than those which really agitated her heart. She had come to act a part, and she was resolved that it should be acted well and completely.

At length, Alice happened to cast her eyes in the direction of the door, and, in the surprise of the moment, she uttered a faint scream which attracted Horace to look in the same direction; where, to his small indignation, he saw Margaret, who had endeavoured to produce him so much misery, apparently playing the spy upon him.

With a tone of bitterness, very unusual with him, he cried,—

"Margaret Home, you do well, because it is compatible with your general actions, to act the spy in this house—a house which I am surprised you longer render hateful by your presence."

"Nay, Horace, Horace," cried Alice; "do not speak harshly to her; we can, out of our abundance of joy, afford even to forgive her for all she has done, or attempted to do."

"I wish," said Horace, "never to look upon her face again. When I think of my present happiness, it makes me likewise think of the



misery that might have been mine, had she succeeded in her vile plots against me."

Margaret slowly advanced into the room as this little dialogue took place, and then, fixing her eyes solemnly and mournfully upon Alice, she said,—

"You are now *his* wife?"

"I am."

"You love him?"

"He is my husband."

"Well, well. Some short time since, Alice Home, you, from the generosity of your own heart, came to me and offered me forgiveness for the past—mercy for the future."

"I did, but ———"

"Hear me out, Alice. My heart was proud and full of its own evil passions and impulses. I scorned your kindly offer, dealing out to you in return, harsh words; but, since then, reflection has come to me. The struggle is over—may you be happy—the happy wife of Horace Singleton."

"Do these words indeed come from your heart, Margaret?" said Alice, in a tone of deep feeling.

"From my heart came they."

"Margaret Home," cried Horace, "after all that has passed, dare we believe you?"

"Your scruples are natural," added Margaret, in the same tone of despondency, about which there was not a shadow of passion or violence. "I almost think if I were in your place, I should have more doubts than you have, and less generosity. Believe me or not believe me, I shall still have to tell my own accusing conscience that I have made all the atonement in my power by coming now to confess my iniquity, and imploring for that pardon which perhaps I ought not to expect, and perhaps you feel you cannot freely grant. Farewell; while you live, may you be happy; and when, then, death does come, may he surprise you even with the full cup of joy at your very lips."

She made a movement to leave the room, but the natural generosity of Alice's character would not allow her to go then, and stepping forward, she said,—

"No, Margaret, no; do not go yet. Heaven has much to forgive the best of us. Let us, Horace, forgive others as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. It is the sublimest maxim that any religion can boast of. Margaret, with me the past shall be buried in oblivion."

"Your words, Alice," said Horace Singleton, "shall be my laws. God forbid that I should harbour resentments even against my worst enemies; and God forgive you, Margaret, if this is but some trick to carry off some new device."

"Are you not married?" said Margaret, quietly.

"True."

"Then who can now separate those whom Heaven has united? Alas! my power has gone. I sue but for forgiveness of the fancied passions and triumphs of the past. You are married, and I am foiled. I admit all you can charge me with, I attempt to extenuate nothing."

"Unhappy girl," said Horace, "are you aware that Sir Charles Home has left this house, and is now on his route to the continent?"

"No—no—I am aware of nothing."

"What do you purpose doing? I much fear this will no longer be a home for you or any one now inhabiting it."

"I do not think I shall live long enough to feel much the grief and bitterness of many changes."

"Do not," said Alice, "adopt so despairing a train of ideas. You are very young, Margaret, and your errors were surely more those of the head than of the heart. You have achieved a great moral triumph to-day by acknowledging your wickedness. The same strength of mind which has no enabled you to say what you have, will strengthen you to a noble and a virtuous course in time to come, and I shall yet be happy to hold out to you the hand of friendship."

"You are very, very good," said Margaret, in half choked accents. "I—I—know not how to thank you. You will be very happy—do you not think you will?"

"I do."

"And you, Mr. Singleton, are you not at the summit of your hopes? Can the world present to you any other reward dearer than the possession of her you love for all the anxieties I have made you suffer?"

"I am, indeed, most happy," said Horace, as he looked tenderly at Alice.

"Thank Heaven!" continued Margaret. "May you have long life to enjoy it, for it would be hard indeed to have the cup of joy suddenly dashed from your lips, ere well you had looked at it—very hard—and you so young too, and full of health and strength. Surely you must both look forward to a long and sunny existence."

There was a tone and general manner about Margaret which gave these words very much the appearance of irony, and Horace looked for a moment irresolute what he should do or say, and replied to her,—

"You have, Margaret, my free forgiveness, and I deeply regret that ever it should be required. Alice will take care, I am sure, that some resource is opened to you should this present establishment be broken up, which I think it very likely will be in a short time."

"I am very much beholden to you," said Margaret; "and, should I require your Alice's kind assistance, I will not fail to avail myself of this generous offer. Still I can scarcely conceive myself that I am really forgiven."

"I can say no more than I have," remarked Alice; "with all my heart I forgive you, Margaret."

"And I, with all my heart," said Horace.

"Still, I have done so much—more even than you know of, to merit your indignation, that unless you consent to allow me to drink a cup of wine, in your presence, to your future health, happiness, and unvarying love, I shall not be at peace in my own heart."

"It were, indeed," said Horace, "a poor request to refuse. I will ring for wine, Alice."

"Nay, there is some in my chamber," remarked Margaret. "I will order it; and perchance, as Heaven knows when we may meet again, you will pledge me in one glass."

"What an odd fancy," whispered Horace to Alice. Then he said aloud to Margaret,—

"I will not refuse you, nor will Alice, I am sure."

"Nay, I will not ask Alice. She never drinks wine, I know."

Horace had rung the bell, and Salmon, with his usual amazing promptitude, appeared.

"Bring me," said Margaret, "the wine you will find in my room."

"Yes, Miss Margaret. The—the wine—oh, yes—out of your room—oh, to be sure—I—I'm a going."

Salmon's manner was so restless and fidgetty, that neither Horace nor Alice could fail remarking it, although they said nothing on the subject. As for Margaret, she had not looked at him, for she was intent upon placing herself, before the poisoned wine should arrive, in such a position in the room as to hide her face from the light as much as possible. She feared some glance which she could not control would awaken suspicions in the minds of her victims.

"I will not poison Alice," she thought to herself, "unless she insist upon drinking of the wine, and then the act will be upon her own head; but her pangs will be far greater to live than to die. Let him see doats on expire before her eyes—let her live to mourn him, and feel that the revenge of such a heart as mine was not lightly to be scorned, or easily gratified."

In a few moments Salmon returned with the tray, on which was the wine and glasses. He placed the whole upon the library table, and then lingered, as if for further orders.

"You can go," said Margaret.

"Thank you," muttered Salmon, and he did go as far as the outside of the door, where he knelt down, saying to himself in a whisper,—

"Blessed be the man who invented key-holes. How out and out handy they is."

Margaret took up the decanter with a hand that betrayed no tremor; and, turning to Horace, she said,—

"Mr. Singleton, will you allow me to help you?"

"I will not so far trouble you," replied Horace; and, taking the decanter from her hands, he himself filled two glasses. Then, turning to Alice, he said,—

"Alice, will you venture?"

"With you? Yes."

"Nay; I have heard you say wine agrees not with you," cried Margaret.

"I will take half a glass, nevertheless."

"Very well," said Margaret, in so strange a tone that Horace turned sharply to her, and cried,—

"Eh?—did you speak, Margaret?"

"Yes; I said very well."

"Oh! upon my word I hardly knew your voice."

"I am much affected by this interview—something seems to tell me it is our last."

"Do not think that. This is the first glass of wine we have taken together in friendship. Let the toast be a wish that it should be but the precursor of many others."

"Yes," said Margaret, "let that be the toast—a good toast—a good toast. Will you drink, sir?"

She raised her own glass, and Horace Singleton did so likewise. He bowed slightly to Margaret, and smiled at Alice. In another instant he had drunk the contents of his glass. Margaret shuddered, and put down her's untasted. The love of life had at that moment come strongly over her, and she could not drink the poisoned wine.

Alice had just sipped her's, and she looked with surprise and apprehension upon the strangely-altered countenance of Margaret, who kept her eyes fixed with a frightful glare upon the face of Horace Singleton.



"What—what is the matter?" said Horace. "Why do you look so, Margaret? You are ill."  
 "No; are you?"  
 "No; I am very well."  
 "Revenge!" said Margaret, in a low, deep tone. "Revenge!—the revenge of the blighted one. Horace Singleton, you are a dying man! Alice Home, you will in a short time be able to judge of your appearance in widow's weeds. Ha! ha! ha! Let me utter one word in your ears. Poison—poison—poison!"

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE DEPARTURE FOR WATERLOO.

"I CAN only weep, not wonder, my fair girl," was the tearful remark of Mrs. De Tabley, as she glanced from her lovely daughter to the gallant young soldier, upon whom she leant, on the day when they confided to her the secret of their attachment. "I might have foreseen this; I might have known that my gentle Blanche could not do otherwise than give away her young heart to one so highly gifted as Frederic Percival; nevertheless, I could have wished it had been otherwise. Poor girl—she little divines the miseries she will have to encounter as a soldier's wife."

"Miseries! dearest mother," Blanche murmured, almost reproachfully; "this from you, who are the widow of a hero."

Mrs. De Tabley turned hastily aside.

"Blanche, have you forgotten?"

"Oh, pardon me," sobbed out the fair young creature, as she cast herself at the feet of her mother—for the memory came upon her like a dark cloud, that the gallant General De Tabley had fallen in battle before she had herself existed many months—"my own dear mother."

"Can you wonder, my child," resumed the widow, struggling to subdue her emotion, "that I deprecate for you the anguish which I can so well appreciate!—the sleepless nights, the weary days, the heart-sickness, and the spirit-pangs that I have myself borne? But dry your tears, Blanche. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will watch over my child—He who is merciful will not bereave me utterly in my old age."

And Blanche De Tabley became the wife of Frederic Percival. What happy years succeeded to their union! Years of peace and love, and tenderness.

Percival beheld a miniature likeness of himself in the bright boy who sported at his knee, while his fair young wife appeared to live again in their fair, dove-eyed girl; and their last little one, the loving Rose, who looked like her father when she smiled, and like her mother when she sighed—she was the pet and plaything of the whole family; and Blanche moved calmly and blessedly among her dear ones, and wondered that sin or sorrow could exist.

But this could not last for ever; and one day, as in fond playfulness she was jesting with her "holiday soldier," as she was wont to call Percival, on the pardonable vanity with which he was donning his gay garb for some military pageant, the spell was rudely broken—the natural joy of a brave heart sparkled in the eyes of a young husband, as he hastily perused a document which was put into his hands by an orderly dragoon, who rode off like one on a mission of life and death.

"You have received pleasant news, it would seem, love," said Blanche, as she looked up from her sleeping babe to the excited countenance of her husband—"may I hear it?"

A sudden shadow fell on the brow of Percival; his thoughts, which had wandered far into the future, were recalled at once to home by the sweet voice of his young wife, and the look which he turned upon her was so sad that Blanche hastily deposited her sleeping child in its little couch, and approached her husband.

"My poor Blanche," said Percival, fondly, as he bent down, and pressed his lips to her forehead; "truly, love, I forgot that the news which gladdened me would cost you some bitter tears; and yet, we should have remembered, that one day of parting must come."

"Of parting, Frederic?" gasped out his wife, as she instinctively glanced from one of her children to the other—"talk not to me of parting; I can bear anything but that."

"Nay, nay, my own Blanche; remember that you are not only the wife but the daughter of a soldier. You must not unman me by this ungoverned emotion."

"What an awful remark, Percival!" murmured the young mother, with a slight shudder; "you should have said the orphan of a soldier—soon, perhaps, to be the widow of another—for I need not words to tell me that you would part from me only for scenes of bloodshed and death."

"Blanche," said Percival, with great firmness, "my military career has hitherto been one of gaud and glitter, and I have ever been the foremost in every pageant. Would you seek to see me a laggard now?"

"No, Frederic, I could better survive your death than your disgrace; and yet ——" and Blanche buried her face upon his breast, and he felt her warm tears fall like rain.

"And yet, love, you are a woman; and would forego the glory to evade the danger. But this must not be; there is a watchful Providence over us, in that we will confide, and look hopefully to the future."

The young soldier had spoken manfully; yet, when the period of embarkation arrived, he, too, found the pang of parting for the first time from a beloved wife more bitter than he had anticipated.

A thousand bright dreams of honour and renown were in his fancy—but Blanche was in his heart; and it was finally determined that Mrs. Percival and his children should accompany him so far as their own safety would permit.

The destination of the British army was Brussels; and thither, after a tender and tearful parting, from her agonized mother, Blanche bent her trembling steps.

The children, excited and amused by the novelty which surrounded them, gave her no time for tears, and when she had settled in her temporary home, the high hopes and golden prophecies of her husband communicated some portion of their brightness even to her.

Every one is aware of the temporary calm which preceded the memorable victory of Mont St. Jean, and which, like the treacherous lull that, on the eve of a tempest, cheats the mariner with a fallacious promise of safety, terminated in a foughten battle, even more terrible than the strife of the elements. During that transient calm, Mrs. Percival was one of the fairest, if not the gayest, of those groups of "fair women and brave men," who were wreathing the brows of war with the blossoms of festivity, and dancing upon the very threshold of the grave.

Justly proud alike of her grace and of her beauty, the young Life Guardsman led his spirit-saddened wife from one scene of festal to another, and everywhere he saw the glance of admiration follow her. Even the gaze of him who was the cynosure of all eyes—the immortal Wellington—the master-spirit of history, lingered on the loveliness of Mrs. Percival, and his lips breathed out the words of courtesy and kindness.

At this moment the bolt fell; the booming of the distant cannon met the ear in the pauses of the festal music; and within an hour the flowers were withered in that place of revel, and the lamps extinguished. With the grey dawn the army was on its march.

Blanche tore the roses from her brow and the pearls from her bosom, as she entered her temporary residence on the outskirts of Brussels. The grey-headed nurse, who had sat awaiting her return, required no bidding, when she looked upon the pale brow of her mistress, but, quietly and quickly, withdrew the children from their beds, that they might not be robbed of a last kiss and a last look from their father. Blanche, meanwhile, remained silent and powerless—the arrow was in her heart. She heard the hurried but affectionate soothing of her husband, but she could not articulate a syllable—every faculty was numbed, every energy prostrated.

The moment of parting came at length. Percival had lingered until the last; he had seen the tidiest of the troops file from the city—even the battman, who had led his horse to the door, resigned his charge to the young Frederic, who, in half-wakened pride, had got his tiny sword to his side, and now uttered a thousand beseechings to dear papa to take him also to fight the French. And yet Percival paused to win another look from his wife—another kiss from the warm lips of his children—a swifter gallop would redeem the time—and he might never look upon them more.

It was a bitter moment. His pale and silent wife leant her head upon his shoulder in speechless anguish; his eldest girl clung weeping to his arm; the kiss of the little Rose was on his cheek; and the pitiful entreaties of his brave boy fell sadly on his ear.

Percival had miscalculated his strength; he dared not attempt to prolong the parting further. With gentle violence he released his neck from the encircling arms of his youngest born; with affected composure he strained his silent wife for the last time to his heart, as he murmured out a blessing on her head, and then, vaulting into the saddle, and waving a fond farewell to Blanche, who followed him with outstretched arms, he struck his spurs into his horse, and galloped off.

A long, wild shriek burst from the overcharged heart of his desolate wife; but the young soldier heard it not, as, with his helmet pressed lower upon his brow, and the reins hanging loosely on the neck of his charger, he flew forward to overtake his comrades. He did not trust himself even with a backward look; and when he drew bridle beside his men, his brow had resumed its serenity and his lip its smile.

Sweet Blanche! I have not a gentler friend—I know not a happier wife. Her husband was worthy of her love—as brave as he was affectionate.

Mrs. De Tabley had truly said, that "He who is merciful would not utterly bereave her in her old age;" for Percival, when he returned from Waterloo, met his wife with the proud joy of one who feels that



he has but earned a new title to the tenderness of those who love him; and if the fair Blanche did shed a few natural tears over the wounded arm of her husband, as she arranged the sling which supported it, as it had never before been placed so gently and so painlessly, she, nevertheless, poured out her full heart in thankfulness to Him who had indeed "tempered the wind to the shorn lamb," and restored to her the father of her children.

## MIRANDA;

OR,

## THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

Headless quite of which direction he was going in, so that he kept on tolerably straight, he fought right and left, inflicting serious wounds upon many persons, until such a riot ensued, accompanied by such shouts, cries, shrieks, and tumult, that a body of constables made an attempt to push through the crowd to the spot where they saw that one man fighting apparently with such mad desperation every one who came in his way.

It was at this juncture that Twitter, who, in common with all the occupants of the van, had had his eyes drawn in the direction where such a riot seemed to be going on, recognised the tall, gaunt form of Bernard Varley as he who was fighting his way so desperately against a whole mob.

Twitter was much pleased to see that Varley was not a prisoner, for it at once put an end to any lingering doubts he might have had that some artful manoeuvre was going on to catch him, and that Varley, who he had discovered, was in custody. Now he felt quite certain that his letter had never reached the mayor; and oh, what an amusement it was to Samuel Twitter to see from the safe covert of the van Varley forced to make such incredible exertions to get out of the mob.

The constables fighting in one direction and Varley fighting in the other, rather bothered the crowd, and the consequence was, that they and Varley very soon met, when he at once threw himself among them, crying,—

"My name is Varley. Because I was a witness on the trial against Rowland Percy, his associates in the mob would murder me. I claim protection."

By this time he was within a few feet of the military cordon that surrounded the scaffold, and the chief of the police seizing him by the arm, dragged him past the dragoons, where he was in perfect safety.

Varley, however, notwithstanding the desperate manner in which he was armed, and the fearful use he had made of those arms, had not escaped quite scathless from the mob. On the contrary, he had received more kicks and cuffs than at the time he had noticed; and now he absolutely reeled from exhaustion, and was compelled to lean on one of the police officers for support.

"You had better come into the prison," said the chief officer, "at once, and stay there till the execution is over. This way—this way."

Varley followed him, and in a few minutes was seated in a room, through which he was not aware Rowland must pass on his way to the scaffold.

### CHAPTER CLXXIX.

FIVE MINUTES TO EIGHT.—THE SEPARATION.—THE ROUTE TO THE SCAFFOLD.—A PRIVATE SECRETARY IN A FLUSTER.

We left poor Miranda clinging to him who was too soon to be separated from her. Oh, would that we could still leave him in such gentle custody; but the order of our narrative forbids it, and at whatever violence to our feelings those fond lovers, who had maintained so pure and holy an attachment for each other through so much danger and difficulty, must be parted at last.

The very persons whose duty it was now to interfere shrunk from the task, although they had been used much to scenes of misery, and had long lived in the very atmosphere of sighs and tears as attendants in that prison-house. But shrink or not, the task must be performed. The scaffold was prepared. The fatal noose was ready. The clock had ten minutes since chimed the three-quarters past seven. In five minutes more Rowland Percy must be judicially murdered.

The sheriff looked at the governor, and the governor at the sheriff, as if each wished to shift on to the shoulders of the other the uncomfortable duty that had to be done.

"You—you will tell them," whispered the sheriff, "to—to separate them, if you please."

"He is your prisoner now," replied the governor, "not mine. God help the poor girl! I never saw such a scene as this, and trust I may never see such another."

"Five minutes to eight," muttered the chaplain. "Ahem!—five minutes to eight."

An angry roar from the impatient crowd without reached the ears of those who were assembled in that room of horror—that room which had witnessed so many tears, echoed with so many sighs. Then the sheriff stepped up to Mr. Anderson, and said,—

"For God's sake, sir, induce Miss Rankley to leave this place now! Try your influence with her."

Mr. Anderson could not speak, but he approached Miranda, and gently laid his hand upon her arm. She knew not who touched her, but she shrunk from the touch, which she conjectured was meant as a prelude to a more violent effort to make her loose her hold of Rowland Percy. A piercing shriek burst from her lips, and she cried,—

"Save him—save him, Heaven! Is there no justice on earth, or with God? Save him—save him!"

"I cannot—I cannot remove her," said Mr. Anderson; and he retired to the further end of the room, where he sat down and covered his face with his hands, that he might not see the scene that he knew must now ensue.

Moment after moment passed, and the sheriff felt that he could delay no longer. He beckoned to the officials of the prison who stood awaiting orders on the threshold of the door, and silently pointed to the prisoner.

Two men at once advanced and laid hands on Rowland, who, in a deep, hollow voice said,—

"Miranda—my Miranda, one long, one last farewell! Dearest, I must go now; farewell—farewell!"

She looked up from his breast, where she had been hiding her face, and at the sight of the men who had hold of Percy, she shrieked again, and clung still closer to him.

Then one of them tried to disengage her hands, and Rowland averted his face as he said, in heart-breaking accents,—

"Gently—gently."

Considerable force, however, had to be used before she could be dragged from him, and when she was, the expression of her pallid countenance was truly terrible. As for Rowland himself, he seemed to have made up his mind not to trust himself to look at her again, and he walked a few steps to the door, but he could not find strength of mind to persevere in such an intention. When within a few paces of the threshold he turned, and with one long, gasping sob, he said,—

"Miranda!"

She made a spring towards him, but one of the officers caught her by the waist ere she reached him, and the sheriff motioned with his hand that Percy should be immediately removed. He was taken from the room in a moment, and the door closed behind him.

An officer stood on each side of the unhappy prisoner, and held each an arm, and then the mournful procession moved on until it reached a room where a halt took place, and the sheriff, advancing to Rowland, said,—

"Is there anything you wish done, in which, consistent with my duty, I can favour you?"

"Nothing," was the brief reply.

"Do you now repeat?" urged the chaplain.

"No."

"Do you confess your guilt, and the justice of your sentence, unhappy young man?"

"No. I deny my guilt, and I cry out aloud against my sentence, as unjust. My death will be a murder, for I am innocent of the crime imputed to me, so help me, Heaven."

"This is a painful declaration for us all to hear," remarked the mayor. "I trust you will not persevere in it."

"It is the truth," said Rowland. "May I find that justice from God I am not receiving at the hands of my fellow-creatures. I am innocent."

Eight o'clock sounded from the Minster clock, and the funeral knell mingled strangely with the sound.

The executioner slipped behind Rowland, and commenced rapidly to pinion his arms, while the governor said to him, in accents of deep emotion,—

"Make your mind easy on one subject. Miranda Rankley shall never want a friend."

"Thank you," said Rowland, in a voice that had sunk almost to a whisper. "God will help her, although I am deserted. I am innocent—I am innocent."

The preparations were now nearly completed, and the various parties who were to make up the procession that was to herald Rowland to the scaffold took their places.

The chaplain commenced reading aloud the funeral service, while the solemn tolling of the bell had an awful effect amid the otherwise solemn stillness that reigned around.

Since eight o'clock had struck, a complete silence had come over the



mob, for they knew that a few short minutes would produce the unhappy man, when they had now come to see, suffer so terrible a death. Now the cavalcade moved from room to room. Then it took its way along a winding passage, which terminated in a small apartment, separated only by a vestibule from the lowest step of the scaffold itself.

In this room sat Bernard Varley, and when a door in it unexpectedly opened, he comprehended who was coming. He sprang to his feet, and stood trembling with terror, unable to fly, and yet horrified to stay.

Rowland Percy saw him; and the fixed, stony glare he bent upon him pierced his very heart. Varley held up his hands to hide the face of Rowland from him, and shuddered as he stepped back towards the wall.

"Man of blood!" said Rowland—"perjured wretch!—false witness!—murderer! Dare you at such an hour as this —"

"Let me go!" cried Varley—"let me go, or take him away! Why was I brought here?"

"By Heaven," said Rowland, "to receive my dying malediction. Bernard Varley, may rest never sit again upon your eyelids, but your brain be tortured by such visions as shall sting you to despair."

"No, no! Stop him from speaking!" shouted Varley. "I will hear no more!—take him away!—hang him!—hang him!—d—n! don't let him look at me with that—that dead glare. I shall go mad!"

A door was flung open, and a rush of cold air made its way into the room.

"Come," said the sheriff—"come."

The procession moved on, while Varley sunk into a seat, trembling like an aspen leaf.

Another moment, and Rowland Percy saw the scaffold. A confused murmur ran through the crowd, then there were some cries uttered, which were quickly suppressed. The military and police redoubled their efforts to keep off the pressure of the mob. Some persons fainted from over-excitement at the scene; and Samuel Twitter grasped the edge of the van till his fingers turned blue, and drew his breath short and thick as he saw the door open, through which was to come the sacrificed man who, on his and Varley's testimony, had been so wrongfully condemned to an awful death. He heard nothing but the loud beating of his own heart—he saw nothing but that open doorway, and the faces that began slowly to appear at it. His feelings were wound up to the highest pitch of excitement when eight struck, and no one appeared. True, the door was opened at that hour by the officers who were placed at it; but from the peculiar circumstances that were taking place within the goal, no one was aware that more than ordinary delay was experienced in bringing the doomed man to the scaffold.

Rowland Percy had to be separated from Miranda. He had to be pinioned for death; and then came his own brief declaration of his innocence, and the strange but appalling interview with Bernard Varley, which left that man, villain as he was, to greater, far greater pangs than any death could have inflicted upon the innocent, persecuted Percy.

There had arisen in Twitter's mind a feeling of horrible apprehension that something must have happened of an extraordinary nature to delay the execution, and it became to him a feeling of exquisite relief, when he saw the procession make its appearance, and became convinced—quite convinced, that, a few moments more, and Rowland Percy would be a dead man.

The danger of Varley had rather gratified than alarmed him, for he thought he could see in it an additional argument to wrest money from him, for he would say,—

"Already are you in such bad odour with the populace, that they are ready to tear you in pieces. What could control their fury were the slightest hint given of your real guilt?"

All this was uncommonly satisfactory to Twitter, and he looked fixedly upon the persons who ranged themselves on each side of the few steps leading to the scaffold with quite a benign expression, for he said to himself,—

"My danger is over. However strange and unaccountable it is, my letter to the mayor of York has never reached him, and it is not a little satisfactory from this green sward, with the river behind me, to be able to view the death of Rowland Percy on yon platform, for the crime in the commission of which I have myself been so great a sharer."

#### CHAPTER CLXXX.

THE APPEARANCE ON THE SCAFFOLD.—THE SECRETARY.—THE UNEXPECTED DELAY.—THE ANGER OF VARLEY.

When Rowland Percy appeared on the scaffold, he for a moment, and only for a moment, shrunk back, as he looked down upon the sea of heads before him. Then, as a confused murmur ran through the crowd, and he heard many voices saying, "That's he—that's he," he began to wish the awful scene was over, and that he had gained the shores of that other world on the brink of which he believed himself now to stand.

Yet, even in that awful extremity of his fortunes, with death awaiting him, and while the executioner was slowly approaching him to perform his fell office, Rowland could not wholly divest himself of the natural indignation he had all along felt at being so ceremoniously sacrificed to false testimony. No sense of humility or resignation came over his proud spirit. As God had made him—innocent and indignant at wrong—there he was, and even a shameful death in immediate expectation could not lead him to tears or lamentations, or that sickly sentimentality, compounded of tears, insanity, and superstition, which the chaplain was so exceedingly anxious to see.

Glancing for a moment over the multitude before him, he stepped to the extreme verge of the platform on which was the awful apparatus of death, and raising his voice so that it reached even to the ears of those farthest from him, he said, loudly and clearly,—

"I am innocent!"

A great commotion took place in the crowd, and his words appeared to have had almost a magical effect. The pressure towards the scaffold became tremendous, and loud cries came from many mouths, of—

"Save him—save him! He is innocent!" while one fierce, shrieking voice, above all the din, was heard crying,—

"Bernard Varley will be hanged at York!"

The authorities looked for a moment staggered at the din, and then they became anxious that the awful scene should be as quickly over as possible, and the sheriff motioned to the executioner, who stood irresolute, to do his duty.

At this moment, Bernard Varley, to whose ears the unusual noise without had reached, appeared at the door in sight of the scaffold. He fully expected to see his victim hanging, but when he perceived that, from some unaccountable cause, Rowland still lived, his face assumed a livid hue, and he cried,—

"This is a mockery—kill him—slay him—to execution—are you waiting to have him rescued? Hang him—kill him. Are you all mad?"

Then the executioner was about to place the rope around the neck of Rowland Percy, when the mayor of York was suddenly seized hold of by some one who had made his way to the scaffold, and who, in the vehemence with which he claimed the attention of that functionary, almost threw him down.

This man who thus unceremoniously appeared, was heated and exhausted. The perspiration was rolling down his face. His clothes were torn, for he had had to force his way through some part of the mob before he could reach the castle, and his whole appearance bespoke so much agony, so much haste, and so much terror, that the mayor might well, as he did, shrink back aghast and scarcely recognize in him his own private secretary, who must have made such great exertions to come to him.

At Varley's appearance such a wild shout arose from the mob, who had begun to have a strong feeling in favour of Percy, that he had as immediately again entered, and now was out of view of the proceedings on the scaffold, although he was quite satisfied that in another minute Rowland would be a corpse.

"Sir—sir—my lord—sir," gasped the lord mayor's private secretary, "I—I can't speak, sir—gentlemen. Good God, I've ran so hard—I—I—sir —"

"Gracious Heaven! what has occurred?" said the mayor.

The secretary, with trembling hands, took from his pocket a crumpled up letter, and still absolutely tottering from exhaustion, he added,—

"Save him—save him—stop—stop—the execution. Save him. He didn't do it. I should never have forgiven myself. Save him—save him."

"Hold!" cried the sheriff to the executioner, "hold!" for at the appearance of the mayor's secretary, in such a state of haste and exhaustion, he had drawn near, and heard what was said.

"Dust to dust," said the chaplain, solemnly, "ashes to ashes."

Then he looked amazed as the executioner stepped back from Rowland Percy, and omitted drawing the cap over his face as was customary.

The mob could not make out what was going on, for they had seen nothing of the mayor's secretary, their whole attention being fixed upon the prisoner and the executioner, who, with the clergyman, prevented the mayor or the sheriff from being seen, they being far back on the scaffold, and now that Rowland was left so strangely, still standing, and by some unaccountable means the execution was not proceeded with, the excitement became intense in the extreme, and such a hooting arose as was perfectly stunning, for many of the crowd were indignant at this supposed protraction of the sufferings of the criminal.

Rowland himself, looked a out him like a man newly awakened from some dream. He could not divine what was the matter, and once more the name of Miranda came from his lips in accents of such an agonizing nature, that even the chaplain ceased his prayer and stepped back a pace or two in terror.

All this was the work of about one minute, although it has neces-



sarily taken us longer time to record it, and the mayor's secretary having partially recovered his breath, with trembling hands unfolded the letter he had, and while the sheriff listened to him in no small wonder, and the governor of the prison formed one of the group, he said,—

"This—this letter—you see—God forgive me!—it came yesterday, and—and—I didn't know the seal. It seemed like some begging concern, you see, and—and in the pressure of more important business—it was only done up with a couple of wafers—God forgive me—I—I can hardly speak—I put it on one side, and never opened it till this morning. You understand? It's a confession from Samuel Twitter, one of the witnesses on the trial of Percy, that he and Bernard Varley murdered Sir George Rankley between them. It—it altogether exonerates Percy—on my soul it does! it bears the impress of truth on it. There, there it is. He might have been hung through my neglect—and I—I——"

The secretary fainted at the feet of the mayor with a deep groan, for he had really made the most incredible exertions to reach the place of execution, and was utterly exhausted in consequence.

The mayor looked thoroughly confounded, and on the impulse of the moment was quite unable to act in any decisive manner, and indeed the sheriff turned very pale; he did not exactly seem to know what to make of it. The governor, however, was more accustomed to act and think promptly, and he said at once,

"Bernard Varley is in the castle now. Let him be surrounded by officers so that he may not escape, and by watching his conduct we may come to some opinion as to the truth of this confession. At all events, thank God, there is ample authority in it for staying the execution."

Rowland Percy was standing on the drop, and the chaplain was looking at him with surprise and consternation, when the governor, having said these few words to the mayor and the sheriff, darted forward, and laid hold of Rowland's arm, saying,

"Mr. Percy, do not think too much of it, for I don't know myself how far we can go, only you shall not be hung this morning unless they hang me too."

It was well the governor was close to him, or Rowland might have had a heavy fall, for somehow or another, the executioner's assistant, who was underneath the scaffold, thought it was time to draw the bolts which kept up the drop, and Rowland just escaped in time from falling through the yawning chasm that opened at his feet. The sudden revulsion of feeling then that ensued in his mind did more towards recovering him than had all his previous danger, and he leaned heavily on the arm of the governor, as he said,—

"Do—not—molk me—I—I pray you."

He then fainted, and would have fallen, but for the efficient support that was rendered to him.

The excitement among the crowd at this stage of the proceedings, begged all description; a rush was made to the scaffold, and it required all the exertions of the military to keep off the pressure. As for Twitter, whose eyes had never for one moment been allowed to stray from Rowland Percy since he had made his appearance, he got into such an agony of terror when he saw that, from some cause or another, he was not hung, that he relaxed his hold of the side of the van, and fell backwards among the feet of the people who were there with a deep groan, giving himself up completely for lost, as what but his confession, or a similar one from Varley, could possibly rescue Rowland Percy at that moment from the death which had been all but inflicted on him.

Bernard Varley, who had retired to the room through which Percy had passed on his route to the scaffold, heard the shouts of the multitude, and springing to his feet, he exclaimed in a tone of relief,—

"It is over—it is over. Rowland Percy is no more. All is over now. He is dead—dead."

At that moment an officer entered the room, and Varley eagerly questioned him as to the execution.

"Is all over?" he cried. "Tell me, is all over?"

"Yes," replied the officer; "all, I think."

"Then I will go. Yet no—the crowd. Tell me is there any outlet from the prison secretly?"

"None; and I would not advise you to leave too soon, for they do not seem to be very favourably disposed towards you, sir."

So saying, the officer passed through the room, and went directly to the apartment where Miranda had been left with Mr. Anderson. The latter was weeping, but the former sat pale and motionless as a marble statue—she seemed, indeed, waiting for death. An awful apathy had come over her, and when the officer entered the room, she bent no inquiring gaze at him. A single shudder passed over her, and that was all.

Mr. Anderson had felt how utterly inadequate were all the ordinary topics of consolation to her, and when she had recovered from the insensibility that had for a brief period come over her, when she was torn from Rowland Percy's arms, he had said nothing to her, but had stood near her painfully watching the changes of her griefful countenance.

"I have been sent," said the officer, "by the sheriff, to say that a circumstance has occurred to stay the execution."

Miranda, with a cry of joy, sprung to her feet, and before either Mr. Anderson or the officer could interfere to prevent her, she had darted from the room. There was no complexity of passages or doors, but one even course right on to the very scaffold, for to facilitate the progress of the mournful procession which was to conduct a fellow-creature to death, all the doors had been propped wide open, and an unencumbered passage left.

Still Miranda had to pass through the apartment in which was Bernard Varley, and she did so with such rapidity, that he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses, that it was indeed she who had flitted for such an instant before his eyes.

He hesitated only for a moment, and then he darted after her, muttering to himself,—

"Who shall now stand between me and my pursuit of Miranda Rankley? She shall be mine—by fraud or by force, I swear it, she shall be mine."

Miranda's progress was by far too fleet for him, and long ere he could reach the scaffold, she was on it. Her sudden appearance gave such a surprise to the mob, that every feeling was hushed in a moment in anxious suspense to know what was about to happen next. She cast one glance around her, and saw Rowland half supported by the governor, for he was somewhat recovered from his fainting, and could just stand.

Miranda threw herself into his arms, as she shrieked,—

"Saved!—saved!—saved!—Rowland—see—see—there are—tears—now!"

She burst into a hysterical passion of weeping. Those were, indeed, the first tears she had shed since Rowland's accusation, and oh, how abundantly did they relieve her oppressed heart—with every gushing drop of pearly moisture, a load of care appeared to dis-lipate, and when she looked up again, the fond old familiar smile of happy girlhood beamed upon her face.

"One, two, three, hurrah!" shouted a man who had climbed a tree, and sat upon an overhanging branch. The mob took up the shout, and such a joyous cheer rung far and wide, as had not been heard in York for many and many a day.

It was at this very instant that Bernard Varley, who had followed Miranda, appeared on the scaffold, when the man in the tree, who seemed half mad with exultation, and who was no other than Jones, shouted,—

"A groan for Bernard Varley. There he is, the vagabond, with the ill-looking physiognomy, and the patch on his nose."

The groan that succeeded was given most heartily, and then the mob began to ask each other what had happened, and why the man was not hung.

Varley looked petrified with amazement. He knew not whether to retract or advance. What had happened he could not imagine—a pardon for Rowland Percy was not in the order of things at all, and yet there he was, still alive, and clasped in the arms of Miranda, who was smiling like a cherub in his face, while her eyes glistened with tears that looked very much like those of joy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE POET'S WISH.

Oh, when with me this dream of life  
Is o'er, a l' ending pleasure stife;

Hark, this is where

I'd wish to lie from all cares free  
Beneath the weeping willow tree,

Cold sleeping there

And the rippling stream I'd have to lave  
Along by the side of my silent grave

In some lonely spot,

Where warblers sing and wild flowers spring,  
And my willow shall bow to the zephyr's wing.

There I, forgot,

And free from the scourge of ambition's rod,  
At peace could rest in my humble sod

My toil being o'er;

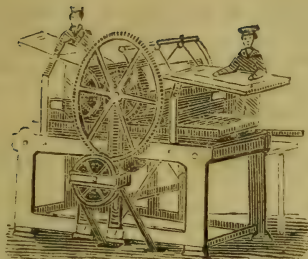
And like my old suspended lute,  
By time grown silent dull and mute,

And heard no more.

T. OXLEY.



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

## ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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### THE OUTCASTS; OR, THE INDIAN GUIDE.

Amongst the number of unfortunates who suffered by the American revolution, was the family of Mr. Wharton, a gentleman of fortune. Circumstances rendered it necessary for him to remove into the midst of the malcontents, and just, too, at a very critical period.

It was his business to endeavour to conciliate matters; but he found them too much inflamed with the spirit of independence, and they laboured ineffectually to bring him over to their opinions; but his steadiness to his opinions nearly proved fatal to him.

It was one morning, while seated at breakfast, that an officer, with a file of rabble soldiery, entered Mr. Wharton's house, and insultingly ordered him to be conveyed to prison.

"Spare me, if only for the sake of my unhappy wife and children."

"It is the order of the Congress," replied the officer; "therefore, prepare quietly to follow me."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the unhappy father; "what will become of my poor children?"

"It is the order of the Congress that they leave the city within four- and twenty hours."

"And whither will they go?"

"That is nought to us; but go they must. Carry him off," said he, turning to the men.

The order was instantly obeyed, Mr. Wharton was loaded with chains and conveyed to an unwholesome dungeon.

"Now," said the officer, who had remained behind, "let me have your money and jewels."

"What, monster!" cried the unhappy mother; "are you not satisfied with having torn from me my husband; but you must take also the only means left to procure food for myself and children."

"This instant obey my orders, or meet your fate," cried the inhuman man, presenting the point of his sword to her bosom.

Quickly Mrs. Wharton brought forth the few trinkets she possessed, and put them in his greedy hands.

"Now, your money?"

Every shilling was now taken, as well as clothes; and, half naked, herself and infants were turned upon the world to find a shelter where Providence would afford one.

As the unhappy woman passed along the streets she was reviled and insulted by the very rabble, while her eyes were offended by the effigy of her husband dragged about the towns; and even the very wretches, whose habitual poverty made it of little consequence to them under what master they should continue slaves, and whom she had frequently relieved with money and food, were amongst the foremost to insult and ill-treat her.

"Around her numberless the rabble flow'd,  
Shouldering each other, crowding for a view—  
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;  
Some pitying, but those, alas! how few.  
'The most, such iron hearts we are, and such  
'The base barbarity of human kind,  
With insolence and loud reproach pursued her,  
Hooting and railing, and with villanous hands  
Gathering the filth from out the common ways  
To hurl it at her head ———."

At length the roar that pursued the hapless wanderers, sunk like the murmur of a dying wind. Now she looked around and felt how desolate she was, with four weeping children clinging to her bosom.

Let any one for a moment make her case their own; let them only for a moment imagine themselves as one who had but a few hours before thought herself in the class of the happy, and then suddenly stripped of every necessary of life.

Two of her infants were ill from ague, so common in that climate; the other two were babies, and herself unable to procure them a morsel of food.

With what frantic looks of despair did she turn her tearful eyes on that city from whence she had just been driven with such ignominy; on that city which had, perhaps, imbrued itself with the blood of her beloved husband.

With madness the injured woman tore the cap from off her head, and casting herself upon the ground, exclaimed, "Oh, God, why am I thus persecuted; if it be thy will, suffer the earth to open and entomb myself and fatherless starving children."

Her agony now almost bereaved her of her senses, and for some minutes she lay as if insensible; at last she was aroused by the cries of her children, who supposed her dead.

"Yes, my dearest mother," said the eldest, "I shall soon follow you. My poor sister Emma will soon die too. What will become of the poor babies? Oh, my dear papa, could you but see us now; but you are dead. The wicked men have killed us all; one grave will serve us."

At this moment the poor infants set up a piercing cry, and the wretched mother awakened to a sense of knowing how important it was for her to struggle with her difficulties, since the lives of her infants depended on her, raised herself up, and clasping them to her aching bosom, exclaimed,—

"Merciful Creator, who sufferest thy creatures to be thus affected, grant me strength to endure this trial."

"Do not despair, dear mother," said the eldest boy; "we may yet reach our relations in Albany, they will be kind to us."

"But how, my child, can we arrive there?" asked the weeping mother.

"In a few days, mother, you will not have so much care as now."

"And why not, my son?"

"I shall be provided for."

"Good God, and how, my boy?"

"The grave will cover both me and sister Emma," replied the boy.

Here the afflicted mother again shed a flood of scalding tears.

"I, dear mother," continued the child, "shall be an angel then.

To-morrow is the day when my ague will return, and I know I shall be taken from you."

The appearance of the wretched and affected boy too truly spoke. The wretched woman already seemed bereft of him. She threw her arms wildly around him, and in the bitterness of her sorrow declared all her evils were trifling compared with the idea of having him torn from her.

"Ah! my dearest mamma," he cried; "do not repine when I shall be taken from you. I, who now must be so very burdensome."

"Heaven will pity my sorrows," said Mrs. Wharton; "the tempest is moderated to the shorn lamb."

"If I had strength, dear mamma, I might assist you; but, alas! —"

"You are too weak, my son."

"Indeed I am, my mother, so weak that I cannot even raise my hand without fatigue."

"My poor boy!" sobbed the affectionate parent.

"Though I am parched and dying for a drop of water, dear mother, I could not crawl to that brook which glides so smoothly."

To aid her sinking child the wretched mother flew to the brook, but sunk with despair when she found she had no vessel to convey the water to the lips of her dying infant.



The moment she recovered she ran back and brought the suffering boy to the margin of the brook, and ladling the water with the hollow of her hand, moistened his parching lip.

He thanked her with his eyes, which now became dim and glassy, and gave a presentiment that an end was fast approaching. Eagerly she sought some place where she could convey him, to render the last moments of his life as little painful as her situation would admit of.

With great exertion she reached some trees, and here she, with her helpless children, determined to pass the night beneath their shelter. She drew them as close as possible to her aching heart to give the little warmth it would afford.

Her poor child was now taken with a cold fit, and then for a period of three hours endured a violent fever. The wretched mother, in all the agony of grief and despair, held her afflicted child till he was seized with the convulsions of death.

Nature could endure no more. She laid him gently on the grass, and beheld the cruellest of all sights for a fond mother—a beloved child gasping for life, unable to sustain him, to relieve, or even afford the smallest assistance.

There was no friendly hand to aid her, or even to bury her dead son. She knelt mournfully by him, regardless of everything, and seemingly insensible of her situation, and that of the wretched survivors.

They now became clamorous for food, which she calmly told them she had not for them.

"Your brother is dead," said the agonised mother, "and we shall all be so soon. Peace, my dear children; it is the will of Heaven, and we must submit."

The poor babes understood not this, but began to cry most piteously with the wildness of starvation, when fortunately their cries attracted the attention of a hunter who was passing near.

He was an Indian, and had wandered many miles from his native woods, and had left his companions at a great distance. He presorted to the famished family what food he had, which was greedily devoured.

"I ask not," said he, "what country you are of—whether you belong to our brother on the other side of the great lake, or whether you are an enemy to us and to him. I see you are in distress, and that is enough for an Indian to pour the balm of consolation into the wounds of the unhappy."

Mrs. Wharton fell at the feet of her deliverer, and, as well as her fevered tongue would permit, poured to him her thanks.

"The Great Spirit," continued the Indian, "suffers his creatures to be afflicted to teach them wisdom, and to inspire men with compassion one towards another."

Mr. Wharton pointed to her dead boy.

"Your child is dead," said the Indian; "but it was Him who gave him life that took it, and not the hand of your enemy."

"Thanks, kind friend, for your consolation!" said Mrs. Wharton.

"I, too, have had children," said the Indian; "their deaths are revenged, and I am satisfied."

He then raised the afflicted family from the ground, and after depositing the body of the dead boy beneath the turf, he led the wretched lady by a short route to a small village, where she met with the most kindly treatment from the natives.

Here she procured, through the benevolence of her excellent friend, a coffin for her child. The body was brought from the place where it had been interred, and, as near as she could, she buried him according to the rites of our church, erecting a simple monument denoting who he was.

At her request, the Indian went to gather some intelligence of Mr. Wharton. What anxiety was hers during the expedition, and how little consolation did his return afford her.

"Speak—speak!" said the unhappy wife—"tell me of my beloved husband—does he yet live?"

"He does."

"Heaven be praised!"

"Congress has not yet determined on his death," said the Indian.

"God is merciful!" said Mrs. Wharton.

"He is," continued the Indian. "You enemies still hoped by threats and cruel treatment to win him over to their interest."

"And did he yield?"

"No; he still continued firm in his adherence to his royal master."

"Noble man."

"Neither threats nor bribes would avail. Moreover they offered to make him chief of their assembly."

"I know his noble courage well."

"He protests no present evil or future advancement shall ever alter his fixed resolution of preserving his rank inviolate to the best of kings."

"Brave soul!" ejaculated Mrs. Wharton.

"Moreover," said the Indian, "I have seen some friends who are not so enthusiastic in the cause of independence, and they send you clothes and money."

"The Lord is indeed gracious to me!" said Mrs. Wharton; "and I know not in what manner I can repay your honest fidelity."

"Name it not, lady. If I deserve reward, the Great Spirit will grant it."

"Honest creature! would to Heaven many of my white brethren were as deeply imbued with the true spirit of Christianity as thyself, the sound of warfare would never have been heard in the land."

At length finding that time brought no alleviation to her grief, Mrs. Wharton prepared to travel with her children to Albany, that she might receive information of public affairs.

"Where are you going?" asked the Indian, as he fixed his eyes upon her.

"To join my kindred in Albany."

"You go," said the Indian, "from a society to which you are dear, and know not what evils you may again encounter."

"I have trespassed too long upon your generosity," replied Mrs. Wharton; "it is time I had departed."

"To court fresh danger when the hand of the Indians may not be nigh to save you."

"Even so."

"Child of affliction," resumed the Indian, "why will you leave this safe retreat? I have known sorrow, yet the Great Spirit has blessed me with the power of lessening yours."

"And His praise and goodness shall be the lasting theme of my days," replied Mrs. Wharton.

For some time the Indian seemed lost in thought, at last he exclaimed—

"I will relate the sufferings of a man of sorrow, of one who has felt the keen shafts of adversity."

"Speak on, my friend."

"I," commenced the Indian, "have seen the loved partner of my life torn from my embrace, notwithstanding all the exertions my wounded body would permit me to make in her defence."

"You then have suffered much!"

"Yes," returned the Indian; "I saw her whom I loved with rapture, dragged into the wood, and heard her dying groans! I have seen my children suffocated and consumed in the fire of our dwelling!"

"Oh, man! man!" ejaculated Mrs. Wharton; "art thou the being who was created in the image of thy great and Almighty Maker?"

"I saw it all when I was unable from my bonds to rescue them."

"Thou, then, as well as myself, art a child of deep and many sorrows."

"I am; but unlike thee, thy partner is still living, though separated from thee."

"God grant it may be so, my friend!"

"But," continued the Indian, "I ask thee not to supply the place of my beloved wife; yet my eyes have never looked upon a woman since her death, till I beheld thee."

"What mean you?" asked Mrs. Wharton, in an agitated tone.

"That thy children may become as mine, and that my hand shall defend their mother from every evil."

"My friend, you forget that I am now wedded, that my husband still lives."

"I will respect thee, and if thou canst not love me as thy husband call me by the name of brother, and the red Indian will suffer death sooner than his beloved sister shall be injured."

Mrs. Wharton listened to this rhapsody with a nameless terror, as she had heard much of the violent passions of the Indians, whether in love or hatred.

"My friend," said she, "with gratitude of the deepest kind, I thank you for the protection you have afforded me; but it is absolutely necessary I should depart."

"It cannot—must not be!"

"It was the advice and dying request of my poor, departed child."

"In that there was the voice of the Great Spirit himself."

"Whom I will never cease to entreat to shower down comforts and blessings on your head."

"Never—no, never can the poor Indian know comfort, if deprived of thee."

"You may yet be happy; time may—"

"Never has the sun of joy risen in my bosom till my eyes feasted on thy beauty."

"Nay, nay, my friend, cease to—"

"Your cheeks, pale and stained with tears, have cast an impression on my soul, never to be effaced."

"Think not of me," said the unhappy mother. "Remember, I am the wife of another."

"Yes—yes! I know thy heart dwelleth in the bosom of another. Never will I attempt to draw it forth. I have suffered, and still so suffer."



Mrs. Wharton attempted to reconcile him to the absolute necessity of their parting, which, however, he would not consent to, until she had given him leave, with two other Indians, to conduct her in safety to the place of her destination.

This was a new source of grief to Mrs. Wharton, as she plainly saw the agonizing conflict that passed within his breast; but she reposed the greatest confidence in his honour.

They at length set out; but during their long and weary march he spoke but little, and his melancholy increased as they approached the end. His face was frequently bedewed with tears, and his bosom agitated with sighs and groans.

"There," said he, as they approached their resting-place—"there is the spot where I must leave you," and at the same time a deep groan escaped his bosom.

Mrs. Wharton replied,—  
"Be comforted, my friend. Let the knowledge that you have done a kind and benevolent action, console your wounded spirit."

"Oh, that I could be comforted!" he exclaimed; "but I shall lose you, and myself be no more thought of."

"You will be ever dear to my memory," said the lady, "and while reason holds her seat, never will your kindness be absent from my mind."

"You, then, will not forget me?"

"Never! I vow it to the Great Spirit that made us both!"

The face of the Indian was illumined in a moment with the most exquisite transport, and seizing her hand, with an eagerness that made her start,—

"For the love of Heaven!" cried the terrified lady, "do not harm me! You are bound to protect me! Do not make me repent the obligations you have laid me under!"

The Indian made no reply, but, turning away his head, burst into a flood of tears.

They had now arrived at the place of their destination, and the Indian conducted them to the house of her relatives, who received the poor wanderers, and promised them an asylum.

Mrs. Wharton now gave way to the gratitude of her disposition, and profusely thanked her generous conductor for his repeated kindness; but she could not dissipate the gloom which enveloped his features.

She endeavoured now to make him sensible of the caresses of her children, and, as a token of regard, fastened a gold locket round his arm.

For some moments the Indian regarded it attentively, then, running suddenly up to her, he exclaimed, with a fearful solemnity of countenance,—

"I have brought you to a place of safety, and I have no more to do with life. May the Great Spirit protect you, and reunite you to the happiest of men. I have now drunk the last cup of bitter affliction! Farewell!"

Saying this, he struck a dagger into his breast, and, falling at her feet, expired without a groan.

The suddenness of the blow precluded all possibility of preventing it, and the terror which Mrs. Wharton felt, for some time deprived her of her senses. Upon her recovery, she bewailed the death of her Indian friend, with the most lively grief.

Several months now elapsed without Mrs. Wharton bearing anything of her husband, and in the meanwhile she lost her little girl, and this added to her sorrow. While thus absorbed in grief, a man, habited as an Indian, entered the house, and demanded the name of their relatives. The sound of the voice at once convinced her that it was her long lost husband, and in the next instant they were locked in each others fond embrace. He had escaped the vigilance of his keepers, and, in the disguise of an Indian, had traversed the wilds of America, seeking his wife and children.

Our globe must be still in the very swaddling-clothes of its birth, and man, as to experience, a mere infant. We cannot guess at the susceptibility for further and higher improvements in the sciences and arts, in civilization, and, above all, in religion, which may be imparted to him by the new stages of existence that are still to arrive. We cannot look forward to the lapse of even one hundred years without supposing that in that time at least, education and Christianity would be universal over the earth. The generations of those distant times would look back upon ours as a period of comparative obscurity and barbarity. War would be unknown to them. All the necessary points of legislation and economy would have been fully arranged. Communication between all nations would have been facilitated in every way that ingenuity could devise. New empires would have arisen, and, perhaps, new continents emerged from the bosom of the deep; reason and knowledge would be found as uniformly as they ought to be, the friends—not the enemies of faith.

## WIVES BY ADVERTISEMENT;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF MESSRS. OUTOFALL AND SMASHEM.

"I'll tell you what, Smashem!" said Outofall to his brother blackleg, as he leaned upon the back of a chair in his two pair back, "I'll tell you what."

"So you said before," returned Smashem, as he polished the heel of a boot; "now, let's have it."

"I have a new idea."

"Out with it, then," as the woman said to the child who had swallowed a faithing."

"You know we are devilishly out of luck," returned Outofall, as he curled the end of his sham moustache.

"That's no new idea, certainly; but you may have only just discovered it."

"Well, well; without joking, you know we are both down upon our luck."

"But the new idea, man; the new idea; is it likely to be profitable?"

"Yes."

"Say on then."

"I intend to get married to some heiress, and thus replenish my purse."

"Why you have a wife already."

"If she wouldn't live with me, I can't help that," returned Outofall.

"Certainly not," resumed his friend, "but you run a risk."

"Oh, never mind the risk; you know I left her in Paris."

"And where is your heiress to come from?"

"Advertise for her to be sure; advertise for her; there are as fine fish in the sea as were ever caught."

"True; but don't you think the plan is an old idea, instead of a new one?"

"In one sense it is; but it is new to me, and I mean to try it; you don't mind helping a friend in case of need?"

"How could you have me serve you?"

"By being my reference."

"But you know, Outofall, we can't see anybody in such rooms as these."

"No, no; we must manage to get some handsome rooms, if only for a week."

"Well, proceed."

"And you must become my worthy friend and referee, the Rev. Cleophas Goodall."

"Do I look clerical?" asked Smashem, as he pulled on the polished boot.

"You'll pass muster, if you manage well."

"How?"

"Shave off your whiskers; put on a straight cut coat, and wear a white cravat."

"Humph!"

"If you could get up a few quotations from the Bible, it would be as well, you know."

"Knowledge is power," laughed Smashem, "and I now see through the plan."

"So far, so good; what do you say to it?"

"It may succeed; nothing venture nothing win," returned Smashem, pulling on the other boot, while Outofall inked the white portions of his worn-out hat and coat.

"But how do you propose to raise the wind for the advertisement?"

"We must do somebody out of something," was the return of Outofall.

"Agreed!"

"And now I am going to draw up the advertisement, Smashem; have you a sheet of paper?"

"I'm not worth a curse."

"Then I must borrow a penny of the landlady and fetch a sheet of paper and a pen."

"It's a great chance if she will lend it to you."

"A little flattery will squeeze it out of her; she likes it as well as any girl."

Outofall then left the room, and after informing his landlady "that she looked really handsome," requested the loan of a penny, with a promise of its return to-morrow, when he would lend her ten pounds if she required it.

Having gained his request, he sallied out and soon after returned with a flimsy sheet of paper and a quill, which having meddled with a blunt razor, and dipped into a broken tea-cup, holding ink, he turned his eyes to the ceiling, and for a few moments seemed lost in thought; at last he exclaimed, "I say, Smashem!"

"Well," returned his companion.

"What shall I put down?"

"Something about unhappy position in life; the charm of female



society; similar tastes as your own—should have an equal fortune—great secrecy, &c. &c.”

“Oh, yes; I understand,” returned Outofall, and then penned the following to be inserted in the *Times*.

**MATRIMONY.**—The advertiser looks with disgust on the many of his sex, who, passing by the innate beauty of nature's masterpiece, lovely woman, deem none but those possessing outward beauty deserving their love and esteem; he, the advertiser, by strict attention to his profession, has been precluded from enjoying the society of those enchanting beings, whose smiles can soften the sternest decrees of fate, and finding life insupportable without some lovely being who would share with him his joy and prosperity, with much reluctance adopts this, not modern plan, in the sincere hope that it may meet the eye of one possessed of equal equanimity of temper and of fortune, which latter is considerable. The advertiser is in the prime of life; possessed of a handsome person and accomplishments.

Letters addressed to the Honourable Y. Z., York Hotel,  
N.B.—The utmost secrecy and honour may be relied on.

When Outofall had penned the above, he held it at arm's length, and after having read it to his companion, said, “There now, what do you think of that?”

“Capital! ca—pi—tal!” returned Smashem, drawing out the last phrase.

“Yes, I rather think it's ‘the cheese,’” replied Outofall, as he folded it.

“Nothing could be better—demme if it could,” said Smashem, as he stuck a false moustache upon one side of his upper lip.

“Now we must raise the wind to pay the advertisement; how can we manage it?”

“I'm cursed if I know.”

“Demmd provoking; one is always so ‘hard up’ at the very time one wants money most,” answered Outofall.

“Horrible! it's horrible!” cried Smashem.

“Gad, I have it,” continued Outofall; “I will be in bed while you ‘spout’ my toggery.”

“Don't think you'll raise enough for that ‘ad’ in the ‘Times.’”

“What do they charge?”

“They won't put it in under seven-and-six,” continued Smashem.

“And you're sure to raise that on the articles.”

“Where's the use of your talking so,” continued Smashem. “You know your mother's brother will not lend more than one-and-six upon that old ‘Newmarket cut’ of yours.”

“Well!”

“And the last time you sent that hat, they only lent ninepence.”

“And that makes two-and-threepence,” said Outofall; “then there's the k eksies, my boots, and shirt.”

“No heels to the boots, and shirt wants mending,” cried his companion; “my dear fellow, I'm sure it is no go.”

“Will you try?”

“I don't mind; but how do you propose to meet the fair damsels should you receive an answer? You cannot see them in bed.”

“Certainly not.”

“What do you intend to do, then?”

“You must lend me your clothes and take my place in bed, to be sure.”

“Don't you wish you may catch them?” cried Smashem, laughing.

“To be sure I do; you forget the hundred pounds you will receive if I meet with success.”

“Well, well, I did so.”

“I thought as much,” cried Outofall. “You know, while I am lying here, you must ‘victimize’ some flat out of another suit.”

“Certainly; I had forgotten.”

“Or else how can I refer to you as the Rev. Cleophas Goodall?”

“I had forgotten that part of the business; positively forgotten it,” said Smashem; “and now I think of it, I am afraid I shall not be able to ‘come the parson’ in good style.”

“Never mind; do your best; tally ho! tally ho! here goes!”

As Outofall delivered himself of this speech, he folded the paper and gave it to his friend; he then undressed and jumped into bed, while Smashem, taking the clothes, eyed them carefully to calculate how much “his uncle” would lend upon them.

“Collar of coat much worn,” said he, “elbows very white.”

“Ink them,” replied Outofall, from the bed.

“Hadin't I better wait till dark; then they won't perceive it.”

“Perhaps you had.”

In a short time it became dusk; Smashem turned something out of the empty pockets, and after bidding his companion “take care of himself,” started to the pawnbroker's where he got a shilling more than he expected, and then started off again to the office of the *Times*.

The advertisement was paid for and left a trifle over, with which

Smashem entered a coffee-house (which he chose to style the “York Hotel,”) and in a loud tone demanded “waiter!”

“Cum in! zir! cum in!” was the reply.

“Coffee, roll, and butter,” said Smashem.

“Have ‘em in a second, zir!”

“And, I say, waiter!”

“Yezzir!”

“If any letters should be directed here for Y. Z., York Hotel, will you be good enough to take them in, and I'll not forget you?”

“With pleasure, zir,” replied the waiter, to whom Smashem was well known, and when he turned his back, he continued “I'll be bound you're going to take some one in yourself, my knowing card.”

When the coffee was finished he returned to his friend Outofall, who, from underneath the bed clothes, demanded if “all's right.”

“As right as a trivet,” replied Smashem, “and something over; ‘here's what will keep the wind off your stomach;’” as he said this, he pulled from his pocket a penny loaf and half a quarter of “Old Tom,” in a flat bottle.

“Bravo! bravo! never say die!” exclaimed Outofall, at the joyous sight. “I wish I had bet a trifle on your success.”

Having despatched the gin, much to the comfort of his internal man, Outofall laid his head upon the pillow of expectation, and was soon asleep. Smashem again went out to “borrow” a trifle from a friend, and, at a late hour returned to his couch in the front room, while his companion snored in the back.

On the following day, Outofall kept his bed, while Smashem went in quest of furnished lodgings and a tailor, but being suited with neither, returned dispirited, and then kindly allowed his friend the use of his wardrobe for a promenade, and in his turn went to bed.

The day after the advertisement appeared, and towards evening he again visited “The York.”

“Any letters, waiter, for Y. Z.?”

“A cart load, sir.”

“Numerous correspondence,” returned Smashem.

“I should think so, sir; but here they are.”

“God bless me!” exclaimed Smashem, in amazement, as he regarded about three hundred letters, which the waiter emptied upon the table from a basket; there they lay in every description of tinted paper, directed in every possible hand, from the scrawl to the scholastic, and sealed with hearts, darts, halfpence, keys, and thimbles.

When Smashem had exhausted his surprise, he filled his coat and trouser pockets, and thrust the remainder into his hat, and with the burden staggered back to his friend.

“Well, what news?” asked Outofall, who looked like an overdone parsnip from lying in bed.

“Plenty,” returned his friend.

“Let's have it, then?”

Smashem emptied one of his pockets.

“Is that all?”

“No,” returned Smashem, placing the contents of a second pocket in a chair, “nor yet; nor yet.”

“Gracious Heaven! we shall never read ‘em all: it will require a steam engine to do it,” cried Outofall.

“Here is the last lot,” said his companion, taking off his hat, and the letters fell about the floor.

Outofall looked paralysed. “Gad,” said he, “I did not think that there were so many wanted husbands in the town.”

“Plenty to pick and choose from.”

“So I see; I wish I could marry half-a-dozen of them at once.”

“I wish you could; but let's commence operations.”

“Fire away,” cried Outofall, jumping out of bed, and forthwith he commenced to break the seals and tear the envelopes at an alarming rate.

At length Smashem said, “I think this will suit you, there is a coronet on the seal.”

“That's the time o' day; let's hear it,” cried the delighted Outofall.

Smashem then read—“Dear Sir, I have just caught sight of your advertisement, and hasten to reply, but must be brief, as my governess watches me very closely, being in the pay of my enemies. I am of noble birth, and shall inherit a splendid fortune when of age, which will be in a few days; if you are sincere, meet me at the corner of — street, to-morrow evening at nine, when I will explain all to you.”

“That's the sort,” cried Outofall.

“Some girl they want ‘to do’ out of her rights,” returned his friend.

“No doubt; keep her mew'd up, that some beggarly guardian may fatten upon her property.”

“Most likely.”

“And if I can secure her, I will,” cried Outofall, “in spite of guardians or the devil.”

“You're the boy for bewitching them,” returned Smashem, “but shall you read all these?”



"Only if this does not succeed."

"Very good! very good!"

The remainder of the letters unopened were consigned to an empty drawer, and the two friends amused each other with imaginary castle buildings.

As a tailor could not be found to "victimize," Outofall, a little before before the time appointed, put on his friend's attire, donned his moustache and imperial, and arrived at the corner of the mentioned street. For some minutes he dangled his cane with the most graceful air imaginable, and his hopes arose to fever heat.

At length the flutter of a petticoat arrested his attention, and he accommodated his features with a smile of welcome ready made for the occasion, and stood under the gas lamp to display it to the best advantage.

The female approached, and seizing him by the whisker, exclaimed, "ah, you wretch, now I've got you, have I?"

"Good God, woman!" cried Outofall, "what can you mean by this violence?"

"You don't know me, I suppose," cried the furious female, "but I know you."

"Let me go."

"I know my own husband too well, you vagabond, to let you escape me this time."

"Oh, oh, oh, oh!" roared Outofall, "let go my whisker."

"Never!" cried the woman, shaking him more violently than before.

"Police! police!"

"You may call police, you wretch; but I'll stick to you till death."

"Police! murder! police!" shouted Outofall, at the top of his voice, while the tears started into his eyes with pain.

"What's the row?" asked a policeman, stepping up at the instant.

"She'll murder me," shrieked our hero.

"Leave go, woman," said the police.

"Never! never!" danced the woman.

"Take her in charge; oh! oh! oh!" grinned Outofall, horribly.

The policeman attempted to remove her, but in doing so she only held tighter by the whisker, and called out, "My husband! my husband!" while Outofall cried "Oh! oh!" in every intonation of voice agony could produce.

A mob had now collected; one said "go it," another "brave!" a third "pull devil, pull baker;" the boys shouted, and the dogs barked, while Outofall wished a thousand times his whiskers were as false as his moustache.

By great exertion the female's hold was disengaged, and as her unfortunate victim rubbed his cheek, a man entered the crowd, and informed it that the woman was a maniac who had just escaped him, and he forthwith commenced to restrain her violence by putting on her a strait waistcoat, and ultimately succeeded in carrying her off in a hackney coach.

The crowd now began to disperse, and to gain breathing time, Outofall took one turn round the adjacent square, and then returned to the lamp-post at the corner, where he found the mob entirely dispersed.

He had not waited long before a young and elegant female stepped up to him, and said, in the sweetest tone, "Y. Z., I presume."

"Your most devoted," replied our hero.

"I dare not stay an instant," returned the lady, seemingly much embarrassed.

"Not one instant?" ejaculated Outofall.

"Oh, dear, I am so agitated."

"Compose yourself, my incomparable fair; for never did I before meet with so much loveliness."

"Ahem!" coughed the lady.

"Say where I can hear the music of your voice, unheard by others."

"Well, I have a friend close by, if you have no objection."

"Enchantress of my soul!"

"There we can arrange our future prospects; but at present I dare not tarry long."

"Sweet being!" cried Outofall, twisting the end of his moustache, "you said your fortune was —"

"Splendid!" said the lady, "but follow me where we can converse more at ease."

Elated at his prospects of success, Outofall followed his incognito, and endeavoured to engage her with his most brilliant *jeu d'esprit*; they turned into another street, and soon the lady knocked at the door of a house which was opened by some unseen hand.

"Follow me!" whispered the female.

Outofall, guided by her footsteps, groped along the dark passage, and when arrived at the extremity, the floor assumed a slanting position, as if a trap door had been suddenly lowered; he tried to save himself from falling, but still he slid forward, and ultimately found himself fixed in a kind of reservoir of mud; at the same instant he was saluted with several bucket fulls of water from above, and the trap-door was closed above him.

After floundering about for some time he groped his way out of what appeared to be a dry sewer, and found himself in a kind of mews, and in this deplorable plight was compelled to return to his friend Smasham, who eagerly awaited his return. As the clothes were spoiled they were compelled to lie in bed till fortune favoured them, and since that time they have been very shy of matrimonial speculations.

## THE BETRAYED ONE'S LAMENT.

Oh! mem'ry, what art thou to me; what dost thou bring to mind?  
The seducer of my innocence, and a lover false, unkind;  
Little did I think my heart with such anguish would be torn,  
Or I should ever live to weep the hour that I was born.

Yes, I regret my infant days, that were spent in thoughtless glee,  
And my happy childhood's home, which was so dear to me;  
But why does mem'ry haunt me, and round me close y hover,  
That it brings to mind past joys and the baseness of my lover?

But, George, when first I lov'd thee, I did not think that thou  
Would ever cause my tears to flow, and with shame o'ercloud my brow;  
Too well, alas! I have trusted, and would now lay down my life  
To save thine own, and be for one short hour thy wife.

But that you have denied, altho' I have bartered all  
That would make life dear to me; and now, alas! I fail;  
My happiness and peaceful home for thee I have given up.  
And now I taste the bitterness of sorrow's bitter cup.

And much, alas! I fear my sorrows will be great,  
I feel it at my heart, for 'tis lone and desolate;  
And in the bitterness of grief, I curse the hour we met;  
Oh, how I wish, but vainly wish, I could the past forget.

But mem'ry it is busy, and I think upon my shame,  
Which I pray thee to conceal, by giving me your name;  
To you a faithful wife would be, as if I ne'er had fell  
From virtue, while the cause has been in loving thee too well.

Windsor.

E. J. M.

**NEGRO ABILITY.**—In addition to what has been said of the proficiency of the negroes in many branches of scholastic knowledge, their attainments in music and psalmody must not be admitted. Most of them are possessed of fine voices, and are by no means deficient in taste. The singing at many places of religious worship, where the choir is composed almost entirely of blacks and their descendants, is but very little inferior to that at places of worship in England; and, were the same advantages enjoyed by one class as by the other, not the slightest difference would be discernible. Hundreds of them are self-taught proficient in music. Many can play beautifully on the violin, the clarinet, and the flute, without a knowledge of notation; and, when regularly instructed in the science, are by no means inferior in skill and execution to the whites. The band of the 2nd West India Regiment, now in Spanish Town, is composed almost entirely of liberated or re-captured Africans from Spanish and Portuguese slave-ships, and their performances will bear a comparison with those of any other regimental band in her Majesty's service. Any imputation of ignorance of the mechanic arts and manufactures now cast upon the black population of Jamaica, would only excite the ridicule or contempt of those who are acquainted with them. There are now to be found amongst the black population throughout the country, comprehending individuals of each tribe, operatives, mechanics, and masons, carpenters, coopers, blacksmiths, sailors, pilots, and, it may be added, from their knowledge of the properties of medicinal herbs, and their skill in applying them to different disorders, veterinary surgeons, and medical men: whilst in the towns are also shoemakers, cabinet-makers, carvers and gliders, watchmakers, jewellers, &c., who manifest as much skill, and perform their work with as much accuracy and taste, as workmen of the same description in England. Most of the houses and public buildings—churches, chapels, court houses—were built chiefly by slaves; and to slaves, equally with the free blacks and people of colour, have the white inhabitants been indebted, not only for the common works of art, but for nearly every article of local manufacture.—*Jamaica; its Past and Present State.*

**AN EXCELLENT CHANCE FOR THE FAIR SEX.**—The following appears as a *bona fide* advertisement in the *Martin*:—"Open to all Wales.—A handsome young gentleman, whose extreme bashfulness has induced un to adopt the inosocial mode of curtsip, is wilful o disposing o his hind an hart to the Savournen darlint who is of a blud—tarnation its delicat soomitre—plays the pihanna, and bates his echoes o Kiliameo in voice.—Fortin of na considrashuu, bane himself unkimmin rish! Athrev to B.C.W., Lampeter, Cardingshire!"



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CLXXXI.

GEORGE HOME'S DEEP ANXIETIES.—THE HEART'S DISAPPOINTMENT.  
—THE SELF-SACRIFICE RESOLVED ON.

THE dark and unholy spirit of vengeance that for so many years had been kept alive in the heart of George Home, blazed now more fiercely than ever; and as it appeared from the fact of the marriage of Alice having actually taken place, that Sir Charles's heart was no longer to be reached through the medium of his dearest and best affections, he, George, resolved upon the only other mode that now remained to him of compassing the ruin of his cousin.

He looked forward, in the progress of his revenge, that some great self-sacrifice might be necessary, and since he had met with the grievous and heart-afflicting disappointment, he had, as regarded the affections of his own daughter, become callous as to the amount of that self-sacrifice.

Even he, George Home, with all his bad passions—all his deep malice, and all the partial wandering of intellect which his sufferings had induced, could not steel his heart against the whisperings of natural affection. His daughter—his only child—the one tie that yet bound him to the world, had all ways been a bright spot in his mental horizon; a star to worship, and think redeemingly beautiful, let whatever storms rage about him. He had always looked forward to the time when, his revenge satisfied, he should clasp to his heart his long estranged child, and see her smile upon him as she addressed him by the holy name of father—that had been his brightest, tenderest dream of the future. The consummation of his revenge against Sir Charles Home had always presented to him a prospect of the finest delight, and he would not have foregone it for worlds; but all the sunshine of his thoughts were derived from considerations connected with his daughter.

In his long and dreary confinement, when reason began again to resume her proper empire in his mind, he thought vividly of her; when he burst his prison bonds, and once more tasted the joys of freedom, although accompanied with abject poverty, his thoughts still yearned towards her, and, mingled with his wild thirst for vengeance against his treacherous cousin, would come the sweeter instinct of paternity.

With much trouble, for he was compelled to be cautious in his investigations, he had discovered where Sir Charles Home had placed his daughter. In the disguise of a wandering mendicant, although, in the then state of his features it could scarcely be called a disguise, he had hovered about the neighbourhood until he saw her. With all a father's pride he looked upon her beauty, her healthful aspect, and the air of well kept comfort that surrounded her. Then he took deep counsel with himself, and the result of his cogitations was to leave her for a time where she was.

"Yes," he thought, "she shall remain enjoying advantages of keep and education which I cannot offer her, although they do come from my arch enemy; but it shall be my especial care that no feeling of gratitude for these fancied favours shall grow upon her mind towards Sir Charles Home. No doubt she is talked to largely about his goodness in adopting—his rare and excellent philanthropy in providing so handsomely for his poor necessitous relation, and she will be taught to think him little less than a very god. But I will be careful that pall is mingled with the honey. She shall, young though she is, know who this kind considerate relative is, and what she really and truly owes him."

Thus resolving, George Home left the place without an attempt to make himself known to his daughter, and repaired to London, from whence he wrote to her the letters which had gradually succeeded in awakening such awful and disastrous feelings in her breast.

In the great city George Home found it difficult for some time to get a livelihood, until, reasoning upon the credulity of mankind, and finding that the mass of people were always willing to pay more for the incomprehensible than the reasonable, he set up as a fortune teller, and took possession of the old condemned house near to St. Paul's.

There he made money, and brooded over some certain and painful mode of being thoroughly revenged upon his cousin, whose career he watched with the nicest attention; but George Home fully felt all the difficulties of his situation. He knew that he himself was more directly amenable to the law than Sir Charles, for there was ample evidence to commit him, George, of criminal proceedings, while, whatever firm conviction he might have that Sir Charles had murdered Abraham Benn, the Jew, he had no direct evidence to offer in confirmation of that conviction.

Hence, then, he became convinced that his revenge must assume a

thoughtful and protracted character, and that, if Sir Charles was to be touched at all, it must be in some manner through his affection for his own child. At the same time, George always reserved to himself the thought that he could at any time publicly accuse him of murder by sacrificing himself at the same time by a declaration that he was his accomplice—a declaration, however unfounded in fact, George would not have hesitated to make for the satisfaction of his diabolical revenge.

His reputation as an astrologer and fortune-teller he acquired by getting up a connection among servants, from whom he acquired ample information to astonish their masters and mistresses with, and he soon found himself in comfortable circumstances. Here his great object was to obtain a full knowledge of all Sir Charles's affairs, which he soon did, and how he haunted him on various occasions we are already well acquainted with.

Perhaps George Home felt a little pain upon discovering how ready to his hand lay the evil passions he wished to awaken in the breast of his daughter; but, if he did, such feelings were soon quenched in a contemplation that the time was surely fast approaching when he should have his cousin at his mercy. The time came, at length, when Sir Charles made the ill-timed visit to the house near to St. Paul's, and on that occasion George succeeded in making him believe that he was in possession of ample evidence to convict him of the two murders; namely, that of the gamester in the Jew's house; and, subsequently, of Abraham Benn himself.

Guilt is always timid, and Sir Charles, although he had his doubts, could not take upon himself to say that such evidence did not exist; indeed, the very doubt was sufficient to awaken all his fears.

On the impulse of the moment he gave way to the most abject solicitations, and upon condition of enduring the presence of his revengeful cousin whenever he chose to shew himself at his house, and likewise making over to him an assignment of the bulk of his property, George allowed him to depart with life, satisfied that he had it in his power now to torture him much more living than by any death he could possibly inflict upon him.

The painful discovery, then, that his daughter, Margaret, was more engrossed with her sudden passion for Horace Singleton than her own and her parent's wrongs, gave an exquisite pang to George's heart; but still that pang would have been much greater had it not been that a furtherance of his daughter's views as regarded Horace was likewise a furtherance of his revenge against Sir Charles, who, he knew, was heart and soul intent upon the marriage of Alice with Singleton.

Little, however, did George Horace suspect the lengths Margaret's wild passion was carrying her to when she went to Horace's chamber in the Albany to make him the offer she did.

From the period, too, when Margaret became so madly attached to Horace Singleton, he, George Home, found his word less regarded, and his influence over her gradually waning. To restore himself, then, to the first place, if possible, in her consideration, he made up his mind to tell her who he really was. How coldly, with what absolute indifference and frigidity she received the information we are aware, and after that interview George Home was in a state of mind more nearly resembling madness than he had felt now for many years.

He took counsel with his bruised heart what he should do. He felt that he was virtually foiled in all he had hoped to accomplish, and that if more was to be done it could only be done by a self-sacrifice; namely, the substantiation of his charges against Sir Charles Home, by himself as an accomplice in the first murder, and a witness of the second.

The assignment he held of Sir Charles's property he indorsed to his daughter Margaret, and placed among his papers, where it would be conveniently found, and then he made up his mind thoroughly, that when the marriage should be declared between Horace and Alice, that Margaret should be armed with full power to step in and claim the property, while he, George, accused Sir Charles Home of murder, and he hoped that disgust at the daughter of a man stained with such a crime would lead to dissension between Horace and Alice.

That Margaret would really attempt the death of the former by means of poison he scarcely believed, for at the time he had furnished her with the means of so doing, he himself was in a state of mental excitement which made him scarcely cognizant of his own acts, and from that period he had ever been wavering between fear that she would do so, and his wish that, by any deed, however awful, the marriage should be prevented, at the same time, too, that by Horace's death Margaret should be freed from what he, George, felt certain was a hopeless passion.

When, then, he found that Alice had become the wife of Horace Singleton in defiance of him, he at once resolved to let loose all the horrors of the law against Sir Charles Home; but, before he accused himself as a participator in the crimes he intended laying to his charge, he determined upon trying how far into trouble the mere accusation would carry the wealthy baronet.



Sir Charles Home had made all his arrangements, and left London about an hour before George Home sought the residence of one of the metropolitan magistrates for the purpose of applying for a warrant on a charge of murder.

This application he had waited the whole day before he would make, because he would not appear at a public police office to make it. He wished privacy just then, although, afterwards, he would have liked the assumed guilt of Sir Charles proclaimed trumpet-tongued.

Several times anticipating they might be able to return him some favours George Home had made himself of gratuitous assistance to the police in the discovery of stolen property, so that his illegal profession of a conjuror was winked at, and there were few of the London officers who did not know him as a singular character, with vast means of information at his disposal.

With the officer who had been so much present at the demolition of Abraham Benn's house, and who had taken so much notice of the singular agitation of Sir Charles Home on that occasion, George had taken care to make himself well acquainted, and, by many suggestions, and obscure hints, had tended to increase the suspicions that the wealthy baronet knew more about the dead body beneath the flooring than he would like to come to light.

Upon him, then, George called on his route to the magistrate's house, for in his hands he wished the warrant to be placed that should apprehend Sir Charles, and to him he purposed explaining that he was in a position to accuse Sir Charles of the murder in the Jew's house, and to produce the handkerchief that had been around the face of the corpse, accounting for his possession of it by some specious tale of it having been brought to him by some one of those who had faith and fear in his predictions.

The charge he at first intended to produce against Sir Charles was this murder, which he had no sort of doubt had been by him committed, and he resolved upon swearing that Abraham Benn had conferred to him the deed as jointly committed by him, Abraham, and Sir Charles Home. Should such evidence, joined to the story of the handkerchief, and, perchance, Sir Charles's own confession, and signs of guilt fail, he thought it would then be time enough to accuse himself as an actual participator in the murder, and adorn his statement with a circumstantial detail of the deed of blood, which he could easily invent.

#### CHAPTER CLXXXII.

##### THE MAGISTRATE.—THE WARRANT.—THE FIRST STEP IN REVENGE TAKEN.

WITH this intent so firmly fixed in his mind that nothing could alter it, George Home wrapped his cloak closely around him, and left his melancholy home, in order to take the first active step against the reputation, the liberty, and the life of Sir Charles Home.

Notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather, he walked the whole distance, for the exercise in some measure tended to calm the excitement under which he was labouring, and enabled him to think more calmly upon the specious tale he was about to tell.

He soon reached the officer's house, which was situated in close proximity to the police-office in Bow-street, and was gratified to find that individual at home. After the usual greetings, George Home, who had placed himself in such a position that his face was but dimly seen, said, in a low tone, that at once arrested the officer's attention,—

"Think you that a magistrate could grant a warrant to-night, for the apprehension of a person charged with a heavy crime?"

"Probably. What crime?"

"Murder."

"Murder?"

"Aye, murder."

"Your accusation will have to be supported by some evidence upon oath."

"That I can do."

"Do I know anything about it?"

"A little. The person I am about to accuse I could have accused long since, but I waited for better evidence than I now have, and finding that I waited in vain, I have resolved to come forward with what I do know and can prove, to make the charge."

"Why, how long ago was it?"

"Years since."

"Years! Humph! You won't find yourself very pleasantly situated in bringing forward a very stale charge?"

"I do not expect to find myself pleasantly situated until I am in my grave."

"Oh!"

"Think you the magistrate will listen to me?"

"Of course he will, and the party no doubt will be apprehended. Much less evidence will procure a warrant and an inquiry, than would produce a conviction, you know."

"Certainly."

"Who is the party accused?"

"Sir Charles Home."

The officer whistled and looked astonished; then he said,—

"I'd lay any wager, then, that you have found out something about that dead body at Abraham Benn's house?"

"No; I have found out nothing. I only come now forward to tell what I always knew, because I despair of finding out more."

"Well," exclaimed the officer, "I don't know how far I ought to listen to all this. I will go with you, if you like, to a magistrate, and whatever he orders me to do in the matter I am perfectly willing to do. I recollect Sir Charles Home made a wonderful fuss about the finding of that body, and that it was a current opinion among the police that he really knew something about it, and had himself secured the handkerchief, or caused it to be secured by some one. The whole affair visibly affected him, although, beyond his own extraordinary conduct, there was no evidence affecting him."

"But there will be now. I likewise accuse him of the murder of Abraham Benn, in the fields near Hendon."

"Indeed! Upon what evidence?"

"I saw him."

"You saw him?"

"I did."

"Then, I tell you what—it strikes me more forcibly than ever it did—and that's saying a great deal—that your name is George Home, and you are cousin to this Sir Charles?"

"You are right," said George, with sudden vehemence—"you are right. I am that deeply-injured man, and I will yet have my revenge—such revenge as shall adorn a tale, if it point no moral. Yes, I will have revenge!"

"You had better not tell that to the magistrate, who may think it all revenge, and scarcely listen to you. Indeed, I much doubt if your unsupported testimony will suffice much against Sir Charles Home."

"I shall have a powerful witness in his own fears. Accuse Sir Charles Home broadly of murder, and if he look not conscious of guilt, I know him not. Look on this. The very sight of it will freeze his blood, and render him incapable of denial. He is as likely, ay, and much more so, to fall on his knees and howl for mercy, as to deny that he has dabbled his soul in blood."

As he spoke, George Home dragged from his pocket the yellow handkerchief that had been around the head of the corpse, and his manner betrayed so much wildness and ferocity, that the officer, accustomed as he was to all sorts of characters, shrunk back involuntarily a pace or two from before the flashing eyes of George Home.

"You secured that handkerchief, then?" he said.

"Yes, and the head with it. I can produce both when requisite. The one will help to vouch for the other."

"Well, this is a very extraordinary affair. Come along at once, and we will hear what a magistrate says to it. I dare not now, if I could, keep to myself what you have told me; so the matter had better be gone on with at once. Come along—come along."

"I am willing," said George. "So that I have my revenge, I care not. I am ready."

They left at once, and as one of the magistrates of the Bow-street police court resided no further off than in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, they were soon at his door, where the officer knocked, and requested an interview with the official personage, a request which, coming from him, was at once acceded to, and in the course of a few minutes George Home found himself in a handsome drawing room, awaiting the appearance of the magistrate who was to take the first step towards bringing the criminal and unhappy Sir Charles to justice—that justice which he had successfully eluded for so many years, although stained with the most atrocious crimes.

The magistrate did not at first see George when he came into the room, and addressed the officer only; but the latter, nevertheless, said, pointing to his companion,—

"There is one, sir, who has a charge of murder to prefer."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," said George Home, stepping forward, and allowing the folds of his cloak to fall back. "My name is George Home. I come here to accuse Sir Charles Home, my cousin, of two murders."

The magistrate looked astonished, and, ringing the bell, he said,—

"I will send for my clerk, if you please. This is a serious matter; unless —"

He paused, and glanced in George Home's face; who, immediately divining what he meant, filled up the sentence himself by saying,—

"Unless I am a madman, you would add. I have suffered enough to make me one, but I am sane, and know well what I am about."

"Very well. Pray wait until my clerk comes. Is Mr. Freeman in the house, John?"

"Yes, sir."



"Then tell him to come here immediately. Luckily my clerk has not left, and I can take any depositions you have to offer, sir."

In a few moments the clerk made his appearance, and the magistrate then sitting down, said,—

"You have no objection to be sworn, I suppose?"

"None. I will swear."

The magistrate himself proceeded to administer the oath, which George Home took without the least symptom of reluctance or emotion. He had fully wrought himself up to the matter, and not even a solemn appeal to Heaven in favour of the falsehoods he was about to utter, could deter him. Moreover, he, by a specious kind of reasoning, affected to make himself believe, that as he had no moral doubt Sir Charles was guilty of the murders he laid to his charge, the means by which he was convicted mattered not much, so long as that end was answered.

"Now, sir," said the magistrate; "your name and calling?"

"My name is George Home. Calling I have none. Some years since—now nearly fifteen, in fact—I had occasion to see the Jew, whose murder must be fresh in your recollection, and who was named Abraham Benn. It was about one week before his own death, and he said to me,—

"George Home, I cannot sleep o' nights. My rest is disturbed by frightful visions. There has been murder done here." The old man trembled excessively, and, after some pressing, he informed me that he and Sir Charles Home had, together, murdered a man in that house. He further added that the body was concealed beneath the flooring of a particular room he mentioned, and that tied round the head was a yellow silk handkerchief, belonging to Sir Charles Home, on which was his name.

"Having made to me this revelation, the old man seemed easier in his mind, and added,—

"You know now a secret that will bring Sir Charles Home at any time to the gallows. I think my own end is near, and I much suspect foul play at his hands."

"I was then in the greatest poverty. The Jew assisted me with a trifle, and promised to bring me more to a wretched house near Hendon, where I and my family had found a temporary refuge. My wife died in that place, only, I believe, escaping by death from the savage persecution of Sir Charles Home, who came there to renew solicitations that had already nearly driven her to distraction. He and the Jew met. I was nearly mad—hovering, in fact, upon the confines of insanity; but I saw him murder the Jew, for I was lurking near the spot."

"You saw him?"

"Yes, I saw him kill the Jew, and I heard him exult in the fact that he had got so easily rid of a dangerous person to his peace."

George Home paused, and the magistrate was silent for a few minutes, after which he said,—

"I doubt if the evidence you offer be sufficient to convict; but Sir Charles Home is too much interested in it to refuse his attendance before me, even without compulsion."

"He will take to flight," said George, "upon the least symptom of the charge being breathed against him. He knows that he is guilty, and will escape, unless the promptest measures are taken for his apprehension."

"But we can take precautions."

"Sir," cried George Home, "I make certain depositions before you, on oath, and I apply for a warrant against a certain party on the strength of those depositions. If you will not or cannot grant it, I must go elsewhere."

"Does Sir Charles Home reside within my jurisdiction?"

"Yes," said the officer: and then leaning over to the magistrate he added, in a low tone,— "I know of the finding a dead body, with a yellow handkerchief around its head, and Sir Charles Home's conduct upon the occasion was, at least, rather more than suspicious."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir. The whole circumstances were very extraordinary, and certainly deserve careful investigation."

"Do you think this man sane?"

"I do, certainly. He is an eccentric character, but I believe him perfectly sane."

"Then I will give you a warrant, which, of course, execute as quietly as you can. The case must come publicly before me to-morrow, and if Sir Charles Home is innocent, it is a very hard case for him." Then turning to George Home, the magistrate added,— "I shall grant a warrant, and, I trust, we shall see you, without fail, to-morrow morning at the police court."

"Fail!" cried George—"fail! Alive or dead I shall be there—alive or dead!"

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE RESCUE.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

Alas, what lofty devotion—what blissful recollections—what high hopes—what unsullied love—what pure affection—what ardent patriotism—has been swallowed up by thee, thou unrelenting past!

ANON.

"O, MOTHER, they are coming—they are coming!" shouted little Maria Hazlewood, as she came flying into the apartment where her mother and sister were preparing tea: her dark hair floating loose around her white neck—her blue eyes sparkling with pleasure—and her fine countenance lighted up with animation, as she threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Who, my dear Maria, are coming?"

"Why, brother Charles and Arthur. I saw them on the hill beyond the river," replied the happy girl, as she hastened down the avenue to meet her brother.

"Heaven be praised!" said Mrs. Hazlewood, as she heard the welcome news; and the quick flush that passed over the features of the eldest sister, the beautiful Ellen, plainly told that Maria's intelligence was no less agreeable to her.

The two last days had been days of fearful anxiety with the Hazlewood family. They had heard of the conflict and victory of the Cowpens—the defeat and flight of Tarleton's invincibles, as they had hitherto been deemed—and the part that Lieutenant Colonel Washington's troop took in that brilliant affair. But in that gallant troop was a son and a friend; and was it not probable that among the brave men who had sealed the victory with their blood, Charles or Arthur had fallen?

Captain Hazlewood had early enlisted with all his heart in the service of his country, and fell, mortally wounded, in the disastrous attack on Savannah. He left one son and two daughters. Charles, who, although scarcely twenty, inherited his father's spirit, and had already distinguished himself as one of the bravest in Washington's daring band—the dark-eyed Ellen, now sixteen, and Maria, a bright, innocent, playful creature, five years of age.

When the British army threatened the occupation of Charleston, Capt. Hazlewood's family removed to their plantation, on the main branch of the Santee, about forty miles above Camden. If their residence here was marked with few appearances of that splendour and wealth to which they had been accustomed in the city, it was worthy of the amiable family that made it their home.

The neat, low, white buildings, rose at a considerable distance from the highway, on an eminence covered with fruit and forest trees, and the wild grape vines which threw their luxuriant tendrils from one to the other, had, in the course of years, converted the carriage way that led from the gate, to a continued bower.

From the house, through the opening trees, might be seen the hills of Santee, the meandering Catawba, and, at a little distance below, the road that led to the low country as it descended a hill, and crossed the plain and river, in front of the buildings.

At this hour the sun threw its last rays over the successive ranges of blue hills that rose in the west—the river lay in the vale like a broken thread of silver,—now hid by the sycamores and red cedars that fringed its banks, and now sparkling in the bright rays. The low, soft, soothing tones of the wood dove, and the clear, magical notes of the mocking bird, mingled in sweet concert in the oak, locust, and magnolias, that surrounded the mansion, and every thing seemed combined to present a picture of perfect quietness and beauty.

"What is the matter with you, my dear Ellen?" said Mrs. Hazlewood, alarmed at the paleness of her daughter, who had been watching with intense interest the two horsemen as they crossed the plain, and were now ascending the eminence on foot, with the delighted Maria, laughing and prattling between them.

"It is Charles, but not Arthur," replied Ellen, as she turned away from the window to conceal an emotion she could not suppress. But there was little time for explanation or conjecture, as at that instant the door opened, and Ellen was clasped to the bosom of her brother; while his mother shed tears of joy, as he pressed her hand.

"My dear mother, I have the pleasure of presenting to you Cornet Clifford, a British officer," said Charles, as he led the stranger forward.

"And your prisoner, you ought to have added," said Clifford, with a smile, as he returned the salutation of Mrs. Hazlewood.

Charles did not notice the remark, for at the instant he was whispering something in Ellen's ear, which covered her face with blushes, while it at the same time removed an immense weight from her bosom, and restored her usual sprightly cheerfulness.

"Charles, what is the matter with your arm?" inquired Maria, as she clung around her brother's neck; and Ellen at that moment saw that his left arm was suspended in a military sash.

"A scratch from such a weapon as that," he carelessly replied, point-

The greatest secret of writing well is to know and feel what we are writing about.



ing to his sabre that hung against the wall. "A mere accident that soldiers are every day liable to, and which might have been much worse."

"I must be satisfied the wound is not severe," said Mrs. Hazlewood.

"I appeal to my friend here who made it," answered the young soldier, with a smile, while a shudder ran over the ladies as they glanced at Clifford.

"A mere flesh wound, and is doing well, I assure you," was the reply to Charles's appeal.

"Is that man your friend?" inquired Maria, seriously. "If he could strike you with his sword, he shall never be my friend."

"My sister does not understand the casuistry of war; or perceive, that because men are sometimes enemies, there is no necessity for their being always so," said Hazlewood to the officer.

"She is quite pardonable," replied Clifford, as he kissed the reluctant girl; then pulling off a handkerchief that was tied around his head—said, as he pointed to a deep sabre gash in it,—"you must allow, my sweet girl, that since your brother cut this, he is at least as bad as I am."

"No; you are a royalist, and an enemy to my country, and my brother is not," answered Maria.

"Rebel to the very core!" said Clifford, with a bitter smile, as he released the girl from his arms, and the conversation was turned into another channel.

The fatigue of the day, added to the effect of the wound he had received, made it necessary for Clifford to retire at an early hour, and left Charles at liberty to explain the manner in which he became acquainted with that officer at the siege of Charleston, their meeting at the Cowpens, and the desperate conflict that ensued—the wound he himself received, and the manner in which he fortunately disabled, disarmed, and made him a prisoner.

"And why has he come here with you?" asked Ellen.

"Because he was not exchanged; and as there was a probability that I should be unfit for service a month or two, he chose, instead of following the retreat of the army, to come home with me on his parole of honour, I being security for his appearance."

"I do not like him, I can see in his countenance that he hates our cause and country; I wish he had not come here."

"I know, sister," said Charles, as he gaily tapped his sister's cheek, "that you would much rather have seen Arthur; but he is in the pursuit of glory and fame, and when he has acquired enough, he too shall come and see my Ellen."

A deep blush, which suffused with crimson the countenance of the beautiful Ellen, was all the reply she made to her sportive brother.

A week, a month passed away. The wound in the head of the royal officer was healed, and he was able to join in all the amusements which Charles projected in and out of doors.

To a commanding appearance, Cornet Clifford added a winning manner, which, when he chose, he could mingle with the attractive frankness of a soldier, and even the republican Maria began to regard him with less dislike than she at first felt.

By carefully avoiding all mention of topics that might give pain, he succeeded in securing the favourable opinion of Mrs. Hazlewood; but in spite of his endeavours to please, there was one of the family that continued to regard him with distrust and aversion. That one was the lovely Ellen, who could not help fancying that through the polished and gentlemanlike exterior he assumed, she could discover traces of the unprincipled villain, the profligate libertine.

Though he strove with all the art of which he was master to make a favourable impression upon her heart, to his mortification he found she was invulnerable, and while he was in his heart cherishing the most dishonourable intentions, he found himself more and more fascinated by her charms.

Still there was in his language, and in his eye, that which alarmed Ellen, and induced her, while she avoided him as much as possible, to hint her dislike to her brother.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about this royalist," said Charles; "to speak, aye, or think disrespectfully of you, or to you, shall be as much as his head is worth."

Clifford was a man too well versed in duplicity, to excite needless alarm, whatever black designs he might meditate. The younger son of a respectable English family, he had chosen the army for a profession, and attached to the light troops under Tarleton, none was more distinguished for his bravery, or his unbounded licentiousness.

From the moment he saw the beautiful Ellen Hazlewood, he had marked her for his victim, and his resolution did not falter when he saw she was the pride of her brother, and the loved one of all around her. He knew that he was disliked by her, and he exulted in the thought, that while he humbled the proud girl, a deep blow would be struck at the happiness of some of the stoutest rebels in Carolina. In the midst of his plans, however, he received a notice of his exchange, and a summons to join Lord Rawdon at Camden.

Charles, although his arm was not entirely healed, was unwilling at the prospect of active service to remain idle, and soon after Clifford departed, hastened to join his corps under Washington.

In the rapid succession of marches, and counter marches, skirmishes and battles that ensued, Clifford, though he did not forget the prize he was determined to possess, found no time for maturing his projects; and a blow from the sabre of another of Washington's troopers, at the hard fought battle of the Eutaw Springs, at once banished the recollection of Ellen, and everything else, from his head, for a while.

In that struggle Colonel Washington was wounded, and fell into the hands of the royalists, and, in a furious onset to rescue him, young Hazlewood's horse was killed under him, and he shared the fate of his superior, by being made prisoner.

When, after the lapse of two days, Clifford recovered his reason, and found that Charles was a prisoner, and in his power, his joy was unbounded; for, by having him at his disposal, he felt certain of being able to subdue the high-souled and virtuous Ellen; and the breathing time the royal army enjoyed after that battle, gave him an opportunity of putting his nefarious plans in a train of execution.

Tarleton, who comprehended the nature of his designs, if not the particulars of the plan, granted him permission to leave the army for a few days, and with two tory citizens of the state for his instruments, he departed in disguise for the neighbourhood of his victim.

It was late in the evening when a stranger knocked at Mrs. Hazlewood's door, and made himself known as the bearer of a message from Charles, informing them that he had been severely wounded, and was a prisoner, and entreating, as a favour, that Ellen would visit him before his death, which, under the guidance of the messenger, he assured her she might do in safety.

The man produced a passport from Cornwallis, and played the part assigned him so well, that not a suspicion passed the mind of Ellen or her mother; and although she was sensible of the dangerous nature of the undertaking, her love for her brother did not permit her to hesitate; and as soon as some refreshments had been provided for the messenger, and she had made a few hurried preparations, they set out.

They had not rode many miles before the day began to break, and while they were joined by another horseman, who appeared to be travelling the same road with themselves, Ellen's suspicions were excited by the pains her guide took to avoid those places where their appearance might have attracted notice.

Some trifling reasons were assigned for this course; and it was not until the forenoon was far advanced, and they paused for the first time at a small log hut in a thick pine wood, that Ellen's fears were converted into reality, by the appearance of the detested Clifford to assist her in alighting.

Ellen rejected his offered hand, and entered the hut. A chill of horror passed over her as she saw, from its desolate appearance, that it was uninhabited, and the full conviction that she was in the power of a villain, flashed upon her mind.

"Where is my brother?" demanded Ellen, turning to Clifford.

"Your brother is not here, but you shall soon have the pleasure of seeing him, and that too, safe and well."

"Safe and well!" repeated Ellen, fixing a searching look on the royal officer, who met it unmoved.

"Yes, dearest Ellen, both, though a prisoner. Forgive me, Ellen," he continued, as he attempted to take her hand, "if to obtain the company of one I shall ever love, I have been compelled to resort to stratagem; and allow me to hope the sight of your brother will not be the less welcome, because obtained through my means."

"My brother needs not my presence under such circumstances, and I must insist upon being permitted to return immediately to my home," replied the undaunted girl.

"No, Miss Hazlewood, I cannot part with you so easily; but you may rely upon the word of an officer, and a gentleman, that in the camp of his majesty's troops, you shall be perfectly safe."

Ellen's remonstrances were unavailing, and she was compelled to proceed; and while treated with much respect by Clifford, she trembled for the result. Once with her brother, she determined to appeal to Clifford's superiors, confident they would never refuse protection to innocence, or fail to deliver her from the power of a man she believed capable of any enormity.

During the journey, and after their arrival at the little village in which the royal army was encamped, Clifford saw that nothing was wanting to make Ellen's situation as agreeable as possible, although it was easy for her to see that she was under the strictest surveillance. She found her brother not only a prisoner, but, to her surprise, in close custody; and when she remonstrated with Clifford on the subject, and reminded him of the treatment he had experienced when in her brother's power, he answered, that circumstances he could not then explain, rendered such a measure necessary. She was not permitted to see him, except in the presence of Clifford, or one of the guard.



Though Clifford had now succeeded in getting Ellen within his clutches, the difficulties in his way he found were not all overcome. She refused to listen for a moment to his fine-spun falsehoods—she treated his professions of love with contempt, and his offers of marriage with indignant silence.

The building in which Clifford resided, and which served as a prison for both Charles and Ellen, was at a little distance from any other, although considerably within the line of sentries and outposts around the British camp.

There was a fine garden attached to it, and in this, as a mark of particular favour, Ellen, accompanied by her female attendant, was allowed to walk; the high picketted fence being deemed a sufficient security against any attempts at escape.

One mild afternoon, just as the sun was setting, Ellen and her servant observed an old woman on the outside of the garden, who appeared to be waiting their nearer approach.

"It's Peggy M'Farlan," said the girl, as Ellen inquired whether she knew her; "and she lives by furnishing the officers of his majesty with such vegetables as they will purchase and she can procure."

As they came up to the enclosure, Ellen perceived she had some clusters of wild flowers and sweet smelling herbs which she offered to sell to them.

In the one which, in consideration of a few pence, she handed to Miss Hazlewood, the latter observed her slip a small piece of paper; and while the eyes of the attendant were directed another way by the woman, Ellen managed to read as follows.—

"You are in the power of a villain, but despair not—your motions are watched by those who will save you at every hazard; trust in Heaven, be firm, and you are safe."

This scrap of paper was signed "A. L.," and, with emotions which almost overcame her, Ellen, having first flung the woman another piece of money, and told her when she had any thing else to sell she should be glad to see her, she followed the attendant to the house. She found Clifford within, who requested a few minutes' conversation with her. Ellen seated herself in silence.

"It has fallen to my lot to be the bearer of unpleasant tidings at this time," said he, as he seated himself near her; "you have not, I presume, seen your brother to-day?"

"No: he told me yesterday that he was to appear before a court martial as a matter of form, preparatory to his discharge from confinement, and I have been hourly expecting to be called to him."

"You remember that your brother was one of the garrison of Charleston, and made a prisoner at the surrender of that city?"

"Yes, perfectly well."

"You may also remember that, after remaining in the royal camp for some time, and gaining all the information possible, he forfeited his parole of honour, and, by bribing the sentry, made his escape."

"I remember no such thing, nor do I believe Charles would have been guilty of so dishonourable an act," replied Ellen, with spirit.

Clifford was unmoved.

"You have not, my dear Ellen, made sufficient allowance for the pressure of circumstances. Much as I respect your brother's bravery and honour, I am compelled, by the decision of the court martial, to believe the charge was correct."

"Charles will defend his honour with his life," said Ellen.

"In the field he undoubtedly would; but I am obliged to say there is little chance of his ever again joining his rebel countrymen."

"What am I to understand by these words?" said Ellen, turning pale.

"This is a subject on which I would willingly avoid explanation; but,"—he hesitated.

"Keep me not in suspense—I can bear the worst," eagerly interrupted Ellen.

"You must be sensible, my dear girl," he proceeded, "that such a violation of the laws of war could not be overlooked; the fortune of war threw your brother into our hands, as well as several others equally culpable. It was deemed necessary to make an example; lots were cast, and it fell upon your brother."

"And the penalty is death!" said Ellen, in a voice which emotion rendered scarcely audible.

"It is."

"O my mother!" was all that the distressed girl could utter for some minutes. At last she collected strength to inquire whether there was hope for him.

"I fear not," was the reply. "The case is clear, and it is the opinion of the court that an example is indispensable, though all regret that it should have fallen on so young and gallant an officer as Lieut. Hazlewood."

"You can save him—you will save him—you will not see him die for such a trifle—remember he saved your life."

"I am sorry to say," replied Clifford, coldly, "that all my influence has already been exerted in his favour, but in vain."

"Do not despair—plead for his sake—for my mother's—for my own—they cannot refuse to hear you."

"Though I fear it will be useless, I shall comply with your wishes, but it must be on the condition that, if I am successful, you will grant me one favour—one request."

"Ask anything—anything consistent with honour—anything a sister's love, a sister's gratitude can perform, and it shall be done," exclaimed the fair girl, in breathless eagerness.

"It is said in few words; you must consent to be mine!"

Ellen, in the earnestness of her entreaty, had drawn towards him—her graceful neck was bent forwards—her dark eyes, in which tears were trembling, were fixed—fixed anxiously upon Clifford, to catch the least words of hope he might utter; but when she heard his reply she recoiled, as though she had suddenly trod upon a rattlesnake, and with a shudder exclaimed—"Never, never!"

"Ellen," said Clifford, in a tone of assumed indifference, "in this affair I shall not attempt to influence your feelings—you will see your brother, and it will be for you to say whether he lives or dies." So saying he left her, and she was soon summoned to the chamber in which Charles was confined.

The sentinel who was stationed at the door had, it was evident, received his instructions, for he allowed Ellen to pass without a question—and, while the door was bolted behind her, she found herself in the arms of Charles, and pressed to his bosom.

"Ellen," said he, "I must die. The influence of a few cowardly Tories has been too much for innocence; and, though I would willingly have lived for the sake of my mother, my sisters, my country,—yet, thank Heaven, I fear not death."

Ellen's heart sunk within her; she could not see a brother so young, so full of bright hopes and high expectations, go down to the grave, when by sacrificing herself she could save him to her family and her country. Her resolution was instantly taken. "No, Charles, you must not, you shall not die—another victim will be found."

Charles looked her wildly in the face for a moment, as if he would read her inmost soul. "Accursed wretch!" he exclaimed, "I see the whole. That villain, Clifford, has procured my condemnation, and, thinks, by playing with my love of life, to obtain you on his own terms—but I would sooner be drawn in quarters, than live to see you the slave, the wife, of that vile man."

"Do not, my dear brother, talk so wildly; you know not what a sister's love will enable her to endure; think of your mother."

"Not another word, Ellen, if you love me; my mind is made up; if they choose to put me to death, God will avenge my blood; and my friends I leave to the care of Heaven. That hypocrite dared to hint to me the terms on which my life might be spared—they were rejected with disdain—they will ever be rejected."

The distressed girl was aware that expostulation was useless; she could only pray that Heaven would avert the threatened evil; and the hour having expired, she was summoned by the sentry to leave the chamber.

"I shall see you once more," said Charles, as he kissed his sister, and led her to the door; "and then, at to-morrow's sunset, I shall show them how a rebel can die."

Ellen, at a late hour, retired to a room, but not to sleep; and, after passing the night in framing a thousand resolutions to save her brother, she arose early in the morning to refresh her wearied spirits by a walk in her favourite garden. The sun was rising clear and bright; all the various and confused sounds of a large encampment, the rattle of drums, the neighing of chargers, the hasty galloping of horses, and the march of guards to relieve the out-posts, all mingled at once, and gave an air of life and activity to the scene, that ill accorded with the state of dejection under which Ellen laboured. Gladly would she have met the old woman again, that she might have communicated to her the perilous situation of her brother; but she too, Ellen thought, had deserted her, and again she summoned all her fortitude to meet the evils she considered inevitable.

In the course of the forenoon the detested Clifford entered Ellen's apartment, and seating himself, inquired whether she had made a decision on his proposal.

"My brother has," she answered, for her tongue refused to utter a word from which might be inferred an unwillingness to save her brother, whatever might be the price.

"Very well, and what says he?"

"He refuses life on such terms."

"Obstinate fool!" exclaimed Clifford, forgetting his usual coolness and caution; "he may die if he chooses, but it shall avail you nothing; yes, he shall die to-night, and before to-morrow's sun rises you are mine, and that on my own terms—remember, it will be my own terms."

Ellen trembled when she saw the expression of ferocious licentiousness his countenance assumed; but she replied not. Her eyes were downcast, her head was bowed on her white hand; and when, after a



moment, as she heard the door close, she raised her eyes, and wiped away the tears that almost blinded her, to her great relief she saw that she was left alone.

Never, to Ellen and Charles, did a day appear to haste away with such fearful rapidity; and, as the evening came on, the latter could plainly see from his window the preparations making for his execution. It was an inexpressibly bitter moment. Life, with its ten thousand charms—the claims of his mother and sisters—and, more than all, those of his country,—came over his mind with such painful distinctness, that he wept; and, had Ellen then repeated her offer that she had made, he might have lived. It was but a moment, however, and the proud consciousness of innocence, and reliance on the justice of his country, enabled him to rise above his fear and regrets.

The place selected for his execution was on the verge of an open pine-wood, at a little distance from the garden-walls; and, as the descending sun cast its last yellow rays on the green tree tops, the roll of the muffled drum, and the slow and heavy tread of the troops that had drawn out for the occasion, announced to the prisoner that his hour had come; and, surrounded by bayonets, he proceeded to the designated place. The grave was already dug; and, as it was evidently the wish of the royal officers to make as deep an impression as possible by the death of the rebel, however unjust his sentence might have been, the ground was thronged by an immense multitude, both of citizens and soldiers, who were not on duty.

When Charles arrived, a deep and suppressed murmur ran through the crowd, but this expression of pity was instantly silenced by the guard. The file of men was drawn up for his execution; a venerable clergyman had administered the consolations of religion, and he was directed to kneel to meet his fate. To do this, or to be blindfolded, young Hazlewood refused; and, with his arms folded on his bosom, stood motionless as a statue.

The fatal moment had almost arrived, when the gate of the garden opened, and Clifford, with the pale and beautiful Ellen on his arm, was observed approaching. Passing through the guard, who stood with their arms at rest, Ellen no sooner saw Charles than she threw herself into his arms, and, with all the passionate eloquence which belongs to woman, besought him to live.

"That you may become the slave and victim of Clifford's vile passions!" said he, in a tone which reached only her ear.

"Oh, God! no, never!" she hastily exclaimed; "but when you are safe, I can die, and my—"

"I know what you would say, my dear sister," said Charles, tenderly kissing her, as he interrupted her words; "but I must not hear them now: Heaven will bless and keep you—farewell!" Then, releasing her arms, he turned to the officer of the guard, and said, in a voice as firm as when in his father's house, "I am ready!"

But the fearless girl clasped her arms around his neck, and, placing herself between her brother and the file of men, declared she would die with him. It was in vain that Charles remonstrated; she was immovable.

"Tear them apart!" cried Clifford, to two or three of his minions. "Tear them apart!" he sternly repeated, as he saw that reluctance was evinced, and that all around were sensibly affected by the spectacle of generosity and affection before them.

The peremptory tone in which he spoke had the effect of rousing the attention of some of his followers, and the rough hands of two or three of the soldiers were already on the fair girl, when a sudden shout was heard on the verge of the wood, mingled with a scream, as the sentinel at that place was cut down; and, in an instant, the terrible cry of "The rebels!—the rebels!" was echoed from every quarter. All eyes were instantly turned to a party of horsemen which had burst from the wood, and, with their sabres flashing around their heads, were bearing down a little before them like a torrent. They stayed not to kill; those of the multitude that could not get out of the way, were trampled beneath the feet of their horses; and, before Clifford could credit the evidence of his senses, the fiery horsemen, which were instantly known as part of Washington's daring band, were upon him. Jammed together by the rush of the crowd, the guard could make no resistance; they were swept away by the torrent—and a blow from the sabre of Arthur Lee cleaved Clifford's head to his shoulders, and cut short the order which was on his lips—"Shoot the damned—," an order which was intended to ensure the destruction of both Charles and his sister. What had passed was the work of a moment—in another, Charles was mounted on a fresh horse; the half insensible Ellen was in Lee's arms, and the whole party disappeared by the same route, and as rapidly as they had advanced. So daring was the attack, that the British legion, of which the fallen Clifford was an officer, and which was instantly under arms, conceiving it impossible that so hazardous an exploit would be attempted unless backed by a formidable force, lost so much time in reconnoitering, that, aided by his superior knowledge of the country, Lee and his rescued friends got safe off, and without losing a man.

The remainder of our narrative may easily be conjectured. No sooner had the surrender of Cornwallis secured the independence of America, than Charles and Arthur hastened to the happy quiet of their home, where the union of the high-minded and heroic Lee, with the beautiful and constant Ellen Hazlewood, united in still closer ties these respectable families. Happy in the love and respect of all around them—with a consciousness that the smiles of an approving Heaven were over them—Arthur and Ellen long enjoyed the pleasure of seeing their country free and prosperous; and in the bliss of the present, forgot the dangers and privations of the past.

## A WORD FOR THE "SONG OF THE SHIRT."

BY T. ALFRED F. STRATFORD.

A slopseller sat, sipping his wine,  
Reading the "Song of the Shirt;"  
Perplexed and vexed with every line,  
He seems with a rival feeling hurt.  
Quoting "In poverty, hunger, and dirt,"  
He leapt from his seat and seizing a harp,  
He sung, in accents shrill and sharp,  
A word for the "Song of the Shirt."

"I am sick of the 'Song of the Shirt,'  
With its humbug of pathos and woe;  
That 'stitchers' should call themselves hurt,  
Is, I think, a most impudent go.  
'Work, work, work!' Well, then, work away,  
Who cares for your needle or thread,  
Your rags, or your crust of bread,  
Or your snivelling lay?

"'Stitch, stitch, stitch!' How sublime!—  
Some stupid old fool will express—  
What pathos! How perfect the time!  
Poor creature, I pity her; yes.  
'Work, work, work!' in poverty, hunger, and dirt,"  
How tenderly pathetic and sweet,  
For a whole host of horrors to meet  
In the 'Song of a Slop-seller's Shirt.'

"Oh, Hood, dost thou think aught admire  
That thou art the champion of rags;  
Is it noble for man to desire  
The freedom of half-starving hags?  
'Work, work, work!' Yet how beautiful the sight  
Of the fields, resounding with song,  
From a half-naked, grumbling throng,  
On a sweet summer's night.

"How delicious to hear the melodious song  
From the lips of these beauties thou'st seen;  
To see the rags skipping in joy along,  
Or in walking quadrilles on the green;  
To hear the sweet sound,  
The shirt-makers chanting to Hood  
The praises so due to the generous and good,  
Breathing music around.

"Oh! 'would that their notes could reach the rich!'  
They'd fly from the wretched hags;  
Such music as comes from the dolorous stitch  
And a compound of dirt and rags,  
'In poverty, hunger, and dirt!'  
Oh!—fully I feel the glorious treat,  
The accent of song so dulcetly sweet—  
The soul itching 'Song of the Shirt!'"

A slop-seller sat, sipping his wine,  
Reading the "Song of the Shirt;"  
Perplexed and vexed with every line,  
He seems with a rival feeling hurt.  
Quoting, "In poverty, hunger, and dirt,"  
He leapt from his seat, and seizing a harp,  
He sung, in accents shrill and sharp,  
A word for the "Song of the Shirt."

A wag says that, in journeying latterly, he was put into an omnibus with a dozen persons, none of whom he knew. Turning a corner shortly after, the omnibus upset, "and then," said he, "I found them all out."



## THE SYBILL.

AN ORIENTAL ALLEGORY.

In early times, before the Christian sacrifice had taken from evil spirits their power to hurt mankind, a matron of the east, followed by two fair daughters, went to the shore of the tempestuous sea, to supplicate the fabled Neptune. "Thou powerful god, who swallowest up the father, spare the son. Lo! I submit. The widow stands resigned—bear the mother." Her bare knees pressed the rock—she bowed before the wave that roared against it; and as she prayed, she paid the angry deity the tribute of her tears.

The sea had robbed her of her lord, but piety had taught her resignation. She kissed the beach again, and was departing, when there appeared upon the roaring waves, erect and unconcerned, a human figure; the habit spoke her female—age sat upon her brow, but, free from all infirmities, commanded only reverence. Her dry feet floated on the water's surface—her silver hair played negligently in the storm, her hand was on her heart, her eye on Heaven. The daughters shrieked, the parent knew the form as it approached, and bending to the earth hailed the Erythrean sybil.

She waved her hand, and the sea ceased its tumult.

"Anna," said she, "thy virtue has reached Heaven. Danger is near. Children, remember—the virtue of a daughter is obedience; the brightest jewel in a virgin's crown is modesty."

She vanished; the sea resumed its roaring, and the broad sun was now half sunk beneath the billows.

No moon could light them homeward. The sea-storm brought its thunder to the land, and as they stood behind a ruined tower for shelter from its fury, they heard the muttered sounds of midnight rites, and horrid incantations; a gleam of lightning at once showed the place. Within an ample circle, surrounded by rank grass, the works of fancied fairies, stood a decrepid creature, busied in his infernal sacrifices.

Nine times he walked round the fatal circle, and each blade blackened where his fell foot came. In the midst he raised a pile of mouldering coffins and broken gibbets, and covered it with the heart of an old oak just rent by thunder.

Upon the heap he laid a human body fresh from its sepulchre, and, with a blue flame, which he raised from the ground, he lighted the strange heap.

Till then the ceremonies were seen but imperfectly, as the interrupted flashings from the clouds gave opportunity. Now all was evident; the infernal ceremony shone with its own light, and as the flame advanced, the haggard wizard walked his round, repeating secret prayers.

The flames distinctly showed the body they were to consume. It was that of a youth of perfect beauty, who seemed only to sleep amidst the fire. At length it reached him, and she saw him burn, by slow degrees, to ashes; then, with a dreadful shriek, the sorcerer leaped into the fire; a thick smoke arose, darker than night, and spread itself abroad till it filled all the circle. After a while it cleared, and from the glowing embers of the fire there arose again the youth who had been burned. Deep music issued from the circle's verge, and to its solemn notes the figure slowly ascended.

The unwrinkled forehead and the rosy cheeks, the lips of coral and the golden hair, arose from the shapeless ashes in full beauty. They turned, for modesty refused their seeing more; but in a little time the music ceased, and the new born youth came up, and stood before them with an easy grace, clothed in an azure robe, studded with silver stars. The mother trembled, for the sybil's warning yet rung in her ears. The daughters, young and inexperienced, stood charmed with the youth's beauty. He told them he was Jove: he wooed them to his arms; and added, they should walk the empyrean Heaven.

The mother, bold in the sybil's sacred lesson, charged him with imposture; but the girls were still in raptures. A cloudy chariot raised them from the earth, and, as they rode along the air, they thought they had reached the very height the flatterer promised.

They listened to his soothing words. The pensive mother frowned. She told them poets feigned, but gods were holy. The favour of the sybil gave her courage, and her maternal love inspired her with a sacred eloquence.

They doubted as she spoke. At length the elder was convinced. She joined her parent in her arguments; but inconsiderate youth betrayed the other.

This told them, "Power was power, and splendour splendour; that he who could wait them through the air, had all the might of Jove; and there could be no Heaven if it were not their present residence."

She gave her lily hand, trembling, yet resolute, to her new lover. The mother shrieked, and sunk upon her knees in vain. Ariel ministers served in a gay repast. The lover and the loved sat down together. The mother and her other child refused. Ambrosia was the food, on plates of emerald, and nectar sparkled in the adamantine bowls.

But nature pleaded, and the favoured mistress would not be blessed, except her mother shared. Anguish tore the mother's heart. She would not sit; she begged her not to taste, and, when the girl doubted, charged her on her obedience.

But she was no more heard. The lover once again invited both, and, when refused, he frowned, and bade them thirst, and pine for ever in unpitied wretchedness and unregarded envy.

A dungeon now rose in an obscure corner of the place; the mother and the daughter were thrust into it by fiends: heat burnt them up, and they were perishing with thirst, while the abandoned sister, as she drank her full bowl, called to them,—

"Now who is in the right? Now tell me, is obedience to her or him the better?"

The sister blushed; the mother only answered,—

"See to-morrow."

Full revelry and joy prevailed at the detested board; the sister, still invited, still despised it. The mother gazed on them with silent sorrow. At length a crimson canopy stretched its wide curtains, and disclosed the bridal bed. The pair advanced towards it, and now despair once more gave the afflicted parent words; she prayed and commanded, but in vain.

The infuriated girl approached the bed, and the lover followed. The spirits disappeared, and the velvet bed shrunk to the corner of a withered hedge; the splendour and power at once were over. The youthful Jove now stood in his own form—a withered sorcerer.

At that moment the sybil appeared, leading by the hand the sovereign of the country. She told the story. She took from the wizard, for ever, his former power of magic, and gave the virtuous daughter to the king. The mother saw her empress of the East, while the deluded, disobedient daughter remained, what she had made herself, the bride of beggary and miserable age.

The lesson reaches all—the world allures, and youth is inexperienced. Obedience to parents is the path of happiness. Blessings attend this, and misery never fails to accompany the other.

## GILBERT THE BOLD.

BY HENRY JOSEPH HAMF.

AWAY, away, quick as thought, for thy danger is great; on, on, bold Gilbert, let not the grass grow beneath thy charger's feet, the time is precious; bravely didst thou escape thine enemies and elude their death-dealing blows; but they still pursue ye, with savage mien. Well does thy noble steed know the sound of thine encouraging voice; he skims o'er the earth more swift than eagles through the sky; far, far has he borne thee; his once glossy coat is now covered with foam and dust; on, on, brave cavalier, thy foemen are close behind thee, they follow like blood-hounds in the chase.

How glorious and beautiful the noble Thames rises upon thy view; the last lingering ray of the setting sun reflects upon its unruffled surface, and gives it the appearance of burnished gold; the light barks are seen moving to and fro through the fading twilight, their white sails bending gracefully to the breeze that gently wafts them o'er the sparkling water, and thou gazest with rapture upon that panorama of life spread out before you; the distant hum of the mariner's voice, and that of the songster of the grove, come sweetly upon thine ear. But away, away, danger thickens; one bold dash into old Father Thames, and upon the opposite bank thou wilt be for a brief time safe. By St. George, thou art a fearless rider—that was a bold plunge, and thine is a good steed, and worth his weight in gold; bravely he stems the swelling tide; the boatmen gaze with approbation and wonder on thy fearless act, and watch thee with straining eye gain the opposite shore in safety. The dark, lowering clouds chase each other in gloomy grandeur o'er the earth, and uniting veil the land in darkness. Now doth the Heaven open and emit its burning flash which it can no longer contain; deafening peals of rolling thunder shake the earthly sphere, but thou dost not fear, for no dark passion lurks within thy breast: there all is as pure and bright as a summer's day.

The danger's past for the present, thy thoughts are on love; yes, 'tis true she is beautiful, heavenly beautiful—the shrine of thine existence; but beware, for love is dangerous, in dangerous times; but away, away, on the wings of love; she is awaiting thee in the harbour to greet thee with her winning smiles.

Gilbert the Bold, as he was generally denominated, was the son of a gentleman of fortune, who existed in the disturbed reign of England's first Charles. When the revolution first broke out, Gilbert was twenty-one; of dark complexion—his regular features, noble looks, and flashing eye, captivated all the ladies' hearts without the conqueror knowing it; or, indeed, if he had, it would have been as nought, for his affections were fixed upon one, and that one alone, and Emily Marsden returned



his affections, though she was surrounded by many a nobler suitor, who loved her, or at least professed to do so.

Among them was one Sir Charles Soden, a debauchee of the lowest grade, who, on finding that Emily would not have anything to do with him, swore to be revenged on Gilbert for winning her affections.

"Yes," he cried, "I'll be revenged on him, most horribly revenged, even if I have to call on all the powers of darkness to aid me. Yes, I'll be revenged, if it's fifty years hence, and my wrongs shall be satisfied with his accursed blood."

This threat—for it was uttered in her presence—made Emily tremble for the safety of Gilbert, for she well knew he would perform it if possible.

About twelve months after, and when the revolution was at its height, Gilbert, who had been made captain in the royal army, was stationed with his regiment about two miles from Emily's residence, and, notwithstanding the danger of travelling those two miles alone, he determined to visit her, which he did in safety, but not without being noticed by one of the Roundhead spies, and about an hour after the house was surrounded by a troop of rebels, who instantly began hammering at the door for admittance, which not being complied with, they, after some time, broke it down, and rushed into the apartments where Emily and Gilbert were.

"Cut him down, and set fire to the place!" cried the leader, whom they instantly recognized as Sir Charles Soden; but ere his mandate could be executed, most of his men were cut off by a volley from a party of Gilbert's own troops, who happened to be passing at the time; the rest sought safety in flight; not, however, before they had fired the house, which, being very old, was soon enveloped in flames, and it was with the greatest difficulty the inmates escaped. Gilbert conveyed Emily to his father, in Kent.

When the war was at an end, Gilbert was found among the prisoners, who had greatly signalized himself for his daring spirit, and there was not one who gloried more in having him in his power than Sir Charles Soden, who had him confined at his own house in London. Sad and gloomy for awhile were the thoughts of Gilbert as he sat upon a low stool in a room of Sir Charles's house; but he was not one to sit and think of his situation without making an effort to escape; chasing away the thoughts that intruded in his brain, he arose from the stool and surveyed his prison; it was a small room with a slanting roof, containing one window which overlooked the city of Westminster, and which was strongly barred.

"There is no escape that way," he muttered, "and escape I must, or else stop here and be hung." He cast his eyes upon the roof. "That must be the way," he continued, "and at night I'll attempt it, and these sheets, torn into strips, will aid me to descend from the top; if I should be discovered, I must trust to Providence."

It was near midnight ere Gilbert attempted his escape; he mounted the stool and commenced breaking the ceiling; the rubbish he let fall upon his bed for fear he should alarm his enemy. He soon gained the top and breathed a prayer for his success. The moon shed its pale silvery light upon the surrounding house-tops, which gave them a most curious appearance; not a breath of wind disturbed the stillness, all was silent as the grave.

The clocks of the different churches boomed forth the hour of midnight. Gilbert looked over the parapet, and shuddered at the fearful depth. Tying the torn sheets together, he found that they would not reach half way down. Despair had nigh taken possession of his soul, when he recollected that at the end of the range of buildings that he was upon, there was a smaller house which he could easily alight upon by means of the sheet, and if the worst came to the worst, he determined to jump the remainder.

He was somewhat startled at seeing a gleam of light issue from the opening he had made in the roof of Sir Charles Soden's mansion, and the voice of the owner shouting to some servants to search the roof. Now convinced that there was no time to be lost, Gilbert crept cautiously along the parapets, and succeeded in gaining the end in safety. Tying the sheets to a stack of chimnies, he commenced lowering himself, when a shout from one of the servants told he was discovered.

He soon gained the roof of the smaller house, then by main strength he succeeded in detaching the sheets; he again tied them to another stack and lowered himself into the street. He determined to make his way to Harrow, where he had friends, for he knew he should not be safe at his father's; but he had scarcely taken half-a-dozen steps when a posse of soldiers issued from Sir Charles's mansion and immediately gave chase; fortunately, there stood at the corner of the street a horse without an owner, and, not staying to inquire if there was one or not, Gilbert sprang upon his back and set off at a furious rate down Whitehall, leaving Sir Charles foaming with rage.

Some time after daybreak, he arrived at his friend's house at Harrow, where he was received with great pleasure, and there he remained concealed for a week; when, deeming he had eluded the vigilance of his

enemies, he determined to visit his parent and Emily. Mounting his black charger, he bid adieu to his kind friend, and with a good sword and light heart set out for Kent. He had not got far on his road when, passing through a small wood, he was set upon by some half dozen parliamentary soldiers with his bitter enemy at their head. Gilbert's sword was from its sheath in an instant, and the two foremost as quickly bit the dust, and digging spurs into his horse's sides, with one bound, cleared them.

"To horse! to horse!" roared the enraged leader. "To horse and follow, ye slavish varlets!" and, setting them the example, was quick at the heels of Gilbert.

On, on, traitors, on! lay heavy the lash upon thy horse's flanks! dig deep the armed heel into their sides, now all ready covered with gore through thy brutality. Urge on, urge on, I say, thy tired brutes, and perchance fate will place him once more in thy power. Let neither man nor devil stay thy onward course; how thy dull eyes glisten as you catch sight of his noble form in turning the road. On, on, and follow with the speed of wind; on, on, and dash heedless of danger into the silvery Thames, and glide o'er the water as thy gallant enemy does. No, no, you rein your steeds, and with horrid curses watch him gain the opposite bank; ay, now turn from the river, for it has done thee no good looking at it; mutter aloud oaths and curses that would make the prince of darkness shout with joyous laughter were he to hear them. Ay, cut the invisible air with thy bloody sabres, and fancy thou art cutting thy enemy into piecemeal, and perhaps that will serve to lessen the bitterness of thy chagrin at being defeated by so young an enemy. What, doth thy restless eye note the gathering clouds that prognosticate a coming storm, and will burst with all fury o'er thy sinful heads? mark that bright, flaming streak descend, and say you do not fear. Liars! thy cowardly look, and trembling limbs belie thy words, and tell plainly thy hearts are no strangers to fear. The air is sultry, you feel faint and sick at heart; thy past life intrudes itself upon thy fevered brain in spite of your contriving to banish it away by sucking at the canteen. No, no; drink will not banish it away; thy past dark deeds rise up full in thy fancy's view. There, there they stand, streaming with gore, pointing to their death wounds done in the dark. Hal! hal! turn away thine head, shut thine eyes, and clasp thy hands before them, but still, still will they stand before you. There was a time when thou didst boast of thy strength and power, bestowed upon thee by the traitor Cromwell; but thou didst not dream of an avenging Heaven; no, you felt secure, and penetrated further into crime. Hark at that deafening sound; 'tis the voice of that Heaven you have braved; you see its power and feel meek as an infant, and now bravely doth thy conscience tickle thee. Look upon yon gigantic oak, which stands proudly lifting its head towards the skies seeming to defy their wrath; nay, why dost thou turn away thine head from that dreadful flash, doth it fright thee? Open again thine eyes, all is darkness; look once more upon that oak, there it lays across thy path, shivered by that flash; behold the emblem of thy greatness.

Oh! woman, woman, oft fatal are thy charms to our race; thy beauty lures us like a loadstone doth the needle, within thy wide spreading nets; there we are fixed fascinated by thy gaze, till our enemies overtake us. When cheered by thine attractive smiles we become reckless of danger; under the banner of thy love, the most trembling coward that ever trod the earth would not fear to meet his more courageous rival in open combat, nor dread to face the deadly cannon in the field of battle? Yet, woman, for all thy loveliness, thou art the cause of many a horrid deed: brother has slain brother on thy account, and father, son; and if, hereafter, thou hast to atone for all murders and suicides caused by thy fatal charms, there will be a goodly store to answer for. Thou hast another victim tightly encircled in thy fond embrace, and thou couldst not have found a more favoured youth in all Christendom. With what rapture doth he gaze upon thee; his eyes seem ready to start from their sockets with delight; he hears nothing, sees nothing, but thine own sweet, melodious voice and bright eyes: love, indeed, must be a pleasing delusion while it lasts.

"Beware, Gilbert, beware; the bloodhounds are on thy track; they come mounted upon powerful steeds, and revenge keen as their fresh ground swords. The bright ruling stars of my destiny protect me from woman; the fatal enchantment of her smile, and fire of her sparkling eye are too powerful temptations to be withstood.

"Oh, Emily, what are all the dangers and hardships I have suffered, to compare with this moment of bliss; gladly would I suffer double as much were to follow such happiness as this."

His voice is hushed by the conflicting elements without, that seem to warn him from that harbour of love—he heeds it not. Now is thine ear bent to the ground as the storm lulls, for you catch the sound of stealthy steps and clang of steel. Too late, too late; thou art now aware of thy danger; you rush from the harbour, sword in hand, but too late,—



too late. There stands thine enemy glaring like a fiend; once more you seek the arbour—with one hand clasping the fainting form of that fair girl, stand like a tiger at bay.

The entrance is surrounded by those missionaries of crime; they dare not approach, for too well they know thy daring spirit—they fear thy look and sword. But now one advances with pointed spear; brave Gilbert, thou hast well got rid of him, and thy sword is gory again—it's ready to strike; but the Roundheads are wary. Ah! they have begun a new mode of attack—some two or three are removing the roof from off the arbour, and thou art lost; thy lips are compressed, and nerves strong burthened with that frail form. Thou wilt make one bold dash for liberty or death. Too late—too late—thy doom is sealed; thou see'st not that huge stone suspended above thine head—it falls. That shriek echoes far a field,—thine and thine lay crushed to atoms. 'Sdeath, it was a devilish act; thou wert a noble pair, and deserved a better fate.

\* \* \* \* \*

Away, miscreants, away! thou men of blood, hie thee to thy homes, and pray of Him to pardon all thy wickedness, for are not all the elements of nature leagued against thee; you try to smile, but the lightning's flash reveals the workings of your minds. Heavens! what an awful dash; another and another follows, and reveal two of thy comrades stretched in their last sleep, black and burnt—thy horses plunge and rear; see, one has darted off with the speed of a whirlwind, and the rest follow—on, on they go in wild disorder through the gloom of night—on, on they rush towards the river's brink; aye, pull, pull the rein with all the strength thou art master of, until the blood mixes with the foam on thy horse's bridle; you strive in vain, you cannot thwart the hand of fate; those stifled cries for help and splash of water, heard above the din of elements, tell plainly the deserved fate of the unnatural murderers of Gilbert the bold and his fair Emily.

## MIRANDA;

OR,

### THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE.

A ROMANCE.

(Concluded from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLXXXII.

THE ARREST OF VARLEY.—HIS DESPERATE RESISTANCE.—THE REWARD OFFERED FOR TWITTER.—THE RIOT.

THE sheriff and the mayor had been engaged in earnest conversation for a few moments, and the result was a determination, under all the circumstances, not to allow Bernard Varley to leave the castle.

"We cannot implicitly rely on this confession," said the sheriff; "but, as I have hinted, we may discover something from Varley's manner when arrested. As for Twitter, I dare say he has taken good care to get far enough off before this document reached you."

"No doubt—no doubt. The officers can surround Varley so as to prevent his escape."

"Leave that to me," said the governor, coming up to them, and just hearing the last remark. "I will manage that. Say no more. This matter will end more to all our satisfactions yet than ever we expected."

When the mob, at the instigation of Jones, raised such a groan at Bernard Varley, he stepped back a little, and said to an officer near him,—

"Can you tell me the meaning of all this? Why, in the name of hell, is the man not hanged?"

"I really don't know," said the officer, drily—"do you?"

This question was addressed to a turnkey, who had slid up tolerably close to Varley, and who replied at once,—

"I hasn't no sort of 'idear."

Then the governor stepped up to Varley, and said,—

"It seems, sir, we are not to have a hanging this morning, notwithstanding all our preparations."

"No hanging—no hanging?"

"No; something has happened which induces the authorities to postpone the execution. I believe there are serious doubts of the guilt of Rowland Percy, and an expectation that some other person may be accused."

Varley's colour first deepened on his cheek as the sheriff spoke, and then it left him altogether, and he turned of an ashy paleness.

"Who—who is suspected?" he managed to ask, after a long pause.

"You must excuse me in the present stage of the matter from making any disclosures," replied the sheriff. "The mayor of York appears convinced of Rowland Percy's innocence, and, as you see, in deference to his opinion, the young man is respited."

"Respited—respited?"

"Yes, respited. I think he will be saved."

"Well—well, I thank you for your information. Murder should be punished. I cannot understand it. Good day, sir—good day. I will risk my passage through the throng. I am going—I am going."

He turned to go into the castle, and thence to some outlet. His limbs trembled, and his voice was thick and indistinct. It was clear he scarcely knew what he was saying, such was the confusion of his mind and the terrible state into which he was thrown by the sudden arrest of the execution. Of course any circumstance that tended to save Percy must be dangerous to him, Varley. And yet what could it be—what could have happened? Where was the evidence of his guilt except in his own breast and that of Twitter's, and the latter to criminate him, Varley, must likewise criminate himself? What could it be, then? How could he be suspected? And yet he would leave the castle—he would hurry from York—he would provide against all accidents by a precipitate retreat, and from a distance calculate and ascertain his chances.

His brain was in a perfect whirl of motion from the mob of ideas that came suddenly to his mind; but the first and foremost of all was to get away—to escape from where he was—to fly from danger that might be terrible and deadly.

With that object, then, he turned, but there stood exactly in his way an athletic man, who never attempted to move. Then Varley tried to pass round him, but another man impeded his passage.

The perspiration stood upon the murderer's brow in huge drops, and he tried to go to the other side, but there stood a third man to oppose him. There was no side open but that leading on to the very scaffold, and when he glanced round him with blood-shot and staring eyes, he saw the official personages who had come to witness the execution, all looking at him, and him only, as if his proceedings formed the principal topic of interest there.

Then he could no longer conceal from himself the fact that there was danger and suspicion of him—that, in fact, he was hemmed in and baited—that some awful revelation must have taken place to connect him with the murder, and at the last moment free his innocent victim from the toils he had spread around him.

For a moment or two he stood irresolute. Then he turned to the man who stopped his passage into the castle, and said,—

"You are in my way—allow me to pass."

The officers had their instructions, and this one at once replied,—

"We have orders to detain you."

"Detain me—me?"

"Yes," thundered the governor, advancing. "You are our prisoner on a charge of murder."

Varley recoiled as if he had been shot, and the mayor immediately added,—

"Your accomplice, Samuel Twitter, has made a full confession of everything."

The words had scarcely escaped his lips when Varley made a rush to the front of the scaffold, knocking down the evangelical chaplain on his way, and with one spring alighted on the ground beyond it. So sudden was the movement, and so utterly unprepared for it were the police and military, that he burst through them on the instant, and commenced battling his way through the crowd with a desperation that no one could possibly stand against.

"A madman—a madman!" was the cry, and all eagerly afforded him a passage.

"Seize that man," shouted the governor from the scaffold—"seize him. On your lives let him not escape!"

Two of the dragoons dashed after him, and the cries and shrieks of the mob as the horses trampled on them became terrific. Still Varley fought on; but he was wearied each moment, and at length the foremost soldier reached him, and, by a movement of his well-trained horse, turned him in his flight. In another moment the villain was held by a dozen hands, and disarmed of his self protectors, which he had again used so desperately and so freely.

Escorted by the two dragoons, he was led back to the scaffold by some of the mob, and when they got him there they threw him on to it with a vengeance that was enough to break every bone in his body.

"For God's sake come away from this scene!" said Mr. Anderson to Percy. "This way, this way—come into the castle. Oh, God! what an unexpected deliverance is this!"

"My Miranda—my Miranda!" was all Percy said, and still he clasped her to his heart.

He cast one glance at Varley, who had now handcuffs put on him by the officers, and then he accompanied Mr. Anderson from the scaffold still so utterly bewildered and astonished at what had occurred, that but for the actual presence of his much-loved Miranda he would not have believed in the reality of his escape.

"You are weeping, dearest," he said in a low voice to her.



"Yes, Rowland, I am weeping," she replied. "Accept my tears as an omen that our trials are over. I am weeping, and I thank God, who has given me tears at last!"

Jones, who had acted as fagman to the mob from the tree in which he had placed himself, was as much astonished and at a loss to account for the extraordinary turn affairs had taken as any one could possibly be, and when he saw Rowland leave the scaffold he almost let go his hold, and fell on the heads of the people below in his intense astonishment.

"Keep a look out," he cried. "What'll happen next, I wonder? Here's a pretty go—well, I never! Just tell me, some of you, if I'm on my head or my heels?"

Before Mr. Jones could get this query satisfactorily answered, the governor of the castle stepped forward to the front of the scaffold, and waved his hand to bespeak a hearing from the dense assemblage below.

Curiosity hushed every sound, so that he was heard plainly and distinctly, as he said,—

"I am empowered to offer five hundred pounds for the apprehension and lodgment in York Castle, or any gaol in the kingdom, of Samuel Twitter, accused on his own written confession of the murder of Sir George Rankley, of which murder Rowland Percy is now declared by him, Twitter, entirely innocent."

Twitter just heard this address as far as his name was mentioned, and then a kind of film came over his eyes, and all his senses for a few moments fled.

Jones was the only person who did anything exceedingly active on the occasion; for after a very brief injunction indeed of, "Below there!" to the persons who happened to be exactly beneath him, he dropped from the tree, inflicting no further injury than treading upon two or three person's toes, none of whom happening to be very delicately shod, or blessed with the aristocratic refinement of corns, they readily forgave him, being deeply interested in what so popular a character as he always managed to make himself in all crowds, was about to do.

This he soon showed them; for from his exalted position he had been enabled to take a pretty accurate survey of all surrounding objects; and among others of interest to him, he had not been backward in discerning Samuel Twitter in the van, and so completely absorbed in what was going on on the scaffold, in front of the castle.

With a speed much greater than any one else could have exerted through the mob, because for no one else, probably, would it have made way half so readily, he rushed towards the van, into which he commenced climbing with the greatest deliberation, quite heedless of whether it was agreeable to the owner or not.

"Hilloa!" cried the man, "we are full enough; we don't want you."

"Don't you!" said Jones. "Do you want to get on in the world, old chap? Cos, if you do, I'll jist put your forehead a little by a oner in the eye as I'll send you into the middle o' next week. Now, Sammy, if you please."

"What do you want here?"

"A old friend o' mine. "Sammy, my run un, kim up."

So saying, Jones raked about the bottom of the van till he found Twitter, whom he lugged up by the collar to a sitting posture.

"Don't putend all for to be dead, Sammy," he added. "Your's turned a valuable article, you have, Kim up. Oh, you won't move, won't you? Werry good. Some chaps wait such a lot o' persuading afore they'll do another a good turn."

Twitter uttered a low groan.

"That'll do," said Jones. "It's jist in your line, groanin' and rearin' in. Can't yer walk. Really! Jist lend me your whip, old Brutus."

"My whip," cried the van proprietor. "I—I really —"

"Thank yer," said Jones, laying hold of it. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, you shall have an out and out view o' the gallows, so as when any yer comes to it yer blessed selves you'll know it agin. Kim, my Prussian blue. There's haction! A fine animal you're got, if he weren't lame in three legs."

"Hurrah!" shouted the mob, though they had no idea what for; and Jones put the horse in motion, and commenced slowly moving through the crowd, with the van, towards the scaffold.

The mob cheered. The van proprietor swore in an under tone to himself. The women who were in the van screamed, for they thought Jones was some madman; and Samuel Twitter, who was slowly recovering consciousness, kept up a low groaning all the way, wondering where he was going.

Then an officious constable tried to stop the progress of the van, but Jones assailed him with such a volley of what is commonly called chaff, and the crowd hustled him so, that he was glad to give it up in despair.

It took about five minutes to get to the cordon of police and military surrounding the scaffold, and then Jones cried out, in a stentorian voice,—

"Who wants Sammy Twitter?"

"I do," cried the governor.

"And I," said the sheriff.

"Here he is, then, as large as life, and twice as natural," said Jones, dragging up Twitter by the collar, and showing him to all who were on the scaffold.

Varley's head dropped on his breast, and he uttered a half scream, as if from that moment he had given up all hope. The sheriff directed that a passage should be made for the van; and when it got quite underneath the platform, Samuel Twitter was handed up by Jones into the arms of the officers, and amid such a hurrah from the mob as was perfectly deafening.

"Now for it," said Jones. "Clear away."

Immediately an attack was made on the gallows, and those on the scaffold had just time to escape from it, when it was scaled by the mob, and in a few minutes torn to pieces, and carried off in triumph.

## CHAPTER CLXXXIII.

### THE CONCLUSION.

OUR story is virtually over; for with the discovery of the real murderers of Sir George Rankley ceased the persecution of Rowland Percy and his beautiful Miranda, who, in all perils, in all difficulties, and under the most trying and disastrous circumstances, had clung so nobly to her faith.

Twitter at once acknowledged his confession in the presence of Varley, and throwing himself on his knees, he with the most abject tears and entreaties implored for mercy.

"Spare me," he cried, "spare me! I am not fit to die—indeed I am not. Besides, consider, but for me the innocent Rowland Percy would have suffered death. Oh, think of that, and spare my wretched life! I will be evidence, too, against Varley, who is indeed a most desperate villain, and my tempter to crime. I should never for a moment have thought of such criminality, but for him. Hang him, gentlemen—oh! he richly deserves it—but spare me as evidence against him. I am willing to swear to all my confession. It is strictly true. You will let me be evidence against him, and so you will spare my life. I dare not die—I dare not die!"

He wept, and wrung his hands with such frantic misery, as he made this abject appeal for life, that the sheriff, to whom it was principally addressed, turned away in disgust, saying to the governor,—

"Saw you ever such a wretch? For Heaven's sake, tell him we have nothing to do with the matter, and can neither hang nor spare him of our own will."

The governor was about to say something to Twitter, when Varley raised his voice, and an unholy fire flashed from his deep-set eyes, as he said,—

"Hear me. I will spare you all necessity of listening to the tale of that miserable wretch, who has brought destruction on his own head as well as on mine. If I am to suffer, he shall suffer too. He has confessed his guilt. I, too, confess mine; so shall his evidence be dispensed with, and he be entitled to no merciful consideration on that account. I confess to murdering, along with Samuel Twitter, Sir George Rankley."

"There, that settles the matter," said the sheriff. "Will you put your confession in writing?"

"Yes; but—but—be quick—for —"

A deadly paleness overspread his face, and his limbs trembled. Then a smile of triumph curled his lips as he added,—

"I—I shall cheat the gallows yet."

"He has poisoned himself," said the governor. "By Heaven, I thought 'twas poison he had, when he asked for leave to take snuff, some time since, and from a small silver box he has he took something, which he placed in his mouth."

"You—you are right," gasped Varley; "I am poisoned, and 'tis now too late for human skill to save me."

Twitter fell back with a howl of despair, while Varley was immediately carried to the prison infirmary by some of the turnkeys. There he received such prompt and skilful attention, that to his maddening rage the poison was shortly withdrawn from his stomach, and partly counteracted in its effects by powerful antidotes, so that by the evening he was free from its effects, although in a dreadful state of bodily exhaustion and mental agony.

A special mounted messenger was despatched to London, with an account from the sheriff of the whole affair, to the secretary of state, in order that Rowland Percy might be released in due form, although no bar was placed to his liberty in the meantime; and that very evening he supped with Mr. Anderson, where were guests, the mayor of York, the governor of the castle, the sheriff, and several respectable inhabitants of the city, who had all had a strong opinion of Rowland's



innocence. And Miranda—was not she there, and happy? Yes, so happy, that her eyes, whenever they turned upon Rowland, would fill with tears, and she could scarcely believe herself so blessed. Before the party separated, a messenger came to the governor of the prison, to say that Varley was nearly raving mad, and that he had confessed to the will of Sir George Rankley, from which he had taken possession of the Grange, being forged.

This declaration put an end to all doubt on that subject, although it produced some difficulty to another subject, namely, the voracious and talented attorney who had assisted Varley in the concoction of the document. An officer was sent to that learned gent's office, but he had taken the alarm from the events of the morning, and rather than give the authorities the trouble of transporting him, he transported himself. The last that was heard of him, was to the effect that he had been naturalised in America, being such an extraordinary rogue, as to be considered well worthy of becoming one of the 'cutest natives on earth.

One accident of a sad character happened in the crowd at the execution. It was to the poor idiot who had so much tormented Varley. In the rush that took place to the scaffold, he was thrown down, and so seriously hurt, that he expired before morning.

Rowland and Miranda had nobody to consult but themselves about their marriage, and as that happened to be a point upon which they were quite unanimous, the ceremony took place within three days of that dreadful one on which it appeared almost impossible Rowland Percy could be saved from a dreadful and ignominious death.

There were numbers of persons at the marriage, both ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Anderson gave away the bride, and the joy of her heart beamed from the lovely countenance of Miranda. There certainly were some ladies present, who made a resolution among themselves, to have no sort of acquaintance with her, because they considered her conduct very improper, such impropriety consisting in giving the responses to the clergyman in a clear, unembarrassed tone, and when the ceremony was over, instead of fainting in the vestry or crying, she placed her arm in Rowland's and smiled—actually smiled—when they, the aforesaid ladies, had been ready—ay, and willing, too, to faint clean away for the last twenty years, had any one even hinted at matrimony to them.

Then, when the signing of names, and all that sort of thing was gone through with in the vestry, the beautiful bride received the congratulations of her friends, in reply to which she said she was very happy indeed.

The party, then, were passing through the church, when a tall figure emerged from a pew, and coming up to Miranda, said,—

"Heaven bless you. May the joy of this day be only equalled by these that are to come. Farewell!"

"Witlet!" exclaimed Miranda and Rowland, both at once, and then the latter added, as he seized the hand of him who had done so much for both of them,—

"My friend, I have made the greatest exertions to discover you. Where have you hidden yourself since I have been free myself to search for you? Remember that my house is your house, and that, do what I may, I never can wholly repay the great obligations I am under to you."

"Nor I," said Miranda. "Witlet, but for you, I should not now feel the glow of happiness that irradiates my heart at this moment."

"Thank Heaven!" said Witlet, "you are happy, Miranda Rankley. Let my own fate be what it may, I—I —"

Emotion impeded his utterance, and waving his hand, he would have hurried away, but Rowland Percy detained him, saying,—

"No, Witlet, you shall not go—say with us. Leave not a gloom upon our hearts on your account on this most auspicious and happy day."

"You forget," whispered Witlet. "I am a highwayman. I am a hunted, persecuted man. I am a convict, and even now my liberty is at stake."

The sheriff, at this moment, entered the church, and advancing to Rowland, he said,—

"Mr. Percy, the messenger from the secretary of state has just now arrived. Your own free pardon he brings, as well as a free pardon, which I and the mayor specially requested for Edward Witlet and Jones, so that they are both free from this warrant, and I have only to hope that they will try to lead a different life for the future, convinced as I am, that they are men possessed of sterling good qualities, if they will but make a proper use of them."

Our tale is over, and if we have beguiled a weary hour, or awakened some slumbering sympathies, we are, indeed, well repaid. The aim of the novelist should be to pourtray nature in all its aspects; but while he thus holds up the mirror, he should not forget that he wields an instrument powerful for good or for evil, and in his transcripts from humanity, he should endeavour, as we hope we have done, to elevate virtue and

nobleness—to show how the pure, the truthful, and the innocent achieve, even in their sufferings, a higher triumph than can ever be produced amid the turbulence of vice.

Both Twitter and Varley were arraigned for murder at the ensuing assizes, and declared guilty on their own confessions. They were executed amid the universal execrations of an immense assemblage of persons—the only circumstance worthy of record being, that Varley, even on the scaffold, made an effort to strike Twitter, to whom he entertained so deadly a hatred.

Miranda sold the Grange estates, for they were too replete with painful recollections, to become the dwelling-place of her and her husband. They then bought a delightful property near Devon, where, in the course of a few years, several little Percys gambolled beneath the shadow of the majestic trees that adorned their father's estate.

Ned Witlet, after Miranda's marriage, rambled about a good deal; but at last he took a fancy to a farm, some two or three miles only from Percy's estate, and there he settled, married, and led the life he was well calculated to adorn—namely, that of an English country gentleman.

Jones, when Percy bought his new property, was duly installed as head gamekeeper and ranger, and everything else he chose to call himself, his principal duty consisting, when we last heard of him, in teaching Percy's eldest son running, climbing, shooting, fishing, and all sorts of miscellaneous mischief. When Witlet took the farm we have mentioned Jones oscillated between that and the Percy's place, and was quite delighted. Sometimes he would say,—

"Neddy, my tulip, does yer recollect that warmunt, Twitter, and t' other willin? Isn't it like a old out-and-out dream, all on it, Neddy!—quite a wison."

And Miranda, how sweetly and beautifully did her old smile come back to her. Need we say that all who had breathed a kind word to her or Percy during their affliction, had cause to bless her? Oh, no—our readers are too well acquainted with the noble, tender, devoted, heroic heart of Miranda, the Heiress of the Grange.

HOW FONBLANQUE BECAME AN EDITOR.—Albany Fonblanque was intended for the bar, and became a student of the Middle Temple. He was a pupil of Chitty, the special pleader, and from his acuteness and promptitude in seizing upon certain prominent features of a case, great expectations were, no doubt, entertained of the brightness of his future career: in the law. But, meantime, he had made the discovery that he could write on current topics of interest, and his fellow-students soon discovered that what he wrote was a keen hit—"a palpable hit." He soon proceeded to politics. Castlereagh's "Six Acts" made a political writer of him. Totally neglecting the "declarations" and "pleas" himself, and the cause of neglect, if not also of "wit," in others, Albany Fonblanque incited the students in Mr. Chitty's office to the discussion of the question of the day, greatly to the delight and satisfaction of all parties, till a brother pupil occasionally exclaimed, in his gleeful edification, "What a pity it is that some one does not say that *in print*!" the idea of actually trying it occurred to the mind of Fonblanque. He wrote "an article"—it produced an immediate "sensation"—and discovering, at the same moment, how very much he should prefer literature and sharp-shooting, he hurried away from Mr. Chitty's dusky office, and threw himself into the brightest current of the many-branched, many-mouthed periodical press.—*The New Spirit of the Age*.

"All's well that ends well!" as the young wife said when the old man died—rich.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed (post-paid) to the Editor will meet with immediate attention.

J. B. GOGGS.—Certainly. We beg to decline the essay.

MARCUS R.—Thanks for the scraps.

J. BULWER.—"They're saved!" is intended for insertion. The "Reply" does not altogether meet with our approval.

H. E. M.—We feel extremely obliged to our fair correspondent. "Ravensworth" shall make his debut in our columns at the earliest opportunity.

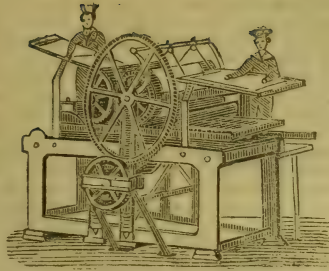
Accepted.—"Breathe not again that tender air."

Declined with thanks.—"Acrostic to Total Abstinence;" "Lines" by J. S. (Bristol); "The Catastrophe;" "Think thou, love, on me," and "The Dead Sea."

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

## ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 129.] PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 12, SALISBURY-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET [VOL. III.

### LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY. A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADA THE BETRAYED, OR THE MURDER AT THE OLD SMITHY;" "JANE BRIGHTWELL;" "MIRANDA, OR THE HEIRESS OF THE GRANGE;" "ALICE HOME;" "WOMAN'S LIFE, OR THE TRIALS OF THE HEART," &c.

#### CHAPTER I. THE DOOM!

"We are such things as dreams are made of."

ARE tears and smiles indeed the morals of existence, or do they only epitomize a small portion of those feelings which lie within the teeming chambers of the brain—skimming but lightly over the sterner realities—pourtraying but tenderly and inefficiently the stronger affections, and falling short, far short, of depicting those whirlwinds of passion that sweep over the polluted waste of a mind abandoned to all the evil impulses of humanity?

Tears and smiles—what are they—what can they convey? The pearly drop may hang upon the cheek of beauty, like dew upon the blushing rose, ready to be exhaled at the first smiling glimpse of sunlight that adds fresh beauty to the beautiful. A smile may dimple the rounded cheek from causes as trivial as those that, perchance, produced the ready tear.

Oh, that smiles and tears were indeed the morals of existence! Then would life glide smoothly by, skimming gaily to eternity, ruffled by the sighs of small griefs only, like Love in the gilded shallop, so sweetly described by Sidney, in his "Arcadia," where he says with all the quaint but truthful originality of the bards of his time,—

"And see young Love float idly on,  
In gilded shallop all so bright;  
He pouting frets at the deep glow  
Of his own unruffled course,  
And sighs for sighs—quarrels for lack of quarrel—  
Mourns for mournfulness—heeding lightly  
Sunshine all so shadowless."

The joys that wreath themselves in smiles, are not those bursts of ecstasy that in the lives of favoured mortals may occur once—perchance, twice. The tears that flow, mingled even with deep sobs and long-drawn sighs, are not the outward traces of the heart's deepest agonies—would they were, for then the stern winter of life would change to the pleasing coquetry of an April day, and many of the frightful deeds that have been enacted beneath the pitying eye of Heaven would have been unthought—undreamed of.

True, there are many who can feel no grief but that which may be assuaged by weeping; many who can appreciate no joy that laughter will not indicate, and such are happy. But it is the fearful penalty that minds of subtler texture and higher endowments pay for the great gifts they possess, that feel too acutely—that circumstances which find no feelings to cause grief in the hearts of the multitude, sink deeply into theirs. Their griefs lie too deep for tears; their joys are too extatic for smiles. And yet such persons should pass through life superior to the causes that produce the smiles and tears of millions, because their high-reaching intellects should raise them above the common affection

of common evils. It should make them to look to causes, not mere effects—to deduce conclusions from circumstances which escape the acumen of those who only see what is obvious to them, and comprehend nothing but the tangible and the palpable—and so they do. Such escape all petty joys, all petty sorrows. Like majestic streams, they roll onwards in the full volume of their own thoughts, staying not in their route to wind their way through flowery glades or sweet pastures; breaking not into rivulets, but dashing on with an original power that knows no diminution and disdains petty obstacles; but when an obstruction of sufficient magnitude to stay their course does present itself, then commences the fearful strife, and the concentrated energies are all awakened.

There are human passions, founded upon human feelings, of the highest, the holiest order, that alone have power to stir minds of no ordinary calibre to frenzy—passions that overwhelm the judgment, and leave the intellect, like some brave vessel, tossed at the mercy of an angry sea, and no guiding hand to shape its course—passions that engulf the heart in a sea of horrors, that run riot in the brain, as if it were dipped in fire—that strike deeply to the root of all tender sympathies—that absolve the mind from all humanity—that lift the warring soul above all ordinary interests, and make man do such deeds as might, even in his pride of wickedness, appal the world's great enemy, and make him, with a shuddering horror, shrink from humanity, as capable of acts beneath one who is

"Not less than archangel ruined."

And, oh, that such passions should owe their birth to the tenderest, sweetest sentiment of humanity—to that feeling which seems to tell us in a voice of music, "Ye are yet the children of Heaven, awaiting but for your glorious inheritance, and there shall, even in your earthly pilgrimage, cling to you one bright portion of your divine origin—you shall LOVE." That protean sentiment which assumes so many thousands of different aspects—which speaks alike in the low, soft voice of rapturous tenderness, and in the wild, shrieking accents of the maniac—which bespeaks such gentleness as would not tread upon a worm, and dies in human gore the fairest hands—which weeps at the death of a flower, and exults at the grave's triumph, over the best, the truest, the fairest of humanity. The sweetest and most benign climates on the earth's surface are visited by the fiercest storms, and so the most beautiful and tenderest of human feelings charge to the most wild and awful. Hate, jealousy, and despair, follow in the laughing footsteps of the "boy god"—deadly poisons lurk amid the roses of the Paphian Bower.

Our tale will exhibit a series of pictures, in which the glorious passion shall exhibit itself in its different aspects. We shall see how the stern and wrathful become tender and devoted—how the gentle and soft-spoken become, in their turn, full of stormy passions and frightful imaginings. We shall endeavour to hold the mirror up to nature, and in pourtraying our characters in "Love, or the Thread of Destiny," paint life as it is made both beautiful and terrible by the master passion.

The 19th of January, 1792, was memorable for a snow storm, that commenced at break of day and continued without interruption for nearly thirteen hours. The roofs of the houses in and about London, as well as the streets and roads, were covered many inches thick, and as far as the eye could reach there was nothing to be seen but the rapidly descending snow flakes and unbroken masses or whiteness, that lay alike upon hovel and palace.

The very light of day was obscured by the dense falling flakes, and



every sound was hushed to a profound stillness throughout London, for the wheels of the carriages sunk deeply, as if going over some luxurious carpeting, and the feet of the pedestrians were perfectly noiseless. But few people were in the streets. London was like a city of the dead, and the passengers whom stern necessity forced into the public thoroughfares, flitted here and there, like gliding spectres, over the snow drift that lay many inches above the pavements and roadways.

As evening drew near, darkness dropped very suddenly upon all objects, and the streets became more deserted still, while the falling snow relaxed not in its amount, but, on the contrary, appeared to come down thicker and in larger pieces, threatening a continuance for many hours longer of the uncomfortable weather.

Probably in the midst of all this, the river presented as curious a spectacle, if not a more curious one, than the city, for the snow came down so rapidly, and the water was so very cold, that, before one flake could be melted by the stream, another had taken its place, and occasionally it would appear as if the very river was about to succumb to the violence of the weather, and suffer the snow to repose upon its heaving breast.

The storm was not very local, for it extended southerly for many miles, and far down the Thames the banks presented nothing but extensive white flats, while, occasionally, large masses of the snow would shelve down into the stream with a rolling noise, resembling thunder heard faintly from afar.

Around the district known as Plaistow Marshes, a district lying extremely even and flat, the falling element had collected to an amazing depth, so much so, that a house, which, under ordinary circumstances, presented a tolerably respectable and lofty aspect, seemed half buried, and looked insignificant as a labourer's cottage on the extensive waste.

That house stood near to the bank of the river, so near that, at very high tides, the water laved the doorstep, preventing egress or ingress, except by means of a boat from that side of it. It was an ancient place, built irregularly, apparently as if the architect had been continually altering his plan until he had as many rooms as were required, and then was compelled to leave off. A huge old oaken portico graced the first floor, to the great detriment of the light in the lower rooms. Then the roof was prodigious in its length and shape; the door-posts were quaintly carved, and the whole structure within had that dark hole-and-corner, stunted appearance which the windows of our ancestors so frequently bestowed upon their dwellings. At the back of the house was an enclosed patch of land, the rails of which were composed of old staves of barrels and pieces of timbering from broken ships, while at the further end was a huge cask standing on one end, like a sentry-box, and furnished with a seat inside. Strewn about were pieces of rock-coral, shells, and refuse of every description. A little kind of jetty stretched out from the doorstep into the Thames, so that at low water the house could be approached without the necessity of wading through some ten or twelve feet of mud. Added to all this it was in a wretched state. The weather boarding had given way in many places—the shutters boasted not above one hinge each—the windows were broken, and altogether it was quite evident that whoever had in times gone by taken a pride in the lone house at Plaistow Marshes, must have very much altered his mind, or have been gathered to his fathers.

Still if any one could have pierced with his eyes the almost impenetrable snow drift and glanced in the direction of this lonely house, he would have seen straggling from one of its chimneys a thin eddy of smoke, and conjectured that upon that inclement evening some one was endeavouring to find warmth and shelter in the deserted abode.

The house we mention has been long since swept away; but on its precise site now stands a white-faced building, devoted to the purposes of a public-house, the business of which must be of a very mysterious character, or confined to some wandering snipe-shooters who may cool their feet and their ardour over the marshes.

The supposition that the house contained some human inhabitant, or inhabitants, would not have been incorrect, for two apartments were occupied in it towards the close of evening on that eventful day. In one of these a man lay sleeping. His couch was composed of mere lumber laid upon some tressels, for regular bed or bedding there was none. Some chests were in the room, and a variety of small articles of wearing apparel, as well as one chair. A dim fire smouldered in the grate, into which down the chimney there would come occasionally a flake of snow with a hissing sound. The man's slumbers were, however, too profound to be so easily disturbed, and he slept on unheeding of the falling snow, or of the creaking of the old building as now and then a gust of wind would sweep over the large tract of level land. He was past the middle age, and there was ample evidence about his general appearance that he had led a life of ease, if not of luxury. He had thrown himself down, attired as he was, on the rude couch where he slept, and his clothing showed both care and wealth. It was in his face alone that traces of some anxiety and suffering might have been found. Occasionally, too, he would murmur in his sleep some incoherent

words in a voice that showed they were the result of some painful train of thought, and then with low moans he would subside again into deeper slumber. The room was momentarily growing darker and darker; the snow was piling itself upon the window ledges, and the night was stealing on.

In another room of that strangely situated and lonely house, sat a female. In that room there was but one chair, and that, with a small table, on which was a lamp burning very dimly, constituted the whole of its furniture. There was no fire in the apartment, and for all the movement she made, the female figure who sat there might have been dead, or sleeping much more soundly than the man we have described. She had laid her head upon her hands, and they again rested on the table, so that her face was not visible; she seemed young, if we might judge from the long tresses of auburn hair that descended nearly to the floor, in wild yet beautiful disorder. Her dress was rich—nay, costly in the extreme; except such part of it as was covered with a wretched old gray cloak, which hung partly from her shoulders, and probably had been put on for the purposes of disguise. Her general figure was — but she looks up! the dim radiance of the lamp falls upon her face.— Oh! what a world of speculation does that face suggest! where did features of such exquisite beauty acquire such an awful aspect of despair—what form of suffering could have imprinted so indelibly its traces upon a countenance so young and so rich in graces?

She clasped her hands—those small fair hands, that had been the theme of admiration for many a tongue, and in a voice of such concentrated agony, that to describe it were a task in vain, she uttered the exclamation of "Oh, God!" with such a shuddering horror, that one might well have supposed a heart to break with such words so uttered.

Then her head sunk again, and no sound disturbed the wrapt stillness of the place, but the melancholy pat, pat, of the large snow flakes against the windows, and the murmuring of the river as it rolled past in such close proximity.

The age of her who was oppressed with so much misery could not be above three or four-and-twenty—perhaps not so much, for grief over-matches time in stamping his presence on the face and form. She was rather below the ordinary stature of women, but there was a bounding grace in her form, a feminine delicacy about her exquisitely chiselled features, that irresistibly won the heart. Alas! there had been a time when the pure light of joy shone from those eyes which now gleamed with the fatal lustre of despair!

One of her hands—such a hand as a sculptor might doat on—was stretched across the table, and the fingers clenched with a painful tension. Suddenly some distant clock made itself faintly heard through the snow storm, and she sprung to her feet, looking anxiously around her. Then she approached the lattice window, and carefully opening it a short distance, she strove to look out in the direction of the river, but the drifting snow prevented her from seeing anything, and would so have prevented, had the darkness not been so confirmed as it then was.

"If he should not come," she muttered; "if he should not come!" These words were repeated at intervals, with tones of such utter abandonment of despair, that it was evident she waited with no ordinary interest for some one, for whose presence she looked at that lone spot. Then she paused, and assumed an attitude of intense listening. Her whole soul seemed wrought up to the effort of catching the least sound that might come down the river. It was the regular dip of oars that came to her ears—earer and nearer they came, and then there was a grating sound as the keel of the boat touched the beach. Her very breathing was nearly suppressed, as with trembling eagerness she again strained her vision to pierce the darkness without. There could be no mistaking now the fact that some one was coming, for a low and cautious footstep sounded on the little jetty that led to the house. The female placed the lamp close to the window for a moment, and then again removed it to the table, at which she sat down with her hands pressed upon her heart, as if by actual pressure she could still its tumultuous beating.

"He—he is coming," she whispered, with an awful distinctness that had a startling and a strange effect in the stillness of that house. "He is coming, and—the deed must be done; I cannot now retreat—I dare not look back upon the past—the future must be changed. Dishonour, scorn, reproach, the world's contumely, shame—all await me, if now I shrink from the deed that has been so awfully prearranged. It must be done. Oh, God!—oh, God! You read my heart, and see the blighted, outraged feelings, and the quenched hopes that have brought me to this. Spare me—spare me. Even now at this moment let the red bolt of your vengeance fall on my devoted head. Strike me motionless, and spare me the deed which, if I live, must be this night committed. He comes—he comes; be still, my heart—he comes. Alas, as he is, in blood, in colour, he is the only human creature I could reveal the awful purpose of my soul to, with a hope of active assistance in—murder! Oh, that word—that word!"

A suppressed hideous chuckling laugh from somewhere near the



door of the apartment caused her to start to her feet; and by the rays of the lamp she saw she was not alone.

The person who had made his way to the apartment so quickly and so noiselessly was a tall man, evidently, by his colour, a native of the West Indies, and a creole. The negro features rather predominated in his face, and had he been a shade or two darker, he would have passed for one of the negro blood solely, and might have been supposed to have belonged to some of the more southern natives of Africa.

In stature he was gigantic, much exceeding the ordinary European standard. His arms were particularly long, disproportionately so, indeed, to his height, and gave him an appearance of awkwardness which never was lost sight of except when he roused his whole frame to some active exertion. His eyes had that peculiar blood-shot appearance incidental to many of the Asiatic and African races—an appearance which, on that occasion, appeared more than commonly manifest, from the general expression of ferocious glee that sat upon the large coarse features of the man.

For some moments there was not a word spoken. The man appeared waiting to be first addressed, and she who had appointed a meeting with him in that house was incapable for some time to command her voice to the utterance of a word. At length, with much difficulty, she overcame the spell which bound up her faculties, and, in a hoarse, low whisper, which induced her strange companion to advance a step in order to hear it, she said,—

"I—I have been waiting. You have been long in coming, Letour—long in coming."

"Luke watched me," was the brief reply.

"Watched you! Gracious Heaven! if he should trace you here, all is lost—lost!"

"If he should," said the creole, and he half drew from his breast a knife, the blade of which caught the rays from the lamp, and threw back a glittering reflection for an instant on the roof of the room. "If he should—if he should —"

"You would kill him?"

"Both," was the reply—"both. Is he here still? He has not stirred—does he sleep?"

"Hush—hush, Letour! I—I—have worked myself up, as you know, to—to —"

"Murder—call it by that name at once, and do not make a bugbear of a sound. You have good and sufficient reasons for taking the life of your husband; I have good and sufficient reasons for assisting you. Let us to work—to work."

"Letour, Letour, you know I have been badly, cruelly used, and have endured much."

"Pshaw! we will talk of all that when the deed is done. By Jove, how the snow storm drifts this way. What sound was that?"

"I—I heard nothing."

"Perhaps it was but the creaking of the weather boards of the old house. Time presses. Come on—come on —"

"To—to—murder!—Hush—Letour—You—you will aid me to do the deed—you will strike the blow—I am weak and nearly powerless—my nerves are all unstrung—should he cry out in his last agony—should he struggle, you will not let a spot of blood fall upon me. Letour, you can do it while he sleeps."

"While he sleeps!—Ho! ho! ho! He must be awake—fully awake. He must know from whom the blow comes. Any man may die in sleep, not so him."

"You are breaking faith with me, Letour. You promised to be guided by my wishes. On your soul's hopes you so promised."

"I have no soul's hopes. Have you?"

"Oh, horror! horror! Another hour and I shall have none—none. I shall have placed such a gulf betwixt me and Heaven that can never be leapt. Another hour—another hour."

"D—n—I did you bring me here to listen to such words as these? Was it for this you have planned so fealty? Where is now the sense of oppression that crimsoned your cheek? Where the passions that nerved you to think of the deed you now shrink from?"

"Here," said the female, as she placed her hand upon her heart. "Here—here—I am ready."

"And I. The lamp. Take the lamp."

A sudden gust of wind at this moment dashed open the casement, and such a rushing mist of snow came into the room that the lamp was instantly extinguished, and all was impenetrable darkness.

With muttered curses the creole went to the casement, and was upon the point of shutting it, when a light, dancing on the surface of the river, as if carried in some boat, attracted his attention. He could see nothing but the light, and that only for a few moments, and then it was gone.

"It matters not," he muttered; "other craft beside what might possibly touch here must necessarily be on the Thames to-night."

He closed the window, and then, by means of matches he had with

him, he lighted the lamp, when he saw his companion seated by the table, with her face hidden, as it had been when first we introduced her to the reader.

"Now, by God!" he cried; "is this woman's love, or stern resolve?"

"Resolve!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Letour, he must die; or those I love dearer than life itself must suffer. He shall die, Letour, he shall die."

"He shall. Now—now come. Take the light."

She lifted the lamp from the table, and followed the man. She did not tremble—she did not hesitate. What awful reflections had passed through her mind to enable her to overcome her feelings so far, it is impossible to say; but, with a dreadful apathy, she seemed roused up to whatever dreadful scene of terror might meet her observation.

The distance from the room where the short conference we have recorded had taken place, to the apartment of the wearied and sound sleeper, was very short. There was but one wretched apartment to traverse, and a short landing at the head of a staircase, when the door of the room was gained. The creole shaded the light with his hand, as he cautiously opened the door of the apartment, and peered in. He turned and beckoned to his companion, and, in another moment, they were in the room together.

Then the creole drew the long glittering knife he had with him from its sheath, and approached the rude couch on which lay the slumbering man, all unconscious of the awful fate that awaited him. Whatever subjects had been disturbing his thoughts, had passed away in the regions of forgetfulness, and he was sleeping now soundly and serenely.

The young creature who had come as a witness to, and an actor in, the frightful crime contemplated, moved to the side of the couch, as if her feet were oppressed by leaden weights; then she sunk on her knees, and placed the lamp on the floor—she clasped her hands rigidly, till the knuckles stood out in painful relief.

"Strike—strike," she said. "I am here—strike."

The creole laid his massive hand upon the head of the sleeper. He pressed it down with a force equal to tons of iron placed upon it, and then, in a loud screaming voice, that echoed frightfully throughout the house, he cried,—

"Leighton—Robert Leighton. Awake—awake."

With a cry of alarm, the sleeper opened his eyes, and tried to rise; but he was effectually held, and scarcely knowing if he dreamed or saw things in reality, he looked horrified and aghast at the glaring eyes of the creole, which were within a few inches of his face. Then he made efforts to free his head from the pressure of the heavy hand that was laid upon it, but they were in vain. Then he spoke, and his lips parted convulsively, as he became aware that something terrible was surely about to happen, although it had not yet developed itself to his mind in all its intensity.

"Letour—Letour!" he gasped; "what—what do you want?"

"Revenge!"

The creole twined his fingers in the hair of the prostrate man, and turned his head forcibly on one side, till he saw the kneeling female figure by his couch. A faint shriek came from his lips, and he said,—

"Harriet—Harriet—you here! My curse—my malediction on you! What—what brings you here?"

"Justice! 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' Justice!"

"You—you are mad—both of you mad! Let me go. Oh, God! Let me go! You will not kill me! Harriet—wife—Harriet! Letour, a you mad? Mercy! Great God, rescue me! Help—help—no—no—that knife—keep it away! Harriet—Harriet! have you a woman's heart, and can look on me now? Mercy—mercy! You shall have all I possess—I only ask for life! Help!—help! Murder! Oh, God!—oh, God—oh, God!"

The creole dashed the sharp blade of the knife into his neck, inflicting a frightful gash. The blood spurted out like water from a fountain. It fell like hot rain upon the head, face, and hands of the female who there knelt to see so awful a deed committed. Then the wounded man shrieked aloud in his agony, and shriek for shriek did she echo, as, springing to her feet, she held up her hands, and let the warm blood dash from the ends of her taper fingers with sullen splashes on the floor beneath. By an effort only to be made at such a moment, the wounded man drew up his feet convulsively, and, getting a purchase against the breast of the creole, he threw him off the couch with tremendous force. Then he rose himself, staggering wildly, and still shrieking with a terrible shrillness that was heard for miles around. He clung to her he had ruined—Harriet—and absolutely covered her with blood, while she still held up her arms, and seemed rigid as a statue with horror. Then the discomfited creole, with a savage burst of malignant hatred, again sprang upon his victim, who, in half articulate words, continued to speak to her around whom he clung with such desperation.



"Harriet—Harriet—mercy—mercy! Spare me—spare me—oh, save me from him—God will bless you. For our child's sake—our little Emma—our sweet innocent—save me! Have mercy yet—I—I—am dying—dying—help—murder! The room goes round—a film is—on my eyes—I—faint—faint—God have mercy!"

The creole twined his huge hand in his victim's hair, and forcibly bent back his head, opening fearfully the gaping wound in his throat, and making the bones of the neck crack again. With a savage ferocity, then, that was truly demonic, he tried to consummate the murder by repeated stabs in the face, as it was frightfully upturned towards him. Some of the stabs took effect in the eyes, forcing them from their sockets with gouts of blood, and leaving them pendant by thin tendons and flaps of blood-stained skin to the mangled cheeks. Then he again cut deeply into the throat, till the head of the murdered man was nearly detached from his body; with a sudden jerk, then, and a hideous crash, he broke the vertebra. The lately living, shrieking man was headless, and the body fell with a heavy sound, splashing the pool of blood that had collected in all directions, while the hands, rigid and fixed in death, still clutched with a grasp that could not be undone, the dress of her, who so statue-like, had looked upon the deed of blood.

A heavy knocking sounded at the outer door of the lone house. The snow fell thicker and faster, and, with one piercing shriek, the female fell totally insensible upon the mangled body.

## CHAPTER II.

### A FATHER'S DEATH.

FILLED, as one must be, with horror and dismay at the frightful deed which had been committed, or, at all events, connived at, by one so young, so beautiful, so gentle seeming as she, who, with so fearful a companion, had made herself a partner in the commission of a deed of blood of the most awful character, the mind might well be lost in amazement at the different phases which human nature can present when acted upon by different circumstances, and the due balance of the passions unregulated.

That beautiful being, fashioned apparently, both bodily and mentally, to exercise the softest, tenderest influence upon humanity, we have seen planning and witnessing a deed, from which the savagest nature might revolt, and thinking necessary an action alike repulsive to the laws of God and man; and yet she was tender, devoted, full of human sympathies, affectionate and gentle to a fault, an alien in mind to all cruelty—to all oppression—one, too, who had made sacrifices, and those not small ones, for the sake of others, setting at nought her own hopes, affections, prospects, and, with a holy gentleness and beautiful fervour of affection towards those whom duty, as well as inclination, prompted her to love—controlling her own dearest impulses, and condemning herself to such wretchedness, as the heart can feel, but the tongue never express.

And yet this is a murderess, one who has stood by and seen blood shed, and yet strived not to save the victim—one who has steelled her heart against the last shrieking cry for mercy. Yes, she who would have wept at the untimely death of a household pet, had looked upon, and had taken a part in, such a murder, as the bare recital of which would, at one time, have frozen her blood with horror, and excited her pitying wonder, that the bright and beautiful world should produce such monsters.

These statements look most miraculous; but we must know the circumstances, the accumulation of events, and the long endured trials of head and heart, which beset human nature, before we decide upon the improbability of any course of action, or its want of connexion with the previous habits and opinions of the same individual.

Be it our task, then, to rescue our heroine, for such, alas, she is, from some of the odium which must attach to one, who would connive at such a crime as that committed in the lone house by Paistow Marshes. It is our duty, by a detail of circumstances, strange, and scarcelyprecedented, to convert horror to pity, loud and vindictive accusation to sorrow, and to show that even the best and gentlest natures may become perverted from their original beauty and excellence—that there are master passions of the human mind, which, when once crossed, will overwhelm all other feelings or considerations, making the brave, cowardly—the timid, courageous—souls of unblemished honour, commit actions which they would have shrunk from with contempt and abhorrence under happier circumstances. Such is human nature, the sport of accident—a feather tossed on the surges of the angry ocean.

Five years and some months before that wintry storm, which we have described as howling around that melancholy house, in which the repose of fatigue was turned into the sleep of death—a small cottage, situate near the borders of Epping Forest, contained, in one of its con-

finer apartments, as sad a group as ever the pitying eye of sympathy could weep to dwell upon; but let us, ere we dive into the cause of the mourners' griefs—ere we draw aside the veil that yet hides deep sorrow, nobly borne, from many eyes, glance for a passing moment at that abode, nestled, as it was, in a quiet nook, sheltered by the noble trees, that added majesty and sublimity to the scene around.

Here, among the tall denizens of the forest, was a space that opened, and for a space was clear, and in its midst sprang up a cottage, in which lived hearts more alive to the beauties of nature, than possessing the meanest comforts of the independent labourer.

It was garnished on all sides by flowers and shrubs, all kept in the trimmest and neatest manner possible. Those who could stop and view it in passing, would have thought that, judging from the neatness, order, and beauty that reigned without, the happiest and most contented hearts reigned within.

It is seldom that poverty and neatness go hand in hand, and more seldom is it, that an appearance of even beauty and comfort from mere arrangement is a concomitant.

But such it was: the little garden contained the choicest flowers, arranged in the most orderly and tasteful style, while the climbing plants were carefully trailed up the wood work of this abode.

The spot was such as people love to stop and look at, while those who are wealthy will often even envy the apparent happiness which such a home, though humble, is supposed to confer above what their own wealth would purchase them.

The family inhabiting that cottage were named Hearnshaw; who and what they were will be discovered as our narrative proceeds; suffice it now, that they had seen better days, and that but for the dear bond of union and love that connected them together, they might have been impatient under the restrictions of their present home, differing as it did so widely and essentially from that they had been accustomed to.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hearnshaw, their daughter, Harriet, then sixteen years of age, their son, Theodore, aged fourteen. Remaining too with them at that period, was a young man by name Charles Hargrove, Mr. Hearnshaw's deceased sister's only son. We have said these parties were all assembled in one apartment, and melancholy indeed was the occasion which brought them into its circumscribed limits. Mr. Hearnshaw was dying. He was about to leave in the midst of difficulty and distress those who were so dear to him, that the bitterest pang of death consisted in leaving them.

The casement of the room was open, for a delicious summer's day was just dipping into evening, and he who stood on the confines of another and a better world, yearned for the soft breeze that gently lifted the closing flowers, fancying that he drew his failing breath freer and clearer, while his pallid cheeks were fanned by the pure breeze of Heaven, than he could have done in the confined atmosphere of the apartment.

He lay upon a couch, and his eyes occasionally turned from the tearful countenances of those around him, to the fast increasing glories of the western sky. He spoke in low, soft accents, while his hands played listlessly with the covering of the couch, and those to whom he addressed himself, listened to his parting words as though they were admonitions from Heaven itself; and they strove to still all exhibition of their griefs, that no low breathed accents from him who was going far from them should escape their ears.

"We have long struggled, dear ones," he said, "against a conviction bringing with it the painfulest stroke of fortune we have endured. It is that we must part. That in the decadence of our fortunes I must quit the struggle that, for your sakes, I could fain have persevered in. My Harriet—my darling—"

"Father!" sobbed Harriet, as she knelt by his side, and clasped his hand convulsively in hers.

Then the dying man continued. His voice was weaker—more tremulous than before. Either the lamp of life was fast decreasing, or some sudden accession of feeling gave an incoherency to his words.

"My darlings," he said, "be of better cheer. We shall yet meet again, you know. God bless you! We have endured much persecution. Since we began to tread the downward path of misfortune, nothing has thriven with us—nothing has taken a proper course, except our love—except our love."

"You will yet be spared to us," sobbed his wife, while Harriet and Theodore looked anxiously in their mother's face, as if they would read the sincerity of her opinion in her countenance.

"Not spared," gasped Mr. Hearnshaw—"not spared. I would I were. No—no—it may not be now. I feel that the dread fiat has gone forth. My Harriet—my Harriet!" He passed his trembling hand over the rich masses of hair that hung in graceful disorder down his daughter's cheeks. A quiet smile played upon his lips for a moment, and, with all a father's pride in the beauty of his darling, he added,—

"My beautiful child—my beautiful child—my Harriet—my darling!"

The young girl sobbed as though her heart would break. From her



very earliest childhood she had been idolized by her father, and now to part with her seemed the bitterest pang of death. Let him commence to speak of what he would, his thoughts and words in a few moments were sure to revert to her; and now he was silent for a while, as he strove to still the current of feeling that forced tears into his eyes, while, with fading vision, he still gazed upon the sweet face of his heart's pride.

"Father," said Theodore, as if claiming some of the attentions of the dying man.

He started, and held out his arms, saying,—

"Yes—yes—my boy. I see you—hear you—my own boy."

With a gush of tears, Theodore embraced him. Mrs. Hearnshaw sat wringing her hands in an ecstasy of grief. Oh, what a scene of woe was that! It would have melted the stoutest heart—subdued to tender sympathy the hardest disposition. Charles Hargrove, the nephew, gently approached Harriet, and touched her arm, saying,—

"Dear Harriet, rise. Let me lead you from this too affecting scene. Harriet—Harriet!"

"No—no," she sobbed; "father—father, speak to me again—father!"

"My child—dear—dear one! Charles, my boy, you are kind and good. Some years since, in my pride of ample success, I charged myself with your future fortunes. Alas! I have not been able to redeem the pledge; but, Charles, you will, when I am gone, see to those I leave behind me—you will, as far as possible, step between them and oppression."

"On my soul, uncle, I will! Powerless as I am, yet —"

"Nay, not powerless; a good man, in his darkest tribulation, has the power and the majesty of God with him. Not powerless, Charles—God bless you and prosper you! I am dying now, and my time to say what I think is very short.—You love my Harriet, Charles?"

Harriet buried her face in her hands, and Charles, by the flush of colour that overspread his face, gave at once an affirmative answer.

"May you be both happy," continued Mr. Hearnshaw. "You know I have been brought to ruin by Scalvoni. I mention not this for vengeance sake, but I warn you, my children, of that man, as one lost mariner would warn another of the rock on which he was cast away—Scalvoni, the agent of the wealthy merchant, Robert Leighton."

"The villain!" cried Charles Hargrove; "I am convinced he has done deeds which his employer never could have sanctioned, had he been in England. May the curse —"

"Hush—hush!" said Mr. Hearnshaw; "there are those even now, I think, hovering about the evening air that blows through yon casement, who should hear no curses."

He sunk gently back on his pillow as he spoke. The action alarmed Harriet, and with a faint cry, she leant over her father, and exclaimed,—

"Speak again—speak again, father—father! Oh, let the same death that calls you hence, call me with you—father—speak—one word—but a word!"

The other mourners thronged round the couch. There was loud weeping, frantic cries, and gestures of deep grief; but all were in a moment hushed as the dying man spoke again.

"Flowers and music," he murmured, "and all for my darling Harriet—my beautiful child. 'Tis very dark—where are you all now? We are wandering through a wood, and the spirit of God is with us—Now I am beckoned—I come—I come. Where's my Harriet—my beautiful child? Hark—hark!"

He moved his arms restlessly, and picked small pieces of the counterpane that partially covered him. Then he turned on one side, uttered a deep sigh, and expired.

The sun at that moment dropped below the western horizon, and a cold wind swept round the humble cottage; it carried a scream with it, as it passed the window. Harriet fell insensible on the body of her poor father.

(To be continued in our next)

**COMMAND OF TEMPER.**—The Duke of Marlborough possessed great command of temper, and never permitted it to be ruffled by little things, in which even the greatest men have been found at times ungoverned. As he was riding one day with Commissary Marriott he began to rain, and he called to his servant for his cloak. The servant not bringing it immediately, he called for it again. The servant, being embarrassed with the straps and buckles, did not come up to him. At last, it raining very hard, the duke called to him again, and asked him what he was about that he did not bring the cloak. "You must stay, sir," grumbled the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The duke turned round to Marriott, and said very coolly,—"Now, I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

**AFFLICT, AFFLICTION.**—By these words is commonly understood the effect upon our mind of some disagreeable object. It is only in the mouth or letters of a lover that they have little or no meaning.

## THE POLISH EXILES.

A TALE.

"Farewell, the youth whom sighs could not detain;  
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!  
Yet, as thou goest, may every blast arise,  
Weak and unfeeling as these rejected sighs!  
Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayest thou see,  
Nor griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."  
Oh! let me safely to the fair return,  
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn.

COLLINS.

It was in one of those extended pedestrian journeys which I have made in the wide spreading west, and in October, 1816, as I was slowly wending my way along a narrow path over one of those interminable plains which spread as a southern border to Louisiana, as the western sun shot its oblique rays upon a beautiful line of woods, skirting along the Teche, my eye caught the view of a white cottage, rising slowly and modestly amid a grove of evergreen oaks. On foot, and weary as I was, even the feeling of slow fever could not banish from my mind a relish for the soft and tranquil scene. The oceanic vastness of those grassy, wide spreading meadows, has a something of awful yet delightful aspect as the sun seems to sink into their western bosom.

As my steps neared the cottage, I beheld, in the neatly enclosed yard before its door, a man walking tranquilly backwards and forwards, evidently like myself, admiring the splendid picture of an autumn evening in Louisiana. As I approached the wicket gate I was met by the owner, who, whilst opening it, observed, in good French, though with the tone of a foreigner to that language and nation,—

"Thou art a traveller and welcome to my roof; give me thy burden and walk in."

Astonished and delighted with the open, kindly hospitality which anticipated my wishes, and which sweetened the temporary home; and, whilst tendering my thanks, my eye was involuntarily fixed on the face and figure of my host. His hair and wrinkles bespoke the passage of sixty years, with a skin extremely fair, and on the taint of which even the sun of Attacapas had made little impression. His fine but striking blue eyes beamed under a most majestic and ample forehead. His mouth had something sarcastic, whilst the whole countenance expressed sense and good nature. The form was in a peculiar manner well proportioned. Though not above middle size, strength appeared yet to nerve every limb.

Entering into a small but extremely neat sitting-room, I was again welcomed by a female even still more prepossessing than her husband. In appearance, about forty, yet with much that remained from by-gone years. Eyes most sparklingly clear and black, and hair as jetty, were contrasted by skin embrowned by a southern sun. This lady also spoke in French, with the idiom of a foreigner, though different from that which marked the language of her husband.

The supper table was set, and, after ablution from a basin of pure water handed by my host, I sat down a delighted and welcome stranger. The custom of handing to the traveller water to bathe bespeaks Asiatic and primitive manners. It is one of those sacred customs which oriental nations regard as amongst the highest duties of hospitality. The Sarmatian, Greek, Italian, French, and Spanish nations demonstrate the origin of their moral habits from the practice of this patriarchal rite.

The kind reception I had received, and the surprise of the moment, produced a forgetfulness of my fever, but seated at table a total want of appetite and the flush in my face exposed my condition to the observing host.

"Thou art unwell, friend," said he, gently, taking my hand and feeling my pulse. "I have travelled, and necessity has made me something of a physician. Thou hast a fever—I hope—I believe not dangerous; thou needest rest;" and, saying so, he rose and led me into a very clean though plain room, and whilst I was preparing to retire to a bed which invited repose by exhaling that indescribable fragrance inseparable from cleanliness, my host walked out but returned with a most grateful potion as I was placing my pillow.

"Drink this, friend, and peace and rest be with thee," said he, as I received and swallowed the medicine. Then closing the curtains of the bed, he took up the candle and retired. It was indeed rest I wanted. The fever slowly abated, and I sunk into a sweet sleep, which the strengthening light of a morning sun only broke.

Everything was still quiet round the cottage, and, whilst waking with renewed health, I beheld some manuscripts carelessly scattered over the dressing-table, and within my reach. I picked up one and read the title, "Memoirs of \* \* \* \* \*". It was in French; my curiosity was roused. I opened to the introduction and read what, for reasons yet to be explained, I now give the translation.

"When we have seen pass the thirty last years of the eighteenth cen-



tury—when we have lived to the present epoch, (1816)—when we have been an eye-witness to the most extraordinary and least expected events, which are described in this little volume, and when we reflect that we have been not only a spectator but often an actor in the varied scenes recorded in its pages; it is impossible to resist the desire to note the principal facts, and to place on paper these glances at past events—these recollections and these observations.

"The struggle between the English colonies of North America and the mother country; this long, doubtful struggle, which terminated by securing the independence of the United States, and taught the people of those states to wrest the acknowledgment of their rights, even from the mouth of force and oppression.

"The reign of Frederick II., this philosophic king, an author and warrior, who, in turn, was conquered and a conqueror, completed his reign by giving, at the expense of his neighbours, a wide extension, and secured to Prussia a distinguished rank amongst the powers of Europe. The reigns of Joseph II. and Catherine II., productive of so many reforms, and so many changes in the manner of thinking of the governors and the governed. The two first divisions of Poland, which, after having dismembered the country, was followed by a third and last, which effaced even the name; and, in fine, the re-establishment of the kingdom by the Emperor Alexander. The abolition of the monarchical government in France and its transformation into a republic; the evanescence of this new order of things which, after many different modes of administration, merged into a despotism under Napoleon, and was again followed by a constitutional monarchy under the dynasty of the Bourbons.

"The revolutions in the Netherlands, in Holland, Spain, Portugal, and Naples, in Piedmont and in Greece, are so many memorable epochs, which have succeeded in the space of fifty years nearly, and which have struck with stupor and astonishment every observer who can either feel or think."

My mind, invited by this seductive introduction, was fully prepared to follow the author in his retrospective tour; but was diverted by seeing my door slowly opened, and the unceremonious entrance of my host, who, seeing the paper I held in my hand, smiled, as a sigh rose, as if to repress an outward expression of joy unfeigned.

"Thou hast rested well, I hope, and thy fever is abated; yes, it is gone," said the kindly old man, as he pressed my hand. I returned my thanks as preparing to rise.

The morning was so't, with fine floating cirri, and, ushered into a most rural breakfast room, and into which the sunbeams were broken by rose and chrysanthemum flowers and branches, I found my host at the head of his table, and entering the room in an opposite direction, a man and woman I had not before seen. The man was tall and muscular, features very strongly marked yet pleasing; his frame extremely well proportioned, and whole contour commanding, though evidently verging towards the meridian of life. His companion was in years yet in the morn of her existence; but on her most interesting features inward sorrow was too deeply felt to be concealed by a placid smile. Their appearance was that of people whose manners had been formed by an intercourse with society in its most polished circles.

With that frankness which marked his whole demeanour, my host addressed me as I entered, by observing,—

"It is time we had means of using the common exchange of names."

"Mark Bancroft," I replied.

"Labanoff Kholheim has the honour to receive thee at his table, and to introduce to thee his son and grand-daughter, Romuald Kholheim and Paulina."

Here he repressed something which rose in his mind, and pointing to our seats, we sat down to a breakfast, to me delicious, from the fascinations which accompanied the hospitable board.

"I cannot think thou art a common traveller," smiling, observed the elder Kholheim.

"I am walking over a part of the earth," I replied, "to observe nature in its primitive dress; but," turning my eyes around the room, continued, "by an unexpected felicity I have for once to most sincerely rejoice in a disappointment; yesterday's sun met me in a pastoral hut of Louisiana; to-morrow I find myself transported to the Island of Scheria and the gardens of Alcinous."

[Scheria, more anciently Drepane, the Corcora of the historical ages of Greece, and the modern Corfu, is a small island of Europe on the coast of Albania, opposite the ancient Buthrotum, modern Butrinto. In this island were placed Homer's garden of Alcinous.]

The name of Scheria was no sooner pronounced than an electric stroke seemed to have shaken the whole little society; but with that genuine command of feeling which I have ever found associated with real politeness and sensibility, every one quickly resumed their wonted tranquillity. Romuald Kholheim, however, deeming some apology necessary, observed that,—

"Our recollections often betray us; we have all of us," continued

he, "been residents of Corfu, and have read Homer where were once the gardens of Alcinous."

"Homer survives, but the gardens of Alcinous are gone with the genius of Greece," said Labanoff Kholheim solemnly, as we rose from the table and entered the sitting-room; where, leading me to a window, and calling to his son and grand-daughter to join us, resumed his observations as he pointed to his fine garden, sloping down to the sluggish Teche.

"Yes, Mark Bancroft, that Lethean river is as much like the Ohio or the Rhine, or this little garden platt to the glowing vegetation of Homer and Tasso, or as my old time and climate-beaten body is to an Alcinous; or," said he, still more solemnly, "as are Greece and Poland, like what once were Greece and Poland. But we can preserve at least one resemblance; if thou wilt be Ulysses for a few days or weeks, I will endeavour to be Alcinous."

Suffice it say I accepted the invitation, because I felt its sincerity, but without a hope or thought of the rich reward in store for the delay. Long before I was initiated into their history, it was evident to my observation that my entertainers were foreigners, that they still possessed considerable wealth; but that their condition in life had been changed by adverse circumstances. Romuald Kholheim was entirely the most perfect linguist I ever have been acquainted with. Speaking either English, French, or German, each seemed his mother tongue; yet, as I afterwards learned, he had never spoken either until upwards of twenty years of age. His memory was retentive, and his rapidity of conception had employed his powers of recollection. But the mere collection of knowledge was with this man secondary; once within the circle of his intellect, you forgot worldly selfishness, and breathed only for the human race. The soul elevating resolves of real patriotism found a living existence almost in every sentence which fell from the mouth of Romuald Kholheim. Reading history with such a monitor, the actors on the varied drama of worldly revolution assumed their true characters. Though most sincerely attached to each other, the father and son were distinguished by very marked and different characters.

There was a serenity and sweetly pleasing calm diffused over the features and heart of Labanoff Kholheim, over which a cloud sometimes passed and was forgotten. The soul of Romuald, concealed by a cold exterior, was a volcano, from which occasional sparks and inward murmurings evinced the struggling fire beneath.

By a strange contrast, Paulina, the daughter of Romuald, though breathing the sentiments and adopting the opinions of her father, was, in temper and disposition, the exact counterpart of her grandfather; whilst the wife of Labanoff, and step-mother of Romuald, participated in all the warmth and high-toned feelings of her adopted son.

Between Romuald and his father and daughter passed all the real kindness of kindred affection, rendered interesting in a high degree from the rich lustre of cultivation and polish of manners; but in all those aspirations of exalted sentiment which raise a few, and only a few, human beings so far above even their kindred, Romuald and Sabina Ismaena seemed to converse in language which rose above the coldness and precision of speech.

Their ages were not very different, and I am persuaded angels never met with less of worldly feeling. If no barrier had stood between them, this man and woman would never have loved or sought a closer connection. If they had been brother and sister, their attachment would have been just what it was in fact, the tie of two minds which were sublimed by intercourse, and chastened by vicissitudes of fortune which few could sustain, and fewer still deserved to have encountered. It was in their society, and hearing from their own lips what I am to repeat, that I first felt the benefit secured to mankind from the misfortunes of the truly great. Those exalted beings, if they suffer acutely, they reflect, compare, and remember intensely.

But it is time to proceed with our history, and learn from themselves the causes why such a family had sought another hemisphere from that which gave them birth.

"Thou art travelling over the earth as a bee flieeth from flower to flower," said Labanoff Kholheim to me, on the morning of my intended departure from his mansion; "thou has read the political and part of the moral life of Michel Oginghi; and thou hast seen and mourned over the grave of a nation. Over that nation some of my family were more interested—we had to weep over a mother. Adieu, my friend, we separate this morning, never again to meet on earth. Since thou wert with us, I have embodied on paper the substance of our conversation; I have, at leisure moments, made the sketches contained in these sheets."

Here the venerable speaker put a roll into my hands and continued, "It was the intention of myself and son to have remained for life in America, but from letters received yesterday—and I take a melancholy pride in the avowal, from that sentiment not to be conveyed by words, from the love of our native soil—we have concluded to return to Europe. In a few weeks the traces of our existence in Louisiana will disappear;



if, therefore, you choose to publish the sketches in your own land you can do so. In a country where law reigns, a picture of despotism, even in its best attire, may teach a useful lesson."

With a regret I yet feel, I separated from the inmates and cottage of Kholheim and returned to my residence on the Muskingum, from where the subjoined extracts are sent, and which, if you find them of sufficient interest, you can give them a place in your publications. The narrative is given by the third person.

Amongst the most illustrious families of that mixed German and Polish province of Posenasia, was that of Meyerfield, who, originally Germans from Brandenburg, settled near Rauwitz, and became connected with the noble family of Sapieha.

Alexander Count Meyerfield was born about 1740, was educated at the first seminaries on the continent of Europe, spoke several living languages, and choosing the military profession, entered the Polish army, in which in every mental accomplishment he was little if any inferior; and, in elegance of form and manners, was the rival of his relation Stanislas Poniatowski. An excellent classic scholar, Count Meyerfield became a republican before he left the German schools, and in the army was the steady opponent of the then temporising measures which led to the first dismemberment of Poland. Though, as a relation and friend, most sincerely attached to Stanislas Poniatowski, yet, at the early age of twenty-four, Count Meyerfield strenuously opposed the election as King of Poland, of a man whose unsteadiness of mind he so well knew unfitted him to meet the coming crisis. All the opposition of which divided patriotism could oppose to treason at home and power abroad was unavailing. Stanislas was elected king in 1764, and, in 1772, some of the finest provinces of the kingdom were severed from it and parcelled between Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

Like many others who wept the ruin they could not avoid, and who were compelled to submission from family affection, Count Meyerfield, who had been some years united to an amiable Polish lady, quitted the army and retired to his estate near Rauwitz, where, in 1775, was born a son, who was named Clement, and is now Count Meyerfield. Like Amilcar Barca, Alexander, Count of Meyerfield, inspired his son from the cradle to hate the enemies of his nation, and those who dismembered Poland; and, in doing so, enkindled in the soul of young Clement a holy ardour in favour of civil and religious liberty. He drank from the father's lips draughts which created at once enthusiasm and steadiness of purpose.

Years rolled on, and, as Clement Meyerfield was the pupil of his father, the reading and feeling the full inspiration of the Greek and Roman classics went together. It was Madame Meyerfield who first noticed the fact and pointed it out to her husband, that Plutarch's Lives seemed never out of the hands or pockets of their son.

The father approved the choice, and left his son to follow his own bent. That influence, powerful as reason and uniform as instinct, exhibited itself at length in so strong a manner, however, as to startle even the firm soul of Alexander, Count of Meyerfield.

Early in September, 1786, young Clement, then in his twelfth year, had walked to the post-office in Rauwitz, at opening morn, and, on his return, rushed into the breakfast-room where his father and mother were quietly seated. The blooming cheeks of their boy were inflamed, his fine blue eyes flashed with indescribable fire, his breast swelled, and, trembling with joy, too full to admit many words, threw a packet of papers before his father, exclaiming, with great vehemence,

"The monster is dead!"

"What monster, my son?" demanded both parents; but before Clement could so far conquer his emotion as to speak in reply, his father, glancing his eye on one of the papers before him, read the cause of the emotion of his child. "Frederick the Great is no more!" and, as the words were read, the parents and son, fixing a steady gaze on each other, sat many moments without speech or motion.

"Frederick the Great is no more!" at length, slowly and most solemnly, repeated Alexander, Count Meyerfield; and, turning to his son, observed,

"Is the King of Prussia the monster you mean?"

"Was he not one of the monsters who tore the limbs of Poland?" warmly demanded Clement.

Count Meyerfield remained silent for several minutes, whilst his eye passed alternately from his wife to his son. At length, heaving a deep sigh and looking most earnestly in the face of his anxious wife, ejaculated,—

"Oh, my family, my Severina, I see the storm I have prepared, I see the mischief I have done, but the veil of futurity is too dark to be penetrated."

Severina of Kergowa, Countess of Meyerfield, had been descended from the family of Sapieha, and inherited the blood and high feeling of the Pospolite of Poland. This mother had no little aided her husband in instilling into the mind of their son that strong detestation of oppression and oppressors which broke forth on the reception of the news

that the great despoiler of their country was dead. It was, therefore, natural, that such a woman, at such a moment, should merge the mother in the patriot. Her penetrating eye, passing from her husband to her child, gave the force of inspiration to her words as she observed,

"Dark and drear as may be futurity, I see a flame rising amid the gloom—a flame which Polish breath may yet raise to a consuming fire."

Each, influenced by their own feelings, silently but thoughtfully took up their respective share of the packet which Clement had brought from Rauwitz, and retired to their apartments.

Whatever might have been the presentiment of the parents, no essential change was made in the manner of educating their only child and beloved son.

During the three years which intervened between the death of Frederick II., and the explosion of the French revolution, whilst the ministerial triflers of France, Prussia, Austria, and Great Britain, were disputing for baubles, over a slumbering volcano; whilst the adroit Catherine II. was securing her acquisitions in Poland, and undermining the power of Turkey; the highest principles of republicanism were gaining force in the hearts of Clement Meyerfield, and thousands of his young and ardent countrymen. These sentiments were fermenting, when all Europe was electrified by the burning of the Bastille, on July 14th, 1789. This momentous event roused at once the hopes, fears, and regret of the Poles.

Other attendant events, however, contributed to produce more than a common share of agitation in the Castle of Meyerfield.

In 1788, on the 7th of October, the Diet, of what was still Poland, was convened at Warsaw, and Stanislas Malachowski was chosen marshal for the crown, and Casimir Sapieha for Lithuania. These high officers, and also the king, being all relations of the Count and Countess of Meyerfield, young Clement, though born a subject of the King of Prussia, was with his parents drawn to the scene of gaiety and politics. It was there that an acquaintance and most sincere friendship was formed between Romuald Kholheim and the young Meyerfield. Their ages were nearly the same, they were boys in years, but men in many of the most important attributes of man.

They were both only sons, noble by birth and nature, and though educated separately, their opinions were remarkably of accord. In their future course there was one important difference—Romuald was entered into the military school of cadets, Clement as a Prussian subject, and not intended for the military profession, remained with his parents.

(To be continued in our next.)

## WOMAN!

O woman! let my muse proclaim thee

What my inward heart believes,

Nor let the cynic ever blame me

That my pen thy virtue weaves.

Blest of nature's daughters, fairest

That this earth can rear;

Happy he thy love who shares it,

Soothe of this life's despair.

Thy sweet voice, so full of gladness,

E'er instils a heavenly joy;

Oh, who can rend thy heart with sadness?

Who thy holy love destroy?

Should misfortune e'er oppress me,

And friendship live but in a name,

'Tis then I feel thy care will bless me,

And thy heart prove still the same.

Man's sweet partner! through this weary,

Toilsome, sad, and sinful life,

May thy form be ever near me

In the happy name of wife.

O fond instructor, when we blindly

Tread the erring road each day,

'Tis thou reclaim'st us, and show'st kindly

How to tread the happy way.

Like a guardian angel o'er us,

Is thy fond and lasting love;

And thy smiles so sweet implore us

To thee faithless ne'er to prove.

May thy gentle heart by sorrow

Ne'er be bent, nor know a pain;

But of life may you e'er borrow

Every sweet, and Heaven obtain.

H. J. CHURCH



## THE HAUNTED CHAMBER;

## OR, THE LEGEND OF THE OLD BULL.

The Old Bull Inn was a mysterious kind of place; it had many odd out-of-the-way places, and rooms out of number. It was especially great in rooms, and could for that matter have afforded accommodation for half a regiment of soldiers. And then many of them were never furnished, or rather their first furniture remained in them, which by lapse of time had become mouldy and worm-worn.

The house had once been built for a much more worthy purpose than that of affording entertainment for man and beast.

The inn stood near the road-side, with a wide space before it, for the accommodation of those who brought cattle; country carts and waggons here used to stand up in rows, while their owners or drivers were refreshing themselves either in the house, or in the porch.

The porch was in itself a picture; a large horse-chestnut tree grew on either side of it, within a few feet of the door, and there had been made the frame-work of a large awning of wicker-work, under which a dozen people could find room in a showery day, and there sit and laugh till the welkin rung with the hearty sounds of merriment.

The landlord was a good hearty man enough, and many's the traveller that would call at his house, and put up there, and some of them would remain there for some days; indeed, they would have meetings amongst themselves, when they would give themselves up to the pleasure of the moment, and care not for the future.

It happened that upon one of these occasions a strange occurrence took place. On this occasion there were a great many travellers who met together, being on the same road, and they determined to spend a day or two in each other's company by way of set off against the hardships they one and all declared they suffered.

The Old Bull was the place they pitched upon as the scene of their enjoyment, and on such occasions it was usual to appoint a day, and that generally ran on two or three, and even more.

On this occasion there were several came who had not been in time to receive invitation. And the Old Bull found room for them all, but to do this, it was necessary to place beds in fresh rooms, which was done.

The day passed pleasantly enough, and as usual, it was very late, indeed, before anybody was a bed, and one gentleman was shown into what was called the green chamber.

In the middle of the night, or rather nearer the morning, the tenant of the green chamber heard some strange noise in his chamber, and a fearful scuffling ensued, upon which he called out for help, and in an instant all the house was alarmed, and everybody came to his assistance, but they found he was looking wildly about him.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the landlord. "You appear frightened."

"Oh! horrible—horrible! this room's haunted—it is really haunted."

"Pooh—pooh," said the landlord, "you must have been dreaming; there are no ghostesses here, but I promise you all is fair above board, and no tricks are allowed to be played here, I assure you; you must have dreamed it."

The man rubbed his eyes, then felt that they all stood around him, looking on him with anger, and some feeling akin to ridicule.

"I heard a strange noise like that caused by some one moving in my room, and under my bed—I am sure of it."

"Well, we'll search and ascertain if such has been present."

Accordingly the place was immediately searched, but nothing could be found, and then the bustle subsided into a general laugh at the cause of this disturbance, who really thought at last that his senses had been imposed on, and after apologizing for the alarm he had caused, again composed himself to sleep.

But though he felt drowsy, yet he could not fall easily to sleep. However, at length he did contrive to get into a doze, when he was awakened by a similar noise in the room, and in another moment he saw something crawling along the floor.

He was too terrified to notice particularly what it was, or to jump out instantly and seize it, but he set up such an involuntary shout that alarmed the whole place.

It was with many curses that some of the people came to him and inquired what was the matter, and if he had again woke out of a dream and didn't know where he was.

To all this his reply was,—  
"I have heard it again, and I saw it!"  
"Saw it!"  
"What was it like," inquired several in a breath; "what was it like?"  
"A bundle of clothes."  
"A bundle of clothes—a bundle of clothes! Well, who would have

thought of such a fancy? You put your knees up in the bed, and saw the bed clothes move, and thought it something very supernatural."

"No, no, I saw it move across the floor and go out at that door."

"Here," said one of the travellers, "is a pretty affair; a perambulating bundle of dirty linen has been seen by one gentleman in his sleep, go and look after it in case it walks away altogether."

"Well, do what you will, and say what you will, I can't sleep here any more, I am quite satisfied that something mysterious has happened."

"So mysterious and dark," said another, "that nobody can understand anything about it; but, hark! there's the cock crow, and ghosts you know now fly the earth and no longer visit the glimpses of the moon."

"Ay, ay, go to sleep, sir, and after breakfast, in the morning, you'll feel much better."

Thus exhorted the unlucky traveller was compelled to remain content and endeavour to court sleep, in which he was successful, seeing he had been up late, and had been so terribly disturbed.

At breakfast the whole matter was discussed at full length, some being of one opinion, and some another, as is usually the case when anything doubtful is brooded among a number of people; the majority, however, seeming decidedly of opinion that mine host's strong liquors were the principal cause of the appearance.

The unfortunate object of all this merriment, however, stoutly maintained his opinion that he had seen something, supernatural or not, cross his room floor, while others as positively insisted it was a mere delusion, such as is seen when men fancy the street is going round, and they will be compelled to wait till their own door comes round to them again before they can go in.

Thus it was they grew more noisy, boisterous, and positive, until a challenge was passed from the late occupant of the room that another should pass a night there.

This was immediately accepted, and it was also agreed that they should all stay to see the issue of it.

This night passed as the other, an alarm was given, and the whole body rushed into the room, when they perceived the traveller in an extremity of terror and almost speechless.

"What can the matter be?" exclaimed several voices; "what have you seen?"

"Let me leave this room, I can't stay here. Oh! such a monster!"

"What, the bundle of clothes?"

"No, no!"

"What then? For Heaven's sake tell me what it was—it must be strange!"

"Ay, it was strange; it was like an enormous spider, with different coloured legs and arms."

"A spider—a! ah! ah! well, that's better than before—this room's a jewel for here. Landlord, you ought to charge extra for any one who desires to sleep here."

"I can't tell what can be the cause of all this," said the landlord; "it's very strange, very strange—I didn't think I had got either angels or devils in my house—self-moving bundles, or giant spiders—it is very odd!"

And the landlord shook his head very suspiciously at the whole affair, and again broke out into a speech, saying,—

"I tell you what, gentlemen, a joke's a joke, and it's my opinion you're coming it pretty stiffly amongst you; I hope you ain't agoing to give the 'Old Bull' a bad character?"

"No, no, it's no joke, landlord, I assure you," said several voices; "it's as great a mystery to us as it can be to you."

"Well," said the landlord, "I can't say much about it, seeing I know nothing; but, perhaps, sir, you will tell us how it happened, for my part I am all in the dark as yet, and as the gentlemen who have disagreed as to what it is like, have both seen it, if it be anything to see, perhaps they'd agree better in telling us how it came into the room?"

"Ay, ay, the landlord's right; but let us all adjourn to some more comfortable apartment."

"Come to the bar, then," said the landlord, "the fire ain't out, and we can yet make something hot; but there was one gentleman as said I ought to charge extra for this bed; now, I think, he ought to be left in charge of the place, in case anything further happens."

"A sentence—a sentence!" exclaimed several voices; "let our Daniel's judgment be law."

Then, with as good a grace as he well could muster upon the occasion, the individual placed himself, partially dressed, beneath the sheets, and the rest retired with the landlord to the bar, the fire of which was still fresh and glowing.

"Now let's hear what you have to tell us regarding this mystery. The Old Bull hasn't had such a meeting as this, since it became an inn."



"I'll tell you all I know," said he who had last slept in the green chamber, "and that is, I had just fallen into my first sleep, when I heard a noise in my room, and starting up, I saw something move from the door, as I thought, towards me. I called out for help, hoping, that if you were in time, we should secure it, if it were an earthly visitor; but it suddenly disappeared beneath my bed, and re-appeared on the other side, but only for a moment, and then I lost sight of it."

"Well," said the landlord, "that don't clear the matter up much, and is much about the same, only in a different dress to what we heard last night."

"Help!—help!—fire!" came ringing in their ears, and with a sudden start, they all sprang to their feet, and gazing in each others' faces for a moment, they set off to the guest who was left in the apartment by himself, and when they reached it, they found him senseless on the ground. He was immediately picked up, and carried to the bar by those who came to his assistance.

During all this, the landlord looked very serious, and scratched his head very often, without, however, producing any suggestion worthy of recording.

At length the insensible man became a sensible one, and began to revive and talk coherently enough.

"Well, landlord, I have submitted to your sentence your see," he began; "but I don't do anything so violently opposed to my own inclinations another time, it's not to be thought of."

"But how came you out of bed, and lying on the floor?"

"You shall hear. As I lay thinking upon the strangeness of the occurrence, I thought I heard a noise in my room, on the side of the bed farthest from the door, and on turning towards it, beheld an odd-looking object crawling towards my bed."

"Oh! oh!" thought I, "here you are, now. I'll step out on the other side and secure the door, and you, too; but with surprising activity he popped under the bed, and when I sprang out, I came upon it, whatever it was. I was so astounded, that I called involuntarily for aid, and fell to the floor, when I stunned myself. That is all I know of it, and quite enough for once."

There was a dead pause, and all the travellers looked very hard at the landlord, and he for a time looked at them; then he suddenly and energetically exclaimed,—

"I tell you all, there is some trick in it, I am sure."

"There is none by us," replied the guests.

"But how could he fall off anything that wasn't flesh and blood, he couldn't stand upon nothing."

"No, certainly not, and that's why he fell down."

"Tut—tut—no, he couldn't stand upon the back of something that moved. Give me a good cudgel, and I'll warrant I find it out, to-morrow I will sleep in the bed; but do you take no notice of the affair, and I'll lay a trap."

This was agreed to, and the next night, instead of going to his own bed, he went to the green room, the guests meanwhile being all in readiness to rush out, upon a given alarm. The alarm was given, and a tremendous rush took place, and when they entered the green chamber, the landlord was unmercifully belabouring the shoulders of a sturdy hostler.

The whole secret was this—The hostler, a smart young fellow, lodged in one part of the inn, and a pretty serving lass in another. They were separated during the day by their duties, and sought in the night, when all were asleep, to console each other for the loss of each others' society by sweet meetings.

To get to each other, the hostler had to cross this green room, and at first ignorant that any one slept there, the first encounter took place. He was compelled to repass, and his success induced him to continue his visits, despite the fears he created in the house.

This explained, the travellers, who liked the man for his attention, begged him off from further punishment from the landlord, and caused him to be reinstated in his favour, under the solemn promise that he no longer haunted the green room, which, indeed, he had no occasion, for soon after he was married to the object of his solicitude.

Aristotle being asked what grew old soonest and what latest, answered, "Benefits and injuries." The wise philosopher well understood that we are apt to forget a good turn; but our memories are wonderfully enacious of any wrong or injury that we conceive hath been done to us. Most men write down the one in sand, where every blast of wind obliterates the record; but the other they take care to have engraven upon plates of adamant, in characters that scarce time itself is able to efface.

A butcher boy in New York, it is said, says he has often heard of the four quarters of the globe, but never heard anything about the hind parts.

## ALICE HOME;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CLXXXIII.

THE RESCUE.—MARGARET'S DESPAIR.—DEATH AVERTED.—THE LOVERS' JOY.

A loud shriek burst from Alice's lips, and Horace Singleton staggered to a chair, upon which he sunk, with a deep groan. Here was an awful, unexpected catastrophe—already, in imagination, he felt the springs of life fast decaying—already one half of his vitality appeared to have fled—a deadly paleness diffused itself over his features, and for some moments such a confused whirl of images chased each other through his brain, that he could not speak, and was totally incapable of taking any active step in the frightful exigency that had occurred. Then Alice flew towards him, and sinking on her knees, at his feet, she exclaimed, in shrieking accents, that should even have moved such a soul as Margaret's to pity, had she had any feelings common to humanity in her composition—

"Horace—Horace—husband! God of Heaven, spare him! Look at me. Oh! speak to me. Help—help—fetch assistance—he is dying—he is dying!"

"Aye," said Margaret, in a deep, sepulchral tone, as she pointed at the pallid countenance of Horace Singleton. "He is dying—you are right, he is dying."

"Murderess!" shrieked Alice. "Monster! would nothing satisfy your unholy thirst for vengeance but murder? I shall be wretched—Horace Singleton murdered—but you—oh, God! what must be your feelings? Murderess! murderess! can you ever again look upon the light of day? Oh, Horace! Horace! Horace!"

"My—my Alice," said Horace, faintly; "my own Alice."

She rushed to the bell, and rung it loudly, exclaiming, at the same time—

"Help! help! he may yet be saved. Science has overcome the subtlest poisons. Help—help—fetch physicians. Who waits—who waits? Murder—murder—a foul murder has been done. Seize the murderers—there—there—like a mocking fiend, she stands—her name is Margaret—Margaret Home—she, who my father's bounty preserved from starvation, and made what she is. She, who is now arrayed in the very apparel given to her out of his generous abundance—yes; even she has brought murder to the house that protected her. Monster! monster!"

Even Margaret shrunk back before the vehemence of Alice's declamation. Twice she tried to speak ere she could command utterance, and then it was but in a hoarse whisper she could say—

"I have had my revenge—I have had my revenge—the revenge of a blighted heart. Now you know what it is to feel that blank which never can be filled—I have had my revenge!"

She struck her breast as she spoke, and her eyes glared with a wild strange expression that might well betoken insanity to be near at hand.

"God help you!" said Alice; "even at such an hour as this I can pity such a wretch as you."

The door of the library opened, and a crowd of the domestics appeared, with Salmon at their head. Alice's furious ringing at the bell had spread universal alarm throughout the house, and all had hastened to the apartment, which was the scene of so much horror.

"Help—help," said Alice. "Go, some of you, to the nearest medical men; tell them to hasten, for a life may yet be saved. Oh! haste—haste. Horace Singleton is poisoned—my husband is poisoned—and by her—by that fiend incarnate—by Margaret Home."

"Yes," said Margaret, calmly, "I own the deed. I have had my revenge. I said I would have my revenge, and I have kept my word. Horace Singleton, you scorned my proffered love; now you behold the consequence."

"Would nothing but my death satisfy your fiend-like malice?" said Horace.

"Nothing—nothing. You are a dying man. Look at your young bride. Ha—ha—ha! Think you she will become a widow's weeds? Ha—ha—ha! It will make a nine days' wonder to the good folks who love gossip, when to-morrow is trumpeted forth to the world the revenge of the blighted heart. But you, ere then, Horace Singleton, will be a corpse—aye, a corpse—you will be as one who had not been. You threaten me with the law's vengeance—with the terrors of a world to come. I laugh such threats to scorn, for know that I have lived as I shall die—fearing nothing—hoping nothing—believing nothing!"

"Werry good, indeed," said Salmon, walking into the middle of the



library, and waving his hand in an oratorical kind of manner; "very good, indeed. You believe nothing, Miss Margaret; very well—among the t'other trifles as yer don't believe—there's one as I wishes all for to guv yer a hint of: don't believe as Muster Singleton is pisoned—don't believe it—I axes yer not to believe it—cos he isn't. The wine as you popped somethink in not wholesome, is up stairs where you left it. This here I got from the pantry down stairs. You understand that, eh? you may believe that, then you'll believe somethink. You don't look well at all. Never mind, Muster Singleton—you ain't pisoned at all. Miss Alice—hurrah, so, you're married, are you?—werry good. Lots o' luck to you and a fine family!"

To describe the effect of this speech upon Margaret Home transcends the power of language—a conviction that she had been watched and overheard by Salmon, came over her from the moment he began to speak, and by the time he had finished not a doubt remained in her mind but that she had been foiled in her awful purpose of murder. At first the deathlike paleness that came over her was frightful, and she clutched wildly at her throat as if gasping for breath. Then she looked round her as if to see if any weapon was near at hand with which she might inflict injury upon some one, but she was utterly powerless, and she stood like a statue of demoniacal despair.

Horace, at the welcome intelligence of Salmon, sprung to his feet, quite recovered from the imaginary effects of the poison, and Alice, with a shriek of joy, threw herself into his arms, and wept abundantly in her fullness of heart.

"Now," added Salmon, "somebody go for a constable. This here female piece o' insolence, as would have murdered Muster Singleton, had better be guved in charge at once—she'll be hung or transported, of course."

"Stay," said Horace. "Margaret Home, have you no repentance for the deed you have attempted? Ask you no forgiveness of Heaven for the awful crime you would have committed?"

"If I could invent curses," said Margaret, "that would sufficiently convey my present feelings, you should hear them. Make way—make way."

She rushed to the door of the library, and the alarmed domestics made a passage for her.

"Do not let her leave the house," cried Horace. "Stop her from leaving the house."

She turned and darted one glance of mingled scorn and hatred at him, and then ascended the staircase leading to her own apartment.

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Horace, "is all this real, my Alice, or but a dream, so like reality as to seem so?"

"That you are saved is real," said Alice, through her tears; "that you were ever in such frightful danger I will strive ever to think a dream."

"But it ain't a dream," cried Salmon; "and all I can say is, if I hadn't been very wide awake indeed, Muster Singleton, you'd a' been as dead as mutton by this here time, and no mistake."

"My gratitude is due to you," said Horace; "and you shall find that it is something more substantial than words."

"And mine—and mine," cried Alice. "But tell me, how came you to know of the intentions of Margaret?"

"Why—why—a—hem!—a—hem! You've seen a keyhole, I suppose?"

"You listened to her?"

"No—no—I listen—oh, no—I heard her, if you please. Yer knows the odd looking piece of goods as comes here and calls himself a Avenger."

"Yes—yes, that man I am convinced, is in some mysterious manner connected with all the evil that has infested this unhappy mansion for so long."

"That's uncommon true, Miss Alice. I believe yer, there, and what's more, that Avenger is a humbug. You haven't happened to hear o' Miss Spriggs?"

"Who, Salmon?"

"Spriggs. But never mind. I'll tell you all about that another time. I heard the Avenger and Miss Margaret agree about the pisoning. I wasn't quite sure, though, and besides, you see, I'm only a sarvent, so I said nothink about it, only making up my mind to perwent the wery sanguinary intention. She pisoned some wine, and then she axed me to fetch it down from her room, you see, where it was; I brought some from the pantry instead, so you see she was done brown by that ere means, and is quite sewed up."

"Oh, what a day this might have been," said Alice—"what an escape from horror have I had. Surely, Horace, the hand of Heaven is conspicuous in this matter."

"It's principally owing to the key-hole," said Salmon. "What's to be done with Miss Margaret? If Sir Charles was at home, he'd pretty soon give her in charge, for a precious row or two they've had to be sure."

"I do not know," said Horace Singleton, addressing himself generally to the servants, "that I can do better, now that you are all here, than inform you Sir Charles has gone to the continent."

The servants looked at each other in amazement, and Horace Singleton continued,—

"I wish that you should remain in the house, and quietly await what may occur. I do not know the state of Sir Charles's affairs; but I personally guarantee to you all your individual claims upon him, and I will come here every day and see how matters are going on."

"Lor," said Salmon.

"As for you," added Horace, "I hope you will follow your young mistress and myself as our attendant, when we shall not forget the debt of gratitude we shall ever owe to you."

"Come with you!" cried Salmon. "In course; good-bye, all of you—good bye—I'm off—here's a go—it's an ill pison as doesn't do somebody good."

The servants looked very much perplexed at the news Horace Singleton had just given them, notwithstanding it was coupled with the assurance that they should not be losers by the affair, and they retired from the library with saddened countenances, anticipating some disagreeable events as likely soon to ensue.

Then Horace turned to Alice—his bride once more restored to him, when he thought that he should have been compelled by death to leave her, and gazing upon her countenance with tender emotion, he said,—

"My Alice—my wife—surely our trials now are over, and our worst enemy can never again be in a position to work us evil? The greatest danger is over, and the future, let us hope, will glide on smoothly in blissful and bright contrast to the past."

"We will hope so, Horace."

"Let us, then, in obedience to your father's expressed wishes, leave this house. I have a home, which, although not equal to that which you are leaving, will be rendered beautiful by your presence, and full of loveliness, because full of love."

"I am yours, Horace, wholly yours. Take me where you will—your home is my home—your fortune my fortune. Even now I tremble, and can scarce believe in the reality of the escape we have had—you from death, and I from an amount of misery which no patience—no resignation would have enabled me to overcome."

"Yes, dearest, we are both rescued. Come, now—come."

"And Margaret, let us even yet think of her. Oh, what will become of her, Horace?"

"If we listened, Alice, only to the dictates of social duty, we ought to deliver her over to the hands of justice, so that a stop might be effectually put to her career of crime; but —"

"Ah, Horace, you are right. But we will be merciful; we will forgive, although we never can forget; and while we are careful never again to allow her any conversation with us—while we avoid the very sight of her, and leave her to God and her own conscience, we need take no steps to bring down upon her the vengeance of the law. The mental punishment she must endure, when she is left to the sad company of her own reflections, must be far greater than any human law could inflict upon her."

"Be it so, my Alice. Your wishes are commands to me. Never again let us hear of her, or speak of her. Now, dearest Alice, attire yourself for the street, and let us leave this house, which has been such a bane and such a blessing to both of us. We shall be far happier away from it. Come, my Alice—come."

Alice left the library, and proceeded to her own room, to make some changes in her attire, while Salmon and Horace remained together; for the former had not left the apartment, considering himself, after what had occurred, perfectly authorised to remain.

"Salmon," said Horace, "have you any idea of who this strange, mysterious man, who calls himself the Avenger, really is?"

"Oh, dear! yes."

"Indeed! What is he?"

"A rum un", Muster Singleton—a out and out rum un. He's a conjuror, too, and lives near St. Paul's. I've been fool enough to go to him about Miss Spriggs. You've heard of her, I suppose, in course."

"Indeed I have not. But do you know this man's name?"

"No."

"Nor anything of his power over Sir Charles Home?"

"Nothink."

"Well, well. Time, in this house, and connected with its late occupant, has certainly a few mysteries to unravel. You will consider yourself, Salmon, as in my service; and I strongly advise you never again to visit that man who, there is every reason to believe, has been Margaret Home's greatest enemy, by giving her the very worst of advice, and leading her on in a career that must end in her destruction."

A loud scream from the upper part of the house at this moment came upon the ears of Horace Singleton, and springing to his feet, he darted off in the direction from whence the sound appeared to come, fearful



that some danger was besetting his beloved Alice, from some new machination of Margaret.

"Why did I leave her one moment?" he cried; "oh! why did I leave her for a moment?"

## CHAPTER CLXXXIV.

THE SUICIDE OF MARGARET—THE ARRIVAL OF THE AVENGER.—  
A SCENE OF TERROR.

In order to account for the cry that had alarmed Horace Singleton, we must follow Margaret from the library to her own room, after her last plan for bringing misery and horror, when there should have been nothing but joy and serenity, had so signally failed.

So utterly confounded was she at the situation in which she found herself, and in such a terrible state of excitement was her brain, that she scarce knew whither she was going, and mechanically, rather than from any reflection, she took the course up the principal staircase of the mansion towards her own chamber.

A mist was before her eyes—an unnatural calmness spread itself over her whole system—it was the calmness of despair. Her last chance of avenging herself had failed; she felt she could have no other, for her victims were now thoroughly upon their guard, and it was not within the limits of probability that she could again, for one fleeting moment, delude them into a false confidence in her. No; all had failed, and she was dragging herself to her own room. Disgraced, foiled utterly, and with a criminal charge hanging over her that was fully sufficient to bring her to a disgraceful punishment.

Oh, what a situation of horrors for the proud, haughty, repulsive, wild spirit of Margaret Home. She who had but so recently exulted in the faulced power of life and death she possessed, and boasted of being equal even to Heaven in her influence upon mundane affairs—to find herself defeated at the very moment she was fancying success within her grasp, by the curiosity of a domestic having prompted him to listen at the key-hole of her door. Oh, what a falling off was there from her towering height of pride and fancied power! To find herself the sport of such circumstances. To reflect that all her fine drawn schemes—all her exquisitely arranged resolves—all her thirst for vengeance, could be so easily set aside, and herself beaten, when she thought victory was certain.

These, and a thousand such thronging, painful emotions rushed through her teeming brain as she ascended the staircase. It seemed to her an age ere she reached her own apartment. She spoke but little. The only words she uttered distinctly on her progress were,—

"What next?—what next?"

It seemed as if she fully felt the necessity of some immediate course of action which should save her from the consequence of the defeated attempt at murder; but what that something was to be, her mind was not in a sufficiently clear and dispassionate state to enable her to pre-arrange.

That Horace Singleton would give her into the custody of the police, and successfully prosecute her for the attempt upon his life, she did not doubt. She could not understand the nobility of sentiment that would enable him even to forego punishing such an awful injury as had been attempted to be done him; and, perhaps, had she really thought that he and Alice would scorn to prosecute her, her feelings would have been more full of tumult than when calculating upon the consequences of their vengeance.

She reached her apartment at length, and closed and locked the door behind her. Lights were still burning upon the table, and, with a deep groan of such anguish as might be supposed to issue from the regions of the damned, she threw herself into a seat, and covered her face with her hands.

In this position she remained for some time, and any one who could have seen her there might have supposed her sleeping, so fearfully still and motionless was she, and so little exhibition of feeling did she make.

This deceptive, fearful calm, however, did not last long, for suddenly, with a sharp, short cry of mental agony, she rose, and began pacing the room with quick and disordered steps.

"Lost—lost—lost!" she cried; "honour—peace—love—revenge—liberty—all lost. What am I now?—a criminal, with the few minutes surcease it takes to place me in the hands of the law, ere I am dragged to a prison; and by whom?—by Horace Singleton—he, the only living thing I could have loved—he will become my executioner, because I have failed in becoming his. I have played an awful game. Lives were the stakes, and I have lost—lost—lost!"

She fancied that she heard footsteps upon the stairs; and, in an attitude of listening that was painful and intense, she stood by the door of her chamber.

"Are they coming?" she whispered; "are they coming to drag me to a felon's cell? Hush—hush, my heart. Be still. What noise is that?—was it but fancy, or are they creeping basely to this chamber to

drag me to a prison? Hush—hush—now I hear them—yet, no—'tis but the sighing of the night wind. What shall I do?—what—what is to become of me? Do I really—really and truly, believe in nothing? is there really no world beyond the grave, the dim perception of which makes me tremble, and brings the cold dampness of fear to my brows? or—or—is all but a fable that those accounted wise and good teach us? and have I but to take the one step that divides life from the grave, and so end all these horrors that else will drive me mad?"

She sunk into a seat, still keeping her eyes riveted to the door, as if she expected each moment to see it burst open, and the officers of justice spring upon her, and claim her as their prey.

"Are they coming?—are they coming?" she repeated. "They shall not—no, no—they dare not take me. In this house, too! No—no. Help—have mercy, Heaven!"

She clasped her hands, and one bursting sob came from her breast.

"Heaven!—Heaven!—Heaven!" she repeated. "Is there a Heaven?—no—no—I dare not—must not believe. There is no Heaven; after life all is conception. The grave is the last receptacle of the once breathing, living form, and then all is over. Life's fretful fever is past. There is nothing more—nothing more."

She continued repeating the words "nothing more" in a strange tone, that showed she had ceased to attach a meaning to them, and that her thoughts were elsewhere. The long wicks of the candles gave but a dim light to the apartment. Against the windows still beat occasionally heavy rain, and now and then a howling blast of wind would sweep round the house as if seeking for some place of ingress, so that it might enter and spread devastation, or commence, at least, the work of decay, amid all the luxuries with which that mansion teemed.

About a quarter of an hour passed in silence, and then Margaret spoke again.

"'Tis but a pang," she said, "and then all is over. What have I to live for now?—who have I to cling to? Father—no, no—has he been a father to me?—no, no; I never wish to look upon his face again. Death—death—welcome death to me, for life has no longer a charm present or to come. Courage, Margaret, courage; 'tis but one fleeting pang—and—then the grave."

She rose and approached the table on which was still the untasted drugged wine. A shudder pervaded her frame; she poured out a glass of the liquid so fraught with deadly poison. Her hand trembled, but she raised it to her lips. With a gasping sob, she said,

"World—world—adieu—adieu! Life, farewell! Thus, at length, I triumph over all ills."

Then she drank off the poison draught, and fell with heaviness upon the floor of her apartment.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE MASKED LADY;

## OR, THE LEGEND OF THE HAUNTED ELM.

It was midnight, and a wild scream, and a yet wilder laugh pealed like the wail of a doomed spirit through the deserted halls of Ravensby. There was a hurried tramp of feet in the distant corridor, as of a person rapidly approaching; then again came that wild, fearful shriek, and the masked lady, the sole inhabitant of that lonely pile, stood like a spirit of night amid the unholy stillness that reigned around; for a moment she tossed her dark arms above her head, and the fierce harrowing cry broke again with startling clearness from her lips,—

"Allhallows Eve," she screamed, rushing madly to the casement, and gazing up at the pale empress of night. "Oh! God! oh! God! shall I never die? thirty years of loneliness and misery have I spent within these old walls—thirty years have I hidden my crime stained countenance from human ken, and thirty years has this fatal eve returned, withering and blasting me with its hideous recollections, recalling the ghastly forms of murdered dead, peeling their terrible blighting curse in my maddened ear, and again shrieking my doom as clearly as it was but yesterday. Oh! God! God! grant that I may now depart in peace; let me die in my agony, and witness not a return of this awful day, or I—I shall go mad—mad. Oh! blessed Mary, shield me from those glassy eyes—see how they glare on me!—I—ha! the lips move, they curse—oh, God! the curse is surely ringing from them. Oh! mercy, Gueldeline, mercy—mercy."

A frantic scream burst from her lips in the agony of her spirit, and she dashed herself furiously to the ground, muttering but the one sentence, "Allhallows Eve—Allhallows Eve."

Then as suddenly as she had thrown herself on the marble-floor, did she spring from it, and standing erect, cast back the dark waves of raven-hair from her vizarded face, and raising her clenched hand towards Heaven, she cried with a wild scream of awful defiance,—

"But why should I waste my words in whining prayer?—am I not accursed of God and man?—is not the withering hand of murder



planted on my brow by the avenging hand of the Almighty? But I rave,—there is no God—no Heaven—none—none—and if there was, I would defy them both—both. Ha! ha! ha! I am still the evil being I was thirty years ago, when I consigned the high, proud Gueldeline to a frightful doom. Oh! oh! mercy dwelt not in my heart then—it had long before departed, and is absent still; then why should I fear? My crimes cannot meet with punishment—no, no—there is no God—no God—I defy his power—there is none—none. If there be, let some rare achievement proclaim his might, and I will then believe in his existence.”

Scarcely had she concluded her impious speech, when a loud noise echoed for an instant on the air; the next the roof split asunder, and fell on either side of the seoffer, leaving her scathless even where she stood with her raised hand clenched in fearful defiance of that God she had so wildly disowned, and whose tremendous power was witnessed in the bolt that was making a funeral pyre around the form of the doomed atheist.

Horrorstruck at the sight, the feelings of religion that even in her maddened moments of impious frenzy slumbered, but died not, rushed upon her seared heart, and falling upon her knees, she burst into a passionate prayer for mercy to Him whose existence she had awfully denied; that prayer was wild and vehement, and strangely at variance with her previous abjuration.

As if the penitent appeal had ascended to the throne of grace, the rushing flames rapidly decreased, and soon there was nought but smouldering ashes dying swiftly away.

For two hours in deep devotion knelt the figure of the masked lady beneath that severed roof, nor moved herself from the dark spell that bound her there. Then again she sprang from her recumbent posture, and seizing the iron lamp, which she had dropped in her moment of madness, she hurried through the almost extinguished flames, and opening a portal that was situated at the further extremity of the hall, ascended a winding stair that conducted to a tower, which the surrounding peasantry, in their deep fear, were wont to call the Spirit's Den. On gaining the topmost story, a room fitted up and strewn with astronomical and magical instruments, the masked lady lighted a brazier filled with charcoal, and muttering an incantation, poured a grey liquid over the glowing embers; then raising the burner from its stand, she unclosed a small iron-bound door, and stepping on to the roof of the tower, placed it on the battlements; a strange unearthly flame shot to the darkening sky, and threw a blue sickly glare on the form of the spirit-seeker. Then she bowed her forehead thrice to the earth before the mystic flame, and implored the saints to still the storm, as a sign that the torturing remorse that preyed upon her heart might pass away, and her wearied spirit find a lasting repose in the dark and undreaming slumber of the dead.

But her appeal was in vain; the tempest king rode onwards, scattering his fearful might far and wide, and revelling in hoarse glee amid the wreck and ruin he had caused. Two o'clock struck, and boomed like thunder around the ancient turret, and with a gurgling shriek that seemed like the parting of body and soul, the masked lady sprang to her feet.

“The hour has passed, and I am still the doomed being, tortured with never dying agony. Thirty years have I made my vain prayer for mercy and pardon, and for thirty long wearying years has it been rejected; and now—now I must again face the terrible phantoms of those my hand sent to an early and prayerless tomb. The hour of two hath tolled, and once again must I listen to their howling curse. Oh! God, God! shall I never be at rest?”

She fled from the room as she spoke, nor paused till the fated towers of Ravensby loomed far behind in the dense blackness of the storm.

#### CHAPTER II.

BETWEEN the pauses of the frightful hurricane that raged around, there were borne upon the rushing winds sounds of deep and agonised wailings, echoing like the cry of a lonely spirit over the tops of the Black Forest. The terrified peasants heard the mumuring sound, and holding their heads beneath the coverings of their couches, muttered,—

“Holy Mother protect us!—’tis Allhallows Eve, and the masked lady is alone with her legion of devils. Ave Maria! God preserve us from her evil might.”

And truly like unto a spirit of evil seemed that fearful being, as she knelt alone in the midst of the ill-omened glen of St. Cuthbert, that lay shrouded from human eyes in the mysterious intricacies of the Black Forest; it bore a wild-looking aspect, and was in truth a featly spot for the dark tragedy that in other days had been enacted there.

Tall trees grew in a circle around the ground on which no grass grew, or flower blossomed. A black rushing cataract leaped from some unseen rocks with a hideous screaming sound, and gurgled round a

bare blasted elm, that stood apart from its brethren all in its withered might.

Beneath its blighted arms was a small mound in the form of a grave, barren of herbage as the dell in which it stood; and beside this unhallowed spot, that wrapt the forms of the bold and beautiful, bent the agony-contracted form of the accursed.

She was very still and speechless, with her hands clasped above her head, as if in terror at beholding the sight, which, had she raised her eyes, would blast her with its frightful appearance.

Two forms, white, wan, and ghastly, stood beside her, and raised their hands as if invoking a malediction; they were not skeletons, for the festering dagger wound still gaped horribly in their side, while an iron chain, clogged, and linked with blood, was bound round the waist of each figure.

“Melvedine of Lindenberg,” uttered the one who bore the semblance of a fair young girl, “Melvedine, proud lady of Ravensby’s towers, Allhallow eve hath come round once more, and with it our never-dying curse. Look up.”

“Ha!” screamed the masked lady, springing erect before the phantoms, and shuddering convulsively; “the curse—the curse—the awful curse. Ah! Gueldeline, injured spirit of her I murdered, have mercy—mercy.”

“Didst thou have mercy, Melvedine, when thou didst consign thy innocent sister to a frightful death? Didst thou have any then, I say?” demanded the other shade, in a strangely hollow tone.

“But I knew her not, Rupert. I knew her not as my sister,” cried the masked lady, in agony. “Oh, by the awful power that forces me to this frightful spot, I beseech thee, have mercy; spare me—spare me. Great God, in mercy, curse me not again.”

“Nay, thy punishment will last many weary moons yet, Melvedine of Lindenberg; raise that mound, and gaze once more on the ghastly remains of the victims of thy deadly hate. Raise the stone, accursed murdereress.”

The masked lady uttered a shrill cry of terror at the mandate, and raising a trap concealed in the grave, disclosed a small square vault, about twelve feet in circumference.

The sight that presented itself to the fear-struck gaze of the mask, was that of two bodies chained by the waist to the wall, and bearing every appearance of having died the horrible death of starvation. The sightless orbs glared fiercely and angrily on her who bent with such cowering agony over the opening, and their long fingers were still outstretched, telling of the words that had last lingered on her bloodless lips.

The silence of the tomb reigned for an instant over that unholy spot, and then the visions spoke,—

“Melvedine of Lindenberg, while thy doomed frame finds a resting-place on the green earth, the curse of the murdered ones shall cling to thee like a brand of fire. Like the siroc of the desert shall it blight and wither all thy happiness, making thy existence a life of frightful misery. May thou be accursed by God and man, shunned as a pestilence, and left alone in loneliness and solitude, the abhorred of thy fellow-beings. May our curse ring in thy ears for ever, searing thy heart, and scorching up thy brain, like molten lead. May the spirits of the dead be with thee for ever. May they shriek thy doom day and night to thee in the dark hour of midnight, in the fair glorious day; by land, by stream, and sea, will we haunt thee, cling to thee like a pestilence; blasting thee with every evil, torturing thy racked heart till every shrieking prayer shall be to die; but thou shalt no; years of harrowing agonised wretchedness shalt thou drag through ere thy blood-darkened sun of life shall set, and, sleeping or waking, will we be with thee; granting thee no peace, no joy, and no happiness. The ties of kindred didst thou pass over unheeded, the blood of those who were near to thee didst thou spill, and for this we curse thee; and when the sand of thy life of iniquity is run out, thy reward shall be a life of fire and endless torment. Go now, thou accursed, wander where thou wilt, tempt thou the foaming sea in the tempest hour, brave thou the fierce hurricane of the storm to stifle remorse, but thou shalt not be free; the lasting, withering, blighting curse of the slain is upon thee, and shall cling to thee like a garment of flame: the ill-omened eve of Allhallows is well nigh over, spirit-cursed, God-scoffer, murdereress—away!”

The visions faded slowly into air, and with a wild despairing scream of anguish the masked lady fell insensible to the ground.

#### CHAPTER III.

THIRTY years had passed over the face of nature since the bells of Lindenberg Abbey rang the bridal peal of Lord Rupert of Wirtemberg, and his bride from her far-off home, the fair and gentle Gueldeline of Gotha; thirty years of joy and light to those who, in their brief life, trod a path of thornless flowers, undimmed by a single care; but thirty years of darkness and despair to those who, like the masked lady, had a conscience that slumbered not.



A well, it was a bright and sunny day, and gentle as the breeze that bore the merry tones of that bridal peal joyously along; albeit, there were sundry darkling clouds that flitted ever and anon over the face of the bright sun, that otherwise smiled sweetly on the scene of wedding mirth, and nathless, there were many old men, accounted soothsayers among the gaping and ignorant peasantry, who slowly shook their wise heads, and gravely remarked that such signs boded no good to the high-born pair; but their prophetic saws were unheeded, and louder rose the song, and merrier went the dance beneath the old halls of Ravensby on that eventful night. In sooth, they were a goodly couple, and marvelously fair to look upon, the bold Lord Rupert and his beautiful bride, and right merrily and gracefully did they foot the gay dance, in ignorance of the fate that was hanging over them. Apart from all the joyous throng, like a fallen angel at the revels of the blessed, stood a form of rare but awful beauty; it was frightful to gaze upon, the demon glare that shot from the dark eyes, the fiendish smile that curled the proud lip of Melvedine of Lindenberg, the wildly beautiful but fierce co-heiress of Lord Rupert; her tall splendid form, drawn to its full height, and the devilish sneer on her dark face, seemed like a fiend incarnate inhabiting a body of wondrous loveliness.

She raised her hand with a curse too awful to repeat, and turning to the open casement, glanced up at the strangely varied sky.

"Ay—ay," she muttered, in a low, hoarse tone; "dance on, my haughty pair, the tide of thy hated life is fast ebbing to the shore from whence thou canst never return.—Ha! ha! Like unto those darkening clouds shall be thy fate, for in the first flood of the sunlight of thy life's young dream will I blast its brightness with death.

"Gueldeine—Rupert, thy doom is a fearful one; thou shalt die—die by inches; a slow lingering death of horrors shall be thy portion; 'twill be rare work to yell my triumph—the triumph of the slighted one, in my Lord of Wirtemberg's ear; that will be pleasure, indeed. He shall rue the day he scorned the love of a Lindenberg, to mate with the stranger daughter of Gotha. Little reck he of the treat I have prepared to grace the close of his bridal day—a rare one it will be in sooth. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

She walked towards the bridegroom and his gentle mate, and bent, with a cold, mocking bow, to the beautiful Gueldeine.

"Dear Lady Melvedine, where hast thou hidden thy countenance thus long? 'Tis cruel of thee, sweetest, to mar the sunshine of our bridal day, strangers though we be, with thy sorrowing countenance; its brightness should be unclouded."

So spoke the Lady of Ravensby, with a silver laugh.

"I thank your ladyship for your kind solicitude," answered Melvedine, with a sneer on her lip, and a fierce glance at Rupert; "but I need not thy meddling attention, fair Mistress Gueldeine; keep your drivelling nonsense till I need it aid."

And, with another sneering smile resting on her face, she turned upon her heel and left them.

"Oh, she is mad, quite mad," exclaimed Rupert, gazing after her retreating figure. "Come, fairest Gueldeine, heed not the strange words of my wayward cousin; 'tis but a silly freak of her mad humour. Come, sweetheart, come," and he led her through the admiring throng to tread with him the mazes of the stately measure.

Louder and higher rose the mirth in that old hall, which mingled strangely with the furious denunciations that burst from the lips of Melvedine as she stood upon the battlement of the Spirit Tower, shrieking upon the name of the demon of darkness to aid her in her designs against Rupert and his cherished one.

#### CHAPTER IV.

MIDNIGHT came, and in the lone dell of St. Cuthbert, beneath a blasted elm, the stars of night glared down upon a frightful scene in a square stone vault; manacled, and chained to the damp and slimy wall, were Lord Rupert and his gentle bride, brought thither by the fiendish Melvedine and her myrmidon Casper, who now lay a blackened corpse at her feet.

A smile of infernal malice lighted up the features of the demon woman, as she gazed upon the unfortunate victims of her deadly hatred.

"Ha! ha!" she yelled, "said I not that the hour of my triumph would arrive? and it has! Ha! Thou art in my power, and at my mercy, bold Rupert of Ravensby! Ha! ha! ha! mine! mine! the scorned and rejected Melvedine! Ha! ha! the drugged wine told bravely, very bravely, for it has given me my revenge! and thy fair mate, too, lovely Mistress Gueldeine, shall also experience the pleasing weight of a Lindenberg's vengeance! Ha! ha! there is none to tell the tale of murder! That is my work! Yon thick-brained knave, who deemed to have me at his mercy, is sleeping quietly in his last sleep! Ha! ha! I reck not of the stranger land, to which he hath journeyed; 'tis a question I never cared to ask, nevertheless 'tis a fitting one; and the same goal will suit thee marvellously to gain! Ha! ha! thou

shalt both travel there, assuredly! but it will be slowly, in sooth, very slowly! Behold the means with which I speed thee on thy pleasant errand!" She drew a long sheen from her jewelled vest, and, raising it high in the air, plunged it into the side of the fair and unfortunate German. Her savage laugh of triumphant hate, mingled shrilly with the death-scream that rang from the blanched lips of the hapless girl. "Ha! ha! that shriek of thine, la belle Gueldeine, is cheerful music!" she cried, with a sneering smile. "How like you the sight, brave courtly Master Rupert? Said I not, good Lord of Ravensby, that I would prepare a goodly sight to gild the departing lustre of thy wedding-day, and have I not kept my oath bravely? Ha! ha! ha! 'tis very fit thy bride's eyes should be greeted with a like pleasant little picture! ha! ha!" Again the dagger gleamed in the air; the next moment it was buried in the breast of the maddened Rupert. "Ha! ha! that is bravely done! You will not die yet, my courtly pair! lingering days of anguish, and gnawing hunger, will be thine, ere you look your last on these gay walls! Ha! ha! a fair good even to you, gentles, a fair good even to you. I will visit you again betimes. Ha! ha! ha! I am indeed fully revenged!"

With a wild ringing laugh the fiend ascended through the open trap, and stood once more beneath the branches of the haunted elm; closing the aperture with a frightful sneer, she dragged the bleeding body of the corpse across the glen, and with a powerful effort raised it in her arms, and flung it violently in the dark waters of the cataract. A loud gurgling noise broke the unearthly stillness of the place, and the splashing waves that closed above the stricken form, was the sole knell that told its dirge over the prayerless and ruthless grave of the murdered!

#### CHAPTER V.

FIVE days passed away—it was Allhallows Eve, and great consternation reigned in the Castle of Ravensby, touching the mysterious disappearance of the Lord and Lady of Wirtemberg. Strange reports that they had been dealt unfairly with, flew abroad, and soon the sole inhabitant of that lofty pile was the murderess, the high and haughty Lady Lindenberg. She heeded not the cold looks of suspicion that were cast upon her, and on Allhallows Eve, at the hour of two, she stood beside the living tomb of the fated ones. With a cold, sneering smile of satisfied malice, she raised the trap, and descending the slippery stairs, she stood in the presence of her victims, from whose tortured frames the vital spark had not yet fled. Their haggard looks, and the mad stare they turned upon the savage features of the merciless woman, only caused an unearthly laugh of deadly triumph to ring from her lips!

"So, so, my dainty bridal pair," she cried, jeeringly, "how like you the nuptial palace—I have prepared for thee with such loving kindness? Ho! ho! by the foul fiend, 'tis a goodly one—a rare one, in very truth! Ho! ho!"

"Melvedine of Lindenberg, hardened murderess and scoffer!" exclaimed the hollow voice of Lord Rupert, "with this fatal eve the sun of thy life of torment hath commenced! to sleep not till thou art slumbering in endless night! The curse of her, thy long-lost, once-loved sister, is upon thee! and shall cling to thee like thy shadow for ever!"

"My sister! Gueldeine, my sister!" cried Melvedine, with a shriek of agony. "Oh, God! Rupert! tell me not that fearful news! I—I have murdered mine own sister! Mercy!—Rupert, say it is not true!"

"See, Gueldeine, her career of torture has already commenced!" said Rupert, faintly. "Murderess! twenty years ago, thy sister, she whom thou hast hurled to a frightful death, fell into the hands of a wandering tribe of gipsies. The child had wandered far from the precincts of her father's castle, and was too young to relate who she was, and struck with her gentle beauty, the chief carried her many leagues away to the home of the powerful Baron of Gotha, whose lady had but recently lost her only child and heir. The simple tale of the gipsy king was told earnestly and plainly; the baron's heart was touched, and the gentle founding of the Black Forest was installed at Gotha, as heiress of its proud towers and proud lands. Years fled by, and the Ruby of Gotha shone bright and beautiful—the star of the ancient place—the very gem of the surrounding country; and chance brought me on my return from the war to crave a night's lodging at the gate of the castle-keep. A voice of rare meekness bid me welcome to the old hall, and the light of a hundred torches flashed upon the beautiful face of the Ruby. Her features were strangely familiar to me; old thoughts and scenes rushed upon my heart, and on looking more closely, I knew that my lost cousin, Gueldeine, stood before me. High revelry was held that eve by the baron and his guests, to grace the stranger's arrival, and over the wassail cup, when the fair dames had departed, I learnt the secret of her life, and in return, unfolded the lofty station to which she was born, but with strict injunctions to keep the tale to her own breast.

"Twelve o'clock struck when I threw myself on the gilded couch,



and my dreams that night were all of the wondrous loveliness of the Ruby of Gotha. Weeks went by and found me the happy bridegroom of my cousin; shortly after we journeyed to my distant turrets of Ravensby, and on the very day of our arrival, I was forced to undergo the pain of rejecting the tender of your love to me. Oh! little recked I of the deep misery you were storing up for us. Let my curse and the curse of your injured sister rest on thee for this foul deed. Our sand of life is now run out, but our spirits shall haunt thee while thou hast being. On each return of Allhallows Eve, shall thou be doomed to revisit this unhallowed spot, and gaze on the mouldering remains of thy coffinless victims now away."

Rupert and Gueldeline raised their transparent hands and invoked the frightful curse that for thirty years on Allhallows Eve had seared the heart of the miserable slayer; when the last words of the awful malediction died upon the lips of those who had uttered them, they were stiffened in the lasting coldness of death.

Melvedine stood for a moment in silent despair, then with a shrill harrowing shriek, as the lingering curse still sounded on her ear, she sprang up the steps, and closing the aperture, fled with the speed of a fiend to the old towers of Ravensby, and the ringing, mocking laughter of a thousand gibbering demons pealing on the ear.

The next day the heiress of the castle disappeared for ever, and no trace was left to gain tidings of her retreat, but on the following Allhallows Eve a blue flame shone upon the Spirit Tower, and wild and fearful screams came loudly on the whistling blast, carrying fear in the sounds to the ears of the awe-struck rustics, and in the ill-omened glen of St. Cuthbert, beside the grave of Rupert and his bride, a tall masked form knelt in prayer. At the stroke of one, two mystic forms arose from the mound, and elevating their thin hands, yelled forth a frightful curse on the head of the kneeling lady, and disappeared, and ever after that fearful night, a masked female dwelt alone in the ruined hall of Ravensby, and from the terrible sights and sounds that were seen and heard from the casements, it was shunned as haunted, and the masked lady deemed the evil genius of the place.

But who kenned that behind that sable mask were hidden the features of Melvedine of Lindenberg, and she who had wandered over many lands with the blight upon her heart, she had sought in vain to quell, had returned to her lonely home, and before the image of Mary Mother, had sworn to veil her face from human ken, never permitting the light of Heaven to east a ray upon its doomed lineaments; and she kept her oath: for thirty long wearying years of undying remorse had she dragged through, and no mortal eye had looked upon her dark visage, and at the return of every Allhallows Eve had she been compelled to visit the scene of her early crime, and again be racked with the fierce denunciations of her victims.

On the return of the ill-omened day, at the time this legend commences, her prayer was heard, for returning a second time to the haunted spot, her spirit broke, and shrieking forth a passionate appeal for mercy, she fell dead on the tomb of those who so long before had fallen by her own hand. Let us hope that her last agonized wish was granted.

\* \* \* \* \*

Allhallows Eve again came round, but the blue flame on the Spirit Tower shone not with its evil glare as it was wont on the surrounding scenery. The fearful shrieks of the masked lady were heard no more in the gloomy dell of St. Cuthbert. Years swept by unnoticed and unheeded in the great tome of time; generations of the gentle and beautiful had blossomed their short summers on the green earth, and then passed away like meteors to their viewless and visionless home of light, leaving but a dim trace of their existence behind, like unto some fair fragile flowers that bloom but for a day, and wither ere the next sun can shine upon their splendour; so passed away these, and the remembrance of their lives was recalled only as a thing that once was.

The great destroyer of man's works, too, had ruled with an iron hand over the fated ground of Ravensby. The castle crumbled into ruins; centuries again fled by, and stately mansions had risen upon its site, where dwelt the loved and honoured in peace; but the memory of its fearful tale was unforgotten, and in the dark and lonely dell of St. Cuthbert, the doomed spot over which the blessing of a priest never fell, no knee bent in prayer around the spot that shrouded the stilled forms of the blighted ones, and where the bleached bones of the sister murderess still rested white and ghastly on the graves of the coffinless dead, who slumbered in their last troubled sleep beneath the withered branches of the haunted elm.

Highgate Rise.

KATE LANGLEY.

**SPEED OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.**—Amazing accounts are given of the persevering speed of the American Indians. Avar relates the adventures of a Chikkasah warrior, who ran through woods and over mountains, three hundred computed miles, in a day and a half and two nights.

## THE PICNIC PARTY.

### A TALE OF THE THAMES.

"Now, I tell you what, Bob," said a smartly-dressed young man, to a companion, as they puffed away a mild Havannah in the cigar shop of a very pretty woman; "I'll tell you what, Bob, I've just been thinking——"

"I'm delighted to hear it, Jack," replied Mr. Robert Mullins, as he took his cheroot from between his lips, and puffed forth a volume of smoke—"Jack, my dear fellow, I'm glad to hear it."

"Now, don't be a fool, Mullins," retorted Mr. John Tittlebat, "only listen to me."

"Well, I don't mind listening this once," said Mullins; "because, if you have been thinking, your thoughts may be turned to account; you know, you don't often think."

"Hold your tongue, Mullins, and listen to my proposal," continued Tittlebat.

"Fire away, then!"

"You know, Bob, it's very fine weather now."

"Very, when it don't rain."

"And I don't think it would be a bad spec to get up a water party."

"Perhaps not. I can row a little, and so can you."

"Then there's Sam Pyke and Bill Badrow."

"And Tomkins and Pluck."

"And Pyke's father we'll make bowman," continued Tittlebat; "he has a capital figure head."

"Yes, yes; and we'll get Ned Grubbins to steer. 'Pon my word! it's a capital idea of yours, Tittlebat. It is, 'pon honour!"

"So I think, Bob. Then, you know, there will be such lots of gals. There's my sisters and your sisters, and Pyke's cousin Bessy, and——"

"Nice gal, that," interrupted Mullins, lighting again his cigar.

"Very," replied his friend; a full confirmation of the astounding fact.

"Then there's Badrow's sweetheart and Grubbins's aunt; you must take her, else she won't let him come at all."

"We won't have any of the old ones, I think. Shall we?"

"Not if we can help it."

It was then arranged that each should call upon his respective friends, and for that evening they separated.

Tittlebat got home, as well as circumstances would permit, *i. e.*, his eyes being a little red, and his head a little giddy, from the violent exertion he had made to smoke his bad cigar; but, upon giving a small rat-tat at the street door, a female voice from within demanded,—

"Who's there?"

"Me," replied Tittlebat.

"Who's me?" again demanded the voice.

"Jack."

"Oh, it's you Jack, is it?" said his mother, as she unbolted the door, "I declare, I won't be kept up till this hour any longer."

"Don't be cross, there's a dear mother," croaked Tittlebat, hiccuping.

"But I will, though," replied his maternal relative; "and I will tell your father in the morning."

"If you do," returned her son, "I'll not tell you what I was going to do."

"And, pray, sir, what are you going to do?"

"Oh, if you are going to come it in that ere manner, I declare I won't tell you."

"You had better, Jack."

"No, I won't, blow me!"

"No bad language here, if you please, sir," said Mrs. Tittlebat; "but if you will just tell me what you were going to mention, I won't say a word to your father about the time you came in to-night."

"That's the time of day," replied her obedient son. "I like civilly. Now, I don't mind telling you, and letting you into the secret."

"Oh, it's a secret!"

"Yes; I and Bob Mullins are going to get up a water party."

"Humph! Do you call that a secret?"

"I do; because I want you to buy a couple of fowls for the occasion."

"I can't afford it, dear."

"But you must. Mullins will find wine; Pyke will find bread; Badrow will find cheese, and Grubbins will find pastry."

"Have you asked them?"

"No; but I know they will. They can get them at cost price."

"Well, well, John," returned his mother; "if you are sure they will I don't mind the fowls and a few odds and ends."

"There's a good soul," replied her son. "Don't say a word to father about it, for he's sure to put a damper upon any scheme of pleasure."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Robert Mullins had proceeded in a similar manner with his ma



terminal relative, and on the following morning they sought their friends, declaring to each that the rest had agreed to come.

By this manœuvre they succeeded in getting up a party; and, on the eventful morning in question, several parties, heavily laden with baskets of various sizes, were seen crossing Westminster-bridge on their way to Series', the boat builders.

"This is prime," said Mullins. "Ain't it, Tittlebat?"

"Capital," rejoined the latter, rubbing his hands with glee.

"You know, we must choose rather a heavy boat on account of the gals."

"One with an awning?"

"Certainly."

A heavy, barge-looking affair, with a white canopy, edged with red, and a drooping flag at the stern, was chosen. The ladies and eatables were then stowed with due caution, and the gentlemen took their seats at the oars.

"All right," shouted the Jack-in-the-water, and immediately shoved the boat off.

At that moment a dog sent up a piteous howl from the shore, and Grubbins requested they would "back water" for his dog.

"Why didn't you leave it at home?" said one.

"It will do no harm," replied another.

"A waste of time," cried a third. "The tide will soon be running down."

"Oh, let the poor thing come," joined in one of the ladies.

"I shall lose her, if you don't," said Grubbins. "She's werry valuable; besides, she's werry near her lying-in."

"Back water" was the word, and the dog was soon put on board the boat, which by the force of the current quickly shot a-head, and grazed its side against a coal barge.

"That's all through you, Grubbins," cried Tittlebat. "Why did you not steer us clear of that barge?"

"I did," shouted the steersman; "only you on that side kept pulling when the rest had unshipped their oars."

"No, we didn't," shouted several.

"I say you did," retorted Grubbins.

"I'm ble sed if I will pull at all," cried Mullins, putting down his oar. "None of you keep time."

"I'll row with you, any day," said Pyke, pulling vigorously, which made the boat swerve.

"There you go again!" shouted Grubbins. "Who can steer when are pulling on one side. I'm hanged if I can steer at all."

"Leave it alone, then," bawled Tomkins, "and we will do without you."

"No you shall," retorted the steersman, seating himself amongst the ladies.

"Come, come," called the stroke-oar, "let's have no quarrelling, and so if we can't keep time better."

"I won't row, if Grubbins steers," answered Tomkins. "Blowed if I do."

"If you are not going to pull, I'm blest if I do all the work," rejoined luck.

"And you don't expect I'm going to pull all you idle fellows?" cried Badrow, who had till this time been silent, and attentive to the oar he held, which, every time he pulled, he did it so deeply that the boat was nearly overturned.

"Look there, you fool! Do you mean to say that's my fault?" cried Grubbins. "We were very nearly all upset."

"The boat would be much lighter, if we hadn't your dog to carry," retorted Badrow, as he, like the others, put down his oar.

"Come, come—there's good fellows—don't quarrel," said one of the girls from under the awning. "We shall lose all the pleasure of the day."

"Best a-hoy!" now met their ears; and, upon turning their heads, they saw a steam-boat close upon them. In an instant each caught up an oar and rowed for his life. The steamer passed them, but in so doing snapped the oar of Pluck.

"There, now," said one.

"Why did you not hold it tight?" cried the second.

"They'll charge half-a-guinea for that oar, and the other is now of use," said Tomkins.

"It's not my fault," rejoined Pluck. "It's the fault of Pyke's father, it is bowman. He ought to have cried out, 'Steam-boat a-head.'" They now all agreed it was the fault of old Pyke, and each vented on him his displeasure. It was, however, harmless, for he was fast asleep.

After a deal more grumbling they again set to work, and had now reached Battersea-bridge, when Grubbins called out,—

"Mind your oars."

"Mind how you steer us through the piles of the bridge," said Tittlebat.

"Mind how you pull," answered Grubbins.

"Don't pull at all," repeated two or three. "The tide will carry us through."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Grubbins, be careful how you take us through the bridge," said the Misses Tittlebat in chorus.

"I shall really die with fright," called out Pyke's cousin Bess.

"Oh, it's awfully grand!" sighed one of Mullins's sisters.

"Shall I take you through the small or large arch?" asked Grubbins.

"The large one," called two or three.

"The small one," vociferated others.

"Which shall it be?" again demanded their steersman. "The large one?"

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

Among such conflicting opinions Grubbins stood irresolute, with the tiller ropes in his hand, and the tide immediately carrying the boat against one of the piles of the bridge, jerked Grubbins backwards into the water.

The females at once exerted their lungs to the utmost. Two or three stood up, to see what had become of him, and the others fainted.

Luckily for Grubbins, he was picked up as he rose to the surface by a fisherman, whose punt was made fast to the bridge, and being put into his own boat, was conveyed to a public-house on shore, where he was compelled to stand before the kitchen fire till he dried.

This being accomplished, and with much grumbling, they again started; and, after an hour's rowing, the tide turned, and they were compelled to pull against the stream. This was hard work, and they made little progress.

"If we hadn't turned back for Grubbins's dog, we should have been all right," exclaimed Pyke.

"If your father hadn't been asleep when the steamer came down upon us, we should not have lost an oar, and also the tide."

"If that fool, Grubbins, had not fallen into the water —"

"If it hadn't taken him so long to dry, you mean."

"Shall we land here?" asked Mullins, as they now approached a verdant spot.

"Not here! Don't you see the board says you are requested not to dine here!"

"Oh, if that's the case, we'll only take luncheon," repeated Tittlebat.

"Won't do," cried Pyke. "But what do you say to a walk?"

"Yes, yes," said several.

They then all got out, while Tittlebat and Pyke dragged the boat along the water's edge by the painter.

"You can't walk here, ladies and gentlemen," said a man in a fustian jacket. "Don't you perceive you are on private property?"

"Didn't know it!" cried several in chorus. "Who does it belong to?"

"To me," said the man. "So all get into your boat again!"

There was no gainsaying this. They embarked once more, and landed at a different spot.

They were now about to take their victuals from the boat, when a livery servant approached, with his master's compliments to the ladies and gentlemen, but he could not allow them to make a dining establishment of his garden.

Again they embarked, and settled on an island in the middle of the stream, when a swan, with great indignation at being disturbed from her nest, (where she was tending her young) gave the party notice to quit, by hissing violently, with outstretched neck.

The ladies screamed with all their might; the gentlemen looked big; but all retreated to their boat, with the greatest precipitation.

"I'm really ravenous!" exclaimed Pyke. "I cannot pull any more without my wittles!"

"So am I," returned Mullins.

"And I," rejoined Tomkins.

"Let's have the grub then in the boat," cried several hungry ones.

"Agreed; fetch it out."

"How quiet your dog has been, Grubbins," said Tittlebat, as he pulled from under the seat a large basket of provisions.

"Yes, she'll have pups soon."

"Goodness gracious," cried Tittlebat, "she has got them already!"

"Eh, what?" said several.

Grubbins's dog has pupped in the basket of pastry," cried Tittlebat. All looked very blue at this, and looked daggers and swordblades at poor Grubbins; but there was no remedy, the pastry and pups were consigned to the deep, deep waters, and the poor beast commenced a howling solo, which lasted, without intermission, for the remainder of the day.

"Curse that dog!" cried Pyke.

"Fetch out the fowls," said Tittlebat, "we are sure of them."

The poultry was accordingly produced, but by some unfortunate derangement of intellect on the part of Mrs. Tittlebat, she had omitted to



cook them; they were, therefore, useless on the present occasion, and her son, in the height of his displeasure, gave the unhappy birds a swing by the leg, which sent them some distance from the boat into their native element, where they sunk to rise no more.

"You must be content now with bread and cheese, gentlemen," cried Badrow's sweetheart; "but I don't see any bread here."

"Where's the bread, Pyke?" asked the searcher.

"Didn't bring none—thought we could get it anywhere," returned the baker.

At this information they all looked perfectly green with disappointment, when Badrow said,—

"Here is still the cheese to the good; who has the knives?"

Not a soul had a knife; each had supposed the rest would have been well provided with these implements and, therefore, neglected it.

"Lend me a penknife, then," called Grubbins, as he tossed up the cheese.

After much rummaging in the pockets of their vests at the bottom of the boat, a penknife was at length discovered; the blade was inserted into the hard-crusted cheese, and then snapped off close to the handle.

Here was a disappointment. The globe of cheese was then hammered (with the intent to break it) upon the edge of the boat; but it slipped from the holder's hands, and with a soft splash, went to seek the company of the ducks at the bottom of the river.

"How cursed careless!" cried Mullins.

"Enough to vex a saint!" said his sister.

"I could kick the fellow overboard," replied Tomkins.

"That's the only eatable we had left," rejoined Tittlebat. "It's d—d provoking."

"Never mind," returned Mullins, "a cup of wine will still do us good; fetch it out."

The bottles were dragged from their repose, and the neck of the first knocked off.

"You don't mean to call this wine, Mullins?" asked Grubbins, as he poured a white liquid from the bottle into a glass.

"I told my mother to give me wine; but I suppose she has made a mistake, and put a bottle of Hollands instead."

"Perhaps so," returned the bottle-holder; "allow me, my dear, to hand you a glass."

Grubbins's sweetheart took the proffered glass, at the same time protesting that Hollands was too strong for her; she, nevertheless, emptied it, with many wry faces, and immediately after was taken sick over the boat's side.

"Good God," cried Grubbins, "it must be this infernal stuff; only taste it."

Mullins tasted what he suspected to be Hollands in the place of wine; but, to his mortification, found it to be a composition called washing fluid. He nearly fainted with dismay; but, upon second thoughts, demanded a second bottle.

"This is it," cried Grubbins, pouring out a second glass. "No, it ain't, this is vinegar."

"Try the third."

The third was tried, and found white, like the first, but of a different taste.

"Seltzer water, as I'm alive," vociferated Mullins, and forthwith all three went in search of the cheese and ducks, making a great bubbling as they sunk into the water.

All looked at each other aghast, and without uttering a single word they turned the boat's head towards town, and began to float down the stream with the returning tide.

After a lapse of some minutes, old Pyke, from the bow, called out, "a large heavy cloud in the sow-sow east."

"What's that you say, old boy?" demanded his son.

"Going to have rain, boy."

"Pull away, then," echoed the stroke car.

"Bend to it, boys," echoed Tittlebat.

The injunction was responded to, and all pulled with all their might; but, at the same time, very irregularly, while Pluck and Tomkins fell backwards off the seat.

In the course of a short time they again got to rights, going nearly as fast as the tide; but the dark cloud now hovered over head, and a few drops of rain began to fall.

"Give me my coat," cried one.

"And mine," said a second.

"Also my waistcoat, and take care the keys don't drop out of the pocket."

"Here—here," replied the individual who handed the coats; they were then put on, but found too tight to row in, and several were slit across the back and shoulders.

Much time now was lost in dressing and undressing; the rain began to descend in torrents, and all were compelled to go beneath the awning amongst the females; this made the boat too heavy at one end; the

men swore, and the females shrieked, and the former were compelled to return to their wet seats.

The awning now had become wet through, and dripped upon the ladies, who, to save their bonnets, were compelled to turn their dresses over them, which produced a singular contrast with the rowers' dripping shirt sleeves, which stuck tight to their arms.

They now had reached Fulham-bridge, beneath which they sought refuge from the storm; but the draught became so keen that, fearful of catching cold, they were again compelled, while shivering, to commence rowing to circulate the blood.

All now was miserable; they looked neither to the right hand nor the left, but rowed away with desperation, and not hearing the call of the master of a sailing barge, some part of the vessel caught the awning of the boat, and at one sweep tore it from above the females' heads.

They were now completely exposed to the weather, and the ladies, before many minutes had elapsed, were completely drenched. It was impossible, however, for them to be more wet than they were; they, therefore, submitted to their fate, and in this condition reached Westminster, where they left their addresses, that the damage to the boat might be paid for.

Upon gaining the bridge, they each got into the omnibus that went nearest to their respective residences, and, mutually disappointed and angry with each other, concluded their pic-nic party without even a sad farewell.

## THE SPIRIT'S MUSIC.

Oh! 'twas a sweet unearthly sound  
That swept upon the breeze;  
It fled along the heaving ground  
And mingled with the seas.

It raised aloft its strange wild note  
And melted with the air;  
It sped across the castle moat,  
For magic too was there.

It rang along the mountain side,  
Where echoing rocks are found;  
It gushed on with the streamlet's tide  
Round every tiny mound.

It came upon the summer's wind,  
'Mid flowerets light and fair,  
Then fled where the woodbine twined,  
With blossoms bright and rare.

It swept across the clouds of night  
Beneath the pale moon's beam,  
And sweeter seem'd its Heavenly might  
'Neath Cynthia's lovely gleam.

It glided o'er the ocean wave,  
When bright the noonday shone,  
Then glode with swifter voice away  
Unto the spirit's home.

And even thus the sounds are gone  
That bore my soul along;  
For where the woodland spirit dwells  
The bright fay's music swells.

Highgate-Rise.

KATE LANGLEY.

**ACTIVITY OF THE MIND.**—When we consider the boundless activity of our minds, the remembrance we have of things past, our foresight of what is to come—when we reflect on the noble discoveries and improvements by which those minds have advanced arts and sciences, we are entirely persuaded, and out of all doubt, that nature which has in itself a fund of so many excellent things cannot possibly be mortal.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed to the Editor (post paid), will meet with immediate attention.

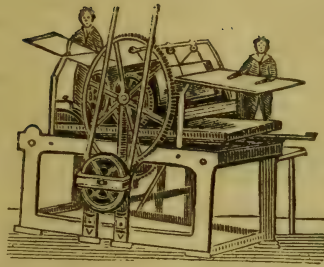
Kono.—The "Rambles" do the author considerable credit, but, unfortunately, they are not suitable for the "Miscellany." The MS. should be preserved.

F. O. (Woolwich).—The first part of "The Exciseman's Journal" has been received, and shall appear as soon as possible.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## ALARICH AND FABIAN; OR, THE REVENGEFUL BROTHER.

THE sudden death of the Count de Gerhard placed his son Alarich in possession of immense wealth to the exclusion of the younger Fabian, who was the especial favourite of his mother, the countess, who regarded him with the fondest affection.

Alarich was of a bold and open disposition, generous, yet cautious, while Fabian, who, though handsome, in his disposition combined the most consummate vanity, with the subtlety of the fox; and this, added to a light and frivolous temperament, caused him to be admired to the prejudice of his brother.

The disparity of sentiment and age of the brothers caused them to meet but seldom; the former being more generally engaged in the duties pertaining to his station; while the latter was more frequently to be seen at the toilette of the countess, where he flattered her natural vanity by many little assiduities and trifling converse.

It happened, however, that one morning the brothers met upon the ramparts of the castle.

"Good morrow, brother!" said Fabian; "we have but little of the pleasure of your company—our mother laments it much!"

"I have no doubt but our mother's toilette finds her ample occupation," replied Alarich with a smile; "and I think my brother should find better occupation for his time than pandering to a woman's foibles!"

"Would you have me suppose, brother, that you wish my absence from the castle?"

"I would, if good would be the result: I think the holy wars demand both our services."

"The service, indeed, is laudable; but you must be aware our lady mother cannot be left alone; and as I have been her companion more than yourself, she will expect me to remain with her!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Alarich, "the usual excuse of a coward; why cannot our lady mother remain with her domestics and confessor?"

"I see not what right you have to call me coward," replied Fabian, "when I merely comply with what filial duty requires!"

"Humph! humph!" said Alarich.

"And if you regard your own conduct, sir!" continued Fabian, "you will find you have little room to censure mine. Is not your want of spirit in not joining the nobles in the east the talk of all the land?"

"Perhaps so; but I think you much in want of courtesy to remind your elders of their negligence; especially him beneath whose roof you now reside."

"Your late accession has made you arrogant," replied Fabian; "and, as all their rights, you would not have been sole heir of our father's property!"

"It is mine by right!" replied Alarich; "neither do I feel inclined to be lectured by a mere boy."

"Indeed!"

"And moreover, to prevent the unpleasantness arising from too frequent a recurrence of these scenes, I expect you will find employment allotted to your age, and leave the castle!"

"But our lady mother?"

"Shall be attended to," replied Alarich; "I will allow her a competence, and a suitable place of abode; but it will not be sufficient to maintain you at her apron string!"

"I neither wish it, nor want your support," returned Fabian; "the world is wide enough for both; and were you to make me an offer, I could scorn it!"

"That would be optional on your part!" returned Alarich calmly;

"but as I have no intention of doing anything of the sort the sooner you relieve me of your company the better."

With a haughty step Fabian turned away and sought the chamber of his mother, to communicate to her the unpleasant tidings.

"My dear mother!" said he, "our residence here is now a burden!"

"I have long considered it so, my son; but what reason have you had to suppose so?"

"I have been told so by the insolent and arrogant Alarich!"

"Fear not, my son," replied the countess; "the day may arrive when he may be compelled to lower his tone to me. Had your father lived, he could not assume this manner to us."

"He expects us to quit the castle."

"Me!" cried the countess.

"Yes, dear lady, he talks of a separate maintenance for you."

"And what is to become of you, my son?" affectionately said his mother.

"I must wander a beggar through the world, or sell my sword to the highest bidder."

"Did he dare to tell you this?"

"He did; but indirectly."

"I will mar his projects, then," returned the countess. "Does he imagine that I, a daughter of the house of Arrolidon, will submit to insult from the child? No—no."

"What course will you pursue, dear mother?" said Fabian.

"Leave that to me, and I will teach him the respect due to his mother."

"Right, dear mother. I rely upon your judgment; for, without your co-operation, I shall be left almost destitute. Is it best, think you, to flatter his vanity, and thus get him to make over a portion of the estate for your especial use?"

"Think you, Fabian, a portion will satisfy me, where so lately I have ruled as mistress? No—no, my boy; you little know your mother if you think I am to be put off thus. It shall be all or none, for sooner would I starve than receive a paltry pittance at his hands."

"Well and bravely said, dear mother. I applaud your resolution."

"Yes, I will seek him at once," continued the countess, "and put the first part of my plan into execution."

With this intention she sought the chamber of her son, Alarich. "My dear boy," said she, "I am surprised I have had so little of your company lately; let me have the pleasure of the society of my first-born a little oftener. What say you, my dear, to dine to-day in my boudoir?"

"I have urgent demands upon my time, my lady mother," replied Alarich, "otherwise I should be happy to —"

"Come—come, my love," continued the countess; "forget these pressing duties for once, and do not thus abstract yourself."

"I must really crave your indulgence to-day," returned Alarich.

"No—no, my dear boy, I can take no denial. You really must spend the latter part of to-day with me; besides, now I recollect, it is your natal day."

"I had forgotten it, dear lady."

"You seem, my son, to be forgetful of many things; but —"

"I cannot forget the impertinence of my brother, Fabian."

"You know he is yet young."

"It is on his account that I seldom visit you."

"I assure you, Alarich, he shall not meet you at the table."

"Then I yield to your request; but whither has he gone?"

"He joins the hunt of the Earl of —"

"Good. Then I meet you at the hour of three."

The countess, well pleased with her first attempt to win her son to her purpose, retired to consider well the part she meant to play, and prepare for his reception.



At the appointed hour Alarich entered the boudoir of his lady mother, where a choice and elegant repast awaited him, and wines of the choicest vintage to greet his palate.

"My dear boy," at length said the countess, in her most tender and maternal tone, "I lament exceedingly the favour I have shown your brother Fabian, to the neglect of yourself."

"It is a matter of little moment, my dear parent; but —"

"I consider it of the greatest consequence. I have allowed myself to be blinded to your merit; besides, you are the elder."

"Tis true, I am so."

"And, therefore, ought to be shown the greater respect; but I will make up to you for it, and treat your foolish and wayward brother as he well deserves."

"He certainly wants teaching some useful lesson; and I see no reason he should not try his fortune in the wars."

"Now you talk of that, Alarich, why are you so much behind your brother nobles; nay, even the king himself?"

"It is my intention to depart three days hence for Palestine, and I expect Fabian to do the same, or seek his fortune in some other channel," returned Alarich.

"Tis rather soon, and the intelligence fills me with joy and sorrow."

"I made my determination to-day, and intend closing the castle and leaving it in the possession of my steward."

"My love," said the countess, "had you not better make over your effects and estate to me? Who so proper as a mother to concern herself for the welfare of her son?"

"I am obliged, dear mother, for your kindness; but I have made my determination."

"Let me persuade you, my love."

"I am not to be persuaded," said Alarich, fiercely; "and I have moreover chosen an abode for you with the Lady Abbess of St. Margaret."

"Indeed!"

"Even so, dear mother."

"And without my consent, Alarich?"

"I thought, dear parent, it would relieve you from much anxiety. Your allowance will be paid you quarterly, which I trust you will find ample for a lady of your rank."

"I feel indebted for your kind consideration, my son," said the countess, who with great difficulty suppressed her rage.

"Yes, dear mother," continued Alarich, "I considered the quietness of the cloister well calculated to suit the feelings of a lady of your age."

"My age!" said the countess, in surprise; "is it then time I retire from the world?"

"I did not say that, dear mother; but if you still choose to linger in scenes of gaiety, your cousin Blanche's at Paris would be a suitable abode."

"I choose the Abbey of St. Margaret," replied the countess, seeing she could not move her son; but at the same time resolved to proceed upon another course.

For the remainder of the evening the countess seemed to treat Alarich with the greatest maternal kindness, insomuch that he forgot her haughty character, and lamented he had not been on better terms before.

No sooner had Alarich retired to his chamber than Fabian entered the castle and sought his parent.

"Ah! my beloved boy," said the partial countess, "how rejoiced I am to see you."

"Have you seen Alarich?" demanded Fabian, uncouthly.

"I have."

"Did he come to terms?"

"He did not."

"What then must be our plan?"

"I hardly know," resumed the countess; "but he goes to the Holy Land three days from hence."

"It is rather premature."

"And he expects you to go there also; but do not think of that, my son; I could not endure to part with you."

"Nor I with you, dear mother."

"He also expects me to become an inmate of the abbey."

"Preposterous!"

"It is so, Fabian. Does he imagine I am going to keep the company of a blind old abbess, when I may yet wed wealth and rank? No, I am neither so old nor ugly that I must forswear the world; neither will I."

"Certainly not; but you say he departs three days hence?"

"Even so."

"Then I will cross his path."

"What would you do?"

"Make him yield a portion of what would have been mine had my noble father lived."

"And why not the whole?" said the countess, with a sinister look at her son.

"Ay, why not the whole, dear mother; why am I compelled to bear his taunts and haughty insolence when a single blow would redress my wrongs?"

"Hush—hush!" said the countess, looking fearfully round the chamber.

"Tis the wind behind the arras."

"But speak lower, Fabian, dear," said the timid woman, "and be not over hasty."

"What would you advise?"

"That you injure him not; but make him captive for his life."

"Can it be safely done?"

"I think it may. The stain of blood would then be off your hands."

"It would," said Fabian; "but dead men tell no tales."

"True; but —"

"But what?"

"It is a fearful deed, Fabian. I pray thee do not think on't."

"Well—well, dear mother, as you will," said Fabian, yielding to her fears. "He shall be my captive till death release him from all further cares in this world of sorrow."

"Yes, yes, my son, it will be by far the safer plan," replied the countess; "and though I hate him mortally, I would not that you should imbrue your hands with a brother's blood."

No sooner had Fabian left the chamber of his parent than he cast his mantle round him, and hastened to a lonely hut in a ravine of the mountains, at the door of which he knocked.

"Who's there?" demanded a voice from within.

"Fabian de Gerhard."

"What would he at this house?"

"Business with thee."

"Enter, then."

Fabian pushed open the door, when the red light of a dull fire displayed the features of an uncouth being seated over it, whom he thus addressed by the name of Hans.

"And what is the nature of thy business with me?" demanded Hans, casting back his long matted hair from off his sunburnt brow.

"You know the Count de Gerhard died intestate?" said Fabian.

"Well."

"In consequence of which I have no patrimony," returned Fabian.

"I know it."

"Three days from hence, my brother sets out for the Holy Land."

"You would have me waylay him, I suppose?" said Hans.

"I would."

"And secret the body, too?"

"Exactly so."

"Well, then, for that service I shall require three hundred florins," said Hans.

"The sum is large!"

"It is, but I shall have to engage more hands, and they also must be paid."

"Tis needless; I would confine the knowledge to yourself—I will assist you."

"Two hundred then will be the sum."

"Agreed."

"With a trifle in hand," said Hans, "for cash is scarce with me, and travellers are few."

"Here is a purse of coin," said Fabian, "and meet me four nights from this at the Wood of Cedars."

"I will not fail," said Hans, and again leaning on his hands before the dying embers, he seemed lost in thought, while Fabian, having made the proposed arrangement, cast his mantle across his face and returned to the castle.

Alarich having made every requisite arrangement, set out attended by a single squire, and no sooner had he departed, than the drawbridge was raised and the banner lowered from the castle keep.

Many of the domestics were dismissed by order of the seneschal, and apparent preparations were made by the countess for her departure to the abbey; yet, nevertheless, she waited with painful anxiety the result of her counsel to Fabian, and delayed as long as circumstances would admit of.

Alarich and his squire had now journeyed some leagues from the castle; as it grew dusk, they rode side by side, and talked on the probability of their return.

"The night grows dark," said Alarich, as he urged his weary horse,

"and I would we had reached the town of —"

"It is yet two leagues distant, my lord," returned the squire.



"God grant we may get there safely," said Alarich, "for I have some misgivings about the safety of you Wood of Cedars."

"It is well known to be infested by a herd of ruffians, my lord."

"Then keep your sword in readiness, as I will mine."

Each drew his trusty weapon and carried it leisurely in case of need, when suddenly the sound of a horse's foot reached their ears.

"Hark!" said the count, checking his horse's rein; "I thought I heard a footstep."

"And not far distant, either," returned the squire, looking round.

"Be on your guard, then."

"I will, my lord."

Scarcely had he uttered the words than two horsemen appeared before them, and immediately after the same number in the rear; by the faint light of the new moon, Alarich saw they wore crape over their faces, by which he judged they were not an organized gang, but a secret enemy.

"Who and what are ye, that you thus impede the road?" cried Alarich, urging sword, sword in hand, followed by the squire.

"Halt!" cried the foremost of the gang, "and deliver up your arms."

"Vagrants! without law or gospel!" cried Alarich; "let me pass, or, by the Virgin, ye shall rue it."

"Dismount!" said another, "and yield yourselves our prisoners!"

"I hold no parley with a gang of robbers," said the count. "Charge them!" continued he, turning to the squire; "they are but two to two."

Dashing the rowels of their spurs into their horses' flanks, the count and squire rode fearlessly forward, but they had scarcely met their foes before they were attacked from behind.

Both fought manfully. Two of the gang were cut down, while their companions took to flight from such experienced swordsmen.

Upon alighting from their horses, the squire tore the mask from the face of the wounded man, who loudly cried for mercy.

"You would not have granted me so much had I been in your place," returned the squire.

"Mercy!—mercy!"

"I am to spare your life that you may take the life of others. No, no, my friend," continued the squire, and immediately terminated his existence by passing his sword through his heart.

In the meanwhile the count was engaged with the second, who still fought desperately.

"Yield thee, villain!" cried Alarich, "ere I make thee food for the birds of heaven."

"Never," returned his adversary; "I have sworn to shed your blood."

"Your oath is vain, miscreant!"

"Not if the powers of hell will aid me," cried the second. "Ha! I had you there!" As he uttered this, he slashed the shoulder and doublet of the count, whose blood flowed through the wound.

Exasperated, the count grew furious, and with all his remaining power, made a desperate lunge, by which he bore his adversary to the ground, and his squire coming that moment to his aid, finished his master's work by performing the same part he had for his own assailant.

"That settled the affair, I imagine," said the count, as he endeavoured to stanch the blood that flowed freely from his shoulder.

"I rather think it has," rejoined the squire; "and I only wish the other knaves had not fled to have skewered them also."

"This gang have been a pest for years; but," continued the count, "bind up my wound, for I now feel faint."

"I think you had better return to the castle, my lord; you will there receive proper attention."

"No, no," replied the count; "if I can reach but yonder town, I can rest there for a few days; 'tis hardly worth while to retrace a day's journey for a scratch; let's to horse again."

The count had scarcely put his foot within his stirrup, ere a deep groan proceeded from the dying man.

"Take off his mask, and let's see the villain's face," said the count.

"We shall scarcely see his features till yon cloud passes across the moon."

"It's almost as dark as their villainy," continued the count.

"You say true, my lord. Now, then, it is light again."

As the thick cloud passed from the moon's disc, the squire took the mask from the face of the wounded man, and exclaimed,

"Sure to Heaven! this face is known to me!"

"Who does it resemble?"

"The features are mainly like your lordship's brother," said the squire; "but——"

"Good God!" cried the count, leaping again from the saddle, "it cannot be—yes!—too true; it is my misguided brother, Fabian."

Again—a deep sigh burst from the bosom of the youth, as he exclaimed, "Mercy!—mercy!"

"Alas! 'tis now too late," said the count; "but what assistance can be rendered shall be yours."

The squire attempted to take Fabian before him on his horse, but ere he reached the saddle, he had expired.

The grief of the count was excessive to find he had been engaged in an affair of life and death with his only brother; but now there was no remedy, and the corpse was borne back to the castle, where it was interred with the usual formalities.

The circumstance of the death of her favourite acted powerfully on the mind of the countess, who failed not to mourn his loss; her plans of ambition had now been foiled, and she sought repose for her guilty soul in the very convent in which she might before have lived in quiet and respect.

When the count was sufficiently recovered, he again set out for Palestine, where he became renowned for his many acts of valour, and at the conclusion of the war returned to his native country, laden with scars and honours.

## THEY'RE SAVED! THEY'RE SAVED!

BY J. BULWER, M.A.

'Twas night, dark night, save when the moon's faint beam

Broke through the lowering clouds with sickly gleam;

A lonely star 'en 'midst the murky gloom

Shone not to light the mariner's watery tomb.

Like pealing thunders, round the rocky shore,

Howl'd the rude tempest with tornado roar.

The wide-mouth caverns of the hungry deep

Yawn'd for their prey; while 'gainst the craggy steep

With fatal violence, driven before the gale,

A gallant vessel, creaking 'neath her sail,

Dash'd her fine prow. The rude concussion given

Unshipp'd her seamen, and her sides were riven;

The breaking billows clear'd at once her deck,

And crash on crash proclaim'd her hull a wreck.

A yell of misery, with the gurgling wave

Sounded, as sunk her inmates to their grave;

Some few were saved, and gain'd the rocks with joy,

One yet the sea held, with her infant boy.

Long had she battled with the boiling sea;

"My child! my child," she shrieked, in agony.

He heard, who cast upon the high land shore,

Just caught the echo, but he heard no more.

The husband, father, heard his sinking mate,

And rush'd to rescue, or to share their fate.

A desperate effort only now could save

His wife, his child, too, from the yawning grave.

Down from the rocks, which o'er the waters frown'd,

Held by his shipmates, with strong cordage bound,

He hung suspended, like a speck in air,

'Till low'rd he met the object of his care.

And then, with spring of super-human kind,

Clasp'd his lov'd wife, nor left his son behind.

The half-drown'd mother still retain'd her child

With frenzied grasp, amidst the billows wild.

The anxious watchers mark'd the deed, and now

Rais'd the fond trio to the mountain's brow,

While the loud shout above the storm which raved,

Ran echoing round the shore, "They're saved! they're saved!"

EXPEDIENT FOR REDUCING A FINE.—An Irish weaver, just imported from the sister isle, took to his employer in Kilmarnock; the other day, the first cloth he had woven since his arrival. His employer detected in the cloth two holes, within half an inch of each other, and told him he must pay the fine of a shilling for a hole. "And plaze ye," returned Pat, "is it by the number of holes, or by the size of them, that you put the fine on us?"—"By the number of holes, to be sure."—"And a big hole and a small one is the same price?"—"Yes, a shilling for each hole, big or little."—"Then give me a hold of the piece," replied Paddy; and getting the cloth into his hands, he tore the two small holes into one, and exclaimed,—"By the bill of Howth, and that saves me one shilling, any how!"

EPITAPH ON A MISER.—Here lies one who lived unloved, and died unlamented; who denied plenty to himself, assistance to his friends, and relief to the poor; who starved his family, oppressed his neighbours, and plagued himself to gain what he could not enjoy. At last death, more merciful to him than he was to his self, released him from care, and his family from want, and here he lies with the muck-worm he imitated, and with the dirt he loved, in fear of a resurrection lest his heirs should spend the money he left behind, having laid up no treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.



## THE POLISH EXILES.

A TALE

(Continued from our last.)

During the winter of 1788-89, society at Warsaw exhibited a singular and most deceptive aspect. Under the reign of a monarch whose intentions were not all good, and whose acts were misdirected; whose fate it was to be tyrannized over by his own people and by foreigners, and who was at once timid and enlightened, a new generation rose in Poland.

The salutary change in manners and means of education, formed a race of men distinguished by their energy and talents; men fitted by serving their country to raise it once more from abasement, had not a combination of circumstances defeated every moral attribute of the nation.

Unfortunate as he was in the whole course of his reign, Stanislas II. was a gentleman and scholar, perhaps the first man then in Europe east of the Vistula. He consecrated to arts, science, and polished society, every disposable moment; he was surrounded by the learned, whom he encouraged and rewarded. The military and civil schools were organised and filled with a most promising youth. A spirit of instruction and a fine taste were expanded amongst both sexes, and a rare combination was formed between luxury and purity of manners.

The Polish language was studied and refined, and was spoken and written with force and elegance. Polish history was read, and the names of men recalled, who would have given lustre to any country. Military studies and taste, with gymnastic exercises, withdrew the young men from frivolous pleasures, and strengthened at once the physical and moral faculties.

Society was enjoyed under its most desirable forms. Parties were numerous, gay, and lively. It was, again, by these parties infinitely more than by the debates of the Diet, that a national spirit was fostered. The Polish ladies were true to the character of their sex; they were patriotic, and by their costume and conversation, preached, with most inflaming influence, to a warm, enthusiastic, and elevated youth. The features of society were dignified and unaffected.

Amongst those female apostles of nationality, both in regard to rank and influence, a distinguished place was filled by Severina, Countess of Meyerfield. This lady possessed, in a remarkable degree, the coolness of reflection characteristic of the German, with the buoyancy of the Pole, and speaking French, German, and Polish, her society was open to that little world, of which Warsaw was then the centre.

It was in the spring of 1789, whilst the Diet was in full debate, and whilst every measure beneficial to the people was counteracted by foreign influence and domestic faction, but whilst the hopes of the true friends of Poland were still cherished, that one morning very early, Stanislas Soltan, a distinguished noble of Lithuania, presented himself at the Hotel Meyerfield. His manner was evidently embarrassed; but, after some desultory conversation, he suddenly seemed to recover his presence of mind, when, smiling, he observed to the Countess Meyerfield, "Madam, I have received a most precious gem from Wallachia, in Turkey; this fine sparkling jewel was brought from Constantinople, and is now in my possession." Then, pausing a few moments, whilst his hearers regarded him with something of anxious wonder, resumed his playful narrative. "By one of those revolutions which none know less of than those who produce them, the Hospodar of Wallachia has been proscribed by his friends. One of those friends, by the aid of a noble Pole, has sent to my care a most interesting female child, about eleven years of age. With this charge I have received ample funds for her education and endowment, and would gladly retain her in my own family, and such is the desire of Madam Soltan, but—" and he again paused, and, assuming a solemnity of manner, evinced fears, in which many others were compelled to participate, continued,—

"All is spring time, and smiling here at this moment, on the banks of the Vistula. We are debating, singing, and dancing by turns; but Poland is no place to educate a woman."

The keen eye of Severina caught the falling glance of Soltan, and replied,—*"We understand your meaning. It is generals and soldiers, and not ladies at the toilet, that Poland will soon demand. If the Turks are beaten into peace, Kaunitz lulled into sleep, and the French court and the Parisians left to enjoy their operas, Poland will—"*

"Pardon me, Countess Meyerfield," said Soltan, rising, "the Turks will be beaten; Kaunitz is not, nor likely to be asleep, unless he falls into an eternal sleep. As to France and its court, I am greatly mistaken if their operas are not changed to tragedy; and, as to my precious charge, Clara Ismeana—"

"Will go with us to Rauwitz!" said the count and countess together.

"I would present acknowledgments in the name of her father and myself; but in this case I cannot so far mistake my friends. When do you return to your residence?"

"We leave Warsaw to-morrow morning," replied the count. "Madame Soltan and myself will have the pleasure of seeing you in the evening, and will bring our casket with us. Good morning!" and Soltan departed.

Evening came, and Soltan led into the Meyerfield hall a girl, which, in form and stature, seemed much more advanced, but which was then between eleven and twelve,—hair jetty black, with eyes equally black, but extremely expressive for a child. The contour of her face, and the form of her head, a mixture between the Georgian and Grecian orders.

"What little goddess is that?" demanded Romuald Kholheim, of his friend Clement, as they stood together with fixed attention on Clara.

"It is a youthful Diana, and a sister of mine from the Phanar at Constantinople," replied Clement.

"A sister of yours," said Romuald, "that is to be; I know now who she is. That is Clara Ismeana, who was driven by the Turks from Wallachia, and who is going with your family to Rauwitz. I wish she was my—no! I would rather she was your sister."

"Let her be what she will to either of thus," replied Clement, "she is a fine specimen of Grecian beauty, and her being here affords a complete specimen of Turkish barbarism. We are boys," sighed the gallant youth, "and, before we are men, we may have something more to fight for than Clara."

"Take an opportunity to introduce me to your Clara," said Romuald. "I would do so gladly," replied Clement; "but it demands a knight to dub a knight, and the honour your request has not been conferred on me, her brother."

Here both were relieved and surprised by a gentleman tapping them on the shoulder from behind. He was Stanislas Soltan, who led them towards his lady and her protegee, when, smiling, he observed,—*"Here, Clara, is your brother Clement."*

The poor girl remained silent as she clung to Madame Soltan, whilst the two boys, with that genuine politeness which no education ever bestowed, bowed very respectfully and retired.

Time passed—the Count and Countess of Meyerfield returned to their castle near Rauwitz. Every attention was paid to the education, health, and morals of Clara. Her ample fortune was placed in security in Berlin. The French revolution soon exploded, and shook all Europe. The Count of Meyerfield and his family remained, as regards public affairs, tranquil at their seat, but time had not remained stationary; Clement and his sister, as he called Clara, were advancing to maturity, and every post brought food for the ardent national flame which burned in the bosom of the young count, and every opening day exposed him to another fire not less intense.

By a singular, but by no means unnatural, effect of the atmosphere she breathed, Clara Ismeana imbibed the liberal sentiments of her friends; and, as she advanced in life, connected the revolutionary storm raging to the west, and ready to burst around her, with the future fate of her own country. Her mind, richly stored, and powerful in its principles of discrimination and retention, understood the history of Greece and Thrace, and that of the Turks, incomparably better than she would have done had she been educated in her native city. The conversation of the Countess Meyerfield, and still more that of her son, with the unexpected success and reiterated victories of the French armies, excited hopes of a general prostration of despotic power.

The more mature and reflecting Count Meyerfield, though admiring the sentiments, was very far from indulging the fond hopes of his family. He had seen too much of mankind; knew too well the internal divisions and factions of Poland; and, above all, he knew the cool-blooded texture of human policy too well to hope ever to see his country really restored to independence.

In these conflicting opinions the family harmony found zest, but no ill-natured opposition rose to mar their mutual affection. Letters were at long and unequal intervals of time received from the father of Clara, who had obtained leave to return and reside in Constantinople. These letters sometimes contained a hint of reclaiming his daughter, but at length entirely ceased, and through the years 1792 and 1793 no tidings came. Long separated from the only relation she could remember, her father, and her affections centered at the Castle of Meyerfield, the young Thracian gradually ceased to regard one part of her nation as more entitled to interest than another. But hearing the names of Tolki-ski, Tamoski, Sobieski, &c., and feeling the patriotic association, she remembered also names dear to her own national pride, and often shed a tear at the thought that her native country, whose glories Homer himself had sung, was trampled under foot by a Mahometan horde.

Such reflections and anticipations might have been indulged for a moment, and then forgotten amongst the dreams of waking reverie, had no connecting event given action to thought. As the French revolution progressed, all rational hopes of aid from that nation for Poland became weakened. The peace of Varella, between Russia and Sweden, August 14, 1790, and that between Russia and Turkey at Jassi, January 9th, 1792, left the most powerful enemy of Poland free to secure her prey,



The constitution of May 3rd, 1791, was more than counterbalanced by the confederation of Targowica, which was consummated by the signature of the king, Stanislas, the 23rd July, 1792. The constitution was torn to fragments, and scattered by the breath of a Russian ambassador.

The intelligence of the humiliating fates of every effort made by the Polish Diet, and the shameful weakness of the elected monarch had been received, read, and bitterly commented on, at the castle of Meyerfield. The family sat silent and sad at their evening repast, when two strangers rode into the court-yard, and with them Romuald Kholheim. The travellers, who were covered with dust, and introduced into the hall, seemed at once weary and distressed. One, a man of middle age, but very commanding in appearance, was introduced as Thadeus Kosciusko; the other a young, but noble-looking man, was named as James Jasinski.

The very name of Kosciusko produced restraint and respect. It was already and generally known that, in case of a crisis, he was considered the future leader of the Polish patriots. In those provinces of ancient Poland, already incorporated with the neighbouring monarchies, the presence of Kosciusko was dreaded as exciting a watchful and severe police. Entering the Castle of Meyerfield, and before he even accepted a seat, he apologized by observing,—“Count Meyerfield will, I hope, excuse this intrusion when he is made acquainted with the cause.”

“We need no explanation to receive with pleasure yourself and friends,” replied the count.

After refreshments were served, and after some desultory conversation, Kosciusko, with open frankness, observed,—“My business in Prussian Poland I wish now to communicate.”

“That may be done in presence of my family,” replied the count.

“Your very prudent conduct,” continued Kosciusko, “while in Warsaw; your foresight almost prophetic of what has since transpired, as reported to me, has inspired me to make this visit, and to request a brief reply to this short question,—Is there any hope for Poland?”

The eye of Count Meyerfield flashed a momentary gleam, but his brow became clouded as he slowly replied, “There is no hope for Poland.” It was at once evident that Kosciusko participated the fearful opinion and forecast of the count, but the Countess Meyerfield, her son, her ward, Romuald and Jasinski, were too strongly impressed with the justice, to doubt the issue of such a cause.

“My last breath shall be breathed before another robber shall despoil my country,” emphatically ejaculated Jasinski, as he rose and paced the hall.

In a moment, however, every eye was turned on Clement; his face became inflamed; his bosom heaved convulsively; he rose, and seemingly without reflecting he had auditors, deliberately walked to a picture of John Sobieski, gazed a moment on the canvass, and left the room, repeating, “Would to God such a man was now king of Poland.”

Romuald Kholheim followed his friend, and neither returned to the hall that night. Next morning the two strangers and their young attendant left the castle at early dawn.

The effect of this visit was permanent and serious on the circle at Meyerfield. Clement, always serious, though cheerful and mild, became absent, thoughtful, and reserved. The fine spirits of Clara were gone, and her clear and harmonious voice, generally attuned to airs of gaiety and joy, now breathed tones of melancholy. The count and countess saw the conflict, without daring to mention it to each other. It was soon evident and observed by the aged, that this sombre gloom hung over the brows of the youth of both sexes in the whole vast extent of Poland; and it was remarked as becoming more deep and solemn through the whole of 1793.

Another remarkable change was also noticed: marriages became rare, whilst the conduct of the well educated and single of both sexes towards each other became more and more kind and respectful. Gallantry was followed by refinement of paternal regard. It was indeed a year of fearful import over all Europe; but in Poland it was the eve of a death struggle.

It is at such moments that the best and worst traits of the human character appear. It is in such times that appear those sublime beings who soar above the weakness of our common nature. Two, in the three, of those images of the Creator inhabited the Castle of Meyerfield; but the countess was a mother who had never been separated one month at a time from her son. Her keen and reflecting mind could not but acknowledge that if Clement obeyed the call which she every moment dreaded to hear, that her own precepts had prepared him for obedience. She saw, and with delight, that an undivided affection existed between her son and Clara; but even the Countess of Meyerfield was unable to comprehend the heroic effects that are sometimes produced in apparent contradiction to the ordinary inclinations of the heart.

Domestic tranquillity, without which human life is a burthen, was now banished from Poland. Every ear was opened with trembling anxiety, and yet every heart dreaded to receive the public prints or private letters. It was by one of the latter, and delivered by Romuald Kholheim, that the Meyerfield family learned that the Polish Diet

had, on November 23rd, 1793, under Russian bayonets, abolished the constitution of 1791, and that the members were scattered, and that the poor degraded king was writhing under the agony of remorse, age, and sickness, at the seat of Count Michael Oginski.

“King,” bitterly exclaimed Clement, “Stanislas Poniatowski has never been king, but he has been a member, and worthy of the place in the confederation of Targowica.”

“He is fallen,” mournfully observed the countess, and her words were repeated by Clara, whilst both burst into tears.

Those tears silenced, disarmed, and softened the fiercely rising passions of Clement, who, embracing his mother, pathetically exclaimed,—

“He is indeed fallen!”

Count Meyerfield sustained his equanimity of mind as he received a more particular verbal relation of affairs at Warsaw, Grodus, and Wilna, from Romuald.

The evening past, and next morning all was confusion, regret, and terror, in the Castle of Meyerfield. Clement, with his personal attendant, a Greek, and Romuald, were gone, and on inquiry it was found they had passed through Rauwitz at break of day.

“Rash, inconsiderate, and misguided son,” fell from the count as he paced his now desolate hall.

The shock reached the very heart of Severina, but her native fortitude enabled her to support both herself and husband. After a most painful pause, she enfolded her husband in her arms, and firmly addressed him,—

“Alexander, are we not now weeping over what we must, what we really did expect?”

The lips of the count trembled; but as he was essaying to reply, Clara entered the hall. The eyes of the Thracian beamed with a preternatural lustre; her step had the firmness of despair. Both her protectors were transfixed as she sat down and struck with overpowering force the highest notes of Handel's Messiah.

The attention of the distressed inmates of Meyerfield was again suddenly drawn towards a splendid carriage proceeding slowly up the avenue in front of the castle. As the servant advanced to open the carriage door, the count caught a glimpse of the visiter, when, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed in accents of utter despair,—

“My ever beloved Severina, that man is Jerome, Marquis of Lucchesini—(Jerome, Marquis of Lucchesini, was, at the period of which we speak, Prime Minister to Frederick William II. King of Prussia. The estate of Lucchesini lay at Meseritz, near Rauwitz.)—We are ruined beyond hope; my family—my family!”

That dreaded visitant entered the room where the once happy owners sat as statues, pale and almost as cold as the marble walls around them. But so far from entering as an angel of wrath, the Prussian minister, with the ease of a courtier and the sensibility of a man, came to heal and soothe. Before he spoke he drew from his breast a letter, and then seating himself between the count and countess, with great mildness observed,—

“Can either of you suppose that Lucchesini could enter the castle of Meyerfield at such a moment to add pain to distress?”

“We did not,” replied the count; “but we —” and he paused “could not expect good from a minister of state!”

The marquis remained silent for a few moments; when, seeing his auditors something reassured, he resumed his discourse, and recounted to his astonished hearers an intimate acquaintance with their most private concerns; he recounted conversations which had passed, and added, that their family exhibited a picture of nearly every noble house in Poland. He then stated the relation in which Clara Ismeana stood with themselves and son. He farther stated the long and arduous struggle in the bosom of Clement and Clara, and their final parting, and that it was with the knowledge, but, such is the human heart, with the outward advice, yes, ever with the advice of that singular woman.

“It is a period,” said the marquis, emphatically, “when the motives of human conduct seem reversed; but my time presses, be tranquil as to the Prussian Government. You are held guiltless! and I might say, indeed, the same of the mistaken men who are plunging into ruin. They are madly seeking ruin, but their acts are natural.—Here is a letter from your son. I myself took it from the post-office in Rauwitz. The contents I knew before it was deposited. Adieu! peace be on this house!”

And so saying, the minister departed.

Clara, who had rushed from the room as Lucchesini entered, returned as he passed out, and placing herself at her instrument, chanted in a voice which arrested his steps on the threshold stanza of an old German hymn, commencing with

“His face is joy, his words are peace!”

Suddenly her voice failed; she pressed her forehead, and was falling from her seat when caught in the arms of the count.

The struggle had been long and bitterly sustained, but nature sunk in the unequal conflict. For many days the soul seemed winged for



another sphere, but youth prevailed, and the sufferer slowly recovered health, strength, and reason.

A settled cloud now hung over the Castle of Meyerfield. The bereaved father and mother read and again read the short and impressive letter of their son. It contained these words:—

"My honoured, my beloved parents, I can cannot, dare not, either excuse or explain the act of disobedience I have perpetrated. A call from the highest of all power has drawn me from my paternal home. The effects, Good God of mercy! my very soul shrinks from. But the sacrifice must be made—is made. Adieu!

"Pray for your own

"CLEMENT."

"Not one word of Clara!" said the count, on reading this distracted epistle.

"Not one word of Clara," replied the countess; "this silence is terrible; would to Heaven her name, if no more, had been mentioned!"

A profound knowledge of the human heart in some of its most mysterious workings is obtained, perhaps, more from feeling than reflection. In the opinion of his mother the omission of the name of Clara in the valedictory of her son, spoke volumes, and she was not mistaken. The same keen observer noticed with dread that even in the ravings of mental derangement, Clara had never pronounced that of Clement, whilst she had repeated that of Romuald Kholheim with the utmost execration; this seeming inconsistency the countess clearly divined. It was evident that Clara blamed Romuald with being the cause of the desertion. We shall see in the sequel, that, in this secret charge, even the presence of love was mistaken.

The best cure for a wounded mind is rapid and powerful excitement, and that cure was afforded to the residents of the Castle of Meyerfield. Only a few days after the departure of Clement, the intelligence reached them of the sanguinary revolution in Poland.

Early in the spring of 1794, after a demi-war of two years, General Madalinski raised the standard against the Russians in the vicinity of Warsaw; traversed the frontiers of Prussian Poland, met Kosciuszko at Cracow, and declared open war with Russia. At Cracow, amid acclamations thousands, Kosciuszko was, on March 24th, 1794, declared generalissimo. The whole nation was in flame.

Amongst the young heroes who accompanied Madalinski, were Clement Meyerfield and Romuald Kholheim. In desperate daring, and surrounded by men who regarded life as a mere secondary object, it was observed by every one that Clement was chivalric to a fault; but even the caution given by Madalinski himself was disregarded.

The storm at Cracow was soon followed by another at Warsaw, where, in the night of the 17th and 18th of April, the Russian garrison, amounting to nearly eight thousand men, permitted themselves to be surprised by the inhabitants, and were expelled with the loss of two thousand five hundred men.

The war was now seriously commenced; Kosciuszko, well seconded by an enlightened and energetic nobility, did more, perhaps, than was ever done in any other instance under such adverse circumstances; but the effort was vain, and worse than destructive to human life. The energetic Jasinski and Wielhorski sustained the doubtful conflict in Lithuania, whilst central Poland was inundated with blood and tears. The campaign was deplorable, but extremely active. Prussia joined with Russia, and towards the end of August the King of Prussia in person, with forty thousand men, invested Warsaw. The fate of the city seemed inevitable, when, in the night of September 5th and 6th, the Prussians broke up their camp and rapidly retreated towards Gosen.

Now occurred one of those mysterious transactions which excite at the moment astonishment, and even stupor. The spirit of insurrection had reached Prussian Poland, and broke forth at Danzig, Gosen, Kalisz, and Petrican. These revolutionary movements compelled the King of Prussia to retreat from Warsaw.

Yet amid these irritating scenes, and with their son a distinguished volunteer under Kosciuszko, perfect security reigned around the Count and Countess of Meyerfield. An unseen hand was over them. Their exemption from all inquiry and molestation was then, and for many years afterwards, a subject of astonishment to themselves.

The retreat of the Prussians from Warsaw, so far from aiding, ruined the Polish cause. The Empress of Russia now regarded the war in Lithuania and central Poland as her own, and relieved from the war with Turkey, sent an overwhelming force under General Suwarrow.

Kosciuszko, in a desperate attempt to prevent the junction of the two Russian armies under Suwarrow and Hensen, attacked the latter on October 10th, 1794, and was defeated, wounded, and taken prisoner. Around their general fell, or were made prisoners, the pride and glory of Poland.

Among the victims of this disastrous day, were Clement Meyerfield, and a sacred band of other young men, who, joining Julien Niemciewicz, Colonel Zaydlitz, and several other brave and desperate officers, formed a small but dreadful column of cavalry, which, surrounding Kosciuszko, charged and fell, one after another, not one ceding a step, or demanding

quarter. Many were beat down or made prisoners, and amongst these was the illustrious Kosciuszko. Clement was mingled and lost among the undistinguished dead.

Well might one of our distinguished poets exclaim over the field of Maciejowice:—

"In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew.  
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time,  
Stern matia fell, unwept, without a crime;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!  
Dropp'd from his nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,  
Clos'd her bright eye; and cou'd her high career.  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And freedom shriek'd—as Kosciuszko fell."

On a wet and cold evening, the 17th of October, 1794, the seventeenth day after the fatal battle of Maciejowice, the family of Meyerfield sat silent, each indulging their own dreary reflections; the wretched and bereaved parents brooding over their blasted hopes, for already had they learned that their son lay on the bed of death with Poland.

Clara Ismeana maintained that mixture of desperate fortitude and exalted sensibility which marks the conflict of nature and passion against moral and religious precepts.

Thus were they employed, whilst the wind and rain beat a tempest without, one object employing the thoughts of all, when they were roused by the tread of horses entering the court-yard, and a moment after by the entrance of Niphon, the Greek servant of Clement, and with him a noble but venerable man, white with years.

The naturally grave and steady countenance of Niphon expressed his usual respectful but manly performance of his duty, when, advancing into the hall, he introduced Sergius Veccus, the aged stranger, observing that they had met accidentally at Warsaw, and finding each destined to the same place, he, Niphon, performed the duty of guide. The garb of the faithful servitor spoke an intelligible language to the mournful group assembled.

As soon as the duties of hospitality were performed to the aged stranger, Niphon produced a letter from Colonel Zaydlitz, countersigned by General Hensen, and again by the Prussian commander at Gnesna. This letter merely stated that every honour that the nature of the case would admit, was paid to the misguided but fallen Clement Meyerfield, and concluding by a pathetic allusion to the general calamities of the times.

Niphon then produced a casket, containing a very valuable watch, a present to Clement by his mother, and on the case of which was her own portrait, richly embossed and set round with brilliants, and with it a still more costly locket, containing some of the hair and the portraits of the count, countess, and Clara.

This trinket was no sooner exposed, than a scream of heart-broken despair burst from the countess,—

"My son—my son, is really gone! if alive, he would never have parted with that treasure!"

Tears of anguish fell from the count as he gazed on the once expressive features of his son. Neither tear or emotion escaped from Clara; her eyes were intensely fixed on the portrait of Clement, which hung in the hall.

During this tide of painful retrospect, the aged stranger sat silent and absorbed. Niphon, after casting a look of respectful sympathy on Clara, retired.

Next morning, after a long interview between Sergius Veccus and the count, both together entered the breakfast room. The visible agitation of the count alarmed the females, who dreaded some new calamity; but Clara, earnestly looking a moment on the face of the count, cast a penetrating glance on the stranger, seemed reflecting a moment, and sprung forward exclaiming,—

"My father—my father!"

It was the father of Clara, it was Sergius Veccus Phranza, of Ismeana. This noble Greek of Constantinople, a descendant of the ancient Roman emperors, and one of the inhabitants of the Phanar, having been educated at Paia, possessed a good relative knowledge of Europe. He had attended a relation, one of the Hospodars of Wallachia, and was for the moment involved in the common revolutions of that dependent and dangerous office.

Contracting an acquaintance with, and friendship for, a noble Pole at Bucharest, a member of the family of Sapieha, and related to that of Soltan and Meyerfield, led to the destiny of Clara. Apprised by a friend at Constantinople of the approaching change, Ismeana had time to dispose of his child, and of a large sum in gold and silver.

The destination of the child and treasure we have already seen. The father, by aid of a friend in the divan, escaped the storm, and was permitted to return to Constantinople.



The unsettled state of Europe, and the dangers of his situation, induced him to leave his daughter in Poland, whilst, influenced by a desire to preserve his immense wealth, he continued to lead a precarious life at the Phanar.

The affairs of Turkey became more tranquil after the death of Abdul Hamed, in 1789, and the peace with Austria in 1791, and with Russia in 1792. The first years of the reign of Selim III. were disturbed and menacing, but the public mind becoming more calm, Ismeana was encouraged to recall his only child, and which resolution was strengthened by hearing of the troubles in Poland.

To accomplish this sacred wish, he obtained a hattı sherif, and letters from the Prussian, Austrian, and Russian ministers, at Constantinople, and travelling by the route of Bucharest, Jassi, Kaminiac, Lemburg, and Warsaw, reached Rauwitz and the castle of Meyerfeld as we have seen.

Vain would be the attempt to depict the desolation spread round the castle of Meyerfeld when it was known that the second bereavement must be added to the first. All that constitutes the chain, the sacred tie between parents and children united the count and countess with their ward.

It is a most happy organization of our nature, that the excess of suffering superinduces forgetfulness of self; and it was in obedience to one of the highest laws of human life, that three persons, between whom the most tender affection existed, were separated, with no hope of ever meeting again on earth; and who, when thus parting, cast upon each other a tearless, a last, a heart rending gaze, scarcely breathing adieu!

The battle of Maceiovice, and the capture of Kosciuszko and his brave companions in arms, closed all serious resistance against the Russians in Poland. The fervid and generous Jasinghi perished in a redoubt near Praga.

In reality, all attempts of the Poles, after that decisive day, was the madness of desperation, an idle waste of human life. Praga was stormed on November 4th, and most of the inhabitants involved with the garrison in a common massacre. The next day Warsaw surrendered by capitulation. The wrecks of the different Polish corps laid down their arms, whilst those of the nobility who were obnoxious to a victorious enemy, or who, stung by generous indignation, no longer regarded Poland as their country, fled to foreign climes.

Every slumbering hope gradually expired. The peace of Basil, April 5, 1795, between France and Prussia, was signed without containing the name of Poland.

Events now rapidly followed each other of the most important consequences to all Europe. Whilst preparations were making for the third and last partition of Poland, the Empress of Russia compelled Stanislas to abdicate the throne of Poland, 25th November, 1795.

Surrounded by generals of the first order, Napoleon Buonaparte rose, and the eagles of Austria cowered before him. After a series of victories, this young conqueror dictated the peace of Campo-Formio, the 17th October, 1797, in which the frontiers of France were extended to the Rhine, and the Cisalpine republic formed in northern Italy, but Poland was again forgotten.

The previous year, November 17th, the arch enemy of Poland, Catherine II., had closed her long and successful reign, and had been succeeded by her only son, the naturally generous but misguided Paul. The successor to Frederick the Great, Frederick William II., lived only to hear read the articles of the treaty of Campo-Formio; he died the 17th of November, 1797. By a singular caprice of human fortune, Poland was trampled in the dust, and France now placed the terror of Europe.

In the list of expatriated Poles, very few families had so severely suffered as that of Labanoff Kholheim. Similar to that of Count Meyerfeld, the family of Kholheim were enclosed in Prussian Poland, by the division of 1772; but having an estate near Warsaw, removed there, and was enveloped by the revolution of 1794. Romuald, like almost every other young Polish nobleman of that time, became deeply imbued with that patriotic spirit which led to efforts so destructive to themselves and relations. Labanoff Kholheim was a Nuncio in the Diet who formed the constitution of 1791: voted for it, and spoke for it, and yet expressed his opinion to a few confidential friends, that the instrument could not be carried into effect. This precaution saved the Kholheim family from utter ruin, as the father, dreading the future, remitted large sums of money to the banks of London and Venice.

(To be continued in our next.)

ABSENCE.—If a lover should say, "How much must my absence from you cost me—how tedious will the hours seem," this signifies precisely, "If I was always with you, my stock of fine speeches would soon be exhausted, I should have nothing now to say to you; but as it is, when you see me again you will like me the better."

## THE BLIND MAN'S LAMENT.

They tell me that the earth is fair,  
The sky a beautiful blue;  
That myriad stars do glitter there,  
Of bright and lustrous hue;  
That flowers deck each fertile plain,  
Most lovely when descried;  
The sight of which, while others gain,  
Alas! to me's denied.

They tell me that the genial sun  
Majestically doth rise;  
And that at eve, when day has run,  
And twilight faintly dies,  
He sinks below the western sky,  
And throws a parting gleam,  
As though he fain would bid the eye  
A kind and fair good e'en.

They tell me that the moon, when night  
Has thrown around her veil,  
Pours down her soft and mellow light  
On silent hill and dale;  
That starry lamps above, too, peep  
From out their golden spheres;  
While tired nature seems to sleep,  
So tranquil she appears.

They tell me of the red, red rose,  
The violet's modest blue;  
And that each flower doth disclose  
A beauty sweet to view;  
That true their fragrance yields delight,  
But oh! how sad my fate,  
I cannot see their colours bright,  
Nor on their hues dilate.

They tell me, too, that she to whom  
I've vowed to love through life,  
Is fair to view as flower's bloom,  
A dear and beautiful wife;  
I know, right well, that she is kind,  
And that is all to me;  
And that she soothes her partner blind,  
Sweet guardian angel she.

They tell me that my little child  
Is also fair to view,  
And that her eyes, e'er beaming mild,  
Are of a heavenly blue;  
Her voice is soft, I know, and dear  
To me whose sight's denied;  
And yet it often brings a tear,  
When she is by my side.

But on her I shall never gaze,  
Nor catch a moment's gleam  
Of her, my little one, whose days  
Are as a pleasing dream;  
Ah, no! these cruel lids are fast,  
And darkness veils each day;  
But God will grant my prayer at last,  
And light me to the gay.

Then what's this gaudy earth to me?  
Or sky, with stars so bright,  
Or flow'rs, so rich, and fair to see,  
Or moon, with mellow light:  
Deprived of sight, I cannot view  
Their beauties; but to me  
A blank is all their splendid hue,  
A blank their brilliancy.

H. J. CHURCH.

BEAUTY.—Socrates calls it a short-lived tyranny; Plato, the privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a mute eloquence; Diogenes, the most forcible letter of recommendation; Carneades, a queen without soldiers; Theocritus, a serpent covered with flowers; Bion, a good that does not belong to the possessor, because it is impossible to give oneself beauty, or to preserve it. After this most learned display of quotations, all bristled with Greek names, may be added the definition of a more modern author, who calls it a bait that as often catches the fisher as the fish.



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER CLXXXV.

THE BITTER REPENTANCE.—HOPES OF LIFE.—THE WILD APPEAL  
OF MARGARET TO ALICE HOME.

THE poison which had been prepared by George Home, and given to Margaret as a last resource to use in case all other means should fail in preventing the union between Horace Singleton and Alice, was not so sudden in its effects as to leave no time for the bitterness of approaching death to be fully present to the imagination, as well as the pangs which precede dissolution.

When the wretched victim of misguided passions had drank off the contents of the glass that had death within its small circumference, and had, as we have recorded, fallen heavily to the floor of her apartment; but, like the sudden weakness that had oppressed Horace Singleton, and unnerved him when he thought himself poisoned, Margaret felt more from the mental conviction that she had taken poison, than from the suddenness of its effect on her physical structure.

A partial kind of swoon came over her, which she at first mistook for death, and resigned herself to hoping that she was so sliding, as it were, from the world, with scarce a pang; but such was not the case. In a few minutes the mental shock which had produced the partial insensibility subsided, and with it its effects; she found herself recovering, instead of sinking, and the conviction then came over her, in all its horror, that the poison had still to have its effects, and that she was doomed to a lingering death from some drug that might inflict upon her much agony, ere it quite subdued the springs of life.

Slowly she rose, shuddering, to her feet. She wrung her hands in the bitterness of her despair.

"Oh, God—oh, God!" she ejaculated; "I had hoped ere now to have been numbered with the dead. Why was not this potion quick in its effects? Am I doomed to wait the process of a slow poison? Oh!—horror—horror—horror! What a fate is this! Where, now, is my revenge? To what an awful consummation have I brought it. What suffering may I have yet to endure. Stay! Is there no method of hastening the catastrophe for which I wait? Is death only to be produced by poison? Have I nerve to use steel?—dare I? Oh, Heaven! this racking pain—my head! Help—help—help! Spare me!"

She sank into a chair, and her face assumed the very hue of death itself; the poison had commenced its insidious attack upon her system. How long it would take ere it succeeded in parting the body from the soul, or what mental agony it might produce, remained yet to be seen—yet to be endured, and the thought nearly drove Margaret to positive madness. She glared round her with a despairing, horrible expression that would have terrified the stoutest heart. She spoke, and her voice was hideously changed; it partook half of a scream, half of a smothered cry, such as might arise from some one in the last agony of a death from violence.

"Is there no hope?" she said. "If there be a Heaven, has it the boundless mercy it is said to have. Save me—save me! Let me live—oh! let me live! The love of life comes strongly on me. I am content to suffer, but grant me existence. Oh! I am too young to die. Even yet there may be a future, not full of agony. I can attempt to atone for the past, and the attempt shall seem gracious and good in the eyes of the Omnipotence I have so often denied, but whose existence and greatness come upon me at this dread hour with an awful force of conviction, I cannot withstand. Pardon—pardon. Let me live, that I may move Heaven with prayer. Life—life—life is all I ask. Help—Alice—Horace—help—help! Save me—oh, save me yet!"

She staggered to the door of her apartment, and with great difficulty succeeded in unlocking it; then with wild and frantic gestures she rushed out on to the landing, and made her way, more from impulse than reflection, towards Alice's apartment.

It so happened that at that time Alice had just left the library in obedience to Horace's solicitations to attire herself for leaving the house with him—that house which no longer could be a pleasant abode for her—and she was in her own room, hastily throwing a cloak over her shoulders, when the door was violently flung open, and Margaret, presenting an aspect truly terrifying, made her appearance.

Alice at once imagined that after she, Margaret, had been so signally defeated in taking the life of Horace Singleton, she had now come in the height of her passion, smarting with disappointment, to wreak some horrible vengeance upon her. Involuntarily, then, the scream burst from Alice's lips which had so alarmed Horace Singleton; but, before

he could reach her, Alice became more calm, and aware of the real state of the case.

Margaret sank on her knees in the doorway; she raised her hands in a supplicating attitude, and her lips moved for about half a minute without producing an articulate sound; then by a great effort, in a strange, unearthly voice, she spoke.

"Alice—Alice," she said, "you who I have injured—you against whose peace I have plotted night and day—to you I appeal in the abasement of my misery—in the climax of my despair. Save me—save me!"

"Gracious Heavens!" cried Alice, "what mean you?"

"Poison—poison—poison!" shrieked Margaret. "I—I have taken poison. Already fierce, fiery pangs run through my brain. I am dying—dying. Help—help! Can no one save me? Oh! give me water—water."

Alice was so shocked by this sudden avowal, that for a short time she was deprived of all power of action, and could only gaze upon the terror-stricken countenance of Margaret with almost an equal expression of dismay. When she did recover sufficiently to speak, her first words were,—

"Horace—Horace—Horace."

She was heard by Singleton as he was rapidly ascending the staircase, and he, fancying immediately that some danger was besetting Alice, increased his speed, until he rushed, frantic and excited, into the apartment, scarcely bestowing one glance upon the prostrate form of Margaret at the door.

"Alice—Alice," he cried. "My Alice, my wife, what mean these cries? Good God, what has happened?"

"Oh, Horace—Horace!" exclaimed Alice, her eyes streaming with tears. "Look at Margaret. Look at Margaret—look at her, she has taken poison."

"Poison?"

"Yes, she swears it."

"Help—help—help. Oh, save me," screamed Margaret, "what pangs assail. This is hell—save me—save me, Horace Singleton—Alice Home, you who I have striven to injure, I now implore to aid me."

Horace clasped his hands, as he exclaimed,—

"God of Heaven, what a fearful sight is this! Alice—Alice, be calm. What human aid can do for this unhappy creature shall be done."

He rushed to the head of the staircase, and called loudly for help, and his voice brought several of the servants in great haste to the spot.

"Go to the nearest medical man," he cried. "Get medical assistance immediately. Margaret Home has taken poison. Quick—quick, she may yet be saved."

Several of the domestics hastened to obey his orders, and he, himself, stooping over Margaret, who still knelt by the threshold of Alice's room, screaming, strove to raise her to her feet.

Reason now appeared to have nearly, if not quite, deserted her, and interspersed with fearful cries, she spoke strangely and incoherently.

"Horace Singleton," she said, "Horace, save me, I am yours—yours only—take me. A fire is in my brain; what fiends are those that gibe me? Away—away. Father—father; you have been no father to me. What have you taught me but revenge. Away—away. I cannot love you. No—no. Alice—Alice, can you yet forgive. Poison—poison—poison!"

She relapsed into happy insensibility, and, inexpressibly shocked at the scene, Horace raised her face from the landing, and laid her gently on a couch in Alice's room.

"Alas! alas!" he said. "See the end of unbridled passion, and an unholy thirst for vengeance for fancied wrongs."

"Heaven have mercy on us!" said Alice.

The trance of Margaret was but of short duration. The same pain that had for a moment overcame the brain, roused it again to a sense of the horrors of its situation, and, opening her eyes, she screamed aloud.

Alice knelt down by the side of a chair, and striving to shut out from her ears the terrible shrieks of Margaret, she prayed fervently to Heaven for mercy on the wretched creature who had been brought, by misguided passions, to such an awful state.

Horace Singleton was compelled to hold forcibly Margaret on the sofa, or, in her agony, she would have sprang from it, and probably killed herself at once down the stone staircase; she struggled violently with him, and his own agitation was immense. Oh, how anxiously he looked and awaited for the arrival of assistance, and when, at length, he heard the sound of feet upon the staircase, he ejaculated, spontaneously and fervently,—

"Thank God—they come—they come."

In another moment several of the servants entered the room, accompanied by a medical man, who looked about him amazed for a moment, not knowing who he was called upon in such frantic haste to attend.

"Here," cried Horace, "here," pointing to Margaret. "She has poisoned herself."



"Poison. Ah! what has she taken?"

"Help—help—help!" screamed Margaret.

"I know not," said Horace.

The surgeon hastily mixed in a glass of water a powerful emetic, and placed it to the lips of Margaret.

She became at that moment a little calmer, and gently, but firmly, pushed aside the proffered draught. Her eyes were fixed upon the face of Horace Singleton; but they had a strange colour, as if some filmy substance was drawn over them. Her cheeks had fallen, and hard lines appeared in her face, as if twenty or thirty years had done their work upon the countenance in less than that number of minutes.

She wrung her hands, and groaned deeply before she spoke, and then she said,—

"Horace—Horace—Horace, forgive—forgive."

"I do—from my soul."

"Pray—for—me—and, Alice——"

"Yes—yes. God help you. Yes."

"I—I—am dying. I now see with a clearer light—a light from Heaven, surely. I have been very—very much mistaken. God forgive him who has led me to this—my own father. Horace, where are you?"

"Here—here, Margaret."

"Try to drink this," said the surgeon.

She shook her head, and again pushed the glass from her lips.

"It is—very dark," she murmured, "very dark. Alice—Horace—God—bless you both."

With a faint sigh she lay back upon the couch. Then she raised her arms, and her mouth broke into a smile—with a painful effort she spoke once more. It was but a word—

"Forgiven."

Margaret was dead.

There was silence in that chamber for some few moments, and then even Horace could not control his tears. They flowed freely, and were not even checked, when Alice rose, and threw herself into his arms, saying,—

"Horace, God will forgive her. She was penitent ere her spirit fled, she will find mercy in Heaven yet."

# CHAPTER CLXXXVI.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE AVENGER.—THE EXPLANATION.—THE RESOLVE.  
—THE PURSUIT.

THE house of Sir Charles Home had now become tenfold more horrible to both Alice and Horace Singleton; but how could they now leave until the proper authorities had taken due cognizance of the awful proceedings that had taken place in it.

"Alice," said Horace, in a voice of deep emotion, "this is a terrible scene."

"Terrible, indeed, Horace. May we never see such another. What can be done?"

"This lady, then, has committed suicide, has she?" remarked the surgeon.

"We know no more than you do on that head," replied Horace Singleton, "as far as our actual knowledge goes; but we much fear that it was not accident that has brought her to this terrible end."

"I should advise, then, that this room be carefully locked up, and no one have access to the body until after a coroner's inquest shall have been held. Who is the lady?"

"Her name is Margaret Home."

At this moment a tremendous knocking at the street-door arrested the attention of every one, and filled Alice with new alarm.

"Horace," she cried, as she clung to his arm, "what an awful evening is this. Some new shock now is perhaps in store for us."

"Let us hope not, dearest. Firm in our faith to each other nothing can shock us much but through our sympathies. Hark! some one comes."

At this instant Salmon rushed into the room, breathless with haste, and exclaimed,—

"He's coming—he's coming!"

"Who—who?" cried Horace.

"The conjuror. He's at the bottom of it all, I know he is. Catch him now he's here. He's a-coming. Don't let him go again. He's a bad'un, I know he is."

"Who is this?" cried Horace. "Be more explicit, Salmon. Tell me the name of this person."

"Why, my own opinion is that Old Scratch is about the proper name, but—a hem!"

Salmon retreated to the further end of the room as the door opened, and George Home appeared on the threshold.

He glanced round him for an instant as if to make himself thoroughly aware of who was in the apartment; and he did see all the persons

there, with the exception of her who had ceased to be one among the living. Alice and Horace stood accidentally in such a position as to hide the couch upon which lay the still form of Margaret.

Then with his gentle bride still clinging to him, and her face blanched with terror, on account of the proceedings that had taken place, and the awful spectacle that was in that room, Horace Singleton advanced a step or two and confronted the stern mysterious being who had brought such misery into that mansion—forced its proprietor to fly from his home and ancestry, and brought, by the influence of his evil counsels, one to a frightful death who he had all along fancied he was securing effectually.

There was a look of calm determination on the face of Horace Singleton which showed that he was resolved to fathom, if possible, the mystery connected with that strange man who had claimed such rights and immunities in Sir Charles Home's house, and who, to all appearance, had now come either fraught with food for fresh mischief, or to exult over that he had already produced.

George Home then came a few steps further into the room, and folding his arms, he fixed his keen glittering eyes upon the countenance of Horace, while a triumphant curl of his lips showed that he considered he had achieved some great triumph, or was about to achieve one by some master stroke of policy he had even then and there to practise.

Horace spoke first, and his words were brief but energetic.

"Nameless intruder," he said, "by what right dare you thus unannounced and unwelcome, force yourself here?"

"Unannounced and unwelcome, am I?" said George Home. "Well, be it so. Let me ask you by what right you ask me such a question?"

"A right deputed to me by the master of this house."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I stand here now as the representative of Sir Charles Home, while I choose to remain within these walls, and again I demand your name and business here."

"Perhaps you fancy your claim to the distinction of braving me rests upon the fact of your marriage with Alice Home?—be married. I can read the stars—be married, Horace Singleton. There are malignant planets hovering about you. A something may yet occur to place a fathomless abyss between you and that trembling girl now clinging to you."

"I despise your prophecies."

"Ay! Then I do not think you will live long."

"I have no doubt," said Horace, "but you were cognisant of a design against my life which has this day most signally, by Heaven's mercy, failed. Your own words will go far to criminate you, and, although had it been necessary, I might have extended the hand of mercy and forgiveness to one who I much fear has been your dupe, I am not so inclined as regards yourself, and I shall not part with you but into the hands of the police."

"An attempt against your life—failed! You—you are surely dreaming?"

"I would I were."

"Come away, Horace—come away," whispered Alice. "Leave this house, and all it contains. Enter into no contention with that man. Oh! come away—come away."

"Nay, fear nothing, Alice. This man is quite innoxious I am convinced, when once met with a bold front. He may acquire an importance in the eyes of those who will give it to him, and when the mind has received shocks, and the spirits are dulled, he may become powerful and dangerous; but not so to us,—we can despise and prosecute the charlatan who has done so much mischief, and would fain do more."

"Fool!" said George Home, quickly. "You know not what you say; but my business is not with you."

"It must—and shall be with me!" cried Horace. Then turning to some of the wondering domestics who were thronging the doorway, uncertain whether their presence was required or not, he said,—

"Fetch me a constable, quickly. I will try if a police magistrate will be able to penetrate the mystery that this adventurer, no doubt, for the worst purposes, has striven to wrap around him."

"Stay!" cried George Home, in a voice of thunder. "Stay, I command you. This house and all it contains is mine—mine under the hand and seal of Sir Charles Home. 'Tis I am master here."

"You," said Alice, "you?"

"Yes, lady. And if you are not yet married to that compound of coxembury and impertinence by your side, I am willing to offer you the same accommodation here that has been vouchsafed to Margaret Home."

To this, Alice made no reply, and Horace was checked by her, or a very passionate one would have come from his lips. George Home then drew a chair into the middle of the apartment and sat down glancing round him with an air of triumph.

"Where," he said, "is Sir Charles? His presence here at this time is quite essential, duly to install me in my new possessions. Besides, there is a gentleman below who wishes to see him most particularly."



"To see my father?" said Alice.

"Yes, lady, your father. Yon hot-headed young fool by your side talked of a constable some few moments since. There is one man now in the hall, but he comes for the late owner of this house, and all its glittering contents—not the present. Where is Sir Charles? He is most particularly wanted. Seek him some of you—were he hidden fathom deep in the bowels of the earth he should not escape me."

"If you have power to harm him," said Horace, "he is beyond your malice now."

George Home sprang to his feet, and in a shrieking tone, he cried,—

"Dead—dead! Is he dead?"

"No; but he has left England, so the constable who you say is here may be considered as perfectly at leisure to take charge of you."

"A lie! a lie! to secure him from the consequences of his crimes," said George. "The house shall be sea-chied—aye, it shall be pulled brick from brick but we will find him. What ho! below there!"

"Thank Heaven!" said Alice.

"You thank Heaven?" interrupted George Home. "For what? that it has united you to a puppy and that your father will be hanged?"

"This is insufferable," said Horace. "If there really be a constable here, he shall quickly rid this house of your most odious intrusion."

The officer who had come with George Home, in order to arrest Sir Charles, now made his appearance, having been engaged in a vain search for the baronet in the lower part of the premises. He glanced around him when he came into the room, saying,—

"Is Sir Charles Home here?"

"You speak of my father," cried Alice; "who are you, and what want you with him?"

"I am a police officer," was the reply, "and have a warrant to apprehend Sir Charles Home."

"For what? For what?"

"Murder."

"Murder!" echoed Alice and Horace in a breath.

"Yes," cried George Home, "for murder! He will expiate his crimes yet upon a scaffold. The time has come when all his ill gotten possessions reverting to their more rightful owner, leave him not as he was a beggar, but a man stained with such crimes as shall make even all in any way connected with him, crimson with shame to hear his name pronounced. Sea-ch the house. Leave not a room unexplored—I do not believe in his absence. He is hiding here. Drag him to a prison—Alice Home, your father is a murderer—one who has dipped his hands in human gore. Those same hands that have fondled you. Ha! ha! ha! what think you of him now, and what pangs will pass through your heart when you hear of his death of infamy."

"Man or devil, who are you?" said Horace.

"My name is George Home!"

(To be continued in our next.)

SIR W. STAINES, LORD MAYOR.—It is well known, and we mention the circumstance to his honour, that this gentleman was originally a common labouring bricklayer, and we mention the subject in order to introduce an anecdote with it, which the worthy magistrate often repeated with great satisfaction and delight. In the humble station we have mentioned, he happened, at a very early age, to be employed in repairing the Parsonage-house at the bridge. Going up the ladder one day with his hod and mortar, he was accosted by the parson's wife, who told him she had had a very extraordinary dream. She told him that she had dreamed he would one day become Lord Mayor of London! Astonished at such a prophecy, Staines could only scratch his head, and thank her honour for thinking of such a vast promotion. He said he had neither money or friends, and, in short, the business of the dream was only considered as dreams ought to be, and was very soon forgotten. The parson's wife, however, was not so easily to be turned from her prognostications, and the dream had evidently left a great impression; her mind was bent on young Staines, and lord mayor he should be. Accordingly the same dream occurred again, and the same communication repeated to him, that he was born to be lord mayor. The matter thus passed off, and young Staines left the Parsonage-house at Uxbridge with no other impression than the kindness which had been shown, and the notice that had been taken of him. It was not until Mr Staines became sheriff of London that this dream became the subject of notice, though we think there is little doubt but that it made a lasting impression on his mind, and, probably, was an incentive to laudable industry through life. The Uxbridge parson had, by this time become old, but he lived long enough to be the sheriff's chaplain, and died during the shrievalty.

TRUTH.—"There is nothing," said Plato, "so delightful as the hearing or speaking of the truth. For this reason: there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive."

## FAMILY DIALOGUES.

"Here we go round the rules of contrary."

"Mrs. TOMKINS!" said her dear husband to her one morning, at half-past eight, "pray do not give that child so much to eat; he can't want it, he has stuffed till he is nearly black in the face."

"Dear, Tomkins, he has scarcely had a bit."

"Didn't I see you give him three large slices, just now?"

"No, my dear."

"I declare I did."

"I vow I didn't."

"Do you mean to tell me, Mrs. Tomkins, I've no eyes?"

"If you have, they are no use to you at times."

"Yes, you would persuade me I cannot see."

"I'm sure you can't."

"Downright insulting, Mrs. Tomkins; d'ye think I'll put up with it!"

No answer from Mrs. T.

"D'ye hear me, Mrs. Tomkins?"

"I do."

"Then let me tell you, you —"

"You are always telling me; I'll put up with this treatment no longer."

"Willful disobedience, Mrs. Tomkins; do you know the law, madam?"

"Fiddle-de-dee for the law and you together, sir."

"There now; I only wish there were witnesses to hear you, madam."

"But there are not."

"And that's the way you gain the advantage over me—snake-like."

"I've been a good snake to you, and your children, Mr. Tomkins, and —"

"Let you tell the story, madam."

"I know those who can blow the trumpet as well as myself, sir."

"Yes, madam; but I tell you I'll have a separate maintenance for you; I will not live with you to be insulted in this flagrant manner."

"Do so, sir; my name's Content."

"No, it ain't, madam."

"Perhaps, sir, you'll have the goodness to tell me what it is."

"Obstinacy and Perverseness."

"When I married you, sir; before then there was not a better tempered woman to be found."

"Heaven preserve us. Ha! ha! ha!"

"You may laugh, sir; but —"

"Obstinacy is your name, madam; when I want you to talk, you hold your tongue, and when I want silence, there's no stopping it."

"That's right, Mr. Crotchety Cranky; get into a perfect fever, now."

"I am calm, madam, very calm."

"Yes, you are."

"No satire, if you please; neither will I be called names."

"You can't help yourself."

"Can't I, ma—dam; then the house shan't hold me."

"Pooh! nonsense!"

"I tell you it shan't, madam."

"Mighty fine and grand, sir; in a minute you'll be all sugar and honey."

"Then we shall see; I'll see you d—d first, madam!"

"Bure! wretch! was it for this I married you—you—oh dear! oh dear! oh—oh—oh—"

"There, now, Julia; don't cry—perhaps I was harsh, but you know —"

"You—are—always—swearing at—me. Indeed, I cannot bear it—oh—oh!"

"My love, I didn't intend to hurt your feelings, but —"

"Leave me, sir—leave me!"

"No—not till we are better friends."

"That will never be. Oh—oh!"

"There—there—don't sob so, Julia; my life—my love—there—kiss me, now—upon my soul, Julia, it shan't happen again; what feels we are to quarrel so; there, kiss me now."

"Will you promise, George?"

"By Heaven, I will"

"There, then." (Kisses him.)

"There's a dear—but you know, Julia, you are so aggravating."

"There you go again, George."

"Well, well, my love, I won't" (here a dead silence ensued for half an hour). At length Tomkins said, "My love, I mean to take you to the theatre, this evening"

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. T.

"Yes, wouldn't you like to go?"

"Very much."

"Yes; you say 'very much,' but it sounds almost like 'no, thank ye.'"



"I'm sure, George, I spoke pleasantly enough; you can't deny it."  
 "Ah; that's another thing."  
 "Certainly, my dear; no offence, I hope."  
 "None, at all, sir—none at all."  
 "That's right, my love; now that's just what I like—perfect obedience."

"But I'm not obedient, Mr. T."  
 "Oh, yes, my dear, you are; when you're proper, there's not a better wife in London."  
 "You did not say so just now, Mr. T."  
 "No, Mrs. Tomkins; but I do now; I say there is not a better wife in London."

"It's false, Mr. T; for you know better; I know my faults as well as any woman. There's Mrs. Dawson, if you please; now, I do call her a pattern."

"Well, I'm glad you'll allow that, Julia."  
 "Yes, I do; but her husband is not like you, always finding fault."  
 "I'm sure I'm as moderate as any man."  
 "No, sir, you're not; neither am I a pattern for other women."  
 "I did not say a pattern, Julia; but you are —"

"No, I'm not, sir."  
 "But I say you are, Julia; when you like you are a —"  
 "I tell you, sir, this is all hypocrisy on your part."

"Indeed, my love —"  
 "Don't 'love' me, sir; I hate hypocrisy—I detest it!"  
 "Now, don't be outrageous, Mrs. T."  
 "But I shall if I like, sir."

"Not while you are my wife, madam; I like obedience—you shall be —"

"I tell you, I'll not have this treatment, sir; it is unbecoming of a gentleman."

"I've no pretensions that way, Mrs. T.; I am a tradesman—a respectable tradesman."

"Beg your pardon, sir; when you like you are anything but respectable."

"Ditto, madam, ditto."  
 Here the rising breeze was interrupted by the entrance of a friend, who detained Mr. T. on business for the remainder of the day.

Tea being ended, Mrs. Tomkins prepared herself for the theatre; her toilette being ended, she descended to join her husband.

"Pray, my dear," said he, "what may be the name of that you have upon your head?"

"Do you mean my cap, Mr. T.?"  
 "You may call it a cap, if you please, my dear."

"What objection have you to it?"  
 "Oh, none, none, not the least in the world; if you like it, that's everything."

"And I do like it."  
 "Glad you are satisfied, for once, my dear; but if you call that a cap I am glad you have found a name for it."

"I declare, Mr. T., you are always grumbling; nothing pleases you."

"Such things as that do not."  
 "Not anything, that I see."  
 "Now, only look how you have put on that shawl."

"And what's the matter with that?"  
 "All on one side."

"Then put it on yourself."  
 "Indeed, I cannot—that's your servant's place—humph!"

"I've done my best to please you; didn't you say a shawl should be worn so?"

"Yes, when it was the fashion—but I vow you never did know how to dress yourself like another woman?"

"Did I ever have clothes like another woman? ask yourself that, sir; I've been like a beggar ever since I had you."

"Humph!"  
 "Ah, you cannot answer me that?"

"Oh, yes, I can; what did you do with the last black satin?"  
 "Would you have me wear a black satin in the height of summer?"  
 "Then there was the orange silk."

"A frightful thing!"  
 "And your purple cashmere?"

"And that was to last for ever, I suppose?"  
 "And the striped mouselin de laine."

"Oh, yes, that was a fine affair; not fit for a washerwoman."  
 "Well, I know you have plenty, and are never fit to be seen."

"Then I'd order one to-morrow if it costs you twenty guineas, Mr. T."

"That's right, my love, always in extremes—no medium."

"Are you going with me, Mr. T. or not? only speak your mind."

"Of course I am—didn't I say I would?"

No reply from Mrs. T.  
 "The fact is, I suppose, you don't care about going, now I offer to

take you."

"Did I say I didn't care, sir?"  
 "Did I say, that, you did say, that you didn't care, I should like to know? I only said that I supposed you didn't care."  
 "The fact is, Mr. T., I don't care whether you said, or supposed that I said I did, or I didn't care; all I care for is, that for the future you will not say that I said what I never said; are you ready, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"Then come along."  
 "Take my arm; where are your gloves?"

"I'm going to put them on."

"What, in the street?"

"Yes, sir."  
 "It's perfectly horrible, Mrs. Tomkins."

"You need not walk with me, sir, I can walk alone, therefore will not disgrace you."

"Come along, madam."

"No, sir, I walk alone."

"You shall not."

"I will."

"Then I will not go to the play at all."

"You can stay away, sir; I'll find those who will take me and be proud to walk with me."

"Do not fright me so, madam; you're insulting to the last degree."

"I declare to God, I'll not walk with such a man; you'll make me perfectly hate you."

"There's conversation for a lady; you had better get the person to go with you who'll be proud of the job."

"You won't go then?"

"No."

"I will—no, I won't. Yes, that I will. No, now I think of it, I won't, not even if you were to beg of me, on your bended knees; you wretch, you—oh—oh! I shall faint—oh—oh—oh—oh!" It now took three hours to fetch Mrs. Tomkins out of her hysterics; her husband went to bed.

## LINES TO THE "VAMPIRE."

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE DRAMA OF THAT NAME.

"Vampire! arise from thy forbidden lair!  
 A spirit calls thee, through the ambient air;  
 Attend my summons, and await thy doom.  
 Arise! appear! from thy unholy tomb.  
 No more expect a Margaret's blood can save,  
 Or Effie's spirit guard thee from the grave.  
 Thy hour is come; an arrow, wing'd by fate,  
 Keen in thy breast shall glance, transfix'd by hate!  
 Love scorns to dwell with spirits such as thee,  
 He seeks a soul congenial, and free  
 From taint of passion, and dissimulating art,  
 A rancorous tongue, or a corroding heart.  
 No; love is noble, would not give offence  
 From biting sarcasm, as a mere pretence  
 Of wit refined, he never could attain,  
 Or feel a pleasure in another's pain.  
 False fiend, avaunt! thy doom shalt ever be  
 To earth's dark centre chained, as cold as thee;  
 Benefit of soul, to warm the vital frame,  
 And rouse to higher deeds, a nobler name.  
 Down, down to thy shades of gloom, no more to rise,  
 Or, on love's altar offer sacrifice.

ARIEL.

FRANCIS HORNER, M.P.—He loved truth so much that he never could bear any jesting upon important subjects. I remember one evening the late Lord Dudley and myself pretended to justify the conduct of the Government in stealing the Danish fleet. We carried on the argument with some wickedness against our grave friend; he could not stand it, but bolted indignantly out of the room. We flung up the sash, and with loud peals of laughter professed ourselves decided Scandinavians. We offered him not only the ships, but all the shot, powder, and cordage, and even the biscuit, if he would come back, but nothing could turn him; he went home, and it took us a fortnight of serious behaviour before we were forgiven.

AMABLE.—Lovely formally denoted a person whose beauty and merit captivated the heart. It is now in very common use, and applied indifferently to all whom we take for the objects of our fancy, vanity, or fulsome mawkish flattery.

ANGEL.—A woman with much beauty and few brains. No man would insult a woman of sense by calling her an angel, because she must feel that she cannot have any real charms by his clothing her with imaginary ones.



## THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

SMUGGLERS are generally supposed to be a hardened, reckless set of men, whose traffic renders them indifferent to the shedding of human blood, and who have no redeeming qualities to counterbalance the evil points of their character. However that may be in general, it was not so with Woodriffe, the subject of our present narrative, who had many excellent redeeming qualities, and whose love for his daughter was most intense. He and his son Joe, with a few confederates, carried on their illegal traffic in spite of the sharp look out that was kept by the revenue officers, and if now and then a conflict took place, it generally ended in favour of the smugglers, who had several preconceived stratagems by which to thwart their opponents.

On the night to which the opening of our story belongs, Nancy, the smuggler's daughter, was seated in the cottage of her parent, reading a novel, in which her heart and soul seemed to be absorbed, and her brother Joe was occupied in cleaning and loading a brace of pistols against the next should be wanted. He spoke several times to his sister, but she was too deeply engaged at the time to heed him, and at last growing impatient at having all the talk to himself, he exclaimed, in a very good humour,—

"Why, sister Nance, you're always reading your novels and nonsense, as if any good was to be got out of such idle trash; but father gave you a boarding school education, and this is all the good that comes of it."

"Well, brother," she replied, looking up from her book, "and he would have given you the same had you been inclined for it."

"And if I had been inclined for it," he asked, "what good would it have been to a smuggler's son?"

"It would have softened your rough nature," answered Nancy, "and made you a civilized being. There's some little excuse for him; but none for you, who made it your choice."

"Choice!" retorted her brother; "I had no choice; he bred me up to it."

"Ah, Joe!" she sighed, "'tis no subject for mirth; the death you meditate from those pistols, may one day fall upon yourself, for blood will have blood."

"Come, come, none of your sentimentalisms," exclaimed the young smuggler. "You learnt them of the *Master*, as father calls him—young George Allworth. I take no one's life who doesn't seek mine; and if I die for it at last, nobody suffers but myself."

"Nobody!" cried Nancy, reproachfully; "will not your sister suffer? more, perhaps, than you can conceive, or she express; for though you are a smuggler—an outlaw—you are still my brother. Oh! Joe! Joe! remember you not the dying words our mother spoke before—before my father broke the laws? Her words were—'you will find enemies enough in the world, my children; be friends to each other.'"

"Nance! Nance!" he exclaimed, with emotion; "you have brought tears in my eyes—you are the only human being that can bring them there. I can charge no more pistols."

"Do not, my dear brother," she cried; "consider the blood you have already spilt will be required of you!"

"The blood I have spilt," he murmured;—"how did you know it, Nance?—I shot him in my own defence."

"Shot whom?" she eagerly demanded.

"The *Master*—George Allworth," answered Joe, and as his sister fell fainting in his arms, he continued, with agitation,—"Nance! Nance! what's the matter?—Speak to me! I've killed her too! What was George Allworth to her, I wonder? Speak, speak, my dear sister, or I shall go mad!"

Just at that moment the report of pistols was heard, and believing that his father had been attacked, and was in danger, he gently laid his unconscious burden upon a couch, and darted from the cottage for the rescue of his parent. It was some little time before Nancy revived, when perceiving that her brother was no longer there, she at once imagined that some fresh danger had called him abroad, and giving way to the tears which happily came to her relief, she hurried to her own chamber, to meditate on the harrowing confession she had just heard. She had not left the room long, when her father and brother returned, breathless, from the exertion they had undergone, and the old man, grateful for the timely aid that had been afforded him, grasped his son's hand warmly, as he exclaimed,—

"Thanks to my boy and my pistols, Harry Woodriffe, the smuggler, has escaped the Custom House catchpoles once more; they are mighty angry at gentlemen in my line, but for that matter so am I with gentlemen in theirs, and so I suppose we must cry quits. But where's Nance? where's my darling? Call her, Joe, for home's not home when she's absent."

"I go for nothing then, I suppose?" retorted the young man, with pique.

"Why, what does the fool mean?" cried the smuggler. "Can't I

love your sister without slighting you? But it isn't such rough, unruly beings as you that make home happy; in an attack—in a hurricane, it's pleasant enough to have you with me, because dash and dare-devil's all you're fit for; but at home you're no better companion than a growling mastiff."

"If I ain't soft-spoken," answered Joe, with a sneer, "it's perhaps because I haven't had a boarding-school education."

"It would have suited you about as well as a bracelet does a bear," exclaimed the old man. "A boarding-school education would have been a very troublesome lining to your smuggler's coat."

"Who put the coat on my back?"

"I understand you, sir," answered the other, with agitation; "and—and—I'll answer you; necessity—misfortune—and a hard-dealing world; your father's ruin; your sister's preservation; and your own stubbornness, that would never be taught anything like humanity."

"Who tried to teach me?"

"The soil was so full of flints," replied the old man, "that the attempt to clear it would not have repaid the toil."

"You don't mind peril for your own profit," exclaimed Joe, "and to have taken a little trouble for mine, would have been no unfatherly job."

"Do you reproach me, sirrah?" vociferated his father, snatching up a cudgel, and threatening him.

"I speak the truth; but stand off!" exclaimed the young man, doggedly;—"you are my father—but, remember, I won't take a blow patiently."

"Always headstrong!" cried the smuggler, throwing away the stick. "Boy! boy! we are both wrong—but you cross me like the Custom House officers, and spoil my temper. I like my own way—they like theirs, and our two ways make a cross road. Then you put me in a passion, and you know I'm mildness itself when nobody contradicts me."

"Well," answered Joe, "I beg pardon—I can't say more."

"It's granted, and I can't say less," he replied. "But where's Nance, I say? Call her—I'm ruffled, and my temper wants soothing."

"What's the matter, dear father?" cried Nancy, who just then returned to the room.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," he replied; "only Joe and I have had a word or two of a sort."

"Why do you ruffle him, brother?" she asked.

"Because I haven't got such an angel's temper as you," answered the young man, doggedly. "Nay, I care not for your looking cross at me, so you may tell father what you just heard from me, if you like."

"What have you been saying to her?" asked the old man.

"That which I am sorry for now," he replied.

"Ah, Joe," exclaimed his father, "you'll get me into trouble before long. Your temper will upset us all, and I'm afraid they'll hang your father at last."

"Not," replied Joe, with returning tenderness, "if they'll take me as your substitute."

"Well," returned the old smuggler, "I believe you, my boy; you'd both die for me; but live for yourselves, my children; I am old enough to die for myself, and if they catch me, they'll try the experiment."

"Dear father," cried Nancy, "you'll break my heart if you talk so."

"Well, well, I'll say no more about it, then," he exclaimed. "I would be cheerful, girl, and there's one that I wish was here, for he'd make us all pleasant."

"Who do you mean, father?" asked Nancy.

"One you know that I love like my own," he replied. "The *Master* as I call him—Captain George Allworth."

"Oh, pray do not talk of him!"

"Why, isn't it a pleasant subject for you, Nance?" he exclaimed. "I know you love him, and — You start, Joe, and look queer,—but is it singular that a young girl should love a fine fellow?" Overcome by his emotions, the young man rushed from the room, and his father uttering a low whistle of surprise, added,—

"This is strange! When rough hearts like his are deeply pierced, there must be something more than common in it; I'll follow him, and —"

"No, my dear father," cried Nancy, detaining him; "I want comfort and you won't deny it me?"

"I won't, girl," he exclaimed, with emotion; "but don't think Allworth any more—he hasn't been here these two years; and as he's an officer in the army, his duty obliges him to be my foe."

"Nay," replied Nancy, "we have corresponded secretly. See, here is his last letter."

"Ah! ah! fond of smuggling, like your father, eh?" cried the old man, opening and reading the letter which she had put into his hand. "What does he say here?—My dearest Nancy—with my regiment here—only a moment to myself—can't suffer it to pass without sending this by a trusty friend, who will deliver it secretly. Accept enclosed locket, in return for the brooch you sent me." The brooch you sent him?" asked her father;—"how did you send it?"



"By the same messenger."

"Without letting me know," exclaimed her father, in a tone of reproach. "That was wrong of you—but tell me, girl, what brooch was it?"

"The diamond brooch you gave me."

"That was wrong—very wrong," he replied. "It was your mother's; I gave it you that in case I fell, it might fall into no other hands."

"Dear father," cried Nancy, "forgive me."

"I do," replied Woodrife, after a pause. "It's the first time you ever offended me, and I myself have much to be forgiven. But George has not sought his old foster father these two years; yet I suppose he'll come shortly."

"Never!" ejaculated Nancy.

"Never!" the old man exclaimed; "why then he must have as little feeling as affection left. Mark! there's a knock at the door; perhaps that's he or a messenger from him. No—'tis my comrade, Randolph."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the visitor; "I just looked in to say that the skiff's ready, and all quiet abroad."

"That's good news, at any rate," said Woodrife. "Run, Nance, and tell your brother, Randolph is here, and bring something to drink, my girl."

"I should have no objection to make a night of it with you," said Randolph, as Nancy left the room; "but I can't stop, thank'ye."

"Humph! I'm sorry for that, too."

"But now," resumed Randolph, "as you've got a light here, let me examine something I picked up in what we call Dead Man's-lane. It's a rag—but there's something hard in it."

"This part of the frill of a shirt," exclaimed the old smuggler, as he examined it. "It seems to have been torn off, and is bloody, so I suppose it belonged to one of the fellows that attacked our gang. But what's this wrapped in it," he added, with alarm;—"a brooch, as I live!"

"What's the matter, Harry?" asked the other.

"Will you sell it?" cried Woodrife, eagerly, as a horrible suspicion crossed his mind.

"Sell it?" returned the other; "keep it if you will, for what's a bauble like that worth to me?"

"But 'tis a diamond."

"Then I'm glad it's worth your acceptance," answered Randolph; "so good night, I can't stop now; but don't forget five in the morning." He then left the cottage, and the old smuggler, reflecting upon what had occurred, looked with alarm and terror at the jewel which had just been given him.

"'Tis the heart-brooch she gave to George Allworth!" he exclaimed aloud, and as his son at that moment made his appearance, he added, in a voice of deep agitation, "Joe—Joe! I fear they have killed the Master!"

"Who has killed him?" demanded the other, wildly.

"I wish I knew," replied Woodrife, "for, by my soul, this hand should retaliate the deed."

At this period, they were both startled by a shriek of agony, and turning round, they beheld Nancy with the blood-stained frill in her hand.

"What's the matter, my child?" cried her father.

"See this!" she exclaimed, "'twas Allworth's!" and then directing her gaze towards her brother, she added in frenzied accents—"Murderer! have you ruined my peace of mind for ever?"

"What?" vociferated the old man, snatching up a pistol from the table, "did he murder him?"

"Humph!" ejaculated the son; "I saved your life, and to recompense it, you would take mine."

"You are not fit to die," exclaimed Woodrife, throwing down the pistol, "nor ought I to be your executioner. Leave us, Nancy, save us."

"You look sternly on me, father," said Joe, as his sister left the room; "but I did it in my own defence."

"When—how?"

"This evening," he replied, "while in charge of our cargo, we were turned; a red coat darted across my path; I caught him by the breast, and tore part of his shirt away; he fired at me, and missed; I fired, and followed my fire with a blow of my bludgeon; he fell dead in the ditch; the moon rose, and I saw the face of George Allworth!"

"Unhappy boy, what have you done?" cried the old man; "but why, have you since sought the body?"

"No; I feared to return."

"Then the task shall be mine," exclaimed Woodrife, and darting on the cottage, he made his way towards the spot where the conflict had taken place. To his surprise, however, the body he went in search for was nowhere to be found, and giving up the pursuit in despair, he was returning homewards, when a party of his people met him with

news that another attack was meditated upon them that night by the soldiers. He, therefore, followed them to the cave, which they used as a storehouse for their goods, and where they found Nancy, who, having heard of the meditated attack, had hastened thither to watch over the safety of her parent, should any danger threaten him.

George Allworth, who, it was supposed, had been killed in his encounter with young Woodrife, had in reality been only slightly injured, and having recovered from the stunning effect of the blow he had received, he was making his way to procure assistance at the nearest village; when he was met on the road by the soldiers, who were about to attack the smugglers, and the commanding officer of whom insisted upon his accompanying them upon the expedition they were engaged in. Allworth would gladly have excused himself from taking part against the father of Nancy Woodrife; but the other was imperative, and he therefore accompanied the soldiers, though rather with the secret intention of preventing the effusion of blood than to assist in injuring one whom he had known from his infancy.

On reaching the cave, they found the smugglers prepared to give them a warm reception, and as the band stoutly refused to yield themselves prisoners, a sharp conflict commenced, which, for some time, was to the disadvantage of the military. At length, however, Woodrife and his band began to give way, when some of the smugglers, impelled by cowardice, fled from the scene of strife, and those who still remained stanch, were also compelled to seek safety in flight. Nancy and her father were the last to avail themselves of this resource, and scarcely had they quitted the cave, when the well-remembered form of George Allworth was presented at no great distance from them. That it was the spirit of the murdered man Nancy could not doubt, and, uttering a shriek of horror, she increased her speed, nor did she once stop till safe within her own cottage.

"Come, come, my girl," exclaimed her father, who had entered almost at the same moment as herself; "you must not give way to these idle fancies—you thought you saw Allworth's ghost, I know you did; but, take my word for it, he's as much alive as I am."

"Was he not murdered?" she cried.

"No; he lives, I tell you," answered Woodrife; "you may believe me, child, since there is no time for trifling, for they are after me, and will tear us asunder."

"They shall not," she cried; "where you are, I'll be."

"My dear girl, don't talk so," exclaimed her father; "you bring tears from me, and I haven't shed tears since your poor mother died."

While he was yet speaking, the door was burst open, and Joe, pale and out of breath, entered the cottage, and with a trembling hand secured the bolts.

"My dear brother," cried Nancy, "pardon me for what has passed, for in the agony of the moment I knew not what I said. He lives—Allworth lives!"

"Either he or his ghost does," replied the other, "for I saw one of them, and for the first time in my life felt what fear was; but they are coming, father—they have tracked us."

"Let them come, my boy," exclaimed Woodrife; "I am in my own castle, and every Englishman's house is liberty hall. Besides, I am well armed, and the first that enters this place is likely to get more than he likes for his pains."

A violent effort was now made by some one outside to force the door, but this proving too strong, the window was next tried, and the shutter having been found open, a man instantly jumped into the room. Woodrife waited not to see who it was that had thus unceremoniously intruded, and, levelling his pistol at the person, he discharged it, though luckily without taking the intended effect, for the next moment he recognized the form of his young friend, George Allworth.

"Why, as I live!" exclaimed the old smuggler, petrified with amazement, "if it ain't Captain Allworth, the Master, that I was going to kill!"

"Ay," murmured the young soldier; "but he's safe and sound, in spite of your pistol."

"Thank Heaven that it's no worse!" cried Woodrife; "you have been preserved, my friend; but your duty arms you against those who have broken the laws—wherefore do you seek me?"

"To save your life!" replied Allworth; "I know that you have secret passages for escape; fly then! for your house is beset on all sides."

"Why, then, I suppose we must go under hatches for a little while," exclaimed the smuggler, "and, if need be, there's a way at the end of one of the passages that will lead on into the wood, and from thence it will be easy to get down to the sea beach."

"But don't this look like running away, father?" cried Joe Woodrife.

"Why, it does seem very much like it indeed," answered the old man; "but needs must when the devil drives; and as we can't expect to have much of a chance against the greater force of the enemy, I see



no great shame in looking after our own safety. So down with you, and take care of your sister, while I just speak a word or two with my young friend here."

Joe conducted Nancy down the trap-door, and then Woodrife, addressing himself to Allworth, inquired if he still regarded his daughter with the same honourable feelings as before.

"Precisely the same," replied the young man; "I would make her my wife, and that there shall be no inequality between us, I have sent a petition up to London, praying for your pardon, on condition that you will, from that time forward, give up the dishonourable pursuit of a smuggler."

"And so I will with all my heart, provided my comrades are included in the pardon," returned the old man; "I have been tired enough of this sort of life for many a long day since, and if my son can but be put into an honest way of getting his living, I could spend the rest of my days cheerfully, even if it was in a gaol."

"Your son may enter the navy," said Allworth; "and as I know he possesses a good share of courage, there can be little doubt but he will rise to an honourable height in his profession. So now join them in the vault beneath, and I will meet you possibly by the sea-side, in order to assist you all on board your vessel, which can bear you to some foreign shore, till the pardon I have spoken of can be sent down here."

Woodrife promptly obeyed his suggestion, and having found his way to the place where his son and daughter were waiting for him, he led them by a passage towards an opening which had been closed up, for concealment, by a large stone. This obstacle was removed after some little difficulty, and having crawled out, they made their way to the wood, through which they cautiously crept towards the small bay, where their craft was lying. On arriving at this spot, they paused to look round for Captain Allworth, and greatly disappointed at not seeing him, they began to advance again, when he was seen running to them with breathless speed.

"Fly—fly! or you are lost!" he exclaimed; "I have but a moment to give you warning of your danger; if by chance we should presently meet publicly, I must appear to you as an enemy."

"And remember, sir," cried Nancy firmly, "if you raise your hand against the life of my father, I am lost to you for ever."

George Allworth had scarcely time to make his escape from the place, before a party of soldiers rushed upon the captives, and almost without resistance they were all three made prisoners. Again Captain Allworth returned, but seeing what had occurred, he was about to hasten away, unable to witness so afflicting a scene, when he was restrained by the officer in command.

"Stay, sir," he exclaimed, "for I believe your evidence will be required against these people, who, but too long, have been suffered to set the laws at defiance. Their examination will immediately take place, after which they will be committed to prison to take their trial at the next assizes."

"Perhaps," observed Allworth, "they will meet with more mercy than you either hope or expect."

"That I have nothing to do with," answered the officer, haughtily turning away. "Soldiers, guard your prisoners to yonder tower, and, remember, if any of them escape, you will be responsible for it."

They were accordingly marched off, but had not proceeded above a couple of miles on their way, when they were met by a messenger on horseback, who stopped the cavalcade, and presenting the officer with a packet, instantly rode off again. Upon examination, it proved to be the pardon which had been sued for by George Allworth, who, after congratulating his friends upon their happy escape, conducted them to his own home.

Within three weeks afterwards, the wedding of the lovers took place, and the old man, abandoning his former career, ended the remainder of his days in peace and tranquillity.

## A TEAR FOR SADNESS.

Oh! deem not, dear maid, that I feel nought but gladness,  
That this bristly you think mirthful is unknown to pain;  
Too many, indeed, are the hours of sadness

Which visit and deaden my wearisome brain.

'Mid the festive and gay, the smile which you view, love,  
Masks only the sorrow that lurks in my heart;  
While the real rays of pleasure are distant and few, love,  
Which live but a moment, then fly and depart.

Ah! let me then claim a tear for this sadness,  
And deem the request neither foolish nor vain,  
For thy gentle love will alone yield but gladness,  
And banish my sorrow, my anguish, and pain.

H. J. CHURCH.

## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER III. THE MERCHANT.

WHILE Mr. Hearnshaw was breathing his last sighs, and his afflicted family were bewailing the loss that in this world could never be repaired, there sat in a dark, dingy counting-house, near Blackwall, two men, presenting to each other the greatest possible contrasts, and yet, as will be seen, knit together by a bond of interest which could not be broken, without danger, by either party.

One of these men presented in appearance much that is considered characteristic of the English merchant. He was about the middle height, with a fair complexion, a shrewd expression of countenance, and that peculiar curling of the lips which characterizes very cautious men of business, as if they would say, "Least said is soonest mended. You will get no imprudent admission from me."

His age might be about fifty, unless a close attention to mercantile pursuits had made him look prematurely old. He was nearly bald, and although he might look very well upon 'Change, or in his own counting-house, he was not qualified to shine in any other sphere. His name was Robert Leighton, and he was, notwithstanding some whispers to the contrary, generally considered a good man—that is to say, in city phraseology, a well-to-do man.

His companion was younger. He was very tall, very thin, and of a dull olive complexion. Upon his face was a perpetual sneer, which was the more hideous when he attempted completely to conceal it. He had a habit of glancing round him continually, with an expression indicative of great suspicion.

He was attired with studied plainness, and evidently affected a *bon hommie*, and in some cases, a deference towards his companion he was far from feeling. His name was Luke Scalvoni, and he was known as the confidential agent of Robert Leighton, the merchant.

These two men were conversing earnestly, if not candidly, with each other. The truth is, each hated the other, and, consequently, to keep up any resemblance of a friendly intercourse, each had a part to play.

"You will give me full credit," said Scalvoni, in an odd, hissing kind of voice, "for retrieving your fallen fortunes while you were abroad. I have re-established your tottering credit. I have placed you above the very suspicion now of insolvency, and——"

"Ay," interrupted Leighton, with a despondent shake of the head, "but at what a price!"

"Price—price! What mean you?"

"The price of all honour, all integrity, all common honesty."

"And yet, how admirably you did your part. One would think you born to knavery. The forged foreign bills you sent me—the cheques to be declared forgeries hereafter—the title deeds of property to be sold, and then reclaimed by better titles—the spurious letters of credit—the——"

"Hush—hush! for God's sake, hush! Cease the damning catalogue. Scalvoni, before I knew you, I was not a very rich man, but I was an honest one."

"And now?"

"And now," exclaimed the merchant, "my belief is, on my soul! that you reduced me to great straits."

"True."

"For your own ambition."

"True."

"And then suggested a means of saving me from ruin which, while it put more in your pocket than mine,——"

"True."

"At the same time, has placed me so far in your power, that I dare not attempt to charge you with the numerous speculations committed in my service, and which enabled you to become comfortably rich upon my tottering credit, and—and—damnation! Scalvoni, I have no patience!"

"True."

"You are a villain!"

"Uncommonly true."

"Are you man or devil?" exclaimed the merchant, striking his hand vehemently on the table that stood before them.

"A little of both, Robert Leighton. Only I would be polite with you, and be a little more human than devilish, if you will permit me."

"But——"

"Pshaw! No more of such nonsense. Your warehouses are stocked with goods; your name high in the city; your banker's book decidedly healthy. Do you recollect the Hearnshaw family?"

Robert Leighton turned a shade paler, as he said,—



"You know, I never saw them, nor they me; but I—I—I believe they suffered."

"Suffered—pshaw! They were ruined by one of the bubble companies, which put money in our pockets at the expense of other people."

"But I always understood their mouths were stopped by a compromise, which left them something."

"Yes. One thousand pounds out of eight."

"Well, then, they could not starve, you know, Scalvoni, with a thousand pounds."

"No, but they invested it under my advice."

"Your advice?"

"Yes. I went to them, and represented how you had taken me in, as you took in everybody else. I told them I had but a small sum left, and that I had invested in improving landed property. You know the rest."

"I do. They find a defective title after purchase, and lose all."

"Precisely. You are good at a guess."

"And what, in the name of all the fiends, induced you to strike so low as at those people who had already suffered so much? Was there no higher game, Scalvoni? Could you find none upon whom to practice but those already ruined?"

"Plenty—plenty—but you know my disposition. I love the beautiful—those sweet gems from Heaven that seem created on purpose to make us forget it, and such fellows as you; and I do not care whether we ever see it or not, so that we can make an angel sin with us sufficiently to go with us to another region."

"Good God! what are you talking about?"

"I am always a little romantic. They say people like and court best and most that which they don't possess—now I am not beautiful."

"You?"

"Nor angelic—nor virtuous—nor religious; but I appreciate all that sort of thing accordingly. Now these Hearnshaws have—a daughter."

"I understand."

"Do you; well, that saves the trouble of explanation. Harriet Hearnshaw is a perfect houri—sweet, sensible, and sixteen. I want some snowy bosom on which to pillow my head."

"But you are married."

"Oh, twice or thrice over. You see I am candid with you now, as we are partners."

"Partners, Luke Scalvoni?"

"Yes, partners. Do you imagine I will accept of anything but an equal share in all the proceeds of the proceedings suggested by my own ingenuity?"

"Scalvoni, if I thought you had been content with only half, I would have been better satisfied."

"Very good. However, to return to this girl—the partnership matter can be settled at another time—I intend her for myself. But the Hearnshaws, nearly beggars as they were, had all the pride of your reduced people, and I soon saw that Harriet was not so smitten with me as I wished her to be."

Here Scalvoni made a hideous face that was truly terrific, and then continued—

"So there was no resource but to take away the last thousand from them. I did so—now they have not a meal in the world. I have bought the cottage they live in, so you see they will find no mercy from their landlord. Harriet is beyond all description of mine. There is the very sublimity of virtue about her."

"Virtue—and you can so talk of virtue."

"Oh, yes, there's no harm in talking."

"Scalvoni, you are a riddle, even to me; and I have known you now some years. For me to attempt any sort of interference with you in the affair, would, I know, be quite futile. I should, however, have thought that more important measures than the pursuit of this girl would have claimed your attention."

"More important measures? Impossible. Life is short, and my philosophy is to make the most of every fleeting moment. I merely mention to you the circumstance; because, as we began to say something about virtue and all that sort of thing, it came uppermost. The Hearnshaws reside near Epping Forest, and when you miss me tomorrow, you may conclude I am gone there. I may ride over to-night likewise, if the humour takes me. There is, too, another reason, Robert Leighton, why occasionally I shall let you know what I am about. It is to bid you beware of crossing me. You are in my power, and should occasion offer I can let you know it."

"But not without convicting yourself, Luke Scalvoni."

"How am I to be convicted?"

"In the same manner that, I presume, only you could criminate me, namely, by a production of my letters to you, on the subjects of the very extensive forgeries we have jointly committed."

"And do you fancy, Robert Leighton, that you have any letters of mine to produce?"

"I know I have, Luke Scalvoni, and if any one thing more than another has stricken me with amazement, it has been the incautious and free manner in which you have conducted your correspondence with me."

"You think I was amazingly candid."

"Indeed you were—so candid, that it made me, having such sureties for your fidelity in my hands, throw off all reserve in my letters to you."

"Exactly; that was the result I arrived at."

"But it acts both ways."

"Not at all—not at all. You are aware that I know a little of almost everything—chemistry included. Look at the letters. You have them. I have no doubt about you considering them rather precious."

The merchant made an involuntary movement of his hand towards a side pocket, and Scalvoni immediately cried—

"There, you have them here. Nay, man, never hesitate—produce them. They are not worth my attempting to take possession by force."

"No matter—no matter," said Leighton; "I have all your letters here, Scalvoni. Immediately after reading them, I always laid them carefully by; you dare not bet-ay me."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Scalvoni. "Produce them, Robert Leighton—produce them."

The merchant stepped back some distance, and, drawing from his breast-pocket a small pistol, he said,

"I will produce them, to assure you I have them; but remember, Scalvoni, I am armed, and I only part with these letters along with my life."

Scalvoni laughed louder than before, and, with trembling hands and an apprehension of something wrong, the merchant produced a pocket-book, from which he took first one, then another, and then another piece of entirely blank paper, folded in the form of letters, and bearing post-marks on them, but nothing else.

"What—what is this?" he cried; "what damnable juggling is this?—I—I had them here."

"You had, but when I write a letter I do not wish to be kept, I write with a peculiar ink known to me, and which within four-and-twenty hours vanishes, leaving the paper white and spotless."

Mr. Leighton sunk into a chair, with a deep groan.

#### CHAPTER IV. THE LOVERS.

We have lightly hinted at some of the causes of the distress of the Hearnshaws; but in all their privations they had had one great consolation—they were suffering together. No real or fancied necessity had arisen from a separation of any of the members of that attached family.

The little domestic circle which had been so happy in days of prosperity, was still entire. Now, however, death had stepped in to drag from among them him to whom they all naturally looked for succour, sympathy, and protection. Mr. Hearnshaw was no more, and a blank was left in the hearts of his children of the most painful character.

But Theodore and Harriet possessed, unhappily, those sensitive dispositions which feel acutely any check to the affections or the feelings. Alas! how many were they condemned by the decrees of destiny yet to endure. Brought up, as they had been, with the tenderest care—educated in all the dear amenities of life, with every good feeling carefully fostered—with none around them who did not either feel interest or affection, conducting themselves gently and kindly, how great a change it was to them to become poor and dependant, how marvellous to them was the insight they got into human nature when their father was known no longer to possess those ample means which had once been his.

But still all this might have been endured. They would have acquired some real knowledge of the world they were about to become painfully intimate with, and closer would have been knit those holy and beloved ties that bound them together; but, alas! the hand of the destroyer had swept him away who formed the nucleus of the family union. Well might the children of Mr. Hearnshaw weep for the loss of him to whose charge they could not lay one fault, so far as they were concerned, of passion or prejudice.

And not less affected was Mrs. Hearnshaw. Indeed, she seemed thoroughly stupified by the succession of calamities that had occurred, ending as they had with the one grand climax of the death of her husband. Never of a very strong mind, poor Mrs. Hearnshaw nearly sank completely under the dispensation;—a kind of faintness appeared to come over her, and she became in that frame of mind which borders so closely upon the most miserable state of mental aberration, namely, decidedly evangelical. Instead of being religious, she became bigoted; instead of a just and rational faith in God, she became terrified at the devil, and from the moment after her husband's death she passed her time in tears, groans, prayers, constant declarations at the vast amount of her own sins, and what she called conflicts with Satan. Verily, the evil one would have much to do if he entered into all the pitched battles



with Scotch divines and other old women, which by such are declared to be continually taking place.

But, taking leave of his imperial majesty, and returning to the Hearnshaws, we beg to conduct the reader to a small arbour or summer-house, situated in the garden of the humble abode. This was a sweet spot: the honeysuckle, the wild rose, the woodbine, all had combined to make that spot beautiful; there were a rustic seat and a small table, and, at the time we write of, two persons were in that arbour, which had been used for pleasant recreation, and now resounded with sobs and sighs.

It was the evening after Mr. Hearnshaw's death, and the two persons who were there consisted of Harriet Hearnshaw and Charles Hargrove, her cousin.

Harriet had not slept that night; she had mocked her own feelings by attempting to retire to rest, and now in the still beauty of the evening she had sought that bower to weep. Not for long, however, was she left to the solitude of her own sad thoughts, for her cousin, Charles Hargrove, who had slept in the house at the aunt's request, sought her, and gently laying his hand upon her's, he whispered her name.

Harriet had been resting her head upon the table, while the tears were trickling through her fingers, and at the touch of Charles Hargrove, she started, and sprung to her feet with a face of alarm.

"Harriet—Harriet," he said, "'tis I."

"Charles!"

She sunk again into the seat, and her tears gushed forth afresh, while hysterical sobs proclaimed the excess of feeling she could not withstand.

Charles did not, for some minutes, attempt to check the full tide of grief. He, too, had mourned, and he knew that such sorrow must give way; but that before it in some measure did so, any appeal to the reason would be in vain. When she was a little calmer, he said, gently,—

"Harriet, although your father is no more, you should not mourn too excessively. 'Tis hard indeed to have the dear ties between parent and child suddenly severed; but you should look upon death with as much judgment as feeling. We know it must come. We know it to be the end of all sorrow to the good—a blessed change from earth to Heaven. Shun not the memory of your father, Harriet, but learn to think of him as one gone but a short time before you to a happy country, where you will again meet with him to part no more."

"I will try, Charles," sobbed Harriet; "but the shock! Even now, I cannot believe it real that he has gone. It seemed like some dream."

"Alas, Harriet! life itself is but a dream. No wonder that death should appear but a part of the vision. There are some, indeed, who believe life to be really but a vision, and death the awakening."

"He loved me so fondly—so devotedly," sobbed Harriet, her thoughts still clinging to her father. "No wish, if but half expressed, of mine, but became to him a pleasant obligation—and now I am desolate—my heart is cold and chill. Oh! if he had been spared, what then would have been the struggles with the world we are condemned to endure? What then would have been the insolence of wealth—the scorn of power? I am desolate—desolate!"

A slight flush of colour came over the handsome countenance of Charles Hargrove for a moment, and then he turned as pale as death itself. His lip trembled, and his voice was faint and weak, as he uttered words which long had haunted his brain—long hung upon his lips, and in Harriet's answer to which, he looked for the greatest happiness or the greatest misery the world could offer him.

"You are not desolate, Harriet," he said. "You are not quite desolate, although one heart in which you were enshrined is gone to the grave."

There was a trembling earnestness in his manner, that induced Harriet to gaze earnestly in his face. Friends as she and Charles had been from earliest infancy, she had never thought of him and love together. The words of her father on his deathbed were the first she had ever heard upon the subject, and her grief had made her forget them, until now they were recalled to her memory by what Charles was saying.

"Harriet," he continued, "are you surprised, that, knowing you long as I have known you; participating in many of your thoughts, and anticipating many of your wishes, I should love you? Yes, dear—dear Harriet, I do love you! You are not desolate; for, although I will not say I love you better than he who has gone from you, I can say, before Heaven, that so far as affection can fill the void in your heart—"

"Oh! Charles—Charles, cease," said Harriet. "At such a time as this urge nothing."

"Nay, dear Harriet, this is the time. Your heart is wounded; you are full of grief, because your affections have received a shock. Let gentler, happier influences pervade your mind. You know me well, Harriet, and you know that not from idle vanity—not from sudden passion, would I give utterance to the words, 'Harriet, I love you, and would make you my happy wife, if happiness you think you could find in such an union.'"

"Forbear, Charles—forebear!"

"Nay, Harriet, I have now spoken. You know the long cherished secret of my heart. Let me have a hope that when time has assuaged the grief you now feel, you can look forward to a future that may bring happiness. 'Tis true my position in life now is humble and precarious, but I have hands to work with. I have a warm heart to bestow upon you. We may not be able to command the luxuries of life, but, when sanctified by affection, we will find the humblest fare, the poorest home, more beautiful than any palace unblest with such a guest. My Harriet, you weep, but do not answer me. Speak, dear one, but a word—speak to me."

Harriet only wept.

"Well, well," added Charles, mournfully; "may you be happy, Harriet. God's blessing be ever with you. You—you shall not hear again from me such words as I have now spoken. I can see you are pained because you cannot reciprocate my feelings, and your kind heart will not permit you to tell me so. Say nothing, Harriet, I—I am answered."

"Charles, is this generous?" said Harriet.

"Do not ask me. I am on the rack."

"You are poor, Charles."

"I am."

"Friendless."

"True—true. Just statements."

"Your means of existence precarious, and yourself rather sudden in temper, and incapable of bowing before the insolence of those who might, in repayment for such servility, improve your fortunes."

"True," said Charles, rising. "True."

"And you are an orphan."

"I am. All these are admirable reasons for refusing my hand. Fool that I was, why did they not occur to me before. Most admirable reasons for refusing me, cousin Harriet."

"And likewise for accepting you, cousin Charles."

She held out her hand to him as she spoke, and Charles nearly fell to the ground, the sudden revulsion of his feelings was so great.

"Harriet! Harriet! can you forgive me? Am I indeed so blessed?"

"Yes, Charles. My heart is full of grief, but at the same time it is unused to dissemble."

He pressed her hand to his lips. Then he clasped her in his arms and imprinted on her lips one fervent kiss. He spoke incoherently, for he was full of emotion. His feelings were in a perfect tumult, and Harriet was half alarmed at the vehemence of his manner.

"Hush! hush!" she said. "Let this theme be reserved for a happier time, Charles. At present my whole thoughts must be directed to the mournful duties we have yet to do."

"And those words, my Harriet, put me in mind—that in my suit, I am sanctioned by your father."

"Yes, yes, Charles—I recollect. Say nothing of this interview to my mother—she is absorbed wholly in grief, and cannot speak to any one. Heaven only knows what means we shall procure to overcome this trying period—we are poorer than perhaps you know, Charles."

"Oh! money, money," sighed Charles, "what heaps of shining gold are piled up to be the discomfort of some one man by the anxiety they give him, when they would bestow happiness upon millions of warm, gentle hearts, and chase the tear from many an eye."

"Hush! hush! Charles. What is that?"

She pointed in the direction of one of the sides of the arbour, and, among the foliage, Charles saw the outline of a man's face.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed (post-paid) to the Editor, which will meet with immediate attention.

PEEL PETTY.—Thanks for your kindness. The tale shall appear: and we shall be glad to hear from you again.

"The Lottery of Life" is intended for insertion. The author is thanked for the preference he has given us.

H. J. JENNINGS.—The MS. of "Dennis Wilson" has unfortunately been mislaid. Search shall be made for it, and an answer given next week.

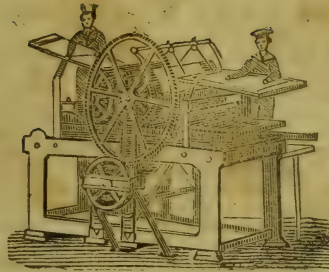
Declined with Thanks.—"Come Fly with Me;" and "Acrostic," by J. E.

Accepted.—"The Reclaimed;" "Ruin;" "The Returned Transport;" "Azim, the Moor;" "The Impressed Seaman;" "Epigrams," by J. R \* \* \* s; "Contentment;" "The Captive;" "How to Give Satisfaction;" and "The Coquette Tamer."

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

## ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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### RAVENSWORTH;

#### OR, THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE BARONET'S DAUGHTER," "THE MULLATTO," &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

"I charge thee fling away ambition;  
By that sin fell the angels."

"You may talk, my love, and I will listen," exclaimed Lady Somerville, as she threw herself on a splendid ottoman that stood near her; "but were you to talk from now until to-morrow evening, it would not make the slightest difference, as I am determined to have my own way in this concern."

"As you do in every other," said her husband, smiling; "you generally have your own way, Elizabeth; it's very seldom I oppose you, but when my children's welfare is concerned—"

"Children's welfare!" interrupted the lady, indignantly; "and pray, what have I studied all my life but my children's welfare? Who was it procured the title of countess for one daughter, and that of marchioness for another? They were both introduced to the world when young. What should prevent Alicia, who is twice as beautiful and a hundred times as ambitious as ei her of them, from doing as well as Julia or Jane have?"

"Done well," asked his lordship; "are they happy?"

"Happy!" repeated Lady Somerville, in a tone of surprise; "happy! you astonish me, my lord, by asking such a question. What can make them otherwise? Have they not the most splendid establishment, the most costly jewels, the richest liveries, the most dashing equipage?—have they not everything that can make life enviable? and then you ask me if they are happy, and in a tone that implies a doubt."

"And yet I have not the least doubt about it," returned Lord Somerville. "I am certain that neither of our daughters—the Countess of Walsingham nor the right honourable Marchioness of St. Aubine—are happy. They are great, certainly; their mother forced them to be so; but happiness does not consist in greatness; I would rather see my children happy than exalted."

A contemptuous "Pshaw!" was the only answer the lady deigned to make. She then commenced humming a fashionable air, without taking any more notice of her lord, who amused himself by looking over the morning papers; she at length rose from her seat to leave the room. When she had reached the door, she turned towards her husband, and exclaimed,

"Then it is decided Alicia is to be introduced to the world the day she attains her sixteenth year!"

"I did not say so," coolly replied Lord Somerville.

"But I did, and that's sufficient," haughtily returned her ladyship, as she left the room, and slammed the door after her with violence.

Three weeks after the foregoing conversation had taken place between Lord Somerville and his lady, their youngest and only unmarried daughter was, to use a fashionable phrase, first brought out.

Alicia Somerville was beautiful, surpassingly so, but it was a beauty that rather repels than attracts. There was a boldness and confidence in her fine black eyes that caused many to shrink away disgusted with the expression of them. In manners she was haughty to excess; she looked with contempt on everything and nearly everybody, and yet her extreme youth and beauty, combined with a brilliant sparkling wit, rendered her an object of attraction to many.

Amongst the many dangles that followed in her train was Charles Clifford, the only son of a baronet, who was more remarkable for the many noble qualities he possessed than for his riches. Charles, at the time the honourable Miss Somerville first made her appearance in the fashionable circles, had just entered his three-and-twentieth year; he was handsome in person, pleasing in his manners and conversation, while his heart was the seat of every virtue. He was fascinated by the appearance of Alicia, and at first admired her at a humble distance, but at length, encouraged by her evident desire to become acquainted with him, he approached nearer, and in a short time became her constant attendant. If she rode, Clifford was her esquire; she could not go shopping unless Charles attended her,—his taste was so superior to her own. In the merry dance he was her partner, and when she could not dance with him longer, without being noticed, she would complain of fatigue, and Clifford would take his station by her side for the rest of the evening.

The day seemed stretched to an unusual length to the young Alicia, if an accident detained Clifford from her side. She loved with all the fervour of first love, but not with its purity. He had as yet addressed her in no other language than that of friendship; he loved her passionately, ardently loved her; but he was too poor to allow the least shadow of hope that the haughty Lady Somerville would ever consent to receive him as a son-in-law. He often mentally vowed the present interview should be the last, and as often broke his vow. He would plead an engagement sometimes after a severe struggle with inclination. Alicia would look smilingly in his face, and declare she would not, could not spare him, as he must certainly attend her this evening—she could not do without him.

It is not to be wondered at, considering the feelings he bore towards her, and the encouragement he received, that he should be always at her side, much to the mortification of her ambitious mother. At first she little heeded his attentions to Alicia, as she thought of it merely as a simple flirtation on the part of her daughter; but when she found it was the general belief, go where she would, that Charles Clifford was the accepted suitor for her daughter's hand, then did she think it was time for her to interfere. She, accordingly, one morning desired Alicia to attend her in her dressing-room, as she had something particular to say to her.

As soon as they were seated, Lady Somerville broached the subject nearest her heart. She talked long, and sometimes loudly, on the impropriety of Alicia acting in the manner she had done in encouraging the visits and attentions of Clifford, and by that means driving away wealthy and titled suitors.

"And if you should so disgrace yourself as to become his wife," continued Lady Somerville, "how do you propose to live, for you well know your fortune is very scanty!"

"Become his wife!" cried Alicia, springing from her seat; "become the wife of such as Charles Clifford!—never—never! Such an idea never yet entered my head."

"Why have you acted in the manner you have done?" asked her mother, in surprise; "it is no use to say you regard him as a common acquaintance. I have watched you, Alicia, and your eyes, your voice, your every action betray your love for him."

"I will not attempt to deny it," exclaimed Alicia, as she buried her face in her hands, and again sunk on her seat. "I love Clifford—sincerely love him—and I do believe the feeling is reciprocal; but honour forbids him to give his passion utterance. Had I a tenth part of the honour he possesses, I should not have destroyed his peace, as well as my own, by giving him hopes I never intended to realize. I trifled with him till my affections became entangled, I had not courage to



tell him we could be nothing to each other. I loved him till his peace and my own are broken. I know I have acted foolishly as well as basely, but I knew not how to shorten the only day of happiness I shall ever know."

Alicia laid her head on the arm of the sofa, and sobbed bitterly. Lady Somerville gazed on the weeping girl with surprise and pain. Alicia was her youngest, and, as often is the case, her favourite child. She felt she could not sacrifice her to greatness and ambition, as she had done her other children. A long struggle took place in her feelings between love for her child and love for a title. The former at length gained the ascendancy.

"Why those tears, Alicia?" she exclaimed;—"why this agony? Have I ever denied you the gratification of the slightest wish you ever formed? Nor will I do so now. If you consider a union with Clifford is necessary to your happiness, you shall have my consent, and I will answer for your father."

"Mother," cried Alicia, raising her head from the sofa, and dashing the blinding tears from her eyes, "mother, methinks this language sounds strangely from you—you that have taught me to think that rank and wealth, with their luxuriant appendages, were the only means of happiness in this world. You would now give your consent, almost persuade me into a union with so poor, so wretched a thing as Charles Clifford. No, mother; you have taken too much pains to instil the feeling of ambition into my mind to be erased so very soon. The pupil shall prove worthy of the teacher. Clifford has never yet spoken of love to me; he shall next time we meet; then that interview shall be our last. I will dismiss him, and in such a manner, that Somerville House will never again be honoured by his visits. I will leave you now," she continued, as she advanced towards the door, "as I must prepare for my final interview with Charles, who has promised to be here at three."

She then curtsied to her mother, and left the room, before Lady Somerville, who was completely paralyzed at her daughter's resolution, could utter a word.

At three o'clock Clifford was ushered into the presence of her for whom he would have willingly sacrificed life itself to have saved from a moment's pain. Alicia was alone. No one would have judged from her countenance the struggle she was enduring. She received him in her sweetest, mildest manner—a manner that had become habitual to her when speaking to him; for though haughty to the extreme with nearly every one, to him she was ever gentle: this afternoon she was even more gentle than usual. There was a softness in her tone and manners that completely threw Clifford off his guard. He forgot honour, forgot his poverty, and the high-born, haughty Lady Somerville. He so far forgot himself as to kneel at the feet of his fair, though heartless, enslaver, and tell his tale of love. She sat motionless till he had concluded; even allowed him to retain the hand he had taken, which he was on the point of raising to his lips, when a loud mocking laugh rung gratingly on his ears, and caused the life blood to curdle round his heart. He dropped her hand, as he said, in a voice in which surprise and agony were mingled,—

"You laugh, Alicia?"

"I do laugh," she exclaimed, rising from the ottoman on which she had been reclining, "at your presumption, Charles Clifford. Is it because I have condescended to speak to you, to notice you, that you should dare to offer me your hand? When Alicia Somerville weds, it will not be with the son of a needy baronet; it will be with an equal."

She then, without deigning to cast another glance at her still kneeling lover, left the apartment. The noise of the door caused him to start to his feet.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, as he passed his hand across his brow, "that Alicia has all along been laughing at my expense?—that she gained my heart, merely for the sake of casting it bleeding at my feet? Surely, surely I dream, and yet!"—and he touched the various articles as he spoke—"how like reality."

He was interrupted in his agitation by the entrance of a servant, who informed him his horse was ready.

Clifford understood it as an intimation to leave the house. A smothered imprecation burst from his lips as he followed the footman down stairs. He sprang upon his horse, and left a house, as Alicia truly observed, that was never again to be honoured by his presence.

Nearly the first news that was brought the deservedly wretched Alicia, the following day, was, that Clifford had started for the Continent.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Once again we met. A fair girl was near him;  
He smiled, whispered low, as I once used to hear him."

THREE years passed away before Alicia Somerville and Charles Clifford again met. She was still Alicia Somerville. Many admired her, but few, very few, would have chosen her for a partner for life.

She, one evening, attended a ball that was given by a lady of her acquaintance. She was reclining languidly on a sofa, listening to the remarks of a gentleman who was leaning on the back of it, when she was roused by a lady exclaiming,—

"Miss Somerville, allow me to introduce to you the Earl of Ellerslie, an old friend with a new name."

Alicia rose from her seat, but nearly sank down again, when she raised her eyes to the face of the earl, and recognised the handsome, manly countenance of Charles Clifford. She felt fainting, but so far recovered her feelings as to curtsy slightly to his polite, unembarrassed bow.

A smile of scorn quivered on his lips for a moment, as his eyes met hers. He then passed on, and commenced a conversation with a gentleman that was seated at a short distance from the sofa Alicia occupied.

After a few minutes she had so far recovered as to be able to ask the lady who had presented Ellerslie to her, how it was he had become possessed of an earldom.

"Why," replied Mrs. Harley, "have you never heard that his mother was the daughter of the Earl of Ellerslie?"

Alicia replied in the negative.

"Then it was so," resumed Mrs. Harley; "she offended her father in early life by marrying Sir Charles, then Captain Clifford, without his consent. The old earl never forgave her, not even on her death-bed. She died in giving birth to Charles; her father died soon after, and, of course, his title and estates descended to his only son, who was married, and settled in France. Two years ago accident introduced Clifford to his uncle for the first time in his life. The earl and his two children, a son and daughter, were returning from a journey; he had reached a wild rugged part of the road, a few miles from his own home, when the horses suddenly took fright at the report of a gun very near them. The postilions tried in vain to stop them; both the poor fellows were thrown with violence to the ground. Lord Edward sprang from the carriage in hopes of stopping the progress of the maddened beast; his foot caught, and he fell, his head coming in contact with the wheel, which passed over it, and killed him on the spot. The lady Ida lay senseless in the arms of her agonised father, who expected every moment they would be dashed to pieces, when Providence directed that Clifford should be riding that way; he, at the risk of his life, and expense of a broken arm, managed to stop the horses: but I cannot stop to tell you any more now, for I have promised Deville to dance the next set with him, and here he comes to claim the fulfilment of my promise," continued Mrs. Harley, as she rose from her seat, "and I should think you can guess the rest."

"The earl died," exclaimed Alicia, who had been listening with breathless attention.

"But his daughter, she returned to her native land a fortnight ago with the present earl," replied Mrs. Harley, with a peculiar smile; "but see, here she comes. Methinks that face will render her a star of attraction for the winter."

Alicia raised her eyes, and beheld a beautiful girl leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman, whom she recognised as Sir Charles Clifford, advancing towards where Ellerslie was seated.

"You are late, dearest," he said, as he arose and took her hand.

"You would not chide me if you knew the cause," she said, smiling.

"Chide you, my sweet one," he exclaimed, as he looked fondly in her face. "What is there my Ida would do that I could chide her for? but come here; I had nearly forgotten: I wish to introduce you to an old friend,—my wife, the Countess of Ellerslie, Mr. Mortimer," he continued, as he turned to the gentleman he had been talking to. The conversation between Ellerslie and his countess had been carried on in a low tone; but neither that nor the lady's introduction had been lost on the attentive ear of Miss Somerville. She did not scream, nor did she faint; but, at an early hour she retired, under the plea of a severe headache: had she substituted heartache, it would have been nearer the truth.

A month passed away before Alicia again appeared in public, and then it was as the bride of Sir James Arnold, a man she detested. He had long sought her hand, merely because he considered her the finest woman of his acquaintance. This marriage, like most marriages founded on such principles, was not remarkable for happiness. After the first two or three months they very seldom met, and when they did, they were as cold and polite to one another as though they had been perfect strangers, and had then met for the first time.

For some time nothing was talked of in that class that Alicia formed a member of, but the splendid fetes of Lady Arnold; her carriages, horses, and liveries, were of the most costly description; her jewels, her dress, altogether, were pronounced as exquisite by the leaders of the *ton*; nothing appeared to be wanting to make her the happiest of her sex, and yet Alicia was not so.

About six months after their marriage, Sir James received intelligence from the country of the death of an only sister, whose heir he was, as she had never married. She had died suddenly, consequently,



her affairs were deranged, and required his immediate presence. After bidding a cold adieu to his lady, he started without delay for Woodlands, the name of the late Miss Arnold's residence, leaving Alicia in the worst temper imaginable at the confinement she was obliged to endure on account of the death of her sister-in-law; but her chagrin somewhat abated, when she heard that her husband was sole heir to the property Miss Arnold had left, as she had died without making a will.

After some time, he again returned to London, accompanied by a young girl, an orphan, that had been adopted in her infancy by his sister, on whose death she was left entirely destitute. Sir James well knew, had his sister left a will, Florence Dudley would have been the possessor of the best part of her fortune. His conscience would not allow him to leave the poor girl entirely unprotected; he, accordingly, brought her to town with him, introduced her to his lady, in hopes she would become a friend to her; but Lady Arnold had never yet formed a friendship with any one but the great, and she was not going to commence now. At first she positively refused her protection to Florence at all, but her husband insisted, and at length they compromised the matter. Florence was to be consigned to the care of Lady Arnold's own waiting woman, whom she was to assist at the needle, or any other employment Jeannette chose to put her to. This was accordingly done, and Sir James considered he had acted a friend's part, by placing the fair gentle-nurtured girl as an attendant upon his haughty tyrannical wife. In a short time he quite forgot there was such a person in existence.

A very few months after the lady of Woodlands rested in the splendid vault of the Arnolds, her brother was laid by her side. He caught an infectious fever, from which he never recovered, and again was Alicia free; she could hardly assume the outward appearance of wee, so much rejoiced was she at the unexpected event.

At the time her husband was in the country, the Marquis of Ravensworth, and his uncle, the Duke of Montaubin, first returned from the continent, after an absence of several years. Frederick Ravensworth in early life lost both parents; he was consigned to the guardianship of his father's only brother, and well did the duke fulfil his trust. His grace was married to an amiable and accomplished woman; no children blessed their union, consequently, the young marquis was in a fair way to be spoiled, as he became the pet, not only of the duke and duchess, but of the whole household. The boy's wishes were anticipated; let his whims be ever so unreasonable, and Frederick often had unreasonable whims, his uncle was sure to gratify them. Such was his unlimited indulgence, that had it been exercised towards a less noble-minded boy than the youthful marquis, it must have led to his ruin; as it was, it made him more indulgent to the faults of others. No expense was spared in his education to make him befitting the high station he was born to fill. The first trouble he experienced was the death of the amiable duchess, which happened when he had reached his eighteenth year, and was on the point of starting on his travels.

The duke's life seemed wrapped in that of his lady's; he gradually sunk, and, in all probability, would have followed her to the grave, had it not been for the untiring, unceasing devotion of his nephew. At length he in some degree shook off his despondency, and consented to accompany the marquis abroad, and eight years elapsed before he again entered his native land. He then proceeded to his town house, which had been got ready for the reception of the marquis and himself, and great was the sensation their arrival caused amongst the unmarried belles of fashion, for Frederick Ravensworth, though entering his twenty-seventh year, was still a bachelor, and he soon became a favourite in the fashionable circles. No party now was thought complete unless it was attended by the handsome marquis, for by that appellation was he generally known, and well did he deserve the title. He was tall and every limb was elegantly proportioned; his complexion was a clear brown, and the hue that ever mantled on his cheek proclaimed constant health and good humour; his large, black, star-like eyes betrayed every emotion of their owner's soul; the rich glossy curls that clustered on his noble manly brow, rivalled in blackness the raven's plume; the silky moustache, that curled over his well-formed mouth, caused his teeth, by contrast, to appear even more dazzling white than they really were; nor did his heart disgrace his person, for he possessed every rare and noble quality. Ravensworth had faults, certainly; but even they sat so gracefully on him, that they were more lovable than many peoples' virtues. He was gay, even to dissipation; but his dissipation had never yet injured his health or fortune, nor had it ever cost a sigh from one heart, while it imparted a fascination to his manners that was perfectly irresistible. His uncle he regarded with a species of veneration. One word from his grace would cause him to leave the gayest assembly, and attend him with the submissiveness of a child. Many insinuated it was interest that caused his devotion; they wronged him, his heart was too noble for interest to find a place in it.

When first the marquis had returned to England, he had been intro-

duced by a friend to Lady Arnold; he paid her more attention than perhaps he would have done, had he known her true disposition. She was gratified at receiving attention from one who was the observed of all observers, and sincerely regretted her marriage with Sir James; as she flattered herself that if she were now free, she might become a marchioness, and in time the ducal coronet of Montaubin would grace her brow. She thought it was indeed Providence that had interfered to help her out in her plans of ambition when she was released from her tie by the death of Arnold.

The first few months of her widowhood she was forced to spend in retirement, admitting only a select number of friends, classed amongst whom were Ravensworth and his uncle; as she, knowing the influence the duke possessed over his nephew, paid as much, or more court to him than she did to the marquis himself.

No artifice was neglected to ingratiate herself in the favour of both. With the duke she was successful, but by some means or another she lost ground with Ravensworth every day. He had never thought of her only as an acquaintance: she was about the last of womankind he would have chosen for a wife; her manoeuvring did not escape his observation, and he learnt to despise her for it, for her character had lately been laid bare to him by one who dreaded the power of her fascination over the yet unfettered heart of Frederick.

A visit to Woodlands was prepared by Lady Arnold, and the marquis and his uncle were invited, with a large party of friends to accompany her. At first his lordship hesitated about accepting it, but he had visited Woodlands some years back with his aunt, who was at that time on terms of friendship with the late Miss Arnold, and he felt an inclination to again see the spot that had been witness to many a boyish frolic. After consulting with the duke, who generally only studied his nephew's inclinations, the invitation was accepted, to spend the ensuing summer at Woodlands.

Lady Arnold, in high spirits, started a few days before the rest of the party, to prepare for the accommodation of her guests, taking nearly all her London domestics with her; nor was Florence Dudley forgotten, for Lady Arnold actually allowed her poor dependant a seat in her carriage.

### CHAPTER III.

"Thoughtless of beauty she was beauty's self."

It is now time to give an account of the fair gentle being who was so highly honoured as to be allowed the privilege of sitting in the same carriage as her lady.

The father of Florence fell in fighting the battles of his country; his widow survived him but a few weeks, leaving her only child, an infant, of six months old, to the care of Miss Arnold. Helen Arnold had loved the father of Florence, who was a soldier of fortune, with a love pure and ardent as it was sincere; she had offered to become his, but was rejected—rejected for the portliness daughter of a brother soldier. They married, and Miss Arnold treated both for some time with an intensity of hate that none but a rejected woman can feel. But soon her better feelings gained the mastery; she then could not visit the cottage-like villa in which resided Henry Dudley and his young and happy wife; but often, in the silence of her chamber, did she offer up the heartfelt prayer for the happiness and welfare of Dudley and the object of his choice.

When she heard of his departure from England, she was the first to call at his cottage to cheer the loneliness of the young wife, to whom she now became an attached friend, and when the news of the death of Dudley reached them, she endeavoured to stifle her own agonised feelings to support and comfort his maddened widow; but all the consolation she could offer was of no avail.

Mrs. Dudley never recovered the shock the news of her husband's death had caused; her last hour was rendered happy by the assurance of Miss Arnold, that her child should never feel the loss of her parents, a promise that was sacredly kept until the death of Miss Arnold.

As soon as the last sad duties were paid to the remains of Mrs. Dudley, Florence was removed to Woodlands; a nurse was provided her, and every attention was paid the young orphan, the same as though she had been the daughter of the fair mistress of the mansion, whose time was devoted to her *protegee*.

As she grew up, Miss Arnold, who was herself mistress of every accomplishment both useful and ornamental, undertook her education; and instructing the head, she forgot not the culture of the heart. Nor were her pains thrown away, for Florence Dudley grew up all the fondest mother could wish, and Miss Arnold felt that the aching void that was caused in her heart by the rejection of Henry Dudley was now filled by his beautiful child.

Florence was beautiful—beautiful as an houri of the prophet-paradise! and yet never was a being so completely unconscious of it. She had reached her sixteenth year, and never yet had the voice of flattery met



her ear. Her beauty was her least qualification, for her mind was even more perfect than her person; her heart overflowed with kindness towards all God's creatures—the meanest insect that ever crawled was never voluntarily injured by the gentle girl. She was regarded by the villagers as a ministering angel, sent by Heaven to distribute its beauty. Many were the prayers that were offered up for the happiness of her who had brought peace to their hearts and comforts to their firesides.

Miss Arnold was respected by the whole village, but her manners inspired them with awe; but Florence, every one could pour their tale of sorrow in her ever attentive ear, and there was no one grief she did not redress as far as lay in her power. Her protectress allowed her unlimited means to follow out the dictates of her benevolent heart.

Up to the age of sixteen the fair girl neither knew sin nor sorrow: she had never shed one tear but for the woes of others; there was no heart in the village so light and spotless as her own. But she was now to meet with a trouble that promised to blight her prospects for ever.

Miss Arnold had retired one evening in her usual health and spirits; the next morning Florence, as had ever been her custom, was the first to enter her chamber: she approached the bed, and drawing aside the drapery that shaded it, she stooped down and kissed the cheek of her benefactress; but she recoiled a few paces, interrupted at the icy coldness that met her lips, she hurriedly pronounced her name as she again approached, but no answer was returned. She leant over, and endeavoured to rouse her by her caresses, but in vain. Miss Arnold lay cold, pale, and inanimate.

The fearful truth at length burst on the brain of the wretched girl; she uttered one scream of intense agony and fell senseless on the ground, and it was weeks before she was again conscious of her loss. As soon as she was considered so far recovered as to be able to bear the intelligence, she was told she was destitute, as no will could be found.

This gave her little or no concern at first, as every other feeling but that of sorrow for the death of her beloved protectress was at that time nearly dead within her. The first time she was roused to a sense of her situation, was when Sir James Arnold proposed taking her to London with him; she begged hard to be allowed to remain at Woodlands, but this he refused, and in a manner that Florence felt, for the first time in her life, she was indeed a dependant.

Nor did the reception she met with from Lady Arnold help to lessen that feeling, for the reception was cold, chilling to the extreme, for her ladyship hated her the moment she beheld her, on account of the matchless beauty she was the unconscious possessor of. The poor girl's blood rose indignantly, when she found she was to be treated as a menial.

She was placed, according to the orders of Lady Arnold, in a small room adjoining her ladyship's dressing-room, where she was usually employed at her needle with Jeannette, her ladyship's waiting-maid; she sometimes had to assist at the toilet of Lady Arnold, who seemed, for some reason, to delight in mortifying her.

The close air of a confined room and the constant drudgery of the needle soon robbed poor Florence of all her healthful bloom. No one to have seen the pale inanimate attendant of Lady Arnold would have recognised the late joyous, playful Florence Dudley.

It happened fortunately for her that her companion Jeannette was one of the best-hearted girls that ever breathed; she did everything in her power to soften the hard fate of Florence; every little attention she could pay her she did; they were nothing in themselves, but to Florence, who had been taken from every friend, from all she loved, and from all that loved her, every word of kindness fell gratefully on her heart, every look the kind-hearted girl could lay her hand upon was brought Florence for perusal; and when she noticed the still increasing paleness of the poor girl's cheek, she insisted on her accompanying her in her walks unknown to Lady Arnold, for that lady seemed to consider Florence as a prisoner, that she had no right to leave her house now she had once entered it.

At the death of Sir James, Florence's situation was even more disagreeable, for Lady Arnold was forced to spend much of her time in-doors, which time being passed in her dressing-room, not only deprived Florence of what little liberty she did possess, but made her an involuntary listener to every conversation that was held in her ladyship's room, as that room and the one she sat in, were so connected with one another, that it was impossible to speak in one without being heard in the other. Lady Arnold was aware of this fact, but she thought of Florence as too insignificant to be studied; consequently, Florence became aware of the many plans that were in agitation between Lady Arnold and her mother respecting the Marquis of Ravensworth.

Her amazement was only equal to her disgust as she heard of the different snares that were laid out to entrap the affections of the marquis, and so soon after the death of Sir James Arnold; at first, she imagined his young widow must have long loved the present object of her pursuit. But that idea soon vanished, for she found that why Lady Arnold was

so anxious to obtain the hand of the marquis was, that she might share his noble title and princely fortune, not for any of the good qualities he possessed.

For a long time Florence was wearied and disgusted at the frequent repetition of the name of Ravensworth; but the many anecdotes she heard of him, and all reflecting to his honour, caused that feeling to dispel, and a feeling of curiosity to see the much talked of marquis sprung up in its place.

Jeannette had contracted an intimacy with his lordship's groom lately, and through him had learnt many circumstances relating to his master, all which, for the sake of amusement, were again related to the imprisoned Florence, who listened with more pleasure than she herself was aware of; unknown to herself nearly the first wish of her heart was to see Ravensworth. Her mind run strangely on him by day, and at night thoughts of him hovered around her pillow. Often would the blush of pleasure mantle on her cheek when she heard Jeannette speak of some generous action he had performed. She was frequently on the point of telling Jeannette her desire to see the marquis, but she could never do so; something seemed to withhold her from making a confidant in feelings she herself could not analyse. She was prevented from seeing any one who visited at the house, on account of the suite of apartments connected with the one she occupied laying at the back. At length her curiosity was gratified.

One morning Jeannette wanted to purchase some different articles of dress, and as Lady Arnold was out for the day, she persuaded Florence to accompany her in shopping. They had nearly completed their purchases at a milliner's, when Jeannette suddenly whispered in the ear of Florence,—

"The Marquis of Ravensworth has just entered with two ladies."

Florence at the time she spoke was admiring an artificial flower she held in her hand, which instantly dropped from it at the name of the marquis, while an ashy paleness spread over her face, which was fortunately not noticed by her companion, who was again busily engaged in looking over a drawer of ribbons that was placed before her.

Anxious as Florence was to see the marquis, she felt if worlds had been offered her to raise her eyes to his face for the first few minutes after she was aware of his presence, she must have refused them. She heard one of the ladies exclaim,—

"Now, Ravensworth, do tell me which colour you think is most becoming—pink or amber?"

"What colour is not becoming to Miss Bedford?" answered the marquis, in a voice that the trembling Florence fancied was more rich, more musical than any she had ever heard.

"Nay, now, flatterer, I asked you for your opinion," smiled the lady, "I did not ask for compliments."

"I give you my opinion—nothing further," replied Ravensworth.

"You shall never come shopping with me again, my lord," said Miss Bedford, with pretended pique.

"Methinks the punishment will exceed the offence," exclaimed his lordship; "you ask me for my opinion on a subject, and then punish me for giving it."

Miss Bedford again spoke, but this time she received no answer; for Florence, while the foregoing dialogue had been carried on between the marquis and Miss Bedford, had gained courage to raise her eyes, and for a moment rivet them on the handsome face of the marquis; it was but a moment, but in that time her young heart received an impression that was never again effaced.

Ravensworth stood opposite to her. By the movement she made in looking up, she attracted his attention, and their eyes met. The deep blush that suffused her face on the instant passed not unobserved by him who caused it.

To a connoisseur of female beauty, like Frederick Ravensworth, it was not likely so fair, so sweet a face as Florence's would pass unobserved. Little did he imagine the interest he had long held in her heart; he would even have been more anxious than he really was for another glance from the deep blue eyes that had for a moment met his, had he had the least idea that the fair being before him unconsciously mingled his prayer with her prayer. He kept his eyes fixed on her, in hopes she would again raise hers from the box of ribbons she leant low over to conceal her confusion, though he knew not why it was caused. She asked herself why the presence of the Marquis of Ravensworth should cause her such emotion; but she found it was a question she could not resolve.

(To be continued in our next.)

We do not often commend our neighbours, save for an apology to find fault with them. As it regards ourselves, however, we reverse the maxim, and rarely find fault with our own conduct, save as a hint to our friends to commend it.



## THE POLISH EXILES.

A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

The acquaintance of the youthful Meyerfeld and Kholheim was formed as we have seen, and in the minds of the parents of Clement and of Clara Ismeana, Romuald was regarded as the agent who seduced his friend to the field. The contrary was, nevertheless, the fact. Though burning with national ardour, Romuald had much more than Clement attended to parental foresight and admonition. In their private interviews, Romuald set before Clement what he certainly had to lose, his parents, Clara Ismeana; and what both, however, disregarded, fortune; and then depicted to him what dangers awaited a very doubtful attempt. But the fire of Clement consumed all prudence, and added heat to the flame already burning in the bosom of Romuald. Even on the morning of their departure from Rauwitz, Romuald made a last effort to induce the young count to return, but in vain. Madalinski and Kosciusko both disapproved the course Clement had pursued, but that lofty young Pole closed even their remonstrances, by firmly observing, "Poland is my country, as well as it is that of any general in this army."

From the hour of pronouncing this energetic appeal to the day before the battle in which the Polish eagles perished for ever, the two friends were together, their swords scarce ever out of their hands. For so young and inexperienced a man, Clement had a remarkably acute military eye, and viewing the position of both armies on the evening of the 9th of October, rode to the quarter where the elder Kholheim was stationed, and addressed him thus:—

"General, I have played a trick on Romuald; I have managed to have him despatched on a command to Warsaw. To-morrow we are to have a battle, in which we cannot, without a miracle, prevail." Here he ceased a moment, while drawing from his valise a packet, then continued,—"If we are defeated, whether I fall or not, I wish my parents and Clara to think me dead. In such a case, in fact, I must be to them worse than dead. To your care I confide these trinkets. They can be sent by Nippon to your castle, as I wish that faithful servant also, if we are unfortunate, to consider and believe me dead. If we lose the battle and I survive, it is my intention to fly to Turkey, if possible. Nippon has positive orders, in case of my fall, to return at once to Meyerfeld."

Without inquiring further into his motives, his desires were complied with, and Nippon, very much against his will, sent to Sokolow. The battle was given, and terminated as has been already related. The field was one scene of blood, and it was on this bed of honour that Kosciusko was accidentally found and saved. A body of Cossacks were advancing towards where he lay, when a wounded Polish officer, forgetful of his own danger, exerted himself and called out, "Save Kosciusko." The Cossacks no sooner heard the name than one sentiment of respect burst from them. They made a litter with their lances and cloaks, and bore him tenderly to the quarters of General Fersen, who, to his immortal honour, paid every attention to his illustrious prisoner, and indeed to all his prisoners. [It is but justice to General Fersen to annex the following note. It is a literal translation from the Memoirs of Count Michel Oginski, one of the principal Polish patriots, who was at his seat at Sokolow, a few miles distant, when the battle of Maciejowice was fought, and who very narrowly escaped, as stated in the tale; and who, from the loss of an immense fortune, and many years in exile, if for no other reason, could not be a friend to the Russians:—

"Among the prisoners made by the Russians was the inseparable companion of Kosciusko, Julien Niemcewicz, who was wounded; Major Fischer, aide-de-camp to Kosciusko; Generals Sierakowski, Kniaziewicz, and Kaminaki; Colonel Zaydlitz, and many other officers distinguished by their talents, their bravery, and their patriotism.

"Kosciusko was accidentally found amongst those who covered the field of battle, and was regarded as slain. Notwithstanding his wounds and the simplicity of his dress, he was recognised, and the moment his name was pronounced, several Cossacks who were advancing to despoil him, could not suppress an emotion of respect for the gallant and unfortunate general. They made a litter with their lances to transport him to the quarters of General Fersen, who gave immediate orders to have his wounds dressed in his own presence, and treated him, as indeed he did all his prisoners, with every due respect."—*Memoirs of Michel Oginski on Poland and the Poles, Vol. II. Page 35.*

The humanity of General Fersen was, however, a gleam of light amidst the fearful darkness which now hung over Poland. Winter was closing, and the season was cold, wet, and stormy. To provide for their re-union on the occurrence of any sinister event, the two Kholheims, father and son, had appointed a place of meeting; that place was Sokolow, the seat of Count Oginski, between Grodno and War-aw.

Their own seat at Rozania was already beyond their reach. With much difficulty both reached Sokolow separately, and both were impressed with the belief that Clement had been slain at Maciejowice. Nippon set out as ordered for Meyerfeld, and that guardian spirit which seemed to watch over that family, followed their servant. Nippon passed unmolested through every post; the name of those he served was his passport. General Fersen made the most earnest inquiries, and had a very diligent search made over the field of battle, to find and pay every honour to the body of Clement, but the search was vain.

Search of another kind was made after the Oginskis, Kholheims, and other surviving patriots. Count Oginski and his guests were on the point of falling into the hands of a body of cavalry. Hotly pursued, they reached and passed through Warsaw, and joined the wreck of their national army, but everything there was despair. The whole army dispersed in a few days afterwards, and the fugitives, with very great difficulty, reached Venice in the middle of December.

We may now pass over the intermediate space and time, and imagine ourselves in the magnificent Hotel de France, at Pera, on the anniversary of Christmas, 1796. The French ambassador was Aubert du Bayet, the representative of a republic at the seat of the most despotic of European governments. With the subtlety of an Italian and the gaiety of a Frenchman, combining the dignity of a republican and the affability of an accomplished courtier, with the commanding air of a consummate soldier. In the immense saloons were assembled, with the different foreign ministers and suites, all that wealth and accident had thrown together in that demi-republic, Pera. The whole seemed a fairy scene. Artificial fountains were playing in gardens blooming in vernal splendour, whilst without the weather beat a storm. Without, the clouds swept black and heavy over the Bosphorus; within, the visitants felt as if awaking in the gardens of Armida.

Rambling through these fountains, gardens, and mirrors, which doubling the apparent extent, and giving a picturesque effect to the varied costume, were seen the mercurial Frenchman, careless and observing, the subtle Greek, and solemn Armenian. Here was seen a group of Germans, and beyond, in a recess, the Englishman, wrapped in profound reflection on himself and London. In brief, the Christian world seemed as if represented at the capital of the Mahometan faith, whilst, though separated only by a narrow creek from that capital, no trace of the religion, manners, or dress of the Turk was to be seen. Paris seemed to be removed, and set down beside Byzantium.

Seated as a goddess, and to appearance, in thought, raised far above the gaudy crowd, sat a very young and most exquisitely beautiful Greek lady. Her dark eyes shot rays of keenest observation, but her look seemed cold, abstracted, and even stern. To the marked attention she received, a formal return was made. There was, nevertheless, a fascination in her demeanour, which drew towards her, and then froze the votary. To the fluent conversation and ready manner of Aubert du Bayet, and the more pompous but less finished expressions of admiration from Prince Ypsilanti, she gave returns which evinced, though so young, an extensive knowledge of what such incense is worth.

Of the noble expatriated Poles scattered from their native soil several were present, and of these, one in an especial manner attracted attention; about thirty years of age, upwards of six feet in height, not very muscular, but well proportioned. His face was pale and sad; no smile escaped from him, nor did he speak but seldom. Observing that he had arrested some attention, and evidently desirous to avoid notoriety, he retired to a rather shaded seat, by a large column, but not far from the young Greek lady, towards whom the Prussian ambassador advanced, and after some nothings, to which she merely nodded, proceeded to make some remarks on the little world around them. His remarks were sensible, and seasoned with considerable liveliness and spirit. His auditor was very attentive, but replied not until he introduced the Poles. The name of Pole changed her manner; her face, before rather pale, was flushed, and again became more deadly pale. The voluble ambassador placed the change to the credit of his own eloquence, and proceeded to observe, "that the Polish exiles wandered like spirits driven from Paradise."

The flush both of cheek and eye returned to the face of the young Greek, and with a manner which abashed even the ambassador, she demanded in elegant Polish, "How he knew whether or not she herself might not be one of those Peris?"

The ambassador stood for a moment as if thrown into a perplexing train of reflection, but regaining some more self-possession, he bowed very respectfully and observed, "Have I not the honour to stand before Clara of Ismeana?" Speaking again in Polish, she replied, "I am Clara of Ismeana; and more, I am one of the exiled from the land of every human worth."

Pronouncing the latter words, her voice was raised, and though harmonious in tones, it reached the heart of the young Polish officer, and the very soul of the Prussian ambassador. On the latter her name seemed



to have an overpowering effect, utterly inexplicable to the subject. His manner became respectful to adulation, though his worship was paid to a deaf deity. Unrepulsed, however, by the coldness and even disdain of Clara, the ambassador persevered, and in a very insinuating manner, continued,—

"The longer we are in search of a gem, and the higher its price, the more we estimate its value. Since my arrival here, there is a sparkling sapphire, for which a high reward is offered."

"To send it to Siberia, to sparkle on the finger of a Samoid," replied Clara.

"To place it in a ground of gold, where no rude eye can scan, or rude hand tarnish its lustre," said the ambassador.

"Was it on the field of Maceloevice?" sarcastically demanded Clara, and before he had either time or presence of mind to reply, she resumed in the same strain, "If it was lost there, perhaps it may be found in possession of some of the plunderers of the dead."

As she pronounced the last words, a venerable man came forward, to whom Clara pointed, and addressing the ambassador of Prussia, introduced him as her father, and concluded by observing,—

"There is a mystery in your expressions, which can be explained to my father, if necessary."

Ismeana paid his respects to the ambassador, and led his daughter from the scene—a scene in which it was very evident her feelings had nothing of accord.

"That is a very extraordinary young lady," said Aubert du Bayet to the Prussian ambassador, as Clara and her father departed.

"Strange!—strange!" ejaculated the abstracted ambassador, who also soon left the gaudy halls, and retired to his own hotel.

Everything in and near Constantinople has always been a mystery since the reign of Constantine I. At the latter end of 1796, there resided at Pera a man who could, by language and manner, pass for any one of half the nations of Europe, and who seemed to have gained a personal knowledge of every eminent character it contained. This man was a Christian of all forms of Christianity, and a follower of Omar at Constantinople, and of Ali at Ispahan. Ibrahim, for such was his Mahometan name, was one of those who overheard the conversation between the Prussian ambassador and Clara Ismeana. Though schooled in cold-blooded hardness of heart, by seeing the odious part of the human character so often displayed, the natural feelings of Ibrahim were generous, humane, and just; and in a region where the air was polluted by the breath of spies, this singular man often counterworked the most practised of that abominable tribe.

Whilst Clara and her father left the Hotel de France in one direction, Ibrahim and the Polish officer we have mentioned departed at an other door. They were no sooner in the street, than Ibrahim, without speaking, seized the arm of his companion, and led him to the lodging of the former, and into an inner apartment. They were seated several minutes before either spoke, but Ibrahim at length broke silence.

"So, Colonel Kaminski, you have at last seen Clara Ismeana?" said Ibrahim.

"I have," replied Kaminski. "And is such a woman to be lost in Turkey?"

"She is not to be lost in Turkey," replied Ibrahim, emphatically, "unless some cursed bashaw should seize her by stealth. But Kaminski, do you know aught of Clement Meyerfield?"

"That gallant young man fell by my side in the field," mournfully said Kaminski.

"And is now alive and in good health," smiling, said Ibrahim. "It is only a few days since I myself returned to this place from Scio, where he now resides, in the family of the exiled Prince of Morozzi."

"Clement Meyerfield alive!" rapturously exclaimed Kaminski.

"Yes," replied Ibrahim, "he is alive, and is destined to a happier fate than he himself at this moment can hazard to hope."

Both were now interrupted by a knocking at the outer door, and both were greatly relieved by a message from the Prussian ambassador, desiring Ibrahim to come to the Prussian hotel immediately.

"Is that all?" exclaimed the renegade; "I expected to sleep to-night in a sack at the bottom of the Golden Horn," said he, with a grim smile, as he met the furious north-west wind.

Arrived at the Prussian Hotel, he found the ambassador violently agitated, walking backward and forwards in his hall, into which Ibrahim no sooner entered, than he sat down and sighed, "My king, Frederick William II., is dangerously ill, and there is one thing he is most anxiously desirous to know before his death, which Heaven avert." The unexpected address for a moment struck to silence the ready Ibrahim, but quickly recovering himself, responded, "Frederick William is dangerously ill."

"Ibrahim," impressively said the ambassador, "do you know aught of Clement Meyerfield?"

"That is a question," replied Ibrahim, "which I have myself put this very night."

"And can answer," said the ambassador, "if any man in the world can answer."

"If I was to answer," replied Ibrahim, "that the young Count Meyerfield was alive and well, what then?"

"That I have received not only permission for his return to his home, but positive orders to use every diligence to induce him to return."

"But is he living?" very seriously demanded the ambassador.

"I know you are a man of honour," replied Ibrahim, "and of course of humanity; therefore, I venture to say that Clement Meyerfield is alive, but more I cannot say. I am under a sacred promise to conceal his residence from every one but one of his most intimate friends, who has been named to me by himself, until his own permission is given; nor would I have gone so far, but as you assure me the proscription against him is revoked, he may rise from the dead to his parents and to —"

"Clara Ismeana," smiled the ambassador. "Oh, my king, my friend, Frederick William, may yet have the happiness to see and consummate the re-union of Clement and his parents. Against Clement no proscription was ever enacted."

"That re-union is not yet consummated," sighed Ibrahim; "remember we are in Turkey, nor am I certain how far he may trust the clemency of an offended government."

"With the utmost security," replied the ambassador; "the clemency extended to young Meyerfield, arises from motives over which even politics have but little influence; motives, the benevolence of which may indeed survive the heart in which they were conceived."

Measures were now concerted to reveal to Clement the unhappy change in his prospects; but all the address of the ambassador was foiled by the adroit Ibrahim, in regard to the place of concealment of the young Pole. It was also agreed that no hint of the existence of Clement should be conveyed to either his parents, or to Clara Ismeana or her father, until the young count was safe with the ambassador, and his own consent obtained to further proceedings. This caution, though taken from the most generous motives, involved all parties in a series of misfortunes pending their entire ruin.

To superintend the many mercantile transactions in which he was engaged, it was often necessary for Piranza Ismeana to make voyages to Scio, Smyrna, and many other ports of the Levant. Whilst his daughter was in Poland less difficulty attended these voyages; but young, wealthy, and beautiful, the daughter was too precious, and exposed to too much danger to be left under any protection but that of her father. At the moment when the splendid fete was given by Aubert du Bayet, Ismeana was making preparations to sail to Smyrna, where he intended to remain with his daughter until the spring of 1797. We must now, however, trace the steps of the supposed lost Clement, and take leave of Ismeana and his family, and return to the field of Maceloevice.

The immense superiority of force on the side of the Russians, rendered unavailing every effort of the Poles. Kosciuszko and his officers seeing all lost, came to the desperate resolution to cut their way through the Russian cavalry. To effect this object a column was formed. The charge and shock were dreadful, but numbers and discipline prevailed. Kosciuszko was borne down and trampled under foot. Clement Meyerfield fell also, close to his general. Both were recovering their reason from the blows of Russian sabres, when a troop of Cossacks approached. Meyerfield had merely strength to raise himself to one knee and make the appeal, which saved Kosciuszko, when he fainted and fell again, with his head resting on the breast of one of his dead companions in arms. He was himself regarded as dead by the Cossacks, and passed by as such; but not having received any vital wound, he soon regained recollection, and had presence of mind sufficient to know that his chance for escape depended on remaining undiscovered until after dark.

Bruised and weak as he was, Clement, as soon as sheltered from the view of the prowling enemy, rose and painfully attempted to seek a place of safety. About a league from the field of battle was a small village, which had, a few days before, been saved from pillage by the timely aid of Clement and Romuald Kholheim. With great exertion he reached this hamlet, and found all silent. It was with much difficulty that he procured the opening of a door, but at length one did open. An old and very kindly-looking man appeared with a taper, but started back at the view of the apparition before him. That spectre was in form of a man covered with blood, his clothes torn or cut, and visage haggard in the extreme. The uniform bespoke him a Pole, and no sooner did Clement make known his name, than a welcome and benediction were afforded. The old man was the cure of the village, and whose grey head Clement had saved by cutting down the raised arm of a Russian marauder. The reward was now given. His wounds were dressed, and himself laid on a good bed, his grateful host watching by him with unremitting care.

Speaking in Latin, to conceal his intentions from the servant,



Clement disclosed to the cure who he was, and the precautions he had taken to impress his family and friends with the belief of his death, and disclosed all his future views.

"Proscribed by an insulting conqueror," said Clement, "I am in reality dead to everything dear to me on earth. Thousands of my countrymen are flying into France, but that ungrateful nation shall never have the use of my sword. If I must be a slave, why am I here? I shall endeavour to reach Turkey. My life has been so reclusive as to leave me personally known to but a few. Alas! most of those few who did know me, and whom I loved, are at rest. I shall now assume the name of Spielman, and pass as a German."

So strict was the discipline maintained by General Fersen, that in one week after the battle of Maceioewice, the inhabitants of the country round his camp were following peaceably their ordinary occupations, and in an especial manner the persons and houses of the clergy were held sacred. It was to the latter honourable and truly politic conduct that Clement stood indebted for his escape. The first question that General Fersen made to the captured officers was, if there was not amongst them the son of Alexander Count Meyerfield, of Ramvitz.

"There was," replied Julien Niemcewicz; "but he died on the field."

"And died to save my life," pathetically ejaculated Kosciuszko.

Fersen sighed deeply, but in respect to the feelings of his prisoners, made no further remarks, except to inquire in a particular manner what part of the field the young count had fallen; and next morning a long, minute, but of course, a fruitless search was made for the body. All hope of his life, and doubts of his death being abandoned, the count, countess, and Clara, were apprised of their loss, as we have related.

Clement being merely bruised, recovered rapidly, and in a few days took an eternal and affectionate leave of his protector, and with great fatigue, danger, and difficulty, reached Bucharest, in Wallachia. The reader may demand, "why conceal his existence from his friend Remuaid Kholheim, and from Nippon, his faithful servant?" The answer is simple, and may be given in his own words as regards Kholheim,—

"The fewer who know a secret the better it is kept, and I cannot stand in the way of that family being restored to their country and fortune."

This magnanimous devotion was founded on Clement being then ignorant of the secret and saving hand extended to himself and friends, and that at the time he was almost naked at Bucharest, his presence at Warsaw, and request made to the Russian commander, would have restored whoever they were exerted to restore. But such is the fate of man.

Clement again concealing himself from Nippon, was the consequence of his being one of those who knew the real relation between that young man and Clara. Nippon was about thirty-five years old, was the natural son of Phranza Ismeana, and of course the natural brother of Clara. This fact was known only to Ismeana, the father to Nippon, and Clement.

Clara was entirely unconscious that the unremitting and watchful attention of Nippon to her welfare and every wish was paternal regard. When Phranza Ismeana sent his daughter into Poland, Nippon requested to follow her; the father gladly acceded, and Nippon procured the place he so long and worthily held. Clement naturally concluded, that if Nippon knew of his being alive, that his brotherly feelings would induce him to reveal to Clara a secret of such importance.

Nippon followed his father and sister back into Turkey, whilst Clement became a wanderer under the name of Spielman, and reached Bucharest as we have seen.

Seated near the stove, his hat over his face, and silent in a crowd, Henry Spielman listened to the jargon of tavern loungers on the evening of the third day after his arrival at Bucharest. As a noisy Wallachian was showing his scars, and fighting his battles with his cut-throat, a very prepossessing man sat down by Clement, and addressing him in excellent German, made some passing remarks, and then continued by observing—

"There is not one other person but ourselves in the room who understands German; we may, therefore, converse freely, M. Spielman. You will pardon me, sir, when I say your appearance has interested me very greatly, and has also excited the respect of another man of more consequence than myself."

Here the stranger put into the hand of Clement a note of invitation from Prince Morouzzli, to visit him at his palace the ensuing evening. Whilst Clement held the note in his hand, and was pondering on the singularity of the circumstance, his new friend eyed him attentively, and at length rising, whilst repeating the respectful interest he had before professed, and concluded by saying—

"I will have the pleasure to meet you and be your drogoman on this verge of two religions, where you find all the vices of both, and little of the virtues of either."

Reflecting seriously on his situation, whilst fearing some evil design, Clement concluded, however, to accept the invitation of the Hospodar, though he could not account for why it was given.

Hospodar is a title given to the princes or other Turkish viceregents of Wallachia and Moldavia. Except in not having military authority, the Hospodars are Pachas. They have generally been chosen from the Greeks of the Phanon, and since the reign of Selim III. confined to four families; those of the two Souzzos, Callimachi, and Morouzzli.

Evening of the next day came, and the stranger was true to his appointment, and in a few moments the young count was ushered into a splendid room, where sat a very intelligent looking man, and upon whose features sat a benevolent smile. Addressing Clement in German, he welcomed him to Bucharest, but hinted politely that M. Spielman might naturally dread disguise, as he must himself be more than he pretended.

"I am what I pretend," replied Clement; "I am an exile."

"Of which you may find many in every island of the Archipelago," said Morouzzli.

Here refreshments were brought in, and Clement finding himself for a moment restored to the enjoyment of polished society, and his eye filled by the picture of magnificence which custom had made requisite to enjoyment, became more elevated than he had been for many months. There were but the three persons in the room,—the Hospodar, Clement, and the stranger. The conversation became very animated, and naturally turned on the great events of the times, and especially on the revolutions of France and Poland. Towards the latter the Hospodar artfully drew Clement, and the young disguised Pole was no little astonished to find each of his entertainers minutely acquainted with Poland. The characters of the monarchs, ministers, and European generals, passed in review.

Clement was all attention, and was thrown completely off his guard, when, after a short silence, the Hospodar, looking earnestly in his face, asked him, "If he had ever travelled in Poland?"

Clement could not deny but he had been in that country.

"And at Rauwitz, in Posen," continued the Hospodar. "Perhaps you may have known the Count and Countess of Meyerfield?"

Clement could command himself no longer; his lip quivered with indignation and at the treachery he supposed had been practised upon him, and rising, observed in Polish—

"I am betrayed."

The Hospodar and the stranger, by whose means Clement had been brought to the palace, both smiled at his emotion; but the former, kindly taking his hand, reassured him, as he addressed him thus—

"We are correct; you are Clement, son of Alexander Count Meyerfield and Severina, of Kargowa—but you are not betrayed—you are safe, and amongst friends."

"The moment I saw you enter the city," now observed Ibrahim—for it was the same every where present tenebado whom we have already introduced—"your strong resemblance to your excellent mother enabled me to recognise her son. To that son I can now pay a heavy debt—not one of gratitude, but of money actually advanced. I am," continued Ibrahim, "by nation a Frenchman, but was by accident, not necessary to mention, thrown early into Turkey. I was a soldier in their army when the Turks were defeated by the Russians. I was unhorsed and on the point of being massacred, when I was saved by a very pleasing looking young man, whom I afterwards learned was only a volunteer under ———. He was a Pole, and your father—it was Count Meyerfield. By his means I was taken to Warsaw, substituted, and supplied with means to return to Constantinople."

Clement now, at their joint request, gave a recital of the events which had contributed to reduce him to his present condition. It would be injustice to say his narrative was heard with attention—it was heard with the most intense interest.

As Clement closed, Morouzzli, whose hatred to the Russians was as national and more durable, exclaimed—

"That tigress never sleeps."

Both then promised to Clement what they religiously fulfilled,—inviolable secrecy as to his name, or his being yet alive. But Ibrahim went farther. He, with great adroitness, induced Clement to accept pecuniary aid, as payment of money advanced by Count Meyerfield. In fine, Morouzzli, under various pretences, retained Clement in his family, and in the spring of 1796, they both, with Ibrahim, removed to Constantinople.

In that city Clement learned the return of Clara and her father, who were, he found, residing near the palace of Morouzzli. This intelligence embittered his residence. He explained frankly to Morouzzli the relation between them; avowed his unchangeable affection, but declared that in his adverse fortunes no earthly evil could be so distressing as to have his existence revealed to that devoted woman. He stated that, known as he was to both Clara and Nippon, his discovery was certain if he remained either at the Phanar or at Pera.



Ibrahim was then consulted, and by his advice Clement was removed to the island of Scio. There, secluded from the world, and hopelessly separated from his almost adored parents, and from her whose life was less precious, the balmy gales, the orange and citron groves, the richest vineyards on earth bloomed in vain; his soul recoiled upon itself. In some moments of peculiar despondence, he mentally exclaimed, "I must return home, throw myself at the feet of my parents." But recollecting himself, would again mentally reject the alternative. "I am dead to them, mourned, and if not forgotten, time will soften their regrets, and why should I bring ruin on my father's house?"

But whilst the heart of the exile was thus preying on itself, and youth wrestling with cankering care, events were in train to restore him to his home, his country, and the beloved of his inmost bosom.

January 13th, 1797, Phranza Ismeana, with his children, sailed from Constantinople on their voyage to Smyrna, and by a freak of fortune Ibrahim was a passenger in the same vessel.

The intention of the renegade was to visit and prepare Clement for the change in his fortunes; and as at that season vessels leaving Constantinople was rare, he was compelled to go by the route of Smyrna. Sailing slowly down the Marmora and the Hellespont, Ibrahim put his powers of insinuation once more to the trial, in procuring the confidence of his fellow-passengers, and succeeded. He found by their conversation that the memory of the family of Meyersfield was vividly and gratefully cherished. With that deep caution, which so many cover under levity, but concealed by Ibrahim under the apparent phlegm of a Turk, he gained all he desired to know from the Ismeana family, without exciting in any of the members of that family the smallest suspicion that he ever knew Clement or his parents personally. He discovered that of all possible discoveries, the most welcome to them would be the re-appearance of Clement.

The voyage, from contrary winds, was rather tedious, though, for the season, not otherwise unpleasant. It was the fourth day, in the morning, before the vessel cleared the Dardanelles, and entered the open Archipelago; and the fifth, in the afternoon, before the high promontory of Cape Signi, in the island of Mytilene, was descried. Passing that cape, the course was changed to south-east, in order to reach the Gulf of Smyrna.

The two last days had been uncommonly fine, but the afternoon of the last evinced to the practised eye of Ibrahim and Ismeana, that a north-east gale was threatened; nor was the menacing aspect of the heavens the only enemy they had to dread; the Grecian and Asiatic islands, always infested with pirates, were so at that time in an extraordinary degree. In 1792, by the instigation of Russia, and from the national hatred of the Greeks to the Turks, the famous rover, Lambro Cazz'oni, ravaged many of the Turkish towns in the Archipelago, captured their vessels, and excited universal terror. Finally abandoned by the Russians, and overwhelmed by a superior force, the fleet of Lambro was destroyed, his companions slain, and himself driven from the sea to the mountains of Albania.

The maritime daring of Lambro did not perish with his power, for many of his most intrepid officers escaped, and without his grandeur of soul or humanity, possessed with profound seamanship a most accurate knowledge of the intricate navigation of Greece and Western Asia.

Nearly opposite Porto Caloni, in the island of Mytilene, as their barque was slowly borne along, Ibrahim, whose glass was constantly in his hand, called to Ismeana, and pointed out a low vessel coasting towards Cape Petra. "That villain," observed Ibrahim, "is a pirate, from whose fangs the coming storm may save us, for I fear nothing else can."

Ismeana, naturally brave, but feeling as a father, remained silent, whilst trembling with anxiety.

"I have made that stupid blockhead drunk," said Ibrahim, speaking of the captain, "in order to save him and ourselves. If he is caught by any of Lambro's disciples, impaling may be a mitigation of his fate."

(To be concluded in our next.)

**ANTS IN HISPANIOLA.**—In the year 1518, the island of Hispaniola was afflicted with a dreadful visitation of those destructive insects, the particulars of which Herrera describes, and mentions a singular circumstance of the superstition of the Spanish planters. After trying various methods of exterminating the ants, they resolved to implore the aid and protection of the saints; but as the calamity was new, they were at a loss to find out the saint who could give them the most effectual aid. They cast lots in order to discover the patron whom they should invoke. The lots decided in favour of St. Saturninus. They celebrated his festival with great solemnity, and immediately, adds the historian, the calamity began to abate.

What colour is the grass when covered with snow?—Invisible green.

## THE OLD HAT.

[The following excellent parody we extract from a late publication.—Ed.]

I had a hat—it was not all a hat,  
Part of the brim was gone—yet still I wore it on, and people wondered as I passed.  
Some turned to gaze, others just cast an eye,  
And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.  
But still my hat, although so fashionless  
In complement extern, and that within  
Surpassing show, my head continued warm;  
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all  
The want (as has been said before) of brim.

A change came o'er the colour of my hat:  
That which was black grew brown, and then men stared  
With both their eyes (they stared with one before)—  
The wonder now was twofold—and it seemed  
Strange that a thing so torn and old, should still  
Be worn by one who might—but let that pass,  
I had my reasons, which might be revealed  
But for some counter reasons, far more strong,  
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on,—  
Green spring, and flowery summer—autumn brown,  
And frosty winter came, and went, and came,—  
And still through all the seasons of two years,  
In park, in city, yea, at routs and balls  
The hat was worn and borne; then folks grew wild  
With curiosity,—and whispers rose,  
And questions passed about—how one so trim  
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, could ensconce  
His caput in a covering so vile?

A change came o'er the nature of my hat:  
Grease spots appeared—but still in silence, on  
I wore it—and then family and friends  
Glared madly at each other. There was one  
Who said—but hold, no matter what was said—  
A time may come when I—away—away—  
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal  
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds—  
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart  
Of this my mystery. When I will—I will!  
The hat was now—greasy, and old and torn—  
But torn—old—greasy—still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat:  
Women, and men, and children, scowled on me—  
My company was shunned—I was alone!  
None would associate with such a hat—  
Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.  
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast  
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—  
Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat;  
Of those that knew me best, some turned aside,  
And scudded down dark lanes—one man did place  
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered.  
Others, in horrid mockery, laughed outright;  
Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,  
Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,  
Mistook me for a beggar—and they barked.  
Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs—  
One thought pervaded all, it was my hat.

A change—it was the last—came o'er this hat:  
For lo! at length the circling months went round—  
The period was accomplished—and one day  
This tattered, brown, old, greasy coverture,  
(Time had endeared its vileness) was transferred  
To the possession of a wandering son  
Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more  
Greeted my digests with the wonted squeeze:  
Once more I went my way—along—along—  
And plucked no wondering gaze—the hand of scorn,  
With its annoying finger—men, and dogs,  
Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growlless;  
And last, not least of rescued blessings, love—  
Love smiled on me again, when I assumed  
A bran new ca-tor, of the Andre mould;  
And then the laugh was mine, for then came out  
The secret of this strangeness—'twas a bet!



# ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER CLXXXVII.

GRIEF AND DESPAIR.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE DEATH.—THE SPY AND HIS INFORMATION.

For a few minutes after George Home had made an avowal of his name, no one spoke. Alice was full of painful emotions as she strove to recollect all that she had ever heard spoken plainly or hinted concerning him, and Horace was perfectly at fault to know in what degree of constancy he could possibly stand in to the Horace family.

As for George himself, he seemed much to enjoy the confusion he had created, and he repeated,—

"My name is George Home. I am Sir Charles Home's accuser. I am he, who, treasuring up his revenge for years, has at length let it swoop down like an avalanche upon the head of his victim. Many have thought me dead—some wished me so; but through all I lived—through horrors and miseries that would have killed most men, I struggled, and it was all because I ever, when fate frowned darkest upon me, told myself I was hastening to my revenge. I ever whispered such words of consolation to my own heart. 'Twere needless now to tell the story of my wrongs—let it suffice that, if provocation to such a vengeance as I am resolved to have should be ample—that mine was more than ample. Alice Home, your father's death upon a scaffold will alone satisfy the cravings of my heart."

"Monster!" said Alice, "have you no touch of human feeling—have you no humanity?"

"Appeal not to him," cried Horace. "I do not believe the charge—such are easily made, but harder to substantiate—your father may either be wholly innocent, Alice, or the real facts, when correctly stated, may wear a very different aspect from what this man, in the malice of his heart, would fain put upon them."

"Preach on—preach on," said George; "when the officer's search is over, whether the guilty man be found here or not, I shall trouble you to quit my house."

"Your house?"

"Yes, this house is mine. There is my authority for taking possession of it, and all it contains. My right rests upon your answer, Alice Home, to one simple, easily-answered question."

"What question?"

"Are you married to Horace Singleton?"

"I am."

"Enough, then. This is my house. How now, loitering knaves—why do you linger there to catch words not intended for your ears?"

The domestics shrunk back abashed from the stern glance bent upon them, with the exception of Salmon, and he advanced into the middle of the room, and snapped his fingers, as he said,—

"Pho—pho—nonsense. You'd better mind what you are about, Mr. Conjuror, or you may find you will have just about enough property to put in your eye, without making you see the worse."

"Fool!"

"Not so foolish. If a man is accused and found guilty of felony, where does all his property go to? Lor, bless you, I seed a answer to that ere question in one of the Sunday papers last week."

"What do you mean, Salmon?" said Horace.

"Simply this," cried George Home; "he means, that if I succeed in making Sir Charles Home to be found guilty of murder, the property I claim will rest in the Crown, but the fool is wrong. The assignment to me is good, although he were found guilty of twenty murders, since it was made weeks before he was accused of any crime."

"There you go ag-in," said Salmon. "I didn't mean anything about Sir Charles, it's you I mean."

"Me—me?"

"Yes, to be sure. I shall give my evidence that I heard you and Miss Margaret planning about the poisoning business—you gave her poison to use. I heard you—all but saw you—get out of that if you can. You'll be the felonious felon, you will. And a nice article you'll be to give evidence against Sir Charles. Oh, you're a beauty, you are. You look it."

George Home glared upon Salmon with eyes expressive of such malignant fury, that Horace feared he meditated some deed of violence, and moved between them, saying,—

"Salmon, the evidence you have to offer is most important—upon it we will give this man, who calls himself George Home, into custody, and at once."

"Fools," said George. "Think you I am to be so easily foiled—no—no, my daughter Margaret—"

"Your daughter?" exclaimed Horace.

"Ay, my daughter."

"Gracious Heaven! are you, really, the father of that wretched—unhappy—"

"Peace! Teach your tongue to speak more respectfully of one, who, from this day, shall treat you with the contempt you so amply merit, and step into the enjoyment of that wealth, but a small portion of which she has enjoyed, under the specious garb of charity. Charity, forsooth, from him, who hunted her parents to destruction—virtually murdered her mother, and nearly drove me, her father, to irremediable insanity."

"Unhappy, wretched father!"

"Wretched—excellent say, rather."

"I can pity even him," said Alice, as she glanced in Horace's face, with tears starting to her eyes.

"Pity me," exclaimed George. "Ha! ha! ha! Rare duplicity. Save up your pity, maiden, for those nearer to you, they will want it all, believe me."

"Have you," said Horace, addressing George, "no human sympathies?"

"None—none."

"No hidden springs of feeling?"

"None."

"No feelings—no tears?"

"Not one. What have I to do with tears?—my daughter—summon her hither. Tell Margaret Home her father is here, and has come to place her in the proud position of a mistress, where she has been too long a dependant. Summon my daughter, I say. Let Margaret Home be called."

Still the couch which had become the bier of the dead, was hidden in the partial gloom of the apartment from George Home's observation, and not the most indistinct notion of the catastrophe that had occurred for one instant crossed his imagination. Alice and Horace looked at each other with painful emotion. Each dreaded to commence the explanation that must ensue, even although it was impossible they could have much real sympathy with such a man as George Home. After a time Horace spoke, and it was in a tone of subdued emotion that he did so.

"Unhappy father, if you be, indeed, he whom you represent yourself, you have a shock to receive which will prove, if you be human, or something not endowed with this world's feelings or affections—"

"A shock—a shock!"

George Home trembled violently, and a deadly sickness at his heart seemed to him the presage of some coming ill, of a character he could not guess.

"My daughter!" he gasped—"my daughter! Let me see her, and then—then go on—I defy fate, because I know the utmost malicious fortune can do. Where is my daughter, Margaret Home—where is my daughter?"

Horace Singleton took Alice by the hand, and led her to a seat at the other end of the apartment. Then from the table he lifted a light, and turning to George Home, he said,—

"This way—this way."

George Home, who had again resumed his seat, rose, and with glaring eyes, fixed upon Horace Singleton's face, followed him the few paces that intervened between where he was and the couch on which lay the lifeless remains of Margaret. So absorbed was he in watching Horace's movements, that, until the latter held the light downwards, and pointing to the form that lay before them, said,—"Behold!—behold!" he saw not the sight which was so calculated to freeze even his blood with horror, and wring his heart with an agony that should never know a parallel.

Then he looked on to the couch—he held by the carved elbow for support, while for an instant the room appeared to spin round with him, and all objects were mingled and confused to his vision. Soon, too soon did the mist clear from before his eyes, and then he saw the unmistakable lineaments of his own child—she for whom he had endured so long, so arduous a struggle—she who had possessed all the affections he had left in his breast, and whom he had loved as the only one that bound him to life, despite all her little appreciation of the near connexion that subsisted between them. His hands shook like those of one palsied. He tried to speak, but his voice died away in an indistinct murmur, and before Horace could save him, he fell back on the floor with a deep groan, as one suddenly stricken with death in the midst of life.

"Oh, Horace, Horace, this is terrible!" cried Alice. "When will the horrors of this evening cease?"

"God help him!" exclaimed Horace. "I can pity him now from my soul."



The surgeon had not left, and now he approached George Home, and kneeling by his side, he took the hand in his which lay so helpless on the side

"He lives," he said. "This is only a swoon. He will awaken to great bursts of grief, doubtless."

Some water was then dashed in George Home's face, and he slowly revived. His first words were,—

"My daughter—my daughter!"

"She is no more," said the surgeon. "Arm yourself with fortitude, sir, she has died by —"

"Poison—poison!" shrieked George Home, springing to his feet. "Poison—I know it—I gave it to her; but not for such an use. Poisoned—she is poisoned."

"She is. I hear it was her own act."

"It was," said Horace Singleton. "Disappointed in her schemes of revenge against others, she could not bear the reproaches of conscience, or the rage of defeat."

George Home heard not the words that were addressed to him. With a calmness that was deceptive as the still sublimity of the black cloud that causes a thunderstorm in its bosom, he leant over the couch and kissed the cold cheek of Margaret. Then in a wild shrieking tone, he shouted,—

"Revenge—revenge!—nothing, now, but revenge!"

At that moment a man made his way into the apartment, and looking eagerly around him, he fixed his eyes upon George Home, and immediately made up to him, saying,—

"Sir, you employed me to —"

"To watch Sir Charles Home," cried George. "What of him?—speak—speak!"

"He—he—has gone —"

"Where—where, wretch? Tell me where, or this moment is your last."

"Post haste to Dover."

"D—n!"

Before, then, any one could stay him, or another word could be spoken, he dashed from the room, descended the stairs with frightful rapidity, and in less than a minute, had left the house.

In another half hour, Horace and Alice had left the ill-fated house. Some police officers were left in charge of the dead body of Margaret, and the terrified domestics were huddled together in their own hall, fearful almost to move or speak.

#### CHAPTER CLXXXVIII.

LADY HOME AND HER FRIENDS.—A SCENE OF CONFUSION.—A MISTAKE.

The same evening that Sir Charles Home quitted London secretly for Dover, was famous for the number of singular and important events that occurred, and, as they all lead to one point, we must not omit one of not a little singular character.

Lady Home met that evening many of her extremely respectable relations in high council. No low person was, of course, present. The very elite of all that was genteel and high of birth only, found any admission, save a lawyer—a low brute—was certainly admitted, because they could not, very well, do without him.

He it was that should direct their counsels, and make them available afterwards. Without him they would have been as bad as a ship without a rudder, that would go hither and thither, having no apparent object or end.

There were seven or eight present, more remarkable for the antiquity of personal appearance than for youth or beauty. Indeed, both these had been banished, to judge by appearance, from the entire presence of all who were present. The roses had long since been blown away, and nothing, save shrivelled leaves and thorns, remained behind.

The gentlemen of the faculty were of the stiff and formal cut which is usually supposed to prevail in the century previous to that in which we live. Gentility was visible every where and in every thing. High bred, no doubt; but all were, one would say, vastly poor.

Lady Home was reclining upon a sofa, in a state of great mental excitement; probably arising, either from too close a contemplation of her own misfortunes, or of a too repeated application to the black bottle, that bane to nervousness and the recollection of evil.

It certainly effected the last, but, in doing so, it very often destroyed recollection altogether for the time, and a kind of torpor, which was usually driven off by sleep.

"I think your ladyship could not stay longer under the same roof with such a set of low people," said an elderly female; but they were all elderly, and hence that ceased to be an individual characteristic, though it still remained a general one. "Such treatment is not to be borne by one of your connections."

"No, indeed," added an old lady—a decidedly old lady—with a noble beard on her chin, and a fan in her hand of large dimensions. "I remember when Sir Arthur Clewentes, that was, treated me with indignity, by turning his back to me at a party, and leading out a young female to dance. I quitted the house immediately, and my brother wrote to Sir Arthur about it."

"And Sir Arthur refused to hear anything about it," said a fat-faced and decidedly vulgar-looking woman, with a deep voice and a velvet dress.

No reply was made to this, but the first lady looked darker than a thunder cloud, but passed it over in silence.

Lady Home sighed and said,—

"I could not, indeed, stay longer. The house has become a mere den to contain low people. Besides which, Sir Charles's behaviour was so bad, that nothing human could endure it."

"You must have your separate maintenance, madam," said a tall, thin, formal gentleman, with a large wig; "and the best thing you can positively do, will be to get it."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "that is most desirable. To get it, indeed, would be the climax to the whole proceedings, and I do devoutly wish you may get it, your ladyship."

"Exactly; that is what we all wish. Now this is a family affair. There are none but who have the good of the family at heart present; so let us discuss the prospect there is of overcoming the enemy."

"The very thing," exclaimed the fat lady. "That is very good and discreet advice. Let us hear all about it, and then we shall be better able to advise upon it."

"Yes," said the thin lady, with the beard, "I long to hear all about it myself. One cannot tell what ought to be done. Come—come, Lady Home, lean up for a time, and relate all you have suffered. It may be a painful recital, but it will relieve your mind, I know; and, besides, there's Mr. Pogson, too, who will not know what to do, if he does not know all."

"Indeed, I had better do so, madam; else I am afraid, from the little I know, I can see but little good to be attained."

Thus urged, Lady Home refreshed herself from the *nerve tonic* receptacle, and then reclining gently back upon the couch, and supported by a number of pillows, she heaved another deep sigh, and said, in a tremulous voice,—

"Oh, my unfortunate nerves! They are destroyed, and, I fear, I cannot long survive them: but it's all owing to the usage I have received from that brute, Sir Charles. Indeed, he would have killed me long ago, I am sure, were it not for the ample vengeance of the laws, which he knew my relatives would draw down upon him if he did."

"Oh! that we would!" sighed several.

"Then his treatment has been the most abominable. The low epithets he has applied to me are beyond belief. Indeed, if I were to repeat them, I should make myself ill, and you would be shocked—terribly shocked!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the thin, elderly lady.

"The wretch!" exclaimed the fat lady.

"All true, I assure you," exclaimed Lady Home, who, in a fit of absence of mind, raised the black bottle to her lips without its cover, and there it remained for some time.

"What else did he do, my lady?" inquired Mr. Pogson, now there was a pause.

"Ay, what next, my lady?" said the old gentleman in the bag wig, taking snuff prodigiously.

Lady Home considered for some time, and then resumed.

"He kicked my servants, and caused them to wheel my ottoman down stairs, and I, of course, was forced from top to bottom, and, not only my limbs endangered, but my life placed in jeopardy. Was not that enough to cause any person of my rank to quit such a brute?"

"Ay, that it was. Had it been me, your ladyship," said the thin lady, "I would have had a warrant against him from the Secretary of State. He should never have triumphed over me after that, I do assure you."

"God bless me! what can the creature think? He must be vile and dreadfully low."

"He is—he is!" and yet I knew I was a wife and a mother, and did not leave the house as I ought to have done," said Lady Home, in plaintive whine, to which was added something like a snuffle, indicative of tears.

"Poor creature! see how it affects her. Her nerves are all gone and totally disappeared. Here, take some more of your medicine."

Lady Home thought this good advice, and did so.

"This will not be enough," said the lawyer. "You cannot compel Sir Charles to give you a settlement upon these grounds."

"Indeed! What, must I stop with him? Why, he fired pistols at me. Is that nothing?"

"Nothing to the purpose, my lady. My advice is, that you go



the house with your friends, and endeavour to force Sir Charles into some arrangement; or obtain some admission, or perhaps cause him to do something that will be of sufficient importance to ground a charge of cruelty upon."

After much discussion between Lady Home and her friends, they all agreed to go at once to the house of Sir Charles Home, and there see what was likely to come of the whole affair.

When they arrived at the house, their astonishment was extreme. There was an air of desolation and confusion reigning about, for which she could not account.

"Is the brute at home?" inquired Lady Home of the servants who came to the door, for there were several.

"No, my lady," replied the hall porter; "nobody knows where he's gone to, and Miss Margaret's lying dead up stairs."

With an half-uttered exclamation of surprise, Lady Home entered the house, followed by her friends, and, to their still further astonishment, found that there were several policemen in the house.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Lady Home. "The house is full of terribly low people. Where is Alice Home?"

"I don't know," replied one of the officers. "Sir Charles Home is gone away nobody knows where. Margaret Home lays dead up stairs, poisoned by herself or somebody else, we don't know yet."

"Then she must have drunk something wrong," said Lady Home.

"Yes, I should say she did," said the officer, with a short laugh.

Lady Home, at the mention of drinking, felt for her bottle, but she let it roll on the ground.

"Hilloa!" cried the officer, "what's here? Some poison, I dare say. Come—come, I shall seal this, and accordingly he did so, despite Lady Home's remonstrances.

"It is my medicine," said Lady Home. "I must have it."

"You can't, my lady. It must be examined. It may be medicine that will poison any one."

"But I want to take it," urged her ladyship, much vexed.

"Exactly, my lady, and then I may be severely reprimanded by that worthy specimen of wisdom, the coroner."

"But it can't poison; it's gin."

"Gin! Oh! Will you swear to that?"

"I will—I do. It's gin. Give it to me. My disorder requires it."

"Oh! certainly," said the officer; "but we must first test the truth of what you say."

He then removed the seal, and uncorking it, carefully smelled it, and then tasted it, and, after a while, drank of its contents, and then handed it to his companions, saying,—

"Taste this. Do you think it pure gin?"

"Oh, certainly not," replied the man, with a wink. "Here, do you try, and he passed it on to a third, and thus they passed it on from one to the other, until it became empty.

"Yes, it was gin, my lady," said the officer, "and very good gin too."

Lady Home seized her darling bottle, and after making an attempt to claim the care of the house and valuables, which was not listened to, she quitted the house, and placed the bottle to her mouth, but took it down again, saying, with a sigh,—

"Again empty! What shall I do? My settlement, I fear, is gone with the contents of my bottle!"

Thus, sighing and moaning, she called a coach, and drove home by herself, her friends having quitted her.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

**WORKS OF NATURE.**—If we look back with wonder on the great remains of human works, such as the columns of Palmyra, broken in the midst of the desert, the temples of Paestrum, beautiful in the decay of twenty centuries, or the mutilated fragments of Greek sculpture in the Acropolis of Athens, or in our own museum, as proofs of the genius of artists, and the power and riches of nations now past away, with how much deeper feelings of admiration must we consider those grand monuments of nature which mark the revolutions of the globe; continents broken into islands; one land produced, another destroyed; the bottom of the ocean become a fertile soil; whole races of animals extinct, and the bones and exuvium of one class covered with the remains of another; and upon the graves of past generations—the marble—a rocky tomb, as it were, of a former animated world, new generations rising, and order and harmony established; and a system of life and beauty produced as it were out of chaos, and death proving the infinite wisdom, power, and goodness of the Great Creator of all being.

**ADVANCES.**—When these are made on a woman's side, they either indicate an excessive superiority or an excessive love. A woman who has made advances never remembers them without rage, unless she has reason to remember them with pleasure.

**ADMIRABLE.**—Everything spoken by a lover's mistress.

## THE SISTERS;

OR, EMMA AND ELLEN.

It was a clear autumn evening, when two sisters arose from their daily task of toil, to take a walk and deliver something they had completed, and thus obtain the necessities of existence. They were two orphans, and though both under twenty, they lived in peace and amity with all. Blessed with health and content, they worked hard, early and late, but could only obtain, even then, a scanty subsistence; for this little, however, they were thankful.

Cheerful, at the first cock-crow, did they rise and commence their daily labour, and it was late at night ere they had concluded their task. Their parents had been respectable people, who had given their children a good education, and caused them to be used to the labour of their hands, and now necessity pressed upon them, they did not feel the change so great as they would otherwise have done had that been quite new to them.

They were nearly of an age, there being only about twelve or thirteen months between them. Ellen was the eldest; a dark-eyed girl, who possessed a good share of beauty. Her dark eyes sparkled, and her black hair curled in negligent ringlets that would have caused havoc in many a heart. She was amiable as well as pretty, and shrewd and penetrating in her knowledge. She took the lead in all domestic affairs; indeed, all was confided to her management, and her advice was always asked by the younger sister, who invariably deferred to her opinion, as being the best able to form a correct estimate of things, and her opinions, in every case, were invariably acted upon, and her will was law. Not that she ever imposed upon the yielding disposition of her younger sister, but she assumed the character of a protectress with her consent, and kindly sought to save her sister all the cares of their little household. She also undertook the task of obtaining work, and seeking for it, which her sister's youth and inexperience rendered her unfit for.

Emma, the youngest of the two sisters, was the reverse of her sister in appearance. She was fair-haired, and her flaxen ringlets hung upon her shoulders. Her eyes were blue, and her laughter-loving lips, when parted, displayed a set of beautiful teeth, as white as if formed by art instead of nature. She was lively, but yet she laboured with her sister from morn till night. Their toil was mutual, and she would often enliven their labour by her sallies of wit; but if she saw her sister's brow clouded, she would be quiet, and sorrow would be as apparent on her features as on her own.

Thus they passed a twelvemonth, and no one could say aught of blame against the two sisters. It may seem strange, that two so unprotected and so lonely, should pass a whole year without meeting with insult, or, at least, without meeting with lovers; but they kept themelves so strictly secluded, that few ever saw them, save those with whom they had dealings. Thus they passed through the even tenor of their way, void of offence to any one, and free from all cause of self-blame.

One evening they had just finished their task, when Ellen arose, and said,—

"The evening is so fine and clear, that a walk will do you good, Emma; you had better come with me to take this home."

"Very well, and then I can take care of you, you know. But is it far that you are going?" inquired Emma.

"Not very. But tell me, are you not very tired? I thought you appeared very pale this last day or two."

"I have not been quite well; but you have been, I think, worse than I have by far."

"No, I have been well enough. But let us hasten, else I shall be too late."

They were soon ready, and then set out on their mission. Having delivered their work, it grew late, and they were hastening on their way home, when they were accosted by some gentlemen, whose riches gave them the right, as they imagined, of insulting any one who might not possess the same advantages as themselves.

The sisters endeavoured to fly from their assailants, but they were rudely seized, and detained until their shrieks brought assistance in the persons of the watch, and a young man who happened to be at hand.

The sisters were released, and the offenders purchased immunity for their transgression by means of their wealth, of which they were lavish on occasions like this.

Trembling with apprehension of again being subject to the same violence, they were about to hasten onwards, when their preserver said that, if they would allow him, he would accompany them home, and insure them from further harm, as it was highly probable they might be followed.

Thanking him for his kindness, they gladly accepted his proffered escort. They arrived at home in safety, and, having thanked him for his care, they parted for that night; but they met on a future day.



They usually went to a place of worship, when their means would permit them, and there it was they met with Charles Hayward, the young man who had taken their part upon the occasion related. An acquaintance sprung up between him and the sisters; but his principal attention was evidently paid to Ellen, the elder, who, however, knew not how to receive it, since it might lead to a separation from her sister, which of all things she most feared.

Hayward was the son of a tradesman, and had but lately been placed in business on his own account by his father, who had a large family, and had no other means of providing for them. He was all that could be desired in such a person; industrious, steady, and honourable. He often visited them when the hours of business were over.

Ellen often thought of the desirableness of a union with Charles, for many reasons. True it was, she considered the event in all its different bearings; but yet she loved him. She would, however, entirely sacrifice her feelings to the welfare of her sister; but in this case she hoped this would not be necessary, as she could see the means of helping her sister, and rescuing her from her present life of toil, which would, in a few short years, depress the heart and destroy the spirits of one so young and beautiful.

But an event happened before that could take place which she was totally unprepared for, and that was no less than a lover, who attached himself to Emma. He had noticed her as she passed with her sister in the neighbourhood where he lived. He made his court to her in the most respectful manner, and professed that he had only honourable motives in seeking her society.

He was a young man of fashion and fortune. He was much stricken with her beauty, and sought every means by which he might secure her affections to himself.

Ellen felt a great antipathy to Mr. Clinton. She had expressed herself so to her sister; but she thought her sister acted harshly in thus judging of a young gentleman, which he certainly was.

Such being her feelings, Ellen forbore to say anything more respecting him. However, in her dislike she was countenanced by her lover, Charles Hayward, who declared it to be his belief that Clinton intended her no good.

She, however, would hear nothing against him. She loved with all the ferrency and strength that one so young could love. Her innocence and freedom from guile made her a fit object for the attacks of the disolute and depraved.

"Emma," said Ellen, one day as they were seated together at their daily task, "has Mr. Clinton made any distinct proposition to you? Does he offer you marriage? Forgive me, Emma, but I love you too dearly to let all pass off in silence. I would wish to see you happy, but I fear you will not be."

"And why not, Ellen. Can you expect a gentleman to do all he intends at once? As well might he tell me what he intended when he first saw me; but I could not bring myself to have him with so much haste; it would do too much violence to my own feelings. I should not like him so well."

"Then he has said nothing definite to you?" said Ellen.

"I did not say so."

"No, you said nothing, but I infer so from what you did say; believe me, my dear sister, and do not take it amiss of me, but I fear he means you no good."

"That is not only unkind and uncharitable, but a wilful dislike, founded upon nothing but prejudice, if even there be so much of a foundation as that for your thoughts."

"You are unkind, Emma, very unkind. I will, however, say no more on this subject; and yet I would willingly have learned something from you respecting your future prospects; but since you will not grant me your confidence, I cannot enforce it. Time will show, and I hope it will give you happiness."

"And, pray, Ellen," said Emma, after a few moments pause, as if she were anxious to change the subject of their conversation from herself, "what may your prospects be?"

"Happy, I trust."

"And so do I, both for you and me; but have you anything definite offered you?"

"You will not grant me your confidence, Emma, then why should you ask for mine; but I will tell you, nevertheless."

"Oh, do not say more than you like," interrupted Emma, vexed at the retort.

"Well, then, in a few weeks more, I shall no longer be my own ruler. I have promised Charles that I will be his on any day that he may name after three weeks have passed."

"What a singular promise. Why is he to name the day, Ellen?"

"It is to suit his business, for that we must attend to the first thing. Charles is very steady and industrious, and will make a kind husband, I have no doubt."

"I hope he may, I am sure."

"There can be no doubt of it, if I had any I would not have him; the venture would be too terrible to take him with less than a certain conviction of happiness on one's mind. And while you remain single he hopes you will not object to such a home as he can offer you."

"I am much obliged to him and you, and would not willingly be a burden to any one; but I may, perhaps, be useful in a few things, and in some slight measure lighten the burden."

"Say nothing about that, my dear sister; all I could do for you, I would willingly, and I would not have taken him had it been refused; but I had not even to ask him. It was voluntarily offered, and you can therefore be sure that you are welcome."

Emma expressed her thanks to her sister for the kindness of Charles, and said she hoped she should not long require it, though she would for a time. Ellen forbore to question her sister, though she felt greatly desirous of doing so; but believing she would offend her, she held her tongue.

It was not long ere the three weeks were over, and three days to boot, and then came the wedding-day. Ellen really looked beautiful, her dress was neat and becoming; Charles himself was never in better spirits or health. The pair were the picture of happiness and contentment. On the wedding morn Emma looked at her sister, and a gentle sadness stole over her senses, a sigh swelled her bosom, and a tear rose unbidden to the eye, and fell on her cheek. She was lost in meditation, but soon recovered herself, and became the gayest of the gay.

But those who knew her would have detected under the guise of all this gaiety nothing more than recklessness, that she did not feel the assumed happiness and ease—they were strangers to her heart. That evening, her sister's wedding eve, she left the house to meet Clinton. He whom she adored, he who had won her young heart, and robbed her of ease of mind and happiness for ever.

She was not the innocent and guileless thing she had been. She often thought of her sister's words, and her inquiries cut her to the soul, and yet she loved the man who caused all these feelings. All this misery, and more too, she would willingly have borne, had he been true, and yet she did not believe him to be otherwise. Robbed of her innocence, of all that could make life valuable to her, she threw her whole heart and soul into his arms; he was her god, and could rule her for good or evil.

This evening she felt miserable and desponding. Her sister's happiness—Ellen's present state and prospects, as compared with her own, all tended to make her unhappy, and it was with a tearful eye that she met her fell destroyer.

"Oh, Clinton," she exclaimed, as she saw him approach, "you cannot tell what misery and wretchedness I feel."

"My dear girl, there is no cause for it, believe me you are in error to make yourself unhappy," he replied.

"But when will you perform the promise you so solemnly made to me that you would marry me? If you do not, what misery you will cause, for I cannot conceal my situation much longer."

"Is it come to this?" he replied.

"Yes, and Heaven knows how much unhappiness the thoughts of it give me. My sister, you see, has been honourably dealt with, and that, too, by a man not so well off, nor possessing the advantages you have in birth and education. Pray, let our marriage be soon. You cannot intend to make my shame known before you intend to marry me."

"You know, Emma, what I have already told you, I cannot marry without my father's consent, which I cannot obtain; therefore, all I can do now, until I come into my own property —"

"Yet I never once heard of this condition until now. You never before made me a partial promise; but say on."

"I will hire apartments for you, and provide all things necessary for your illness, and as soon as circumstances permit I will fulfil my promise to you."

"And how long do you imagine I shall have to wait for this?"

"Till my father dies."

"And that may be years?"

"Yes, it may; but I hope not. I don't think it likely—he is near seventy now."

"Hear me, Clinton," she exclaimed, "I go no further with you, accept of no aid from you; you are an unworthy man, in whom I can place no faith. You completed my ruin, but I will never be trampled over by you—farewell."

She turned from him, and would not hear a syllable he said. She returned to her sister, and in a few days after confessed to her all that had happened, and met with such sympathy and care as she well knew she would, from her sister. In time she brought into the world a fine boy, but his unfortunate mother died the same night; but first drew promise from her sister that she would treat the child as her own. Th she did, and the boy became a man, he thrived well, and blessed his benefactors, though there were few who could recollect his birth.



## THE BASHFUL MAN.

I LABOUR under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be able to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and was possessed with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair, but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a cottage life, particularly when I reflected, that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct. I therefore had resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has often been experienced by those whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son, and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of that which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time had acquired a fortune, which he used to boast would make a nobody happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hope of never-ending happiness.

While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, sir, behold me well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy leared clown.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, especially by those who have marriageable daughters; from these gentlemen I received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with a full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago accepted an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open easy manner, left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year, his estate joining to that I had purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown up gentlemen a dance;" and though at first I found wonderful difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but that my new acquisitions would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are the hopes of a theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by my want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was announced by the different livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or

whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my learned bow to Lady Friendly, but unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description I believe the number is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led, by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing), greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose), willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched on a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on to the carpet, and scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter, at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident occurred. Having set my plate of soup rather too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole of its scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas disguised his torture, when I had trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made in the first course, or the distress occasioned by being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar. Rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich, sweet pudding upon my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged me to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony,—my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of my torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all pitied my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire, and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the servant by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already blistered; totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my throat, tongue, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor spurted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes, and occasioned bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters, for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet full.

To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh, while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an



agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering toments like a "goblin damned." The lower half of me has been almost buried, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned, unless by your assistance (by inserting it in LLOYD'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY), when my neighbours know how much I suffered on this occasion, they will spare their revilings, and have some feeling for a Bashful Man.

## LOVE;

### OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER V.

### THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

CHARLES HARGROVE's first impulse was to dash forward in the direction where the eaves-dropper was standing; but, by so doing, he only struck himself severely against some of the lattice work of the summer-house, without being able to lay hands on the intruder, who was gone in an instant, and before Charles could recover himself and rush from the little arbour, no one was to be seen. He looked about him with surprise for some seconds, and then, returning to the terrified Harriet, he said,—

"You saw some one, Harriet, as well as I. Surely we could not both be deceived."

"I certainly saw a man's face, Charles; who it could be I know not. My mind, however, is full of fears. A cloud is on my spirits, and I cannot help shuddering as if the shadow of some coming danger was already resting on my heart."

"Be more assured, dearest," said Charles; "no danger can approach you. Your innocence and purity are your safeguards from evil; and, moreover, shall I not for ever stand between you and all ill. Yes, my Harriet, you are safe now—very safe. I—"

"My mother is coming," whispered Harriet. "See, there is trouble in her looks. Charles, you will not yet disclose—"

"No—no, we will still be friendly, as brother and sister, for a time. We will share with no one the delicious secret of our hearts."

Mrs. Hearnshaw slowly and dejectedly approached the lovers—tears were on her cheeks, and she was very pale. It was evident she suffered much; but, with all her expression of natural grief, there was a singular sanctified looking expression upon her countenance, and a half-shut quiver of the eyes, which Charles Hargrove had never yet seen her wear.

As she approached she shook her head deprecatingly, and when she got near enough to speak, she said,—

"My dear Harriet, Mr. Fligsnuck is here."

"Mr. who?" cried Charles, and Harriet looked the same inquiry.

"Benighted—benighted," groaned Mrs. Hearnshaw. "Not know the pious Fligsnuck, and I have been, as you ought to know, Harriet, a Fligsnuckian ever since our misfortunes first began."

"A what, aunt?" said Charles.

"Ah! no," sighed Mrs. Hearnshaw, "we live in a sinful world. Ah! Harriet, your poor father would not see Mr. Fligsnuck in his last moments. I hope it won't go very hard with him in the world to come on that account. The sinner's hope is in the house now."

"The who, mamma?"

"The pious Fligsnuck."

"Then, aunt," said Charles, "I suppose it was the pious Fligsnuck who nearly had his poor head knocked off just now for playing the spy upon me and Harriet in the arbour?"

A loud ring at the garden gate now interrupted the colloquy, and the one servant of the Hearnshaws, having some time since left Harriet herself, proceeded to answer the summons for admission. Charles stepped a few paces after her; but his aunt called to him, saying,—

"Charles—Charles, forsake your evil ways; I have something to say to you of the greatest importance."

"What is it, aunt?"

"Why, Mr. Fligsnuck says that he is willing to receive you as one of his congregation, and save you if he can."

"I am very much obliged to him, indeed; but beg to decline the offer. Harriet seems detained."

"But, Charles, consider the wrath to come."

"I—I will go and see what is detaining Harriet."

"Lost—lost. Oh, what a gnawing of teeth there will be in another world. For you, Charles, you will say, 'where is the pious and exemplary Fligsnuck?' and he will say,—'Young man, you don't belong to me; I made you the offer, but—'"

Harriet at this moment appeared, with a flush upon her countenance, that excited the suspicion of Charles that something unpleasant had occurred, and closely following her was a tall, gaunt-looking man, who, when he reached the spot where Mrs. Hearnshaw and Charles were standing, cast an uneasy shifting glance around, as if to assure himself that he saw any one who was there, and then said,—

"A pleasant morning, madam. I would that my business was half so agreeable as this delightful weather, and your radiant and admirable society."

The sneer with which this speech was uttered to Mrs. Hearnshaw, was not attempted to be concealed. On the contrary, the man looked around him as if challenging applause for the manner in which he played upon the weak imagination of Mrs. Hearnshaw, who immediately said,—

"I believe you are Mr. Scalvoni?"

"And very much at your service, madam. I regret to announce that, by mere accident, I learned this house had been purchased by a man, who not only is resolved to have the arrears of rent due, but he is resolved to have it immediately for his own occupation. Very extensive mercantile transactions enable me to acquire pieces of information most singularly, and some of them are very painful. Need I say how grieved I am at this? I fear it will expose you to much inconvenience, and as I have been, alas! the most innocent cause, by an error in judgment, of making Mr. Hearnshaw lose a sum of money, I thought the least my duty prompted me was to come here now with such news as I had, and an offer of such humble assistance as it might be in my power to present to you."

"Why—why," sobbed Mrs. Hearnshaw, "what shall we do unless Providence interferes?"

"Ah!" said Scalvoni, casting his eyes up to the sky with a grievous expression, as if looking for Providence. "I'm afraid it won't, madam."

"Wretch!" exclaimed a peculiar-looking man, stepping between Scalvoni and Mrs. Hearnshaw. "Man of no faith—sorcerer—infidel—monster!"

"Oh, Mr. Fligsnuck!" cried Mrs. Hearnshaw, laying her hand upon the arm of the new comer, "be calm, be calm. This is Mr. Scalvoni. He comes to offer help where, Heaven knows, it is needed. You didn't mean to doubt the goodness of Providence, sir?"

"Certainly not, madam; nor the Christian charity of the gentleman who has so mildly reproved me. Can I see Mr. Hearnshaw, as my time is of consequence this morning?"

Mrs. Hearnshaw burst into tears, and Harriet turned away her head, to hide her emotion. Charles Hargrove stepped forward, and, confronting Scalvoni, for whom, although that was the first time he had seen him, he entertained an intense dislike, he said,—

"Mr. Hearnshaw is no more, sir."

The highest possible expression of surprise showed itself upon Scalvoni's face. He was a man accustomed to subdue all emotion, and, in fact, when he did exhibit any, it might well and truly be taken for a part of some artful design, which he was bent upon carrying out.

"Mr. Hearnshaw dead!" he exclaimed. "Gracious Heaven, so sudden! Is it possible?"

"It is true, sir," said Charles.

"And my news, too, is of so afflicting a character. Why—why—I doubt if you will be permitted to remain in this house until the funeral can take place. The man who has bought the property has a heart of steel."

Mrs. Hearnshaw wrung her hands as she exclaimed,—

"Alas, alas! what will become of us? He had but one thousand pounds when we came here."

"But, my dear madam," interrupted Fligsnuck, "you have not been in this cottage long enough to spend a tenth part of that sum."

"Very true; but then my poor husband, who is no more, would speculate. I didn't know it till last week."

"Speculate!" gasped Fligsnuck. "And—and—go on, madam. He speculated—what then?"

"He lost it all."

"The devil!"

"Why, Mr. Fligsnuck, is this your piety?" said Charles.

"Do you mean to say," shouted Fligsnuck, "that you have got no money?—can't pay your rent?—can't pay your taxes?—deeply in debt?—no money?"

"Alas! None."

"D—n my eyes!"

The pious Fligsnuck placed his evangelical-looking hat on his head and gave it a whack on the top that sent it nearly over his eyes. Mr.



Hearnshaw uttered a faint scream, and asked if the end of the world was coming.

"Curse you all," cried Flignuck. "No money, d—n it!"

He made an effort to leave the garden, but Scalvoni dodged him till he brought him to a stand still, and then he said,—

"Peace, Mr. Flignuck. Are you drunk, or are you only smarting under the disappointment of not living for a time upon the weakness of a woman? So you thought the treasured pounds would find their way into your pockets. Oh, Flignuck! I'm very much afraid you are a hypocrite. Fie, fie, Mr. Flignuck!"

"D—n it! what do you stop me for?" cried Flignuck. "I'm in a hurry. Let me pass, sir, if you please. That I should have been wasting my time here since eight o'clock this morning, praying with women who can't even pay her rent. Oh, d—n it!"

"Rely on Providence for your reward," said Scalvoni.

Mr. Flignuck made a wry face; and, Scalvoni, stepping on one side, permitted him to pass, but not without the salute of a parting kick, which materially accelerated his movements towards the garden gate.

Charles Hargrove was rather amused at this scene. Harriet looked on with silent sorrow, and Mrs. Hearnshaw was in a state of amazement and horror that beggars all description. It went far towards making her rational instead of evangelical, but not quite far enough. She stuck to the creed, although she, for the time being, repudiated the teacher.

"Now," said Scalvoni, "that a hypocrite is unmasked, let me awaken your serious attention, Mrs. Hearnshaw, to my tidings. I am positive that the owner of this house intends putting in a distress for rent this, or to-morrow morning."

"Can there be such a monster in human form," exclaimed Charles, "as to bring more distress into a house where death has already made so much?"

"Oh, money, money!" said Scalvoni. "You have not seen much of the world yet, young man. It don't improve on acquaintance, I assure you."

"Aunt," said Charles, "what do you owe here?"

"The Lord willing, it is above sixteen pounds."

"Then I will tell you what I will do. I have served my present employer faithfully for some time, and he knows it. I will make an appeal to him to grant me that sum in advance, on account of my wife. He is wealthy, and can do so without inconvenience."

"Humph!" said Scalvoni. "Is your employer a Mr. Brown?"

"Yes."

"Then, as I came to this gate, I met a boy, and he gave into my hands a note, saying, 'This comes from Mr. Brown to Mr. Hargrove,' and seeing that the note was further addressed to the care of Mr. Hearnshaw, I brought it here."

"A note for me," said Charles; and he opened it nervously. He read the following words:—

"Mr. Brown hereby discharges Charles Hargrove from his service, and encloses one week's salary. Mr. B. hopes he shall not be pestered with any begging solicitations, as he declines all explanations, and will do no remonstrance. He encloses a week's salary."

The letter dropped from Charles Hargrove's hands, and he uttered a cry.

"Short, but very explicit," said Scalvoni. "Brown is quite a man business."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PROPOSAL.

POOR Charles Hargrove for a few minutes appeared completely unnerved by this new misfortune; all his hopes of doing anything to mitigate the severity of the calamities which were thickening over the heads of the Hearnshaws, in an instant vanished. He was perfectly helpless—nay, as nearly as possible destitute. He turned very pale, had it not been for the support of a tree that was close to him, he might have fallen to the ground, so very unexpected was the shock he received.

You seem moved, sir," said Scalvoni. "Surely there are other reasons to be had beside the one you have been so summarily dismissed from."

There may be," said Charles. "God knows the difficulty I had to that—the many weary months of solicitation and wearying application; and then I had my uncle's house open to me—now, all repair. Oh! Harriet—Harriet—I now, indeed, feel how helpless, unworthy I am of—"

"Hush!" said Harriet, "hush! There is a Heaven above us, Charles, spare not. Out of evil how much good often flows. Come, be of cheer. Mother, come in—come in."

You are right, young lady," said Scalvoni; "out of evil cometh

good. Let us repair to the house. Methinks the air here is chill and cold."

"Good morning, sir," said Harriet, in a manner that she meant should act as a dismissal at once to Scalvoni, but he could not take it as such merely replying,—

"Yes, as you say, notwithstanding a peculiar rawness in the air, it is a good morning."

"What will become of us—what will become of us?" ejaculated Mrs. Hearnshaw, wringing her hands; "we must have some miracle surely to relieve us, and now that Mr. Flignuck is gone, I doubt if Providence will take any notice of us."

"Sir," said Harriet to Scalvoni, "my father, on his death-bed, intimated a doubt of your integrity. There is the gate, sir, do you understand me now?"

"Of course I do," said Scalvoni. "You know your father was wrong, and that death-bed opinions, like death-bed conversions, are of very little consequence indeed."

"Sir," said Charles Hargrove, indignantly, "your presence here is an intrusion. Do you understand that?"

"Nay, now, sir, your presence is the intrusion," said Scalvoni; "I came to do what good I can, and if Mrs. Hearnshaw is willing that I should please myself by rescuing her from some of her difficulties, I think it very ill done of you to stand in the way of the proposal. What say you, madam?"

"If indeed you are sincere," sobbed Mrs. Hearnshaw.

"Nay, take not my word. Let my actions speak trumpet-tongued for my sincerity—accept my arm. Come, Miss Harriet, do not think harshly of any one on slender evidence. Mr. Hargrove, I will see if some other situation can be provided for her, perhaps better than the one you have lost. We will talk over all these matters better within doors."

Mrs. Hearnshaw took his arm, and thus continuing talking, so that no one else could get in a word, Scalvoni entered the house, leaving Charles and Harriet to follow or not, as they felt inclined. They did not do so, for they were too much concerned in what had occurred to neglect the opportunity of a few minutes private conversation, and Charles Hargrove, in particular, was anxious to vindicate himself from the suspicion of any knowledge of his destitute condition before he offered his love to Harriet.

"Dear one," he said, falteringly, "I knew not, could not know that my temporary absence from the poorly paid situation I held, would deprive me of it, or believe me I should have hesitated ere I asked you to link your fate with mine. Harriet, you are free again. Take back the implied faith you gave me, and leave me to my misfortunes alone. Alas! alas! I cannot now offer you the poor home I thought within the compass of my means, for now I have no means at all."

"And can you," said Harriet, "think so meanly of me, Charles, as to suppose I wasted one thought upon your position in life when as a symbol of my heart's faith, I so recently placed my hand in yours? No, I am yours, Charles—yours only, come wee come weal. In sorrow of joy—sickness or—"

She could say no more, but bursting into tears, wept upon his shoulder, while his own breast heaved with an emotion scarcely inferior to hers.

"My dear, noble-hearted girl," he murmured, "if I am poor in all else, I have, indeed, gained a treasure in your love, worth all the world's riches. My Harriet—my darling—my beautiful Harriet."

That was, indeed, a monument of pure joy—such as could occur but seldom in a life—joy which, were it lasting, would, indeed, make earth more heavenly than Heaven is painted in all its glory. Oh, what rapture it was to hold that pure and beautiful girl to his throbbing heart. To murmur in her ears the soft language of affection, and to hear her gently whispered response. No wonder was it that at such a time Charles Hargrove should rise superior to all fortune's frowns, and believe that surely nothing could entirely mar such a happiness as he then felt.

There might be dark spots in the future, but the brilliancy of the present overpowered them. How long the lovers remained holding together such blissful converse, they had themselves no means of judging, for time indeed to them flew by on rosy pinions; but they were suddenly aroused from their dream of felicity by the sound of voices, and in another moment, Mrs. Hearnshaw and Scalvoni appeared in the garden.

"Hush!" said Harriet, "they are coming. Oh! Charles, I cannot tolerate that man."

"I will enforce his absence then."

"No—no. This house is my mother's—we must recollect what is due to her, Charles. They are coming this way—we shall now hear the result of their interview—be calm, I pray you for my sake, Charles."

"I will, Harriet, I will. Doubt me not, I will be very calm."

Scalvoni and Mrs. Hearnshaw were talking as they came in a very confidential kind of manner. The best understanding appeared to sub-



sist between them, and as they got near to the harbour whither Harriet and Charles had betaken themselves, Scalvoni slackened his pace, while Mrs. Hearnshaw advanced as if to make some communication to the cousins, whom she knew not yet as lovers.

In order, however, to make what they shall say quite comprehensible to the reader, we shall proceed to detail the particulars of the conversation which had already taken place within the house between them.

Scalvoni, with an instinctive knowledge of character, too often belonging to the worst dispositions, saw at once all the weak points of Mrs. Hearnshaw's disposition, and, having an object to gain, he, of course, prepared himself to flatter her where she was most susceptible of adulation, and to enlist in his service all her faults and prejudices—the latter, unhappily, were not a few.

"Madam," he said, when they reached the common sitting-room, "your daughter and the young gentleman in the garden, from some cause of which I am in entire ignorance, do not seem to view me in a friendly light. Perhaps it is because I am not handsome; but everybody cannot be so beautiful as your daughter, madam, who is really so like you, I could scarcely know you apart. Indeed the principal difference between you only consists of a high and lofty, and noble and holy character of religion in your face, which is sufficient to awe any one."

"Really," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, blowing her nose, and so flattered that she did not know which way to look. "You are very kind—I—I really——"

"Nay, madam, I am a blunt, plain-spoken man. You know I advised your husband to go into a speculation which proved his ruin; well it likewise has reduced me from affluence to comparative poverty. Do you think you shall ever marry again, madam?"

"Sir?"

"Nay, excuse the abrupt question. I told you that blunt candour was my principal fault. My friends tell me it is my only one, though one of great magnitude, because it leads me too easily to believe what designing people say. Do you think you will ever marry again, my dear madam?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Well then what chance of happiness has any one in this world but in common with one so closely resembling you, that we might fancy it was really you indeed. Oh, Mrs. Hearnshaw, you are really cruel!"

"Really, Mr. Skullbony, I don't know what you mean."

"Scalvoni is my name, madam, although Skullbony from your lips sounds much more musical to my ears. While we are about it we might as well be right. Scalvoni is my name."

"Very good, sir. Now I recollect my poor deceased husband called you *Screwvendi*."

Scalvoni made a wry face, and then added,—

"Exactly. Anything you please, madam. I love your charming daughter."

"Love—my—daughter?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hearnshaw. You won't marry again, so what can I do but love your daughter, eh?"

Mrs. Hearnshaw looked confounded at the calm impudence of this piece of affected reasoning, and Scalvoni left her for some minutes in her mental confusion, before he added,—

"From the wreck of my own fortune I have saved enough to rescue you from your difficulties. I repeat I love your daughter. If you sanction my claims, I will pay your rent, purchase this cottage out and out, and give it to you to live in; furnish you with ample funds for the necessities and luxuries of life. In truth, Mrs. Hearnshaw, all that I would do for my own mother I would do for you, as the mother of Harriet."

Mrs. Hearnshaw was completely stunned by the suddenness of this proposal, and she sat glancing at Scalvoni for some moments in speechless wonder. Then she ejaculated,—

"The Lord look down on us, am I dreaming?"

"No, madam, you are not; and if you would like an extemporaneous prayer at any time, I'm your man. You don't know perhaps that I was once a missionary for the conversion of Cheppwhewghawoopwallop Indians, eh, madam?"

"Lord, no."

"I was then."

"And how did you succeed?"

"Why you've heard of the conversion of the three per cents, I suppose, madam?"

"No."

"Then all I can say is, that the one was as difficult as the other, and that both were remarkable. I love your daughter, madam—will marry her—provide for you—get the young man a situation—subscribe to all the evangelical chapels in town, and call my eldest son, if I have one, Mathew—my daughter Susannah. Would you like a carriage, eh?"

Mrs. Hearnshaw was fairly bewildered, and Scalvoni added,—

"Come, now, madam, I see you accept my proposal, and we'll break

the matter to your daughter. You will first, though—for it is a great matter to know where to begin, tell the young man in the garden, that by next Monday there will be a situation of one hundred and fifty pounds a year ready for him. You understand, madam. Leave the rest to a more fitting opportunity. Come to the garden—to the garden. By-the-bye have you heard the new hymn, by the Reverend Peter what's-his-name?"

"Lor, no."

"Then you have lost a treat. Here's a commencement. It's quite sublime."

"Sinner, sinner, pray take heed,  
And ponder on it well;  
Unless you believe in what you can't—  
You'll tumble down to hell!  
You'd better mind what you're about,  
From wrath you'd better flee;  
Say you've faith, if you have none,  
Or roasted you will be!

Come along, madam, come along. Take my arm, if you please. Mind the steps."

(To be continued in our next.)

## PLAY NOT THAT STRAIN AGAIN.

Breathe not again that tender air,  
To other strains attune your strings;  
It once could charm me from despair,  
But now despair is all it brings.

Oh! it recalls a pang so keen,  
Of budding joy, of promise blighted;  
Tells me of love that once hath been,  
Reminds me how that love was slighted.

With smiles my early hopes she fed,  
With passion-flowers my forehead shaded;  
Her smiles were false, my hopes are fled,  
And every flower of love hath faded.

Thus sunny beams delight the bee,  
As o'er the fragrant bower he hovers,  
Selects the fairest flower like me,  
Yet dreams not of the snake it covers.

For Hope had painted scenes so bright,  
Without one single tinge of sorrow;  
But ah! those scenes are closed in night—  
A night, alas! without a morrow.

Still in my heart she buried lies,  
Still, still, her memory I nourish:  
Again you bid her image rise,  
But ah! her falsehoods with it flourish.

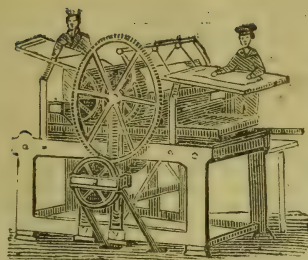
Like you she played, like you she sang,  
Her eyes like you with smiles would glisten;  
I dread lest I'm again betrayed,  
I fear I'm lost, and yet I listen.

Then play no more—no more then sing—  
Let not her words again be spoken;  
For oh! you touch too keen a string  
Upon a heart already broken.

**FRIENDSHIP.**—Friendship is a sincere, fervent, and permanent union of minds; formed by mutual affection and esteem, founded on real worth, and cemented by mutual acquaintance, frequent intercourse, exchange of good offices, and similitude of tastes, temper, and manners. It is inseparably attended with perfect candour, and unreserved openness of heart; interests itself with quick feeling and strong sensibility in the pleasures and pains of its object; is raised above all suspicion and jealousy, above every mean, selfish view; sheds indulgence upon infirmities and imperfections, and with the greatest tenderness and delicacy of affection, unites the interests of those whom it connects, and makes their joys and sorrows common.



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## THE DRESSMAKER'S APPRENTICES;

A TALE OF WOMAN'S OPPRESSION.

In a poor lodging in London, dwelt Martin Darbell and his daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen. Martin had been a respectable farmer, but ruin had stolen in upon him, and left him almost penniless.

It was not many days before the period of the commencement of our little history, that they had arrived at their present abode, and Emma had sought and obtained a situation with a dressmaker.

"Bless you, my child," said Martin, as they parted; "I never thought my only girl would come to this."

She spoke cheerfully to him; talked of happy days to come, but which, alas, were far, very far away. 'Tis easy to talk of happy days, but they are more difficult to find. Martin Darbell thought so, as he resigned his precious charge into the hands of Mrs. Morton.

With a beating heart, the young girl followed Mrs. Morton up the stairs, and into the room which was henceforth to be the scene of her labours. Four or five girls were seated round a deal table, on stools of the same wood, and their emaciated appearance made her heart sink within her. There was one whose sunken eyes and flushed cheeks told a long tale of suffering and endurance, soon, soon to be ended. She was a pretty girl, and her pale blue eyes rested on the face of Emma Darbell with an expression of pity she never could forget.

"This is our work-room, Miss Darbell," said Mrs. Morton; "Miss Gordon will show you your bedroom," she continued, addressing the suffering girl, who rose to lead the way, with faltering steps, into a back attic, scantily furnished.

"You are to share my bed," said Miss Gordon. "I shall not incommode you long," and she placed her hand upon her fevered head, and Emma felt she spoke the truth. "There is a pane of glass broken," said Miss Gordon, noticing the look of astonishment with which Emma regarded the shattered glass; "but a piece of brown paper and a few wafers will remedy that. For my part, I am used to it."

She preceded her into the work room, and giving her a stool, Mrs. Morton gave her a task. It was approaching the most busy time in the year, and it was one o'clock in the morning ere they retired to rest. Emma had never felt so weary before, and she shed many a bitter tear over her dreary prospect. The morning came again, and it was with difficulty she roused herself from a heavy slumber.

"You are not used to sitting up late and rising early," said Mary Gordon. "Neither was I at first, but I soon got used to it."

"Do you always sit up so late?" asked Emma.

"Not always," answered Mary Gordon; "but by-and-bye we shall have to sit up all night, perhaps. Oh! it is a weary life when that comes on."

"When what comes on?" asked Emma.

"The busy season," answered Mary.

"Mrs. Morton seems busy enough now," said Emma.

Mary shook her head.

"I hope I shall not live to see it again," she said. "I do not think I shall."

"Why do you remain if you so dread it?" asked Emma.

"Because I have no home to go to," answered Mary. "I have been here three years now, and my father died soon after I came here. They tell me that I am in a decline, and cannot live long. I must die here in the home where I have known all my misery. I am thankful that God took my dear little sister to himself, ere she had entered into such a

scene of wretchedness," and the tears rolled down her pale cheeks; "but Mrs. Morton will blame me for keeping you so long; I dare say she is ready."

Trying to smile away the thoughtful expression on Emma's countenance, the two girls passed down the stairs together.

The breakfast was laid in the kitchen, and thither they repaired. They were not allowed to sit during the meal, and the bread was sour and very stale. The tea was scarcely more than water, and the butter rancid. Emma could scarcely eat any at all, and Mrs. Morton said, with a meaning smile, that she was glad to see Miss Darbell had so small an appetite, as she would come cheap.

From that morning, she was given a very scanty allowance, and no more. Emma noticed that Mrs. Morton did not partake of the coarse materials before her, and she was told that Mrs. Morton always took her breakfast up stairs, on the choicest viands.

Their repast ended, the girls once more took their stations at the work-table, and toiled until dinner time. The dinner was composed of boiled beef, quite tainted, so much so, that Emma could not touch it, and Mary Gordon was forced to leave the table.

Unused as Emma was to the privations she saw awaited her, she bore up bravely. Tea time came—a repetition of the breakfast. Mary Gordon was not allowed to sit, although she almost fell from weakness. Night came again, and fresh privations, and the clock struck two when she laid her head upon her pillow.

Days and weeks passed on. One night, when the hours for work were over at an earlier hour, she sauntered out to get a little fresh air, which she so much required. She was passing down a lonely street, when she felt a hand upon her shoulder: She turned her head, and perceived a man. She passed on with a quick step; but he was by her side, and his gaze resting on her pretty face.

"You are a lovely creature," he said, putting his arm round her waist. She pushed him from her with all the force she could muster, and frowning at him, darted at full speed along the street, until she reached the more crowded part of the town. She paused to regain her breath, and then hastened on again at a quick walk until she reached the door (her home!). Again as she entered she caught a glimpse of a dark figure by her side. She turned her head, and again beheld the man from whom she had fled.

Creeping into her narrow bed, fearful of disturbing the poor girl who laid there, she breathed a fervent prayer to Heaven for her poor father.

"You will not disturb me, dear Miss Darbell," said Mary. "'Tis I who shall disturb you with my tiresome cough. I shall not tease you much, though, for I have hardly power to cough." She clasped her head with her withered hands.

"If you want anything," said Emma kindly, "do not hesitate to call me."

"You are very good and kind to me," said Mary, bursting into tears. "It is so long since I have had such kind words from any living being that it sounds quite strange to me. It seems as though you had been given to me to be a tie to bind me to the earth; it does, indeed."

She sank upon her breast, and the tears rolled down her cheeks; they were the tears of a broken heart.

"It makes my heart bleed to see you," said Emma.

"It would if you knew what I have suffered. This day four years was to have been my wedding day. I was very young (too young, perhaps); but the cruel hand of death snatched him I loved away, and left me desolate and broken-hearted."

Tears choked her utterance, and she sank on her hard pillow, quite exhausted: Oh, how often do we walk in the streets of London, and



meet many and many a one of these unhappy creatures, who toiled night and day to gain a scanty subsistence! How often do we look upon the faded cheek and lustreless eyes! How often do we gaze upon their miserable forms, and never think there is a feeling and a broken heart within. How often do we speak of them in seeming contempt, forgetting they are our fellow-creatures—forgetting their whole life is spent in toiling for our pleasure, trudging through frost and snow, through hail and rain, through heat and cold; exposed to the inclemency of the weather; exposed to insult from men whose duty it is to protect, and not insult a poor and helpless female. With sinking hearts they drag their weary steps along to get their miserable food, and return again to work, and once again retrace their steps along to a cheerless home, and a fireless hearth; alone, unpitied, forlorn, and spiritless. Where is the pleasure of this life to them, and many, very many, have no thought, no care, no knowledge of an hereafter.

As time passed on, the form of Mary Gordon grew thinner and thinner, her eyes were lighted with an unnatural lustre—there was no hope now. It was on a Sunday that Mrs. Morton invited Emma and Mary to dine with her, the others having returned to their homes to spend the Sabbath, and it was useless, Mrs. Morton said, to get an extra dinner for them two; Emma readily consented, but Mary was too ill to eat. The dinner-time came, and Emma repaired to the dining-room; but paused at the door when she perceived a stranger.

"Come in," said Mrs. Morton, "there is only a very old friend of mine, Miss Darbell, Sir James Macraw; nay, don't blush, child. Do you know, Sir James, Emma is very bashful; but she will get better presently."

Sir James Macraw was a young man of eight or nine-and twenty, tall and handsome; his face seemed quite familiar to Emma, though she could not remember ever having seen him before. The dinner passed pleasantly enough; but Emma's thoughts were resting on the suffering Mary. As soon as it was possible she repaired to the unhappy girl, who seemed much better, and returned with her to the dining-room. She gave her an arm-chair, placed a stool to rest her feet upon, and sitting by her side, took one of her fleshless hands within her own, and smiled so gently on the dying girl, that Mrs. Morton got quite indignant, and begged Miss Gordon not to lean her head on the chair in that way,—chairs were not made for that.

Sir James reasoned with her gently, for the girl looked ill. He seemed to hang upon each word and motion of Emma Darbell; he directed most of his conversation to her, and when they parted, he held her hand so long, and gazed so admiringly upon her handsome face, that her old thought, that she knew him, came fresh upon her, and as she turned away, the countenance came vividly upon her imagination. He was the man who followed her home not many nights before.

"I will increase the sum to fifty if you are successful," he whispered, and the door closed behind him.

"Emma," said Mary, "I feel very weak; but better, much better, than I have for some time."

Emma proceeded to undress her, but it seemed almost too much for her.

"Let me lean on your shoulder," she said; "there, that will do;" a smile played around her lip. "Emma, I am dying." She said, after some time,—*"Bless you for your kindness to me, my best, my kindest, friend; pray for me, for—"*

Her voice grew fainter and fainter, and her head heavier. Emma screamed; but before any one came to her assistance, she was dead in her arms.

Oh, it is a fearful thing to see young hearts sinking into an early grave; to know that she who once was the light and life of a once happy home, her father's pride, her mother's hope,—that she, the once playful, happy child, surrounded by every comfort, has sprung into a lovely woman, to die alone and friendless; like a rose which you have watched from the green bud into an opening flower, to see it nipped with the devouring blight, drooping its fair head, and dying ere it has attained its prime. Little though she knew of her, Emma had seen enough to learn the value of a heart like hers, and she dropped many a tear over her grave; it was her favourite walk on a Sunday, the grass seemed to grow longer o'er her grave, and the birds would perch upon her tombstone, and chirp their plaintive song, as if holding converse with the gentle girl beneath.

Time passed. The busy period came on; and many and many a night Emma never pressed her bed, and, when she did, it was for so short a time, that she felt more tired when she arose again, so that she sometimes would not even lie down. Her health sunk beneath the continued deprivation of rest.

She always dined with Mrs. Morton on a Sunday, and Sir James Macraw was always there. He was very attentive to her, and alas! for her, he made an impression on her young heart, never, never to be effaced.

One evening they were left alone, and he took the opportunity of

telling her how dear she was to him. What could she say? She loved him dearly, and she told him so. He pressed her to his breast. Mrs. Morton entered, and Emma left the room and sought her own chamber.

"So far I am successful," said Sir James to Mrs. Morton; "the rest remains with you."

"Depend upon it, nothing shall be wanting on my part," returned Mrs. Morton.

"Keep the fifty pounds in your mind's eye, and I am sure you will."

From this moment the poor girl's life became almost insupportable. Coarse food—no rest—continual anxiety about her father, whose affairs were worse than ever—all preyed upon her mind. She had but one hope, and that was in him she loved; but for the thoughts of him, life would indeed have been a burthen—death a release. It was three weeks since she had seen him, and her mind misgave her.

"He cannot have deceived me with false hopes," she thought. "But no; he could not."

He came at last. She saw him alone. He gave her fresh assurances of affection, and he pressed her to leave the life she led, and go with him. She shrunk from him in horror—with indignation; but still she loved him.

Her life got worse and worse; he pressed her more and more; talked of her pale cheeks and sunken eyes; her miserable life; her love for him—and in one fatal moment she consented. She fled from the scene of her misery to encounter more and worse. Far worse are the stings of conscience to bear.

The once light-hearted Emma had lost her gaiety, and her charms soon vanished in the eyes of her seducer. For two years she dragged on a miserable existence. Her father had died in a prison (forgiving his poor, guilty child with his last breath) and she was neglected by him who had worked her ruin.

At length, pleased by some new and lovelier face, he left her to despair and misery. She often compared her situation with that of Mary Gordon, whom she had so pitied. Mary had died innocent of any crime, whilst she, tempted from the straight path of duty, must die a miserable death, or live a ruined and degraded thing. Madness seized her wretched brain, and deprived her of all sense of religion—of everything rational. The river was before her, sparkling in the light of the moon, and into it she plunged, without a thought of Heaven, but calling upon his name with her last breath.

The morning dawned—again people hurried to and fro to their different employments. The wharfs around were a busy scene of porters; and one thought he could discern a woman's bonnet floating on the surface of the water. The river was dragged, and the body of the once-beautiful and innocent Emma Darbell was discovered a lifeless corpse.

Surely the stings of remorse must have visited the breast of Macraw, when he heard of the death of her he had loved.

May this be a lesson to those who are tempted from the path of virtue. Better it is to suffer in body than in mind—better to live a life of innocence and suffering than a life of misery and crime. F. D.

## NATURAL REVELATION.

I see my God where'er I look  
On nature's pure and simple book;  
No dogmas here conflicting jar,  
No creeds to set the world at war,  
Nor superstition draws from thence  
A faith that mocks our common sense;  
But harmonizing here we find  
That faith with reason is combin'd;  
Ten thousand worlds, through boundless space,  
Proclaim his wisdom, power, and grace,  
And nature's laws prove everywhere  
A watchful parent's tender care.  
No vengeful fury marks his path,  
No traces of eternal wrath,  
But all is harmony and love  
On Earth below and Heaven above;  
Throughout the whole stupendous plan  
Man finds no enemy but man.  
Benevolence shows everywhere  
A God-to love but none to fear.  
Then Heaven's example still in view,  
Let man to man be kind and true,  
And all degrading fears discard,  
For virtue is its own reward.

S. J.



## THE POLISH EXILES.

A TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

The storm and the pirate came together, and night soon followed. Happily the wind raged from the north-east, and Ibrahim, who now conducted the vessel, laid her to the southward, with a view to reach the small group of Spalmadori, between the peninsular of Tchesme and the island of Scio. This was effected as if by a miracle, and next morning discovered their pirate enemy about a quarter league, bearing down upon them. The captain now, as senseless from terror as he was from wine the day before, left the command to Ibrahim, who made every effort to reach Porto Deliano, in the island of Scio, about three leagues distant, but the superior sailing of the pirate defeated the exertions of the merchant vessel.

"We may as well die with arms in our hands as be massacred by those monsters," said Nippon, as his weeping, terrified sister, who had been made acquainted with the relation between them, hung on his arm.

"Our resistance," replied Ibrahim, who with steady eye was viewing the approaching horde of cut-throats, "will only exasperate their ferocity."

There was little time to deliberate: the pirate ran alongside, and grappled the merchantman, and instantly upwards of twenty armed blood-suckers were on her deck. Their commander, with the body of a Hercules and the look of a demon, seized on the shrieking Clara. A blow from her brother was returned by another, and Nippon was hurled into the waves, and all resistance ceased.

In the confusion of the moment, the pirates paid no farther regard to Nippon, who, an excellent swimmer, was but little stunned by the blow, and, recovering his presence of mind, threw himself on his back, and keeping his face only out of the water, slowly floated towards the shore of Scio. The storm of the day before had abated, and a gentle south-east wind was blowing from the coast of Asia. When he thought himself beyond the notice of the pirates, he turned and swam in hopes to be able to make Scio, which he effected, though nearly exhausted. In part waded into a small cave to the north of Cape Delfino, the almost distracted Nippon was observed by a man from shore, who had been witness to the capture, though at too far distance to see the struggling victim until he came near the land. No sooner discovered, however, but the impulse to give assistance was followed by haste to receive the unfortunate.

Nippon was rising to his feet as the stranger met him with open arms. A scream of maddening astonishment burst from both. The succouring stranger was Clement Meyerfield. The first impulse was to rush into each other's arms; but Nippon, recollecting his father and sister, raised his hands towards the two vessels, and in a voice choked with rage and despair exclaimed, "My father and my sister Clara are in the hands of that infernal crew."

Zimmerman, in his Essay on Solitude, has long since recorded an observation of Count Lippe Buckeburg, that the extreme of safety and danger has the same effect on the human mind. In the present case the truth of the observation was fully sustained. Two men, whose whole earthly happiness was at stake, were restored to instant calmness. Clement had rode from the city of Scio that morning, and had an excellent horse, on which both mounted, and in less than an hour reached the city again. The distance was about ten English miles. Happily there was a French sloop of war in the harbour, which had come in a few days before. Clement had made some acquaintance with the young captain, who, light of heart, was as brave as—as any Frenchman. Without seeing the astonished citizens, who beheld Clement and his companion passing through the streets at full gallop, both reached the harbour, and hailed the "Aigle Jaune"—Yellow Eagle. Their gestures and cries gave alacrity to the active Frenchman, and they were in a few moments on board.

"For God's sake, my friend," exclaimed Roselle, the French captain, "what is the accident or danger?"

In a few but impressive words, Nippon explained the case to Roselle, and in a very few minutes more the wings of the Yellow Eagle were before the wind. For once the wary pirate was in a fair way to fall an instant victim to his contempt of Turkish navigators. Roselle exposed no colours, and as the Yellow Eagle came up the strait she was at first mistaken for a Turkish vessel, but her superior sailing undeceived the pirate. The valuable effects and prisoners had already been secured, and the merchantman set on fire. The dread that the prisoners might be exposed to a terrible death saved the pirate from instant capture, as Nippon insisted on himself visiting the burning vessel. Clement was restrained by main force from being of the party.

This examination gave time to the pirate to gain the pass between

Spalmadori and Scio, but no sooner was it ascertained that Ismeana, and his daughter, and Ibrahim, were borne away, than every feather of the Yellow Eagle was again set, and it now became a chase for life. The pirate no sooner cleared the northern coast of Scio, but he tacked to the south-west, and standing between cape St. Nicholas and the islands of Ispera and Anti-Ispera, sailed directly for the strait between Punto Daile and Cape Guardia. As the day advanced the wind freshened from the south-east, and the rapid sailing of both vessels may be estimated, as they passed the strait between Andros and Negropont before mid-day, a distance from Cape St. Nicholas, in Scio, of seventy English miles; and when darkness separated them from each other's view, they were off Cape Skyileo, in the Morea, having made nearly one hundred and fifty miles; and if their wanton thirst of blood could have admitted abstinence, the pirates might have escaped. But though sailing for their lives, as Roselle had hoisted the tri-coloured flag, and let them know the enemy they were to encounter or escape, as their vessel was passing between Cape Colonni, in Attica, and Zea, a random shot was aimed at a defenceless fishing boat, which killed two men, and left a third struggling in the waves. Anxious as Roselle and his officers and friends were to seize the ruthless villains, their humane feelings could not admit their passing a fellow creature, who, indirectly, was exposed to the peril of death by their agency.—The sails were slackened, and the fisherman was brought on board. The humane act was amply rewarded: the rescued Greek was a very intelligent seaman, and informed Roselle that, if he was not mistaken, the pirate they were in search of was Cara of Vostizza, and if so, he would attempt no harbour before reaching the Gulf of Arta; and that to secure him, the best plan would be to press on directly, and if possible to reach that gulf before him.

The advice of the Greek was so evidently correct that it was adopted, and the Yellow Eagle kept before the wind, and cleared the island of Cerigo early next morning. Both the ensuing days were hazy, but towards evening of the second day the wind shifted to the north-west, the mists and rain ceased, and as the air cleared, the Yellow Eagle was found off the northern point of the island of Cezaloma, and with the distant hills of St. Mauro, reflecting a beautiful evening sun; but a far more welcome sight was the pirate, issuing from the strait between St. Maura and the two opposing islands of Catalonia and Ithaca. It was afterwards ascertained that the rover had taken the inner passage, whilst, by the advice of the Greek pilot, the French ship was navigated westward of Cephalonia and St. Mana.

Escape was rendered impossible: the two ships were within point blank when they were discovered to each other. Roselle made the conflict short and decisive. He avoided the use of his cannon after a single broadside, from fear of destroying the prisoners on board the pirate, but bore directly down upon his enemy, who, knowing the desperation of their situation, made a determined resistance. The Yellow Eagle was laid alongside, and with severe loss boarded the pirate. Clement and Nippon were amongst the foremost on deck. They were warned by the Greek pilot, that Cara of Vostizza would probably blow up his vessel rather than be taken, and that catastrophe was only prevented by the desperate bravery of Nippon, who, rushing down, cut the arm from the shoulder of the desperado, whilst stretched to supply the match; a second blow terminated his career. Roselle had given orders to show no quarter; and, indeed, none was demanded. The pirates either fought to the last, or cast themselves into the sea.

Roselle and Clement were both slightly wounded. The Greek pilot and several of the crew were severely wounded, and eight were slain. Shall we describe the meeting between Clara and Clement, or will not the heart of the reader anticipate the overflowing raptures which, on one side, was receiving a treasure long consigned to the grave?

The beauty and innocence of Clara, and the white hairs of her father, had made some impression on the hearts of even their nefarious captors; but the ultimate safety of the prisoners was secured by the pressing danger from the French cruiser, and the presence of mind of Ibrahim. The renegade, schooled by a life of incessant change, was equally collected in safety or danger. Whether in the saloons of the French ambassador at Pera, or a captive on the deck of Cara of Vostizza, he was ever ready to take advantage of the characters by whom he was surrounded. His own preservation and that of his two fellow sufferers, and also the poor captured Greeks, depended indeed on his exertions.—Subdued by indescribable terror, the father and daughter clung to each other. The ruffian Cara advanced to separate them, when Ibrahim, with ever smiling composure, stepped before the ferocious commander, and observed, "Noble captain, we are thine; to thy bravery we submit; but oh! do not tear asunder the child and parent. I fear much, if thou dost, that maiden cannot survive."

Avarice, the mother of so many crimes, was for once arrayed to protect the innocent and feeble. One of the crew whispered to Cara, "Remember, Halil, if we can save this diamond cut necklace made by the Holy Serai, the Grand Signior would make arms for such a prize."



They had but little time to parley. The Greek captain and his men were secured in the hold; their vessel rifled and set on fire. Ismeana, his daughter, and Ibrahim, were confined in the cabin.

It was apparent from the slowness, and, in some respects, carelessness of their proceedings, that the pirates apprehended no immediate danger, and were completely surprised by the Yellow Eagle.

Ismeana and his child were too much occupied by the greatness and bitterness of their fate to observe aught around them, but Ibrahim was cool and attentive; and, to his own astonishment, was called into counsel. He was ordered on deck as the canvass of the Yellow Eagle swelled and cleared the coast of Scio, sweeping before the wind towards the Spalmadori.

With every alacrity the pirates were getting under way, as Ibrahim, with the sword at his throat, was ordered to examine the approaching vessel, and give his opinion of what she was.

With the utmost composure Ibrahim examined the Yellow Eagle, and knowing the folly of any deception, told Cara Vostizza that, in his opinion, the vessel before them was a French cruiser. This accorded with the ill-concealed fears of the pirate crew, and now all sail was made to clear the strait and gain the open Ægean sea. Ibrahim remained on deck, and had full leisure to behold the chase. As the pirate coasted along the northern shore of Scio, there were strong doubts which course to pursue, but the direct one to their ultimate stronghold was adopted, and both vessels made, perhaps, the most rapid voyage ever performed from the island of Scio to the coast of the Morea. As the day declined, the spirits of the pirates rose; and as the sun sunk into the bosom of the deep, a long, hoarse, and demoniac laugh, mingled with the winds over the sea of Greece. Darkness and death were the least evils which hung over the heads of Clara and her father. The most dreadful of all—slavery—seemed the fate of one of the most finished beings in Europe. In her ravings of regret, the peaceful Castle of Meyerfield seemed a paradise, from which she was for ever driven, to be plunged into a yawning gulf. The spirit of Clement seemed to beckon from the heaven of heavens, but he seemed enthroned immeasurably beyond her reach. The mournful shade of her brother invited to regions of peace, but he also appeared to soar far from earth.

Ismeana, as his breaking heart yearned over his lost children, the most poignant regret added to his almost unbearable misery. "Why did I remove my children from the sun of civilization?" groaned the old man—"why did I expose this angel in these regions of darkness, horror, and crime? Oh, my Clara, my Nippon!"

In those days of anxiety, hope and fear, Ibrahim was by far the most collected person in either vessel. As the darkness of night increased, he observed the pirates keeping their course, and next morning, whilst passing between Cape Saint Angelo and the island of Carigo, a vessel was descried at the far distant south-west, which was, no doubt, the Yellow Eagle. The pirate slackened sail, and did not pass Cape Metapan until after mid-day. This precaution of prudence was the ultimate cause of their capture, as if the pirates had continued their press of sail, they must have reached the Gulf of Arta before the Yellow Eagle.

The forenoon of the last day of the chase the wind blew almost a gale from the south-east, as if to aid these enemies of man; and their joy became boisterous, and for the first time insulting to their prisoners. Rude and obscene jests were bandied along deck, and their anticipated frolics on shore hailed with great glee. But their joy was doomed to a rapid and fatal interruption. As their vessel was clearing the very narrow strait between Cape St. Mamo and Cephalonia, the wind at once changed, and came with great force from the north-west. The little island of Ithaca lay behind them, and before them, bearing down with loud shouts, and full sail, their terrible enemy, the Yellow Eagle.

Ibrahim always afterwards expressed his opinion, that, if a moment of reflection had been permitted them, their prisoners would have been massacred; but the danger came too rapid and overpowering, and the issue of the contest already related.

Clement and Nippon burst into the cabin together, where, interlocked in each other's arms, sat the trembling father and daughter.—"Receive our souls, thou God of mercy," fervently breathed Ismeana, as he pressed his child and hid his face from the expected stroke.

"My father, my sister," exclaimed Nippon, throwing himself at their feet, "you are safe, you are free!"

"We are safe and free," replied Ismeana.—"Oh, my son—can that be my son!"

"It is your son, both your sons," rejoined Nippon; "here is Clement raised from the dead."

"Oh, I am indeed in the heaven of the blessed," sighed Clara, wildly, raising her head and gazing around her. "I hear the voices of my father, brother, and my Clement."

"Yes, my Clara, you do hear the voice of your Clement," and once more she was enclosed to his bosom, as Ibrahim with most heartfelt joy surveyed the group.

Whilst this too joyous scene passed in the cabin, Captain Roselle was

enacting a high part on deck, laughing, singing, *Ca Ira*, and jeering the poor liberated Greek captain and his crew, as they were introduced to daylight from the hold of the pirate.

"My good friend, I am sorry to raise you from Styx, so far from home," roared Roselle to the bewildered Greek captain. "You have had a fine passage through the Cyclades, and half round the Peloponessus; where do you suppose you are now?"

"In the land of the living," replied the Greek, with more naïveté than could be expected.

"Yes," replied Roselle, "and for which the Grand Seigneur will never be sufficiently grateful, I fear; but here is a swift sailer to carry you back to Constantinople, where, if you take my advice, you will remain until—until you learn to go to sea."

Whilst these arrangements were made on deck, the party in the cabin had regained a small share of their senses, and by aid of Nippon and Ibrahim, their effects and money were removed from the pirate vessel to the Yellow Eagle; and the former, with all she contained, abandoned to the poor plundered Greeks, who made out, in the course of the winter, to reach the Bosphorus.

The wounded men dressed, and the dead consigned with due honours to the deep, with every other necessary order given, Captain Roselle stood in and rode out the heavy sea of the night after the battle, in a small harbour of Cephalonia. The next day the wind shifted to the south-west, and Roselle, addressing Ismeana, observed, "I have to visit Corfu before my return to France, and, as I am so near, if not inconvenient, I would prefer doing so now."

Ismeana replied, "I have some mercantile concerns to settle at that place, and have therefore no objections to such a course." It was then agreed to, and the wings of the Yellow Eagle once more expanded, and next morning they were safely moored in the harbour of Corfu.

Ibrahim had informed Clement of the interest taken in his fate by the Prussian ambassador; that his return to Poland was open, and that for reasons he could not explain, the Prussian agents were anxious for his return. To these unexpected changes of fortune Ibrahim sat before him the joy of his parents, and the happiness of bearing to them such a daughter as Clara. A long, and we need not say, interesting conversation took place between Clement, Clara, and Ismeana and his son. Who had most influence on Clement it is not necessary to determine, but before they arrived at Corfu, it was settled that Roselle was to convey them to Smyrna, from whence they were to proceed to Constantinople, and concert farther measures with the Prussian ambassador.

On a soft winter morning the Yellow Eagle was at anchor before the town and harbour of Corfu, and preparations making to land the Ismeana family, as Roselle facetiously called his passengers. A pilot conducted them to shore, where they were met by an officer, who escorted them to the government hall, where, amongst a crowd which had been attracted by the intelligence of the arrival of the Yellow Eagle, and the interesting events of the cruise, entered a foreign officer. Their eyes met. Clement—Romuald—were exchanged. "Was it my beloved friends," most earnestly breathed Romuald, "who were thus snatched from ten thousand deaths?"

"They were your friends," replied Clement, "and here is their gallant deliverer," presenting the really noble-looking Roselle, who, blooming in youth, embrowned by exposure to the sea, and now animated by a well deserved inward joy. It was seldom, indeed, in the history of human vicissitude, that a more attractive group was ever formed. The venerable, tall, and still graceful Ismeana;—his exquisitely beautiful daughter;—the manly and martial appearance of Clement, Romuald, Roselle, Nippon, and Ibrahim, under the novel circumstances of the case, for the moment silenced all other subjects of discourse at Corfu.

The ceremonies of public reception being finished, Romuald, bowing to Ismeana and his daughter, smilingly observed, "My friend Clement and myself have to settle which of us are to sustain the heavy charge of —" here he paused, and then resumed, "While the dispute is pending, there is another person to consult—my father."

Romuald now led the wondering party to the skirts of the town, where, embosomed in an orange grove, rose a rustic but elegant little seat, into which they were led, and in which advanced to receive them Labanoff Kholheim. Here, in a recess of the island of Corfu, the events of the past years were recalled, and a more smiling futurity opened to one family, whilst clouds and lengthened exile hung on another.

The Kholheims had made arrangements to remove to the United States, and after the departure of their guests, only a few weeks intervened until they had passed the herculean gates and the shores of Europe were lost to their view. Let us now follow the family of Ismeana and their friends.

After a few days' repose at Corfu, the French captain sailed for Smyrna, where he anchored safely in the latter end of February, and where he received the most valuable of all rewards—the gratitude of those worthy to be grateful, and in a few weeks heard of their arrival at Pera.



Clement and his now betrothed Clara were received in the open arms of the Prussian ambassador. "You have led us all a fine chase, young man," said the ambassador, "and have much to repent of; but we may hope this gem (pointing to Clara) will be your ransom from future exile. And Madlle. Ismeana, what do you think of the gem you have received from the field of Maccioewice?"

To this retort, so long delayed, Clara blushed and was silent; but her father, with tears of gratitude, pressed the hand of the ambassador, saying, with strong feeling, "Let my child be once in safety in the Castle of Meyerfield, in Christiania, civilized Europe, and my grey hairs will go down to the grave in peace, and my heart will, to its last pulse, bless the king and people who have given her protection."

The next day after this happy interview, Clement and Clara, in the Prussian chapel at Pera, and in the presence of the ambassador and suite, her father and brother, and Ibrahim, were united to no more separate in life. Enjoying safety, hope, and cultivated society, let us leave them a few weeks, and once more revisit the desolate Castle of Meyerfield, and the still disconsolate parents.

The spring of 1797 was far advanced, and the third year was nearly closed since the fatal news reached them that their sweetly beloved son lay cold and unburied on the field of death. The afternoon was balmy, as the countess, with an unusually cheering smile, invited her husband to a seat in the porch, commanding a distant view of Rauwitz, and the fine lines of trees between the city and castle.

"I know not why, my husband, but all this day my heart has been remarkably light and joyous," said the countess. "I can even think without a tear on Clement."

"Is not that a carriage?" interrupted the count.

"It is, my Severina, and it is the carriage of—yes, I may call him our friend—the Marquis of Lucchesini. Your spirits have been infused into my bosom, Severina, but I hope no new calamity may check our lightness of heart."

Here Lucchesini advanced, and was received and ushered into the hall. Sweeping his eye round the sable curtains, and other indications of mourning, he playfully observed,

"My friends, why this preservation of painful remembrances? Are our joys to be fleeting, and our griefs lasting as life?"

"Is there not often the highest enjoyment," mournfully observed the countess, "in the indulgence of some sorrows?"

"There may be such an enjoyment," replied the marquis, "but for my part, if I had lost a child, and was mourning over the bereavement, I would very willingly give up the joy of grief for that of seeing my restored son."

As the last words were pronounced with a marked emphasis on *son*, the marquis fixed his look searchingly on his auditors, whilst taking from his servant a very richly encased casket, which he placed before the astonished countess, handing her a gold key.

"Please open that case, madam, and let us see its contents."

The countess opened the casket, and, as the lid fell back, a scream of unutterable surprise escaped her. The first object which presented itself, was a very richly set miniature of herself, which had been lost at a ball given in Berlin, by Frederick William II. when prince royal. The second was an envelope of vellum, on which, in the handwriting of the king, was a full pardon to her son, and an invitation to return to his paternal home, and a promise of future honours and promotion.

"What meaneth all this?" earnestly demanded both the count and countess.

"I could never boast," smilingly replied Lucchesini, "of being very clear in verbal explanations, but one will soon be here who can better supply my awkwardness; and this evening away be the minister and courtier, I will for once be a man."

The very rapid advance of two carriages brought them all to the porch. The foremost carriage dashed forward to the steps of the castle, and Clement and Clara were at the feet—in the arms of their parents.

Ismeana, his son, and Ibrahim, were unseen. But why say more? That reader who would prefer any description to the picture involuntarily formed in the mind, deserves not to revel at Castle Meyerfield on such an evening.

Though restored to their son and to happiness beyond hope, still mystery hung over the conduct of the king. That mystery was dissipated by his death, in the same year. Lucchesini then explained that, when prince royal, Frederick had seen, admired, and loved, Severina of Kargowa. It was him who picked up, and, against the rules of all codes but one, retained her portrait. Difference of rank forbade an honourable, and the heart of the prince conceived no other connection. Severina was to him a sister, and when the revolution took place in Poland, and when Clement joined the army, positive orders were given to leave unmolested the count and countess; and when Clement was supposed to be slain, instructions were sent to the ambassadors and consuls of Prussia, to protect him, if by any happy chance he should be found amongst the fugitive Poles. The denouement we know.

Frederick William II. lived to receive at his court the Count of Meyerfeld and his children, and to see restored to every bliss that earth can give, Severina of Kargowa. His days were few after this happy consummation. On the 17th of November, of the same year, the nephew and beloved *protege* of Frederick II. ceased to live.

## INDIAN PATIENCE AND FORTITUDE.

As the youth of other nations exercise themselves in feats of activity and force, those of America vie with one another in the exhibition of their patience under suffering. They harden their nerves by those voluntary trials, and gradually accustom themselves to endure the sharpest pain without complaining.

A boy and girl will bind their naked arms together and place a burning coal between them, in order to try who first discovers such impatience to shake it off. All the trials customary in America when a youth is admitted into a class of warriors, or when a warrior is promoted to the dignity of a chief or captain, are so accommodated as to prove his patience and fortitude. They are not displays of valour, but of patience; they are not exhibitions of their ability, but of their capacity to suffer.

Among the tribes on the banks of the Oronoko, if a warrior aspires to the rank of captain, his probation begins with a long fast, more rigid than any ever observed by the most abstemious hermit. At the close of this the chiefs assemble, each gives him three lashes with a large whip, applied so vigorously that his body is almost flayed, and if he betrays the least symptom of impatience, or even sensibility, he is disgraced for ever, and rejected as unworthy of the honour to which he aspires.

After some interval the constancy of the candidate is proved by a more excruciating trial. He is laid in a hammock with his hands bound fast, and an innumerable number of venomous ants, whose bite occasions exquisite pain and produces a violent inflammation, are thrown upon him.

The judges of his merit stand around the hammock, and while these cruel insects fasten upon the most sensible parts of his body, a sigh, a groan, an involuntary motion expressive of what he suffers, would exclude him for ever from the rank of captain. Even after this evidence of his fortitude it is not deemed to be completely ascertained, but he must stand another test more dreadful than any he has hitherto undergone. He is again suspended in his hammock, and covered with leaves of the palm, &c. A fire of stinking herbs is kindled underneath, so as he may feel its heat and be involved in its smoke. Though scorched, and almost suffocated, he must continue to endure it with the same patient insensibility. Many perish in this mere essay of their firmness and courage; but such as go through it with applause receive the ensigns of their new dignity with much solemnity, and are ever after regarded as leaders of approved resolution, whose behaviour in the most trying situations will do honour to their country.

**THE LAKE OF GENEVA.**—The lake is subject to a subaqueous wind called the *Vardaise*, which, rising to the surface, produces an agitation of the water which is sometimes dangerous to the navigation of the lake.

Near Bolesham, in Bohemia, there is a lake of unknown depth, from the bottom of which there rise in winter such violent puffs of wind that they are said to send up into the air masses of ice of several hundred pounds weight. The sudden escape of gases found in the bowels of the earth, and perhaps the air forcibly driven out from caverns by the water rushing into and filling them up, may be among the causes of this remarkable phenomenon.

The *Seiches* are a phenomenon which has hitherto been observed only in the Lake of Geneva, and some other of the Swiss and Italian lakes, though it is probably common to many others. It consists in an occasional undulation of the water, something like a tide wave, which rises occasionally to the height of five feet. Its cause is not exactly known, though it is most probably due to a local and temporary change of atmospheric pressure. Water spouts are a phenomenon seen on lakes, as on the sea; they have been observed on the lakes of Zurich and Geneva.

**LACHRYMATORY.**—The lachrymatories were small earthen or glass vessels, generally with a long neck, found in the sepulchres of the ancients. Chifflet first started the idea that they were intended to hold the tears of relatives or friends who assisted at the funeral rites, and the notion was long supported by the antiquaries of different countries throughout Europe. It was afterwards combated by Schœpflin and Pa-ciandi, and as no such use of these little phials, or little bottles, can be discovered in passages of the Roman writers, the conclusion has at last been come to that they were intended to contain perfumes or balms only for sprinkling upon the funeral pile.



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

*(Continued from our last.)*

## CHAPTER CLXXXIX.

HORACE AT HOME.—THE VALET.—THE UNCLE'S DECISION.—THE MAGISTRATE'S VISIT.

It was with a very heavy heart, indeed, that poor Alice, notwithstanding she had that confidence in the love of Horace Singleton which should form the basis of matrimonial happiness, left the house of her father—a house that would for ever be present to her mind—with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, as the varying scenes of joy and sorrow she had witnessed beneath its roof would recur to her thoughts.

She had now resided many years in the mansion—many years unchallenged by a passing cloud of sorrow—for well we know how Sir Charles idolised his daughter—until all-powerful love found a home in her breast, and she began to find that her happiness was more dependant upon another than it had been in “the pleasant days of yore.”

A bird—a flower—or some soul-moving poem, would, ere that period, suffice to engage her thoughts by day, her dreams by night; but then, she saw Singleton; she heard his soft sigh as he spoke to her, and her heart told her, long ere he had allowed the fervent declaration to pass his lips—“He loves me!”

With that love, then, reciprocal as it was, had come the world of hopes and fears, which ever beset a true and fervent affection. She, too, soon felt all the pleasing pain of loving, doubting, trusting, and suspecting, until now the time had arrived when, before Heaven, they had vowed to part no more—to cling to each other through the pilgrimage of life—lightening its cares by sweet companion ship—cheering its anxieties by sharing them, and increasing its joys by seeing the dancing beams of pleasure reflected in each other's eyes.

Still, let the occasion be what it may, a journey, a short visit, a marriage—there will ever be a pang at leaving that one place which is hallowed by the magic name of home.

Alice, considering all the circumstances which had beset the course of her affection, and the still lurking clouds that hung over her father's destiny, felt that pang most severely. She could have burst into tears as she crossed the threshold of her ancient home, but she, by a great effort, repressed such an exhibition of emotion, because she thought it would pain Horace, and so it would, although he could fully have appreciated her feelings, and made due allowance for her natural emotion.

Horace, too, had his full weight of cares, for he was really not at all prepared for that very sensible addition to a small establishment—a wife—not but what he was quite easy about the future, and his means of providing against the exigencies of matrimony through the kindness of his uncle, but then it was on Alice's account he fretted a little. He would have liked to take her to a more becoming and better—a more domesticated and quiet home than his chambers in the Albany could possibly present to her.

Hence it was that there was a shade of care upon both their brows upon leaving the house of Sir Charles, which they did as a neighbouring clock announced the hour of eleven.

The painful and awful death of Margaret, too, was present to both their imaginations, and although Alice, whenever she thought of it, drew closer to Horace Singleton, and breathed a thanksgiving to Heaven that he had escaped the death that had been designed him by Margaret, she at the same time shuddered at the remembrance of the retributive justice that had overtaken the murderers.

Horace was willing and anxious to cheer Alice's drooping spirits, and he called her attention to the sweet breaks in the night clouds, through which many a star was peeping gently forth, as if in promise of a fairer sky on the morrow, and kinder blasts than those which had the whole of that evening roared and howled around Sir Charles Home's fatal mansion.

“See, dearest,” he said, “the heavens are smiling once again. With this night will pass away much gloom and much sorrow. To-morrow's sunlight will enable us, with calmer judgments and clearer understandings, to think over the past.”

“Oh, Horace, what scenes of terror have we passed through this evening, and what can I think concerning my poor father? Alas!—alas! You heard that fearful man's accusation of him?”

“I did, Alice; but dismiss such from your mind; I would not give credence for a moment to charges couched in language betraying a spirit of such horrible revenge as evidently actuates him.”

“You do not, Horace, think him guilty?”

“I do not, my Alice.”

“Then you are not ashamed of—of——”

“Of what, dearest?”

“Her you have made your wife?”

She could not control her tears; and Horace had the greatest difficulty in convincing her that she was dearer to him in the midst of misfortune than she could possibly have been had she been surrounded with every insignia of rank, every costly luxury, and not a shadow of grief to cast a momentary dimness on the glory of her beauty. At length, however, he succeeded in calming her agitated spirits, and, by the time they reached the Albany, she was in a happier frame of mind.

They were admitted to the chambers by Horace's valet, who nearly fell down with surprise when he saw his master accompanied by a lady. Without a word, Horace handed Alice into the chambers, and then turning to his valet, he said, in a tone of voice that he meant should silence all conjectures at once,

“You can leave, James; Mrs. Singleton remains here to-night, and if you can find any respectable person to attend upon her, send her here within an hour, if possible. I shall not want you till the evening, James.”

“No, sir—yes, sir. Mrs. Single—a-hem!—Mrs.—did you say Mrs. Singleton, sir?”

“I did. Are you deaf or drunk to-night?”

“Oh, no, sir. I—bless me—no, sir. Mrs. Singleton—a-hem!—hem! Did you say a respectable person, sir, you wanted to wait on the lady?”

There was a suppressed grin on the valet's face, which at once told Horace the nature of his suspicion, and filled him with perhaps not altogether a justifiable indignation. Taking Mr. James by the collar, he shot him out of the chambers with a celerity that projected him, to his great amazement, the distance of two or three houses off.

There are some human animals that, like spaniels, behave with all the more servility the more they are kicked and cuffed—valets in particular—those odious male chambermaids are of such dispositions, and James accordingly ret about finding a female to attend upon Alice, and thought a great deal more of his master than he had done for many months.

Still Alice and Horace were not doomed to reside in those chambers, for scarcely had James executed his commission than a carriage rattled up to the Albany, and a thundering appeal was made to the knocker of Horace Singleton's chambers.

With much surprise, Horace opened the door, when he found a footman in the livery of his uncle, the minister, who said,

“If you please, sir, my master is below, and wishes to see you.”

“My uncle?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Shew him up directly. What can be the cause of a visit at such an hour as this?”

Horace then repaired to Alice, and explaining to her the necessity there was of seeing his uncle, he conducted her into an inner apartment, where he left her until the interview should terminate.

In a few moments his uncle made his appearance, and Horace, after handing him to a seat, said,

“My dear sir, to what circumstance am I indebted for so late a visit?”

“Why, Horace, to not a very agreeable circumstance. I have had a call to-day from one of the police magistrates, to take my advice concerning some matters that have been brought under his notice rather strangely, and which are of no small importance to your father-in-law.”

“To Sir Charles Home?”

“Ay, truly; he is accused of murder.”

“I know it, uncle.”

“You know it?”

“Yes.”

“Well, that's cool; and do you mean to tell me, you rascal, that you have, knowingly, married the daughter of a man who has a good chance of being hanged?”

“If I had, uncle, done so, it would have made no difference in my feelings towards my amiable wife. It would be hard, indeed, to visit upon her head the follies or the crimes of another.”

“Ah, there you go, Horace, with your newfangled notions; but they won't do either in parliament or out—that you may depend. They won't do, Horace.”

“To relieve your anxiety, uncle, although it really makes no difference to me, I was married before I knew a specific charge of murder had been made against Sir Charles Home, and what is more, I don't believe it now that it is made.”

“You don't?”

“No. It comes from too vicious and suspicious a quarter to warrant belief.”

“Well, there is something in that. The magistrate was rather of



your way of thinking; but where is Sir Charles now?—has he been apprehended?"

"Not to my knowledge, uncle. Circumstances have occurred at Sir Charles Home's house of the most painful and alarming character."

"Indeed!"

"Grant me your patience for a short time, and I will give you a detail of events which will surprise you."

Horace then related to his uncle all that had occurred at Sir Charles Home's house, with the exception of the fact of his having brought Alice to his chambers in the Albany. When he had concluded, his uncle looked sternly at him, and said,—

"And so you have contracted an alliance with a family whose deeds will become matter of common gossip and disagreeable criminal notoriety."

"Yes, uncle, I have."

"And your wife —"

"Is an angel."

"Pho! pho! Don't talk to me about angels. I hate such rubbish, and you ought to know better. A nice house she has had for some time past, by all accounts."

"A most miserable one."

"And now there's a dead lady in the house to make it pleasant."

"There is, indeed."

"And she has been your wife some days?"

"Yes."

The uncle got up, and took his hat.

"Horace," he said, "I am very sorry to see it—I thought much better of you. Upon my soul, I did."

"What do you mean, uncle?"

"I mean that you are a contemptible puppy."

"I —"

"Yes, you," thundered the uncle. "I tell you what, sir—when I was your age, if I had loved a young, beautiful, and gentle girl—for, by inquiry, I have ascertained Alice Home to possess all these rare qualities—and had but a squalid garret to bring her to, I would have placed her in mine, and said, 'Come away from the terrors of your father's house.'"

"But —"

"Nonsense, sir. There is no excuse for you. I shall now at once go to Sir Charles Home's house, and offer Alice Singleton, your wife, your puppy, an asylum in my house, and —"

"But, uncle."

"Don't uncle me, I desire you; I—I —"

Horace flung open the door of the inner room, and there stood Alice in all her beauty, to the astonished gaze of the bewildered visitor.

"Allow me, uncle," said Horace, "to introduce Mrs. Singleton to you. My dear, this is my uncle. He is in a great passion, but never mind that, he has a good heart."

## CHAPTER CXX.

### THE ARRIVAL IN DOVER.—THE CLIFFS.—THE RECOGNITION.

SIR CHARLES HOME'S fears had been again excited, and he believed himself followed by some one; but how, or in what shape the pursuit was conducted, he could not form any conjecture, but still he thought he was pursued.

More than half the distance was now passed—so much had been won—so far had he escaped his greatest danger—how long would his good fortune last? Surely it could not now desert him?

Again he leaned out of the chariot-window, and as far as he could tell, and for all he could hear, there was no one behind him. It must have been his own fears that taught his ears the thing he least wished.

But though for the moment Sir Charles's fears were quieted, yet he still continued to urge on the post-boys to their utmost, and they, stimulated by his liberal promises, in their turn urged on their beasts.

Thus they traversed onwards for many miles with great rapidity. The speed was never, perhaps, equalled by postillions, for, the horses being good, and the men both willing, they got over the ground at a rapid pace, and were soon about to approach the good town of Canterbury.

Pleased with the prospect around him—of his plan, of his journey, and, above all, the marriage of Alice with Horace Singleton, he again threw himself back in the carriage, and almost a dreaming trance came over him, in which he renewed all the occurrences that had happened.

They came to his mind one after another, and he shrank not from their contemplation. He could even look upon the fearful risks he had run with a smile—it was the smile of security, and the smile that is induced by a knowledge that he was baffling his enemies—that he had opposed their designs—that he had done that which would baffle all their hopes, that would destroy all the expectations they had formed from years of toil, trouble, and malice—from years of the most careful

and hidden action—things done in secret, because they should be the safer.

"Ha! ha! ha!" Sir Charles Home laughed; "the Avenger, ay, the Avenger, will himself now be sure he has corrupted the stream at which he himself proposed to slack his thirst; he has exploded the mine whence he was to dig the precious metal; all, all has failed, and he has the miserable knowledge of being convinced that I have outwitted him."

These were self-sufficient thoughts, and Sir Charles smiled again, but his smile was sickly; yet it was a smile, and that was much indeed from Sir Charles.

"I will stay here," said Sir Charles, as the carriage drew up; "I will stay here for a few moments to refresh myself. I have scarce eaten a meal for some days, and to-day I have scarce taken anything at all. Yes, I will stay here for a quarter of an hour."

"This is Canterbury," said the postillion, coming to the door.

"I will stay here for a few minutes—for not more than ten or fifteen minutes shall I detain you, but be in instant readiness."

Sir Charles Home quitted the carriage and entered the inn, where a cloth was instantly spread, and such refreshment as the time of night enabled them to place before him. But though Sir Charles Home had ordered refreshments, yet his anxiety returned the moment he seated himself, and, after eating a little, he called for wine and drank largely.

It was but a few moments he spent here, for the feeling of security which the pace he had been travelling at, and the increase of distance between himself and the scene of confusion, and the place where his enemies had done, or were doing their worst, now ceased, and he longed to recommence his journey.

He, therefore, discharged his reckoning without having had much from the table, and in another instant he was on his route.

"Drive on, postillions," he said; "drive on, and remember that I will reward you handsomely for your exertions."

Thus urged, away they dashed at a rapid pace, and the ground was soon passed over, and stage after stage succeeded each other with great rapidity.

Sir Charles felt that the moment was almost at hand when his deliverance would be sure, and then he might yet spend the remainder of his days in peace and tranquillity.

The character of the night had entirely changed from what it was at Sir Charles's departure. It was then cold, wet, and windy; but the wind no longer blew, the rain ceased, and a degree of warmth was felt that was extremely agreeable.

A balmy freshness had sprung up, and which even Sir Charles Home noticed, much as his mind was engaged in contemplating his own difficulties and chances. The hour of midnight had long been passed, and morning might be expected to break dimly in another two hours, but the town of Dover would be reached ere then.

The chaise even now approached it, and there had been light enough he could have seen it. Sir Charles Home's heart leapt for joy when he found that the goal was so nearly won.

"This then is the last habitable spot in England that I shall see," mused Sir Charles, as he was driven through the suburbs. "Well, 'tis no matter—England or the continent—a man can but live; he quits friends and country, but it is to seek safety and life in another. He is still with the same race, and can see many of the same family—but, could he not, what matters? is not life and liberty something? A week or two, at the most, will reconcile me to all I desire to be reconciled; but here I am in Dover."

This was true enough. But no soul stirred in the town. The lamps burned and threw a dim light over objects around. The hard stones rattled under the wheels of the post-chaise, with the hollow rumbling noise that is usually heard when any carriage is driven through towns.

The carriage drew up before the Ship Hotel, a fine building, and Sir Charles Home was shown into a large room, where he was alone, for no other visitor to the place was up at that early hour.

"I wish to see the proprietor," said Sir Charles, when one of the waiters appeared.

It was not long ere the proprietor came up and presented himself to Sir Charles, and begged to know how he could serve him.

"Do you know if there be any vessels ready to sail for the continent?"

"There will be early in the morning, sir; as soon as the mail can be made up."

"At what hour?"

"Not much before ten."

"So late as that?"

"Yes, sir; but I will send and have more particular information for you ere that hour. Until that time, will you sleep?"

"No, no," replied Sir Charles, hastily. "I will return to breakfast; but until then, I will walk on the cliffs. I see the sun is about to rise by yonder grey streak in the horizon."



The hotel-keeper bowed, and Sir Charles quitted the house and proceeded towards the place he named. The morning was fast lightening, and objects became more distinct, and by the time the sun was appearing above the long line of water, he was standing on the celebrated cliff now known as Shakspeare's, because he wrote the following beautiful description of it, which Sir Charles repeated to himself, as he looked down the steep declivity.

"——— How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low;  
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!—  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice; and you tall anchoring bark  
Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy,  
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard. I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong."

Not long did Sir Charles remain gazing on the ocean; his state of mind was such that he could not remain in any one place, but movement, mere changing place for place, seemed necessary, as he thought, to remove him farther from danger.

He, therefore, turned towards the hotel, and was within sight of it, when a horseman rode up at a furious speed, and drew up at the door. Sir Charles's fears caused him to look at the stranger earnestly, and with a cry of terror he saw that it was his persecutor. It was George Home.

The cry that had escaped from Sir Charles's lips reached the ears of George, and seeing Sir Charles, he endeavoured to spur his jaded animal forward, but being quite exhausted, it reared and gave a desperate plunge forward, and fell—throwing its rider to some distance on his head.

Without waiting to see the result of the accident, Sir Charles Home fled as fast as nature enabled him from whence he had just come, with despair and terror at his heart.

(To be continued in our next.)

### EPIGRAMS.

A friend of mine, for want of cash,  
In business chanced to fail;  
His creditors heard of the smash,  
And popp'd him into gaol.  
"I'm not astonish'd at the fact,"  
Said Bob—who loved a joke;  
"The man a long while has been crack'd,  
And now you see he's broke."

Poor Robert—when some waggish friend  
Had stol'n his best blue coat,  
In joke, no doubt—to him did send  
The following pithy note:  
"Dear friend, this riddle solve for me—  
My coat how to recover.  
D'ye give it up?"—"Yes," answered he.  
Said Bob, "Then hand it over!"

A citizen, whose poll was bare,  
Through Smithfield market walking,  
Said to his spouse, "My dear, look there,  
Where yonder beasts are stalking;  
The tufted heads of bullocks horned,  
Than mine, can boast more hairs."  
"Husband," said she, "your head's adorned  
As well as ever theirs!"

Said Harry, "When creative Boz  
His next new novel starts,  
I mean to take it in—that's poz,  
In volumes or in parts."  
Says Ned, "Bound books I hate; you see,  
One's pocket it encumbers;  
But yet 'twill be a novelty,  
You used to take in numbers!"

J. R\*\*\*s.

Love is like most epidemics—the more apprehensive we are of it, the more likely we are to take the contagion.

### THE BETRAYER; OR, RETRIBUTION.

THE grey of morning twilight had scarcely broken through the dark clouds of night, when a traveller entered the village of Trellam, in the north of England.

The village was a straggling one, and yet beautiful and picturesque, for it was situated in a most romantic part of Cumberland. It lay on a fine knoll, or rising ground, which gradually sloped towards the water's edge, for facing it was a small but swift and clear stream, which emptied itself into one of the lakes at a short distance.

The traveller wore the undress uniform of a cavalry officer, but was unattended by any servant; from which it was presumed he was not high in his profession, or that he was too poor to admit of it. Be this as it might, there was an air of a man who had seen much of the world, and the gravity of his looks tended to give you a favourable impression of his sense.

Though apparently young and in the vigour of manhood, for he could not be more than eight-and-twenty or thirty, yet he bore the marks of hard service; and, when this, and a scar over his left eye were allowed for, his age might even be less than we have stated. He rode on towards the only inn in the place, but that was not open, nor was any one stirring in the house.

After a moment's reflection, he gently rode towards a cottage which was situated a few rods out of the village, on the other side to that by which he had entered; but when he arrived at the spot he found it in ruins.

It had evidently been destroyed by fire. The bare walls stood, with the blackened ends of some of the rafters sticking out of the bricks in which they had been embedded. The chimney had fallen, and lay in one corner a mass of rubbish.

A small portion of the thatch remained at one end, which owed its preservation, probably, more to the direction of the wind than any other cause; at all events, it was now blackened, and scorched, and useless.

Above the door had been a small latticed window. The iron frame was all that now remained. It had once been glazed, but the glass was gone, and the lead was molten.

As the stranger stood looking on this scene of desolation and ruin he sighed deeply.

"And is this," he said, almost aloud—"and is this all that remains of the once happy family? Is this, then, the welcome of the man who leaves his country to protect its hearths from the violation of the foreign invader? Could the enemies of this land leave a more melancholy memento behind them? No. But I am hasty in my conclusions; all may yet be explained. This may not be caused by the destroying demon, man; but may have been the result of accident, and the evil genius of our family may not have done this. Great God, pardon my uncharitableness! I will learn more, and should it be what I most fear, a heavy amount will I exact of the villain who has done this."

As he said this, he turned away, and retraced the road to the inn. By this time some of the under servants were moving, and giving his horse in charge of one of them, by the assistance of another he entered the house, and seated himself in a room which overlooked the garden, desiring that he might have breakfast as soon as it could be got ready.

"The landlord will be up soon, I dare say," said one of the men. "He don't usually have visitors so early, sir."

"Perhaps not; but I have ridden many miles this morning, and the keen air gives me a good appetite."

The man retired, promising to call his master immediately, and left for that purpose. In about an hour afterwards the landlord entered, preceded by a servant carrying his guest's breakfast.

"Sorry to have kept your honour so long; but it is yet early, and I hope you will excuse it."

"Don't name it. It is too welcome at any time, to quarrel with it now I have it," he replied; "but I have been out in the air for some hours, and that renders me rather impatient."

"Were you ever here before?" said the landlord, desirous to say something.

"Yes, at daybreak; but nobody being up, I strolled about, until I found them stirring, and then came in."

"Oh! We have not much to show about that will interest a stranger," remarked the landlord, with a shake of the head; "but it is a pretty spot, nevertheless."

"You think as I do on that subject," returned the traveller; "but you have some ruins."

"Ruins, eh!" said Boniface, in surprise. "I know of none."

"Yes, the cottage at the end of the village that has been burned."

"God forgive you, for jesting, sir! but that is a most melancholy subject, I assure you, and there may be much guilt; but I cannot say much about it, for they who know most are still living."



"You excite my curiosity, landlord. Will you give me your company to breakfast, and relate this tale of crime to me? I am passing through the village on my journey further north, and may never revisit this spot, and therefore not likely to see any of the parties; but it would beguile an hour or so."

"Well, sir, I will do as you wish."

The landlord accordingly took a chair, and drawing near to the table, he ordered some supplementary articles, in which he usually indulged, and, after a few mouthfuls, he began as follows:—

You must know, sir, that the cottage you saw in ruins, was at one time one of the sweetest cottages near here; but, sir, the hand of the destroyer was on it, and it has fallen, as you see.

Well, sir, Mr. Walter Norton occupied it, with his wife, one daughter, and one son. They had a small independence, and lived happily and much respected; for, as far as his means went, he was charitable, and that was more than many of his neighbours were, who could well afford to be so.

Their lives passed on smoothly enough; but all things have an end, and so had their tranquillity. The house in which their little fortune had been invested failed, and thus brought them to the brink of poverty and ruin.

This sadly shook Mr. Norton, who instantly repaired to London, to see what could be collected from the wreck of the house whose failure had thus involved him in its ruin.

Here he was compelled to remain for some time. Anxiety, and the dread of the fate that awaited his family, caused him to commit suicide. This double stroke of misfortune fell heavily on the unfortunate lady, whose mind was actual y paralyzed, and incapable of thought or action of any kind, but was obliged to keep her bed for many months, and it was scarcely hoped that she would ever recover.

In this crisis Walter, the son, who was scarcely twenty years of age, was now compelled to take the management of his mother's affairs, and succeeded in withdrawing them from their entanglements; but only a very small portion of money was coming to them, and even this could not be immediately received from the assignees of the firm, but months must intervene ere they could obtain their own.

In the meantime, Squire Grey, their landlord, who lives in yonder white house opposite, to whom they were in arrear of rent, came and demanded his money. He owns most of the property about these parts, more's the pity. Well, sir, he saw Miss Cecilia Norton, a young lady whose many beauties were just budding. She was accomplished and amiable; for their parents had bestowed their whole time and attention upon the education of their children.

He saw, I say, sir, that she was beautiful and chaste, and he fixed his eyes on her with the damning passion of desire. He was informed of the true state of their case, and it would be in their power to pay him shortly, if he would wait. Well, he would give no promise, but would consider of it, and call upon some other opportunity.

This he did often, and so contrived it that he always came when the brother was out of the way. He tried all he knew to obtain the good opinion of Cecilia; but she shrunk from the advances of one who evidently meant no good. Else the squire was a good-looking young man enough, and had he meant what was honourable, it has been supposed that the young lady would have been contented to have accepted him; but his meaning was not to be mistaken.

Miss Cecilia forbore to name anything of this to her brother, as he was not in any matter which related to the honour of his family, but kept it a secret until secrecy was no longer proper; for his overtures now became so gross and palpable that she could not endure them.

Walter, as soon as he heard of this, determined to meet him, and, therefore, remained at home when he called, and hearing his conversation, he instantly desired him to leave the house, and many hot words ensued. He left, however, threatening vengeance. They were expecting the worst, when a letter came from the steward, giving notice that a distress would be put in the next day.

This was no more than they expected, but yet it was a heavy blow; for after every exertion that could be made, even to the selling a few things, they could not make the money up; but Walter had made up his mind as to what course to pursue, and proceeded to a place where there was a recruiting party stationed. He was a fine, well-bred young man, and he was received with open arms, and a handsome gratuity was given him. With this money he paid the rent when the steward came the next day, attended by the broker; but he was surprised to find the money ready for him, and he returned to his master.

The squire was greatly exasperated at his failure, but comforted him self when he heard that young Norton was gone.

Time passed on, and yet the unhappy family were not entirely relieved from the persecutions of Squire Grey, who still haunted the place. There is no doubt but he loved the young lady, but he could

not bring himself to marry her, for she was poor, and this was the only objection he could find to his pursuing an honourable line of conduct.

One night their cottage was burned to the ground. The squire was passing, and conducted them to his mansion, where they remained for some weeks. But, alas! this was a fatal period, and she fell a victim to the squire's perfidy. After this they left, and live at this day in a cottage about five miles from this.

"Ah! poor Cecilia! Sir, she is not now what she was; but is melancholy and drooping, like a lily deprived of its native soil."

"Has she any children?" inquired the traveller, in a tremulous accent.

"Yes, sir, she has one, a boy; but he is far from strong, which is not to be wondered at, for his mother's whole time has been spent in tears. She is now more tranquil than formerly, and bears her misfortune with equanimity, and endeavours by care and attention to strengthen the mind and body of her son."

"Can you direct me to the cottage where they now reside?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"We'll I shall go near them, and would like to see them; but I shall return ere. In the meantime, can you dispatch a letter to a brother officer, whom I wish to remain here with me for a day or two?"

"Yes, sir, with pleasure," replied the landlord, who was delighted at the prospect which this afforded him.

The letter was written and dispatched. The traveller took another horse, for his own was jaded, and set out for the cottage in which resided Mrs. Norton and her unfortunate daughter.

It was a lonely spot, and no other house was near it. The stranger when he came to it dismounted, and tied his horse to a stake, and with mingled emotions he approached the cottage door.

He entered, and saw Mrs. Norton seated busily employed in netting. She looked up and gazed earnestly at him for a moment, and then sprang towards him, saying,—

"My son—my son!"

They were quickly in each others arms, and it was thus they were found by Cecilia, who entered soon after. It was a painful yet joyful meeting. Their tale was soon told. It was as the landlord related it. Walter had been near nine years abroad, and had not been heard of for eight years, so he was deemed to be dead. He had succeeded beyond his expectations; he was possessed of wealth and rank. His intention was to carry his sister and mother to another clime, and there spend the remainder of their lives.

He returned to the inn, and found his friend waiting for him. Their plans were soon formed, and a message was borne to the squire, who refused at first to meet one whom he said was not his equal in rank. But the soldier soon put him right, and threatened him with such consequences that he was compelled either to marry her whom he had injured, or give her brother the desired meeting. He chose the latter.

They met, and Mr. Grey fell mortally wounded. The parties, of course, retreated, and were quickly in another nation, and had the seas between them. Mrs. Norton and his daughter left England to rejoin her son in France, in the south of which country they intended to pass the remainder of their days; for here Walter had formed a connexion that ended in a happy marriage.

His mother and sister were present at this happy event, and lived in tranquillity and peace. But Cecilia never entirely recovered from the heavy misfortunes she had suffered. She could not help contrasting her situation with that of her brother's, and deplored in secret her unhappy fate. At length her child died, and from that hour she sank rapidly, and never rallied after. She died in a decline, and was buried by the side of her child. Thus ended the life of one who, but for the betrayer, would have tasted of the cup of life and happiness.

NOT SO BAD AS EXPECTED.—In the melodrama of the "Caravan," a dog, named Carlo, played a principal character. Dignum, the singer, was also in the same piece. One evening the latter went up to Sheridan, and, with a grave face, informed him that he had some bad news to relate. Sheridan eagerly inquired what it was; to which Dignum answered, that he felt himself so hoarse as to be unable to get through the songs. Sheridan, seizing him by the hand, rejoined, "My friend, you have relieved my mind of a weight; I thought the dog had been taken ill."

THE RUSSIAN AND HIS HORSE.—The Russian is scarcely ever seen to strike the animal over which he has power. His horse is seldom propelled by any other influence than a few cheering and encouraging sounds, and if this increases not his pace, he does not, heated with savage fury, dissect the beast with a scourge, beat out an eye, or tear out his tongue. The Russian proverb is, "It is not the horse but the oats that carry you." As long as the horse will eat he feeds him, and his appearance generally honours the humanity of the master.



## RAVENSWORTH ; OR, THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued from our last.)

Jeannette's parcel was packed up, and all her anxiety was how to leave the shop without attracting the marquis's notice. His attention was at the moment she was on the point of rising from her seat called off by one of his lady companions, and when he could again turn his head to look at the beautiful girl who had so interested him, he found she had left the shop, and he felt more disappointment than he would have imagined so trifling an occurrence would have caused.

Ravensthorpe sauntered towards the shopwoman who had been waiting on Jeannette, and inquired in a low careless tone, if she knew the ladies she had been attending to? But he was again doomed to disappointment; for the girl replied, they were perfect strangers; she had never seen them before to her knowledge.

After this unsatisfactory intelligence, Ravensthorpe rejoined his fair companions, and soon after escorted them home. But both ladies noticed he was less talkative than usual, and wondered why it was so. The truth was, the beaming eyes and rosy blush of the beautiful stranger haunted his imagination, and cast the charms of both his present companions completely in the shade.

All that day and the next did he brood over the beauties he had caught such a transient glimpse of; but after that time, the remembrance of the fair girl became fainter and fainter. At the end of a week she was thought of as we think of a pleasant dream.

How different were the feelings of Florence to those of the gay marquis. A thousand times a day in the solitude of her prison—for we can call it nothing else—did she recall the form and features of Ravensthorpe. She would linger with all the fervour of romance on the remembrance of the expression of his brilliant speaking eyes, and the playful, good humoured smile that hovered around his handsome mouth; she would recall the glance he had bestowed on her. Even now as she was, she felt that it was one of admiration. Anxiously did she now listen when she knew he was in the house for the sound of his voice—a voice that was never forgotten by her; she never knew what envy was until she heard it, and now that passion assailed her every time she heard a servant announce the marquis's name. At that time, and no other, was Lady Arnold an object of envy.

Poor Florence knew not, thought not, how wrong she was acting, how much misery she might be hoarding up for herself in thus fostering a passion for one who it was very likely she might never meet again; and if she did, even if her love was returned, their station in life was so very different. He, the courted, the caressed, the high-born marquis, heir to a dukedom, she, the orphan daughter of a soldier of fortune, and the now lowly dependant of the wife of a baronet; the disparity of their stations was too great to suppose that her love would lead to anything but misery. But Florence thought not of this; she loved for the first time, and when was first love thoughtful? She had no friend, no one to whom she could impart her feelings, no one to advise and direct her, no one to love. She had heard the praises of the marquis repeated, till, unknown to herself, she loved him. She had seen him for a moment, and that moment had sealed her destiny.

Shut up for hours in a room by herself, with nothing to divert her thoughts from the dangerous subject, they were directed entirely to him. This was the state of her feelings at the time Lady Arnold ordered her to prepare for a journey to Woodlands.

Then did her thoughts flow in a different channel; she thought of her childhood, of her beloved protectress, and accused herself of ingratitude in so long making her but a secondary object in her affections; and then did the veins in her fair brow swell almost to bursting as she thought of visiting her late happy home as a menial. At that time she would determine to throw off the yoke Lady Arnold had imposed on her. Then would her destitute situation flash across her mind, and she felt she must indeed submit.

Her ladyship at first resolved not to take Florence with her at all, as her superior beauty made her, Lady Arnold, dread, her by any accident being thrown in the way of the marquis; as her ladyship had taken especial care that not one of the dashing belles she had invited to accompany her to Woodlands should outlive her in personal appearance, it would be ten times more mortifying for a dependant to do so; but Florence was so handy at the toilet, and made up such divine head-dresses, that she knew not how to do without her. She would venture to take her, and forbid her leaving the house, and she knew the girl to be too much of a fool to disobey her.

Thus Lady Arnold reasoned with herself before she gave her orders to Florence about the preparation for her journey.

The day arrived that they were to start for Woodlands. Lady Ar-

nold, as we before said, took her seat in the carriage in the highest spirits imaginable, as she hoped when next again she returned to town it would be as the bride of the Marquis of Ravensthorpe—the future Duchess of Montauban. She smiled in contempt as she glanced at the pale, spiritless Florence Dudley, and felt chagrined to think she ever felt any apprehension on her account.

It was late when they reached their destination. Poor Florence looked eagerly for some familiar face to welcome her, but met not one; every servant had been changed, and as she was conducted by the kind-hearted Jeannette to the little room that had been prepared for her, she found that not only the domestics, but every article of furniture had been changed also. Nothing seemed familiar, all cold and cheerless as its haughty mistress.

Florence, as soon as she was alone, threw herself on her couch, and gave way to a violent passion of tears, and day peeped in the eastern horizon ere she closed her eyes in sleep.

### CHAPTER IV.

"Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand."

On the third day after the arrival of Lady Arnold at Woodlands, did the expected guests make their appearance. Nothing now was heard but merriment from one part of the building to the other; no, we should except the detached wing, which our heroine was an occupant of. It was a dull, desolate part of the house, that Miss Arnold had used as lumber rooms; they were furnished as the sleeping and sitting-rooms of the two attendants of Lady Arnold. Florence had asked leave to visit the different friends she had in the village; but this was denied her, at the same time her ladyship informed her, while she remained at Woodlands, she must confine herself to the house, or else give up Lady Arnold's protection. The lady then walked from the room without stopping to hear the indignant reply that rose to the lips of her attendant Jeannette, who was in the room at the time, and heard the unjust and heartless command with even more indignation than Florence herself.

"I have neither head nor heart if you shall be imprisoned in this way," she exclaimed, after she had given vent to her anger in pretty strong terms. "You are an early riser, Miss Dudley, and Lady Arnold a late one, and so are all her party; you must take advantage of that circumstance, and take a two hours' walk before any of them are up of a morning. I know the way you can leave the park without my hateful lady being any the wiser."

"And, if discovered, lose the friendship of Lady Arnold," returned Florence, mournfully.

"It is as well lost as retained," said Jeannette; "such friendship is, indeed, worthless as she professes for you. I have not the least fear of her discovering your walk, if we manage it properly; but even if she should, surely you must have many friends in this village who would receive you under their protection with pleasure."

Florence shook her head as she said,—

"Miss Arnold led a very secluded life; she held no intercourse with any of the gentry around Woodlands whatever; she was known to no one but the poor and lowly, the recipients of her bounty. I have many true friends in that class, who would gladly share their last morsel with me, but I will not become a burden to any one. As an attendant on Lady Arnold, I earn what I receive; much as I long to visit places and persons that are dear and familiar to me, I will not risk the losing of her ladyship's protection to do so."

"There will be no risk—there shall be none," returned the good-hearted domestic. "Her ladyship never rises till nine, the very earliest, and some of her guests lay in bed till the middle of the day; you can leave the house by the stairs that lead from this apartment direct into the dullest part of the garden—a part that no one ever thinks of stepping a foot into, not even the gardener. There is a gate that is very near that leads into one of the pleasant lanes ever I saw. You may walk there entirely unobserved, as I know my lady nor any of her friends would ever think of walking there."

In this strain did Jeannette try to persuade her fair companion to take what was certainly necessary exercise; but for that day and several following she was unsuccessful; but at length Florence yielded—the persuasion of Jeannette, backed by her own inclination, overcame her resolution of not disobeying the unfeeling order of Lady Arnold.

For the first few mornings she could not enjoy the stolen privilege; for fear she should by any means be discovered; she particularly avoided any place where she was likely to be seen by any of the peasants, and hurried home long before Lady Arnold rose from her couch, but gradually she became bolder; she would venture further, she would return to the house but a short time before she was summoned to attend her ladyship's toilet.

She was one day seated alone at her needle, when the door of her room was pushed suddenly open, and a huge Newfoundland dog poked



his head into the room, and seemed to hesitate whether he should enter or not, but, encouraged by the gentle voice of its beautiful inmate, who was particularly partial to dogs, he decided on the former. After taking a survey of the different articles of furniture, he seated himself at the feet of Florence, and began flicking her hand, wagging his tail, and showing many demonstrations of friendship.

"You are a beautiful creature," said Florence, as she caressed him. "Who do you belong to?"

She turned round a handsome collar that encircled his shaggy neck as she spoke, and the name of Frederick Ravensworth met her eye.

"Ravensworth!" she murmured, as she redoubled her caresses. "You are happy, as everything must be that belongs to him."

She read his name again and again, until her eyes ached with so doing; presently a low whistle was heard at some distance; the dog instantly sprang to his feet, and bounded from the room as unceremoniously as he had entered it. Every day after this did Master Carlo make his appearance in the sitting-room of his new acquaintance, much to the surprise of Jeannette, who wondered how the favourite dog of the marquis had found his way to the room, and would often laughingly wish his master would follow him, as he would then see Miss Dudley, and after that she would not give Lady Arnold a fathoming for her chance.

Florence at such times would blushing reprove her, though the tone the reproof was uttered in, and the blush that ever accompanied it, proved the subject was not an unpleasant one. Jeannette was often surprised at the emotion that was betrayed by Florence at the mention of the marquis's name: there was certainly a mystery about it she could not fathom; and her excessive fondness for the dog, there was something in that, too, that Jeannette puzzled herself terribly about, but all to no purpose.

About a month after Lady Arnold had taken up her residence at Woodlands, our heroine was taking her accustomed walk one morning; she had reached the middle of a shady, unfrequented lane, when a strange noise assailed her ears, and before she could look round to see from whence it proceeded, her canine friend, Carlo, sprung towards her. Such was the suddenness of his appearance, and the violence of his caresses, that she recoiled from him with affright.

"Carlo, Carlo—here boy, here—down sir," exclaimed a voice that vibrated on the heart of Florence, and in the next moment the Marquis of Ravensworth sprang from the hedge. "Down, Carlo, down," he again repeated; "do not be alarmed, madam," he said, as he glanced at the pale, agitated girl; "he will not harm you: he is very gentle; it is merely play. I never saw him so familiar with a stranger before."

The marquis again whistled to the dog, but Carlo was deaf to the calls of his master; he still kept by the side of Florence, who was so agitated, she was forced to hold by a tree for support. Ravensworth seeing this, and believing the dog caused it, raised a stick he held in his hand, with the intention of striking him. Florence forgot her agitation in her desire to protect her favourite.

"Do not beat him," she cried, as she threw one arm around the dog, and raised the other to ward off the blow.

The silvery softness of her voice, and the expression of the eyes that were raised imploringly to those of the marquis, caused him instantly to lower his arm; he threw the stick away from him.

"It is seldom I strike him," returned Ravensworth, as he placed his hand on the collar of the dog, and drew him gently away. "I never knew him before to forsake me for any one else, but even if he had not obtained so fair a pleader, he well deserves forgiveness."

Florence now slightly curtsied, and resumed her walk, but it was not Ravensworth's intention to so soon part with the fair being he had so unexpectedly met. He walked down the lane by her side, and tried by every means in his power to draw her into conversation; but of no avail,—a mono-syllable every now and then was all he could obtain, and that was uttered in the lowest, coldest tone.

Frederick Ravensworth, who had often before the wooed then the wooer, was provoked at the coldness of his companion, and resolved to leave her, and allow her to finish her walk alone; but the face of Florence was by accident at that moment turned towards him, and it was of so rare, so exquisite a beauty, that caused the resolution of the marquis instantly to vanish. He again attempted to lure her into something like conversation, but with no success, and he concluded she was the most scornful female he had ever spoken to. How mistaken he was in supposing that scorn had anything to do with her present feelings; he knew not the wild tumultuous throbbing of a heart that had long been all his own. She dared not trust her voice to answer him; her agitation for some time would not permit her; every word he uttered sunk from her ear to her heart; it seemed as though she were in a dream; that Ravensworth, the admired—the courted Ravensworth, walked by her side, spoke to her with kindness and respect, and even seemed anxious to hear the voice of so insignificant a being as herself. A thousand times did she reproach herself for not being able to answer him when

he spoke to her, and as many times did she pray mentally that he would leave her, and yet had he done so, it would have indicated a severe pang then she had felt for some time.

They had, without being aware of it, been gradually ascending an eminence; they had now reached the top; when they did so, the marquis paused, and made another effort with his silent companion. He drew her attention to the landscape below; he pointed out the different beauties around him, and spoke of them with an enthusiasm that none but a lover of nature can feel. Florence was an ardent one; she was no longer silent; she joined with him in the praises of the sylvan scene that presented itself on every side, she even so far forgot her cause for emotion in her almost adoration of every spot round Woodlands, that she pointed out many beauties to the marquis that would have been passed unobserved by him. Nor did she forget her childhood's happy home, her much-loved Woodlands, which was placed discernible amongst the trees, which shaded without concealing it; she spoke of it with rapture, the shrubbery, the gardens, the lawn, the park—every spot as her eye rested on them, she spoke of with the most enthusiastic regard. The recollection of Miss Arnold and her own friendless state, flashing across her mind, caused her suddenly to cease speaking, and she remained for a few seconds, motionless, her noble companion gazing on her with the most intense admiration; he felt confident they had met before, though when, or where, or how, he could not call to mind. He was sure it was not at Woodlands; he could not so soon have forgotten so beautiful a face as hers: yet the conduct of his dog astonished him, for Carlo had quite deserted his master for Florence. When she walked he walked by her side, and when she stood still Carlo did the same; once, when she was thrown off her guard by a sudden spring of her favourite, she had uttered his name in a manner that appeared as though it were familiar to her. There was something so mysterious in her appearance altogether,—at least so thought Frederick Ravensworth. Meeting her so early in the morning alone in such a dull unfrequented place, he at first had supposed her by her dress to be the daughter of some neighbouring farmer, but when he heard her speak, heard the purity, the beauty of her language, he felt convinced she had moved in a higher circle than that of a farmer's. He still stood musing about her, when she turned as though to leave her companion, when he spoke, and drew her attention towards him.

"You admire Woodlands greatly," he exclaimed, hardly knowing what subject to speak of.

"Admire it!" she said, as she turned her eyes, which now glistened with tears, towards the mansion; "admire it! that is indeed a cold word, when applied to my feelings regarding Woodlands. I love it—venerate it—there is not one spot of ground, one blade of grass, that is not as dear to me as life itself."

More than ever did the marquis long to inquire who she was; where she lived he was determined to find out by some means or another. She was now on the point of descending the hill; the marquis begged to be allowed to assist her. Florence felt it would look like affectation to refuse, though she trembled so violently as she placed her hand in his, that he anxiously inquired if she was not well. She answered, she was quite well; and to account for her trembling, she complained of fatigue. The village clock now chimed the three quarters past eight, the time she was usually at home.

"Good Heavens!" she exclaimed, "how quickly the time has passed. I had no idea it was so late."

She hastily disengaged her hand, and quickened her pace as she spoke.

"But why in such haste?" cried Ravensworth, who still kept by her side; "the day is but young yet; an half hour can make but little difference."

"Perhaps not to you, my lord," she returned; "but to me it will make a great deal of difference."

"My lord!" he repeated; "you know me, then. I knew, the moment I saw you, we had met before; but where, or under what circumstances, I cannot call to mind."

"Nor is it of any consequence," said Florence, as a smile of gratification played round her beautiful lips for a moment as the marquis expressed his remembrance of her after so long a time, and so transient a glance he had obtained of her.

"It is rude to contradict a lady," he said, smiling; "methinks at present I could do so willingly. But tell me, my sweet friend, where I have had the happiness of meeting you before? Not at Woodlands?" Florence shook her head. "In London?" he continued: she was silent; and he concluded it was so, though then he could not imagine where.

They had now reached the avenue that led to Woodlands; Florence would have given worlds for Ravensworth to leave her, as she shrank from the idea of his knowing her to be a dependant on the bounty of Lady Arnold, as he would be well assured she was nothing else. As he had never been introduced to her, and there was no vanity in the sup-



position that he might mention meeting such a person as herself, as he was anxious to know where they had met before; and if he did, she would not only lose Lady Arnold's protection, but the kind-hearted girl who was privy to her rambles, would also lose her situation, as her ladyship would know that she could not leave the house of a morning without the knowledge of Jeannette,—there was no resource but to ask his lordship to keep her secret: she hesitated about doing so till she had reached Woodlands.

"I am at home," she said, as she laid her hand on a small iron gate, that never was opened or closed but by herself.

"At home," repeated the marquis, in astonishment.

"Even so," she replied, as she forced a smile. "But I have a favour to ask of your lordship."

"Ask me a thousand, and I will grant them," he said, warmly, as he attempted to take her hand.

"Nay, now I fear to ask one from you," she smilingly returned, "for you know, my lord, those that promise much generally perform the least."

"It shall not be so in my case," exclaimed the marquis, "for ask me what you will, I will grant it, if it is in the power of man to do so."

Florence pushed the gate open, and entered the park, as she said,—  
"It is merely this, that you will not mention to any one having seen such a person as myself."

"Certainly not," he returned, "if it is not your wish that I should do so," and he was following her into the park.

"Her ladyship's guests seldom enter by this gate," said Florence, in a hesitating voice.

"Nor will I," said Ravensworth; "but why this mystery?"

"There is not much mystery," returned Florence, "that Lady Arnold's guests do not enter by a gate that leads to a wilderness only; but I will now wish your lordship good morning."

Ravensworth extended his hand towards her, she blushed as she placed her own fair one in it, which he respectfully pressed for a moment within his, and then released it. She again curtsied to him, and then bounded across the park, towards the wing where her apartments were situated; when she reached them she found Jeannette in the greatest anxiety concerning her stopping beyond her time, as she expected Lady Arnold's bell to ring every minute, and as it was Florence's duty to attend to it of a morning, she knew not what excuse to make if she did not return in time; but, fortunately, it had not rung yet, and so they should escape detection. She concluded by inquiring how it was, she, Florence, had remained out so long. Florence murmured something about the time passing unheeded, a confused, but truthful excuse; and, indeed, the rest of the day passed unheeded by her. She went through her duties in the usual manner; but it was mechanically. It is doubtful, if any one had asked her what she was doing, if she could have answered them, so much were her thoughts engrossed by her companion of the morning.

That day was the happiest she had known since the death of her protectress; a new existence seemed to have opened to her view, though why or wherefore she knew not. It was not likely the marquis would think anything more of her, yet her heart told her he would not quite forget her. He had not done so, even when he only saw her for a minute or two, and what benefit would it be to her if he even did remember her? and her spirits would sink as she thought of the difference of their stations in life.

"If he had been a poor man," she mentally exclaimed, as a rosy blush mantled on her neck and face at the thought, "I might have been happy; as it is I have no hope,—I can have none."

Thus passed the day with poor Florence; night came, and she retired to rest, feverish and unhappy; and yet she soon slept as calm and tranquil as an infant, and her dreams were those of happiness and bliss: the form of Ravensworth was ever before her eyes. The morning found her refreshed and cheerful; she would not venture out for fear of meeting the marquis, as something seemed to assure her he would be near their yesterday's walk. She felt she would be acting wrong to meet him again if she could avoid it; she remained seated at her embroidery frame, near the window, all the morning; the latter part of it she observed a shadow to fall on her work from the garden below, and she naturally looked towards the window to see what had caused it, and she instantly perceived the Marquis of Ravensworth leaning against a tree opposite her window. He raised his hat as their eyes met, but again quickly replaced it on its rich glossy bed of curls, as a voice, at no great distance, pronounced his name; he bowed respectfully to Florence, and then darted off amidst the trees.

She, with a heart that beat audibly within her bosom, resumed her work. The marquis had by some means discovered in what part of the building her place of abode was situated, though how he had done so she could not imagine, as she placed too much confidence in him to believe he had broken his promise to her; and if he had not done so, he could not make inquiries concerning her. She tried to think it was

accident that had brought him to the wilderness, as that part of the grounds was justly termed; he was, except Jeannette, the first person she had seen there since Lady Arnold had become its possessor. That day passed with Florence much in the same way as the preceding one. The following one was the natal day of Lady Arnold; her ladyship had then completed her twenty-second year. Anxious to appear as amiable and generous as possible with some of her guests, she had ordered the doors of Woodlands to be thrown open to all comers, let them be of what station they would. Tickets had been issued to all the gentry round Woodlands, to invite them to the splendid ball and supper she intended giving that day. The day was spent in all sorts of gaiety and festivity; bands of music were placed in different parts of the grounds, which at night were brilliantly illuminated with party coloured lamps.

(To be continued in our next.)

## CONTENTMENT.

SUGGESTED BY READING A TRACT ENJOINING THE POOR TO BE CONTENT AND THANKFUL FOR ALL THINGS!

How easy it is for the rich man to prate  
Of content and such things to the poor,  
But deprive him of riches, his lands, and estate,  
He would preach of contentment no more.

The lordling who revels in luxuries may,  
Of sweet peace, and serenity, boast;  
Let the case be reversed, and I'll venture to say  
He'd the difference find—to his cost.

Were he forced to "live by the sweat of his brow,"  
Labour hard for a scanty support;  
Compell'd beneath poverty's pressure to bow,  
Would he be so thankful—for naught?

If his paunch be well lined, pray what can he know  
Or care—for the matter of that—  
Of the pangs of starvation, want, sickness, and woe,  
When he tells us—"Be thankful for that!"

Be thankful, Sir Cantwell—and tell us for why;  
Poor wretches who wander about,  
Weak, homeless, and hungry, on dunghills to die,  
Have cause to be thankful—no doubt!

Should such a one, goaded by hunger, to steal  
A poor penny loaf but presume,  
You'd teach him contentment upon the treadwheel,  
Resignation in solitude's gloom.

Should the African bow 'neath the lash of the whip,  
Applied by a barbarous hand,  
Instead of a curse, drop a prayer from his lip,  
And brimfull of thankfulness stand?

Should the victim of Poor Laws—poor, helpless, or old,  
When his wife and dear children are rent  
From his arms and for ever—should he then be told  
To be grateful, and cry, "I'm content!"

'Tis in nature to groan 'neath the burden we bear,  
More or less we our grief must give vent;  
We might as well try to grow fat upon air,  
As our bellies to fill with content.

Let its advocates lighten our load—for they can  
Remove each just cause of complaint;  
Let the rich to the poor do as man should to man,  
Give us cause—then we will be content.

J. R.

BAJAZET.—Bajazet after his capture, observing his conqueror to laugh at him, said, "Do not laugh at my misfortunes, Tamerlane; it is God that has subdued me, not you. He is able to reverse our situations, and undo to-morrow what he has decreed to-day." Tamerlane, assuming a more serious countenance, replied, "I did not laugh with any design of exulting over you, but from a sudden impression of the low estimation in which thrones and kingdoms must be held in Heaven, since royalty has been bestowed on such a blink-eyed man as you are, and such a limping one as myself."  
Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her.



# LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE REJECTION.

HARRIET HEARNshaw advanced a step or two to meet her mother when the latter left Scalvoni a little behind, in order that she might make some communication with which he did not wish to interfere.

"My dear," began Mrs. Hearnshaw, "I want to speak to Charles."  
"I am here," said Hargrove, stepping forward, and rather anticipating some complaint against Scalvoni than otherwise.

"Well, Charles, here's Mr. Squabbolli has been kind enough to say that he'll get you a new situation, better than the one you have lost."

"He get me a situation?"

"Yes, and why not? I'm sure I'm very much obliged to him, indeed, and so ought you to be."

"If," said Charles, "this kindness was seemly offered, I— But I will hear what he has to say himself. Mr. Scalvoni, my aunt tells me you proffer me a situation; God knows I am in urgent want of one. As you are a man, I charge you to deal honestly with me—merit at the least my thanks, by telling me you have some secret motive in your conduct, or that you are really seemly actuated by a wish to serve the unfortunate."

"This is a poor way of recompensing one for an act of kindness," said Scalvoni. "I can get you a situation, young man, and one of value."

"And pay the rent too," put in Mrs. Hearnshaw, "and make me comfortable, and —"

"Peace!" cried Scalvoni; "peace, I say! The situation is as I say, a good one; besides a residence abroad will —"

"Abroad!" choed Charles.

"Abroad!" said Harriet, faintly.

"Yes," added Scalvoni, "abroad; in an English colony, though. The situation is a good one. You cannot surely hesitate."

"Abroad!" repeated Hargrove, despondingly. "Harriet, did you hear—abroad?"

"Yes; but what matters, Charles; there is a remedy for the evil that would bring. Tell me what would you do with your salary? You are an orphan."

"The support of you and your mother is my early sacred obligation and great care."

"Then, Charles, hear my remedy;—accept the situation abroad, and we'll go with you."

"Gracious Providence!" said Mrs. Hearnshaw.

"D—n!" muttered Scalvoni.

Charles looked amazed, and Mrs. Hearnshaw, with a prolonged trumpet-like blow of her nose, added,—

"No, we can't go,—oh, dear, no. You know we can't, Mr. Belgoni."

"Madam," cried Scalvoni, "d—n it, will you never know my name? For once in your stupid existence make an effort, and say Scal—vo—ni."

"Skulibony," said Mrs. Hearnshaw.

"Hark ye, sir," said Charles, addressing Scalvoni, "there is something more in this offer than meets the eye."

"There is," said Harriet. "Charles, reject it. Mother—mother, let us know all; for the love of Heaven do not let your judgment and your natural affections be stultified by this man. Why is it that both you and he start at the proposal for us to accompany Charles abroad? You know he is our only friend in this world."

Mrs. Hearnshaw began weeping plentifully.

"Alas! alas!" she cried, "what am I to do? There's no one at all connected with us but the Peaboddeys and the Grouts; neither of them will help us. What's to become of us, I want to know?"

"Humph!" said Scalvoni; "the ravens fed Elijah in the wilderness, you know."

"Ah, that's all very well," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, "but London bakers and butchers are more like ravens in general, and keep all they have got. Don't talk to me about being fed, unless I've got the money."

"Oh! oh!" said Scalvoni; "this from you, madam? Oh! oh!"

"Why you know," added Mrs. Hearnshaw, "that you said —"

"Madam, is this the way you keep faith with me? Come, Mr. Hargrove, we will go and talk over this matter together. I do not see any objection to your being accompanied by your aunt and cousin—when you have money to pay their passage."

"Can I not raise it?"

"Impossible."

"Reject the appointment, then," said Harriet. "This is a snare laid for our destruction. Do not leave us, Charles. What is to become of us if you— We are otherwise friendless quite."

"I never will leave you. Hear me, Mr. Scalvoni; lest I should wrong you by my suspicions, I thank you for your offer, which I cannot accept."

"Madman!"

"Mad or sane, I have resolved that I will not separate myself from Harriet Hearnshaw."

"Nor I from him," said Harriet.

"Gracious goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw, "what do I hear—what do I hear?"

"You hear this, aunt," said Charles, "that I love Harriet, and that I hope to make her my happy wife."

"Eugh!" said Scalvoni, "and live upon air—or sentiment—or romance? All fattening foods, very."

"Or nothing," sighed Mrs. Hearnshaw. "Oh, Harriet! Harriet! how could you be so imprudent? Where's the rent to come from, I should like to know?"

"Ladies," said Scalvoni, "I have the honour of wishing you a very good morning. When we meet again I hope we shall be more unanimous in our sentiments. Harriet Hearnshaw, I would say a word to you."

"Go not near him," cried Charles. "Hold no communication with him."

"Nay, what needs this extreme fastidiousness?" added Scalvoni, in the calmest manner imaginable. "You are here, valiant sir, and are a younger, stronger man than I am. Were I, under the pretence of a whisper, to bite her ear off, I could not well escape your vengeance. I am in possession of a secret, too, which it is of the utmost importance Harriet should know, a secret which will have its influence upon her future life!"

"A secret!" exclaimed the mother; "Lord, what is it?"

"Will you hear it, Miss Hearnshaw?" said Scalvoni.

"No, no, I hold no dialogue with you—no."

"Well, then, at the risk of the anger of this young gentleman, even, I here proclaim it. Sooner or later, Harriet Hearnshaw, I will bring you to my feet."

"Villain—vain boaster!" cried Hargrove.

"You shall appeal to me with sighs and tears," continued the ruffian, "you shall implore mercy—yes, with all your pride, all your beauty, I shall see you at my feet."

Harriet shuddered, for there was an awful malignancy in the tone and manner of Scalvoni, which irresistibly impressed her with a feeling that he spoke from a conviction that he possessed some terrible power over her and her future fortunes and destinies.

"Shame on you," she cried, "to threaten; you have no power but such as guilt can give you —"

"I have; I have a power shall make you tremble, unless, unless, Harriet —"

"Unless what?"

"You become my wife. Eugh! how charming you look! I would rather possess you—sweet creature as you are—by persuasion, than by fraud or force."

In an instant, Charles Hargrove laid hold of Scalvoni by the collar, but, in so doing, he by no means calculated upon the strength of his adversary, nor the skill he had in making that strength fully effective. In another moment, Charles lay half-stunned, upon the flat of his back, and then Scalvoni, placing his hands in his pockets, walked away as coolly and composedly as if nothing had happened at all to disturb his equanimity, or the even and natural current of events. Before the young man could at all recover, his opponent was gone. Harriet had screamed when she saw the fall of Charles, for she thought, at the moment, that Scalvoni must have done him some deadly injury.

"Charles! Charles!" she cried, frantically, "are you hurt? are you hurt?"

"No," said Charles, scrambling to his feet, and looking rather confused; "that fellow is a good wrestler."

"And what's to become of us all now?" exclaimed Mr. Hearnshaw; "it seems to me we are worse off than ever."

"No matter, we are not worse off," said Harriet; "indeed, I think we are better off, for two hypocrites have been completely unmasked. There is the reverend and pious Mr. Fligsnuck, you have found to be a mere designing adventurer."

"I doubt that," sighed Mrs. Hearnshaw; "he's a wonderful man, and can utter moving discourses. We must not judge of saints elect by the ordinary rules of life."

"Was there ever such infatuation?" cried Charles; "why, aunt, the fellow swore like a trooper, and looked about as saintly as a drunken mountebank."



"Well, well, never mind him; what I want to know is, what's to become of us?"

"For a few days," said Charles, placing in her hand the small sum that had been enclosed in the letter of dismissal from his employer, "this will protect us from absolute want, and, before then, I may have succeeded in finding some employment."

"I hope you may."

"Now, aunt, you are desponding, and say that in a tone as if you would add, don't you wish you may get it. But who knows what good fortune may be in store for us?"

"Alas! nobody," sighed Mrs. Hearnshaw.

"Harriet," said the sanguine young man, "do you be in better spirits. Hope for the best, and do not allow the worst to add to its real terrors those of anticipation. London is a large place, and there must be plenty of employment for willing hands. I shall return about two; till then, farewell!—God bless you!"

"Farewell, Charles!"

"But," interposed Mrs. Hearnshaw, "you don't really mean to say you have either of you any idea of getting married!—oh, dear!"

"Yes, we do," said Charles; "and your sanction, so freely and so delightfully given, makes me very happy, indeed. Adieu!—adieu!"

"My sanction?—why I—"

"Farewell, till two o'clock. Thank you, aunt, thank you."

"But —"

"Adieu—adieu!"

"Was there ever such impudence?" exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw; "you shan't be married, Harriet; I have no idea of young girls marrying. It wasn't so in my time. Children then didn't think of husbands! Oh, dear, oh, dear, times are sadly changed. You ought to be in a nursery, only we haven't got one. To think of marrying!—I'm quite horrified, Harriet."

"Yes, mamma!"

"Come in, you hussey! Why, I never thought of marrying till I was six-and-twenty; but infants now look out for husbands, and we shall hear, some day, of baby's committing bigamy!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE CONFERENCE.

IN one of those singular offices, on the banks of the Thames, adjoining a yard and warehouses, which had for the last fifty years appeared as if crumbling to dust, sat the merchant Leighton.

The place itself was quite a curiosity; it stood close to the river; but the bank was steep, and to keep it from being worn away by the action of the water, the bank was confined or shored up with ship timber that had withstood many a tempest.

The offices themselves were not far back from the river, it was a curious mixture of bricks and timber, and would remind you of an old garment that had been so often patched and repaired, that you knew not which was the original of it.

Odd pieces of timber shored up one side, while straight and curved pieces might be traced, being now component parts of some sea favourite, condemned, and turned to account this way. Indeed, the whole place bore the appearance of having been formed from a mass of wrecks of noble vessels that had suffered extremity on the salt waters.

The place had a lonesome and blackened look; a dingy figure-head appeared on either side of the entrance, and supported the wooden steps that led to the little house.

Old timber lay about, and iron-work, and even huge stones, while a moveable crane stood in the centre of the yard; timbers, planks, and masts, lay piled up against the sides, giving a desolate appearance to the place, for they appeared as though they had been saved from some wreck, and then washed ashore.

In fact so dingy and strange a place could only be paralleled by others which are in the same locality. From long impunity the inhabitants think them secure, but passing strangers tremble to look at them.

But notwithstanding all the dinginess and all the decay, all the dirt, the pitch, the rottenness of that place, more money came into it and went out of it in the course of the year than would have sufficed to purchase half a dozen German principalities. There, as we have said, sat Robert Leighton, the now wealthy, very wealthy merchant; for although, as he had himself stated, his credit but a short time since was in a tottering condition, by the arts and frauds, of Scalvoni he had become once again rich, and ranked among the most respectable merchants of the city of London.

From the conversation which we have already recorded as having taken place between Leighton and his coadjutor Scalvoni, the reader will have obtained some idea of the merchant's character. He was one of those men who content themselves with condemning loudly a course of conduct, and then pursuing it. He had the judgment to see wrong, but not the moral courage or firmness to resist it. Hence, he had fallen but

by bit as it were, into the plans of Scalvoni, laying up for himself such a store of bitterness, that by the time his mind was free from the terror which the entanglement of his affairs had put him in, he acquired a much greater amount of uneasiness and torture from a reflection on the means which had been employed to produce what at one time had appeared to him so very satisfactory a result.

A series of the most complicated and daring forgeries had been successful, and placed the nearly ruined merchant on his feet again; but when that was the case, he felt like one who had been suddenly raised to a giddy elevation, long the pursuit of his ambition, and then sickened at the height he had gained, and the means he had used in its acquisition. He was positively terrified. Every visiter filled him with alarm, every chance tap at the office-door was a terror to his conscience, and he trembled so when he opened his letters of a morning that it was many minutes before he could read one.

He was, as we have stated already, rather advanced in years, but his anxieties and apprehensions had made him look much older than he really was. His form began to be bent, his brow corrugated with wrinkles, and from mere apprehension he had become restless and uneasy in all his movements.

It was the morning after Scalvoni's interview with the Hearnshaws that Leighton was then in his dingy office, as usual unable to do anything, or to think of anything but his own fears.

For some moments he would sit down, and turn hastily over the leaves of a ledger; then he would rise, and pace the narrow confines of what to him was worse than any prison-house. Then he would sit down again with a deep sigh, while occasionally he would bewail his unhappiness.

"What will become of me?" he would say. "Oh, what will become of me? I am as one with a storm above his head—a storm which he knows must burst over him, and he knows not the moment when he may be exposed to all its headlong fury. Oh, that I had resisted the insinuations and advice of Scalvoni from the first. Oh, that I had told him that I preferred being the ruined merchant to the successful and wealthy villain. There must come a disclosure. Immense sums will ultimately be called for, which have been raised on fictitious securities, and then what will become of me—what will become of me?"

He wrung his hands and groaned audibly—then there came a low tap at his door, and with a scream of alarm he sprung to his feet.

"No, no," he cried; "I am not here—I—hush—hush. Come in—come in."

A clerk put in his head.

"If you please, sir, Snicks and Metcalfe have sent their account."

"Yes, yes, take it—all's right—you can take it. Pay it over to the bankers to day."

"Yes, sir."

The door was shut again, and Leighton drew a long breath of relief.

"It—it was nothing after all," he murmured. "I am the fool of every little circumstance. I must get the better of this, or it will kill me. What a state my nerves are in—horrible! horrible!"

"Old Bobby is going mad and no mistake," moralized the clerk, when he had shut the door; "what a go. I suppose it all comes of having too much business. Well, if he goes mad, Scalvoni won't D—n him, he's always got an eye to the main chance."

"Once more alone," soliloquised Leighton. "Let me try to think—what can I do? Scalvoni says the only documents that could bring me to the gallows—yes, those were his very words—he speaks plainly—the only documents that could bring me to the gallows are in the hands of Goldsmid Lyons, the rich Jew—a Jew—well—well. Some day he will find out that he holds a bundle of forgeries, and then he consults an attorney, and then they go to a police-office, and then I am sent for—remanded—re-remanded—committed—tried—found guilty, and then—why then, I am hung—hung, of course, and the newspapers full of my last words, and last moments—horrible—horrible. And as for Scalvoni—why—why he will find some means of escape—I should not wonder—I have no letters of his when I thought I had so many—no evidence to touch him when I thought I could hang him, if he were to prove treacherous. Alas! alas! I am no equal to that man in knavery. To be hung by the neck—like a dog—I, Robert Leighton, the rich merchant—my warehouses groaning with goods—my ships in all quarters of the globe—thousands upon thousands now at my disposal—to be hung—hung—horror! horror! Now, if, unknown to Scalvoni, I could lay my hands on any large sum and run away—I—I might get away surely—surely I might, and leave him to —"

"No," said Scalvoni, who had gently stolen into the room; "no, Leighton, I have provided against that. You could not do it, and I will tell you why."

The merchant was so dreadfully alarmed at the sudden appearance of Scalvoni, that he became for some minutes absolutely speechless, and his whole frame was paralysed; he could do nothing but glare in the other's face with an expression of dismay of the most fearful character.



and his pale lips quivered with emotion and vain attempts to say anything.

"You cannot, and I will tell you why," added Scalvoni; "although at first, perhaps, I ought to intimate to you how very imprudential it is for you to leave your room-door unlocked while you amuse yourself with few reflections of your improved circumstances, and the pleasures of a future."

"Pleasures!" gasped Leighton.

"Ay, pleasures."

"Good God, Scalvoni! How came you here?"

"Through the door. Did you conceive by the window?"

"No, no—only you terrified me."

"No doubt. You terrify yourself so it is small wonder that you are fully terrified by others. But I will tell you why you cannot escape."

"No, no—let it rest, I did not mean it, Scalvoni. Do you think—"

"I would attempt to leave you?"

Scalvoni laughed, and leaning his elbows on the table with his face within six inches of the merchant's, he said—

"The reason you cannot escape consists in this. Any European government would give you up on the application of the authorities here. In fact, any government on the face of the earth but America could do so. But I have made a provision against your finding refuge even in that haunt of thieves and vagabonds. Among our nice little agencies are American securities, or what are familiarly called such, so on see you can't go there. They would rather hang you than lose a dollar by you; and rather than not gain a dollar by you, although you might deserve hanging, they would protect you. But always, remember, America is no place of refuge for you."

"No more—no more. Say no more, Scalvoni. It was but a foolish passing thought. Have you seen Goldsmid Lyons to-day?"

"No. Ah, now I think on't, I did."

"How—how did he look?"

"Hungry and savage."

"Indeed?"

"Yes—as usual—I often laugh to think what a twinge it will give him to find out he holds eighty thousand pounds' worth of forged paper."

"You—laugh?"

"Yes, to be sure—why not?"

"Good God, Scalvoni, I think I shall never laugh again—never—never."

"Employ somebody to tickle you to get you into the habit. Why, now, you can but be hung—that's all."

"All?"

"Yes—all. But to business. I want you to advertise for a clerk."

"Advertise for a clerk—why we have no money."

"Never mind. You must advertise for a clerk, and among the applicants, I dare say, you will find one Charles Hargrove."

"Well?"

"You must take him. I will then think further what is to be done with him."

"Who is he?"

"A suitor—an accepted one, too, for the hand of Harriet Hearnshaw. I have been rejected—no matter—everybody can't succeed."

"Indeed! Do the Hearnshaws still reside where they did?"

"Yes, near your property. They won't be there long though. I have my designs you knew, but they are not clearly arranged yet. In the meantime, however, mind you send an advertisement for a clerk to one of the morning papers, Leighton."

"If it will oblige you."

"Nonsense, I say do it."

"Scalvoni, are there no other reasons but the beauty of this girl that tempt you to make so vigorous an attack upon her?"

"Yes, there are other reasons."

"I thought so. Well, well, I will advertise as you wish. The name is Charles Hargrove?"

"Yes; and when he comes, mind you speak of me just as a subordinate person in your employment. I will not assume my character of partner yet. You may speak slightly of me, if you please. I wish him to have no objection to coming into your service, on my account, you see."

"I understand."

"Tis well. You may heap what benefits then you please for a little while upon the Hearnshaw family; but, upon my word to that effect, you must stop at once. By then this young man will be disposed of. I want a clear stage for my operations. They say hunger will tame a tiger—why may it not have a similar effect upon a young maid?—Enough!"

"Is she really so beautiful?"

"Lovely—a very phoenix of perfection. You never saw her like—you never will, Robert Leighton."

"You are enthusiastic, but 'tis no business of mine—I will do as you desire, but don't do harm to the—the young man—the lover."

"Harm—pshaw! He is not worth doing harm to. You shall do it for me, Leighton."

"I—I—"

"Yes, to be sure. You have lied for me—sworn falsely for me—forged for me. Why, in the name of the devil, now, can you not do a little murder for me?"

Robert Leighton groaned and wrung his hands in anguish, while Scalvoni coolly walked away whistling a tune heedless of his victim's agony.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE LADY OF VAVASCOUR,

### AND THE HUNCHBACK PRINCE.

The wine now flowed freely in the hall of the Baron Vavasour; the minstrels chanted their most lively strain, and the healths of the ladies of the knights present had been drunk with enthusiasm, when the seneschal entered the stately hall, and announced a fresh arrival.

"The guest comes at a late hour," said the owner of the castle; "know you whom it is?"

"The Knight St. Cuthbert," replied the seneschal, bending low.

"His tidings?"

"I know not, my lord."

"Then bid him enter; he is ever right welcome to our halls."

The seneschal departed, and immediately St. Cuthbert, clad in mail, entered; his sword and iron-shod heels clanking along the marble floor.

"What news, sir knight," demanded Vavasour, "that you ride so late?"

"But sorry news, my lord."

"The knowledge of a disease is half the cure," jocularly returned the baron; "let us then hear your woeful tidings."

"It is, that our estates are forfeited to the crown, unless we make head against the common enemy."

"And why so?"

"We have been denounced as traitors by the parasite De Wilton; he overheard our converse at the tournament of Ashby."

"Ah!"

"Tis true, my lord."

"There is but one mode of safety, to avenge the monarch's wrath," replied St. Cuthbert.

"And what is that?"

"The prince has ever loved your daughter, the Lady Mary; wed her to him; he is anxious for the match; the honour and safety of your house depends upon this alliance, and by this means alone you avert the danger."

"But for yourself?"

"My relationship to your lordship will screen me; if not I will battle to the last and meet a soldier's grave."

"Well said," returned the baron; "now pledge us in a bumper."

The wine cups were again replenished, and quaffed to the health of Vavasour and St. Cuthbert, which was no sooner done than the former sought the chamber of his daughter.

"Mary," said the baron, as he entered, "know ye the knight St. Cuthbert has arrived?"

"I heard it but now, dear father?"

"He brings with him but doleful tidings," said the baron.

"Indeed!"

"Which it is in your power to avert."

"In what way can I serve the interest of my honoured father?" replied the gentle Mary.

"The Prince Ruperto, you are aware, is prepossessed in favour of you."

"I know it, dear father."

"You must listen then to the overtures of his love, for I would have you wed him."

"Dear father, I cannot."

"The interest and stability of our house demands it, for our schemes have been made known to the king, and he has sworn to revenge himself."

"Merciful Heaven! and is there no way left to avert the danger but by the sacrifice of your only child?"

"The prince is brave," resumed the baron.

"But not handsome, father."

"Perhaps not; but what has that to do with a parent's interest?"

"My heart is already engaged, my lord," said Mary, "and it would become me ill to wed the man I do not love."

"But you soon would; his deformity would soon become familiar to you."



"The monster!"

"Is nevertheless royal," rejoined the baron.

"But I wed him not."

"Thou art disobedient, Mary," said the baron; "consider well before you excite my wrath."

"Dear father!" cried the lovely girl, "can no means be found to avert the king's displeasure?"

"By warfare; but I have not the means; I could not hold out a week; you know my wishes, I shall expect you to obey; I shall write to the prince that you are favourable to his suit."

As the baron said this, he left the chamber, while the Lady Mary shed a flood of tears at the dismal fate that threatened her, and casting herself upon her knees, she prayed it might be averted from her.

"You have seen your daughter, my lord," said St. Cuthbert, as the baron entered the hall where they were still carousing.

"I have."

"She consents, of course."

"By the saints! it's no such thing," returned the baron.

"What! disobedient!"

"Although a lovely girl," resumed the baron, "she has her sex's failing, obstinacy in the wrong."

"It must be conquered," returned the baron, "or I am no longer master of these halls; but," continued he, in a milder tone, "she said she loved another; know you aught of him, good Cuthbert?"

"I do not, my lord."

"Tis strange; I'll give a thousand marks for the head of him that has wooed my child without my knowledge; know ye of him, my friends?" continued the baron, turning to the guests.

All were silent.

"Ho! seneschal! whom have ye seen with the Lady Mary, lately?"

"No one, my lord."

"Make inquiries amongst the domestics; and, mark me, if I am deceived in aught, whoever it may be, his head ill sits upon his shoulders."

The seneschal retired to obey his lord's commands, while the waiting woman of the Lady Mary underwent a strict, but useless examination before the baron.

"Perhaps it is Walter de Lisle!" suggested one of the company.

"Or Philip the Bold," rejoined another.

"Both have returned from the wars in Palestine," suggested a third.

"Or perhaps the lady has disposed of her heart without the gallant being cognizant of it," rejoined St. Cuthbert.

"It may be so," added the baron, as a dark cloud seemed to roll from his brow; "but I shall insist upon her union with the prince."

"Tis well, my lord."

"Here, then, Cuthbert," continued the baron, "is a letter to him containing my approval of his suit; see you that it is safely delivered."

"I will, my lord."

"And that too before he returns to court, and is biased by his father's indignation."

"Right glad am I my lord to be the bearer of the message; I will spare neither flesh nor spur to meet him on the road from Ashby."

"Good, St. Cuthbert; you then are off to-night?"

"I am! to horse! to horse!" cried the knight, and directly his charger was head to tramp the castle yard, as it was led out by the grooms.

"Then fare ye well, my lords and gentles."

"God speed you!" was returned by all, and the knight left the presence.

In another minute he was in his saddle, and the tramp and neighing of his steed was heard as he crossed the drawbridge and gained the plain. The revelry in the hall of Vascour continued till a late hour, when the guests retired to their chambers, and on the following morning left the castle.

As he had intended, St. Cuthbert met the prince and presented to him the baron's epistle.

"And so, sir knight," said the humpbacked prince, "the daughter of Vascour now would be our bride."

"Her father the baron has won her consent, your highness," returned St. Cuthbert.

"Tis well," said the prince; "the Lady Mary is fair, and I love her passing well. Have I no rival?"

"I know not, your highness; if there be one, the baron has bid roundly for his head."

"And I'll treble the amount," said the prince, "should he be discovered."

"I trust he will not be found," replied St. Cuthbert; "and I think your highness will be successful in your wooing."

"I need it, sir knight; for the last time I sought her love, she jeered at the burden on my back."

"She should rather have rallied at nature," returned the courtier.

"You're right, sir knight, and when we catch the jade we'll rate her soundly." As the prince uttered this he laughed immoderately at his own wit, distorting a visage that, at the best of times, was but ill-favoured.

With converse such as this they journeyed on until they reached the castle of the baron.

The trumpets sounded at his approach; the drawbridge was lowered; the guards of the castle were drawn up in the court-yard to do him honour, and the baron, proud of the rank and dignity of his guest, waited, cap in hand, beneath the portal, ready to receive him and lead him within the walls.

"Delays are dangerous," thought the baron; "my daughter shall be wed at once; it will change the aspect of affairs."

The Lady Mary had hitherto wept alone in her chamber; the bridal morn at length arrived but she could not be found.

"Not find her!" raged the baron, as he stamped his foot, "and the bridegroom tarries."

"No, my lord," returned the seneschal.

"The Lady Mary walks the ramparts, my lord," said a domestic, entering.

"Bid her come hither, then."

"I have, but she refuses."

"Then we will seek her," said the prince and baron, simultaneously, as they left the apartment.

They found the lady, as described, in her bridal dress, gazing along the plain. "The prince tarries for you," said the baron, touching her on the shoulder.

"He must so still," was the lady's answer.

"Sweet lady, hear me!" cried the prince.

"I do; but heed it not."

"You will not wed his highness?" called the baron, loudly.

"Never, dear father!"

"Hear ye that, my lord," rejoined the prince; "surely I am being trifled with."

"Minion!" cried her father, "do you thus offer insult to my authority?"

"I will never wed him, father," said the Lady Mary, firmly; "I have sworn it."

"And I swear to be revenged," replied the ill-favoured prince, in a deep guttural tone, and a distortion of features that caused him to look like a demon.

"Disobedient!" roared the infuriated baron, "you shall feel my power; guards, convey her to the deepest dungeon of the castle."

The guards approached, and were about to lay hands on the Lady Mary, when, lifting her eyes to Heaven, she called upon the name of some unknown lover, and precipitated herself into the moat beneath.

As the baron and the prince, in horror, looked over the ramparts for her body, it floated on the surface of the moat, and at the same moment a handsome knight dashed into the stream, bore her to the shore, placing her before him on his steed, and scoured along the plain; before assistance could be given, or the baron and prince recover their surprise, the lady was far in the distance, and soon after was lost to view.

**AVARICE.**—Avarice is a passion as despicable as it is hateful. It chooses the most insidious means for the attainment of its ends; it dares not pursue its means with the bold impetuosity of the soaring eagle, but skims the ground in narrow circles, like the swallow.

**INFIDELS.**—Infidels tell us that the world was formed out of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. The same persons would tell us that such was the case with St. Paul's Cathedral, if we were as blind as we are credulous.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed (post-paid) to the Editor will meet with immediate attention.

W. S.—Although we honour the sentiments contained in our correspondent's "Address to his Sister," we beg to decline the piece.

C. G. R. N.—In addition to "The Brave Old Oak" being a decided plagiarism, it is deficient in common sense, rhyme, and metre.

Accepted.—"Home," by H. Manders May; "Our Counting House."

P. B. O'BRIEN.—The article named was sent by our correspondent as original. We do not recollect having seen it before.

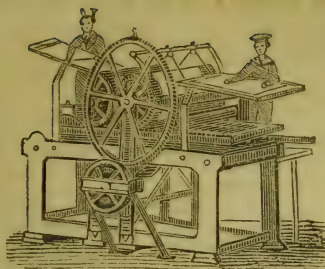
T. MORRIS.—Accepted: We request the license of a few weeks.

Declined with thanks.—"On Time;" T. B. (Borough); "The Deceived to the Deceiver;" "The Storm at Sea."

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## THE FORGED NOTE;

### OR, A BROTHER'S TREACHERY.

It was on a cheerless day in December, that a young man limped slowly into London—his shoes were covered with dust, and he seemed so fatigued, that he could scarcely crawl his way along; his face was long and thin, and care, not age, had made sad furrows in his once handsome cheeks. Passing through the narrow streets he wended his way towards the more wealthy part of the town; he gazed wistfully at the baker's shops loaded with white bread, and thrust his hands into his empty pockets, as if expecting to find some little coin; he turned away again, as if resolved to long no more—nor paused again before he reached a splendid mansion in a fashionable square, and rang the bell. A tall and well-made footman answered the summons; his head well powdered, and with huge lapelles hanging from his shoulders, and large buttons on his coat.

"Hilloo, my man; what now?" he asked. "What do you come just at dinner-time for, as if you didn't know no manners?"

"Is your mistress at home?" asked the stranger.

"Why, yes, she's at home; but her ladyship won't see such as you, you may be sure."

"She will, if you give her this," and he handed a small packet to the footman.

"Well, it's odd if this'll gain you admission," answered the footman. "Well, stand outside; I can't admit such as you in the hall."

Contented to remain outside, for the chance of seeing her he sought, he sat upon the cold door step, and pressed his burning forehead on his icy hand.

The footman returned, and led the way into a magnificent drawing-room, where, seated in an easy chair, was a young and very beautiful lady; she was very pale, and elegantly dressed.

"The Lady Agnes Delancy will pardon the liberty I take in thus presenting myself before her," said the stranger, his countenance under going a change. "Seven years ago I had not needed to ask pardon for seeking your presence."

"But times are changed," said the Lady Agnes; "you seek me now—" she paused, to allow him to continue.

"To ask you," he cried, as he fell upon his knees, before her; "to ask you if you think me guilty—to ask you if you think me the guilty man I have been represented—to ask you —"

"You have been tried by a jury of your countrymen; you have had justice done you; you have been found guilty."

"Transported for another's crime, lost her who should have been my bride, lost her affection, and come home—a returned transport, to find her in whom my every hope was fixed—the wife of my own brother—and I looked upon by her in whom I had such faith and hope, as a mean guilty thing. Agnes, is there no kindness in your heart—is there no love left?"

"Too much, too much," said the Lady Agnes, pressing her fair hand on her forehead; "too much to leave peace in my tortured breast, my poor, dear Walter."

The lovely, well dressed, titled lady was clasped in the arms of the returned transport. Oh! it was a strange sight to see her gentle head resting on that ragged shoulder, her fair hand clasped in his rough and work-worn hand.

"You cannot tell what I have suffered, Walter," she said; "you cannot tell how often I have thought of you; how, in the midst of the gay hall, and in my lonely chamber, the image of the loved one has risen before my mind."

"But you did not suppose me guilty? Tell me that," he asked, in eagerness.

"I did not dare to think," said the Lady Agnes. "They said you were, and though my own heart told me that you were not, the evidence before me —"

"Convinced you?" suggested Walter.

"No, no; not that," she said, laying her hand upon his shoulder; "don't think so, Walter; but I forget," she said, drawing back, "I am your brother's wife; I should not even tell you that you are as dear to me as ever."

"My brother's wife; how could you, Agnes?" he said, reproachfully.

"My mother was anxious that I should enter into this family," she answered, "and so—and so—" she paused for a moment. "Walter," she continued, "your brother, Sir Arthur, loved me, pressed me to become his wife; my mother urged in one unlucky moment; my consent was gained, and I became Sir Arthur's bride. Walter, my heart smote me, when I vowed to love him before my God—I vowed to love him, though my tongue faltered as I said the words. Oh! I thought my heart would break when I found the knot tied, which, like the Gordian, no one could untie."

"But—like Alexander, I can cut that knot," said a harsh voice; and Sir Arthur stood beside them.

"Ha!" cried Walter, "Sir Arthur Delancy, you are here."

"Sir Arthur Delancy is here," he answered, "and he would wish to know the cause of your presence here, and of the Lady Agnes's tears."

"The Lady Agnes has a heart to feel for a brother's misfortunes, whatever the cause of those misfortunes may be," said Walter, the colour returning to his faded cheeks.

"I do not know what you mean," said Sir Arthur, "your intrusion and your insolence are insupportable. I the cause of your misfortunes—surely the fellow's brain is turned," he said, with a bitter laugh.

"You may plead ignorance, Sir Arthur," said Walter Delancy, "but a brother's wrongs must rise before you—a brother's injuries must haunt you."

"Well, well," said Sir Arthur, "if your brother has wronged you, you must look to him for reparation. I bid you good morning."

"I will not leave you, Arthur."

"You shall leave me," said Sir Arthur, as he moved towards the bell, but the Lady Agnes clung to him.

"Your own brother, Arthur—your own brother!" was all she could say.

"I will save your servants the trouble," said Walter. "I only desire that which I sent up stairs by the footman; it was very dear in olden times—it is very dear now, and I would rather starve than part with it." She placed it in his hand; it was a small diamond ring, which she had given him many, many years ago—it was her first love gift.

They parted once more—the wanderer to wander on again to beg a penny of the passing strangers; to hold a horse, if one was wanted to be held; and wander on again to rest upon some kindly doorstep—then rise again without a home or place to rest his head on that bleak winter night.

The evening drew in, and the cheerful firelight which shone through the windows as he passed—the crackling flame rising higher and higher, spreading its cheerful reflection on the ceilings and on the pictures suspended from the halls. The sounds of merry voices here and there—as many a cheerful face sat round each blazing fire, not thinking of that wretched being which passed by their windows, and looked in upon their happy rooms—increased the wretchedness of the wanderer. Night came on—the blinds were drawn up, and the shutters shut one by one, until the place seemed quite desolate. Those streets



which had been such a scene of bustle and confusion, were silent now. Now and then, a heavy cart or waggon came labouring past, bringing some goods for next day's market, or removing some poor creature's furniture from their home, whose only escape from prison is in flight. Every now and then came the heavy tread of a policeman on his beat, and here and there a drunken man came reeling past, or some boy cheerfully whistling his way through the increasing fog, uncaring for the cold which nipped poor Walter's every limb.

Oh, what a dreadful night that was—the wind whistled through the leafless trees, and the hoarse barking of dogs in the distance struck horror to his heart. Once in the night a flock of sheep came past, bleating their complaints in pitious terms. They were to die on the morrow—but he was to live on, without hope or resource—a beggar!

And now it is high time to look a little into the former part of the young man's life. Arthur and Walter were the sons of Sir Edgar Delancy; the oldest had been a stern, cruel, and ill-disposed boy; whilst the youngest was, on the contrary, mild and good. As they grew up, the father marked the difference in his boys, and he regretted that the two brothers should so dislike each other. Arthur had attained his four-and-twentieth year, and Walter was three-and-twenty, when their father died, leaving more debts than money to pay them with. The two brothers entered into an office together—paid all they could, and promised to give the rest when they could afford it. Arthur sold his estates, and cleared his debts; and Walter strove to support himself. He was betrothed to Agnes Hainault, a beautiful girl, but she was very poor, quite penniless indeed, and so their marriage was deferred.

Walter's salary increased, and the day for the wedding was fixed. The pretty Agnes was too pretty, too gentle, too good, not to make an impression even on the heart of Sir Arthur, and he determined to defeat his brother's hopes, and make her his bride. The time passed happily to Walter and his intended, until one evening, as they sat together and talked of the days to come, when they were startled by a loud knocking at the door, and Walter found himself surrounded by men—a prisoner.

"With what am I charged?" said Walter.

"You should know best of what you are guilty," answered the officer.

"I am not guilty of anything," he answered, in amazement.

"Well, I hope not," answered the officer; "but you must come with us. There's a coach awaiting."

"Oh! what does all this mean?" cried Agnes, wringing her hands.

"Forgery! forgery!" answered the officer who had before spoken.

"Oh, never, never! It cannot, cannot be true!" cried the agonised Agnes.

"It is not, love," said Walter, kissing her flushed cheek. "Adieu, dearest. The truth will come out at last—come to me, to-morrow."

He tore himself away, and left his loved one in a state of mind not to be expressed. Oh, what a night it was to her—what hope and fear—what agony and dread. The cold wind whistled round the chimney tops, forming so many different sounds. She lay and tossed about upon her restless pillow; what dreadful phantoms her heated brain created; He she loved was confined in prison—accused of what?—forgery! Was he innocent—was he guilty?

"Oh, how can I doubt him," she exclaimed; but still the dread idea would rise before her, do all she could to shake it off.

The morning dawned once more—the birds sang cheerfully, as if in mockery, and at an early hour found her at the prison door, accompanied by her mother. Poor Mrs. Hainault could not help feeling deeply for her daughter; but, being a "pupil of the old school," she placed great belief in old sayings.

"And, oh!" she said, shaking her head sagely; "who wonders? He first proposed for you on a Friday—it were to be unlucky—I might have known it."

The prison doors grated on their massive hinges, as they opened to admit them, and were bolted after them; the cold damp air struck a chill into their hearts as they approached his door.

"Dear Walter!" she cried; he clasped her to his breast.

"You look pale, my love," he said. "Agnes, look up, dearest. You do not believe me guilty?"

"No; rest assured of that, dear love; how could I think so ill of you? I know you would not—could not—"

"You are right," he said; "and you have made me happy. I do not fear the rest."

The trial came at last, a man had been apprehended on a charge of passing forged notes, and his tale ran thus:—

I was a poor man, he said, and had a large family; for a long time I had been out of employ, and my children were starving. I could get no work, and I was forced to beg. It was on one Sunday morning, I forgot the date, but some time ago, I met the prisoner Delancy, I begged him to give me something to aid me in my distress. He gave me

sixpence, and having walked backwards and forwards, eyeing me attentively, he addressed me:—

"Have you a mind to obtain employment?"

I answered, "Yes," and he told me to get change for a five pound note, and he would wait for me; I went immediately, and obtained what he desired. He rewarded me with a sovereign—I was astonished; and making me promise to meet him on the same spot on the same day, we parted. He never came—day after day I waited on that spot, but still he came not, and distress and hunger crept in upon us once again. Our last penny was gone, though we had been but sparing, and employment was as scarce as ever.

The day before yesterday, as I was passing down the street, I met him, and he recognised me, and putting a five-pound note into my hand, he bade me meet him on the morrow, and give him four out of it; I promised to do so, and fearful of something wrong, I followed him to his home. I went to bed that night, determined to return him the note, but on the next morning my resolution failed me, and I changed the note at the same shop where I had changed the other; I was recognised by the owner as a man who had before passed a forged note, and I was taken prisoner.

I know no more than that they were given to me by that man (pointing to Delancy). He swore most positively to him, and everything agreed with his statement; he had been out strolling about on the days the man mentioned; and though he declared he had been in very different directions, he had no proof, and he was believed guilty, and sentenced to seven years transportation.

Oh, what a scene the parting was, between the innocent Walter Delancy and his betrothed Agnes Hainault.

"They may call you guilty, transport you, anything; but I never will believe it. 'Tis not for life, dear Walter," she said, endeavouring to cheer him, though her own heart was breaking.

"For ever, Agnes," said Walter; "I may return, dear love, but you shall never wed a convict."

"But you are an innocent one," she said, the old fear rising up again.

He vowed to her that he was innocent, and they parted they supposed for ever.

For a long time the suffering Agnes refused all comfort; but time wore off the sharp edge of sorrow, and she became resigned. Distress hovered above her head, and her mother pressed her to accept the offers of Sir Arthur Delancy. For a long time she steadily refused, but her mother was confined to her bed, and they were very poor, and she consented to become the wife of her still dear Walter's brother.

Years passed on, Mrs. Hainault had died, and Sir Arthur still loved his beautiful wife; she was the only creature he had cared for: to her he was ever kind and gentle.

Seven years passed on, and Walter Delancy returned to claim his bride—his Agnes. But bad news awaited him; she was his brother's wife: he determined to know if it were true, and so he sought her out, and the result of their interview we have already seen.

Determined to receive him as coldly as she could her effort failed, she still loved him, though she was united to another.

Poor Walter passed another night in the open air; no sleep came to refresh him, and he was perishing from cold and hunger. The morning came again, the winter sun shone forth once more to gladden those whose means deprived them of the comforts of a fire. He tasted not food that day, but wandered about scarcely knowing where; often he looked at the ring on his finger.

"Her gift,—I will die rather than part with it," he exclaimed, grinding his teeth in utter hopelessness.

Whilst he was meditating on his sad fate and his brother's cruelty, a touch on his shoulder caused him to turn round—a pretty innocent looking girl was standing by him.

"Please, sir, my father would like to speak to you, if you will come; he's very old and feeble now, sir, or he would have come to you."

"Where does he live?" he asked.

"Just here, sir," answered the child; "you passed our house just now, and father saw you from his window; just here, sir, down this lane."

He followed her into a miserable house, in the parlour of which lay an old man; his features, worn by sickness and disease, looked like those of a spectre rather than a man.

"Here he is, dear father," said the child.

Walter gazed upon his countenance; there was something in its expression which he knew, and yet how could he?

"Walter Delancy," said the old man in a trembling voice; "Walter Delancy, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive what?" asked Walter, in amazement.

"Do you not remember me, John Rudd? Surely you remember that name?"

"Too well, too well," answered Walter; "the man who swore to my aving engaged him to pass forged notes. God forgive you, if you are he."



"I am he," cried Rudd, pressing his hand on his eyes, "and dearly have I paid for it."

"For what reason could you do it," asked Walter; "you who must have known me to be innocent?"

"One who paid me well," answered Rudd; "one who gave me the golden tempter, on condition that I sacrificed your reputation and my own soul; but I thought not then; I had never known the comforts of religion. I had never felt the bitter sting of conscience, and I consented. May God forgive me the wrong I have done you."

"He will if your repentance is sincere, if you are willing to make atonement by telling me who bribed you to the commission of so foul an act."

The old man clasped his hands above his head, exclaiming wildly,—

"Your brother! your own—own brother!"

"My brother!" cried Walter, in astonishment. "My brother! The companion of my boyish days; he who visited me in my prison, and poured such soothing words into my eager ear; he who vowed to protect my Agnes, and left me with such affection. I never loved him until then; he never loved me, I thought, till misfortune hovered round my head, and can it be that my brother, my own father's child, has been the worker of my ruin and disgrace?"

"It is so, indeed," said the old man. "Your brother is a villain, Mr. Delancy, and would not hesitate to murder an old man like me; were he to know; but fear not—publish the whole—vindicate yourself. My child, young as she is, is old enough to be a witness in your favour."

"Nay—nay, old man," said Walter, "I will not publish his disgrace to the whole world. I will tell him what I know—force from him a confession of the truth—"

"But your character, Mr. Delancy, your character!" cried the old man.

"Is lost, irretrievably lost, unless I expose my brother."

"Mr. Delancy," said Rudd, "your subsistence depends upon that exposure. I know your history. Your father left more debts than money wherewith to pay them. You discharged those debts to the last penny, by your own industry. Who will receive you now? a man returned from transportation, without a character? Who will stand security for you? You must do it, Mr. Delancy, without you stoop to ask subsistence from the brother who has wronged you."

"That I cannot do," answered Walter.

"Then, if it be so repugnant to your feelings, I will do it, and thereby place myself in a prison, which I richly deserve. I have but one loud left on my breast now, and that is for my child—my poor Emma!"

"She shall not want a friend; the Lady Agnes Delancy shall be her protector, never fear," answered Walter.

"Bless you for that promise," he said; "'tis more than you ought to do," and then he whispered to the child, who, turning pale as death, left the room. "Make haste," said Rudd, with an impatient gesture. "Oh! you cannot tell what I have suffered, or you would willingly forgive me," he continued, turning to Walter.

"I do willingly forgive you, and I will pray to God to pardon you as I do."

"God will not hear my prayers!" he said, pressing his feeble hands together.

"Repentance is ever acceptable to God. When a wicked man turneth away from the sins he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

"Then I have saved mine!" he cried, as his little girl entered, attended by an officer.

"I am your prisoner—no matter for what—it's a great crime, and I denounce Sir Arthur Delancy as the partner of that crime."

Not a moment was to be lost. Walter rushed into the street, and, making his way to the nearest stationer's, he desired to be accommodated with a pen, ink, and paper; leaving his ring, her gift, as security, he wrote,—

"All is discovered. Fly—tarry not an instant. Rudd has confessed. Take warning from a brother. "WALTER."

Rushing onwards until he reached Sir Arthur's residence, he desired to see him.

"Sir Arthur is at home, and is engaged," answered the servant.

"Then give him this letter, without delay," said Walter. "Mind me, 'tis of the greatest consequence."

Sir Arthur was industriously engaged in discussing some turtle soup, and tasting it with the greatest relish, when the servant entered with the note.

Desiring him to place it on the table, the man obeyed, murmuring,—

"'Tis of the greatest consequence."

"No doubt," answered Sir Arthur, as his eyes rested on it for a moment. The handwriting struck him; he took it up—opened it. What a change those few lines brought into his countenance. Tearing his hair, and beating his foot on the ground, he made his way into the drawing-room, where Agnes was seated. He threw the fatal scroll before her. A convulsive tremor seized her frame.

"Who is Rudd? what has he confessed? what have you done?"

"Transported him for what I have done," he answered, with a ghastly smile.

"I knew he was not guilty!" exclaimed Agnes. "Arthur—Arthur—how—why did you do that?"

"It was to gain you, and you only," answered Sir Arthur, as he rang the bell, which was answered by the footman.

"Bolt and bar both the back and front entrance," said Sir Arthur. "Close the lower shutters of the house, and give no admittance to any one on your peril."

"Humph!" muttered John, as he hurried away to execute his master's orders. "'Tis of consequence indeed."

"What have you done, Arthur?" cried Agnes. "You must not—dare not remain here. They will force the door; they will not leave you quietly here. I conjure you to fly! I entreat—" She fell on her knees before him, and clasped her aching temples.

He raised her—pressed her to his heart—kissed her pale lips—smoothed her soft hair, and a tear rolled down his cheek, as he gazed on her almost senseless form.

"Arthur, dear, dear Arthur, for you are dear now!"

"Dear ain I?" he cried. "Oh! Agnes—Agnes! When I did that dreadful deed—Hark! hark! What's that!" he exclaimed, as a loud knocking came at the door.

"Lost! lost!" cried Agnes, as he strained her to his breast, and once more kissing her fair forehead, he rushed up stairs.

"Do not follow me," he cried, as she rushed wildly after him, "I command!" and his stern voice was enough for her, and she listened on the stairs, breathless with alarm.

The knocking increased; it never ceased now, and numbers of people flocked around the house.

"In the king's name, I demand admittance," was answered only by a coarse laugh from the object of their search, who stood at an upper window, looking down upon the assembled crowd.

"There he is!" and "What's he done?" were heard in every direction.

"Force the door," cried Sir Arthur.

"Get in at the window," shouted some of the mob.

"Fetch a ladder," cried another.

A ladder was brought, and placed against the window where he stood, but he forced it back, casting it on their heads. They planted it against another, but he was there in a moment. A loud shout arose: two more ladders were brought and placed against the window, and three men prepared to ascend.

"I will shoot the first man who places his foot on either," and no one ventured to ascend. "Ha! ha!" he laughed, as the ladders were taken away—"ha! ha! The pistol is unloaded, my good people," and he coolly proceeded to load it.

A loud yell followed this announcement, and Sir Arthur loaded his pistols. "Now do your worst!" he cried.

The door was forced with a loud crash, and the mob came rushing up the staircase. The pistol was at his head, but a female hand snatched it from him. It went off, and, with a loud scream, Agnes fell to the ground.

"I have killed her!" he exclaimed, as he bent over her.

His pursuers were almost in the room—a hand was on the lock, when he fired the other pistol and fell a corpse.

Men came thronging into the room by dozens. He was raised from the ground, and laid upon a bed, and Agnes placed by his side. A surgeon was sent for, who, on his arrival, found Sir Arthur quite dead, but Agnes was only slightly injured. She raved wildly for some time, but got calmer towards evening, which induced her attendants to hope for the best.

Rudd's first action was to write a full confession of his guilt, and a day was fixed for his trial; but he was found dead in his cell the night preceding the trial. They had, however, his writing to prove Walter Delancy innocent, and every possible search was made for him; but for some time it was fruitless. At length he was recognised, and he took possession of the title and estates of his brother.

"How is it," he asked one day, "that Arthur died so rich?"

"He was successful in some speculations," answered the Lady Agnes, who was perfectly recovered, "and an uncle of yours died, leaving him his heir."

Four years passed away, and Walter proposed to fulfil the promise they had made eleven long years ago.

"What!" exclaimed Agnes; "marry my own husband's brother!"

"Ay," said Sir Walter, "and your old intended. Surely there is no harm in linking two hearts which have been so devoted to each other for so many years?"

Her consent was soon granted. The house was sold, and the happy pair left London for Paris. Years have rolled away, and the once suffering Walter and his much loved Agnes, have sunk into their graves, and their name has passed away like all things worldly.

FRANCES.



## LOVE;

## OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

*(Continued from our last.)*

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE STORM.

SLOWLY and painfully did that day pass to poor Harriet Hearnshaw; the more slowly and painfully, too, because Charles did not reach the cottage by the hour he had named. Poor fellow, he was wearied with his many applications in vain for a situation; yet he would have kept his word, and been back by two o'clock, only that he heard in the middle of the day from an acquaintance that some drysalter in the borough wanted somebody to keep his books, so away he trudged.

But our business just now is not with Charles Hargrove, much as we feel interested in his fortunes. We have said that the morning was a beautiful one, harmonising sweetly with the fresh, gentle feelings of the lovers as they had sat in the sweet shade of the little arbour in the garden, in all the dear consciousness of reciprocal affection. But that day was doomed to present to them a type of their own career—commencing pleasantly enough, because hopefully, and then gradually waning in its beauty, presenting a few occasional glances of sunshine, but, on the whole, rapidly darkening and becoming full of gloom.

It was a great pleasure for Harriet to sit in that little arbour, since it was there her cousin Charles had first declared his fond affection; she felt that that place would ever be grateful and pleasant to her memory, and that, whatever might befall, it would be

"A green spot in memory's waste;"

an oasis in the desert of thought; the very flowers seemed to be more beautiful—their odours more delicious.

There she lingered till near the close of day, when such a rush of wind suddenly swept through the little garden as laid in a moment prostrate some of its fairest ornaments. Then Harriet rose, and glancing upwards, she saw a strange, lurid light in the sky, the herald of a coming tempest. She hastened to the house, not without feelings of alarm, for she had been unaccustomed to the strife of the elements in exposed situations.

A sudden stream of distant lightning gave the first impulse to the storm. The sun had yet an hour to run ere it reached the horizon, but yet it was met by an immense bank of red and fiery-looking clouds, preceded by the storm messenger or pilot—a few light hazy clouds, like fleece, that were seen flying along the sky, and the approach of which was scarce noticed, and it was not until the first obscuration of the sun's rays caused some notice to be taken of it.

Scarce had it accomplished half its journey across the blue ether ere a heavy bank of clouds appeared above the horizon, that rose up like the hull of some dismasted vessel that lay a wreck upon the waters, and which suddenly hove in sight from the depths of the deep.

The sun's fierce gleams shot through the rising mass of vapour, casting an angry flush over the whole horizon, which was presently obscured, and the west was suddenly illuminated by a broad streak of electric fire, which shot from beneath the heavy pall that was now fast shutting out the day, but no report followed—it was yet too distant.

The sultriness of the day had not been relieved by any cooling breeze—no gentle zephyr rendered balm the stagnant air, but the heavy, hazy heat which barely floated in the air caused a feeling of lassitude and weariness to overcome the frame.

The distant lightning flashed in the sky, suddenly making plain the form and shape of the far-off clouds, and then again, for a few seconds, all was dark and obscure. The light of day, the twilight, and the rising moon, were all obscured—a dull gloom overspread the heavens—there was scarce light enough to enable the traveller to distinguish the horse-track from the hedge which fenced it from the adjoining fields.

It was a beautiful sight to see the vivid and startling glare of the flashing light, as it shot from cloud to cloud, and then expired, as if for want of fresh fuel to continue its blaze.

The clouds opened and shut, emitting whole sheets of red flame repeatedly, then the blue streak of zig-zag lightning shot across the sky, losing itself in the earth.

For two hours did this continue, when suddenly such a flash of light shot across the sky that caused every living soul involuntarily to place their hand before their eyes, and endeavour to shut out even the recollection of that awful flash. A second had scarcely elapsed ere the crashing report of the thunder followed, booming and roaring across the heavens in such terrible tones that startled the echoes of the earth, and

before they had ceased to sound another flash and another report followed.

The big drops of rain fell thick, and the dust rose in clouds as though the roads were swept by a rushing wind. The heavy rain disturbed the mass of light dust which rose thickly, but it was not long ere that ceased, as the roads were quickly saturated with moisture.

The storm that had been brewing now fairly fell with violence. The rain was heavy, descending in torrents, like the sudden dispersion of a water-spout. The thunder still rolled and boomed across the sky, and the lightning still flashed with fearful brilliancy. The storm was at its height.

It is strange the effect that a storm like this has upon the human mind—nay, upon the frame. The heavy rattling of the thunder strikes terror to the heart, while the vivid flashes that rush through space cause the timid to shrink with fear.

By this time, as may be well supposed, both Harriet and her mother were in a state of the greatest alarm.

Mrs. Hearnshaw tried to repeat all the hymns she knew, but fright made her memory treacherous, and she made such a jumble of Sternhold and Hopkins, John Bunyan, and other hymn writers and patronisers, that it would have puzzled any one to know what she was about.

As for Harriet, her thoughts were with Charles. She wondered where he was in the storm—hoped he was sheltered, and half lost her fear of the elemental strife without in her anxiety for her lover's safety. Thus true affection triumphs over all feelings—

"Strengthening the weak and trampling on the strong."

The sudden disappearance of the sun below the western horizon, appeared to act as a charm upon the wrathful winds and the angry thunder, for from that moment the storm visibly abated, appearing to follow the path of the luminary of day, and carry its fury to other climes. The peals of thunder became each minute more and more indistinct—the lightning's flash less vivid, and, in the course of another half hour, the storm might fairly be said to be quite over.

"Gracious powers!" ejaculated Mrs. Hearnshaw, "what a visitation; it's for a good purpose, no doubt, but did you ever hear such a dreadful noise? We ought to thank Providence and the strength of the tiles that the roof was not blown off."

A loud and prolonged shout now reached the ears of Harriet and her mother, and they both looked at each other with, perhaps, more real alarm than the storm had in its utmost fury given them.

"What—what was that?" said Mrs. Hearnshaw.

"Some cry for help, mother. Hark! hark! there it is again."

"Hilloa—hilloa—help—hilloa!" shouted a voice.

Harriet sprang to the door, but her mother called to her in an imploring voice,—

"Harriet—Harriet—do not venture out. The rain is still coming down."

"I must go, mother: who knows but some accident may have happened to—to—Charles?"

In another instant she had thrown a cloak over her head and shoulders and reached the garden. The ground was drenched with moisture, and she could hardly keep her feet as she hastened to the wicket-gate opening into the verdant lane that led to the cottage. As she neared it, she saw a light, and then raising her voice, she cried,—

"Charles—Charles. Is it you, Charles?—speak, oh! speak."

"Who's there?" said some one; "who's there?"

"What has happened? Tell me—what has happened?"

Harriet opened the gate and walked into the lane. A young man was standing near holding a horse with one hand, while in the other he carried a lantern, the rays from which he moved about in various directions, as if searching for something.

Harriet was relieved from her first and worst apprehension by seeing the horse, for she at once now imagined that its rider, which she knew could not be Charles, had been thrown and hurt. In a calmer voice she inquired,—

"What has happened? Is any one injured?"

"I don't know," replied the young countryman, who was holding the horse; "but I suppose somebody has been thrown. I found the horse at the top of the lane, but I can't see any one."

"Search," cried Harriet. "The rider, perhaps, is seriously hurt, and may be near at hand."

The young man tied the horse by the bridle to the gate, through which Harriet had just come, and then he walked cautiously along the lane, looking about in all directions for the rider. Suddenly then he cried, in a loud voice,—

"Here he is—here he is. Dead, I think—he isn't a moving—here he is, half in the ditch."

Harriet rushed forward and beheld what was apparently the dead body of a man lying on its face in the green lane.



## CHAPTER X.

## THE GUEST.

THE compassion of Harriet was ever active, and had it not been that she felt a sensation of joy at the conviction that it was not Charles who lay there so still—so deathlike—she would have experienced but an unmitigated feeling of sympathy. Those who have anticipated evil to some beloved being, and suddenly found that a stranger was the afflicted party, can best appreciate the natural and excusable selfishness with which Harriet, when she was assured it was not Charles lying before her face, uttered the ejaculation,—

"Thank God! thank God!"

The countryman looked at her in amazement, and, after a moment, he said,—

"Oh! you know him, I suppose. He's no good is he, miss? Well, that is odd."

"No—no," said Harriet, "I—I—don't know him—I only thanked God it was not some one else. I am very sorry for this gentleman's mishap."

"Oh! that's it. What shall we do with him?"

"Is—he dead?"

"I don't know, but that's soon ascertained—he—he—is only stunned, I think. A gentleman, surely. Look here—quite a gentleman, miss."

He held up by a gold chain, as he spoke, a very handsome and costly watch, which had fallen from the pocket of the insensible man.

"Be he rich or poor," said Harriet, "he is alike entitled to protection and assistance. Bring him to our cottage, and all that can be done for him, until a surgeon is sent for, shall be done by myself and mother."

"You are very kind," said the countryman. "I think I can carry him, and then, while you give him house room, I'll mount his horse and go for a doctor. Poor fellow, I dare say he's badly hurt. Look, miss, here's blood flowing from his head—do you see it?"

Harriet shuddered as she saw a small stream of blood trickling slowly from the forehead of the fallen man, and she hastily preceded the young countryman, who with some difficulty raised the wounded stranger in his arms, and walked over the rain-saturated pathway towards the wicket gate leading to the cottage garden.

The injured man showed indubitable symptoms of existence on his route to the cottage, for he groaned fearfully more than once.

"You hear him?" said the young fellow who carried him; "you hear he is alive?"

"Yes, yes, master. This way—this way."

Harriet carried the light in one hand, and the watch of the wounded man in the other. She had not, however, walked half way to the house, when she was met by Mrs. Hearnshaw, who had become uneasy at Harriet's protracted absence, and warped as was her judgment, she did really possess that treasure, a good heart, and loved her daughter as much as—what shall we say?—as much as a person of rather limited capacity was capable of loving any one at all.

"Harriet—Harriet!" she exclaimed. "Gracious goodness! what is the matter? Oh, dear—oh, dear! I shall catch the rheumatics, and you your death of cold."

"Mother," cried Harriet, "here is a wounded gentleman. He has been thrown from his horse, and is hurt, I fear."

"Gracious! Who is he?"

"I do not know."

"Lord have mercy upon us! He may be a highwayman, Harriet. Only consider."

"I consider nothing, mother, but that he is hurt, and in need of assistance. Were he the most notorious of highwaymen, I would pity him."

"The most notorious of highwaymen!" screamed Mrs. Hearnshaw; "why—why—what! suppose it was a sort of Jack Sheppard?"

"Help—oh, help!" groaned the stranger. "Stop—stop the horse—help—oh, help!"

Mrs. Hearnshaw was so alarmed at these moaning supplications, that she hurried into the house, and began a hymn, while Harriet led the way to the best bedchamber the cottage afforded, next to the one which was already so sadly occupied by her father's remains, and directed the humane young man to lay the stranger gently down, and then hurry off as fast as he could for medical assistance.

That he did, and Harriet, after in vain trying to stop the current of her mother's devotions, and persuade her to execute the task, found herself compelled to become the patient attendant in the chamber of the wounded gentleman herself. But a dim light burned in the room, and for a long time the stranger neither moved nor spoke, during which period Harriet's thoughts became painfully occupied with her own reflections. The death of her father, which had given her so great a shock, as to seem what she had herself called but some more than usually distinct dream, came with terrible force to her mind, and she

wept long and bitterly, as she called to mind the many acts of kindness she had received from him.

It is indeed only where death has closed the scene of mortal hopes and fears that we really know all we felt towards the being now mute and motionless—then we remember thousands of unrequited kindnesses—gentle words and actions we sigh to think we did not fully appreciate, when such appreciation could have been shown otherwise than by the tears of passionate, agonising regret.

Oh! thrice happy is he, who, when he gazes on the pale, wan countenance over which the shadow of death has passed, of one who loved him, can lay his hand upon his own heart, saying,—

"To that one dear departed friend I am faultless. My regret is tender and sincere, but it is untainted by the slightest canker of remorse. Sleep on, blessed one—sleep on in peace. I am weary and full of grief; but for your kindness I was kind—for your gentleness I was gentle."

Then she thought of the sad, destitute state of herself and her mother. The helplessness of poor Charles, too, who she well knew was so willing to do all that could be done for her and her mother; she thought how happy she might have been with him, had all other circumstances assumed a more smiling aspect, and then with a deep sob she exclaimed,—

"And, after all, what is difficulty—what existence—poverty, privation—if death had not added the deep heart pang of his presence to them all? Oh, father, father, if you had been spared!"

Harriet leant her head upon her hands, and wept bitterly—such an utter abandonment of grief she had not known since her father's death. It is strange, but no less strange than true, that great misfortunes take some time to make themselves properly and acutely felt. Those who have lost any one very dear to them, will understand this, and, perchance, recollect that days—perhaps weeks have elapsed before, at some quite unexpected moment, a sudden gush of grief will ensue, and they will awaken to a full sense of their melancholy deprivation.

After that the healing process of time commences, but until the surcharged heart has so relieved itself, it is in vain to hope for relief.

How long Harriet would have sat there weeping, it is hard to say: but her tears were interrupted, and her attention suddenly attracted by an uneasy movement of the wounded stranger, and then in a painful kind of tone, he spoke, but evidently unconnectedly, and without the control of due reflection—like one uttering words in his sleep.

Harriet listened at first with mere curiosity and commiseration, but soon she was deeply interested in what came from his lips, and much wondered at the strange words he uttered, as well as the familiar names that occasionally passed his lips.

"The horse—the horse," he muttered. "A storm is coming—there—a flash!—Hush—hush—I will always lock the door again! How you alarmed me!—I tremble!—You know—stop the horse—help!—Oh, God! help—help!"

He then groaned heavily, after which he suddenly repeated, in distinct accents, the name—

"Charles Hargrove."

Harriet started, and became painfully interested. The wounded stranger continued,—

"Well—well—if you wish it—put in an advertisement—it shall be done!—So Harriet is beautiful—most beautiful—most beautiful!—The horse—the horse—stop the horse!—Hark at the thunder!—Help—help—help!—God of Heaven, the sky is in flames!—Help—help!"

"In the name of Heaven, tell me who you are?" cried Harriet.

"What mysterious connection have you with Charles Hargrove? Speak—speak again!"

The delirious man was silent; but our readers will now have no difficulty in imagining him as Mr. Robert Leighton, the merchant. It was indeed he: harassed both in mind and body, he had started to visit a small estate he had near Epping, and the storm coming on, had overtaken him before he could reach any shelter. His steed had become unmanageable, and had darted on at headlong speed down the lane leading to the cottage, occupied by the Hearnshaws, where he had, after calling loudly for help, and a fruitless effort to overcome the terror of the animal, been thrown violently on the spot where Harriet had first seen him. He had received a severe, but far from a fatal, injury on the head, which had, as we are aware, produced for a time a state of insensibility, which was now emerging into sense again, but in that disordered manner which made him speak so incoherently, as well as so strangely to jumble up events in the way his incoherent words denoted.

To Harriet all this was painfully inexplicable, and she sat, after repeatedly imploring him to explain himself, completely lost in a labyrinth of conjecture, from which no rational process of thought could possibly extricate her.

Mr. Leighton was now silent for some time, and Harriet, finding that there was no likelihood of procuring further information just then from his own lips, gently left the room, and finding her mother, she said,—



"Mother, come and look at the stranger we have in the house, and see if you know him."

"I know him! Gracious Providence, I know him! Oh! oh! where's 'Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, and the whole Duty of Christians'?"

"Mother—mother, in his delirium he has mentioned our names, and Charles's name!"

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, he has. Come and look at him."

Thus urged, Mrs. Hearnshaw went, but when she did look at Mr. Leighton, she shook her head, and said,—

"No, I don't know him. He don't look like one of the elect. Ask him if he belongs to 'Hecks-nuckians,' the Abbey-street connection, or 'The Get-behind-me Satan,' new congregation!"

A loud ring at the garden gate announced the arrival of the surgeon, as Harriet imagined, and leaving her mother to finish her list of creeds, she hurried to admit whoever it might be.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE CREOLE.

SOME years before his difficulties in business began, Robert Leighton, the then wealthy and easy merchant, brought over from an estate he had in the West Indies, a young lad about sixteen years of age. He was a sort of half caste, having something of the negro about him, with a far lighter and browner complexion—he was named Letour; none knew to whom he belonged, or wherefore he was brought to England, for Robert Leighton was not communicative concerning him, and when any one asked Letour himself, how long he had known the merchant, his reply was, generally, his dark eye flashing as he spoke—

"Net quite long enough yet—and yet too long."

This enigmatical answer was all that could be got from him, and when further pressed he became angry, and would not again speak to the same party on any subject whatever; so the mystery of who, and what he was, remained impenetrable.

In disposition, Letour ever showed himself fierce and vindictive, and yet he appeared to have a marvellous control over his own passions; for when it was expected, from his manner and appearance, he was about to burst out into the most towering passion, he would suddenly smile, and say—

"Another time—another time—most things will keep well, if properly attended to—another time—another time."

To Mr. Leighton he was always civil, even to absolute cringing, and, although the merchant would occasionally look askance at him, and fancy he detected deep hypocrisy in what he might be saying, he yet could never feel certain on the point, and other, and more important affairs, would soon chase Letour and his peculiarities from his mind altogether.

Year after year thus grew on, and Letour became tall, powerful, and haughty, to all but Leighton. Scalvoni dreaded him, and wished him anywhere but where he was, for although he had always been to Scalvoni scrupulously polite, yet he never shewed any heartiness in his manner towards him; but, on the contrary, now and then spoke as if he were perfectly aware of the designing nature of the other's character.

They had never spoken confidentially on any subject, and, least of all, on the affairs of the house. Letour had no particular duties, although he did a great deal. That is to say, he wandered about the establishment and the wharf, half-working, half-amusing himself, and while Robert Leighton was abroad, he absented himself almost entirely, which was a great relief to Scalvoni, who had made frequent efforts to induce Leighton to send him away altogether; but had always received for answer that there were circumstances which prevented him, and which he was not at liberty to explain.

When, however, the merchant returned, Letour came back, and walked about, as usual, here and there, and everywhere, upon the premises, being as great an eyesore as ever to the scheming artful Scalvoni. In fact, so apprehensive did he become, that Letour was acting the spy upon him, perhaps, with the connivance of Robert Leighton, that on the same evening which had witnessed the accident that had introduced the merchant so unexpectedly to the Hearnshaw family, he, Scalvoni, had sat down to turn over in his own mind some means of getting rid of Letour altogether, or of, at least, ascertaining thoroughly his position in the merchant's establishment.

He had not sat long, and was far from having started any reasonable hypothesis on the subject, when the door of the apartment was very unceremoniously opened, and the object of his cogitations presented himself on the threshold.

"Letour!" cried Scalvoni, rising.

"Yes, Mr. Scalvoni. Don't you know me? Surely I am not easily mistaken."

"This is insolence, sir; and, moreover, this is a private apartment."

"I know it," remarked Letour, walking in and closing the door.

"Hence it is the better suited for my purpose, Mr. Scalvoni."

"Your purpose—and what is your purpose?"

"To hold some private and strictly confidential discourse with you. We don't know each other well enough—you are afraid of me—now we are really thinking very much alike—only—you are more successful than I can be."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Forgery!"

Scalvoni staggered and sat down, looking very pale.

"Pho—pho," said Letour, "never mind. Between us all is right, with one exception."

"What—exception?"

"I want some of the profits, don't you see. You are robbing Robert Leighton—now I want a share of the plunder."

"You are mad."

"No; 'tis you will show madness if you reject my offer. Hark ye, Scalvoni, I have heard enough, and seen enough, to be quite sure that, sooner or later, an explosion will take place, and Robert Leighton will be left a beggar, if his life does not answer for your crimes. Now don't interrupt me. It is of no consequence, except so far as my means of subsistence are concerned, to me, what becomes of Leighton. I must have from you now, as the price of my silence and tacit concurrence in what you are about, various sums of money."

Scalvoni was silent for some moments, during which he turned over in his mind the propriety of at once affecting a great passion, and denying Letour's accusations, or admitting their truth, and attempt to compromise the matter with him as cheaply as possible. He was a rapid and cool thinker, and he at once came to the conclusion that Letour must have overheard something which might be very dangerous.

"Tell me specifically what you know," he said, "and I will pay for secrecy accordingly. If you know but little, you will get little. Prove to me that what you know is really dangerous, and I will be liberal."

"I know sufficient."

"Of that you will, perhaps, permit me to judge, Letour?"

"Be it so then. I could make a communication to a certain Jew capitalist, that would induce a careful examination of certain securities, which—"

"Enough—enough. There is a fifty pound note for you, Letour. When you must have more, why then you must, I suppose; but now that we do understand each other, you have no sort of objection to make yourself useful in procuring the money of which you expect to have a share?"

Letour laughed as he replied,—

"No, Scalvoni, I shall leave all that to your superior ingenuity, you may depend. I will be satisfied with a share of your plunder. I have no desire, by any bungling of mine, to convict you or myself. Good evening, sir; when I must have more, as you very candidly and properly say, I must."

So saying he left the room, exulting in the success of his scheme, and the ease with which it had produced him a larger sum than ever he had been master of before in all his life.

"'Tis well," he muttered, as his dark eye rolled with intense satisfaction. "'Tis mighty well. I will be independent of the frowns of fortune before I swoop upon my victim. I will have revenge, but I will have it at no personal sacrifice—no—not one. Like an eagle, I hover over my prey, and when I come headlong upon it, it shall be at a time when I am sure not a feather will be injured. Ha! ha! ha!—I am vastly politic."

As for Scalvoni, when he was alone, all the pent up passion of his nature found vent. His compressed lips, starting eyes, and the angry flush that was upon his brow, all proclaimed the tempest that was raging in his brain. Passion for many minutes choked his utterance, and when he did speak, it was in a wild sort of yelling accents, the first tones of which amazed and alarmed himself, so that he on the instant relapsed into silence again, with the exception of muttering the one word—"Caution—caution—caution!"

(To be continued in our next.)

INTEMPERANCE.—It was a usual saying of the great Lord Verulam that not one man of a thousand died a natural death, and that most diseases had their rise and origin from intemperance, for drunkenness and gluttony steal men off silently and singly; whereas, sword and pestilence do it by the lump; but then death makes a halt, and comes to a cessation of arms; but the other knows no stop or intermission, but perpetually jogs and depopulates insensibly, and by degrees, and though this is every day experienced, yet are men so enslaved by custom or habit, that no admonition will avail.



## THE RECLAIMED.

It was a beautiful day; the sun cast its brilliant rays on all around, the cloudless sky rivalled that of Italy in beauty, and the air was impregnated with the delightful fragrance of the sweet smelling flowers.

Amidst these charms of nature, which everywhere were to be seen, in the village of D— stood the ancient house of Farmer Aikin. The odoriferous honeysuckle grew up the porch, and the roses graced the little garden, planted with rare tastefulness before the house. Luxuriant and promising fields surrounded it on every side; the corn emerging into perfect ripeness seemed to revel in the beautiful day, and promised a successful harvest. The dwelling-house was small; and, from its external aspect, seemed to tell of the comfort which reigned within.

Slowly from the portal emerged a female form, and, oh, what a grace was there. In age, about fifteen was this fair creature; and, as she walked from the house in which she dwelt, what charms did she display. Her fair neck was perfectly uncovered, save by the luxuriant tresses which hung in youthful beauty down her back. Her face was all the most fastidious could wish, and a faint and beaming smile played over those beautiful features. The flush of health was upon her cheek, and her cloudless brow bore the mark of reflection.—But, lo! she speaks.—

"He will soon return," she said, "he will soon return, and clasp, once more, his beloved Amelia in his fond embrace. He will soon return. Let me reflect to-morrow; he has been gone a fortnight. Three weeks, he said, and he should be back. 'Twas painful for him to leave me, and so it was for me to be parted from him, but there was no help for it; he could not be an absentee from the obsequies of his uncle, for the purpose of remaining with her he loves. No, it was unavoidable; and, he will soon return—he will soon return."

"Return, will he?" said a voice behind, which made the fair Amelia start, and turning round, she beheld a gipsy, clothed in the usual raiment of her tribe, and with a countenance of stern ferocity. "Are you sure he will soon return, fair maiden, the world is all deceit, and men sometimes woo but to betray?"

"Away, woman," said Amelia, "I would be alone; away, I say, and trouble me no more with your idle prophecies."

"Spurn me not, maiden," said the gipsy, "there will be a time when your pride will be lowered, and your now scoffing tone will be turned into sorrowful wailings and heartfelt sobs."

"Away, woman! I repeat," exclaimed Amelia, "I want not your evil counsels. If money be your object, take this, and quit this spot, for I already have heard more of your disagreeable foretellings than I wish."

"I scorn your money as much as you do my counsel," said the gipsy, throwing the coin, which Amelia had given her, upon the ground, "I scorn your money, I say; but come to warn you of the evils which are besetting you, of the —"

"I will not hear you," replied Amelia, "already are your vain prophecies beginning to fill my mind with apprehensions which cannot, which are too dreadful to be true," and, with a firm step, she walked into the house.

"What ails thee, child?" said Farmer Aikin to his daughter that evening, "you look as sad as a Methodist parson. What is it, girl—you make me quite uneasy?"

"Oh, father, it is nothing," replied the girl, laughing, "but I have been listening to the idle croakings of a gipsy, who has been foretelling evil things of Edward; and, although I do not put the slightest faith in any one word she has said, yet it has made me rather melancholy; but I shall be in good spirits again to-morrow, father, for that day week my Edward has promised to return."

Nothing more was said upon the subject, and they retired.

On the morrow the words of the gipsy were entirely forgotten, and the merry and loving Amelia was the same light-hearted girl as before.

The week passed, and another rolled away, but no Edward was heard of, and the poor girl became a prey to the most distracting thoughts.

What can be the cause of his absence—why does he not write? were questions she continually, and in vain, asked herself. Anxiety paled that blooming cheek, and she found no comfort from reflection. In one of the rambles which she frequently took, in order to try and dispel from her mind the fearful thoughts that continually oppressed it,—

"So," she said, "he has not yet returned; why am I not told the reason—why does he not write, or give me some token of his affection? A fortnight has passed since the time he was to have come—a long and dreary fortnight. Oh, Edward, Edward, why do you not come?—I will not yet believe he has deserted me—some accident, doubtless, has delayed him, and he will come to me yet, he —"

"Where is now the fallacy of my words?" was whispered in her ear; she turned hastily round, and beheld the gipsy, who, with a triumphant laugh, and many demoniac gestures, turned away.

"It seems a fearful truth," said Amelia, "that my worst suspicions

are to be verified. Am I, then, deserted by the only being that I ever loved, except my parents?—oh, God! is this the truth?—if reality is here, pour into my heart the Holy Spirit, that, with due resignation to thy Divine will, I may find that repose of mind and body, which is denied me here, in those blessed regions of eternal bliss, into which the pious and the good, alone, shall enter."

Saying this, she returned disconsolate to her once happy home.

Let us now, for a short time, leave the poor girl, whose mental anxiety we have but just now been contemplating, and inquire into the circumstances which have caused the doubts and fears of our beautiful heroine to be aroused.

Leaving the village of D—, to attend the funeral of a departed uncle, in London, to Edward Mansfield was no pleasing circumstance. His grief was excessive, coming as it did from two distinct sources. The one arose from the death of his uncle, who was a dear relation to him; the other, from being compelled to leave the maiden he adored, and that absence, in all probability, a lengthy one.

Edward Mansfield was born of parents moving in the higher circles of society. He possessed a handsome appearance, and was rather above the middle height. His age was five-and-twenty, and he was the heir to some considerable property at his father's death. After a severe illness of some weeks he repaired to D—, for the benefit of his health, where he first became acquainted with Amelia Aikin.

Oh, what a passion seized him when he first beheld her lovely form! It seemed to him that he had entered into a new existence; "this vale of tears" was to him a vale of joy—deep, uninterrupted joy. His heart yearned for the object of his love. Soon did he perceive the attachment to be reciprocal. He declared his love with all the eloquence of an impassioned lover, and not in vain.

Oh, happy Edward, what a being thou that day didst gain! No vain and foolish coquette, whose whole amusement is playing with men's hearts, but one whose heart was constant—whose love was sincere.

It was in the midst of this blissful state that Edward was called away; the reason we have before explained.

At length he arrived in the metropolis, and immediately repaired to the house which contained all that remained of his once affectionate relative.

A feeling of dread—a feeling of awe crept over him, as he passed the portal of that house. Suddenly thoughts rose up in his mind of days gone by. He recollected visiting, many, many a time that uncle who, all life and spirits, never failed to raise a hearty laugh whenever he spoke. That merry laugh now rung in Edward's ears. He remembered the happy hours that he, with him, had spent—hours whose happiness had fled, but whose bitterness had come in their remembrance.

Added to these melancholy thoughts, he found the whole household in the most distressing confusion. The domestics, in having lost their dear, kind master, for he had been kind—he still was dear—in losing him, I say, they seemed to have lost their reason. Their faces bore the expression of sorrow—their voices bore the sound of despair. Almost regardless of this, Edward passed on with unequal strides to the apartment where lay the remains of his departed relative.

I will not attempt to describe the agony of his feelings on beholding the spectacle presented to his view. Imagination may perhaps convey it more forcibly than my pen can do. A young man leaning over the corpse of one he loved, one who was bound to him by affection's indissoluble knot of love and blood, must be harassing to sensitive feelings.

The obsequies concluded, Edward sat dejected and disconsolate.

"So," he soliloquised, "how mortal is man, how merciless is death; the innocent and the guilty alike are snatched away, it spares not youth and beauty, it leaves some till age has deprived them of their former energies, and decay is creeping over them. But how futile is this fruitless musing,—whence the utility of this vain regret! Shake it off, Edward, and be once more a man."

Brilliantly were the rooms lighted, and the air was loaded with the most fragrant perfumes. Cards and dice were scattered about the floor. Men glorying in success, others equally dejected at their vast losses, causing perhaps the welfare and affluence of families to come to an end; drinking large potions of intoxicating liquors, trying to drown care with wine. Such is the scene in which we are most reluctantly obliged to introduce the reader to the once upright Edward.

Dazzled with the shining and deceptive temptations of London, he had been allured from the paths of virtue and integrity to those of dissipation and vice. By degrees, from one step to another, he had become at the present time so steeped in debauchery, that a gaming-house is the place in which we are unwillingly compelled to find him.

Throwing the dice with a desperation that too plainly marked his unhappy partiality for play, he heaved successive losses on his head.

Suffered to win at first, his wily and dissolute companions had succeeded in initiating him into a passion for play; but now that their de-



sign had reached the degree intended, a reverse of fortune took place. Accustomed to win large sums at every throw, the infatuated young man played on with a madness that plainly marked his resolution not to rise from the table before he became a winner. On he played, without for a moment reflecting that each throw placed his object at a greater distance.

"The goddess seems a most inveterate enemy to-night," observed a supposed viscount.

"The fiend himself seems against me!" said Henry, grinding his teeth.

"He—he—he!" tittered the viscount.

"Fortune changes, and so does everything else," observed another, scientifically arranging his collar.

"A true observation veritably," said another.

"Are you counselling together for my total destruction?" said Edward; "fiends in human shape, you are."

"Luck will change," persisted the viscount.

"And roguery will succeed," said Edward; and, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he immediately settled his account and dexterously concealed one of the dice in his sleeve.

"Shall we have the felicity of your most pleasant company to-morrow evening?" inquired the viscount, in his sweetest accents.

"Oh, yes, most certainly," replied Edward, as he left that house, where alone was to be seen debauchery and vice.

"He—he—he!" tittered the viscount, when he was gone, "he—he—he! a rare bait—he—he—he!"

Pursuing his way with the madness of despair, Edward rushed to the apartments which he had taken upon his first entrance into London.

But a dissipated life had, for the time, entirely effaced the recollection of her he once had loved, who, all confiding, relied upon his speedy return. But now that he began to feel the impropriety of his conduct, and the bitterness which it caused, his feelings were totally different. He now viewed the whole affair in its true light. Amelia's smiles were before him, and the thoughts of her he had deserted, calmed his troubled spirit.

From his sleeve he drew the dice he had there concealed, and breaking it into fragments, found it to be a loaded one.

"These miscreants," he exclaimed, "whose only occupation is to lure the innocent away, would have made me their victim, but in time do I perceive their malicious intentions; now do I abandon them, and to Amelia will I go."

In this repentant frame of mind he retired to his chamber.

During the next day all was bustle and confusion; preparations were being made for the departure of Edward to the village of D—.

We will now return to the unhappy and disconsolate Amelia. Bereft of all she treasured in the wide world, behold that cheek now paled, that form wasted with useless pining and vain regret—that father, leaning over her, and entreating her to revive—that mother, alarmed for her ultimate safety—behold that expressive mark of deep despair upon her countenance—that wild, frantic appearance of her eye; an eye that once was bright—behold that form together, and you see the sorrowful monument of unrealised hopes. Such was now Amelia, and stretched on a bed of sickness, on which she had lain for more than a week, she passed her time.

What noise now interrupts her uneasy slumbers? Is it the rattle of carriage-wheels, or does the fancy of a wasted mind conjure up the sound? No, it is no fancy, but reality. Whose form is that who now so light steps from the vehicle? 'Tis Edward's—oh God! 'tis Edward's, the mourned-for Edward's!

Suddenly, on hearing the news, Amelia's energies revived, and shortly afterwards she was deemed in a condition to see him.

He entered the room where she sat, exclaiming, with love's pure emphasis,—

"Oh, Amelia, dearest, come to my arms—come, loved one, come!"

"Oh, Edward!" she replied, "why did you leave me thus, why have you caused me this anxiety? Why this pain—why this sickness? Edward, but for you—But, I forgive you all now that you have returned."

"Thanks, dearest! but I deserve not this lenity, for I have indeed been guilty; but I now come back to offer you my hand and heart; accept them, and you shall ever find me worthy of you, and never, never shall you have reason to complain of not having refused 'the reclaimed!'"

Arrangements were shortly made for the nuptials of the loving pair, and not long afterwards, by special license, the happy Edward led the smiling Amelia to the altar.

The father and mother of the bride lived to a good old age, and when their appointed time came, they quitted this world for a better, far better, respected and regretted by all who knew them.

The young couple had many tokens of their love, and had the double felicity of seeing them, under their own guidance, grow up in youth, beauty, and innocence.

R. D.

## THE ENVIOUS MAN CURED.

I was one evening sitting, as usual after the labours of the day, under the shade of our great apple-tree,—the red cow was quietly chewing her cud on one side, and the old grey pony, with a clog on his leg, soberly grazing on the other; when a very handsome chariot drove down the lane. It was drawn by four beautiful horses, and attended by servants in splendid liveries.

"Well-a-day," said I, "how unequally are the bounties of Providence dispensed in this evil world! and how widely different are the conditions of the rich and the poor. There now! that great man, for instance, lives in ease and luxury every day; he eats and drinks of the best in the land—sleeps or wakes, rides abroad or lolls at home, as suits his inclination; he knows neither pain nor anxiety; while I am forced to work hard, fare hard, and travel about on foot, or at best on this poor foundered pony, wherever I go. It is true this cow affords me milk, the bees honey, and the orchard cider; but then, there are a thousand other things necessary for the comfort of a man's life, which riches only can purchase."

The more I pondered on this subject the more miserable I grew. I mused, till I became quite abstracted from all things around me; and presently, methought I found myself at the gate of a porter's lodge, which spontaneously opened, and admitted me into a spacious carriage road; but the weather being excessively warm, I turned aside into a retired serpentine walk, overshadowed with oak, beech, and sycamore. The grounds were very extensive, and delightfully laid out. Here the path plunged into the depth of a thicket, which the sun-beams could scarcely penetrate; and there it opened into an expanse of lawn, or ran along the brow of a hill which commanded a diversified prospect of the country for many miles round. Through the valley below flowed a majestic river, studded with willow islands, and on whose placid waters the swans rowed in state, with a long progeny in their train, not inaptly representing a numerous fleet of merchantmen under convoy of a few gallant ships of war. Herds of deer were grazing upon the slopes, grouped under the trees, or gliding to and fro among the bushes. The underwood resounded with the melody of birds; the banks were fragrant with wild strawberries; the walks were bordered with beautiful plants and flowers; and at intervals were grottos, seats, and arbours, for rest or meditation. Nothing seemed wanting to constitute it a perfect paradise.

While gazing with admiration and delight at the enchanting scenery which surrounded me, I was accosted by a venerable-looking man, having the appearance of a steward or superintendent of the place, who anticipated my inquiries, by a kind invitation to accompany him round this delightful domain, which offer I gratefully accepted. In the course of our conversation, I expressed my opinion that the owner of these lovely possessions could not but be the happiest of mortals.

"My friend," replied he, "I perceive you know little of the world, or in what happiness consists. The lord of this place is a martyr to the gout, and a cripple; besides, he has little taste for the country, and spends the pleasantest months of the year in London."

I felt myself corrected, and we proceeded through a wilderness of sweets, to a stately mansion on the lawn, to which my kind conductor introduced me by a long and lofty gallery, adorned with the most beautiful pictures and statues, ancient and modern, the production of the most celebrated masters.

"But," added he, as we were about to retire, "the proprietor is almost blind, and consequently can derive no enjoyment from those things."

He next showed me into the banquetting room, where the tables were set out with services of gold and silver, and supplied with the most delectable luxuries of earth and sea.

"Surely," exclaimed I, "the most consummate epicure might here find ample gratification."

"Ah," said my conductor, "he, for whom all that provision is made, is sick; he loaths the choicest dainties; and envies the poor man who brings a keen appetite to his crust of bread and draught of water."

We passed from hence into a concert room, where we were entertained with the most exquisite music.

Here it seemed as though I could have lingered for ever, for I was passionately fond of music.

"This is delightful," said my friend, "to those who have ears to hear, but a man cannot hear by proxy; and my master is as deaf as the dead adder who heareth not the voice of the charmer, and is utterly insensible to the harmony of sweet sounds."

The music ceased, and we descended by a dark winding staircase, to a subterranean vault, strongly guarded with bolts and bars and iron doors, into which, I was informed, none but the proprietor himself ever gained admission.

"This," said my guide, "is the depository of incalculable wealth,



which the governor brought home when he returned from India, with an immense fortune, and a ruined constitution. Here lies the cause of anxious days and sleepless nights."

"But, I presume," said I, "that he is bountiful to the poor and the needy, and he sometimes relieves the distressed, and causes the widow's heart to sing with joy."

"No such thing," said my mentor; "gold is the key that has locked up his heart; he cannot enjoy it himself, nor will he impart the blessing to others: he repels every appeal to humanity, and is an utter stranger to the luxury of doing good."

"Perhaps," continued I, "though he will part with nothing in his lifetime, he will endeavour to make restitution at his death, by large legacies to benevolent and religious institutions."

"Believe it not," said my friend, in a lowered tone of voice; "all this immense wealth will devolve to a prodigal and spendthrift, who will render it a curse, rather than a blessing, to himself and to others; besides, I am sorry to add, this man is an infidel, who hates religion with a perfect hatred; he ridicules the idea of a future state, and lives without God and without hope in the world!"

At this moment a waggon chanced to pass: I was roused by the jingle of the bells, and the sound of the warning horn; I looked up and found myself still sitting under the apple-tree, the cow and the grey pony being in the same position in which I left them when I commenced my mental peregrination; I raised my hands to Heaven, in gratitude for the use of my limbs and faculties, and thanked God that I was not that rich and miserable man.

## THE CAPTIVE

ANTICIPATING HIS RELEASE.

Shall I be free—shall the sun, brightly beaming,  
Dazzle these orbs—that, unused to the light,  
Are nigh sightless—and shall they, with grateful tears streaming,  
Gaze once again on the glorious sight?

Shall these iron-bound limbs wave in unrestrained freedom,  
The gyves' galling pressure no more chafe my arm;  
Shall Heaven's cooling zephyrs again softly breathing,  
My spirit rebounding, inspire with its calm?

Inexpressible joy! doubly sweet thou appearest,  
Once again shall I wander beneath that blue sky,  
That imprison'd I've thought on—that thought was the dearest  
That broke on my soul—it dispel'd every sigh.

Delighted I'll wander through meadow and valley,  
The forest entangled with joy I'll explore,  
Each mossy intricacy—forth then I'll sally  
And scale the steep mountain—traverse the wide moor.

Seated on the wild rock, o'er the cataract roaring,  
Undaunted from that dizzy height will I gaze;  
Like a Triton I'll plunge in the torrent swift pouring  
Where the bright speckled trout in its foamy bed plays.

Sweet birthright of man—inescapable treasure,  
Dear liberty thou art—'tis bliss to be free—  
Without these existence soon loses its pleasure;  
Then welcome—thrice welcome—thou comest to me.

J. R.

**THE PLAGUE IN CAIRO.**—The Europeans stand aghast with fear at the calamities it produced in Grand Cairo. According to the commissioners of the Customs, this city contains from eight to nine hundred thousand inhabitants. They are so crowded that two hundred citizens here occupy less space than thirty at Paris. The streets are very narrow, and always full of people, who crowd and jostle each other, and the passenger is sometimes obliged to wait several minutes before he can make way. One person with the plague will communicate it to a hundred; its progress is rapid, and spreads with the violence of a conflagration, the flames of which are augmented by the wind. When the disease breaks out, the French shut up their district and intercept all communication with the city. Arab servants who live without, every day bring them such provisions as they want, except bread, which does not communicate the infection, through an aperture cut in each door into a tub of water, by which it is purified, and used without fear. These precautions give health and life to the French merchants while surrounded with the horrors of death.

Afflictions are the medicine of the mind; if they are not loathsome, let it suffice that they are wholesome. It is not required in physic that it should please, but heal.

## ALICE HOME;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CXCI.

THE PURSUIT.—THE CHANGE OF HORSES.—THE ROUTE TO DOVER.—THE DETERMINATION.

WHEN George Home left Sir Charles's mansion in the wild, maddened, precipitate manner we have recorded, he had but one feeling strongly and intensely present to his imagination, and that was to pursue and drag back to the justice he was attempting to elude, his guilty and conscience-stricken cousin.

The fate of Margaret now, for the moment, lost some of its horror, as he found that after all his years of suffering, all his plots and plans for so long, his victim had made, and so far successfully, a determined effort to escape from his clutches. Oh, it was, indeed, agonising to that man of violent passions and fierce impulses, to think, for a moment, that Sir Charles had a chance of escape. It was, because he always thought that, at any time he could strike the blow that would topple Sir Charles from his height of luxury and importance, that he, George, had so long withheld it—he had been, cat like, playing with the victim he flattered himself was too securely within his coils ever to escape them.

Now, however, that some hours had elapsed, and he had been hugging himself in fancied security, while Sir Charles Home was posting to the sea coast, in order to embark for the continent, he cursed aloud his own folly for delaying so long in the execution of the vengeance which now appeared doubtful.

"Madman, that I am," he cried, "I have played with my prize until I have lost it—oh, folly, folly. Curses on the train of circumstances that have led me into this most awful labyrinth."

He flew, rather than ran, to a lively stables, and demanded a fleet horse, immediately. His air and manner, however, were so disordered, and there was such an expression of ferocious insanity about him, that the owner of the stables hesitated, at first, and finally flatly refused to allow him the loan of a horse on any terms.

At first George was on the point of bursting into an immoderate fit of passion, but he had just sense and reflection enough left to convince him that such was not the way to accomplish his object, and, by a great effort, he controlled his passion, saying,—

"Have you really a fleet horse, capable of a long journey?"

"We have."

"His price?"

"A hundred pounds."

"There, there is your money. Let me have it ready as quickly as possible."

The immediate production of the money demanded for the horse, at once settled the question, and an animal worth more than half the money was produced ready, in all respects, for the road.

"How far are you going to ride her, sir?" said the man, who held the stirrup while George mounted.

"About eighty miles."

The man whistled, and in another moment George had started at a good pace. He soon found the horse he had was really a good one, although not worth a hundred pounds; but what mattered it to him so that he accomplished his revenge? With his teeth set, and an angry flush upon his face, he galloped on for fifteen miles without a pause. Then the fatigue of riding, and the coolness of the night air, began to have a calming effect upon George Home's system. His thirst for revenge upon Sir Charles, was not a whit abated; but he had time to think of other things likewise, and, with a deep groan, his mind reverted to the awful spectacle he had seen on the couch at Sir Charles's mansion.

"My daughter!—my child!—my Margaret!" he cried. "Oh, God, did I for such a fate watch over you, teaching you who to hate, and on whom to be revenged?—oh, horror!—horror!—horror! Where, now, are all my fond hopes and anticipations?—Is nothing left me but a bloody revenge?—Shall no result to joy follow its completion?—Alas!—none, none. I have lived in vain—Margaret, Margaret. My child, my child, what fiend induced you to drink of that potion you knew was such a foe to life?"

He groaned deeply, and struck his bosom in the agony of his despair. Then a milder mood came over him, and he shrieked,—

"Revenge!—Revenge!" until the solitary road he was traversing echoed with the sound. "Death to them all. She has gone to the tomb, but she shall not go alone. Charles Home—Alice—all shall take the same dreary road, and by means too that shall be full of horror. I solemnly dedicate myself to the destruction of them all. I will keep



my vow. They shall all die, and men shall shudder as, in after ages, they hear of the amplitude of my revenge."

On—on he sped, over hill and dale, heeding little the nature of the road, or the inconsiderate manner he was, at the very outset of his journey, urging the powers of his steed. Village after village was passed, large towns were swept through without a passing glance, and thirty miles of the journey were passed, when the horse began to show decided symptoms of fatigue; occasionally it would stagger from the main route, then a false step would attest its falling energies; but George Home heeded nothing, thought of nothing, but his own violent passions; and he was not aroused to a sense of his situation until the horse stumbled, nearly fell, and then stood trembling and covered with foam, utterly unable to proceed.

With bitter execrations he tried whip and spur, but all were useless. The horse could not proceed. There George Home alighted, and stood for a moment lost in thought at what he should do. There was no house within sight, although the faint glances of lights in the distance caught his eye, proclaiming that he was near some town or hamlet.

Before he could decide upon any course of action that would be likely to facilitate his progress, the sound of horses' feet came to his ears, and he, at the same time, heard a weak, and somewhat affected voice, singing,—

"The dusky night rides down the sky,  
The hunter winds his horn,  
The hounds all raise a cheerful cry,  
And welcome in the dawn.  
Heigho—heigho. Tanti-ty—  
Tanti-ty—tanti-ty—tanti-ty."

"Halt!" cried George Home, rushing into the middle of the road.  
"Halt!"

"Eh—what? The de—vil."

"What sort of a horse have you got?"

"My horse. Come—come—fellow. Ah! ah! Do you know me? Ah! I am Lord Augustus Fitzmustincrimp. Ah! fellow, hands off. Tanti-ty. I'm going to the meet. Glorious sport. Tanti-ty."

"Have you a good horse?"

"Three hundred and fifty bought him last week. Five hundred wouldn't buy him this. Ah!—who are you, fellow? Ah!"

"No matter. I'll borrow your horse."

"My—horse!"

"Yes—dismount."

"Really—'pon soul—I—I. Oh, the devil."

George seized him by an arm and a leg, and in another moment his lordship, red coat and all, was sprawling in the roadway. The horse, which was, indeed, a noble animal, reared and plunged with alarm, so that George had some difficulty in getting into the saddle. He, however, did succeed in doing so, and he had then ample cause for congratulation at the chance he had met with, for at a touch the hunter set off at a most prodigious gallop, while his late master lay in the road screaming murder—robbery—help—in the loudest tones he was master of, and they were not very loud, for his lordship's voice had the infirmity of cracking when raised above a sinnering, lisping whisper.

Upon the whole, therefore, considering the horse he had bought, and the horse he had stolen, George Home had not done amiss in his proceeding, and the next thirty miles were done admirably by the fresh young hunter he had so very unceremoniously made himself possessed of.

Soon he forgot all about the manner in which he had appropriated some one else's steed, in the busy reflections that were thronging to his brain concerning Sir Charles, and possibilities and probabilities there were of his ultimately capturing him. When he came to review the whole of the circumstances, he was more and more convinced that the evidence he had to offer was not sufficient to procure a conviction of Sir Charles for the murders he was alleged to have committed.

"No—no," exclaimed George, as he shot along upon his fiery steed. "No—there will be a mockery of a judicial inquiry, and he will escape. The charge will be called a stale one, and more than usually satisfactory evidence of it will be demanded, while I have less to offer. He will escape unless I ensure, or attempt to ensure, his conviction by committing myself. That I can do, but what do I gain? A doubtful advantage, for, after all, he may be acquitted, and then, where am I? What, too, is life to me now, that I should run the risk of my enemy being saved in order to preserve it? Margaret—Margaret, you are gone, and who have I to live—to struggle for? They can but kill him at the last, and that can I do without their aid. If I meet him he dies. Yes, he dies. I will not trust the tenderness of laws to revenge my injuries now. I will myself kill him, and then I care not how soon my own fate is consummated."

With such thoughts he proceeded at a calmer pace, for now that he no longer felt fearful that Sir Charles Home would escape the laws, he cared not much if he found his way to the continent first, or perished by his, George's hand, upon England's coast.

"'Tis but a brief respite for him," he muttered; "even if he succeed in leaving England, I will hunt him more surely than the tiger hunts his prey. He brings but hunger to the task, I a stronger feeling—revenge—yes, revenge. He who bides his time, and treasures up a wrong, may, sooner or later, always accomplish a revenge in full."

George Home was now within fifteen miles of Dover, and the morning was swiftly coming on. The noble animal he bestrode began to show signs of fatigue, and he halted at a small road-side inn, which promised "Good entertainment for man and horse," feeling confident that he now had ample time, since he was willing to sacrifice himself, to pounce upon his victim before any vessel could receive him.

"He knows not who is on his track," he muttered, "and, in all likelihood, he will remain here till morning; then he shall never again see a sunrise. He is doomed—he is doomed."

Notwithstanding his feelings of security in the prosecution of his revenge, George made but a very inconsiderable stay at the inn, and, in the course of twenty minutes he was, with his refreshed horse, again on the road, and, nearly within the hour, he caught sight, in the dim morning light, of the towering battlements of Dover castle.

His arrival at that inn at which Sir Charles had, unhappily for him, put up, we are already aware of, and what fearful catastrophe ensued upon their meeting, we shall now proceed to record in our next chapter.

## CHAPTER CXCI.

### THE DEATH STRUGGLE.—THE AVENGER AND HIS VICTIM.

WITH all the frantic speed of the most absolute terror, Sir Charles Home fled, he scarce knew whither, from the presence of his cousin George, who he now doubted not was fully prepared to exact from him a terrible account of the past. He had caught, too, a glance at the countenance of George, and that glance had at once convinced him that the deadliest mischief was intended. Had he, Sir Charles, only been guilty of those wrongs which George had specially on his own account to avenge, he would, perhaps, have claimed protection at the inn, but his conscience was full of crime, and from what George Home had always intimated to Sir Charles, fully believed him to be in possession of evidence connecting him closely with the murder of Abraham Benn and the gamster, who so unadvisedly had gone to the Jew's house to receive his ill-gotten gain, and met with an awful death for his cupidity.

Thus, then, it was rather from the anticipated consequences of his own crimes that Sir Charles Home fled than from George, whose private vengeance he would long since have battled against, and perhaps successfully.

The fall of George with his horse, partially stunned him for a few brief moments, without inflicting on him any injury, and springing to his feet with a yell like that which might arise from the throat of some untutored savage, he dashed after Sir Charles on foot, determined not to lose sight of him if possible till he was no longer a living man.

The people at the inn knew not what had produced so sudden a passion on the part of George, for they had not seen Sir Charles at all coming back, and the sudden frenzy of the new arrival was a matter quite inexplicable to them. They attended to the fatigued horse, and remarked to each other that the rider must be a madman whom it was dangerous to follow.

Dashing along like one possessed went George Home—his face pale as death—his teeth clenched, and his whole soul wrapt up to the determination of putting his cousin to death, even if the deed cost him his own life to execute it. At that early hour there were but very few persons abroad, and those few who saw either the pursuer or the pursued, turned aside in alarm to allow them to pass, rather than run the risk of death itself by an attempt to stay the frightful race.

As he rushed on, he knew not cared not whither, so that it carried him away from George Home, Sir Charles hearing nothing behind him, began to hope; and, oh! what a delicious hope that was—that the fall of the horse had inflicted some serious injury upon George—perhaps killed him.

As the delightful supposition came upon his mind, he felt a pleasant refreshing sensation pervade his whole system, and drawing a long breath of exquisite relief, he slackened his speed; then he looked behind him for an instant—no one was there, and finally he turned completely and smiled.

In another instant a shout came upon his ears, and he saw George Home hard upon his track. In the sudden horror of the moment he fell down, which gave George a great advantage in coming up with him; indeed, if Sir Charles had not in a moment sprung to his feet again, he would then have been seized by his ferocious assailant at once, but terror now added wings to his speed, and he flew rather than ran in the direction of the cliffs, beneath which the tide was lashing the shore with solemn reverberations.



The speed of Sir Charles Home was so great that he gained in a short space considerably upon his pursuer, and had he chosen, which in his excitement he was not capable of doing, a path which he could have pursued for any length, he might possibly have escaped; as it was, however, he was, without being aware of it, hastening to the verge of the same celebrated cliff from which he had witnessed the first faint streaks of coming day. Too late to retrace his steps, he found whither he was hastening. He heard his pursuer close behind him. He heard his voice shouting in accents of rage that only could be quenched in the grave. Then he bethought him that he was armed, and had still a chance of escape by the death of George. With a loud cry he turned, and assuming a crouching attitude within a dozen paces of the cliff, he presented a pistol in each hand full upon the advancing figure of George Home.

Little as George cared for his life, it was no part of his disposition or his policy to throw it away needlessly, and when he found himself thus confronted, and with an amazing self-control, he overcame all outward exhibition of passion, and made an endeavour to throw Sir Charles off his guard.

The latter, although he had taken so suddenly defensive a step, had still all his fears awakened, and dreaded to carry out his temporary advantage by the death of his pursuer. Such an act he knew would involve him in consequences that would enforce his stay in England, and he had a terrible suspicion that in such an event there would be ample evidence of his old crimes forthcoming from some quarter, although George himself might be no more.

"Hold off—hold off!" he gasped, "George Home. These weapons never fall—hold off, I say, as you value your life."

"Charles," said George, "Charles, you are mad. Why should I take your life? I have followed you, but not for that. The deed you have given me about your property is, I find, defective. Rectify it, and you are free as far as I am concerned, to go where you will."

"You know I dare not trust you."

"Wherefore? You are armed, I am not."

"But you are treacherous."

"Disarm yourself of suspicion. Come back with me to the inn from which you fled so precipitately, and I will convince you of my sincerity."

"No, George Home—no, no; keep off, I say, or you are a dead man."

"Charles Home," said George, in a low hissing voice, "I have news for you from London. My revenge is all discovered now, because all finished."

Sir Charles trembled, and the pistols nearly fell from his grasp, as he murmured,—

"My daughter!—my child!—my Alice!"

"Yes," shrieked George, taking the hint at once, and not unwilling to increase the agony of his victim, "it is of your child—your darling Alice, I would speak. Are you willing to come with me and hear all that I can unfold to you concerning her?"

"Tell me—here," murmured Sir Charles. "Here—tell me here—I will not quit this spot except upon the defensive. Do you retire first, and I will follow to where we can be surrounded by people. Then I will listen to you, but you shall not get within my guard."

"You are suspicious."

"And you deadly."

"Curse on my folly for coming without fire-arms," muttered George Home, between his clenched teeth. Then he added, aloud,—

"Unhappy man! your daughter—she whom you deoted on, idolized—"

"Gracious God!—what of her?"

"She was beautiful!"

"Was?—was?"

"Aye, I speak of the past."

"No, no, my Alice lives—the wife of Horace Singleton; she lives, and will be happy!"

George affected a sardonic laugh, and then said,—

"You shall know all; I can give you a full account. My daughter, Margaret, loved Horace Singleton—"

"Well, well, well."

"It was not well. He had been previously smitten by the baby face of your Alice, and he rejected Margaret—yes, rejected her. She has something of her father's spirit; with her, 'twas love or hate. Horace Singleton was ill-advised, and chose the latter. Then, you understand, the consequences were to come."

"Flend!" cried Sir Charles; "torture me not with such words. Though your information crack my heart-strings, I would hear it; and better, too, from such as thou art, for no human sympathies have you, and I scorn to exhibit to you more than such human feelings as may not be suppressed."

"You are bold."

"I should be so, to cope with you."

(To be continued in our next.)

## ST. HILLAIRE;

### OR, THE EFFECTS OF FOLLY.

THE gifts of fortune may be readily despised by the philosopher who has never enjoyed them, but it is only he who has been deprived of them that can duly appreciate them, who has suffered a deprivation of their sweetness. Those persons who have from habit and station been used to the customs and elegancies of a palace through a long life, will find it impossible to be reconciled to the poverty of a cottage by a philosophic declaration on the vanity of riches, the danger of learning and the benefit of contentment; their experience will teach us to enjoy a fit of the gout by affecting the insensibility of a stoic. Religion alone, the balm that heals all our wounds, can render the change supportable. For those who have lost their share of wealth in this world, the hope of reward beyond the grave is the only consolation.

The daughter of an old acquaintance of mine, one made in early life, but parted by time and distance, had made her debut into fashionable life, and being unable to support the character, she fell not into grossness and vice—but that happiness she sought in the glittering throng, she found was but the glittering mote in the sunbeam, too evanescent to be grasped and retained; as long as it was pursued and looked after, it was all it seemed; but attempt to gain possession of it, and it was gone.

Harriet Morgan was the daughter of a retired officer, who sought the lakes of Cumberland as the resting-place, where he would spend the remainder of his days in peace, contentment, and happiness.

In this, I believe, he was successful. He fully enjoyed the tranquillity which his small fortune afforded him. His ambition was not boundless, and happiness was the more easily attained. He had passed a life of military hardship and fatigue with honours, and some small profit. He married and had one daughter, now the only support of his declining age. She was beautiful and young, scarce eighteen.

This daughter he loved with great affection; indeed, she was the only object which he had to love, and all his affections were concentrated upon her. Everything that could tend to make her happy the good old man did. He had becoming notions of his own honour and station in society, and he taught her the same; but these, added to an ambitious temper, and an acquired pride, gave her a desire to shine in a higher sphere than her own.

Had she the means she would have been qualified to have done so, for she was rich in charms and natural grace, and her father had spared no expense on her education, which would have fitted her for any station she could have been called to.

At length, Major Fraser, such was his name, fell ill; at his age every illness occasioned an alarm in the breast of his daughter, who dearly loved so indulgent a parent. He grew worse and worse, and, at length, finding his end approaching, called his daughter, and giving her his blessing, told her, that as her fortune was small, she must be frugal, and she would live happily; when he died his pension died too, so that the greater part of their income fell off.

She was inconsolable for the loss of her father, whom she mourned with true affection; but grief is not long-lived within the young, and though she ever retained an affectionate remembrance of her father, yet she began to consider what was the most advisable course to pursue.

She was in possession of a fortune which would, with proper management, have supplied her with more than the necessities of life; indeed, many of the elegancies of life.

Fraught with the notions of felicity of a London life, she came to London, and took a fine house and servants. She soon contrived to gain many friends, as they are called, who, seeing her splendid entertainments, were anxious for her acquaintance. Her beauty and wit drew crowds of admirers around her, who admired and complimented her, and strove, by all they knew, to extract some real information of the nature of her exchequer, before they committed themselves; they being not of that class of lovers who only care for the being who excites a passion in them, but who look to the careful continuation of life's comforts as well after marriage as before.

A stranger to the world's customs, and totally ignorant of the nature of money, the system of expense which she adopted would quickly have reduced her to beggary; but a circumstance quite unlooked for occurred, and changed the aspect of her affairs, which were much involved.

While she was sitting one day in her drawing-room, musing over the probable fate that awaited her, she thought of many schemes by which she could live, if she knew how to carry them into effect. She might live, if she worked, but Harriet could not do that—she might become a governess—she was well qualified, but her spirit could not brook that. Then she could—but no, she dared not think of the gulf of iniquity and crime into which she would be plunged by adopting the horrid alternative.



Just at that moment a carriage drew up, and a knock was heard at the street door. It was opened, and presently the servant appeared bearing a card on the tray. Harriet took it up, and saw the name of Mr. St. Hillaire on it. She gazed for a moment, and then said,—

"Admit him."

The servant vanished. This gentleman she had seen several times, he had always paid her particular attention. He was a young man of large fortune, and greater expectations; but entirely his own master. What could he want? She could not imagine.

She heard him upon the stairs, the door opened, and the servant answered him, and he followed the announcement, and stood in the drawing room. He was certainly a very handsome man, and a fashionable man, and, what was more, a rich man. The first salutations being over, St. Hillaire seated himself near Harriet, and said,—

"I dare say you are somewhat surprised at my visit, being uninvited and unexpected, but allow me to clear myself of any desire to be intrusive. I came with no such intention, far from it; but my object is to explain to you the state of those feelings with which you have inspired me."

Here he paused, and looked Harriet in the face, whose astonishment was plainly depicted there; but there was no sign of accompanying displeasure. St. Hillaire resumed,—

"You are, no doubt, astonished at this abrupt announcement. You may well be so, but I have not the ordinary means of making you sensible of the nature of my feelings. When I first met you, some few weeks back, I thought I never saw so charming a woman, and whenever I have seen you since, the impression has always been confirmed. Your charms are equalled by your accomplishments and intellect. Do not wonder, therefore, at my emotion. I feel that I cannot live without you. I am almost a stranger to you, yet you are engraved on my heart, and will never be effaced. Pray, therefore, do not give me an unfavourable answer at once, grant me those opportunities of gaining your approbation, your esteem, and, eventually, your love."

"Your request is very extraordinary, under all circumstances, certainly," said Harriet, much puzzled what to think, and how to act. "I hardly know what course to pursue."

"Do that which will make me happy, and place at your disposal he who now petitions for your good opinion; both hand and heart I formally place at your disposal, accept them, and you secure a grateful heart, who loves you to distraction."

Saying this, he threw himself upon one knee, and seizing Harriet's hands, pressed them to his lips in an ecstasy.

After much more conversation, Harriet agreed to permit St. Hillaire to visit her upon the footing of an accepted lover. Of this permission he was not slow to avail himself, was a constant visitor, and pressed his suit with so much ardour, that Harriet began to think he would give her sufficient excuse for being conquered by such a sudden attack.

It was scarcely a month after this interview that he called upon her one morning unusually early. She had on the preceding day, and that morning, been terribly annoyed by those pests of fashionable life—tradesmen,—who had been more than usually clamorous for their "small accounts," that she began to think she should not be allowed to be at liberty till after the marriage, which she now wished to take place.

He entered the room, and saluting her with more than usual pleasure, she inquired what made him so gay.

"I have recovered a great deal of property by means of a law suit which has been pending many years, and has placed at my disposal a few more thousands. Will you let me press upon you the necessity of our speedy union? I hope that you will not refuse me, or think I press unduly upon your goodness; but, believe me, it appears an age since we first knew each other. If you can trust your happiness in my keeping, you can do so at once as well as at a year hence. Do not think, however, I mean to impugn the propriety of any arrangement you may think proper to make; all I wish is, that you will compassionate me, and grant me a speedy union with one I love so well. Say, then, dearest Harriet, that on the day I obtain this money you will become my wife."

"I know not what to say, St. Hillaire, you are a persevering suitor."

"Let perseverance have its reward," said St. Hillaire, with a smile.

"Granted," replied Harriet, blushing as she said so.

"Dearest angel," cried St. Hillaire, "I am transported with pleasure; never, oh, never, shall you repent of this generosity."

"Well, say no more about it now, St. Hillaire, I beseech you," said Harriet, "but tell me what day I have promised to become yours, for I do not know?"

St. Hillaire pressed her closely to his bosom, and replied,—

"This day week, my dear girl."

"This day week! why, good heavens, I could not dream of it—I shall be unprepared, you must recall the words, and make it three weeks later."

"Not for the world," replied St. Hillaire; "I must be your banker,

especially after the success I have lately had. Our courtship is not a common occurrence, and, therefore, not subject to common rules. Take this pocket-book, and use the contents, they are yours. I now go to make arrangements."

Saying this, and tenderly pressing her to his bosom, he left the house.

On opening the pocket-book, money, to the amount of two thousand pounds, was placed thus at her disposal. With this she got rid of her most importunate creditors, and thus freed herself from the deed of law proceedings; with the other she purchased expensively for her coming wedding, which took place at the appointed time.

Harriet was now in every blessing that her heart could wish. She, after spending the honeymoon in Brighton, whirled in the vortex of fashion and dissipation, and was an object of universal admiration at all the gay resorts in the metropolis. For some time her felicity was unclouded; but as perfect happiness is not for humanity in this sublunary state, nor, indeed, proper, Harriet experienced a reversal of fortune very natural to those who fluttered in the giddy light of fashion.

She discovered the infidelity of her husband, for whom, and the generosity of his disposition, she entertained a very serious affection from the first.

St. Hillaire, who had no other object in marrying than the possession of his wife's person, no sooner found himself uncontrolled master of that, than he began to find the beauty of other women equally attractive.

As Harriet brought him no fortune, he thought himself at liberty to place his affections where he pleased; and, as he was determined not to be very scrupulous in observing the conduct of his wife, he saw no reason why he should put any restraint upon his own.

For some time his gallantries were unknown, his criminal conduct was undiscovered. His conduct was, however, so notorious, that it could not long escape the observation of Harriet, who glittered in his own circle; dark surmises at first made her uneasy; malicious insinuations aroused her jealousy, the coldness of her husband strengthened her fears; and an assignation at a masquerade, to which she was an eye-witness, removed every doubt of his inconstant auct.

This was a dreadful affliction to Harriet; it affected her very deeply; but, far from recriminating on her husband, she resolved to endeavour, by the most rigid attention to her own behaviour, to regain his affections. But, alas! there is no slight difference between guilt and dissipation, that unless the latter is quitted, a sacrifice which Harriet was unable to make, the imputation of the former can seldom be avoided.

There appeared no change in her husband's habits, and the more she endeavoured, by the propriety of her own, to recall him, the more he looked with indifference on her. She became domesticated; and he contrasted her present state to what she was in fashionable life, and felt disgusted with the change, and then plunged more deeply into the vortex of crime, and, at length, aimed at the climax by running off with the wife of an intimate friend of his own.

This was a dreadful stroke to Harriet, whose grief was so violent that she was compelled to be placed under restraint; and, having made an attempt to dash herself against the marble chimney-piece, she was strapped to her bed; and, when the attendants entered in the morning, she was in a pool of blood. A blood-vessel had burst, and she was dead. St. Hillaire was shot, in a duel, by the man he had injured; thus were two beings, capable of giving and receiving enjoyment, cut off.

## AN ODD ODE.

BY A SILLY CIT.

How I do love thee, country breezes!  
As wife does love the spouse she teases;  
As sportsman loves the game he seizes;  
As lawyer loves to call all fees his;  
Miser to call all cash he sees his;  
As doctor loves to cure diseases;  
As patient loves the dram that eases;  
As bishop's love for bended knees is;  
As beadle's love to keep the peace is;  
As gard'ner's love for shrubs and trees is;  
As sailor's love for ships and seas is;  
As soldier's love war—when it ceases;  
As cooky loves the joint she greases;  
As skater loves the lake that freezes;  
Conveyancer his bond and leases;  
Tobacconist a man who sneezes;  
As Flora loves her Strephon's squeezes;  
Strong as the love of each of these is  
My love for thee, O country breezes!

MARCUS P.



## THE LIMERICK BELLS.

THE remarkable fine bells of Limerick Cathedral were originally brought from Italy. They had been cast by a young native, whose name tradition has not preserved, and finished after the toil of many years, and he prided himself upon his work. They were purchased of him by the prior of a neighbouring convent, and with the profits of the sale he procured a little villa, where he had the delight of hearing the chime of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness.

This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worms of a fallen land, the Italian was a sufferer among the many. He lost his all, and after the passing of the storm found himself preserved alone amidst the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home.

The convent in which his bells had been rung was razed to the earth, and they were carried away as plunder. The founder of them, haunted by his memories and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home or a friend.

In this desolation of spirit he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, and proceeded up the Shannon. The vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him, and he beheld St. Mary's steep, pointing its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town.

He sat in the stern, and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native skies in the sweetest season of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost noiseless expedition.

On a sudden, amidst the gentle stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral. The rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received.

The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat. Home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family, were all in the sound, and went with it to his heart.

When the rowers looked round they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they added they found him cold.

## THE COQUETTE TAMER.

BY H. J. CHURCH.

HARRY NORMAN was the youngest son of a respectable and retired merchant; and, having received a tolerably sound education, and possessing a considerable amount of general information and assurance, at the age of twenty-one held rather an elevated and not unenviable position among his numerous acquaintances and friends.

About this age he began to entertain a decided tendency for the company and good opinion of the fair sex; and although not boasting a handsome appearance, yet having a confident, easy, and gentlemanly manner with him, and withal, gifted with the desire to make himself as pleasant as possible in the society of his friends, or those with whom he might fall in company with, he was deemed very far from disagreeable to the eyes of his acquaintances, and, what was infinitely dearer to him, the estimation of the gentler portion of the community.

Now it happened that a certain young lady, named Theresa Fuller, was a thorough coquette, being one evening introduced to our hero, for some unaccountable reason or the other, a great fancy for her little "Harry," as she was pleased to designate him to one of her male friends shortly after the introduction.

This, in the course of events, Harry heard from the sweet lips of one Miss Fuller's confidants, and well knowing Theresa's character, and of a shameful and unfeeling manner in which she had coquetted with several of his friends, he determined, if possible, to pay her back in her own coin, and thereupon informed the bearer of the secret how that he himself was desperately smitten with Theresa's conversation and innumerable charms, and charged her with a letter to be instantly conveyed to Miss Fuller, couched in somewhat the following flowery and tender terms:—

"Most adorable Theresa,—Pardon my presumption in thus humbly testing one who alone, by her benign smile, can quell the painful raptures that agitate this heated brain; and give your devoted ador the pleasure of knowing that those beaming eyes which have died so deep and lasting an impression within his tempestuous breast shed their beautiful and heavenly lustre upon these miserable lines,

"It were foolish indeed in one so unworthy as the writer to offer to that being who imparts so sweet an influence over all who hear her silvery and fascinating tones, the unfeigned affection of his heart; yet, should his Theresa's serene and angelic disposition prompt her to display the kindness and amiability that he knows full well she is possessed of, by allowing him to throw himself at her feet, and giving him, if it be but for one moment, the happiness of her envied society, she will be conferring an everlasting remembrance upon most affectionately and truly hers,

"HARRY NORMAN."

We need not inform the reader that the above, to a vain and conceited mind like Miss Fuller's, was received with those delightful feelings of conquest attendant upon, as she imagined, so signal a victory. An answer was soon returned, condescending to give to our hero the desired opportunity of a verbal declaration of his attachment.

It would, we feel no doubt, as our noble bard has said in *Hamlet*, be "stale, flat, and unprofitable," were we to hear the conversation and sweet discourse which took place on the evening that the lady selected for Norman to display in person his adoration for her. Suffice it to say, that for once the conqueror was conquered. And our hero bade the delighted fair one a very good night, chuckling within him how assuredly the "biter had been bitten," and partook with infinite relish of a cigar, and sundry libations of sherry, immediately afterwards.

Theresa, now, was not satisfied unless her "dear little Harry" was constantly by her side to pour flattery by wholesale into her listening ears; and after the lapse of the short interval of only two weeks from our hero's introduction she was unquestionably in love, if there be such a peculiar state of feeling.

It may appear strange to the reader that a coquette of such a long standing should ultimately fall a victim to the blind god; but it is no less a fact. Miss Fuller had long been playing with edged tools (for Cupid's arrows we are told are sharp), until she had at length cut herself, and that not slightly.

A month had nearly elapsed since our hero had addressed his memorable epistle to Theresa, during which time he had been unremitting in his attentions to her, and had entirely, by his insinuating manners and conversation, won the hitherto fickle heart of the lady.

Norman now resolved to dispel the sunny sky which had so gently, but secretly veiled the fair one, and show to her how false all her ideas of his love were. Therefore, to dissolve the acquaintance with all possible speed, he one evening, when he had appointed to meet her, as of late he had been accustomed to, passed the very spot he had named for the meeting accompanied with, alas! another, and whom, when within ear-shot of Theresa, he addressed as "his love." This was wormwood to the latter; she heard the endearing terms her "dear little Harry," now no more, had used; and looking, as the vulgar have it, quite "chap-fallen," hung down her head and hastily disappeared.

From that never-to-be-forgotten evening Theresa Fuller has been another being; indeed so altered and desponding in her appearance, that our hero has once or twice been fearful lest he has gone a trifle too far in his flirtation with her. And, therefore, to make amends, if possible, in such a sad case, and as a soothing balm for any pain he may have inflicted on the sorrowing victim, however ill she may have used her lovers and his friends, he lately has addressed her the following consolatory letter:—

"Dear Madam,—I beg you will receive this as coming from one who would on no account address you were he to imagine that it might be deemed an insult, but who merely in writing wishes to offer an explanation of his late conduct. That your good sense must now inform you of the serious consequences attendant upon trifling with another's feelings, I feel no doubt; and by your own, if I may be so candid, to judge of the very many unnecessary pangs that you yourself have inflicted upon others; and believe me, although I have acted in my conduct towards you not one iota worse than you have acted to several of my friends, especially to Charles Melville, who, allow me to mention, has felt, I am assured, too deeply the wounds that you have, perhaps unknowingly, inflicted upon him, and whose friends, I am sorry to add, entertain a worse and more serious consequence of your unkindness—need I say a blighted future?—still I cannot but own that I regret exceedingly that I should have been instrumental in causing you, my dear madam, any unpleasant feelings which are out of my power to eradicate. And that you will not deem my conduct to you so bad as you have latterly expressed, and that I may eventually be numbered among your friends, is the prayer of yours, my dear madam, in friendship,

"HARRY NORMAN."

NOT TO BE TEMPTED.—"That's a fine stream for trouts, friend," observed a piscatorial acquaintance, the other day, to a genuine "sprig" from the Emerald Isle, who was whipping away with great vigour at a well-known and favourite pool. "Falt, and it must be that same, sure enough," returned Pat, "for deuce a one of 'em 'll stir out of it."



## RAVENSWORTH; OR, THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued from our last.)

Florence, after assisting Jeannette at her ladyship's toilet, took her lonely station at the window; the sound of the music—the merry joyous peals of laughter that momentarily rang on her ears, made her even feel more wretched and lonely than when all was quiet.

She longed to make one of the festive group, that seemed to wander over every part of the ground but the wilderness, which looked the same as usual, except the reflections of the lamps which straggled through the thick, almost impenetrable foliage, which gave it a much lighter appearance than that it generally wore.

As the mirth of the revellers grew higher, so did the poor girl's spirits decrease. At length, she determined to try and shake off the depression that nearly overpowered her by walking. She had never ventured out of an evening for fear Lady Arnold should require her services. She thought there was no danger of that this evening, as her ladyship had told her she could retire as soon as she pleased, as Jeannette could attend her dressing-room the rest of the night. She accordingly descended to the wilderness. After wandering about it some time, she threw herself on a garden seat that was near, and burying her face in her hands, she remained for several minutes in gloomy, bitter thoughts, when she was startled by a hand being gently laid on her shoulder. She started from her seat, and faced the intruder.

"Lord Ravensworth," she cried, in a voice in which surprise and displeasure were mingled.

"Even so," he said, bowing; "and I hope I may claim pardon for this intrusion."

"It is no intrusion at all, my lord," returned Florence; "at least, not to me, as I have no intention of remaining out of doors any longer."

"I will not be the means of driving you away," he exclaimed; "say you forgive me and I will instantly leave you."

"I have nothing to forgive," faltered Florence; "your lordship has never offended me. One part of the garden of Woodlands is as free as any other to her ladyship's guests."

"Of my short acquaintance with her would warrant me in taking so great a liberty, Miss Dudley," cried his lordship, as he placed himself so that Florence could not pass him, "I would ask why, when all around is joy and felicity, that you, who are formed to be the ornament of every circle, should be the sole occupant of so desolate a spot as this!"

"Because my fortune corresponds with the place, for it's quite as desolate," returned Florence, with a bitterness that was very unusual with her; "but," and her voice changed to its own silvery tone, "your lordship mentioned my name;" and she looked imploringly in his bright eyes as she spoke.

"I have not broken the promise I made you," he said.

"I never for one moment doubted your lordship," returned Florence, and at the same time made a movement as though returning to the house.

"From my soul I thank you for your good opinion, Miss Dudley," he exclaimed warmly; "nor do I think that opinion will be lessened, when I tell you I was once known, and I may venture to say, though I were a boy at the time, respected by the late possessor of Woodlands."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Florence, "that your lordship was ever known Miss Arnold?"

"It is several years back," replied Frederick, "since I was known to her: I was about fifteen years of age when I paid her a visit of many weeks' duration, with my aunt, the late Duchess of Montaubain, who, I believe, had once been a schoolfellow of Miss Arnold's."

"And at the time I was out at nurse, several miles off, on account of the small-pox being prevalent in the village," gasped Florence.

Ravensworth answered in the affirmative.

"Then in you, my lord," she exclaimed, in a tone of deep emotion, "in you I behold the preserver of my protectress's life; you risked your own life to preserve hers!"

"I was fortunately able to do so," returned the marquise; "but you must not think I ran any risk—any danger in doing so; for I did not."

"Often," exclaimed Florence, "when I have heard my benefactress speak with gratitude of her young preserver, has it been my earnest wish that I might some day know him, to return him my heartfelt thanks for preserving a life so valued; and now I see you, my lord, you must teach me in what words to convey them to you, for I know of none strong enough to speak my gratitude."

"Think not so meanly of me, Miss Dudley," he said; "think not I require thanks for a common act of humanity. Miss Arnold would have done the same for the bitterest enemy she possessed, if indeed, it was possible for her to possess an enemy; but Miss Dudley allow me to conduct you to the seat I have caused you to leave. You are pale and trembling; do not thus agitate yourself, my sweet girl. Had I

thought my knowledge of Miss Arnold would have caused you such emotion, I would not have mentioned it."

"And deprived me of the greatest pleasure I can ever know," sobbed Florence, as the marquise led her to a seat, and placed himself by her side, "that of knowing to whom my gratitude is due, for saving my more than mother from a horrible death by fire. But is it not strange, my lord," and she turned her glistening eyes towards him as she spoke, that my benefactress, when she spoke of you, never mentioned your name. She called you her young preserver, or Lord Frederick; consequently, when I heard the Marquis of Ravensworth mentioned, I had no idea it was to him I owed so deep a debt of gratitude."

"And if you consider you are indebted to me for merely performing my duty," he exclaimed, "I will ask you, as a payment, for the future to class Frederick Ravensworth amongst your friends."

Florence extended her hands towards him, which he pressed warmly between his own.

"You mentioned number of friends, my lord," she said, in a mournful tone; "when Miss Arnold died, I was friendless. I had not one left."

"Say not so, Miss Dudley," he returned, as he pointed to the sparkling firmament above; "there such as you can never be friendless."

"You do right to rebuke me," she said; "for when I forget the mercies of Him who has been as a shield around me from my earliest infancy, then do I well deserve rebuke."

"I meant it not as such," returned his lordship; "I spoke merely to remind you of at least one friend; nor are you without your earthly ones," he added, in a gay tone. "I could tell you an anecdote, if you thought it was worth listening to, Miss Dudley, that would convince you you have friends, and fervent ones too."

"I should be very glad to hear of them," she said, with a faint smile. At that moment a loud report was heard in the garden, that caused her to cling to the arm of the marquise with terror.

"Do not be alarmed, my sweet girl," he whispered, in his softest tone; "it is the fireworks commenced; there will be no hearing one self speak now. If you are not afraid of trusting yourself under my protection, we will leave this noisy place for a short time. I can then relate the anecdote I before spoke of, which I think will interest you. You are not afraid of trusting yourself with me," he continued, smiling, at the same time gently drawing her arm within his own.

"No, not at all; but it is late, my lord," and she half withdrew her arm as she spoke; but Ravensworth clasped it to his side with a firmer pressure.

"I must not, dare not venture. If Lady Arnold should discover my absence—"

"She will know you were perfectly safe, when you tell her who was your companion and protector in your walk," interrupted the marquise.

"She would never forgive me," returned Florence, smiling.

"Why not?" asked Ravensworth.

Again an explosion was heard from the park, and a shower of sparks fell thickly around them.

"Confound the fireworks!" exclaimed the marquise, as he drew his fair companion towards the gate, "as before mentioned. It is dangerous to remain here any longer, and I should like to deliver the message with which I was entrusted yesterday, for you," he added, as he still gently drew her on.

"For me?" she exclaimed in surprise; "who—"

"I will tell you all about it," interrupted the marquise smilingly; "but I am very old fashioned. If I do not tell a story my own way, I cannot tell it at all."

Ravensworth had succeeded in raising the curiosity of Florence: she could not resist the desire to have it gratified. She left the park without again objecting. After she had done so, there was a pause between them for some moments. Not a doubt of the honour of her companion crossed the pure mind of Florence; yet her conscience told her she was acting wrongly in thus holding intercourse with one to whom she was a perfect stranger; an intercourse she knew, if discovered by Lady Arnold, would cause her, Florence, to be cast friendless on the world. She felt tempted to return to the park, when the marquise spoke, and at the sound of his voice everything else was forgot.

"If I have your permission, Miss Dudley," he said; "I will relate what will prove you have a friend, though an humble one."

Florence bowed her head, and the marquise proceeded.

"I had wandered some distance from Woodlands yesterday morning," he began, "when, being lost in thought, I perceived not a shower that was gathering, till some drops of rain fell on my hand. I looked up, and I instantly saw the shower would be a heavy one. I had no inclination to be wet through, so I looked around me for a place of shelter. A small, neat cottage stood not a hundred paces from me. I approached and knocked at the door, which was answered by a pretty-looking young woman; she good-humouredly invited me in, when she heard my request, and led me to a room, which, if it did not possess the luxury of life, it certainly wanted for none of its comforts. A



comely old dame was seated near the window; she rose at my approach, and placing a chair for me opposite her own, commenced a conversation about the weather; from that we changed to other subjects. The old lady seemed naturally loquacious—soon told me all her family affairs, and I must confess I was getting tired of listening to them, when one anecdote fixed my attention. She told me about two years back, she was lying on a sick bed—she was poor and destitute—she had not wherewith to purchase one more meal; she was dying for want. Her daughter, her only child, was on the point of becoming the wife of a man she shuddered at, to save her mother from being homeless. The man she was about promising to become his, was their landlord; he had long sought the hand of the poor girl; but she had repulsed him with scorn; but they were now in his power. The mother had long been ill; in consequence, they had been unable to meet his demand for rent. He gave six hours' time to the girl to decide whether she would become his wife, or her sick mother to be turned into the streets to die. She had decided on the former sacrifice, though her word was not passed, when Heaven sent them a ministering angel in the form of a young and beautiful girl. She came, and to use the old dame's words, death and sorrow vanished at her approach. Every comfort that money could purchase, was promised.

"She soon left her bed of sickness, and was then removed from her old, dreary cottage, to the one she now inhabits; nor did the kindness of the fair girl stop here. The daughter had long loved and been beloved by a young man, who was every way worthy of her. He had some time before, in a fit of jealousy, enlisted with a party of ruffians, who was at the time in the neighbourhood: He had since, fully seen and repented his folly. He was now on the point of leaving his native land, perhaps for ever.

"The poor girl was saddened—she imparted the cause of her sorrow to her angel benefactress, who quickly procured his discharge, and they were shortly united. He, however, obtained employment at a farmer's, where he had remained ever since, 'and that,' continued the worthy dame, as she pointed to a beautiful infant that lay in her daughter's lap, 'is his first child.'

"And the first word that he shall be taught to utter," exclaimed the young mother, as she stooped to kiss her crowing babe, to conceal the tears that stood in her eyes, 'shall be the name of his mother's benefactress, and his first prayer shall be for her welfare.'

"I asked the name of her who had wrought me so much good," she told that it was Florence Dudley, the adopted daughter of the late Sir Arnold. I know not why, but a suspicion crossed my mind, that had seen her. I asked for a description of her person, when it was given me. I was then convinced my beautiful companion of the preceding morning, and the angel-like benefactress of the Watsons, were the same person. I kept my promise, Miss Dudley," continued the marquise, as he raised the unresisting hand of the agitated girl to his lip. "I did not say I had ever seen you; but I let out unawares, that I was a visitor at Woodlands."

"She is at Woodland, I am certain," exclaimed Mrs. Watson; 'I have learnt it from the servants; but why she has never visited any of us, is very singular. If you should ever see her, oh, tell her Barbara Watson is happy—that she has but one wish, and that is, to again see her sweet face, and again thank her for the happiness she has conferred on the creatures of her bounty. Tell her no prayer is ever uttered in this cottage without her name being mingled with it.' I promised to deliver my message if ever I was so fortunate as to see you, and I have endeavoured to keep my word.

"Poor, dear Barbara," murmured Florence, as she turned away her face from the admiring, impassioned gaze of Ravensworth. "I know you should so much like to see her."

"And why can you not see her?" asked the marquise.

"Lady Arnold has forbidden me seeing any one in the village, exclaimed Florence, bursting into a passionate flood of tears.

"Is it possible?" cried her companion; "is it possible Lady Arnold be so heartless?"

Florence made no reply—she was sorry she had mentioned her lady's name, as she knew the Marquis of Ravensworth was the last person in the world that Lady Arnold would wish her faults exposed to. She perceived Florence wished to change the subject, as she neither uttered her own virtues, or Lady Arnold's faults spoken of. Gradually did so, and soon was her ladyship entirely forgotten.

The night was a beautiful one; indeed, to our young heroine, it seemed more beautiful than she had ever remembered one before. The moonlight seemed more soft—more silvery than she had ever before known it. Not a sound met her ear, save the low deep whispers of her enamoured companion; he spoke in a tone and language that was entirely new to the inexperienced girl. All the wild beautiful poetry of his nature was called forth by the rare beauties of both the mind and person of the fair being, whose blue eyes rested on his face with a look of rapture; and as the lute-like melody of her voice fell on his ears

and form, thence to his heart, he felt that Florence Dudley was his future fate. The time flew by unheeded; but at length Florence's thoughts were recalled to this world by the sound of voices at no great distance. She murmured something about it being late, and her wish to return to Woodlands.

"Your wish shall ever be mine, sweet Florence," softly said her companion, as he turned to proceed to Woodlands, who, though he went the longest way round he could think of, they arrived much sooner than Florence expected. He entered the park with her—escorted her to the door that led to her apartments, and then he lingered. He held both her hands in his, and looking in her blushing face, asked her to absolve him from the promise he had made, and allow him to introduce her to his uncle. Florence shook her head, and was about replying, when a quick, loud step approached that she instantly recognised as Jeannette's. She looked supplicatingly in the face of the marquise, who understood her. He raised her hands to his lips, and murmuring, "We shall meet again very shortly," darted off amongst the trees; and Florence entered the house as Jeannette appeared in sight.

## CHAPTER V.

"Though every bud with gold were tied,  
Did gems for dew-drops fall;  
One faded leaf, where love had sighed,  
Were sweetly worth them all."

FLORENCE was seated in the dressing-room of Lady Arnold, busily engaged with Jeannette, finishing a splendid dress that was to be worn by her ladyship at a fancy ball that was to be held in the neighbourhood of Woodlands that night, when the door was opened, and the Marquis of Ravensworth entered the room.

"Frederick!" exclaimed Florence, starting from her seat, "why are you here? Lady Arnold has left the room but for a minute or two; I expect her back directly."

"Curse her," impatiently exclaimed Ravensworth; "that woman's my bane in every way. You ask me why I am here, Florence? need you ask it? I have not seen you these three days. How is it that I have been wretched? I thought you were ill—that you had forgotten me—I thought—there, I hardly know what I did think. Tell me, love, why I have not seen you?"

He at that moment caught a glimpse of the face of Florence, which was unusually pale.

"You have been ill," he continued, as his before impetuous tone changed to one of deep tenderness; "you have been ill, my sweet one; the pallor of that cheek, and the languor of those dear eyes, plainly denote it. Why have you concealed it from me?"

He drew her gently towards him, and fondly kissed her now blushing cheek.

"I have had nothing to conceal," she replied. "I have been quite well, but I have been confined to this room, preparing Lady Arnold's dress for to-night; it is nearly finished, and then I return to my own room."

"Lady Arnold is at the foot of the stairs," exclaimed Jeannette, in a tone of terror.

"We shall be discovered now," gasped Florence.

"Not yet," whispered the marquise, as he again kissed her pale lips and then released her from his arms. He threw up the sash of one of the windows, which looked over, though it was many feet from the garden, and, before Florence could prevent him, he had sprung through it. Scarcely could she suppress the scream of terror that rose to her lips. He bounded towards the window, and her fears for his safety instantly subsided, for he had risen on his feet, and dashing back the thick curls from his eyes, he gaily kissed his hand to her, and then bounded over a low fence, in a manner that fully proved he was not much hurt. It had all been the work of a moment.

When her ladyship entered the room the trembling Florence was seated at the work-table, nearly concealed by Jeannette, who leaned over her as though admiring the dress. Lady Arnold took no notice of either of them, and, soon after, again left the room.

Two months had passed away since our heroine had first met Ravensworth at Woodlands; he was now her honourably accepted, though clandestine suitor. He had, on their first acquaintance, repeatedly urged her to allow him to speak of, and introduce her to his uncle, but she would never consent. She knew she would lose Lady Arnold's protection directly, and her pride shrunk from the thought of becoming a dependant on the bounty of the uncle of Ravensworth. He at first was vexed and grieved at what he termed her obstinacy, but that feeling wore away, as there was something pleasurable attending the secrecy he was obliged to observe, that rather suited the romance that formed a trait in his character.



Half his time was now spent, either in the wilderness or the small apartment that looked over it. Lady Arnold would, with her friends, often hunt over the grounds, and part of the village, after her noble guest, while he was leaning over the embroidery frame of her lovely dependant, listening to the music of her voice, or painting their future life, in colours that would have turned a wiser and older head than his fair auditors.

Lady Arnold felt confident that he had some attractions near Woodlands; though she watched him narrowly, she could not discover what or where it was, as he was always on his guard. The guests gradually dropped off one at a time, but he still lingered. She well knew she was not the object of attraction, as he paid her the same civility he paid to her mother.

The old duke, for the first time in his life, was neglected by his nephew, but his place was amply filled by his intriguing hostess, who turned all her attention towards the uncle, as she could not gain his nephew; determined to become a duchess by some means or another. With the duke she was a special favourite, and, in all probability, would have gained her end, if it had not have been for an incident that revealed them to the marquise, and which he was determined to defeat, if possible; but he must see Florence before he could commence operations.

It was at this time she was confined to the dressing-room of her ladyship, in preparing her dress for the coming ball. As Lady Arnold wished it made under her own inspection, she could not find an opportunity to return to her own room the usual time Ravensworth visited it, nor could Jeannette, who had long been in the confidence of the lovers.

Ravensworth sought the wilderness nearly every hour with no success; he was tempted a thousand times to ask Lady Arnold about Miss Dudley, but was withheld by the promise he had made Florence never to mention her name to any one. He was passing her ladyship's room when he heard the gentle voice of Florence make a reply to Lady Arnold; he was on the point of bounding into the room, when her ladyship appeared on the threshold: he drew back without her perceiving him. She passed on, and he entered the apartment. What took place there we have before related.

He performed part of his errand; he had seen Florence, but not told her how anxious he was for a long private conversation with her; but as Lady Arnold and her remaining guest were engaged for the evening, he made no doubt he should obtain the desired interview. He was certainly engaged as well as the rest, but, as the time approached, he was seized with so severe a head-ache, that he was forced to retire for the night.

Throwing himself on his couch, he remained till he heard the last carriage roll away from the gate, then with a merry laugh he bounded from it, and, in a few minutes after, he entered the room which contained her on whom all his earthly hopes were centred.

Florence uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, as she raised her eyes when her door opened, and his lordship stood before her.

"I heard you were indisposed," she cried, as she extended her hand towards him; "I heard Lady Arnold tell her mother so. I thought that was the reason you could not attend her ladyship this evening."

"And could you think of no other, no fairer reason, my own loved Florence," he said, as he raised her hands to his lips; "I have had no illness except that that has been caused by my long absence from yourself."

"You do not look so well as usual—you are much paler," exclaimed Florence.

"I have had a great deal of anxiety these last few days," he returned; "an anxiety that still remains, and I depend on you removing it."

"Me!" exclaimed Florence, in surprise.

"Yes, you, dearest," he said, smiling at the astonishment pictured on her countenance; "you have caused it; and no one but yourself can remove it. But I will not keep you any longer in suspense."

He led her to a seat, and drew his own chair towards her.

"Do you know, my love, why Lady Arnold invited me to Woodlands?" he continued.

"Mere friendship, was it not?" replied Florence, smiling.

"Not at all," returned Ravensworth; "Lady Arnold never had the least friendship for me—but I will tell you what it was—she wished to become a marchioness. She thought she might as well become one through me as any one else. I saw through her intrigues very soon after I became acquainted with her. On that account I hesitated about accepting her invitation to spend the summer at Woodlands; but, as I knew her ladyship's heart was in no danger, and I was very confident my own was safe, I listened to what, I must think, was the voice of my guardian angel, and accepted it, with a full determination to treat her with the respect that is due to my hostess, and nothing further; this at length convinced her ladyship that she would never rise a step higher in the scale through my means. By a conversation I heard two days

ago between Lady Arnold and her mother, that, prompted partly to obtain revenge on me for my coldness, and to obtain a ducal coronet for herself, she had been some time playing off her fascinations on my uncle, and with some success, but it must be kept private from me and they had no doubt she yet might become Duchess of Montauban. The age of my uncle seemed of no consequence to the ambitious Alicia. I could scarcely contain my feelings. I felt strongly tempted to discover myself to them, but I conquered the desire. Lady Arnold had opened a vein I had not the slightest idea of till the present moment. I knew Lady Arnold to be a favourite with his grace, but was only as one that he would like to see the wife of his nephew. Had always thought so, and he had more than once said as much to me. I had at the same time assured him Lady Arnold would never be any thing to me. Since I have had the happiness of knowing you, my Florence, I have been thankful to her ladyship for the attention she has paid him, as I thought it would prevent him noticing my unusual neglect—a neglect Lady Arnold has improved upon. She thinks my influence is passed, but I will yet show her it is not. I will yet frustrate her ambitious views. I value rank and wealth as little as most men breathing, but I will not tamely stand by and see my birthright and my more than father's happiness snatched away by so worthless a woman as Alicia Arnold. I will save both; but to do so, Florence, I must leave you, and perhaps for months."

The slight colour that had before tinged the fair face of his gentle mistress now entirely fled. Her lips quivered with emotion.

"My own love," exclaimed Ravensworth, drawing her towards him, "I will not be hypocrite enough to ask you the cause of this agitation, as my own heart tells me it is the thoughts of our parting. Is it not so, my sweet one?"

Florence tried to speak, but the effort failed, and she buried her face in his bosom, to conceal the tears that coursed each other down her pale cheeks.

"Florence—dearest—best!" he passionately cried, as he clasped her to his heart, "this must not, shall not be. I will never leave you. I would sacrifice a thousand titles, a thousand uncles, rather than be the cause of one tear dropping from those beautiful eyes."

"You shall sacrifice neither for me, Frederick," she said, in a broken voice. "I am very foolish to allow my feelings to overcome me in this manner; but I will not be criminal as well as weak; and I should be both, were I to allow you to sacrifice the happiness of one who, I have heard you say many times, made yours his constant study. It would not be acting like yourself to do so."

"I will act as you please," returned the marquise. "I will leave you, and try and wean my uncle from what I term a ridiculous attachment; but it is only on one condition I will do so, and that is, that you become my wife before we part."

"Your wife, Ravensworth!" exclaimed Florence, in surprise; "surely you are dreaming, my lord?"

"If I am, my Florence, I hope I shall not wake, but to the blissful reality, to find you really are so."

"How could you ask your uncle's consent, as things stand at present?" she asked.

*(To be concluded in our next)*

ALPHONSO VIII.—Alphonso VIII., King of Castile, who reigned from 1126 to 1135, and who was one of the most warlike princes of ancient Spain, having, by his continual victories over the Mahomedans, removed the Christian frontier from the Tagus to Tierra Morena, previous to the battle of Zolozo, reviewed an army of 40,000 horse, which was paid at the rate of five reals, or a shilling every day per man.

THE SEA TORTOISE.—The sea tortoise can render itself specifically heavier or lighter than water; and, therefore, can either sleep securely upon the surface, or dive to the bottom of it.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed (post-paid) to the Editor, which will meet with immediate attention.

H. S. GREENE (Chatham).—We do not receive MS. on the terms alluded to.

H. D. COLLIS.—An answer next week.

Accepted.—"The Ward;" "Jealousy;" "The Vestal;" "An Indian Tragedy."

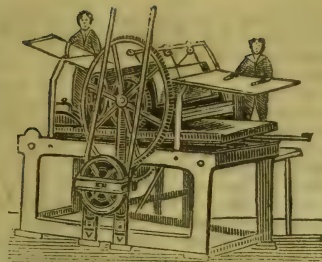
Declined with thanks.—"Lines" by J. B.; "Major Watson;" "Contentment."

DUNCAN GORDON and his Readers are thanked, and attention shall be given to their observations.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF  
ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## THE NOBLE RESOLUTION.

IN a journey to Holland, I was recommended to a rich merchant of the name of Odelman, a man as liberal in his house as he was avaricious in his commerce. In his counting-house, and at his table, I found a young Frenchman of a prepossessing appearance and uncommon modesty of deportment. He was known in Holland by no other name than that of Oliver.

In vain Odelman, who was a man of plain manners, treated him like a friend and almost as an equal; the young man, with a certain respectful dignity, always kept at a proper distance—you would have said, as that of a son ever attentive to the will of his father, whom he was serving for love.

I endeavoured to learn what had induced him to live in Holland. He answered, "It was misfortune;" and in everything that related to himself, I thought I perceived that he did not wish to come to an explanation.

In the meantime we spent all the time he could spare together; and, with a complaisance that my curiosity might sometimes fatigue, but, never exhausted, he gave me information relative to whatever was interesting in Holland.

You may be sure I began to conceive a particular affection for him.

"This is an entertaining young man," said I to Odelman; "and I have the greatest reason to speak in his favour. It was, doubtless, you that recommended him to show me such attention?"

"Not at all," answered he; "but you are a Frenchman, and he idolises his country. I am very glad, however, to profit by its loss, for it has few more such to boast of. He is an assemblage of every estimable quality—good sense, fidelity, indefatigable application, expertness in business, an extreme quickness and nicety of perception—a minuteness of method which nothing can escape, and, above all, an economy—ah! he is the man, indeed, that knows the value of money."

The last article of his eulogium was not to my taste, and in his excuse I observed, "That it was allowable in the unfortunate to be avaricious."

"Avaricious! He is not so," replied the Dutchman; "he is not solicitous for riches, neither, I am well assured, did he desire the wealth of another—he is only careful of his own; but in the management of it he exhibits such an ingenuous and refined frugality, that the Dutchmen themselves are astonished at it; but what most surprises me is the secrecy with which he conceals, even from me, the use he makes of his money."

Before my departure, I became better acquainted with this uncommon and virtuous young man.

"My dear countryman," said I, the day I was taking my leave of him, "I am going back to Paris; shall I be so unfortunate as to be of no service to you there? I have given you the pleasure of obliging me as much and as often as you pleased; do not refuse me an opportunity of returning the obligation."

"Sir," said he, in ecstasy, "for the little services which you are pleased to over-rate, I will come this evening and request one from you, which is of the most material consequence to me. I must observe, that it is a secret which I am going to communicate to you; but I can be under no apprehensions on that account; your name alone is a sufficient guarantee."

I promised to keep it faithfully, and that very evening he called upon me, with a casket full of gold in his hands.

"There," said he, "are five hundred louis-d'ors, arising from three years' earnings, and a paper signed by my hand that will indicate the use to which I wish them to be put."

It was signed Oliver Salvary. How great was my surprise to find it was destined for nothing but objects of luxury. A thousand crowns to a jeweller; a thousand to a cabinet-maker; a thousand louis for millinery; as much for laces, and the rest to a perfumer.

"I surprise you," said he; "yet you do not see all. I have already paid, thank Heaven, three hundred louis for the like fooleries, and I have much yet to pay before everything will be discharged. Much, I tell it you, sir, alas! I am a disgraced man in my own country, and I am labouring here to wipe away a stain I have brought upon my home. In the meanwhile, I may die, and die insolvent. I wish to make you a witness of my good intentions, and the efforts I am making to repair my misfortunes and my shame. What I am going to relate to you may be considered as my testament, which I request you to receive, that in case of my death, you may take the necessary pains to restore my character."

"You will live long enough," said I; "you will have time enough to efface the remembrance of the misfortunes of your youth; but if, in order to make you easy, you want nothing but a faithful witness of your sentiments and conduct, I am better informed on that subject than you imagine, and you may, with all confidence, lay open your heart to me."

"I begin, then," said he, smiling, "by confessing that my misfortunes are entirely owing to myself, and that my errors are without excuse; my profession was one of those that required the strictest probity, and the first law of that probity is to dispose of nothing that is not our own. I made calculations, but those calculations were erroneous. My imprudence was not the less criminal; but I will tell you how I was involved in it:—

A reputable family, an unsullied reputation, the esteem of the public, transmitted from my ancestors to the children, my youth, some success in which I have been much favoured by circumstances—all seemed to promise that I should make a rapid fortune by my profession. This was the very rock on which I split.

Mons. D'Amene, a man of fortune, and who considered my prospects as infallible, ventured to build his daughter's happiness upon those delusive hopes. He offered me her hand, and as soon as we were acquainted we formed a mutual attachment. She is no more. Were she still living, and I were again to choose a wife, she alone should be the object of my choice. Yes, my dearest Adrienne, I would choose thee from among a thousand. Others might have more beauty; but who can ever equal thy worth, thy tenderness, thy charming temper, thy good sense, and thy amiable candour?

[In this address, his eyes, raised to Heaven, as if looking for her spirit, were suffused with tears.]—Impute not (he continued), impute not to her anything that I have done. The innocent cause of my misfortunes, she never even suspected it. And, in the midst of the illusions with which she was surrounded, she was far from perceiving the abyss to which I was leading her, over a path strewn with flowers. Enamoured of her before I married her, more enamoured after possession, I thought I could never do enough to make her happy; and, compared to my ardent love for her, her timid tenderness, and her sensibility, which were tempered by modesty, had an appearance of coldness. To make myself beloved, as much as I loved her—shall I declare it, I wanted to intoxicate her with happiness. What passion could not a man to indulge with distrust, if it be dangerous to devote himself too much to the desire of pleasing his wife?

An elegant house, expensive furniture, whatever fashion and taste could procure in the article of dress, to flatter in young minds the propensities of self-love, by affording new splendour or new attractions to beauty; all this anticipated my wife's desires, and poured in upon her, as it were spontaneously, a select society, formed by her own inclination,



showed her the most flattering attentions, and nothing that could render home agreeable was ever wanting.

My wife was too young to consider it necessary to regulate and reduce my expenses. Ah! had she known how much I risked to please her, with what resolution would she not have opposed me; but, as she brought me a handsome fortune, it was natural for her to conclude that I was also in affluent circumstances. She imagined, at least, that my situation in life allowed me to put my establishment upon a genteel footing; she perceived nothing in it that was unsuitable to my profession; and, on consulting her female friends, all this was highly proper, all this was nothing more than decent. Alas! I said so too, and Adrienne alone, in her modest and sweetly ingenuous manner, asked me if I conceived it was necessary to incur such expenses to render myself amiable in her eyes. I cannot be insensible (said she) to the pains you take to render me happy; but I should be so without all that. You love me, and that is enough to excite the envy of those young women, what satisfaction can you find in impressing it, by wishing me to eclipse them? Leave them their advantages, which I shall not envy. Let the frivolity of taste—let whim and vain superfluity be their delight—love and happiness shall be mine.

The moment of my becoming a father drew nigh; but this moment, which promised to be the happiest I had ever experienced, proved to be the most fatal. This stroke plunged me into an abyss of sorrow. I will not tell you how heart-breaking it was; none but those who experience such sorrows can imagine what they are.

I was still in the height of my affliction, when my wife's father sent his notary with the information, accompanied with a few words of slight condolence, that the writings were drawn up to transfer back into his hands the fortune I had received from him. Indignant at this indecent precipitation, I answered that I was quite prepared, and the next day the fortune was returned. But the jewels that I had given his daughter, and the other articles of value, for her own particular use, became also his property. He had a legal right to them; I represented the inhumanity of requiring me, after eighteen months marriage, to submit to so severe a law; but he insisted upon his right with all the importance of a greedy claimant. I submitted, and this severe exaction made some noise in the world. Then did the envy my happiness had excited hasten to punish me for my short-lived felicity, and under the disguise of piety took great care to divulge my ruin, which it seemed to deplore. My friends were less zealous to serve than were my enemies to injure me. They agreed that I had been too much in haste to live away.

They were very right, but they should have made such observations earlier. But you, sir, who know the world, know with what indulgence spendthrifts are treated until the period of their ruin. Mine was now made public, and my creditors being alarmed, came in crowds to my house. I was determined not to deceive them, and making them acquainted with my situation, I offered them all that I had left, and only required them to give me time to discharge the rest.

Some were accommodating, but others, alleging the wealthy circumstances of my father-in-law, observed that he was the person who ought to have given me indulgence, and that in seizing the spoils of his daughter, it was their property he had plundered. In a word, I saw no other alternative than of escaping from their pursuits by suicide, or by being shut up in a prison.

This night, sir, which I passed in the agonies of shame and despair, with death on one hand, and ruin on the other, ought to serve as an eternal lesson and example.

An honest and inoffensive man, hitherto esteemed and honoured, in an easy and sure way to fortune, all on a sudden branded with infamy, condemned either to cease to live, or to live in disgrace, in exile, or in prison; discontinued by his father-in-law, abandoned by his friends, no longer daring to appear abroad, and desirous of finding some solitary and inaccessible retreat that could conceal him from pursuit. It was in the midst of these horrible reflections that I passed the longest nights. Ah! the remembrance of it still makes me shudder; and neither my head nor my heart have yet recovered the shock I felt at this dreadful reverse of fortune.

At last this long conflict having overcome my spirits, my exhausted strength sank into a calm still more dreadful. I considered the depth of the abyss into which I had fallen; I began to conceive the cool resolution of putting an end to my existence.

"Let me weigh," said I, "my last determination. If I submit to be dragged to prison, I must perish there disgraced, without resource and without hope. It is, doubtless, a thousand times better to get rid of an insupportable life, and to throw myself upon the mercy of God, who will perhaps pardon me for not being able to survive misfortune combined with dishonour."

My pistols were cocked, they lay on the table, and as I fixed my eyes upon them, nothing appeared to me at this moment more easy than to put an end to everything. But, ah! how many villains have done the same!—how many worthless minds have possessed the same desperate

courage! And what can wash away the blood in which I am going to inbue my hands? Will my infamy be the less inscribed upon my tomb—if, indeed, I am allowed a tomb?—and will my name, stigmatised by the laws, be buried with me? But what am I saying? Wretch that I am! I am thinking of the shame; but who is to expiate the guilt? I want to steal out of the world; but when shall I cease to exist?—who will make restitution to those I have injured? Who will ask forgiveness for a young madman, the squanderer of wealth that was not his own? Ah! let me die, if I can no longer hope to regain that esteem which I have lost. But it is not possible, at my age, with labour and time, to repair the errors of my youth, and to obtain pardon for my misfortunes.

Then reflecting upon the resources that were left me, if I had the fortune to contend with my ill fate, I fancied I sat at a distance, my honour emerging from behind the cloud that had obscured it. I fancied I saw a plank placed at my feet to save me from shipwreck, and that I beheld a friendly port at hand ready to receive me.

I retired to Holland; but before I set off, I wrote to my creditors, informed them that, having given up all I had left in the world, I was still going to devote my whole life to labour for their benefit, and entreated them to have patience.

I landed at Amsterdam. On my arrival, my first care was to inquire who among the wealthy merchants of that city was the man of the greatest character for honour and probity; and all agreed in naming Odelman. I repaired to him,

"Sir," said I, "a stranger persecuted by misfortunes flies to you for refuge, and to ask you whether he must sink under its weight, or whether, by dint of resolution and labour, he may be able to overcome it. I have no one to patronize or be answerable for me. I hope in time, however, to be my own security; and, in the meanwhile, I entreat you to employ a man that has been educated with care, is not destitute of knowledge, and is of a willing disposition."

Odelman, after having listened to, and surveyed me with attention, asked who had recommended him to me?

"The public opinion," said I. "On my arrival, I inquired for the wisest and the best man among the citizens of Amsterdam, and you was unanimously named."

He appeared much struck with a certain expression of spiritedness and frankness in my language and countenance, which misfortune imparts to resolute minds, and which nature seems to have made the dignity of the unfortunate. He was discreet in his questions, and I was sincere but reserved in my answers. In a word, without betraying myself, I said enough to remove his distrust; and propossessed with a sentiment of esteem in my favour, he consented to put me to a trial, but without any fixed engagement.

He soon perceived that there was not in his counting-house a man of more assiduity, nor more emulous of gaining information.

"Olivier," said he, (for that was the only name I had taken), "you have kept your word—go on. I see you will suit me—we are formed for each other. There is one quarter of your first year's salary; I hope and I foresee, that it will go on in a progressive increase."

Ah! sir, I who had never in my life known the value of money, with what joy did I see myself master of the hundred ducats he had presented me with. With what care did I lay by the greatest part of this sum. With what ardour did I devote myself to that industry of which it was the fruits. And with what impatience did I wait for the other three quarters of my salary that were to increase this treasure. One of the happiest days of my life was that on which I was able to remit to Paris the first hundred louis d'ors of my savings. When the receipt came back, I kissed the packet a hundred times, and bedewed it with my tears. I laid it upon my heart, and felt it like a balm applied to my wounds.

Three years together I procured the same gratification. This gratification is now heightened; for my perquisites being augmented, and joined to some gains which I have acquired by commerce, double the amount of my savings. If this remittance has been tardy, I beg, sir, you will notice that the delay has been occasioned by the death of the only trusty correspondent I had at Paris; and, henceforth, I hope you will be so good as to supply his place. Alas! I may yet labour fifteen years before I can discharge all, but I am only five-and-thirty. At fifty I shall be free—the wound in my heart will be healed. A multitude of voices will proclaim my integrity, and I shall be able to return to my country with an unblushing countenance. Ah! sir, how sweet and consolatory is the idea, that the esteem of my fellow-citizens will be restored to grace my old age, and to crown my grey hairs.

He had hardly finished speaking, when, delighted at this exemplary probity, I embraced him, and assured him that I never had met with a more excellent man than himself. This mark of my esteem affected him deeply, and he told me with tears in his eyes, that he should never forget the consolation that accompanied my farewell.



When I arrived at Paris, I made his payments. His creditors were desirous of knowing where he was, what he was doing, and what were his resources? Without explaining myself in that respect, I impressed them with the same good opinion of his integrity as I entertained myself, and dismissed them all well satisfied.

Being one day at dinner with Monsieur Nervin, my notary, one of his guests on hearing me speak of my journey into Holland, asked me with some degree of ill-humour and contempt whether I had never happened to meet with one Oliver Salvary in that country. As it was easy to recognize in his looks a sentiment of malevolence, I stood on my guard, and answered that my tour into Holland having been a mere party of pleasure, I had not had leisure to acquire information respecting the French that I might have seen there; but that through my connections it would be very possible to get some account of the person he had named.

"No," said he, "it is not worth while; he has given me too much vexation already. He has possibly died of want or shame, as it was but fit he should. He would have done much better still, if he had died before he had married my daughter, and brought himself to ruin. After that," he continued, "depend upon the fine promises which a young man makes you." In eighteen months, fifty thousand crowns in debt; and, to complete the whole, exile and disgrace! Ah! sir," said he to the notary, "when you marry your daughter, be upon your guard; an insolvent and disgraced son-in-law is but a sorry piece of furniture."

Monsieur Nervin asked him how it had happened that so prudent a man as he, had not foreseen and prevented these misfortunes.

"I did foresee them," replied D'Amene, "and prevented them as far as I could, for the very day after my daughter's death, I took my measures; and, thank Heaven, I have had the consolation of recovering her portion and personal property; but that is all I was able to save from the wreck, and I left nothing but the shattered remains for the rest of his creditors."

It was with great difficulty that I could contain myself, but perceiving, after he was gone, the impression he had made upon the minds of the notary and his daughter, I could not refrain from vindicating the honourable absent man, but without mentioning his retreat.

"You have been hearing," said I, "this unmerciful father-in-law speak of his son with the most cruel contempt. Well, everything he has said about him is true, and it is not less true that this unfortunate man is innocence and probity itself."

This exordium seemed very strange to them—it rivetted their attention, and the father and daughter remaining silent, I related what you have heard.

Nervin is one of those uncommon characters that are difficult to be comprehended. Never was there a cooler head or a warmer heart. It was a volcano beneath a heap of snow. His daughter, on the contrary, was a girl of a tender and placid disposition, equally partaking of the ardour of her father's soul, and of the sedateness of reason.

This estimable girl paid as much attention to my words as her father, and at each trait that marked the integrity of Salvary, his strong sensibility, his firmness under misfortune, I perceived them look at each other, and thrill with that sweet delight which virtue ever excites in the breasts of all her votaries. But the father became imperceptibly more thoughtful, and the daughter more affected.

When I came to these words in which Oliver had addressed me:—"Ah! sir, how sweet and consolatory is the idea, that the esteem of my fellow citizens will be restored to grace my old age, and crown my grey hairs," I saw Nervin lift up his head, his eyes all suffused with tears.

"No; virtuous man!" he exclaimed, in the effusion of his generosity, "you shall not wait the tedious decline of life, in order to be free and honoured, as you deserve. Sir," added he to me, "you are in the right; there is not a nobler man in the world. As to the common and straightforward duties of life, any one may fulfil them; but to preserve the resolution and probity, while hanging over the precipices of misfortunes and shame, without once losing sight of them for a moment, this is rare, indeed; this is what I call possessing a well-tempered mind. He will commit no more follies, I will be answerable for it; he will be kind, but he will be prudent; he knows too well what weakness and imprudence have cost him, and with D'Amene's good leave, that is the man I should like for a son-in-law; and you, daughter, what think you of it?" said her father.

"I, sir," answered Justina; "I confess that such would be the husband I should choose."

"You shall have him," said her father; "write to him to come to Paris, tell him that a good match awaits him here, and tell nothing more."

I wrote; he answered, that situated as he was, he was condemned to celibacy and solitude; that he would involve neither a wife nor children in his misfortune; nor would he set foot in his own country, until there should be none before whom he should be ashamed to appear. This never proved a farther incitement to the impatience of the notary.

"Ask him," said he, "to give in a specific account of his debts; and inform him, that a person who interests himself in his welfare, will undertake the care of adjusting everything."

Salvary consented to intrust me with the state of his debts, but replied, that it was his intention to discharge them fully, and to the last livre; and all that he required was time.

"Time, time," says the notary, "I have none to spare him. My daughter will grow old before he pays his debts. Leave this list of them with me; I know how to act for an honourable man; everybody shall be satisfied."

Two days after he came to me.

"All is settled," said he. "Look, here are his bills, with receipts to them; send them to him, and give him the choice of being no longer in debt to any one, by marrying my daughter, or of having me for his sole creditor, if he refuses to accept me as a father-in-law, for this does not bind him to anything."

I leave the reader to imagine the surprise and gratitude of Salvary, at seeing all the traces of his ruin done away, as it were, by the stroke of a pen; and with what eagerness he came to return thanks to his benefactor.

He was, nevertheless, detained in Holland longer than he wished, and the impetuous Nervin began to complain that this man was tardy, and very hard to be worked upon.

At last he arrived at my house, not yet daring to persuade himself but that this happiness was only a dream. I introduced him soon to his generous benefactor, with a mind impressed with two sentiments equally grateful; deeply sensible of the father's goodness, and every day still more captivated with the charms of the daughter, for finding in her all he had so much loved and so much regretted in Adrienne; his mind was, as it were, ravished with gratitude and love. He was no longer able, he said, to decide which was the more inestimable gift of Heaven: a friend like Nervin, or a wife like Justina.

This is an instance of a species of courage that many unfortunate people are in want of: that of never forfeiting their own esteem, and that of never despairing, so long as conscious of their own integrity.

No man should despair, because God can help him in every difficulty; and no man should presume, because God can blast his fairest prospects in an instant.

PEEL PETTY.

## THE REQUEST.

Laugh on, laugh on, thou canst not break  
A heart once broken;  
And all I ask is, do not take  
From me the token  
Which long ago, when I was loved, you gave  
And bade me wear.  
Oh, let me wear it in the grave,  
I'll prize it even there.  
Then turn away and seek some new,  
Some fairer one you've seen,  
And though I mourn thou art not true,  
I'll think on what you've been.  
Then turn away, thou canst not break  
A heart once broken,  
And all I ask is, do not take  
From me that token.

F. B.

**BLIND BOY AND GIRL.**—At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1830, Mr. I. S. Dudley gave a very pleasing account of a visit he had paid to a school for the blind at Brixton. He stated that a little boy ten years of age, and a girl of fourteen, both blind, read admirably, in the Gospel of St. John, several passages which he selected, and with an accuracy of emphasis, which he had never heard surpassed by any children of the same age; such was the proficiency they had made, that Mr. Dudley folded a silk handkerchief double, then quadruple, and laying it on the lessons, tried the skill of these young persons, but it was not until eight folds of silk were interposed between the fingers and the embossed characters that any perceptible difficulty was experienced by the readers.

**DUKE OF BURGUNDY.**—Louis, Duke of Burgundy, was a pattern of filial obedience. It was never necessary to threaten or punish him in order to make him do his duty; a word, or even a look, was sufficient. He was always much grieved when his mother seemed displeased with him, or spoke to him less kindly than usual. On such occasions he would often weep, and say to her, clasping his little hands, "Dear mamma, pray do not be angry with me, I will do what you please."

An upright minister asks what recommends a man—a corrupt minister who?



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

*(Continued from our last.)*

The thought that, after all, he might safely kill George Home, and then throw his body over the cliff, was momentarily growing into form and shape in Sir Charles's mind. He indeed but waited—so he told himself—till he received the information of what George had effected to have, of what had occurred at his house, to put his purpose into execution.

"Horace Singleton," added George, "came to take his bride away, and what was there to mar his joy? what step between them and their felicity?"

"What—what?"

"But one power, a power stronger than that of kings——"

"Say on, what power?"

"Death! death! Ha, ha! Sir Charles, your colour flies—you tremble. Your hands are palsied. Your breath comes short and thick. Ere you die yourself, let me ring in your ears the damning fact that your much-cherished Alice is now a corpse!"

Sir Charles reeled like a drunken man, and George made several attempts to get within his guard; but, by a sort of instinct, he still kept the muzzles of his pistols full against the breast of his arch-enemy, and compelled him, lest he should receive his own death wound ere he could execute his fell design, to keep some distance from his intended victim.

Nothing was then heard for many minutes, but the angry lashing of the sea upon the beach below, upon which it dashed with a hollow, moaning sound, as if singing sadly the requiem of the dead ere yet the last gush of breath had fled from the gasping lips.

Oh, it was strange and horrible to see those two men, after so many years of deadly hatred, suspicion, scheming, and mutual fear, thus both brought to bay—the one at the mercy of the other, and only both lost in a maze of bewildered thought, conceiving the surest and safest means of bringing his adversary to an end, painful, and full of horror.

Strange and fanciful thoughts chased each other through Sir Charles's brain. More than once he thought he might be happier were he to place the pistol to his own head, and so get rid of the troubles of existence, along with the horror of the intense savage-like gaze which the infuriated George was bending upon him.

It is strange that, at such awful moments as those which precede immediate death, the memory should fly back to the past—dragging the mind from what we would suppose the all-absorbing present to reflect on circumstances which have become dim by time, and only at such an awful juncture start out fresh and bright from memory's hidden recesses, obliterating, by their vivid intensity, the agony that has called them into existence.

And at such moments, too, one fleeting smile will suffice to carry the mind through a long career, and the events of a whole existence, panorama-like, are displayed before the mental vision with fearful rapidity and yet painful distinctness.

Then do evil deeds assume their most terrific aspect—no mental jugglery can then deprive them of their true complexion. The voice of conscience will not be trifled with; and, instead of uttering its admonitions in a still small voice, it speaks to the maddened brain in thundering denunciations.

Sir Charles Home's whole mortal career flitted before his mind. There was the death of his uncle—the hastily executed will, that disinherited, for some venial faults, George Home. Then he saw Margaret—the wife of his cousin—she who, with an unholy love, he had pursued and persecuted even to her death; like an accusing spirit, her beautiful countenance rose up before him. Then a change came over him, and the old house at Hendon rose before his mental vision: he saw its ruinous walls—its tottering old-buildings, and again he heard the rain pattering upon its dilapidated roof. Then that vision faded, and its place was supplied by the staircase of the Jew's house, to the balustrades of which the wretched gambler was clinging, who had met so awful a death in that place, and the discovery of whose body had been long afterwards such a source of terror to Sir Charles.

Then came the murder of Abraham Benn—the fruitless struggle for the pistol, and the mangled corpse which the Jew presented when death had done its awful office.

These were indeed thoughts sufficient to drive the unhappy man to madness. He shrank and trembled on the verge of that deep abyss, beneath which he could hear the roaring of the sea, as now with a freshening breeze and greater impetuosity it dashed angrily against the bases of the gigantic cliffs.

Still not a minute had elapsed, and Sir Charles Home had lived again a whole life of woe; he glanced around, and a film for a moment came over his eyes. Had George Home, at that instant, known his advantage he might have dashed in upon the wretched man, and safely to himself hurled him over that fearful precipice. But he was not aware of the train of dreadful images that shook the soul of his intended victim—although, with a trembling movement, the muzzle of the pistol still was presented to his face. It was only wonderful that Sir Charles in his state of mental agitation did not discharge the weapon, and so bring affairs for George to a fearful climax; he did not however; and so the foes continued fixed as statues in their respective attitudes, glaring at each other as if some gulf was between them which neither could cross to the execution of revenge.

## CHAPTER CXIII.

## THE DEATH.—THE FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE.

THERE was an impressive silence for many minutes between George and Charles. Both were busy with their own sanguinary thoughts, while the love of life had risen slowly but strangely in both their minds to that extent, which induced the strongest possible desire in each to sacrifice the other, if possible, without compromising his own personal safety.

George was anxious to cast Sir Charles Home, if he could, over the cliff, without running the chance, by a decided demonstration of that intention, of receiving the contents of the pistol in his body. Sir Charles, on the other hand, had the dread of only wounding George if he fired at him, and, by so doing, perhaps rendering him so frightfully furious as to make any contending against him perfectly in vain.

But this was a state of things which could not possibly last, and, strange to say, at the same moment, almost, they each thought it would be possible to throw the other off his guard, by an affected wish to temporise matters, and come to some sort of agreement for the future.

It was Sir Charles who first spoke, and he watched narrowly the countenance of George as he did so, in order to catch, if possible, a good indication of the effect his words were producing upon the demoniac spirit of the man who had so remorselessly hunted him through life, and now so evidently thirsted for his blood.

"George Home," he said, "wherefore should you seek to do me injury; what can my death produce for you but a barren vengeance, when by my life you may gain far more than you can accuse me of ever robbing you of?"

"Can you raise the dead?" said George Home.

"No," replied Sir Charles, thinking he alluded to his wife; "but you know well, George, I had no hand in the decease of her who, I have no doubt, was dear to you. You will, perhaps, insist that I was actually her murderer, by depriving your wife of the luxuries of existence; but how can you take upon yourself to say that same? Perchance the same insidious disease that sapped her existence in the old ruined farm-house at Hendon, would have visited her had she been surrounded with every earthly pomp and magnificence."

"Lay aside your weapon and I will speak to you."

"Nay, I dare not trust you yet. Lay aside—and prove to me, by going from this spot, that you have done so—the vindictive spirit which has made you, latterly, the curse of my existence, and then I will pledge myself to the care of your future welfare."

"Indeed; and what of my—my daughter?"

"To her I have acted a father's part when I believed you were no more. I have educated, fed, and clothed her. All these benefits she has, no doubt instructed by you, repaid by great ingratitude. So much for your daughter, George Home."

"And is the voice of conscience so futile that it accuses you of no more than that?"

"Your own imagination," added Sir Charles, "has magnified small things into large ones. George Home, you know not what you say. Awaken to a better reason, and for that very daughter's sake of whom you speak, I charge you make terms of amity with me, instead of rushing yourself upon certain death, with but the chance of inflicting injury upon me."

"The agreement," said George, "that yesterday would have had the sound and semblance of being a good one, will not suffice to-day. But let that pass—I will entertain your proposition. Suppose us friends now, and place in your pocket that instrument of death."

Sir Charles shook his head, as he said,—

"No—no, I dare not. That I am now a living man I know well has depended upon this little iron tube with its deadly contents. Do you, who have pursued me to the brink of this frightful precipice, convince me of the sincerity of your wish to make amicable terms, by withdrawing now from that pursuit at once."

"And turn my back on you."



"Why not?"

"Because you would knock me down as you would a mad dog—you know you would, Sir Charles Home. I can see the full determination in your eyes. You know you would. Deny not the imputation. You wish to take away my life."

"Unhappy misapprehension," said Sir Charles. "You are wrong indeed; what have I to get by your death but trouble and prosecution? and I would add, what have you to get by mine but similar troubles. I swear, if you depart from here peaceably, that I will not attempt to injure you. If you remain, it will be proof of your intentions being of a blood-thirsty nature, and then, Heaven help us both, George Home, I will not die alone."

"I am unarmed, and yet you who are armed will not trust me."

"And I, being armed, should be trusted by you if your intentions were what your words bespeak, because I do not use the arms I have. What hinders me, if such was my wish, from shooting you through the head?"

"A fear of failure," said George, reading in the terrified face of Sir Charles Home, the real cause of his hesitation. "A fear of failure, in which case you know that I should be justified in taking your life, as a measure of just retribution for your attempt on mine."

"No, no. You are mistaken."

"Then put up your pistol."

Sir Charles only presented it the firmer at George's breast; and a hope arose in his heart that some chance passengers might yet arrive to release him from the horrible situation in which he was placed. The hour, however, was sufficiently early, and the morning sufficiently raw and uncomfortable, to make that hope a very forlorn one; and still with the same feelings of deadly hatred towards each other, mingled with personal fear of each other, those two old enemies continued in their respective positions, each willing to take what new advantage might present itself to deprive the other of existence.

Sir Charles had entirely the best chance, always supposing his pistol not to miss fire; for he could not very well, at the short distance they were apart, miss his antagonist; and he had every chance of inflicting upon him a mortal wound,—a wound, that if death did not immediately ensue, an utter prostration of all the physical energies would be the consequence; in which case, Sir Charles himself would be safe.

But then, there *was* the chance of a miss fire, or of the ball not taking effect at all, or taking effect in some place which would not interfere with George's immediate powers of action; and, therefore, it was that the conscience-stricken baronet hesitated to avail himself of the means which appeared to be so fairly within his grasp, for ridding himself at once and for ever of one whose active persecution had embittered his very existence.

Soon, however, was that anxious state of suspense to be terminated; for now that the brief conversation had ended, in which each had tried to the best of his ability to throw the other off his guard, Sir Charles Home began to make up his mind that there was no chance speculation of escape, but in the desperate risk of firing at George's breast. Such a thought had hardly found a firm place in his mind, than the sound of approaching footsteps made its execution a matter of necessity, or of no necessity at all.

George Home likewise heard that some persons were coming,—in fact, situated as were the cousins, the advancing people came from his direction, and would be upon him in the course of a few minutes. Then if Sir Charles chose to call for help, he, George, would no doubt, be seized, and have passed through so much horror, without having accomplished one particle of his long-cherished revenge. Such a thought was madness, and George exclaimed,—

"Monster! villain! destroyer of my wife—my child—myself—take now the reward of your many crimes! To hell! to hell! Perdition seize you!"

Madness took possession of him at that moment—his brain was on fire—heedless of all consequences he looked but to the destruction of his guilty cousin, as the one object now of his existence, and with such a cry as might well have come from the throat of some infuriated wild animal, he rushed forward upon Sir Charles Home, who, with an echoing cry of terror, at once pulled the trigger of the pistol, lodging two balls, with which it was loaded, full in George Home's face, which instantly presented a hideous mass of blood and broken bone.

Under any other circumstances George must have dropped instantly, from the frightful nature of the wound he had received, but the mind will at times conquer the body, and for time enough to hold some dreadful purpose, overcome death itself; and so it was in this instance, —dying as was George Home, and the blood pouring from him, he grappled Sir Charles, who was but as an infant in his grasp.

One shout of despairing madness arose from George as he twined his arms round his victim. Scream after scream burst from the agonised Sir Charles, as he found how vain was the struggle to free himself from that horrible embrace.

"Help! help!" he shouted. "Oh, God!—Help! help!—Have mercy, Heaven!"

In another moment he was lifted in the air, and with a shrill laugh George hurled him over the cliff into the dreadful abyss below!

There were two screams—the one fainter than the other, and a heavy splash, after which the sea washed calmly over the body of Sir Charles Home as it lay cold and inanimate on the sands below the surging wave.

The people whose footsteps had brought on the fearful catastrophe a little earlier than it might have occurred, paused in horror, and shrunk back aghast, when the awful bleeding, disfigured face of George Home, was turned towards them, as he slowly moved round on his heels, with his back to the edge of the cliff, after having cast Sir Charles over. Then he flung his arms up above his head, and made an effort to say something, but death had seized him—he could not speak, and before any one could utter one cry of terror, or shout for help, he fell backwards, and disappeared over the edge of the cliff, at exactly the same spot where the unhappy Sir Charles had disappeared.

Terror froze the people to the spot. They heard the sullen splash of the body in the water and then all was still. They looked at each other with distended eyes, and cheeks ghastly pale, for so sudden had been the whole occurrence that they scarcely comprehended the nature of the dreadful scene they had just arrived to be the terrified spectators of.

One man, and a strong man too, fainted upon the spot, and it was some minutes before the others could summon courage sufficient to advance to the cliff's edge, and attempt to go near enough to catch a glimpse of the foaming waters beneath. One of the number lay down, and just projected his head over the extreme verge, and after a long look, he rose, saying,—

"They are gone! They are gone!"

Then they looked at each other like men just awakened from some frightful dream, and even then doubted if they were awake.

"Is all this real?" said one.

"Yes," gasped another. "We must go and give an alarm. I would have given a hundred pounds not to have come this way to-day."

Then they walked together with trembling steps into the town, astonishing every one whom they met by the terror that was depicted in their looks.

Meantime the avenger and his victim lay quietly, side by side, on the beach, the steep cliff towering above them, and their mangled, insensible forms washed to and fro by the tide, as it lashed the bases of the giant promontories that for ages had reared their white heads: 1 Albion's coast.

May Heaven have mercy on them both!

## CHAPTER CXCIV.

### THE SEARCH FOR THE BODIES.—THE ALARM AT DOVER.—THE RECOGNITION.

THE spectators of the dreadful catastrophe no sooner reached Dover, than they spread an alarm, and immediately ran towards the beach, where there were several boatmen, who were preparing their boats to go out to sea.

The morning was now fairly up, the sun was high in the heavens, and the town was in a bustle. The water-side was crowded by anxious faces; and as each new-comer appeared and joined the throng, the question was constantly asked of,—

"What is the matter?"

The collecting of a crowd is very easily done. All you have to do is to spread some report, and get a few idlers to stand about, and look anxiously at something—no matter what, or at nothing, and they will soon be joined by many more, who are anxious to learn what the others are looking at.

One woman, with a child in her arms, was seen running about, anxiously inquiring what was the matter, and often repeating the question several times to as many individuals—she obtaining as many different answers,—at length accosted a quiet-looking man, with a jacket and sea-cap, and begged he would tell her what had happened.

"Why, ma'am," said the man, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "it is said that two gentlemen, their wives, each with six precious babies, have been blown over the cliff."

"Lor bless me!" exclaimed the gratified female. "I was told just now it was only two men had tumbled over. How people are deceived!" "So they are—so they are; and the precious babies will be food for the fishes, if they don't make haste. How dreadful!"

"Well, I never heard the like. Why don't they make haste?"

And the good woman went on, evidently gratified to think she had learned a true account, as she imagined the last, because it was much the most horrible.

The whole town was now thoroughly awakened, and the men got



their boats ready in haste; many of them armed with ropes, grappling irons, and drags of various descriptions, while the crew of the life-boat were soon collected, and in readiness to put out.

They received an accurate description of the spot where the bodies were seen to go over, and these who had witnessed the occurrence agreed to return and point it out by their presence on the cliff.

So that they, in a short space of time, put off and rowed lustily towards the spot where the occurrence took place, notwithstanding all the apparent confusion, excitement, and continual bawling among those engaged in getting the boats ready.

There was no hope of finding the bodies in time to save life—not the remotest; but it is usual, in such cases, to make every attempt to regain the bodies, regardless of all other considerations, from the waves, and bring them to the town; and with this intention the boats put off.

A loud cheer from the assembled multitude greeted the first boat, as it got clear of the throng and sped on its mission.

Boat after boat put off. Among the first was the life-boat with its hardy crew, who plied their oars steadily and skilfully, and soon made head of the rest, and then a hearty cheer burst again from the lips of the spectators, as the one boat made ahead of all the rest.

How soon are the feelings of a multitude changed! They who had felt nothing but compassion and horror a few moments before, were now cheering, with loud and clamorous voices, other men on to exertion.

Those who had witnessed the fall of Sir Charles Home and his cousin, now made for the cliff with their utmost speed, and when they arrived there anxiously watched the progress of the boats, which were striving as though they were at a race.

Many others followed also to the cliffs, as, the tide coming in, they could not safely get near the beach beneath. Indeed, the bodies must have fallen into the sea, and were no doubt now in deep water.

Many sat anxiously looking over the edge of the cliff, and some laid down, so that they might approach the edge of the cliff, and watched the progress of the boats as they came over the waves.

They came, and were soon over the very spot—so well were they informed of the precise locality where their exertions were most needed, and they immediately began by throwing out grapnels and drags in search of the bodies, but without success.

At each successive throw the spectators were full of expectation, and as any slight impediment met them, they were perfectly excited. The men worked well and steadily; there was a whole fleet of boats, all of which were engaged in the same pursuit.

At length it was proposed by some of the men of the life-boat to dive, for there could be no doubt but the bodies were thereabouts, but the action of the waters, the tide coming up, disturbed their position, and thus rendered the drags useless.

This was no sooner proposed than one man sprung up and volunteered his services as a diver, to seek for the bodies. Immediately upon this, another sprung up, saying,—

“And I’ll make one, too. We shall not be too many, since there are more than one in, and when you come up I can go down, and so ease each other and lose no time.”

This was at once agreed to, and the men stripped themselves and at once plunged into the water.

They both dived, and remained some time under water, but came up without success. Again and again they came to the surface, and yet there were no signs of the dead bodies.

The men wearied in their exertions, and would probably have given over the attempt, but for the certainty that the bodies could not have been washed out to sea, but were no doubt kept rolling over on the beach, and occasionally dashing them against the base of the cliffs.

At length one of the divers, who had gone nearer the cliffs, remained under longer than before, and his comrades began to watch his re-appearance with some anxiety.

He came up, and when he had recovered his breath sufficiently, he said,—

“I have found them, but they have somehow or other got hold of each other, and I cannot lift them up.”

Upon this the two men sought the same spot, but the action of the water had again shifted the bodies, but after a prolonged search they were again found, and the two swimmers were both enabled to get a hold of them, and appeared above the surface of the water with their burthen.

Of this they were soon relieved, for the bodies of Sir Charles Home and his revengeful cousin George Home, were both hauled over the side of the boat, and placed at the feet of the rowers.

Thus the object for which they were all assembled being accomplished, they all commenced their return to Dover; the spectators by land making their way back with what speed they could, arriving there about the same time the boats came in.

If there was a sensation when the first news of the catastrophe was

spread, there was a still greater excitement when it became known that the bodies of the unfortunate beings were discovered; crowds of people impeded the progress of the men who lifted them out of the boat.

They were both lifted out at once, for the hand of George Home was clutching the throat of Sir Charles with a death grip, and so strongly did he maintain his hold, that even in death it could not be removed. They could not unbend the fingers or tear the hand from its hold upon the other’s throat.

“Never mind separating them,” said the master of the boat; “carry them ashore, and then place them in the nearest hotel.”

This was done by six men, who carried them upon some boards laid across their oars, and in this manner they were conveyed into Dover, amidst the curiosity and horror of the inhabitants.

They were taken into the first hotel, *The Ship*, and placed upon a large table in a spare room, and a medical man was instantly called in, but he at once pronounced life to be utterly extinct. Indeed the condition they were in was truly dreadful; their swollen and bloated features, through the effects of swallowing so much salt water, and which had also distended their bodies frightfully, were horrible to look at.

Sea-weed and sand clung to their dresses, and a fearful expression of features was perceptible, notwithstanding the disfiguring effect of the water and the action of the tide, which kept them in constant motion, rolling them over and over on the beach, and then leaving them; then another wave would come that would carry them further, and force them upon the sharp edges of the rock, so that their clothes were torn and their bodies full of sharp wounds, and from which they had no doubt bled profusely in the water.

Dreadful was their appearance, and all who gazed upon those two bodies—so mutilated, so disfigured—and the throat of one clutched in the firm death grasp of the other, all expressed hatred and revenge—shuddered at the sad spectacle—it was a horrible thing to look at.

“Who can they be?” said the surgeon who attended at the request of the landlord, and who had been attentively regarding them both for some minutes past.

“Why, this one came here just at daybreak,” replied the landlord, pointing to Sir Charles Home: “he came here in a post-chaise, and inquired for a vessel leaving for the continent.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes, he left this place to see the cliffs, and now I remember, the other came here on horseback, and followed him. I know not what may be the cause, but they appear to have had ill will against each other.”

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## THE WALLFLOWER.

[In the language of flowers the wallflower is used to express “fidelity in misfortune.”]

Oh! thou shalt bloom upon my heart,  
And still the rising sigh;  
Thy fragrance shall allay the smart,  
Nor shall it pass thee by.  
An angel sentiment art thou,  
Which happy spirits share,  
And as a chaplet on their brow  
They wear for ever there.  
Oh! yes, thou art the brightest star  
That glitters in the sky;  
Of faith, of hope, of love, by far  
The brightest to the eye.

Whene’er thy careless cup is bent  
‘Neath morning’s pearly dew,  
We’ll kiss away the sentiment  
Which is for ever new.  
When noonday sun hath dried the tear  
That hung upon thy breast,  
We shall that sentiment revere,  
And hail it as the best.  
When sombre hues of eve we see,  
And midnight with her star,  
Misfortune’s gem—Fidelity,  
Will brighter be by far.  
Oh! then thou shalt upon my heart  
Be calm the rising sigh;  
The sentiment shall heal the smart,  
Nor shall it pass thee by.

Manchester.



## THE IMPRESSED SEAMAN.

In the memorable year 1759, when the British navy rose superior to every opposition, and France was humbled by her rival power, Henry Randolph, a youth of about eighteen, entered on board one of his Majesty's ships of-war, in the hope of signalizing himself by his valour in the defence of his country.

Henry at a very early period had lost his parents, who left him to the care of an uncle, whose employment was that of a pawnbroker, which by no means suited the feeling heart and generous disposition of his nephew. The consequence was frequent disagreements between him and his kinsman.

One day in particular, a poor woman with a child in her arms, entered the shop, with an old coat, the only one belonging to her distressed husband, at that time afflicted with a fever, and requested a trifle on it to purchase something that had been ordered to relieve his complaint. The youth, shocked at the scanty petition being refused, stole round to the door, and as the poor creature came to it, put a shilling into her hand, which was all the pocket-money he had; promising at the same time to devote his allowance from his uncle to the aid of her family, till released from the pressure of sickness.

The fervent "Heaven bless your goodness!" reached the ear of his uncle, who having no idea what pity and compassion meant, at once informed his nephew, that as he could so readily relieve others, he might in future see who would relieve himself; for from that moment his door should be shut against an ungrateful boy, who had dared to act against the inclination of those who had kept him from beggary.

Thus dismissed by his unfeeling kinsman, who, notwithstanding his cutting observation, had been a considerable gainer by the death of his brother, Henry, with no earthly tie to prevent him, formed a resolve of throwing himself upon the chance of war. A solitary guinea was all that his unprincipled relation gave him on his departure. The poor woman was, nevertheless, remembered, to whom he directly hastened, and on whose distresses he bestowed a part of the little in his possession. Embarked in a glorious cause, and possessed of that firmness of mind, which bids defiance to danger, Henry looked forward to the hour of engagement, and anticipated the glory of victory.

Poor youth! he was not aware that those unblessed with rank or fortune must never expect to become famous for their valour, or to be rewarded according to their merit. But fatal experience at length brought home to his disappointed breast the fallacy of building on bravery or worth.

He fought, he conquered, and well merited the name of a brave British seaman,—yet, notwithstanding the wound of honour and the claims of dangerous services from a nation who owed him much, at the conclusion of the war he had the mortification of finding himself discharged—neglected, moneyless, and friendless.

His uncle, during his absence, had paid the debt of nature. The old man had been detected in dishonest practices; and the consequence proved his utter ruin, and he died of a broken heart in the workhouse of the parish to which he belonged.

Previous to his departure from the British shores, Henry cherished an affection for the blooming Nancy Abbot, who being likewise left an orphan, while a child, the neighbours of her departed parents, who had lived with credit, though unblessed with fortune, took pity on her helpless innocence, and raised a subscription among themselves to procure her board, clothing, and education.

Their benevolence was not extended to the unworthy—the little Nancy, virtuous, amiable, thankful, proved the delight and pride of her friends, who, when she had attained her eighteenth year, assisted her in establishing a day school, for which, by her good qualities, she was so well suited.

In a little time, the products of her employment not only yielded her a comfortable subsistence, but she likewise was enabled to lay by a sum for the hour of emergency, should such an hour arrive.

Unlike the world, which ever is prone to shrink from the unfortunate, Henry returned to enrapture a heart, a stranger to false refinement, and too honest to disguise its feelings. With such a strong incitement to virtue, as the chaste endearments of his beloved Nancy, whose industry had triumphed over want, and secured the good wishes and commendation of her numerous friends, and whose beauty and innocence exceeded the richness of any other dower, Henry still smiled upon his fate, nor wished it altered.

It is natural to suppose he lost no time in urging her to become his. The persuasions of the man she loved toward an unity of their fortunes were not long resisted. And they very soon confirmed at the sacred altar those vows, which no doubt Heaven had smiled upon, and virtue had approved.

Henry, possessed of strong natural parts, assisted by a common education, and bearing a mind fraught with principles which revolted at the idleness, and, moreover, too independent to think of subsisting, even by

the means of the dearest object of his affection and partner of his future days, while health and means of application for employment were not withheld, soon procured himself an engagement as a porter in the warehouse of a wealthy trader in the city; who, pleased with the fidelity of his domestic, very soon procured another under him, by which means his situation became easy and profitable.

About a twelvemonth after their marriage, the amiable Nancy presented to the arms of her Henry a smiling cherub. To visit the mother and the little stranger became the first attention of the fond father, on his return from his daily employment. Enraptured would he hang over the pillow which gave rest to its lovely cheek, and trace in his sleeping babe the features of his beloved; then with clasped hands, and eyes raised to Heaven, while the full tide of gratitude overwhelmed his heart, would he look up with thankfulness to that Power who had thus enriched him.

Oh, these are joys, known only to the husband, the parent, and the man! They will forgive the writer for dwelling on such a scene, for, well they know Henry's feelings were not imaginary. The simple hours of domestic peace and innocence; bestow a felicity unknown to the golden ones of wealth and pomp.

Frequently would Henry clasp his infant daughter to his arms, and often would he supplicate Heaven to pour down its blessings on her head, while his amiable partner united with him in the act of petition, thankfulness, and praises.

Thus comforted with mutual felicity, year after year passed on in a series of calm and uninterrupted content, while their Harriet grew up the darling of her parents and the admiration of their friends, until her thirteenth year closed upon that happiness which was fated never to return. Farewell now to innocence and tranquillity. The cup of woe was filled, and they were condemned to swallow the draught of bitterness.

It had been a custom with Henry to celebrate the anniversary of the accession of his gracious monarch to the throne of Great Britain; and on the evening of October 25th, 1773, this happy family were innocently engaged among themselves. Harriet had been indulged with the company of a neighbour's daughter, about her own age, and the two young folks were taken up in those little amusements which enliven the sportive and blissful hours of health and youth, when a loud rap at the door made them start from their seats.

Picture ye, who can, the feelings of Henry, when, on opening the door, he found himself surrounded by a press-gang! Instantly they seized upon their defenceless prey, and notwithstanding the bitter cries of his wife, the little Harriet and her companion, hurried him away from a home of peace and comfort, which no self-reproaches had ever embittered. In vain did he entreat for a little time; to reconcile his Nancy to the bitterness of her fate; strangers to humanity, and authorized by the cruel custom of their country, it did not belong to the horrid business of these protected plunderers to attend to the wailings of the wife and child.

The husband, the father, had become theirs, and no other idea than that of instantly conveying him away, employed their thoughts! He was soon hurried to the tender, in the unwholesome confines of which he remained, till the vessel dropped down to the North, where this miserable and undone man was put on board a man-of-war, which had received sailing orders, and immediately departed on its destined expedition.

The afflictions of Henry were still further embittered by the cruel treatment he experienced from his commander, who, wanting a mind to discriminate between sorrow and sullenness, was continually charging him with neglect and inattention. The afflictions of the soul had so weakened his constitution, as to render him unable for a time to attend to the imposed duties of his miserable situation. A little indulgence was, therefore, requested, till he should be recovered from an illness that at that time endangered an existence, which it was his duty, notwithstanding his sufferings, to endeavour to preserve; intelligence of his incapacity was, therefore, conveyed to the captain, who, to the disgrace of manhood, after severely accusing him of idleness and artifice, commanded punishment as a cure for an emaciated frame, and an almost breaking heart.

Pause, ye, who have shed your tears for the fate of the enslaved African, and drop one here for Henry! Slavery, with all its supposed and real ills, may truly be deemed "sunshine to the colour of his fate!" The cruel orders of his commander were instantly obeyed, and the disgrace of public discipline bore hard upon the spirit of Randolph, and hard it ever must bear on the spirits of those who are thus made slaves, in order that they might fight for British freedom. And now the fatal moment arrived, when the rectitude of his mind began to waver; disgrace unmerited, had effected more than misery.

The first departure from that irreproachable conduct he had preserved through life, did not fail to affect him much on recollection. In



the bitterness of his grief, he had accused Heaven with injustice, while the profligacy of those around him had poisoned his principles. One of his shipmates had found out a way to purloin his liquor from the purser's stores, and had made Randolph acquainted with his scheme, advising him, at the same time, to follow his example. At first the unhappy Randolph started at the idea of theft; but, when its criminality was softened down by the sophistry of false argument, he listened, and became guilty. It was not long before his practices were discovered, and he was condemned to be handcuffed, and chained by the leg on the fore-castle, where he was kept on short allowance. The petrifying powers of accumulated disgrace, at length hardened his heart against the sense of shame. It had been rendered hopeless by the cruelties of his countrymen, and he soon became reconciled to the Hebrew mode of requiting evil with evil.

In a short time a demand was made on his courage, by the hour of action and of danger; giving, therefore, one sigh to the remembrance of those of innocence and peace, he rushed forward on the deck, but not to his death; his trials were not yet over, and the severity of his destiny was as yet unfulfilled. Victory fell to the lot of the enemy, and Randolph was conveyed with others who survived the desperate action, with numbers three times superior to their own, to a loathsome prison, where they remained till the conclusion of the war. Then they were released; but their enlargement procured them only an exchange of misery. They were obliged to apply to a magistrate for certificates, with which, unhouse, unfriended, it was theirs to "beg bitter bread through realms their valour had contributed to save."

Randolph, once more on his native shore, applied to his captain for a certificate of his services, who readily recognised him, and it was granted. He, therefore, made application to the proper office at the navy, to receive his wages, upon which the clerk, hurrying over his books, informed him that his wages had already been paid to a person who produced what now appeared a forged will and power; of course, he must remain with his claims unsatisfied, until he could take proper steps for obtaining redress.

This stroke, heavy as it fell, did not, however, entirely overcome him. Emaciated with want, anxiety, and fatigue, but more by those misgivings of the mind, respecting the fate of those he loved, and from whom he had been so long separated, he proceeded a poor, forlorn beggar, with trembling steps, towards that house where he had left his wife and child. Unhappy man! He knocked at the door, but strangers opened it. Mrs. Nevill, the person who then kept the school, informed him, that all the neighbourhood had kindly administered to Mrs. Randolph's relief; but her afflictions becoming too powerful for her mind, in the course of a few months, bereft of reason, she gave up that existence which had been embittered by the cruelties of war, falling a martyr to a system which the very laws of her own nation sanctioned.

The spirit-broken Randolph, after a heart-felt groan for the death of his wife, ventured to inquire after his child—his Harriet.

"Name her not," replied Mrs. Nevill, "she was a bad girl, and unworthy your attention."

"Oh," continued Henry; "do not rack me thus! Say she is dead, and I will strive to bear the dreadful intelligence. But pity, oh, pity my poor brain. My lost wife was virtuous and good—oh, say not that her child has been otherwise."

Mrs. Nevill, who was an advocate for justice without mercy, perceiving the state of his mind, with a look of great sagacity, observed, that it was needless to mince the matter; that every good parent was not blessed with good children; and that it was partly owing to sparing the rod while they were young.

"A lady at Richmond," continued this prudent teacher, "took your daughter as a companion, and foolishly indulged her love for music and reading. The consequence was, that in the course of a few months Harriet thought proper to run away from her protector, who has never heard of her since. You know your daughter appeared some years older than she really was; there is no doubt her beauty attracted regard; several gay young fellows visited at the house, and it may naturally be supposed the villain was among those who lured her from such a heedless and improper guardian."

Randolph could hear no more; he stamped on the ground, and beat his aching forehead. At length, after a pause, he looked on his intelligence, perceived her spirit, and left her. He immediately repaired to Richmond, but there his griefs were rendered still more poignant. Arriving at the mansion belonging to the former protector of his ruined and lost child, the servant took his name, but quickly returned with orders for him to depart instantly from the door, as his lady had nothing to say to him.

Alas! hopeless parent, thou wert destitute of money, and no doubt the unfeeling domestic had given his own account of thy miserable appearance; picturing thy countenance, rendered pale and squalid from an almost breaking heart, as that of a wretch deeply dyed in the mysteries of

villany. Destitute of the means to procure a change in his appearance, which bespoke the extreme of wretchedness, excluded every hope of getting employment, nothing was left for the miserable Randolph but beggary. For some days he placed himself in different parts of London, but the aid of passengers was very small. He determined, therefore, to see if he could experience more humanity without the town than he had found within it, and had wandered as far as Hampstead.

It was the close of autumn; night made its swift approaches, accompanied with rain and chilling wind. He had got upon the Heath where he was suffering cold, hunger, and fatigue. In this evil moment of want and desperation, he heard the sound of a carriage upon the road; he approached the person who was placed within it, in order to supplicate relief; but seeing only a lady, he resolved to change his supplication into a demand, which procured him a few guineas, and the offer of a watch, but that he refused, and told the driver, who was but a lad, to proceed. He then quitted the road, and speedily found himself pursued by two horsemen. Finding swiftness and resistance of no avail, he surrendered himself.

The lady proved to be a woman of fashion, who was coming to town for the winter season; her servants at the time of the robbery, happened to be too far behind to prevent it, but in a few minutes they came up, when they were informed of the circumstance, on which two of them, following the directions of the post-boy who marked Randolph's course, rode off and took him as related.

It would prove a painful and unpleasant task to dwell on this part of Randolph's mournful history. It is sufficient to inform the reader that he underwent imprisonment, and a trial which doomed him to an ignominious death. Circumstances, however, having been represented as favourable as possible, and this being his first offence, he was recommended to mercy, and obtained the king's free pardon.

On his enlargement he found his miseries as great as ever, and knew not where to turn for the support of life, when happening to meet a fellow shipmate, who was at that time in good circumstances, owing to the death of an uncle, who had left him a farm in the country, the generous tar heard with candour the relation of Randolph's sufferings, pitied his sorrows, and pardoned his guilt. Mr. Wilkins was then going down to his farm about two hundred miles off, and told Randolph that if he chose to exchange want for plenty, and approved of a removal from a spot he had so little cause to be attached to, there was a house in his service, where he might, if he pleased, spend the remainder of his days.

"Come, my boy," continued Wilkins, "you were young when I first knew you, but I liked your spirit. I have ploughed the sea, and am now going to plough the land. Thank Heaven I am not a novice as to management of a farm, having spent the first fifteen years of my life with this kinsman, who, bless his soul! has been so good to me, and had never left him, had not I, like an ungrateful dog, quarrelled with my bread and butter, and left him in a huff; but no matter, I have bit of the bridle, and after all have met with goodness when I had no right to expect it. But it has given me a heart to feel for a fellow-creature, much more for a fellow-sufferer and old shipmate."

Thus providentially preserved from threatening evil, Randolph with grateful sensations embraced the offer of his friend. They departed from London in a few days, but not before Randolph found himself clothed, and in possession of money.

The two friends soon arrived at the humble, though neat mansion of rural felicity and domestic peace. The daughter of Wilkins ran to embrace her parent. She was a blooming girl, and her countenance was that of innocence. Randolph looked upon her and at the happy father by turns, and then with a deep sigh fell senseless to the ground. Nature, who had formed the heart of Wilkins, was his only prompter on this melancholy occasion; he sent his daughter away, and suffered not his wife to administer. In a little time Randolph recovered, and, clapping his hands, exclaimed,—

"Oh! my lost Harriet!" Then turning to Wilkins, he continued,—  
"Pardon the unhappy man who dares to envy his benefactor; but I will yet look up. I once, my friend, was blessed with a daughter lovely as your own, and now I trust a saint in Heaven. I have been led by misery into guilt, but live to own the mercies of a protecting God. My poor child, too, has erred; but that Being who permitted her to behold a wretched father torn from her infant arms, and a despairing mother expire in madness, has, no doubt, taken their wretched offspring to himself."

Wilkins, in return to this affecting address, looked far more than he could utter. At length, clapping his guest gently on the shoulder, he exclaimed,—

"Poor fellow! in this harbour rest secure. The blasts of misfortune have borne hard upon thee; but now the storm is over,—then do not let your spirits be cast down. But come, let me lead you to my good dame, and perhaps conversation will cheer you; a good heart like hers will ever be a glad one; she has taught me to honour religion, and but



for her, I should never have been what I am, nor ever have known the happiness I have felt in performing my duty as a Christian."

Randolph experienced in the society of Mrs. Wilkins the truth of the above observation. Her manners were mild, and her heart was guided by the pure precepts contained in that volume which administers comfort to all who seriously turn to its sacred pages. From the same source Randolph procured balm for his distempered mind, and deeply felt how much he was indebted to a preserving Providence.

Two years had elapsed, when Wilkins, having some business to transact which would keep him from his family for a week, at the distance of nearly fifty miles from their dwelling, he proposed for his friend to bear him company, in hopes that change of air might remove a severe indisposition under which Randolph had laboured for some months, and which threatened a decline.

The offer was accepted, and they set off on their journey; but when they had got within five miles of the place they were going to, a sudden illness obliged Randolph to stop at an inn on the road, and finding himself unable to proceed, he desired to be left there until Wilkins should return.

As the business which had caused the journey was urgent, Wilkins left, though unwillingly, his sick companion, with a strict charge to the master of the inn to procure every assistance his malady required. Randolph was immediately put to bed, and no attention was spared on the part of the people of the house.

A medicine, which had been ordered on his going to rest, performed its part so happily, as to enable him to rise the next day. Towards the evening, which was remarkably fine, he imagined himself so far recovered as to be able to walk out.

He proceeded about a mile. A beautiful setting sun enriched the appearance of every surrounding object, and tempted him to extend his walk still further, when he was seized with a sudden delirium, and sunk to the ground.

Fortunately, two servants, who belonged to a Lady Middleton, whose seat was situated near the spot, were at that moment passing by, and ran to his assistance. But poor Randolph was unable to answer the inquiries they made; on which, with great humanity, they bore the unhappy man between them to her ladyship's mansion, where every aid his situation required, was extended towards him.

Recovering by degrees, he looked around him; then fixing his eyes on Dr. Spencer, her ladyship's physician, he said,—

"Tell me, worthy sir, to whom I am indebted for this preservation of a life which has been marked by varied misery yet prolonged by heavenly mercy?"

Dr. Spencer, perceiving the mind of his patient greatly agitated, told him to compose himself; that he would see him once more that evening, and again in the morning.

"It is enough, my good sir," continued the worthy man, "at present to know that you are among friends. Lady Middleton, who owns this seat, is at this time engaged with her attorney on some business of consequence respecting the affairs of Sir Charles Middleton. Alas! sir, a few months ago, all was happiness and serenity in this now mournful mansion. But death has robbed it of its master, and Heaven knows, how much, and with what reason, all within it have mourned their irreparable loss. But more of this in the evening, when I hope to find you able to converse with me. I am a man, sir, who have had my misfortunes, which have led me strongly to feel for human afflictions."

Upon this he withdrew, and Randolph laying his head upon the pillow, fell into a gentle slumber.

The next morning Dr. Spencer revisited his patient, and found him perfectly sensible, though extremely low. The good old gentleman, seating himself by the bedside, after feeling the pulse of Randolph, thus seriously addressed him:—

"Tell me, my dear friend, if you are connected with any one whom you are anxious to see? Do not be alarmed; but your illness is of such a nature, as to mix along with my hopes a degree of doubt; therefore, I'll could I answer it to my conscience, if I told you there was no occasion to provide for the worst that may happen."

Randolph, clasping Dr. Spencer's hand, exclaimed, with energy,—

"Blessed intelligence! Oh, sir, I have had my connexions, from whom being rudely torn, misery and want have made me guilty of crimes. The former are gone where I trust I shall meet them, and the latter, through the atonement which I have flown to, I am sure are forgiven."

He then went through the whole of his unhappy history, which was heard by the person to whom it was told with candour and humanity. Dr. Spencer then prevailed on Randolph to be as calm as possible, and undertook to inform the family of Wilkins of every circumstance necessary for them to know, and likewise to leave a letter for him on his return to the inn where he had left his friend.

Dr. Spencer immediately waited on Lady Middleton with intelligence

of everything that had been done; but when he came to Randolph's eventful story, his hearer gave a loud, convulsive scream, and dropped senseless from her chair.

Dr. Spencer had the presence of mind not to alarm the family, and in a little time her ladyship revived, when, casting her eyes wildly about the room, she exclaimed,—

"Where is he? Where is my father?"

"Your father!" rejoined Dr. Spencer.

"Yes, my father. Reply not, but bear me to him."

Dr. Spencer was scarcely able to support the petrifying effects of this discovery. At length, advancing to Lady Middleton, with a collected look and steady manner, he thus addressed her:—

"Madam, permit an old man to advise you how to act on an occasion that requires the exertion of all your resolution. If you mean to save your parent, you must restrain your impatience. Pardon me, madam, for this boldness; and let my age, and my affection for you and yours, cover me from your resentment. I will go instantly to your restored parent, and, as soon as possible, prepare his mind to receive you."

Without waiting a reply, he returned to his patient's chamber, and requesting his attention, thus addressed him:—

"Your destiny, Mr. Randolph, has been indeed severe; but, notwithstanding the bitter evils you have endured, reflection on the past must bring back to your mind certain blessings, the recollection of which, no doubt, fills your heart with thankfulness; for have you not been an object of Heaven's peculiar mercy?"

The attentive Randolph expressed his sense of the justness of the observation, and Dr. Spencer proceeded.

"And that mercy, my dear friend, is not yet exhausted. It is in my power, through the means of a mysterious Providence, to comfort you even beyond your hopes. Receive, then, my intelligence with calmness and thankfulness. You have a good and innocent child yet living, and who, in a little time, can be brought here to receive a father's blessing."

The venerable Spencer waited for Randolph's reply, who, clasping his hands together, held them up for a short time in silent adoration, while his countenance wore a smile expressive of an inward satisfaction. He then turned to his worthy friend, saying,—

"It may seem strange to you, sir, that a heart which ought to bound with ecstasy, should yet be broken; I am sensible that I have not many hours to live; but that Heaven should sweeten those hours with such an earnest of future bliss exceeds all human comprehension."

Dr. Spencer, though much afflicted, in knowing himself that Randolph's last hour was swiftly coming on, yet repressing his emotions, went to the apartment of Lady Middleton with a cheerful aspect, and, approaching her with a tender respect, said,—

"Come, my child, your father is now prepared to see you; but do not be alarmed at beholding him pale and very low; it is the duty of good hearts like yours to bear with submission the decrees of Providence: I have some reason to imagine, my worthy lady, that you and I must very shortly mourn his loss; but consider, my daughter, for I know he will leave you to my care, we shall indeed have occasion to mourn, but not like those who have no hope. Let us, then, be careful, lest in indulging our grief too far we become ungrateful to that power whose mercies we have so richly experienced. At my request your father has composed himself to sleep; in the meantime I told him I would hasten and bring you to his arms. He may, perhaps, be inquisitive concerning your story; I think it needful, therefore, to be indulged with so much of it as you think proper to disclose, in order to remove from yourself a task which may prove rather severe."

"Kind and generous sir," replied the weeping Lady Middleton; "your protection will prove my blessing, and your receiving me as a child will comfort a heart which has ever revered your principles. Receive in a few words my unhappy story, and then lead me to the restored parent whom I am prepared to give up to that Heaven where I trust, sir, you and I shall shortly join him."

Lady Middleton then recounted what the reader is already acquainted with; we shall, therefore, only pursue the relation from her situation with her Richmond friend:

"In this gay family I experienced every indulgence that gives pleasure to young minds: I was taught every polite accomplishment, and moved in a continual round of amusement; but my heart revolted at joy, for my parents were ever present in my mind. Among the young gentlemen that visited at the house, Sir Charles Middleton was the most accomplished, and was just come into possession of his estate. From the first moment that I beheld him I felt a partiality in his favour; we soon became dear to each other. He likewise was an orphan, and often did we mingle our tears together. He won upon me to consent to a private marriage, which he represented as absolutely necessary, at least for a time, as his uncle, who had no children, had declared he would leave his estate to strangers if his nephew did not marry into a family of rank and title. My love was too great to object to his desire



in this particular; and, unknown to the family, depending on that honour which never knew a stain, that worth which never will again be equalled, I came with him to this mansion, where we were united by the most sacred ties. Oh, Dr. Spencer, you know the rest; you know his generous heart, too delicate to call me his in private, panted only for my honour and my peace; you soothed his wounded spirit, on the cruel treatment he received from his unfeeling uncle on the discovery of our marriage; and you watched him during the course of that fever which took him from my widowed arms! But come, sir, I am now collected; lead me to my honoured father, and let me receive that blessing, which you have given me to fear will not often be repeated."

Dr. Spencer bowed and led her to the chamber. On entering, they found Randolph still in a slumber, but it was broken with sighs. In a little time he awoke; and Dr. Spencer advancing to the bedside, took hold of his hand, and requested his attention to a short recital of his Harriet's history, from the time he left her; on hearing which Randolph exclaimed,—

"Blessed, and ever-blessed Providence, my thankful soul bends to thy decrees; let me but see my child once again, and I shall die contented."

On this, supported by two attendants, Lady Middleton advanced, and kneeling down, felt the hands of her father resting upon her head; then rising, she threw her arms around him in speechless agony.

Doctor Spencer was too much moved to utter a word, but looking for a time on the affecting scene, his heart became too full, and he sunk down on a chair and wept aloud.

At length, recollecting himself, he again struggled with his feelings, and, advancing to the bed, he beheld Lady Middleton still embracing her father, with a wildness that alarmed him.

On raising her up she uttered a long and deep sigh, and then fainted in the arms of the attendants, as they were conveying her away from the lifeless corpse of that parent who had just lived to breathe out his departing spirit in the presence of a child he had for a long time considered as lost.

Dr. Spencer, after giving orders concerning the lifeless body, notwithstanding the depression of his own spirits, hastened to support those of Lady Middleton, whose religion forbidding her to despair, he found in the attitude of prayer, and audibly addressing that Power whose mercy extends to all those who call upon him.

The sight comforted his heart, and he withdrew, unobserved, to the adjoining chamber, where he could distinctly hear the pious ejaculations delivered from lips that had been early taught to express the dictates of innocence, from which her gentle spirit had never swerved.

The daughter of Randolph knew no guile, and she possessed, in a very great degree, those softer charms which render her sex truly amiable. But however resigned, Lady Middleton still found herself unequal to the task of combating with her accumulated and severe afflictions; and Dr. Spencer observed with inward regret, that, although her griefs were silent, they were yet deeply rooted in a heart too amiable to reconcile it quickly to the loss of parents who had thus fallen the victims of misery, and of a husband, in whose love and attention alone she had hoped to experience comfort.

The melancholy satisfaction of dwelling on the remembrance of those we have loved and honoured is an enjoyment known only to the possessors of true refinement and pure sensibility.

Lady Middleton had bestowed her affections on an orphan, as she then imagined herself, and who, like herself, had cherished in his bosom the strong and dear recollection of his departed parents.

Wilkins, having completed his business, returned to the inn, where he had left his friend. His surprise may easily be imagined on receiving the letter which had been left for him. Its contents induced him immediately to hasten to Lady Middleton, to whom he was introduced by Dr. Spencer.

Without reserve, the child of Randolph embraced the honest and deeply affected seaman, whom she considered as an instrument in the hands of Providence in preserving her lamented parent from impending misery.

Wilkins could only sob out,

"Be comforted, my dear child; I loved thy father from the first moment I saw him; he was a fine stripling, and possessed the heart of a lion; but Heaven and himself only have known how it has been since broken down by the storms of adversity."

A few weeks passed on, during which Lady Middleton employed herself in settling her worldly concerns, in which she nobly paid back the debt of gratitude to those who had so richly merited everything she had to bestow.

That task performed, her thoughts were wholly turned to "the vast concerns of an immortal state," to which she knew she was hastening, and which she had ever happily considered was not to be left "to the mercy of a moment."

The friendly warning of her release from life at length arrived, and perceiving the trembling tear glisten in the eye of Wilkins, on being summoned to take his last farewell, the child of Randolph, for the last time, kissed the hand of his father's friend, and delivered the acknowledgments of a heart that felt deeply its obligations.

After a pause, she requested Dr. Spencer to attend to the last words she most likely should have to utter.

"I am fully sensible that it will not be long before I meet my parents in that heaven where injustice will never again separate them from me. A great part of my worldly possessions, which are considerable, I have, by will, bequeathed to yourself; the conduct of my lamented husband's family to him and me has rendered it even unfit for me to remember the proud in spirit, and by that means increase the folly of human consequence, and add riches to the rich. I am sensible your goodness will ever be prompting you to acts of continual mercy and occasional munificence. Perhaps some future Randolph may call forth your pitying tear—perhaps some deserted mother may plead at your heart, as at Heaven's gate, for mercy: comfort them—oh, comfort them from the stores of her who was once poor, and let [the daughters of affliction be relieved by the means of their sister in adversity."

The task is done—the writer can add no more than that the mother, the father, and the child, rest under one tomb, raised by the venerable Spencer. W. HARVEY.

## I'LL PRAY FOR THEE!

I'll pray for thee when winter's snow  
Adds to thy cheeks' refulgent glow;  
When trees and flow'rets none can stand  
Beneath his cold and with'ring hand—  
He holds his sway o'er land and sea,  
Then, sweetest maid, I'll think on thee.

I'll pray for thee when summer skies  
Still add a brightness to thy eyes;  
When trees are drest in living green,  
Unite their splendour to each scene,  
As onward sips the humming bee,  
Then, lovely girl, I'll pray for thee.

I'll pray for thee when autumn yields  
The produce of her sunny fields;  
When brooks and trees, and every land  
Is stamped with an almighty hand;  
Or if in a foreign land I be,  
Then, dearest girl, I'll pray for thee.

I'll pray for thee when morn's bright sun  
His circling duty has begun,  
With rays resplendent soars on high,  
To hail the zephyrs passing by;  
When the birds are heard from tree to tree,  
Then, beauteous maid, I'll pray for thee.

I'll pray for thee when eve's bright star  
Rides on in his illuming car;  
When hush'd the passing breeze,  
And silence reigns amongst the trees;  
Nightshades are on both land and sea,  
Then, dearest, best, I'll pray for thee.

I'll pray for thee when death shall come,  
And call thee to thy celestial home;  
Thy happy soul shall take its flight  
Into angelic regions bright,  
To Him who reigns o'er land and sea,  
Then, hope of my heart, I'll pray for thee. E. R. B.

EGYPTIAN JUGGLERS.—Among other diversions by which the jugglers delude the common people out of their money is, that of leading about dancing camels. These animals are taught to dance when young, by being brought upon a heated floor, which gives them a good deal of pain, and causes them to lift up their legs as if they were dancing, while they keep beating time with a drum; and this practice they continue for about half a year, after which time, when the camel hears the noise of the drum, he strikes into a dance. The fortune-tellers have likewise a trick of breeding up little birds, which, when any person applies to them to have his fortune told, bring him a scrip of paper, in which his future destiny is written.



## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

He walked to the door, and looked out to be sure no one was prying. Then he locked himself in, and sitting down at the table, he said,—

"Now—now, Scalvoni, where is all thy subtlety and craft, that ever seemed enough to circumvent Heaven? Is it to be set at nought, and foiled by a cursed cross-bred boy? Pshaw! Let me think.—Of course, while I incautiously conversed with Leighton, he has listened at the door, and waits now to sell his knowledge dearly. What is to be done? Can he be safely murdered? D—n him, I should glory in taking his life, and screaming in his ears while he was dying—that such was the reward of his extreme cleverness in prying into my secrets. But murder is a last resource. There are ugly concomitant circumstances connected with it, and the disposal of a murdered body is really one of the most difficult things in all the world—shall I speak to Leighton of it? No—no, I will quietly act alone in the affair. Tremble, Letour. You have, as you think, sprung a mine of wealth. Humph! You will dig too deep, and some day very soon it will fall in and overwhelm you in the ruins."

The rain pattered against the window, and the wind howled round the warehouses, while the sullen dash of the waters of the river against the huge piles that restrained its limits came plainly to his ears.

"A rough and uncongenial night," he muttered, "and yet prompt measures must be taken. I will proceed at once to Cohen—he will suggest something. He is alive to all such affairs as this, and will place master Letour in some pretty and pleasant predicament shortly, with which I shall appear to have no more to do than the man in the moon."

He wrapped himself up in an ample cloak, and slouching his hat over his brows, he left the office, and walking to the nearest stairs, he hailed a boat to take him across the Thames.

A wherry soon appeared, and Scalvoni desired that he should be landed at the Temple stairs, by the time he arrived at which it was very dark, and, notwithstanding the protection of his ample cloak, he was nearly wet through.

Having discharged the waterman, he turned towards the Strand, muttering to himself,—

"All the better—all the better. No one whom I should care to see me will be abroad such a night as this. I could not have better weather in which to pay a visit to old Cohen. Besides, he will be sure to be at home."

With these consolatory reflections, and facing the storm of rain and sleet manfully, although, once or twice, as he suddenly turned a corner, it made him stagger again, Scalvoni reached that delightful locality of courts and alleys lying between Lincoln's-inn and the Strand. In fact, thereabouts, is a space of about a square half-mile, in which may be found every species of atrocity and vice which a large city like London can afford to keep. Such ancient rickety houses are there occupied, too, by persons of rickety characters. Courts, too, are there, which well-disposed and pains-taking people would pause to penetrate into. Numberless shops, too, are open as cloaks and blinds for professional pursuits of quite a different character. There, in obscure cellars, and well guarded attics, luxuriate the thief—the colner—the receiver and his victims, while not a glaring species of vice which can flow from the rank effervescence of the very dregs of society but may be found there in full bloom.

Oh, if we could, Asmodeus-like, take a peep into the various dens of iniquity there so rife, what scenes would meet the eye to grieve the heart, and in how many different phases would poor human nature present itself.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### THE JEW.

It was not long ere Scalvoni reached the Jew's house, but he was saturated with rain, notwithstanding the ample folds of his cloak, which he drew around him, and carefully concealed his features.

The house was a dark and dismal place. It was years since repairs of any kind had been made, but the more dirty, dark, and dismal it was, the more it became the neighbourhood, and the nature of the inhabitants.

Luke Scalvoni was soon admitted by the Jew himself; the passage was so dark, that he could not see his way, and when the door was

closed behind him, he was unable to determine which way to move, and stood still until he heard the Jew say,—

"This way, this way, if you want to see Isaac Cohen, as I think you do."

"Yes, yes," said Scalvoni, hastily; "I would speak with him in private."

"Oh, in private—yes, yes, certainly—we can't be too private. Come this way—this way—there's a step or two—there, that's right. Now, now, take care of your head. You see we are in a place beset with difficulties and dangers—'tis very like our path through life—he! he!"

A fit of coughing here seized the Jew, which seemed to shake him terribly, and he crawled into a wretched apartment.

The room was bare, or nearly so—a poor pallet lay in one corner of the room—a table and two chairs, and a few ordinary utensils lay here and there, just sufficient to enable the occupant to exist. It was defiled with a variety of marks and stains, which could not, at all times, be distinguished from the dirt and dinginess of the walls that had been years in arriving at that state, while ancient and venerable cobwebs adorned the ceiling and many other parts.

There was one window, but where it looked to could not be ascertained, so thick and opaque was the coating of dirt that had accumulated there, save in one little place where it had been rubbed, and at which if you placed your eye, you could see the dull outline of a small paved yard, and the usual accompaniments.

This was scarcely an inviting place, and Scalvoni thought so. It would seem that Cohen read his thoughts in his countenance, for he said, while a sly expression of humour lurked about his wrinkled features,

"'Tis not often that Luke Scalvoni enters a place so uninviting as this; but you see it answers all purposes just as well as a palace, ay, even that of Solomon—especially when business can be done."

"'Tis even on that score that I now come here," said Scalvoni.

"Very well, my friend—sit down, we can talk over business at leisure, unless it is of immediate and instant importance; but ah! Master Luke, you forget old friends—you remember not your old friend, Cohen!"

"Had I done so, I had not been here, Cohen," replied Scalvoni; then, looking around, he added, "but are you sure we are not overheard? I wish to speak privately."

"Very privately?" said the Jew, with a leer that was exceedingly disgusting to Scalvoni, who, however, noticed it not.

"Yes; for what I have to say is only for your ear, it will not bear being repeated, or —"

"Or what?" said the Jew, quietly.

"The whole affair, however harmless, might be betrayed and spoiled."

"Well, then, follow me, and I will show you to a place where none can listen."

"That will do. Lead on," replied Luke.

The Jew went to one end of the room, and lifted up a trap door, which was well concealed, by opening only with the joins in the flooring, and which discovered a dark cavity below, from which appeared a pair of steps that rested on the ledge of the opening.

"What do you think of that?" inquired Cohen. "Is not that secret? You see I am not reserved with you, Master Scalvoni, though you are now a rich man."

"There you are mistaken," said Scalvoni; "I do not forget you, or that we are old acquaintances—nay more. I hope to be able to put something in your way that you may make a little by it."

"A little," said the Jew, "only a little—well, come along, and we will talk more at leisure. You can tell me what you want, and I can tell you what I want—that's the way to do business, eh?"

As he said this he put his foot on the steps and partially disappeared, and then looked up with a diabolical grin on his wizened visage, that even Luke Scalvoni could not help disliking it.

"Come after me," he said; "you need not fear; for the floor is not far, and 'tis soft; but here in the vaults none can hear or even see us."

"'Tis well," said Scalvoni, who immediately commenced his descent after the Jew, and soon found himself upon the ground. The damp smell that arose from it, told him it was seldom used, and the softness of the footing told him that all beneath was fast mouldering to decay.

It was dark, and the Jew gave Scalvoni his cold, marble hand, to lead him to the farther end of the vault, where there was an iron grating, which looked Scalvoni knew not where, save, from the narrowness of the place, it must have been a court.

"Ah, 'tis a long time since you and I shook hands," said the Jew, in his cold, sneering tone; "but, I dare say, we shall be better friends than ever."

"Ay, ay," said Luke. "Now, I believe we are one, Cohen!"

"Yes, yes; quite," said Cohen.



"There is a young fellow who is likely to be of much annoyance to me, and I wish to get rid of him."

"Well, what is he?"

"A creole."

"Well, go on—go on, and tell me all about it, and then I shall know more," said the Jew, with a cunning expression.

Scalvoni thought so too, but he was desirous that he should know no more than was absolutely necessary, and said,—

"He is, as I said, a creole. His name is Letour, and he is employed by the merchant. Leighton. He may do me a disservice and be troublesome. Now I want to get rid of him."

"How?" inquired the Jew.

"That's what I wish to know," replied Scalvoni. "I was thinking he might be sent out of the country. Could that be done?"

"Yes, it could be done," said the Jew; "but the consideration—the consideration—that is important—and the description and address of the man."

"The latter I can furnish, though not yet his address, which I will learn, and as for the consideration, I must learn that from you."

"Nay, tell me what you were going to offer," said the Jew.

"I was not going to offer anything," replied Scalvoni, determined not to be forced into naming a sum.

"Did you expect I was going to do it for nothing?" inquired Cohen.

"No—no; but I expect you to name the reward of your exertions."

"Two hundred pounds, then," said the Jew, with an inquiring look.

"You are rich now."

"No—no, I am not; and if I were, two hundred pounds I should think an extravagant sum. 'Tis monstrous."

"Not at all, Master Scalvoni. Recollect the danger, and that I have to employ others to do it, as I never am seen in these things myself. 'Twould spoil the battle to take the general prisoner. Had the Egyptians taken Moses, what a rumpus there would have been in the Red Sea."

"Well, but what probability is there that it can be done?"

"Every probability," replied the Jew. "It can be easily done by those who have the means at hand, as I have."

"But how?"

"Will you give the price?"

"'Tis too much. Say a hundred and fifty pounds," urged Scalvoni.

"Then let him remain here. 'Tis not worth while to send a man away, who will only trouble you to the amount of so small a sum."

"Well—well, you shall have the two hundred pounds, if it can be done effectually."

"That agreed, I will tell you. He shall be transported at the next Old Bailey sessions, if I have the necessary information in time. I will undertake that much."

"How can it be done?" inquired Scalvoni.

"I cannot tell you particulars of the case; that has yet to be made; but I got a young fellow off for fourteen years transportation the other week. He was troublesome in a gentleman's family; they were rich, and allied to people of rank. He was a nobody, and had made love to one of the daughters, and an elopement was anticipated. To get him away was therefore necessary. I had my people on the look out—got him into a row—they robbed a gentleman of a valuable trinket, and it was found on his person. It was put there by my people. The property being found on him, he, of course, denied all knowledge of it—made the gentleman angry, and he was committed, tried, convicted, and transported. All was over in a few days. That was done effectually."

"Yes," said Scalvoni. "Is that the course you intend to adopt?"

"I cannot say. We are bound by circumstances. Like diseases, different courses of action must be pursued to get rid of the evil. We can only be guided by opportunity and probability; but let me have the information early, and the consideration, and I undertake to make all right."

After promising these things, Luke Scalvoni quitted the Jew's abode, and was once more in the open air; and, wet and disagreeable as it was, it was preferable to the unwholesome odour of the Jew's abode.

### CHAPTER XIII.

A WEARY SEARCH.—CHARLES HARGRAVE'S NON SUCCESS.—THE PIOUS GROCER.—NIGHT AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

Or all the spirit-depressing, wearing-down, heart-breaking things in the world, turning out some morning in London, with a dim notion of seeking something to do, and not knowing where to go to get it, is the worst surely, and poor Charles Hargrave found it so indeed, notwithstanding he was borne up under repulse and rebuff by a feeling that what he was attempting to do was for Harriet's sake more than for his own. Indeed, had it not been that the thought of the delightful scene in the arbour was ever present in his imagination, more than once

during that day, he must have sunk under the disappointments that awaited him.

First and foremost he strove to obtain a glance at the morning paper, in hopes that some tempting advertisement would meet his eye, and, indeed, to all appearance, there were many that professed to require persons to fill situations, and one of which he would have been extremely glad to do the duties of. But then there was always some drawback: either no personal application would be attended to, or security was required, or the party applying must have filled a similar situation, or, in fact, there was some damning disqualification for poor Charles in every one of them except three.

Two of those placed no bar upon personal applications, and that was something. The third insisted upon all letters, post paid, being addressed to A.B., at a news-agent's in the city.

"Well," thought Charles, "now for my venture," so he first purchased a sheet of writing-paper, and, by the good nature of the stationer, got the temporary use of pen and ink, with which he wrote an epistle, formally applying for the situation, which was that of junior clerk in a wholesale house, with a very limited salary for the first two years. "But then," thought Charles, "I can put up with a very limited salary. The great evil at present pressing on me is, that I have no salary at all."

With, therefore, some shadow of hope he went to leave his letter, when a man, with a very red face and a loud voice, cried,—

"What! another A.B.—eh? Are you an A.B.?"

"Yes," said Charles; "has there been any one else?"

"Any one else? Good God! There's been every one else; why, I declare I have had half the town here. Look—look here, Mr. A.B., what do you think of that, eh?"

"Why—why, you don't mean to say," remarked Charles, "that that huge basket full of letters has resulted from the advertisement?"

"Yes I do, though. And we shall have a new batch every post delivery, I expect till to-morrow night. They came in about thirties and fifties at a time. You can leave your's if you like. It's all one to me, thank God."

Charles with a desponding heart did leave it, and then he bent his steps towards one of the other advertisers, whose announcement ran as follows:—

WANTED.—A clever active young man, to keep a set of books in a wholesale warehouse. He must make himself useful, and not object to long hours. The highest references will be required. Salary moderate.—Apply to Mr. Minchin, Abchurch-lane, City.

"It's lucky I'm in the City," said Charles, and away he went to Abchurch-lane, where, after some search, he saw on a door-post, the words "Minchin and Co., Button Manufacturers." "Button," thought Charles. "Well, I may as well sort up buttons and reckon up their prices as anything else," so he walked up a dingy staircase, till he saw on the door the name of Minchin. He immediately knocked, when the door opened by means of a wire communication from the other end of the room, and he found himself before a set of desk railings, in a low dingy apartment, where two persons were writing. The room was so dark that he did not at first perceive several people just within the door, until he had trodden on some of their toes, and been saluted by a hearty curse or two.

"Is Mr. Minchin within?" he inquired.

"What's your business?" said a man with a pen in his mouth.

"I came in consequence of an advertisement."

"Oh, you must wait."

And Charles did wait for about an hour and a half, when another door opened, and a little fussy man came out of an inner apartment, with his hands full of papers, and talking so fast that it would seem as if he were doing so for a wager, and was quite determined to win it.

"What, what—what's all this?" he cried. "People waiting—good God, what for? Here I am, pestered morning, noon, and night, by people of some sort and all sorts. Never was a man so thoroughly tormented. Now, Mr. Davies, have you copied those letters? I'm in a great hurry—a very great—God bless my soul, what's o'clock, eh? Half the morning is gone already, and here I am—here I am, actually."

As this statement was not to be controverted, since there he was actually, the little fussy button-maker, nobody said anything, and he trotted about the office like a large magpie for some minutes.

"Hit or miss," thought Charles, "if I am to have anything to do with buttons, now's the time," and raising his voice, he said,—

"Sir, I have come to offer myself to your notice as a candidate for the situation you advertised this morning."

"And I—and I—I—I—I—" cried half a dozen others.

"Si—lence," roared Mr. Minchin, and addressing Charles, he said,—

"Now sir, just answer me one question."

(To be continued in our next.)



## RAVENSWORTH; OR, THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

(Concluded from our last.)

"I could not, dare not do so," exclaimed Ravensworth. "He has no power over me to refuse; but by that means her ladyship would gain her ends. Had you allowed me, Florence, to have introduced you to him when first we were acquainted, all would have been well. Lady Arnold would never have gained the influence she has over him, and he would have gladly received you as his niece. But I dare not mention to you till her ladyship's influence is weakened, and to weaken it he must leave Woodlands, and, of course, I must accompany him. We have long had an invitation to visit a friend of his grace in Scotland, and a month back he wished to proceed thither, but I made some excuse, and it was put off for a time. It is to Scotland that I wish to persuade him to go, if I can obtain your consent to become mine by a clandestine marriage, before we start."

"Never—never!" she exclaimed. "There has been enough of clandestine proceedings between us, without going any further."

"Florence!" he exclaimed, somewhat reproachfully, "you have never had cause to repent our private meetings, nor shall you, for they are over now. To-morrow morning I will inform my uncle of all that has passed between us, and if I obtain his consent to our union, may I then hope to call this dear hand mine?" and he threw himself at her feet as he spoke.

"You would not be so rash as to speak to his grace just now," she said, in a tone of alarm.

"I will do so, Florence," returned Ravensworth, "unless you consent to become mine in the manner I have proposed. I will not, cannot leave you wholly dependant on Lady Arnold for protection, without one natural tie in the world. I shall be happier to know that, if anything should happen, that Lady Arnold should withdraw her protection from you through any of her caprices, you will have one to whom you can look to as a protector—a husband, dearest."

"And it would make me miserable," said the blushing girl, "if I was the cause of that husband losing the friendship of one who has ever acted as a father towards him."

The marquis was about to interrupt her.

"I will hear no more while you remain in that posture, Frederick," she continued, as she placed her hand over the mustachioed lip of her lover.

Frederick ardently kissed the fair barrier, and then rose to his feet, and seated himself by her side.

"I shall not lose the friendship of the duke," he exclaimed. "After a short absence from the wily Lady Arnold, he will be the same as usual; and then I feel confident of not only his forgiveness, but approval. My Florence, why that averted face?" he continued; "why this hesitation? If you could see what is passing at my heart at this moment, you would see no cause for hesitation; for you shall be happy, dearest—happy as wealth, rank, and the unceasing devotions of a husband who will worship you, can render you."

"But why not wait until your return from Scotland? You say you feel certain of your uncle's consent," murmured the agitated girl.

Ravensworth shook his head, as he said,—

"Have I not told you the reason? Have I not said it is because I cannot leave you solely dependant on her ladyship? The time we are parted will pass so quickly to both of us. I will write to you every day; and you, sweetest, should you have much heavy time on your hands, can spend it in writing—can send me an account of everything that happens to you—of nearly every thought; for I know my Florence will have no secret thoughts from her husband."

Florence buried her face in the cushion of the sofa, on which she was seated, for some moments; and Frederick, perceiving her indecision, again sunk at her feet; nor did he again rise till he had wrung from her a slow and reluctant consent to become his in two days' time.

Nothing could exceed the transports of the marquis.

"Oh, Frederick!" she exclaimed, "if your uncle should not forgive you, and even if he should, will not the world spurn me—blame you—for raising so lowly a being as myself to your own exalted station? and even you, Ravensworth, might be tempted to reproach me for yielding so easy a consent to what you may some day consider your disgrace."

"Reproach you, Florence!" he exclaimed, passionately. "I have many faults, my dear one, but heartlessness is not amidst the number; and I must be the most heartless scoundrel in existence, were I to reproach you for making me the happiest of mankind. Nor will the world spurn you or blame me. Think not so meanly of the world. You must not take Lady Arnold for a specimen of the generality of mankind or womankind either, for she is not, let churls say what they

will. The world is a bright and beautiful one, and the same may be said of many, very many, of its inhabitants. The world will pay you that homage, my love, that is ever paid to worth and beauty, such as thine, nor will it blame me. A monarch on his throne might envy the possessor of this fairy-like hand. My dearest," he continued, as he kissed away the tears that still trembled on her fringed lashes, "I must have no tears. Believe me, my dear one, you shall have no cause for them. Smile, sweetest, smile; thou wert not formed for tears."

Florence did smile; she could not resist smiling on her noble, enthusiastic lover. He hailed it as a happy omen, and in a short time his passionate eloquence, his flowery, enthusiastic description of their future life, caused the dimpled smile of happiness to play around her lips for the remainder of the evening; and when she retired for the night, it was with a heart as light and sanguine as his own.

It was now Thursday; she had promised to meet him at six on Saturday morning, and they were then to proceed to a village ten miles off, as the clergyman of that parish was an intimate friend of the marquis, and to whom Ravensworth could entrust his secret.

Florence, the day preceding the one that was to decide her fate, was in a state of agitation truly pitiful; she was even so pale that Lady Arnold noticed it. She was forced to complain of indisposition to excuse her non-attendance, as she felt it was impossible to go through her usual duties. Sleep visited not her eyes that night, and when she arose in the morning, she was pale and spiritless. Had it not have been for Janette, who was in ecstasies at the brilliant future her beautiful and much-loved companion would look forward to, it is a doubt if Florence would have been married at all that day. She dressed her, and when she had done that, nearly carried her down stairs into the wilderness, where Ravensworth had long been impatiently waiting. He instantly caught a glimpse of the white robe of his agitated bride, who clung to a tree for support; he sprang forward, but recoiled when he had reached her, and looked in her face for a few moments in silence.

"How is this, Florence?" he at length exclaimed, as he again approached her; "why so pale, so agitated? is it possible you repent the promise you have made me? Speak, my poor girl. If it is so, I will release you from it—yes, Florence, I will give you up, and with you all that makes life desirable; but I will, and can do so, rather than see you so pale, so sad, and, I must say, so despairing."

Florence passed both her arms round his neck, as he bent low in his deep anxiety towards her.

"How soon do you suspect me!" she murmured; "I was not well yesterday, and the agitation it is very natural I should feel, pales my cheek, not repentance."

"Forgive me," he cried, clasping her to his heart, "forgive me, dearest! when our all of happiness is at stake, it makes us doubly fearful; but the carriage waits at the end of the lane, and I fear it may attract the attention of some passer-by. Shall I conduct you to it?"

Florence placed her arm within his; they left the wilderness, and in a few minutes reached the carriage. He handed his fair intended in, and taking his seat, and then giving the signal to the postillions, they started off at a rapid rate towards the village of M—.

On their journey, Frederick used all his most winning eloquence to tranquillise the fears and bring back the roses to the cheeks of his beautiful companion; nor were his efforts unattended with success.

When they arrived at the church, they found the minister waiting for them at the gate. After warmly shaking hands with the marquis, and respectfully turning to Florence, he led the way to the interior.

Everything was prepared for their reception; the clerk, and a brother of the Rev. Mr. Meeking, who was to act as father on the occasion, were arrived. After a little conversation with his lordship in the vestry, the rev. gentleman arrayed himself in his gown; the parties were placed at the altar; the ceremony commenced, and in a short time concluded. The golden pledge of wedded love glittered on the fair finger of the young bride, and the minister saluted her as the Marchioness of Ravensworth.

A deep blush rose to the very brows of Florence, and her heart beat quickly and proudly as the high and noble-sounding title met her ears.

She received the congratulations of the few that had witnessed her union with one of England's greatest nobles, though timidly, with a grace that won her the good wishes of all present.

After the usual business of the vestry was over, the young marchioness again entered the carriage.

"What think you of my bride, Meeking?" asked Ravensworth, after handing her into the carriage, he returned to shake hands with the minister.

"If her mind equals her person, you are a happy man," returned the divine.

"Wish me joy, then," exclaimed his lordship, with a bright smile of animation; "for her mind far excels her person—in person she is a beautiful woman, in mind, an angel!"



He again shook the hand of the minister, and in a moment was seated by the side of his fair wife, and the horses were galloping as rapidly towards Woodlands as they had left it, where they arrived before the absence of either was noticed.

The second day after their marriage, Ravensworth gained the consent of his uncle to accompany him to Scotland at the end of the week, rather against the inclination of his grace; but he had been in the habit of seldom having any will but that of his nephew's, that he hardly knew how to assume one now; but, at the end of the week, the marquis himself lingered. Day after day did he manage to delay their departure, till he had not an excuse left; he was then forced to bid adieu to Woodlands, after making Florence promise a thousand times that she would write to him every day, tell him if Lady Arnold behaved unkind to her; if she did, nothing should prevent him from returning directly and claiming her as his wife; and when she returned to London, she was to be sure and not leave the house unless accompanied by Jeannette, as she was likely to be insulted.

Florence promised to obey his every wish, and he at length tore himself away from her. A few days after his departure, Lady Arnold, maddened with disappointment, was on her way to London.

How different were the feelings of our heroine when she again took possession of her apartment adjoining her ladyship's dressing-room. The days passed lightly and cheerfully, for nearly every one brought a letter from her noble husband. They were sent under cover to the faithful Jeannette.

Three months passed away rapidly, and she was now looking forward with pleasurable anxiety for his return, as his letters had given her some hints of it, though he had not spoken with certainty.

It was at the end of the time before stated, she was sitting alone, and, for about the hundredth time, reading the last letter she had received from him, when she heard a gentle tap at her door, and before the words "come in" had passed her lips, it was opened, and a man entered the apartment.

He was enveloped in an immense cloak; a slouched hat covered the upper part of his face. He closed the door after him, and advanced towards the middle of the room. Florence uttered a cry of terror, as she started from her seat.

"Florence," he exclaimed, "do you not know me?" at the same time he threw off his hat and cloak, and revealed the warlike eyes and winning smile of the Marquis of Ravensworth.

She attempted to reach him, but would have fallen ere she had done so, had he not, springing forward, caught her in his arms.

"My love! my life! my soul's treasure!" he exclaimed, in an impassioned tone, as he clasped her to his heart, and imprinted a thousand kisses on her pale face. "Do I indeed again behold you? Oh, the happiness of this moment amply repays me for all the anxiety I have suffered since last we met. Speak to me, my Florence—speak to me, dearest. Let me hear the sound of that voice that has long rung like the sweetest melody in my ears."

"Frederick, my dear Frederick!" whispered the agitated girl, "this happiness is so great, so unexpected, that I am at a loss for words to bid you welcome."

"There is no need of words to convince me of it," returned her husband, "for I feel that I am welcome, and I think I shall be doubly so, when I tell you that my uncle knows and approves of our marriage."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Florence, with a start of joyful surprise.

"He knew it a week before we left Scotland," said the marquis. "I found an opportunity, and revealed it to him. He at first was offended at, what he termed, my want of confidence in him: but I soon coaxed him into good humour again, and when I drew your portrait, sweetest, he not only forgave, but approved of what I had done."

"The portrait, I fear, was overwrought," returned Florence, shaking her head. "Coloured by the deep love you bear me, my Frederick."

"Not at all, dearest," he cried. "I endeavoured to draw it like you, but was unsuccessful, for the painting falls far short of the original."

For a moment his lordship paused, and looked tenderly in the face of his young wife.

"You are not altered much, my own Florence," he resumed, as he parted the sunny ringlets from off her fair brow. "You are as beautiful as ever."

"Flatterer," she cried, blushing and smiling, "you are not much altered. A flatterer you was when you left me, and one you have returned."

"I could not flatter you, my love," he returned, "for I could not mention one charm you are not the possessor of."

"Worse and worse," she exclaimed, laughing, and breaking away from him. "Do come and sit down," she added, as she seated herself on the sofa, "and tell me all that has occurred to you since you have been away."

The marquis placed himself at the side of the now happy Florence, and mutual inquiries now passed between them.

He told her the duke had entirely got over his predilection in favour of Lady Arnold, which was never so strong as his nephew had imagined. To Florence's inquiry of how long they had been in London, he replied about an hour. He had never entered Montaubain House at all, so impatient was he to again see his fair bride.

He had never studied whether her ladyship was at home; but, hearing she was not, he concealed his person as much as possible in his travelling dress, to prevent the servants from recognising him, as he wished Florence to remain at her present home for one night longer, as their house was in a state of confusion to-night.

"Then, to-morrow, sweet marchioness," he continued, gaily, "and forever after, your husband's home and friends, will be yours."

Florence fondly kissed his glowing cheek, and was about replying, when the door was again opened, and Lady Arnold entered.

Had her ladyship trodden on an adder she could not have recoiled with greater precipitation than she did at the sight that presented itself to her view.

Ravensworth started from his seat. To speak the truth, he had looked wiser many times than he did at present. Her ladyship was the first to break the embarrassing silence.

"The Marquis of Ravensworth!" she exclaimed, in a voice in which rage and surprise struggled for the mastery.

"The same, my lady," he replied, bowing. "My return is somewhat unexpected; but I hope I have the pleasure of seeing your ladyship quite well."

"Charming, I thank you," she returned, trying to speak in as unconcerned a tone as herself; "but your lordship has taken me by surprise; I was not aware you were acquainted with any of my domestics."

"Nor am I, to my knowledge," he coolly replied.

"Florence, leave the room," cried her ladyship, unable longer to conceal her passion.

Florence, who had been so long in the habit of obeying the haughty lady, rose from the sofa for the purpose of doing so.

"No, no, remain where you are, Florence," exclaimed Ravensworth, as he re-seated her on the sofa.

"You presume, my lord," cried Lady Arnold, passionately; "by what right do you interfere with my servants?"

"None; I have no right to interfere with any of your servants," returned the marquis, "but this lady," and he laid his hand on the head of his trembling wife as he spoke, "I have a right—a right that makes me the most happy, the most blest of mankind. I interfere with her, Lady Arnold, by the sacred right of husband."

"Husband!" shrieked her ladyship; "surely—surely, your lordship is in jest."

"Heaven forbid it should be a jest," exclaimed Frederick, casting his arm around the form of the terrified Florence; "this lady has been my wife some time; she was so before she left Woodlands. Our marriage was a clandestine one, it is true, but not less binding or sacred on that account."

"Deceiving wretch! ungrateful viper!" exclaimed the maddened Lady Arnold, making a spring towards Florence.

"Back, madam!" interrupted the marquis; "your ladyship strangely forgets yourself to accuse my wife of deceit or ingratitude; she owes you neither gratitude or confidence; had you acted as a friend instead of a severe mistress, then our marriage would have been public instead of private; and, remember, Lady Arnold, when you again speak to or of her ladyship, it will be with the respect that is due to the Marchioness of Ravensworth."

"Leave my house and take the woman you call wife with you," she exclaimed, hoarse with rage.

"Now, by my soul! do I wish you were a man," exclaimed Ravensworth, reddening, "dearly should you rue that last speech of yours; as it is, I must think of it as I do of the utterer, with contempt."

He then raised his nearly fainting wife in his arms and left the room; many of the servants of his lordship's household were busily engaged in the hall of Montaubain-house, about the packages from Scotland, when a loud knock at the door announced the return of the marquis. Great was the surprise they all felt when they saw him enter with a female, closely veiled, leaning on his arm.

He made inquiries concerning his uncle, and finding he had retired for the night, he, without taking any notice of their evident surprise, led his trembling, blushing charge towards his own apartment.

Scandal was busy amongst the duke's domestics that night, but, directly after breakfast, next morning, scandal went down, and astonishment rose in proportion; for, his grace, after giving orders for his whole household to collect in the great hall, entered, leading the beautiful, blushing, happy Florence, whom he introduced as the Marchioness of Ravensworth, and their future mistress; for it had been agreed that Ravensworth was still to reside at Montaubain-house, and Florence was to be its mistress.

Soon was it spread through the fashionable circles that the Marquis



of Ravensworth was married, though to whom or what no one could form the least idea, though it was shrewdly guessed it was a woman; but what sort of a one that was impossible to say. Lady Arnold had thought it much the wisest plan to keep a still tongue.

At length a drawing-room was held, when it was surmised the new marchioness would be introduced at court; nor were they disappointed, for she certainly made her appearance, attended by the Lady Sedley, a distant relation of the duke's. In the evening her ladyship gave a splendid ball for the purpose of more fully introducing the young marchioness to the world.

That night three hundred of the beautiful and noble of England were assembled to obtain a glimpse of the late lowly dependant. Every one was anxiously awaiting her arrival; for Ravensworth, who was proud of his young wife to idolatry, purposely retarded their departure, that most of the company should arrive before them; nor was Florence in any more haste than himself, as she dreaded encountering so many eyes as she felt would be fixed upon her. The marquis did and said all he could to reassure her, and at length they started. Every eye was turned towards the door as the groom of the chambers appeared and announced the Marquis and Marchioness of Ravensworth. A murmur of applause ran through the room as his lordship appeared leading his beautiful wife.

Never had Florence looked more beautiful than she did this night; she was attired in a rich dress of white satin, a tiara of diamonds confined her golden hair from off her brow, and allowed it to fall in nature's own ringlets, over a neck and shoulders fair and smooth as polished ivory; a necklace, earrings, and bracelets of the same costly jewels as those that composed her tiara, completed her dress, and, if it did not add to her beauty, it certainly did not lessen it; every heart acknowledged that the fair marchioness was worthy of the noble looking being who held her hand in his. For a minute or two after she had entered the room, Florence could not gain courage to raise her eyes, but a contemptuous remark from a lady near her, caused her instantly to look up, for, in the speaker's voice, she recognized Lady Arnold, who had the audacity to present herself at Lady Sedley's, and by some means gain admittance.

A meaning smile parted the ruby lips of the marchioness for a moment, as she looked in her husband's face, whose bright eyes sparkled with exultation as he noticed the effect of Lady Arnold's words, for Florence went through her introduction with much more firmness than she would have done had she not heard them. If there was not that courtly polish about her which belonged to most of the company, a pearly grace and irresistible fascination hung about all she said and did, that amply made up the deficiency.

Many that came that night merely to sneer and laugh at the marquis for marrying no one knew who, went away applauding and envying him. Lady Arnold, stung with rage and disappointment, mentally wished them every bitter and evil wish; but with an old saying, "the prayers of the wicked prevailed not," and with her ladyship it proved a true one, for the Marquis of Ravensworth found his fair wife lived long and happily—more happiness fell to their share than is the common lot of mortals.

A few months after Florence's introduction in the world, Lady Arnold put Woodlands up for sale, and the marquis, through the means of an agent, became its purchaser, and, in a short time, his first child was born there.

Jeannette, the faithful, humble friend of the marchioness, became the wife of his lordship's groom, and was presented on their wedding-day with a handsome and well stocked farm on the Woodlands estate.

Lady Arnold never married again; she yet hoped to see the time when the marquis would be sorry he slighted the overtures she had made him, but that time never arrived, for Ravensworth never once in his brilliant career, regretted wedding the Soldier's Daughter.

H. E. M.

**TASTE.**—A cultivated taste, increases sensibility to all the tender and amiable passions; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions. The elevated sentiments and glorious examples, which poetry, eloquence, and history, present to view, naturally tend to excite a spirit of patriotism and independence; a love of glory, a contempt of external fortune, and an admiration of whatever is truly illustrious and great.

**FILIAL PIETY.**—Of the virtues which are adapted to the capacity and practice of a young man, the loveliest, perhaps, is filial piety. It is at once his ornament, his interest, his honour, and his pride. Good men will esteem it the brightest jewel in his conduct, and the wise will regard it as the best proof of his virtue and prudence. The youth who is obedient to his parents, will always gain credit for goodness of heart.

## THE TWINS;

OR, THE UNFORTUNATE BROTHERS.

It was early one morning that a violent ringing came to the gate of Sir William Martello; and it was with an angry flush on his brow that the porter unbarred the gate to ascertain who was the disturber of the family's repose, and his own in particular.

"I wonder who has the audacity to make this hideous noise so early? And but I'm afraid it would be repeated, the gate should not be unbarred. But Sir William would be desperately angry if he heard the bell ring a second time."

Thus grumbling and apologising to himself for being engaged in executing his duty, much against his own inclination, he at length opened the gate.

"Who the devil could it be? Where is he?" exclaimed the angry porter, as he looked around on all sides for some one whom he imagined must have rung the bell.

"Nobody here? well, if I knew who it was, I would give a shilling to have them pumped upon. Well, I can't help thinking of the terrible audacity of the people in this neighbourhood to ring Sir William Martello's bell without waiting—it's really dreadful!"

As he said this, he dropped the bag which he held in his hand, and then he exclaimed,—

"Lor bless me, here's a basket, and directed, too, to Sir William! God bless me, what a way to do business! I wonder why they were in such a deuce of a hurry to leave it thus?"

Thus apostrophising first the basket, and then the runaway, until he carried it into the hall, where he placed it until Sir William came down according to custom.

Sir William was a handsome man, and one who, when he pleased, could be exceedingly pleasant and agreeable, which he was when it suited his views; but this was seldom, and at home he was a tyrant, visiting the slightest offence with the utmost severity, and he was a perfect terror to poor people, and this morning the ringing of the bell had greatly annoyed him.

"Well, Thomas," he exclaimed, in a peevish voice, as he descended the stairs earlier than usual; "what was the cause of that infernal ring at the gate? I could not sleep after that. I must have the bell unhung at night, or moved away to some other place."

"It was a basket for you, Sir William," replied the porter, in some fear.

"For me—a basket!—what do you mean?"

"Here it is, Sir William, to speak for itself." So saying, the porter drew the basket out, and placed it before him.

"Well, I can't imagine from whom it can have come," said the baronet; "who brought it?"

"I don't know, Sir William."

"Don't know! what do you mean?" exclaimed Sir William, in anger. "Do you mean to tell me you don't know what kind of person brought the basket?"

"I don't, indeed, Sir William, for there was nobody there when I opened the gate, but merely the basket directed as you now see it."

"God bless me, how singular! bring it into this room and open it for me."

The porter did as he was desired, and placed it on a table, and then cut the strings by which it was confined. The lid was next lifted off, and then some linen, when, to the great horror of Sir William Martello, and the astonishment of the porter, two fine children were discovered.

"Why—why—w—what's the meaning of this, you infernal rogue?" exclaimed Sir William.

"I—I—don't know, Sir William," stammered the porter, "I didn't know what was in it."

"But you ought; there, there, take it down to the parish work-house, and hold your peace, as you hope for my favour."

The porter, too glad to escape from Sir William's presence, hastily did as he was bidden, and posted off to the overseer with the unlucky basket, and its singular burden.

He soon knocked the overseer up, and explained the nature of his errand. The overseer, with a rueful countenance, viewed the twins, and ordered their admission into the workhouse.

About twelve years after this, two youths, strong and hearty, were apprenticed by the parish to the village schoolmaster and tailor respectively. They were the same twins that had been left at the door of Sir William Martello's mansion.

They were tall, active, and strong youths, of their age, and, in the main, well-disposed, but destined to be restless and impatient of control. Some time passed over their heads, and they proceeded gaily in their destined stations, save now and then they came under the correction of two ignorant and brutal masters.



Ere they had served their time out, they became acquainted with the idle and dissolute of the village. Their evenings, when not compelled to work, were usually spent out, for there was no home for them; and if their masters wanted to leave home, they were either compelled to be confined to keep the house, or, what was more likely, they were turned adrift until they returned.

They of course were thrown among characters of all kinds. Their example and conversation, joined to the ill-usage of their masters, soon caused both the youths to resort to any expedient for the purpose of escaping from their control.

Added to this, the stipulated sums they were to receive for length of service were never paid, and being much straitened for money, they were forced to obtain it how they could.

Poaching at that time was common, and often did both these youths spend a night in committing depredations upon the property of others, and thus obtained a ready means of procuring money.

They were well known, and often pointed out as the most desperate poachers in the whole neighbourhood, and yet they had never been detected; they were wary and active.

But time passed on, and they were at length both taken on the grounds of Sir William Martello, in the fact of poaching. There was nothing found, however, about them; only a hare had been snared, and they were in the act of taking her.

The gamekeeper seized them both, and, with his assistants, secured them both; but, where to take them to, he knew not, save to the town gaol, which was some miles off. There was, indeed, the cage, and to this, after some hesitation, he confined his prisoners.

When left to themselves, these friendless brothers meditated on their lot; they saw the precipice on which they stood, and determined, if they could get over their present misfortune, they would not, for the future, tempt their fate. They would supplicate Sir William, and promise not to offend again if he would save them from a prison.

Full of this hope, and more happy anticipations than those they had ever yet indulged in, they both awaited the approach of morning, believing it would be to them a happy day.

The night gave indications of breaking up, for the grey light that precedes the early dawn, was just perceptible in the east, and the cool morning air felt keen, as it came gently across the dewy meadows, but laden with the sweet scents of summer.

The early indications of the approach of day were quickly followed by others, that came hurrying on one after the other, each adding new beauties as it came to the scene.

The few light clouds that hung over the earth were being drawn up by the power of the sun's rays; for, though they had scarcely passed over the edge of the distant horizon for more than a few minutes, they were powerful, and the light vapoury clouds that hovered about, were so slight, that they gradually disappeared as though by the wand of an enchanter; not before, however, they had illuminated and added splendour to the opening scene, that was each moment becoming more and more interesting.

The splendid and gorgeous hues of the rising sun, as its rays pierced the fleecy clouds, were never yet even faintly imitated by the efforts of art and genius. The scene was one that would have warmed the heart of an hypochondriac, and gladness would have found a place in his mind.

The dew rose from the meadows in gentle and curling wreaths of vapour; the morning sun slowly drew from the surface of the brooks and streams that damp and moist air that float over them until the sun is high in the heavens.

The gay, outpouring of song from the lark as he mounts the heavens, and then the many notes of a variety of the feathered creation strike upon the ear with pleasing melody; not a living thing but what acknowledges the greatness and goodness of the all-wise and all-powerful Creator of the universe.

The prospect around was one of beauty and contentment. The meadows were a sight that it was worth the trouble of making some exertion to see,—the beautiful and varied tints of the graceful heads of the waving grass, interspersed as it was with crowslip, primrose, and buttercup.

The corn-fields, always a grateful sight, are now peculiarly beautiful; the graceful, drooping head; the yellow or golden tinge of the ripening corn; the occasional variation in the moss, by the appearance of the blue corn flower, are objects that live in remembrance when once seen.

The day was now fairly up. The fields were alive with the busy creatures in search of food and that enjoyment for which they are fitted by nature. The farmer's homestead is now a scene of life and gaiety. No idle soul is to be seen there; the very cattle do not stand idle; the fields and lanes in his immediate vicinity are the favourite resort of the fowls which leave the roost at early dawn, and roam about in search of food.

Then there is the pond, that favourite resort of ducks; the place of all others that a sentimental gourmand would apostrophise, and look

upon as an excellent and picturesque feeding ground—the spot where morsels of delight are duly nourished and reared.

It was late ere they were released from their uncomfortable place of confinement, which was lone and cold, while all without was tempting and delightful. They were thrust into a cart and carried, not to Sir William Martello, as they had anticipated, but to a town magistrate.

They begged to be allowed to see Sir William; but, no; Sir William would not see them, and more, he would press the charge against them. However, they were compelled to submit to three months' imprisonment and hard labour.

Utterly debased in their own estimation, and, as they believed, harshly used, they yet submitted without a murmur; but not without internal feelings of anger and revenge.

There was no help for them, and serve their term of imprisonment they must, though they endeavoured to obtain a commutation by applying to Sir William; but he refused to help them in their need, saying, that he never interfered with the course of justice when poachers were in the question.

Their term was out, and they once more returned to their old abode; but they were refused admittance, upon the excuse that they were no longer fit to remain in the house with those who were but a short time before their equals.

This was their last resource. They had no hope, no help. Cast loose upon the world without money or friends, it is nothing to be surprised at that they fell to their old game of poaching for the means of supporting life.

It was some time ere they were again detected, for they were more careful; but it was their only means of support, as they could obtain no work anywhere.

A few months had scarcely passed, ere they were detected with game about them and guns in their hands. The same gamekeeper, with several assistants, came upon them, and a desperate fight immediately took place, in which both brothers had the misfortune to kill a man.

They were, however, overpowered, and again placed in custody. This time no hope illumined their dreary fate. They know they must suffer, and, in lamenting their untimely fate, they deplored their crime more than the penalty they paid.

A few days before their execution, a woman in deep distress, mental and physical, applied to see Sir William Martello, and her extreme importunity alone obtained her the interview; the object of which was to obtain his assistance to endeavour to obtain a commutation of their sentence.

This Sir William at once refused, saying, he would never aid a poacher and one that had killed a man.

"These youths have been driven to do what they have done by force of circumstances."

"Can't help it," said Sir William.

"They had no means of existing," pleaded the woman.

"Can't help it," said Sir William.

"I am their mother, and beg your aid!"

"I can't help it, nor can I give it," replied the imperturbable Sir William. "You may be their mother, but I am not their father."

"The were left twins at your door."

"I couldn't help it, my good woman."

"But they are your children."

"My children!"

"Yes, and I am —"

"Margaret B——?" exclaimed the astonished baronet.

"Yes, I am."

The fact was out—they were his illegitimate children. They suffered eventually, notwithstanding the efforts made by their father. Their mother died a few days after the execution.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. K. B. (York).—"I'll Think of Thee," shall be inserted, but our correspondent must allow us to put a different heading to that which it bears at present. "Retrospection," also, with a few alterations. A communication must have been received at least eight days before an answer can be returned.

Clara D.—A very pretty little piece; and we think the young lady has deprived our readers of no little pleasure in not favouring them with some of her productions before.

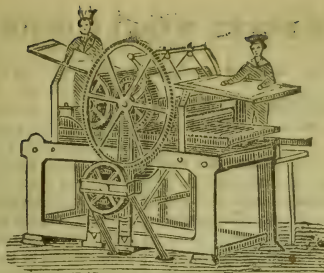
Accepted.—"The Wall-flower;" and "The Libertine."

We are extremely sorry that we cannot comply with the request of "Four Young Ladies;" at least, not at present.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

07

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## HENRY AND HELEN;

OR, THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

THE sun had gone down nearly two hours, and the twilight was diffusing its soft and uncertain shade throughout field and grove. The songs of the birds were hushed, and nature seemed to repose in blissful quietude.

The gloom cast by the tall trees, made the woods appear an impenetrable mass of dark foliage, while the moon, rising gently from among the trees, cast a beamy light upon nature. The picture was a delightful one to behold, and such a night as lovers delight to see; and such an one is sought by them, and they are not slow to take advantage of it; for the green fields, sylvan walks in the shadowy woods, or by the clear, pellucid stream, are to them as the breath of life.

It was on such an evening as this, that a young lady, the daughter of a respectable tradesman, stole away from her home to walk by the sylvan stream, not far from the city in which her parents lived. She sought the banks, and wandered alone, till she came to a part where the wood reached the water's edge.

Here she continued to pass backwards and forwards for a considerable time. At length she became weary, and seated herself upon the fallen trunk of a tree, but which still continued to grow in its recumbent position, the roots being partially in the earth.

Thus seated, she watched the water ripple past her; and it would ever and anon glitter in the moonbeams, while she would lift her eyes towards the dark recesses of the wood. Every leaf that rustled escaped not her ear, and she listened with much attention when any unusual sound fell on her ear.

As she was seated, the branches of the fallen tree screened her from every chance passenger, should any pass; but none came. Presently she heard a sound—she listened: it was the sound of feet in the wood. She rose with joy on her countenance, but it was quickly overshadowed when she heard voices.

She resumed her seat, and two men shortly afterwards left the wood, coming towards her, conversing in a very subdued tone, until they were close to the spot where she was seated.

"I tell you," said one, "there is a large reward offered for him."

"But of what use is it, if he be gone? He is now on his road to America."

"No such thing; I am assured that he is not gone. He knows himself to be innocent, and does not like to quit the country."

"Not guilty?"

"No. It is an old grudge. It was, indeed, a trap laid for him by an unsuspicious rival, to get him out of the way."

"But is it sure? Are we sure of the reward?"

"Certain."

"If convicted?"

"Yes, and there can be no doubt of that, for he has already absconded, and a still greater sum of money is missing, which makes his employer more exasperated than ever."

"Then all is safe. What do you propose doing?"

"Why, watch the motions of old Markham's daughter."

"What for? What has she to do with this offence?" he inquired.

"Miss Markham is the young lady about whom all this business arises, and I have some knowledge that Henry Ashton is lurking about; for it is very strange if they don't see each other. She goes out in the evening, where I don't know; but it is enough for the present; we will find that out, and, doubtless, by this means, we shall be enabled to light upon her lover."

"And then the reward. Old Markham will not repent, I suppose?"

"No—no. He thinks that he will be best out of the way, as he is a thorn in his side; for he knows that Ashton loves his daughter; this he does not like, for he hates the young fellow, and he would be sorry if he escaped."

"And where do you mean to go to-night? It will be no use in going to watch."

"None at all. Our watch must commence to-morrow. I shall just go to a few places in the town, where I think it is very likely he may be lurking."

They now left the place, and proceeded towards the town, and were soon out of sight. No sooner were they gone than she breathed freely, and long-drawn sighs escaped from her overcharged bosom; but her heart was lighter than it had been previously for many days.

"And does he thus suffer—for my sake unfairly accused? Fair fame, future hope of success and happiness, have all been sacrificed for me. Oh, Henry! how—what can I do to repay you? What can I do to wash away the stain of unmerited disgrace and the agony of mind you must have endured? But I will endeavour by faith and affection to merit such love as yours."

She had scarcely uttered these words, before her attention was again aroused by the sound of some one coming through the most tangled part of the wood. A few moments after a man crept forward very cautiously. Helen instantly recognised her lover, and rose to meet him. In an instant he was by her side.

"Oh, Henry!" she said, "is it you? I have had my blood chilled since I saw you."

"I am sorry, Helen, you should have thus to come to me; but you know my unfortunate situation. I dare not come to you."

"I know it, Henry—I know it, and I know you do not deserve this, and you are innocent of this vile charge."

"I know I am Helen; but how am I to establish this with others? My fate is sealed. I ought not thus to drag you along with me in this gulph of misery and despair."

"Nay, Henry, I have heard that this evening which has convinced me of your innocence, though you may fail in establishing it among strangers," she exclaimed.

"What do you mean, Helen? Has fate relented at last, and any circumstance turned up to restore me to society by proving my innocence?"

She then related all that she had heard between the two men, who were entire strangers to her. He heard her relation with wonder and amazement. He pressed her closer to his breast, and was for some moments lost in deep thought.

"Their confession will, at least, clear me in your estimation, Helen."

"Yes, Henry, it does, though I never believed you guilty. But how can you convince others of it, unless we can detect them in their evil deeds?"

"Ay, that were indeed the only way in which I might be restored to society. I think, from what you tell me, it would be dangerous to stir from my present concealment, else I should certainly be taken. I will stay and trust to the chapter of accidents; something may happen which will proclaim my innocence of this charge."

"I hope so; but to remain is perilous in the extreme. I know not what to advise."

After some conversation and debate, it was agreed that he should remain in concealment for some time, and that, for the next three weeks, Helen should not attempt to see her lover; and that when she did, they should meet before daybreak, to elude the vigilance of pursuers. After spending more than an hour in each others company, they parted,



Henry accompanying her as far as he thought he could do in safety. She then made the best of her way home.

Henry Ashton was an orphan; but, a few months before the death of his father, he was apprenticed to Mr. Markham, who was a wealthy and respectable clothier of the town.

His father dying, left him an orphan, with no expectations but such as his own industry might enable him to secure. To this end he laboured assiduously, and won the esteem of his master and his family. Henry was not more than twelve years old when he was first apprenticed, but he was active, intelligent, and honest.

His personal appearance and manners were more than ordinarily engaging. He was tall for his age, and, though strong, he bore no appearance of clumsiness. Indeed, he was, as a youth, considered very handsome, and as a man he grew no less so.

There was another apprentice at the same house besides himself, who was two years older than he was. The two youths used to be constant companions during the first few years of their apprenticeship, though their tempers and habits were opposed to each other. Henry was frank and generous, while his companion, Charles, was cunning, treacherous, and mean. These qualities he was too much of a hypocrite to betray upon all occasions, and often would Henry bear the blame which was due to his more wary companion.

They, however, in the main, agreed very well, until they had served the greater part of their apprenticeships.

Mr. Markham had a daughter, whose personal attractions, great as they were, were not equal to her private worth and amiable disposition. This young lady unconsciously became the bone of contention, and the cause of discord between them.

Henry had gone through about four years of his time, when he was first aware of the nature of his own feelings with regard to Helen. He used to take his meals at the same table with his employer and his family, and was thus often in the company of Miss Markham. At leisure hours he was also much at home; indeed, his master encouraged him to be so, his industry and good conduct being such that he felt a sincere regard for the youth.

Thus brought together, it will not be considered surprising that they should each esteem the other's character, and that their esteem should ripen into love. It was long after the first conviction on his own mind of how he stood, that he could form any notion whether there was any probability of his love being returned; but he was an enterprising youth, and he determined to make the attempt to gain the affections of his master's daughter.

He, for some time, sought in silence to divine her thoughts. Had he been bolder than he was, he might early have done this, for Helen could not but be sensible of the worth of Henry, or of his fine form and amiable disposition.

She was used to contemplate these daily, and they eventually made an impression upon the mind of Helen. She often compared his qualities with those of his fellow apprentice, who showed to little advantage when compared with him, though there had been no absolutely blameable conduct: far from it; he was punctual and attentive to his duties, but his disposition was revengeful and selfish, as might be observed in small matters.

Henry had no sooner shown signs of a warmer nature than mere civility, than the susceptible bosom of Helen immediately responded to them, and unconsciously her young heart became entangled in the trammels of love, long before she was aware of his presence.

It happened, that one evening, Helen had been spending the evening at her aunt's, and Henry was dispatched to bring her home. He found her in the midst of enjoyment, and the company of friends. She left them, and accompanied him home to her father's, without a murmur. They walked along for some time in silence. A sigh escaped at length from Henry, and he said,—

"You, doubtless, consider me as an unwelcome messenger, to bring you from so much enjoyment and happiness."

"Why should I blame you? I do not even feel vexed with my father, who sent you; then why should I feel displeased with you?"

"You are considerate, Miss Markham. I would that I could say a few words to you, without giving you any offence."

"What are they?"

"Do you give me leave?"

"I cannot give you leave to say anything that may be improper for me to hear; but you cannot be guilty of doing that."

"No, I would not, indeed; but I have long had it on my mind to tell you that I loved you. Yes, Miss Markham, I have loved you long and dearly. It would be impossible for any one who has been so long and constantly in your society, without feeling that love and respect you are so well entitled to. I have seen you under all circumstances at home, and, therefore, I have had better opportunities of forming an estimate of your private and domestic virtues."

Helen listened to all that Henry said. He pursued the same

theme, and urged his purpose with all the strength of argument he was master of. She was silent—her face was suffused with blushes. Henry felt uncertain of his fate—he pressed her for an answer. She was silent but passive, and he had, in the earnestness of his supplications, seized her hand, and on looking into her countenance, he read her acceptance of his love. Pressing her young bosom to his own, he kissed her lips. She was passive, and he eventually extracted from her a full confession of the love she bore him in return.

Great was his joy. A new field of happiness and hopes opened to him. He resolved to do everything he could to deserve her. He would strive to rise in the world, and more, he would rise and triumph over circumstances, and rise superior to every difficulty.

A few weeks of happiness, such as he had never before known, now succeeded to this confession of the lovers. They met, and enjoyed the evening hour of conversation, and fresh protestations of love and fidelity.

Some few months passed on, and Charles Clark, the fellow apprentice of Henry, fell also in love with Helen Markham. This could be no matter of surprise, when the beauty and goodness of Helen were considered.

But it was a most unwelcome piece of intelligence to Miss Markham. She, however, at once informed Charles that he must give up all hope, for that she could give him no encouragement that at a future time her sentiments might change; but she ended with a decided and solid negative. And yet Charles persevered in showing, by a passive mode of conduct, that he hoped, eventually, to wear away her objections to him. He carefully watched her and Henry, and came to the conclusion that he had a rival in his fellow apprentice, and of this he soon became convinced. The incautiousness of the lovers betrayed them into numberless little acts, that clearly indicated the existence of their passion.

Cool and watchful, he determined to make sure that the impediment was Henry Ashton, and if it were, as he suspected, he would not hesitate to sacrifice him. Once gone, the task would assume an air of probability, and from probability it would change to certainty, and his hopes would be then realized, and Helen would be his.

Thus he would sacrifice the future weal and happiness of one who had nothing but good wishes towards him. Yet he never altered his personal behaviour, but endeavoured to gain his confidence and friendship. Not that these outward signs were any indication of the thoughts within; all that was treacherous and villainous were there.

Assiduously did he seek, by every indirect means, to compass the ruin of his companion. But it was difficult to do, and required much watchfulness.

Months were spent in this way, without his being able to effect his purpose. True it was, he had, in some measure, undermined his good character with Mr. Markham, and Henry had several times been severely handled for petty inadvertences, the cause of which he could not divine. He knew of no omission on his own part. He knew of no neglect, or any error of commission—all was inexplicable, and a perfect mystery surrounded every act of late of his master.

Things went on thus, till one day, his employer, having been in a bad humour the whole day, he complained to him of his treatment of late, and said that he was unconscious of deserving it, and begged some explanation. This was immediately given, and it produced a most astounding effect upon Henry, for he was accused of dishonesty and embezzlement.

Indignant at such a falsehood, he uttered some hasty words of offence in vindication of himself, and this so enraged his master, that he called him many opprobrious names, and after many angry words, Henry at last bade defiance to any one to cast an imputation upon his honesty.

This challenge was at once answered by his calling in an officer, and committing him into custody for embezzlement. He, however, changed his determination, and withdrew his charge, and agreed to inquire into the state of his books, for, at that moment, he could not make a specific charge.

Upon going through the books, there appeared several false entries, and several omissions, where money had been received, which made it appear that he had robbed his employer to the amount omitted to be entered.

Henry was quite positive there had been entries; but there were none now, and he could not explain the reason; yet he persisted in his innocence with singular vehemence. This only exasperated his employer, who reproached him with much bitterness. Henry retired with eyes full of tears, while his heart beat with tumultuous strength.

He had not long been in his apartment, where he indulged in all the agony of despair, when he heard a gentle footstep, and a gentle tap at the door. He arose and opened it, and he started when he saw his beloved Helen.

"Oh, Helen!" he exclaimed, "are you come to add more misery to my already too heavy load?"



"No, Henry, I come, if possible, to save you. You must not stay here and be ruined. You must fly."

"Fly, Helen?"

"Yes, fly, Henry."

"And then," he replied, "my character will be for ever blasted."

"But my father is so enraged, that he vows he will prosecute, and then you will suffer more, not in mind alone, but in body also. Oh, Henry, as you love me, leave this place before morning dawns."

"I can refuse you nothing, when you talk of love, Helen; but let me ask you one question, and answer me sincerely."

"Twenty, if you please, and I will answer them all with sincerity."

"Do you believe me guilty?"

"I own everything looks strong against you, yet I cannot believe it."

"Thanks, dear Helen; I am not, indeed, guilty; but I am unable to explain why it appears to your father that I am guilty."

"Never mind about that—such it appears, and you know, as a man of business, he will believe only what he sees, and this, at present, is to your disadvantage. Let me beg of you, therefore, to fly."

"Whither am I to go? Without money—without friends—I can do nothing; but I could not help hovering about to see you occasionally. But I had better face it out, and then I may defeat the attempt at injury. Something will, surely, turn up to prove my innocence."

"Do not trust to it, Henry; you will be a lost man if you do. Let me persuade you to leave this place; for money, what I have, you shall be welcome to—nay, more; you must take this purse, and be guided by me. If you hope for a continuance of my life, you must be guided by my advice."

After much entreaty and tears, he agreed to leave that very night. Helen pressed upon him the purse she spoke of, which contained all she had, and having also pitched upon a spot and time where they should meet each other for the future, he then packed up his clothes, and bidding Helen a fervent farewell, left the house.

He did not approve of the step which Helen had desired him to follow, and yet he knew not what course he could pursue, without rushing upon destruction. Turn which way he would, ruin stared at him.

It was several nights after this, when he saw Helen, that he heard that the officers of justice had a warrant for his apprehension, on a charge of embezzlement. He dared go nowhere—he could obtain no employment, nor had any hopes of doing so. In his mind he had resolved on going to America, and try what fortune would do for him there. Helen could not oppose it, for to remain here was ruin the most terrible.

One evening, when they met, the one already described, she informed him of his innocence in the conversation then related. The effect of this was, to induce him to stay there a few weeks longer. But, unfortunately, this was wrong, for the next day he was taken by one of the officers who knew him, having seen him often at his master's. He was taken before a magistrate, and committed for trial.

The day of trial came, and the same tale was told, and, of course, he was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation. Great was his grief, but no less was Helen's. His master gave him a good character, and recommended him to mercy. His sentence was changed to imprisonment for two years.

Charles Clark, some months after this, made another offer of his heart to Helen, when she refused him with scorn, at the same time informing him what she had heard, and besought him to confess all he knew, and clear Henry's character. At first he appeared stunned; but after a few moments, he recovered himself, and persisted that he knew nothing about it.

At the expiration of his term of imprisonment, Henry came out; and the first and only being who welcomed him was Helen, who yet loved her much-injured lover, and offered to sacrifice all for his sake.

They were married, and with a sum of money she possessed, left her native place, and entered into trade in a small town, and were successful to their hearts' content. They lived happy and in peace.

One day, a man worn down with the accumulated misery of poverty, disease, and fatigue, fell, and fainted before their door. They took him in, and ministered to his wants. It was Charles Clark, his enemy. He confessed all, and attested the truth upon oath, and then died. Henry was once more respected by his wife's father and friends, and by all who knew him before his late misfortune.

**ILL-TEMPER.**—Every human creature is sensible of the propensities to some infirmity of temper, which it should be his care to correct and subdue, particularly in the early part of life, else when arrived at a state of maturity, he may relapse into those faults which were originally in his nature, and which will require to be diligently watched and kept under through the whole course of life, since nothing leads more directly to the breach of charity, and to the injury and molestation of our fellow creatures, than the indulgence of an ill-temper.

## LOVE;

## OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

"Certainly, sir."

"What's a double shanked clickum with a click."

"A what, sir?"

"A what—a what—a what?" cried all the applicants in chorus.

"Si—lence," shouted Mr. Minchin. "I repeat my question to you all. What's a double shanked clickum with a click?"

The applicants looked at each other aghast, and shook their heads, while Mr. Minchin tucked his hands under his coat tails, and shook his head, as much as to say, "I thought I should be down on you all there."

A curious noise, like somebody being smothered in one corner of the room, attracted Charles's attention, and he saw a young man with a silk handkerchief stuffed in his mouth to prevent himself from exploding with laughter.

"Can any one answer me?" roared Mr. Minchin.

A general shaking of heads took place, and then standing on his tip-toes, he added,

"Then you may go, for none of you will suit me; go away—go away. Clear the office; I won't have one of you."

"But, sir," said Charles, "for our future information, perhaps you will condescend to tell us what the double clickum with a shank is?"

This was too much for the clerk who had the handkerchief in his mouth, and pulling it out, he burst into such a roar of laughter, that the office echoed again, and such mirth had scarcely ever before astonished Abchurch-lane from its propriety.

The effect was perfectly contagious, and everybody, excepting Mr. Minchin himself, roared again. As for him, he made a great many violent gestures, and was no doubt by them illustrating some speech, not a word of which in the general uproar could be heard. At length comparative silence was restored, and Mr. Minchin, shaking his fist at the clerk who had laughed, said,

"You are discharged, sir;—you are discharged, sir;"

"Very well, sir."

"And without a character."

"No, sir. You may discharge me, but I will force you to say it was for laughing. God help those who will take a fellow creature's bread away for such a cause as that."

A murmur of applause followed this sentiment from the discharged clerk, who shut up a ponderous ledger that was before him with a bang that made the button-maker give such a jump as to place one foot actually within the fender of the fire-place.

The disappointed applicants for the situation still lingered; and indeed, there were two situations now in the gift of Mr. Minchin; and oh, how many wished they could but guess something near what a double shanked clickum with a click was.

"Sir," again urged Charles, for he was really amused with the scene that had ensued, although the discharge of the clerk for laughing, probably, in consequence of some mistake he Charles had made, annoyed him much. "Sir, I still hope you will explain your meaning, and I further trust that, however I blundered over your somewhat singular question, you will reverse your decision as to that gentleman for whose laughter, I dare say, I am really and truly accountable."

"Don't dictate to me, sir," said Minchin. "I won't hear it, sir,—I say. But as there may be parties here who don't know who I really am, I say I am the original—the only—the sole—the whole—the irrefragable—the royal—the—the everything patentee of the double-shanked clickum with a click."

With this Mr. Minchin whisked round and dashed through the door into his own room with the same rapidity of movement that had characterised his appearance from it before he propounded his mysterious question.

"Well, we are no wiser," remarked Charles Hargrove; "I still don't know anything about it."

"Nor me—nor me."

"Then I'll tell you," said the discharged clerk. "Mr. Minchin has taken out a patent for some new button he has invented, and as he is fond of fine names, or what he thinks fine, he has called it the double-shanked clickum with a click. That is all about it; and all I can add is, you need none of you much regret not getting a situation here. He was a very good master once, but now his brains are turned with his patent."

With this explanation the disappointed applicants were compelled to be satisfied, and they departed grumbling to one another amazingly.

When he had gone some little distance from the door, Charles be-



thought himself, though he could not get Mr. Minchin's situation himself, he might do a good turn to saye another unfortunate, by telling him how to answer the perplexing question of the button-maker. Full of this benevolent intent, he went back, and seeing a young man about to ascend the stairs, he said,

"Sir—sir!"

The young man turned, and in a broad Scotch accent, said,

"What's yer wull?"

"I beg your pardon if I am mistaken, but are you going to apply for a vacant situation at Mr. Minchin's?"

"Deed am I."

"Then he will ask you what a click and a double clickemahank something is."

"D—n it, man, I tell ye what," cried the young Scotchman, "if you mak ony mair o' your fun at me, I'll mak my fist acquaint with your head. D—n it, man—eugh!—eugh!"

"I am not joking."

"I never was so insulted since I cam frae East Lothian—eugh!—eugh! I should hae devilish little speerit if I didna resent it—eugh."

Charles saw that it was of no use persevering, for the Scotchman's blood was rising to fever heat, so without another word he walked away, leaving him to take his chance with the irascible little button-maker.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE PIOUS GROCER.

CHARLES HARGROVE had but another chance of procuring employment that day, and we cannot resist giving in full the advertisement, which he now, with a heavy heart, proceeded personally to answer. It ran as follows:—

"Wanted, a pious young man, of regular habits and strong constitution, Christian principles, and capable of undergoing much fatigue. He will be required to attend family prayers, and make himself generally useful. A knowledge of French and German desirable. He must be a good correspondent, and will be preferred if decidedly Evangelical. Salary, eighteen shillings weekly. Apply to Mr. Luke Middlemist, grocer, No. 2, Cateaton-street."

Here was not a very tempting announcement at first sight, but then poor Charles reasoned,

"I shall surely have a chance of getting this wretched situation, for very few people, unless their circumstances were quite desperate, would think of applying for it at all; besides, I do know French, and a little German. I only fear I shall go wrong in the Evangelical matter, for I really don't quite understand it."

Then he thought of Harriet, and off he started with a determined air, to see the pious grocer, resolved, if possible, even to secure so small a sum as eighteen shillings weekly, rather than remain idle altogether, because he could still be looking about him for something better, even while in the enjoyment of that most magnificent income.

He found the concern a very large one when he reached Cateaton-street, and he could not help thinking that piety and a thriving business went very nicely together. The place partook more of the character of a warehouse than a shop, and a number of porters and other persons were actively employed in it. Charles walked in and asked the first man he came near if Mr. Middlemist was within.

He was answered in a curious snuffling tone, which smacked dreadfully of hypocrisy,

"The Lord willing, I will take in your name, and if he be not engaged wrestling, he will see you."

"Wrestling, did you say?" asked Charles, in some surprise.

"Yes, wrestling with the ensnarer of man's soul. Heugh!"

The fellow gave a howl that made Charles jump back a few feet; and then, disgust getting the better of any other feeling, he was about to make some remark, expressive of such a conviction, but he thought it would be a waste of words only. He made up his mind that if the man was a specimen of the master, he would decidedly decline having anything to do with the situation, as he was utterly incapable of acting the hypocrite to the extent that would be required in such a place.

"My name is Hargrove," he said, "and I come in answer to an advertisement in one of the evening papers."

The porter cast up his eyes till the whites were only visible, and then feeling that his hair was properly straight down his forehead, he walked off to the private-counting-house of Mr. Middlemist, from whence he in a few moments returned, and said,—

"You will be seen; but Mr. Middlemist fears you are one of the lost belonging to Satan. Heugh!"

"Really, if you make that noise," said Charles, "you will be indicted by some of the neighbours for a nuisance. If you are afflicted with any complaint that forces you to do so, why don't you go into some hospital till you are cured?"

The religious porter looked aghast, and Charles so far satisfied himself, for he was, like all rational people, indignant at that beastly hypocrisy which assumes the garb of religion, and insults Heaven by the coarse ignorance and scurrility of its affected worship.

In an office, replete with every comfort, was a middle-aged man, with such a pursed up, sour expression of countenance, that it would appear as if he had been for many years practising the whole art of looking miserable, until he had attained a great proficiency in it. He wore a white neckcloth, which was so stiffly starched that it resembled some instrument of Chinese torture. His clothing was of the sombrest black, and his hair was laid down flat upon his forehead, and the sides of his head, as if an essential part of religion consisted in the disposition and form in which that ornament was placed; but the evangelical ladies and gentlemen have a great notion of how particular the Almighty is in regard to cravats, coats, gloves, and curls. Indeed, their religion upon the whole rather consists in a due regard of such matters—a sad-looking countenance, tears always at command, and the worship of the Rev. Mr. Somebody.

On the desk, before Mr. Middlemist, lay a large bible, flanked by prayer-books. When Charles entered, he turned his eyes partially upon him, and uttered a deep groan.

"Are you ill, sir?" said Charles.

"Yes, young man. We are all ill—all afflicted with a dreadful disorder. Oh, oh! How shall we be cleansed?—how shall we be born anew?—how shall we be regenerated?"

"I really cannot say, sir. But, to proceed to business. I have come as an applicant for the situation you have advertised."

"Oh, are you strong and godly?"

"I hope I am, sir."

"What connection?"

"I am an orphan."

"Born in sin, and brought up in corruption."

"I beg your pardon, sir, it was no such thing. I was brought up in affection."

Young man—young man, dare you come here with such awful words in your mouth? I mean what heavenly connection do you belong to? What godly preacher do you sit under?"

"My heavenly connexions," said Charles, "are, I hope and trust, under friends who have preceded me to the house of God, whose mercy and goodness are so infinite. I sit under no particular preacher, because I have an opinion that I need no one as an affected go-between between my Maker and myself."

Mr. Middlemist groaned aloud.

"Now, sir," said Charles, "if you please, let us talk of the situation."

"Wretched sinner, do you mean to say that you are grovelling in darkness; that you are a minion of the evil one—where there are chains and gnashing of teeth—burning brimstone—d—n it, is that the way to pile up sugar-loaves? Peter, you take warning, mind you go on Saturday."

This sudden exclamation arose from Mr. Middlemist having accidentally cast his fierce eyes through the window of his office, and saw something wrong going on in the warehouse. Charles could not, even in the midst of all his disgust at the hypocrisy of the man, forbear smiling to see how the true character peeped out, so unawares, beneath the sanctified work that shrouded it. When Mr. Middlemist turned to him again, Charles said,—

"Sir, if you will give me an explicit answer, I shall be obliged to you."

"You won't suit me, young man—your ways are evil; I have no doubt you are a hunter after vain pleasures in this world."

"I like to enjoy as much pleasure of a rational creature as God has placed within the grasp of his creatures. I like music."

"Psalms and hymns?"

"No, I love real melody. Those strains which awaken the feelings, and cause the best and gentlest of our aspirations. While I enjoy such pleasure, I adore more Him who gave me the capacity so to do. I love the theatres, and, while I am amused or affected by the mimic scene, praise the great God that has bestowed such rare talent on his creatures. We commit, in my opinion, high treason against Heaven, if we neglect to fully appreciate one of the beauties and glories of creation, or refuse to make ourselves as happy as we possibly can in the beautiful world God has given to us for our temporary home. I know I shall not sult you, sir, and thank God for it. Far distant may be the day when I mistake fanaticism for religion, and imagine gloom and tears to be pleasurable to the Almighty."

So saying, Charles Hargrove turned upon his heel, leaving Mr. Middlemist in such a state of horror and astonishment, that he continued gazing after him as long as he could see him, and then burst into such a series of groans that they were awful to hear.

Thus were all poor Charles's hopes dissipated for that day; and he stood with a heavy heart near to St. Paul's, revolving in his own mind



what he should do next, and in what efficient manner he could help Harrier, and rescue her from the dreary prospect that was around her. Expectations from the letter he had left at the news agent's, he had none; and what, he asked himself, would the morrow bring, but, in all probability, a renewal of the same disappointments and vexations of to-day?

To add to his disagreeable sensations, too, the day was rapidly sinking, and the inclement weather which ushered in that evening, was about unequivocally commencing. He was very far from home—the only home he now had; and for nearly half an hour he leaned against the cathedral in deep and painful thought. Not a shadow of an expedient suggested itself to him. He saw nothing before him but desolation and despair. A gloom came over him, such as he had rarely, if ever, experienced; and Heaven knows how far he might have been carried by the saddened thoughts that oppressed him, had it not been that he was suddenly aroused by a mendicant, in whining accents, asking for alms.

He started from his reverie, and, shaking his head, said,—  
"My good fellow, I am, I dare say, worse off than you are, although I don't just now appear so. I have nothing to give."

"Indeed! why you are decent looking enough," said the beggar.  
"Oh, that may be; but I should think you knew enough of life not to always judge by appearances."

"That's true enough; but, if you don't mind talking to one like me, just tell me what you are."

"My good fellow, I have no objection on earth to talk to you, and as for what I am, I am just what you see me, a young man, with a decent education, in want of bread."

"Ah," said the beggar, "I understand. There are thousands such respectable well brought up young fellows, who can do nothing particular, and have no peculiar talent—one is an epitome of the whole class. They have nothing to give to society in exchange for a living. Ah, thank God, I'm a beggar now!"

"You are a strange fellow," said Charles.

"I am; but never mind that. At a word, now, I like your looks; will you come and take a bit of supper with me? It's beginning to rain hard, say the word, and we will be off."

"I will," said Charles, who was struck with the shrewdness of the old man, as well as his language, which betokened some education, "I will accept your invitation as frankly as it is offered."

"Come on, then, come on, it ain't very far. You spoke to me about trusting always to appearances, just now; mind you bear in mind the same useful and practical maxim; and, when you see an old, bent, shuffling mendicant, such as I look, don't always trust to appearances. It may be a little better off than you would imagine, and, at all events, he can afford to take an acquaintance home to supper with him."

"Come on, come on; I'm sorry for you, but for your consolation, if it is any, I can tell you, that there are thousands in London like you, thousands who rise in the morning and know not where to lie down at night."

(To be continued in our next.)

## WHISKERS.

A friend once to me,  
For a bit of a spree,  
Sold a bottle of very queer mixture;  
That rubb'd on my face,  
He said in its place  
I should have a very fine whisker.

With pleasure I grasp'd  
The bottle quite fast,  
And ran to my house in a twinkling,  
Where soon at my glass,  
Like a thundering ass,  
My cheeks I gave a good sprinkling.

Oh, Lord! what a scamp  
To play such a prank;  
I laid all the night without sleeping,  
In horrible moaning,  
And sighing and groaning—  
Even now at the thought I fall weeping.

In stead of the whiskers,  
My face was all blisters.  
Oh, dear; how I stamp'd and I raved:  
The stuff that he sold me,  
He lately has told me,  
Was blistering salve he had made.

## ROMAN GAMES.

THE chief of these public amusements was the racing of chariots and horses. The chariots were low two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by two horses abreast, the charioteer standing within a high front holding the reins. A great deal of attention was paid to the matching of these charioteers. They were distributed into four parties or factions, distinguished by different coloured dresses, or liveries, and the partisanship of these factions often raised sanguinary disputes among the onlookers.

In the time of Justinian, no fewer than 30,000 men are said to have lost their lives at Constantinople, in a tumult raised by contention among the partisans of the several liveries.

In the present day, disputes of this origin are happily allayed among the attendants of horse races, by the practice of betting.

It must have been a fearful sight to witness the starting of a large body of chariots in the circus. A signal being given, by dropping a napkin or cloth a clamour was withdrawn, when they sprung forward, and whoever first ran seven times round the course was victor. This was called one match, for the matter was almost always determined at one heat, and usually there were twenty-five of these in one day.

The name of the victor being proclaimed by the voice of a herald, he was crowned with palms, and received a prize in money or considerable value. The use of the palm tree to form crowns of victory was borrowed from a practice of the Greeks—this tree being chosen for the purpose, because it rises against a wall, it placed on it: hence, in modern times, it is put for any token or prize of victory in honourable contention.

The next description of these public exhibitions consisted of contests of agility and strength, of which there were five kinds: running, leaping, boxing, wrestling, and throwing the discus or quoit.

The place where the wrestlers and others met to be trained in these exercises was called a *Gymnasium*, from whence is derived our word gymnastics.

But none of these exhibitions were so brutalising in their nature as one which consisted in the fighting of wild beasts with one another, or the fighting of beasts and men, who were either forced to this by way of punishment, as the primitive Christians were, or fought voluntarily, either from a natural ferocity of disposition, or induced by hire. An incredible number of animals of various kinds were brought from all quarters, and kept for the entertainment of the people at an immense expense.

Pompey, in his second consulship, exhibited at once five hundred lions, who were despatched in five days; also, eighteen elephants.

The Emperor Augustus introduced the exhibition of a sea fight, by digging a lake near the river Tiber. Those who fought on these occasions were usually captives or condemned malefactors, who contended against each other till one party was slain, unless saved by the clemency of the presiding emperor.

INSTANCE OF A NOBLE MIND.—A countryman of ours, a Captain Douglas, was playing at trictrac with a very intimate friend in a coffee-house, amidst a number of French officers, who were looking on some dispute, arising about a cast of the die. Douglas said in a gay thoughtless manner, "Oh, what a story." A murmur arose among the bystanders, and his antagonist feeling the affront, as if the lie had been given him, in the violence of his passion, snatched up the tables and hit Douglas a blow on the head. The instant he had done it the idea of his imprudence, and its probable consequences to himself and his friend, rushed upon his mind. He sat stupefied with shame and remorse, his eyes rivetted on the ground, regardless of what the other's resentment might prompt him to do. Douglas after a short pause, turned round to the spectators. "You think," said he, "that I am now ready to cut the throat of that unfortunate man; but I know that at this present moment he feels anguish a thousand times more keen than ever my sword can inflict. I will embrace him thus, and try to reconcile him to himself; but I will cut the throat of that man among you who shall dare to breathe a syllable against my honour." "Bravo, bravo," cried an old chevalier of St. Louis, who stood immediately behind him. The sentiment of France overcame its habit, and "bravo, bravo," echoed from every corner of the room.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners consist in a constant maintenance of self respect, accompanied by attention and deference to others in correct language, gentle tones of voice, ease and quietness in movements and action. They repress no gaiety or animation, which keeps free of offence. They divest seriousness of an air of severity or pride. In conversation, good manners restrain the vehemence of personal or party feelings, and promote that versatility which makes persons converse readily with strangers, and take a passing interest in any subject that may be addressed to them.



## THE COMBAT.

In a castle at the foot of the Apennines dwelt an old lord, descended from a noble family of Lombardy, whose name was Boromalco.

His strange manner of life, his misanthropical character, and his love for alchemy, astrology, and the mystical and magical sciences, had gained him the reputation of a necromancer; and it was generally reported that he spent most of his time in communication with spirits. He never issued from the walls of his castle; and his vassals counted thirty years since he had subjected himself to this voluntary imprisonment. The neighbouring goatherds, indeed, affirmed, that during the night he roved about in various forms; that at one time he bounded from hill to hill in the shape of a flaming elk, at another ran bellowing about the valley in that of a fiery bull.

Boromalco's only son was reported to have been slain in a single combat, and his nearest kinsman and heir was a nephew, whom he had taken at an early age into his family, and educated till he had entered into his fifteenth year, when, in a fit of moroseness and ill-temper, he commanded him, without assigning any reason for his displeasure, to quit the house, and never appear unsummoned in his sight again.

To the long controlled and oppressed youth this banishment from his uncle's mansion was a welcome deliverance; especially, as, notwithstanding the recent arbitrary and unjust dismissal, he received a large sum of money from his incomprehensible kinsman. With this he betook himself to Padua, and applied himself severely to study; he afterwards travelled into several kingdoms, and was just returned into his native land, when he received a letter from the old Boromalco, which summoned him to repair instantly to the castle.

He obeyed, 'tis true, without demurring; but the unpleasant remembrance of his youthful years, his uncertainty of what his uncle might require of him, and the fear of being recalled to suffer many tedious, dismal years, in the society of his morose and mysterious kinsman, made him undertake this journey with reluctance and chagrin.

When it is premised that the young Boromalco had recently become enamoured of a beautiful lady, whose conversation gave him the most exquisite delight, and whom he was wont to see daily on a footing of the greatest intimacy; it will be easy to conceive the grief and vexation that harassed him in his way to his kinsman; whither he arrived at the close of evening.

Long time he wandered about the dark passages, and searched all the chambers without finding the old Boromalco; at length he remembered that in the upper story of the castle there was an apartment, the entrance into which had ever been strictly forbidden him, and which he had always found carefully locked and barred whenever he attempted to enter.

Hoping to find his uncle there, he ventured to ascend the stairs that led to it. A faint rattle, which he heard as he mounted the last step, certified his conjecture, and conducted him to the door of the apartment. He found it half open, and by the glimmer of a dim lamp discovered the old Boromalco, pale and emaciated, lying on a bed of straw, and covered with a coarse rough mat, apparently in the agonies of death.

An icy shudder pervaded him, and, petrified with fear and astonishment, he stood some time motionless at the door of the chamber. The old man at length noticed him, and addressed him with—

"Step nearer, nephew; but first look around, survey all about thee, and examine the sanctuary, which, for the first time, is opened to thee."

At that instant the pale twinkling of the lamp became splendid as the sun, and the surprised youth saw the figures of his ancestors in knightly accoutrements, ranged round the walls of the chamber. Under each of the figures was a heap of silver and gold.

The magical illumination, which rendered all this visible, vanished in a few minutes, and the old Boromalco proceeded:

"'Tis enough, nephew; I have put thy soul to the proof; and thy eyes, that gazed so greedily at the glittering metal, have betrayed thee. Come still nearer me, and be attentive to what I shall say to thee. Thou and I are the only relics of our race; and I see, without regret, extinguished for ever, a name that in former ages, when virtue was prized, was loved, honoured, and feared, and which now is contemned and dishonoured."

As the old man uttered these words, the figures fell to the ground, their arms and trophies were broken with a violent crash, and a noise like thunder shook the room.

A deadly paleness spread over the face of the youth at this event; but the old man continued sedate, and undisturbed, and regarded his nephew with a malicious laugh.

"Know," proceeded he, "that I had discerned a dark and perilous path, by which we might arrive at vengeance for an irreparable and unpardonable wrong, that has deeply wounded my heart, and stained

our name for ever. Thou shouldst have completed what I began; such was my hope; but thou hast frustrated and destroyed it."

"What shall I do?" interrupted the youth; "unfold to me an enigma I vainly seek to comprehend. Point out the perilous means by which I may appease thy displeasure, and that of the revered shades, who so loudly proclaimed their anger."

"If thy folly had not rendered thee incredulous to what was mysterious; if in these days justice had not yielded to power, and valour to artifice, I would disclose to thee the dreadful tale, and impose on thee a noble action; but I have not found thee apt to generous deeds, nor penetrable by sentiments of virtue."

"You have not proved me," interrupted the youth indignantly; "you have never tried if this dreadful tale would awake me to energy and virtue."

"My experiments would have failed," returned the old man; "this I saw long since, observing thee. While thou wast yet a boy, I remarked thee smiting at a serpent, who had formed himself into a circle, and held his tail in his mouth: thou wast blind to the high significance of the symbol."

"Again, when ripper years should have matured thy discretion, I observed that thou shunnedst the dim smoke, and soughtest the splendid flame, though the one scorched thy face, while the other only pained thy eyes; therefore I found thee unworthy my instruction and converse, and exiled thee my dwelling."

"Let the past be forgotten," cried the youth, "let me be judged by the future. Name the price at which I can obtain thy pardon."

"I will remit my anger, and leave the world in friendship with thee," answered the old Boromalco: "I will not release thee my last blessing."

Here he laid his hand on the head of his nephew—"For, know that this night, ere the clock has struck twelve, my term of life will have expired. The walls of this chamber contain all the treasures of our family, which are now wholly thy property; since he, who should have shared them with thee, is no more of this world. His unatoned spirit wanders about crying for vengeance, and I hasten to condole with it."

The old man, after having spoken thus, grew more feeble and languid; his eyes became dull and filmy, and his oppressed lungs respired with difficulty and pain. He strove, after some time, to collect his last retiring forces, once more to address his nephew, who, overpowered with surprise and pity, knelt in tears beside him.

"Cousin," said he, "before I die, I must require an engagement from thee, which thou wilt not violate under any pretext, if thou wouldst escape my direst curse and the severest persecution of my returning spirit."

The youth assured his dying kinsman, with the most sacred attestations, that he would fulfil whatever should be required of him.

"When three days have elapsed after my death," said the old man, with dying yet awful accents, "inclose thyself, ere the sun has reached the meridian point, in the tower that stands eastward of my castle; it is watched and served by the guardian spirits of thy ancestors. Thither convey all thy treasures, and remain there till I appear in a visible form and announce thy release to thee. From the hour I have indicated, 'tis forbidden thee to hold communion with mankind, and above all thou must behold no damsel of more than fourteen years of age. Observe this; 'tis my last irrevocable will. If thou resist it, thou wilt become the victim of my resentment, from which no mortal power can rescue thee."

The clock struck twelve at the moment Boromalco concluded his speech, and he instantly expired in the arms of his nephew.

Among all the calamitous events, which the alarmed imagination of the youth had, during his melancholy journey, suggested to him as possible, none was so horrible as the obligation he had been drawn into. He would willingly have resigned all his inheritance to be released from the cruel and intolerable condition imposed on him. But he was indissolubly bound by his precipitate vows, and could only lament his uncle's fraudulent malice, and his own rash engagement.

The loss of his freedom, and the prospect of a long trksome solitude were his least grievances; but the separation from his beloved friend rent his heart, and harassed his soul with incessant sorrow and anguish.

He set off immediately after the death of his kinsman to Miranda, his fair friend, to communicate to her the requisitions of his deceased relative, that from her sympathy and tenderness he might derive his only consolation in so distressful a destiny.

A faithful servant, whom he had brought with him, was ordered, during his absence, to prepare whatever was necessary for his residence in the tower; but this care was superfluous; for every possible want was already provided for.

With the dawn of the next day, he arrived at the habitation of



Miranda, and, to his amazement, found her dressed in preparing for a journey; a chariot and horses stood ready harnessed at the door.

"How!" cried he, entering her apartment, "you are about to depart with the first purple of the morning, and not have mentioned your purpose to me, who sympathize so in all your interests?"

Miranda replied, she must make a journey, that from all—even from him—must remain secret; she should soon, she added, very soon return, and reveal all to him.

"You have secrets from me, Miranda?" inquired he, with a significant tone.

"This only," said she tenderly, "and, this excepted, my every thought has been open to thee."

"Be it so!" said he, "I too have a secret; but to disclose it to thee I have come hither. I also have a journey to undertake; a long, a very long journey. Know, Miranda, when to-morrow's clock has struck twelve, I am banished from the world,—I am exiled from life; I am compelled to renounce thy loved society."

"Gracious Heaven," cried she, alarmed, "with what dreadful thought dost thou labour?"

He related all that had passed between himself and his kinsman the night of his departure, and announced to her his unhappy destiny. Miranda seemed to hear his tale with far less concern than he had expected. Deep sighs, which issued from her against her will, visible inattention, and an aspect of profound meditation, appeared to betray emotions that flowed from another source. He knew not what passed in Miranda's affectionate soul, and was amazed, that just at this instant she should be so engrossed by another concern. He had finished his relation; yet she stood long silent and pensive before him.

"Miranda!" said he at last, with more sorrow than reproach in his looks and voice,—"Miranda! hast thou not one word to say to me on all this? Art thou grown so penurious of consolation, that thou refusest my wounded soul the balm of one tender word from thy lips?"

"Be not grieved, my friend, nor angered!" said she, interrupting her silence. "Thy fate lay ever at my heart, and not less at this moment, though I seemed absent and inattentive to thee. I will not condole with thee, since what would that amend thy destiny? nor is it in my power to console thee. But I have conceived a means of mitigating the rigour of thy lot; and, as I cannot but believe the most cruel part of thy sentence is thy separation from me, thou shalt receive from my hands, ere the fatal hour of banishment has arrived, a pledge of my affection, that shall for ever remind thee of Miranda, yet shall finally supersede thy regrets."

A flood of tears streamed from her lovely eyes, and she was forced to discontinue her discourse.

"Angel of Heaven!" cried he, falling at her feet, "are these precious drops shed for me? Forgive my rash ungrateful doubts, and receive my protest! for nothing, Miranda, nothing under the sun can replace thee, nor can ought on the earth drive thy image from my heart."

She repeated her assurance, and bade him hope for the best and be tranquil.

Their farewell was deferred; since, according to her intention, she was to see him again before the hour of his confinement in the tower, where she would meet him on her return. She again assured him that he would receive the highest pledge of her affection and confidence, and she required him, as soon as he heard the distant hoofs of her steeds, to leave the tower and retire into a dark vault near its entrance.

Miranda descended the stairs with him, seated herself in the chariot, and seized the reins of the fiery steeds, who, submitting their proud strength to their lovely driver, bore her away with obedient swiftness.

The youth now hastened with all speed to the tower, his soul spurred on with impatient expectation to learn what Miranda proposed for his consolation.

His suspense did not long endure; for scarce had he arrived, before the clattering hoofs of hasty steeds was heard at a distance. He vanquished his curiosity, and instead of running to the window, descended the stairs of the tower, and waited his friend in the dark vault, as she directed him.

Miranda soon entered the gloomy cave; he knew her steps, and ran with transport to meet her.

"I am returned," said she, "to assuage thy painful condition, and bring thee the promised pledge. I have acquitted my word. Thou wilt find in thy chamber the present that I make thee; a gift that thou wilt receive as the highest pledge of my confidence. 'Tis the most precious of all I possess, and I commit it to thee, certain thou wilt watch like a dragon over the deposit. When thou lookest on it, remember me, till by regarding it thou loosest my remembrance. The rest will be told thee by a letter, that will soon reach thy hands. Farewell, my beloved friend! A thousand times farewell! My spirit shall ever surround thee, since it is now bound to thine with a double tie."

Miranda accompanied this mysterious address with a tender embrace, and escaped from his arms before gratitude, love, and sorrow suffered him to utter a syllable.

He heard the sounding hoofs of her horses, and the rattle of her wheels. This noise informed him that Miranda was departed, while, in the confusion of his soul and senses, he still thought he held her in his arms.

In vain he sought to follow her with his eyes, and gain another look; she was far distant, and a cloud of dust hid her from his view. A few minutes after it struck twelve. He shut the gate of the tower, and hastened to his apartment in the most anxious expectation.

As he entered, he saw what appeared to him a miracle, a girl formed and dressed like Miranda, and the exact stamp and image of his beloved friend in a child of five or six years old. A written paper lay on the table, which, at his approach, the young maid presented to him without uttering a word. Amazement kept him mute, and he read the contents of the paper, which were as follow:

"Receive, O my beloved friend, this letter from the hand of an unhappy orphan, who is my daughter. I have never been married in the eyes of the world, and must therefore conceal from the world my offspring; the more because her form and lineaments too clearly indicate her mother.

"Do not ask who was her father; he is now no more. His daughter is five years of age this day; and know, that on the morning of her birth a base traitor, who contended for my love with her father, defied him to combat, and foully murdered him on the way. Rosalia was committed from her natal hour to a friend, who has educated her till now. A few days since her foster mother expired, and my journey yesterday had no other object than to procure a new residence for my child.

"Thy appearance at the moment of my distressful perplexity seemed a signal to me from Heaven, and thy sad relation of thy uncle's rigorous sentence suggested to me the thought of committing to thee my child, and make thee her instructor, her guardian, and her father. Let Rosalia be thy companion, and, though a child, thy friend. Thou wilt soon win her affections, and she will gladly remain with thee in thy solitude; for she is grave, pensive, and altogether adapted to the manner of life required of thee. She is this day five years of age; I reiterate it to thee once more, to remind thee of thy uncle's restrictions. Perhaps you may henceforth learn from Rosalia herself what it becomes thee to do, when she attains the forbidden age; for her discourse is often wonderful, and she seems to be made the organ of some superior power.

"Farewell, my kind friend; my heart beats free and tranquil, since it has no longer anything concealed from thee. Destroy this paper as soon as thou hast perused it.

"MIRANDA."

"Rosalia! my Rosalia!" cried the transported youth, raising the child from the ground towards Heaven, as if he would in the presence of God bind himself to execute the will of his loved Miranda. "My Rosalia," said he, affectionately, "I will be father, mother and friend to thee, thou most precious of pledges, thou image of thy angelic mother! Thanks, a thousand thanks, Miranda! for thy present."

He pressed the child to his bosom, and, impelled by an indescribable emotion, kissed with transport the forehead of the young maid. Rosalia regarded him with a firm unvaried look, and received all his caresses in silence.

"You are the friend of my mother?" at last she began—"she has not deceived me when she commended you; for surely you are kind and gentle. I will remain with you without reluctance, and will not depart from this tower till three thousand two hundred and eighty five days are elapsed; then suffer me to quit you, give me as much gold as I can carry, and ask not whither I go, nor when I shall return!"

Here she reached out her hand, as if to require his asseveration.

He promised solemnly to grant her request, without demanding an explanation of her mystical address, or computing what number of years was included in that number of days.

Rosalia was contented. Her keen, observing eye softened its glance, and though she was never, after the manner of children, fond and caressing, she soon placed an entire confidence in her new companion. But there was in her general character something reserved and mysterious; she spoke little or nothing without premeditation, and every part of her manners pointed her out as an extraordinary being. She never laughed or wept; was always grave, without being melancholy: solitude was never irksome to her, and she could pass whole days in quiet meditation, occupied by a thousand visions and phantasies, which a powerful imagination presented to her so vividly, that, absorbed in them, she was insensible to everything around her.

Familiarity soon produced a tenderer relation between the young Boromalco and Rosalia. He studied her mind, anticipated her wishes, and strove to insinuate himself into her affections,



Rosalia soon of her own impulse besought him to be her tutor; he taught her languages, and made her conversant with history; she was quickly able to read; but to write she had no inclination, nor could his persuasions induce her to use the pen. Music was her favourite amusement, and the harp her darling instrument, which she delighted to accompany with her voice. She was extremely ductile, and her uncommon capacity, joined to her unwearied attention and unabated ardour for study, accelerated her attainments prodigiously, and gave her instructor ineffable satisfaction.

Thus rolled away weeks, months, and years, unperceived by the young Boromalco, though he neither conversed with, nor saw, any human being beside his companion and pupil. Her company, his studies, and reflections on his strange destiny, left no vacancy on his mind for dissatisfaction and weariness.

One evening, contrary to her usual custom, Rosalia came at a late hour to him, and requested a larger harp; he had before given her a small one suited to her years and size.

"And what canst thou do with a larger harp, Rosalia?" said he. "When thou art grown to a proper stature thou shalt have mine, which has a finer tone than any I can procure for thee."

"Agreed," returned she, with vivacity. "I accept your harp as a present, and on the morrow you shall hear me play on it; for tomorrow you will admire at the growth of Rosalia's stature. Do not forget to procure me this night new apparel, for in the morn my present clothes will be too short and small for me."

Boromalco knew not what to think of these strange requests, and made her no answer. Had he not remembered what Miranda had written to him of the child's visions and inspirations, he would have conceived that she was delirious. Rosalia did not seem affected at his perplexity; she repeated her request and retired to her chamber.

Curiosity rendered Boromalco restless; he rose early in the morn, and slid to the apartment of Rosalia. What amazement congealed his sense, when, instead of a child, he beheld a full grown maiden of mature beauty slumbering before him. Scarcely could he credit his sight, and yet he must trust its testimony: it was Rosalia's self in complete and perfect form; it was the duplicate of her angelic mother in the vernal bloom of her charms.

He drew his eyes from the fascinating spectacle, and returned to his chamber. Then recollecting that he had omitted to provide the garments she requested, he drew forth a suit of his own apparel, which he had never worn, conveyed it to Rosalia's chamber, and placed beside it his harp as he had promised.

A strange timidity kept him within his apartment; he did not venture to approach Rosalia, who, without seeking the society of her loved friend, passed the whole day in solitude.

In the evening Rosalia sat in a balcony, which Boromalco could overlook from his window. She was in man's apparel, and seemed the most celestial youth that ever the fancy of a painter created. The harp stood beside her, and after the lapse of an hour, which she seemed to pass in raptures of enthusiasm, she touched the melodious instrument, and, aiding it with her heavenly voice, drew from it such sublime and tender strains, that Boromalco was enamoured of the sound, and feared to breathe, lest he should disturb her.

As night descended on her ebony throne, Rosalia left the balcony, and sought the chamber of the young Boromalco. He was still at the window, ruminating on the strange events that had marked his extraordinary life, when the door opened, and the young maid entered.

"Know," said she, "that to-morrow noon just three thousand two hundred and eighty-five days are elapsed since Miranda, my mother, brought me to thee; and remember, so long is it since you promised me, at the expiration of this time, to let me depart. I was then five years of age, nine have since revolved; I am summoned away: for both our sakes do not detain me! Give me as much gold as I can carry, receive my heartfelt thanks for thy kindness, and pray to Heaven that we may see each other again; but ask not whither I am going, nor when I shall return."

Astonishment and anguish bound the youth's tongue, and he could only indicate by his gestures to Rosalia that she might take what she chose from the treasures he had derived from his uncle.

She took two bags of gold, and left the chamber.

The ensuing night was still more sleepless and turbulent to Boromalco than the former. In the morning he rose betimes, and, after walking about his apartment to calm his emotions, repaired to the chamber of Rosalia; not with the intention of speaking with her, but to see through an opening in the door if she were there, and what she was engaged in.

He found Rosalia already risen, and employed in removing an iron grate, which was fixed before an aperture in the wall; after much toil she succeeded, and he saw her draw from thence a large chest, which opening, she took from it a costly suit of armour, richly adorned with gold and precious stones.

Rosalia examined it piece by piece; then braced it on her delicate limbs, and trod with proud exultation to survey herself in a mirror. She unsheathed her sword, practised various motions with it, and used herself in a similar manner to the shield.

The clock struck twelve while she was thus employed; swift as a dart she shot out of her chamber by a door that led to the foot of the tower. Boromalco heard the sword ring against the steps, and he ran anxiously to overtake her; but in vain. Before the gate of the castle stood a coal-black charger with white mane and tail: she leaped on his back, the horse neighed, and bore her away with incredible swiftness.

Boromalco, accustomed as he was to strange and marvellous events, was for some time buried in amazement at these wonderful incidents. He returned pensive and sad to his chamber. Scarcely had he entered the room, when he heard a low murmur and panting in the ante-chamber, to which, absorbed in grief for the loss of Rosalia, he at first paid no attention; but the noise increased, and suddenly a terrible voice thus exclaimed:

"Cousin! a little more, and thy oath had been violated; a little more, and I had fulfilled mine, and destroyed thee."

He recollected the awful voice of his uncle, and a cold shudder quivered through his limbs.

"Cousin!" continued the voice, "in vain wilt thou attempt to elude my vigilance or my vengeance. I now command thee to shut the gate of the tower, and to exclude from thee every female form, of whatever age; otherwise thou shalt die by my hands, as I have sworn to thee."

"Inhuman!" returned the youth in a transport of indignation and love, "inhuman monster! how if my Rosalia returned? Must she too be excluded?"

A dreadful yes, resounded thrice in an imperious tone through the whole tower.

"Enter then, barbarian!" cried the youth, "and destroy me now; for whenever Rosalia shall return, I will admit her, and indulge myself with her sight, and trample on thy arbitrary and cruel commands. Enter, and fulfil thy savage oath!"

"Well spoken, cousin," exclaimed the spirit; "better spoken than I hoped from thee. Thy courage has blunted my anger: listen now to my altered will. This very day, ere the sun in his descent has embued with his rosy beams the heads of yonder hills, betake thyself to the neighbouring forest; there live on roots and herbs, and let not wine moisten thy lips. Dost thou understand this?"

"Yes," returned the youth, "and will punctually obey thee. But should Rosalia return, and find me in the forest, am I not permitted to behold her?"

"One yes deserves another," said the spirit of his uncle; "thou mayst see her, converse with her, and suffer her to dwell with thee."

"Generous shade!" cried the transported youth, "forgive my impatient murmurs! thou art all goodness."

"Moderate thy joy, young man," returned the fearful voice, "there is a condition annexed that may not be wholly acceptable to thy wishes."

"Only let Rosalia remain with me," cried the nephew, "and I am content with all."

"She shall remain with thee; but beware, that till my return thou never seest Rosalia otherwise than as thou shalt first meet her. Govern thine eyes, and wait my re-appearance."

These were the last words of the spirit; the former murmurs and breathings were heard, and, gradually decaying, at length announced his retreat.

The young Boromalco repaired with the first approach of evening to the forest, where, conformably to his uncle's injunctions, he lived on roots and pulse, drank water, and led in every respect the life of a hermit.

To one who has no pursuit or employment time drags heavily along, and our recluse in his solitary, monotonous life counted years, when only months had passed, since his separation from Rosalia, and departure from the tower.

Yet was his condition not unhappy: the light repast of herbs, with which he nourished himself, and the limpid water which was enjoined him for a beverage, rendered his frame pure and unincumbered, and his mind refined and ethereal. He grew more open and sensible to the various beauties which a contemplation of nature presented him, and a wide field of sublime luxury was opened to him.

One day as he waked from a sleep, that for many hours had lain like lead on his senses, the first object that presented itself to his yet dim eyes, was a knight rushing on a fierce steed through the forest towards him. The sable steed and splendid armour might have informed him it was Rosalia; but his sleep had so troubled and confused his senses, that not till she alighted, and advanced to him, did he recognise her.



"Rosalia!" cried he, when he had recovered from the first surprise of her sudden appearance; "art thou really Rosalia, or does a dream delude me? Surely I have slept the sleep of death, and am in the world of spirits."

"I am thy pupil, thy friend, thy Rosalia," said she. "Six and thirty weeks are flown since I left thy solitary habitation: oft did my heart wish to return to thee, and the inquietude my night might occasion to thee filled me with the most torturous anxiety."

"Ah! I never can again endure to lose thee, dearest maid," interrupted Boromalco. "What has not thy absence cost me!"

"Be tranquil," said Rosalia, with gentle accent; "fate, which summoned me to an awful duty, and long kept me absent from thee, has no longer any claim on me. I have discharged what was imposed on me. I am now free, and may dwell with whom, and wherever I will."

"My heart tells me, alas!" said Boromalco, with a sigh, "with whom and where thou shouldst dwell; but far harder and more disconsolate is my lot than thine; for know, not permitted to contend with my destiny, I am condemned to remain, I am ignorant how long, in this wilderness; and what I must afterwards endure is concealed from me."

"Here, then," said Rosalia, "will I be the companion and sharer of thy confinement; nor does the austerity of life, to which thou must submit, deter me. I am strong beyond my sex, and practised to fortitude and endurance."

"Alas!" replied the youth, "the condition is too hard, without which thy generous friendship will be fatal to me. I must not, if I would live to enjoy thy sight, behold thee other than as thou now standest before me. This ponderous helmet must ever oppress thy head, this massy cuirass load thy delicate shoulders, or I expose myself to the lawless rage of the unrelenting spirit by whom I am persecuted."

"How happily does this injunction," cried Rosalia, "accord with my wishes! I will perform the condition; thou shalt never see me otherwise than thou beholdest me now. Fear not I shall infringe the restriction; my own interest pledges for my observance of it. Oh! my friend," continued she, "how happy, how ineffably blest wilt thou make me, if thou canst renew the soft paternal bands which united us, when thou viewdest in me but a child, a companion and scholar, and sawest no other attraction in me than innocence and gentleness! Thou wouldst spare me and thyself a cruel discovery, that will convert thy love (for why should I be blind to what thy looks indicate to me) into aversion and horror."

Boromalco was not a little amazed at this strange discourse, and was unable to divine in what the discovery would consist, which Rosalia represented as of so dreadful consequence. With the most earnest entreaties he besought her to gratify his curiosity, by disclosing to him her adventures.

"Be it so," said she, after some resistance; "I will reveal to thee my whole history. Perhaps my relation may be more efficacious to restrain thy wishes than the threats of the spirit. Listen then to me. As far as I can look back into the years of my childhood, I remember to have had my mysterious visions, which I can now clearly interpret to myself. The most wonderful of these was on the night before my mother, Miranda, brought me to the tower, when an awful form appeared to me in my sleep, and thus addressed me:

"Rosalia! when thou shalt be two thousand three hundred and eighty five days older, prepare thyself to revenge the death of thy father!"

"This summons was repeated every seventh night, and the shade constantly informed me how much was elapsed of this period.

"Thou wilt now conceive the reason of my first request to thee, when I entered thy solitary habitation; that thou shouldst one day suffer me to depart, and give me a portion of thy treasures. I will not repeat the wonderful circumstances of my sudden growth into a mature woman, with the other incidents, which thou beheldst with thy own eyes accompany it.

"This noble creature," said Rosalia, pointing to her steed, who was feeding on the juicy herbage beside them, "I found at the door of thy tower: I threw myself boldly on his back, and committed myself to the guidance of this spontaneous course.

"A little before twilight I arrived at a forest, where my steed made a sudden stop at the cell of a hermit, and terminating his course, seemed to intimate that I had reached the place of my destination.

"I dismounted my saddle, and entered the cell, where I found a venerable old man, who, having surveyed me some moments, exclaimed with signs of joy,—

"Thou art she! thou art Rosalia, the long since announced daughter of the unhappy youth, whom I saw on this spot foully slain. Tell me who was thy mother, and if this be her semblance?"

"Here he drew from his robe a picture, which bore the exact image of Miranda. I replied, that it was her very form, and named to him my mother.

"At my request he related to me what he knew of the history and fate of my father; I learned from him, that my parents had been only secretly affianced to each other, and that a certain prince, named Horatio, who had long persecuted my mother with his addresses, had drawn my father into the forest under pretence of deciding their rivalry by the sword, and suddenly assailing him with a band of assassins, had basely and perfidiously murdered him.

"After the old man had finished the horrid tale, he proceeded to address me:—

"Thy martial caparison, lovely virgin, and thy eye, that flames so indignant and resolved beneath thy lowering helmet, assure me thou wilt accomplish that vengeance, which failed to the father of the slain, though he frequently attempted it. Cherish and fortify the daring sentiments that burn in thy bosom!"

"I would have related to him the exhortation which I received every seventh night from the apparition; but the old man told me, that all my past history was known to him, and that many things of my future fate were open to him, which he was forbidden to disclose.

"Nothing could induce him to inform me of the name and family of my father; he would only satisfy me, that his descent was honourable, and his ancestors were noble and rich.

"He invited me to pass the night in his cell, and promised in the morning to direct me in what was further to be done. Accordingly at break of day he waked me with this address:—

"Rosalia! mount thy steed without delay, and resign thyself to his guidance; he will bring thee to a valley, where the barking of hounds and the sound of horns announce the chase. Amidst the huntsmen, of whom he is the chief, thou wilt see Horatio, the murderer of thy father. Accost him, and ask to be admitted into his train. He will not refuse thee, and his irritated curiosity will seek to behold thee; conduct thyself so that it be gratified: disclose thy face to one of his attendants; he will discover and reveal thy sex to his lord. This is the only means of separating the coward from his train. The description which will be given of thy beauty, will further inflame his desire to see thy countenance, and will kindle in him unholy lust: irritate his unworthy passion by mingled reserve and encouragement; fly his presence, yet in a manner that shall entice him to follow thee; this will enable thee to lead him to some spot where he cannot escape thee. Be then nobler than he, and disdain to steal a coward's vengeance; tell, who thou art; declare thy resolution to avenge the death of thy father, and constrain him to combat with thee. Heaven is just, and delights to protect justice."

"I obeyed with all confidence the directions of the old man; sprung on my steed, and giving him the reins was conducted to the described place, where I found the prince surrounded by his attendants. My romantic appearance excited his curiosity, and he soon learned from his attendants that I was a woman.

"He importuned me with prayers and persuasions, and I succeeded to draw him by degrees from his train into a recess among some rocks. I interrupted a declaration of passionate love by unsheathing my sword, and challenging him to the combat, at the same time throwing my helmet from my head, and announcing myself the avenger of my murdered father.

"The coward would have fled; but every evasion was cut off, and his sword alone could open him a passage. At length he addressed himself to the combat: the strife endured some time; my adversary defended himself desperately, and fury supplied in him the place of courage; but at length a mortal blow struck him lifeless to the earth, and victory remained with me."

Boromalco here interrupted the relation of Rosalia by expressions of admiration and love. He overwhelmed her with praises, and blessed the fate that had rewarded her heroism with the success it had so well merited.

"Alas!" said Rosalia, "thou wilt yet repine at the rigour of destiny, when I have disclosed to thee the price of my success. The sword of my adversary has wrought such fearful havoc as thine and every human eye must shrink from with horror."

"Do not strain me with suspense," cried Boromalco, earnestly; "what, Rosalia, has befallen thee? Thou art as fair and lovely as thou ever were, and all thy charms are heightened by thy virtues. Disclose to me what thou seekest in vain to conceal from my anxious eyes."

"Patience, cousin! patience," cried the spirit of the uncle, rising in a visible form between Rosalia and his nephew; "thou wouldst see more than was permitted thee? Are my commands so light in thy esteem, that already thou wouldst infringe them?"

The young Boromalco turned pale, and started back, while Rosalia regarded the spectre with a firm, unchanging countenance.

"Thy curiosity merits chastisement," proceeded the shade, "but I forgive thee it; since the spectacle it would have procured thee is such as I can well grant thee. Unbrace the cuirass that surrounds



thy beloved, and examine!—thou wilt find that every seducing charm which once inflamed thy fierce desires, and provoked thee to defy my inhibitions, has sustained a dreadful alteration. Nay, I will myself reveal it to thee. Know, Rosalia has lost in the furious and remorseless conflict both breasts, together with her left arm. Unloose her armour and satisfy thyself."

None but a lover like Boromalco can conceive the deadly pangs that wrung his soul, when his ears were assailed by this cruel intelligence. He had now the clearest explanation of what Rosalia had darkly and remotely intimated. He stood for some time silent and thoughtless, from the shock of the dreadful information; till hearing the sighs which occasionally burst from Rosalia, he collected himself, and exclaimed with tenderness,—

"No, divine girl, thy soul was ever more precious to me than the fair frame that contained it, and however mutilated may be thy body, thy mind remains undeformed and perfect. Of thy virtues no injurious fate can despoil thee, and with those riches I will accept thee, though far greater ruin had wasted thy person."

"Ha! cousin," cried the shade; "is it possible I can have been mistaken in appreciating thy virtue and fortitude? Thy present conduct inclines me to believe it. Thy pure and generous love demands a recompense. And thou, too, gracious maid, shall not suffer by thy virtuous intrepidity. I read a wish in thy heart, that thou disdainest to utter with thy lips; the unrequested grant of it be the reward of thy heroism. All thy former beauties with this touch I restore to thee."

The spirit laid his hand on Rosalia, and in the instant she stood renewed in all her charms, as she was before her encounter with the murderer of her father.

When the young Boromalco found the shade of his uncle thus conciliated towards him, he ventured to ask a termination of his severe trials, and solicited the hand of Rosalia.

"Both are thine," said the spirit; "the virtuous fortitude of this maiden and thyself have reconciled me with the world and with thee."

"I will allow thee to be the perpetrator of my family, since my ancient displeasure is quelled, and the shade of my son has found its long sought vengeance."

"The union of your hearts is the less displeasing to me, as you are already connected by descent from a common ancestor. For know, Rosalia is the daughter of my son, and Miranda, her mother, is thy sister. Love each other, and be happy. My presence henceforth shall never alarm you. But ere I leave you for ever, receive this counsel from my lips: let the sons, with whom you may be blessed, dwell in solitude and darkness, and solicit communion with spirits; but your daughters may ride about in knightly attire, and become heroines. For a time will come, when the world will fall into decay and lassitude, and occult beings will wake from their long slumber, to endure it with new vitality and vigour."

The shade vanished into air with the last words of this mystical address. Rosalia and her faithful lover stood long in speechless contemplation of each other; each seeking in the eyes of his beloved the fires that blazed in the hearts of both.

This mute scene was interrupted by the entrance of a new and unexpected apparition; no other than Miranda, who, accompanied by the old hermit, advanced towards them.

The intense feelings of joy, gratitude and love, which, amid the most cordial embraces on all sides, ran over in broken words and tears of pleasure, proclaimed these four persons the happiest group of mortals that ever tasted delight on the earth. The explication of some circumstances, not yet wholly developed, spontaneously ensued, for none needed to be asked. They learned, that Miranda had become acquainted with her relation to the young Boromalco coincidentally with the death of their uncle, and that the old hermit had healed Rosalia of the dreadful wounds she received in the combat with her father's assassin.

Boromalco received his beloved Rosalia from the hands of Miranda, who gave in the double character of mother and sister her blessing to the union.

**THE GERMAN PROFESSOR.**—A professor in one of the German Universities, whose unconcern for religion in general was notorious, was not less remarkable for the care which he took in the religious instruction of his children. One of his friends was astonished at his inconsistency, and asking him the reason of this conduct, was told in reply: "It is because I wish my children may enjoy more peace of mind, and more content in this life than has ever fallen to my lot; and this they can only obtain by possessing more faith than myself."

If you have performed an act of great and disinterested virtue, conceal it; if you publish it, you will neither be believed here, nor rewarded hereafter.

## THE COTTAGE OF THE VINE.

PERHAPS there never was a more lovely scene even in Italy, glowing Italy, than that which surrounded "The Cottage of the Vine," as it was usually denominated.—It received this appellation from the grape vines which clustered thickly over its thatched roof, all interwoven with bunches of their delicious fruit;—and, oh! what a refreshing sight it was to the weary traveller. But the grateful exterior lost much of its charm when compared with the interior of this humble dwelling. Here were neatness and order in their perfection,—and here were piety, harmony, and love, beaming from every eye, whispered in every tone, and visible in every action. The aged matron was surrounded by her son, his amiable companion, and their little train of cherub children, full of vivacity, affection and interest; for who can look unmoved on the innocence of early life, when the heart is not polluted by the touch of sin, and the thoughts are full of purity and joyousness.

The ground descended every way from the cottage, covered with an artificial forest, which formed refreshing retreats from the heat of day, and delightful walks at evening. It yielded a superabundance of the richest fruits of the country, and extended to the banks of a clear and gentle river, which seemed more like the fabled streams of the ancients than a beautiful modern reality. On the opposite shore arose a hillock, just revealing above its green top the remaining towers of a distant convent, once magnificent, but now falling into ruins. Far distant were seen villages and cities, rising in dusky grandeur; but this rural retreat was far dearer to a contemplative and peaceful mind, than all the imposing dignities of state.

It was at the close of a fine day, just as the sun was setting, that the family at the cottage seated themselves on the bank of the river, to enjoy the cool fragrance of the twilight hour.

Those who have never beheld a sunset in Italy, can form no adequate idea of the richness and glory of the scene. Everything appears as though literally tinged with pure gold, and the very air itself seems to emit a sort of brilliancy which covers every object with a pure and mellow brightness. The sky is exceedingly beautiful and glorious, and everything in nature wears a softened, unearthly splendour, which is indescribable. There is a richness and fragrance reposing on the folded wing of the zephyr which, together with the feathered songsters' joyous vesper hymn, soothes the soul into a thoughtful mood, and fits it for sacred meditation.

Such was the scene at the Cottage of the Vine, and such were the chastened and holy feelings of the interesting family seated on the banks of their own dear river, to contemplate the works of nature.

"Tell us now, grandma," said a little innocent sitting at her knee, "about those cruel days in France, when grandpa and so many good men were killed with the guillotine, and you and pa—but what music is that?"

Every ear was now full of attention, while the sweet sounds of a guitar, wakened to a favorite French air, approached nearer and nearer, until the minstrel appeared in sight. He was an aged man, and apparently borne down with misfortune. As he advanced nearer to the little party, he changed his tune to a death-march, which sometimes was sounded in the ears of the unfortunate victims of the guillotine, when they were going to the dreadful scene of their more dreadful fate!

The grandmother groaned heavily, and dropped her face on the head of the little prattler before her. Her son beckoned the minstrel to approach, and invited him to be seated among them, and cheer them with the strains of his gentle music. He complied in silence, playing several duets, marches, &c., and some peculiar to the days of the revolution.

At last, after pausing a few moments, he again struck up the death-march he had before played; at the close of which the aged matron asked him, in a voice half stifled with grief, if he were witness to any of those bloody scenes in France.

"Ah! yes, madam," he replied, "and most heavily did the distresses of those times fall upon me. It is from this cause alone that you now behold me a houseless, friendless wanderer before you."

Being requested to give an account of his sufferings, he thus proceeded:—

"In the days of peace, I was a nobleman, in high standing at court, but the dreadful change of times effected my downfall. I was accused of favouring the royal party, and was thrown into prison, a candidate for the guillotine."

"The night previous to the execution of the dreadful sentence, I almost miraculously effected my escape, and in the disguise which a minstrel's habit afforded me, hastened to my once happy home.—But, oh, what a scene of desolation it now was! I was told by the peasantry that the owner of that mansion was executed the day before, that his property was all confiscated, and that his family, on receiving the distressing intelligence of his death, fled, no one knew whither. My



agony of soul was now indescribable; but there was no redress, and no alternative but to die or to wear the humiliating disguise I had assumed. After some reflection on the subject, I came to the conclusion, from the three-fold purpose of necessity, of safety, and of searching out, if possible, my family's place of exile, to procure me a guitar, and make my calling indeed correspond to my disguise.

"In this manner I travelled the whole kingdom entirely over, but could discover no traces of my lamented, unfortunate family. Since that time I have wandered anywhere, with no motive but to relieve my sorrows by change of place, and to support my miserable existence until I am called to my last rest."

The little children greatly pitied the poor aged minstrel, and one of them asked her grandma if she should bring him some refreshments; but the old lady bade her be seated; and then she asked the stranger how many children he had when he last saw his family. On being answered one only, and that one a beloved son, she instantly raised herself to her feet, and eagerly inquired the minstrel's name.

"De la Carlton," was the reply.

The old lady sprang towards him, and clinging round his neck, exclaimed,

"My husband, my lamented husband!"

It would be impossible to describe a scene so touching as that which now followed. The separation had been long and sorrowful, but the bliss of meeting seemed to cover all past afflictions with forgetfulness. At length the inquiry was made, why she left France in so secret and sudden a manner. She informed her husband, that when she received the intelligence of his execution, a friend informed her that her son, who had recently come of age, would also be accused, and doubtless suffer the same fate of his unfortunate father. It was for his sake alone that she fled into Italy, where they had since resided with peace and a competency, and they never desired to behold their native land again, for the remembrance of it was full of bitterness.

Twenty years from that joyful evening, a traveller passed near the Cottage of the Vine, and, although it looked more ancient, it was as neat and beautiful as ever; but it was now solitary in the midst of its charming retreat; others had risen up around it, and while it was still the residence of the now merry aged grandparents, their children's children, and children's children's children, were all settled around them; and with the enjoyment of unmolested devotion, and an humble competence, they were far happier than when surrounded with all the splendours and honours that rank and nobility could afford. They felt indeed that real enjoyment more unfrequently existed in the higher walks of life than was usually imagined, and that peace of mind, and true piety may be oftener found in the cottage than in the palace.

## RETROSPECTION.

Tow'ring to Heaven's high vaulted arch  
Once stood on this now sterile spot  
An oak, in stately pride alone,  
And shaded my forefather's cot.  
The ivy round its trunk entwined,  
Its thousand branches far were spread;  
At eve the songsters sweet were singing,  
As Sol his parting glances shed.

Once happy cot, my father's joy,  
The scene of childhood's brightened dream—  
Scenes that ne'er shall fade away,  
While mem'ry holds its lusted gleam.  
I've come from distant, far-off lands,  
To seek my once paternal home;  
But desolation's spread around  
That home where nought but gladness shone.

Where are those happy faces now  
That once around so bright did shine?  
Alas! they're lost in death's rude sleep,  
To bask in Heaven's immortal shrine.  
Time's fleeting hand hath blighted  
My every earth-bound tie,  
And I must tread life's weary stage  
Till God shall call me to the sky.

E. R. B.

**RATIFICATION.**—"Please your reverence," said a clerk to his incumbent one day, "the ringers and singers will persist in going over the hills every Thursday to the Methodist chapel." The answer of the rector was simply to this effect—that he should never feel much alarm at their conduct, until the great and small tithes were about to follow their example.

## AYIM, THE MOOR.

It was a fearful day; the thunder rolled over Africa, and the sky was darkened with thick clouds, threatening the Roman army, then encamped in Monomugi. The Romans were preparing for a fierce encounter with the chief of Monomugi, who sought assistance from the neighbouring chiefs to resist the invaders. On they marched through the rain and thunder; they shrank not from the dreadful storm which raged around them. They sought plunder and murder, and they thought of nought beside. The battle raged with all its fury, numbers fell on each side, and it was long ere the victory was decided. The Africans fought bravely, and with a coolness and intrepidity, which in the end gained the day. Night was coming on, and the few remaining fled, closely pursued by their enemies; and few returned to tell the tale of their defeat.

The morning dawned.—Ah! what a morning it was, and many hundred mothers mourned their sons, wives their husbands, maidens their lovers, sisters their brothers. Ah! what bleeding hearts there were, the field of action strewn with the bodies of the dead—the dying and the wounded. Groans loud and deep were heard here and there, but one cry louder than all sounded in the air. A maiden stood amidst that scene of slaughter, tearing her beautiful hair and gazing wildly around.

"Give me my Hadek! Hadek, Hadek, where art thou? I saw thy head high amidst the battle. Where art thou?—where—where art thou? Come and bless thy Zuleika's sight again. Hadek, Hadek!"

"Is thy Hadek a Roman, fair lady?" cried a voice.

And turning round, the frantic maiden beheld a man standing by her side; a look of pity rested on his handsome features, as he stood gazing on the beautiful being before him.

"Thou hast killed my Hadek," she cried; "you with the dark skin, the emblem of your black hearts—you have killed my Hadek; you have—you have!"

"Far would it be from Ayim's thoughts, to kill one so dear to so beautiful a maiden. Roman though she be, tell me," he continued, "who he is, and I will strive to discover if your Hadek lives; but maiden, do not think me harsh, if I say that you must leave this spot."

"Not until I have found him!" cried the girl; "Zuleika cannot so soon forget Hadek."

"But you cannot find him here if he lives," answered Ayim; "and if—" he paused.

"If he is dead you would say," said Zuleika, "if he is dead, I will die too;" and she wrung her hands in the hopelessness of despair.

"We have prisoners," said Ayim; "he may be amongst them; if you remain here, you cannot help him—if you stay here you will be seen, and made a captive; fly at once, and rely on Ayim's assistance. Maiden, thy lover is Hadek de Gama."

"Yes, yes," she cried; "you know him—you know where he is."

"He is a prisoner," he replied; "now I beseech you by the love you bear him, to quit this spot; fly, ere it be too late." And as he spoke, he pointed to two Africans who were approaching.

"I cannot!" said Zuleika, pressing her hands to her forehead; "Hadek, a prisoner; better had he died in battle than by the hand of a barbarian."

"It is too late," murmured Ayim, as her hands were seized by the Africans; and the beautiful Zuleika was hurried away.

And Hadek de Gama was a prisoner—he who had sought her young heart, and gained it,—he who had vowed to make her his, when he returned from this hated battle,—he was a prisoner—with death before him—certain death!

The heart of the young Zuleika was nigh to bursting. The happy days, days, never perhaps, to return, which they had spent together, came floating before her eyes, and she sickened at the thought of a prison, and its consequences. She thought not of herself and her own sufferings; her mind was wholly engrossed in contemplating the probable fate of her beloved Hadek.

"Fear not," were the passing words of Ayim: and they were a great source of consolation to the afflicted Zuleika.

It was on the day after her capture that Zuleika sat with her head resting on her hand, her cheek was pale and wet with tears, her eyes were fixed on the clear blue sky. She started on Ayim's entrance, and placed her hand in his.

"Thou art sad, fair one," he said; "but I trust ere long to see the smile upon your brow, and Hadek by your side. Ayim will be your friend, Zuleika."

"Thanks for your kindness," she answered; "I cannot express my gratitude in words, but tell me, have you seen my Hadek?"

"I have," he answered; "he is in good health, Zuleika," continued Ayim. "Prepare yourself to see my father to-morrow. Let no fear rest on your heart—no terror on your brow! Recollect there is one by who will save you."

He departed and Zuleika was once more left alone. The hours flew



swiftly by, and morning dawned once more; and Zuleika was warned to prepare to meet the powerful chief Ciapar. She trembled excessively, but rousing her courage, she followed her guide into the presence of her judge.

Seated on a stool, at the upper end of a large room or tent, sat Ciapar; he was an old man, and his cheeks were furrowed with care, though his eye glanced with the fire of youth, and his brow bore all the sternness which had marked it when he was young. Standing on his right hand was Ayim, the handsome Ayim, already introduced to our readers; he was the chief's only son, and the darling of the tribe, who looked forward with delight for the time when he should be their chief. The word of Ayim was law to them,—each look of Ayim was studied—his every wish gratified the moment it was expressed. They never feared to meet the most formidable enemy with Ayim at their head;—they never lost a battle under his command; without him they were speedily and easily defeated.

On the left hand of the chief, and closely guarded, were twenty Roman prisoners, and the eye of Zuleika soon traced the form of Hadek; and forgetting the caution of Ayim, she bounded forward and threw herself in his arms. In that moment they forgot the presence of the chief; they forgot all but each other, and it was not until they were forced asunder that the truth flashed across their minds.

"Who are these?—what know they of each other?" cried Ciapar, his eyes rolling fearfully. "Who are they who thus abuse my presence? Away with them to the death they merit—the Roman dogs!"

The unhappy Zuleika was pinioned in a moment, but Hadek, bursting from his guards, caught her in his arms and vowed to slay whoever dared approach him.

"Kill him! kill him!" shouted the enraged chief; but no one moved. "Will you let your chief set you an example on him; are you afraid of a Roman—of one Roman?" and seizing a ponderous iron bar, he approached the young warrior.

"My father," cried Ayim, throwing himself between them; "you forget that Hadek de Gama is a brave warrior;—you forget that it is to our interest to gain him over to our army."

"I had indeed, forgotten, my son," said Ciapar, his arm falling by his side; "but part them, Ayim, part them."

Ayim approached them, and bidding those around to leave him, stood by them alone.

"Hadek,—Zuleika, have you forgotten your promise?" he whispered.

The old chief strained his ears to divine what he said, but in vain, he only saw that Hadek retired with the rest; and Zuleika, led by Ayim, placed herself on the opposite side. The old chief then conversed with Ayim in a low tone. At the expiration of a few minutes Ciapar addressed him.

"Hadek de Gama," he said, "you are a brave man; I say so before your face, and although you are a Roman. I give you forty days to decide: consider my proposal well. If you will join our army, and stand by us, I will give you riches and honour, and this maiden for your bride. On the other hand, if you refuse, death!—certain death will be your fate, and that of Zuleika."

Hadek started; he fixed his eyes on her, and she returned his gaze steadily, and a smile played feebly round her mouth.

"We can but die, Hadek," she murmured; and Hadek would have spoken, but Ayim held up his finger. "Speak not now; you have forty days to decide it in; say nothing now."

They were hurried away; Hadek to his dark cell, and Zuleika to her prison.

The day passed on and they pined for liberty. Liberty, how dear thou art, how little do we know thy value until subjected to the hardships of confinement! Liberty, how dear thou art. The sun may shine; the birds may sing and chirp their merry notes on a bright sunny morn, the trees may be loaded with green leaves; the flowers may bloom in all their freshness; the butterflies may fly from flower to flower, and spread their gay wings upon the gentle breeze; the bright sky may clothe itself in its blue robe, and wear its sunniest aspect;—but what are they without liberty? The days were flying quickly past, and, but for the presence of Ayim, they would have been terrible days to Zuleika. The forty days were over, and the fortieth night spread its gloom over Africa, and the chief bade Ayim receive the answer from the lips of Hadek, and on the next day he was to receive his reward, or his punishment.

The tribe were wrapped in sleep, but Ayim slumbered not; his hand was on the fastening of Hadek's prison door; he paused for a moment, and said—

"Why do I hesitate? Zuleika, beloved Zuleika, if I die for thee shall I not die contented? I love thee, Zuleika, and what is life to me if thou art not happy? I love Hadek for thy sake, dear one, and will save him for thy sake," and he entered as he finished.

"Hadek!" he cried,

"Here am I," answered Hadek.

"Promise me to quit Africa directly; I shall place you at liberty, and you shall be free within one hour," said Ayim.

"I see," cried Hadek. "I would not linger in this hated land, were I but free."

"Then you shall be so," said Ayim, "and Zuleika"—his lips quivered as he pronounced her name.—"Zuleika shall be thy companion; promise me not to tarry one moment on your road. Every means I have taken to render your flight a quick one. I have told my plans to Zuleika, and you must be far from the coast of Africa before the morning dawns."

He promised that he would, and loaded him with expressions of gratitude, and Ayim left him to prepare the beautiful Zuleika. Now he was to part from her, she seized his hand and covered it with her tears. She prayed that the gods would send their blessings on his head. She spoke of days passed by, and days to come of a future, which he would render bright, and then told her to follow him to the cell of Hadek. Her hand was in his, he drew it closer towards him; he clasped her to his breast, and in one moment, revealed the secret of his heart; but striking his forehead with his hand, he begged her to forgive him, and strove hard to master his feelings. He was composed in a few moments, and led the way through numerous winding ways, but she never feared him. In her short imprisonment she had learned his character too well to fear him. Another moment found her with Hadek, and in another they were in the open air, and freedom was before them. One burst of grief on the part of Ayim, and all was over, possessed of true nobleness of soul he tried to conquer his rising passion for the beautiful Zuleika; his set teeth, his clenched hands, and distorted muscles alone, proclaimed how much he felt, but all was over now, he was resigned: Zuleika was free—Zuleika was happy. The green trees and open fields were before them; their own land would soon behold her—and Ayim gloried in the thought of her happiness. He sought her prison, and sat down by the window, where she had so often sat mourning, and alone; he was turning away to grope his way to the place where Hadek had been confined, when his foot struck against something hard, and picking it up, he felt it to be a bracelet; he pressed it to his heart, and to his lips; then clasped it on his arm and left the chamber.

The night was wearing fast, and Ayim knew full well that they would seek for Hadek ere the morning broke; and he sat in Hadek's prison, listening to each sound as it smote his ears, but still they came not. At length he started up; yes, here they were at the door of the chamber,—come to lead him to death.

"Death! what art thou to me!" he exclaimed, "since I die for Zuleika. She will be safe ere they discover their mistake." Then hastily throwing off his Moorish cap, and substituting one of Hadek's, and throwing a copious mantle around his person, he was prepared.

Four men entered, creeping stealthily along, and bidding him follow, and follow softly too, lest they should disturb the slumbers of Ciapar. They asked him for the last time if he were resolute. He answered "he would rather die than consent to the terms proposed." His voice seemed to strike them, for they started, but remembering he was a man about to die, they no longer wondered that his voice was altered. As they led him to the fatal rock, which seemed to open its hideous mouth in order to receive its hopeless victim, the wind whistled bleakly amidst the neighbouring rocks,—the very darkness which surrounded them, seemed to tell of death. One moment more, and that handsome form, now full of life and energy, would be a shapeless mass of clay. He pressed his hand upon the bracelet, her bracelet, and raised his arms high above his head, (the signal they required) and they precipitated him from the dreadful rock.

The morning dawned once more, and Ciapar arose from his slumbers, and inquired for Ayim; he was not to be found. They sought him everywhere, and the distracted father strove in vain to find some cause for his non-appearance; and Zuleika, too, she was gone; and then a ray of hope alighted in the breast of Ciapar. Did his son love Zuleika, and had he flown with her? but no—his Ayim could not love a Roman, the daughter of his father's enemy! No, that could not be.

Night came once more, and once more morning broke. One of the Moorish soldiers passing by the fatal rock, looked down the fearful precipice, and descried Ayim's well known sabre hanging from a jutting portion of the rock. He raised an alarm, and being joined by two other soldiers, he offered to reach it; they bound a rope tightly round his body, and he began his descent. He had placed his foot upon the piece of rock, and the sabre was almost within his grasp, when it gave way and went bounding downwards. Nothing daunted, the soldiers called those above to lengthen the rope, and he continued to descend, determined to know the fate of his young chief. Yes, there lay the body of the noble Ayim, torn and mangled; seizing his mantle, covered with his blood, he cried aloud to be raised, which being done, he showed the proof he had of Ayim's fate. Loud shouts re-echoed through the hills, and cries of vengeance smote the air, as they made their way to the un-



fortunate Ciapar, whom they supposed to be the murderer of their darling Ayim; they dragged him to the rock, and showed him his sorcerer's robe. The unhappy father clasped his hands in speechless horror; they told him he was doomed to share the fate of Ayim, but he heard them not, and, binding his hands with the mantle which had so often graced the person of his son, they hurled him from the rock. One loud shout of exultation proclaimed the fate of Ciapar, and the soldiers moved away to choose some new chief to rule over them. Of Hadek and Zuleika, we have nought more to say, than that they live happily in each others love. They never knew the fate of Ayim, or that would have cast a gloom over their existence. They often thought and spoke of him in after life, and taught their children to love the name of the deliverer of their parents, Ayim the Moor.

FANNY D.

## THE LOST SON; OR, THE TIMELY DISCOVERY.

At the foot of a fine modern chateau, ran a rapid but a picturesque river. The walls of the building rose directly from the water, which ran round a portion of the base; here the water ran rapidly, and was very deep; it leaped and tumbled at every little projecting rock. The country around was beautiful and romantic. Not far from the chateau were some woods, which clothed the hills a long way up, which, with the rugged mountains in the distance, formed a frowning but beautiful picture of nature.

At the window of the chateau, which was but a few yards above the stream, stood a beautiful Italian lady; she was young, very young, but she was as beautiful as she was fair. Yet she was habited in the garb of mourning; the widow's weeds were never intended for such as she. Her beautiful face and neck shone in contrast to the rich but heavy black lace veil, which was thrown over her head, and hung loosely down her back. Her mild blue eyes shot forth glances of love and joy, and a smile played upon her dimpling cheek and lips; but they were disposed of to no happy swain, but on a more and innocent and worthy object—it was upon an infant—a boy—her own boy, the only child she had.

It could scarce number twelve revolving moons, but it lisped the fond endearing name a mother longs to hear. The child was laughing fondly at its mother, who was amusing it in the way a mother best knows how. Its little heart was full of joy. It leaped and kicked, and laughed its full.

For a moment a cloud saddened her features; she looked on the deep torrent beneath, and its boiling, bubbling waters, and then looked towards the setting sun. The waters rippled and glistened as its rays caught the water in its most rapid movements, and shot forth a glance of gold. The lady saw this, and in the distance she thought she observed that which was of more interest in her eyes.

It was the sunbeams glancing, not from the water, but from the arms and helmets of soldiers, who were at a distance among the woody coverts, who lay concealed; but the setting sun betrayed their position.

At that day, the French and Italians waged a bloody, cruel, and revengeful war against each other. Any one who understands the character of these two nations can easily guess the work they made. The cruelties of the one were fearfully revenged by the other, so that the peasants and prisoners of either party had much to fear when they fell into the power of the opposite party. Neither age nor sex was spared; indeed the most horrible cruelties that disgrace mankind were often inflicted.

No wonder that the Countess Francescini looked upon the spectacle that caught her attention with more than ordinary interest. She pressed her son more closely to her breast; but she knew it could only be a foraging party of the enemy, and that there was a deep and broad river between them and herself, and besides, the chateau she was in would hold out for a few days, or even longer, according to the force brought against it. She feared no foraging party; yet the knowledge that the enemies of her country were so near her, caused her an undefined sensation of uneasiness. They might only be the precursors of a more numerous body of men.

"See, there are the French, Francesco," said the countess to her son, pointing towards the spot where they were.

The infant looked first at his mother, and then followed the direction of her eyes. Whether the little fellow saw the glancing helmets and nodding plumes, or was seized with some sudden fancy, it is impossible to say, but feeling his little feet against his mother's side, he gave a sudden spring, and jumped out of her arms through the window.

The child fell into the rapid torrent below; without one moment's consideration the frantic mother gave a terrific shriek, and plunged into the gulf after the child. No thought of the possibility of saving him occurred, no thought of her inability to swim forced itself on her mind, and no thought of the almost instant death that awaited upon

such a rash act, for an instant daunted her tender heart; but when she was fairly immersed in the water, then she found out her inability to battle with the liquid element on her own behalf, much less was she capable of rendering any assistance to the unfortunate child.

She was borne round and round by the swift eddies, and, when nearly senseless, she felt herself suddenly seized by some one, and brought upon dry land. She now fainted. She had been some time in the water, and had been carried a great way down the stream, which grew larger the further she was borne towards its mouth.

When she opened her eyes she perceived she was surrounded by French soldiers. It seemed that a party were passing the river, when they saw something floating on the water, which attracted their attention, they watched it, and perceiving that it was a female, one of them plunged in, and saved her just as she was about to sink.

No sooner had she recovered, than the men began to despoil her and divide the jewels which she wore, and which were a rich booty, for they were valuable. They then began to dispute for the possession of the countess's person, for they appeared resolved to practice the last cruelty that a beautiful and virtuous female could suffer.

"Let's draw lots," said one of the soldiers with a brutal laugh.

"Aye, aye, let us draw lots for the pretty wench," was echoed by the men.

"No, no," exclaimed the soldier, who had saved the countess from drowning; "I got her—I saved her—she is my share; I run all the risk, and surely I have the greatest right to her."

The unfortunate countess hearing what was said, for she understood the French language very well, besought them in the most piteous manner that they would spare her from the dreadful treatment. She was answered only by a brutal laugh, and the man who brought her out of the water threw his arms round her waist and kissed her.

At the moment they were engaged in quarrelling, an officer rode up and inquired into the cause of the disturbance, and being informed of the fate of the countess, rode up to her. He was much struck with her youth and beauty. Her neck was bare, for the veil she wore had been lost when she was in the water, and its snowy whiteness contrasted with her dark dress. He then inquired of her the cause of her present situation. She in a few words informed him of the true nature of the circumstances; he felt pity and love.

After a few moments' consideration he ordered the men to remount, and offered to take the countess behind himself, which she was fain to accept for the offer was a command. He rode with her to the next town, and bestowed her in comfortable lodgings, at the same time informing her that she must not attempt to escape, as she was a prisoner.

The unfortunate countess felt grateful for the favour shown her, as nothing could have saved her from the most shameful usage. Her gratitude was the most lively, and she promised that she would do nothing without his approval. With this he appeared contented, and left her with all that he could supply her towards her comforts.

He continued to visit her daily, and at length he came to her one day with a very melancholy visage, and announced to her that they must part, for he was ordered off to another part of the kingdom.

"Leave me?" she exclaimed; "and that to the mercy of your countrymen. Oh, cannot you let me follow you, or let me return to my abode? I will make ample amends—I am rich, very rich."

"Alas," he replied; "I cannot, for I shall disgrace myself, and subject myself to heavy punishment were I to do so. I have, indeed, passed my honour for you, but now I must resign you into other hands."

"What will become of me?" said the countess, in a melancholy tone.

"I know not, and dread to think of it; but there is one way, however, by which all may be avoided."

"Tell me what it is; I will adopt any method that may be taken with honour," replied the countess with tears.

"I am but a soldier, and my commission is all I have to support myself with; should you have no objection to bestow your hand and heart upon me, I would do all in my power to render you happy in return, for never would I give you cause to repent of your condescension."

"Leave me till the evening, and I will give you an answer then."

The officer left the apartment, and bowed low as he retired. The countess passed the time she had desired might be allowed her in meditation. As the time drew near when she was to give the requisite answer, she arose, and adjusted her toilet with care; which having done, she resumed her seat. She had scarce done so, when she heard his step on the stairs; he opened the door and entered.

He looked upon the countess; her manner was open and candid. Her eye met his, and she blushed.

"I can see," he said, advancing with a smile; "I can read my fate in your features; confirm with your lips what I hope from your eyes."

"I have considered all things, and I give my heart where my esteem and gratitude had been previously bestowed."



"Thank you; thank you a thousand times," he said, dropping on one knee, and pressing her lips to his own. "And now grant me one more favour; we take up our march to-morrow by day-break, let the priest unite us at once, at this moment."

"This moment, that is very soon," replied the countess.

"It is, but we have no time allowed us to take the usual course of things; I have a priest at hand, whom I can summon in a few moments—do you consent?"

"I do."

Captain Hillier left the apartment for a short time, and then returned, leading in a priest and a brother officer, who was to be present at the ceremony, and witness it. They were soon united, when, after giving his benediction, the priest and the other retired, leaving the countess and her husband by themselves.

The next day, many miles had been traversed before morning. The war, after being carried on for two years with varied success, was concluded by a peace. The countess retired to a small seat in the provinces of France, where they lived happy for many years. Their Italian estate was managed by an agent, who drew the rents, and transmitted them to the countess, and upon these they lived, if not in splendour, in ease, and produced them many of the elegancies of life.

The revenue derived from her rank and estates now dwindled to a small income, for, unfortunately, that part of the country had been so terribly ravaged by the French, that what was left was of little value, and it took some years before it became productive again, and before the peasant could re-erect his cabin and attempt the cultivation of the earth anew.

The countess never visited the spot of her former wealth and happiness, and the scene of her misfortune. She felt too happy with her present husband to feel any sorrow for the past, except so far as her child was concerned; for him she would often grieve, she would declare that she would willingly part with her right arm to know what had become of him.

But one conclusion could she come to, and that was that he must have been drowned, for no other fate could possibly be his. The soldiers who saved her saw nothing of any one else, nor had all the inquiries of the agent been able to obtain any intelligence respecting him, or even if the body of a child had been found in the course of the river, but not a tithe of intelligence could be gained.

By her present husband she had several fine children, whose care occupied all her thoughts, and who served to rivet her affections to her present husband, whose conduct had been kind and considerate. She loved him as her husband and the father of her children, and she looked upon him with feelings of gratitude as her preserver from the worst of usage, from worse than death.

Thus they passed more than twenty years of her life. Happiness and contentment were her's. She wanted nothing, nor wished for nothing. One son she had, who served in the same regiment which his father was but second in command. Her two daughters were beautiful, and both upon the point of marriage to respectable and wealthy young men.

On the eve of their marriage, Lieutenant-Colonel Hillier, which was his rank, was seated with his wife in a beautiful arbour in their garden. They were discussing the prospects of their children, and congratulating themselves on their happiness, when a servant appeared, bearing a dispatch to Colonel Hillier. He looked at it, and saw the word "official" in the corner.

His wife looked at the letter with uneasiness, and watched his countenance as he read it; but having done so, he paused for a moment, when she inquired if he had any unpleasant news to communicate.

"I hardly know what to call it; but I am ordered to rejoin my regiment in two days after I receive this note."

"What can be the cause of the summons? It cannot be that another horrid war is about to be waged?"

"I think it not unlikely," he replied, with a sigh; "and I can give a shrewd guess who are to be our enemies on this occasion."

"Who—not my countrymen?" said the countess, hurriedly.

"Yes; I think they are the only people whom I shall have to march against. I could have wished it were otherwise; but I must not desert my colours when my sword is required to defend them."

"I will accompany you wherever you go. I will do what I have done before. I cannot desert you, but will follow you as a soldier's wife should do."

"My dear, I will not refuse your company, though you well know the hardships of a soldier's life, having experienced them before; but you must know the dangers you run, if taken a prisoner—the ill-usage you are likely to endure; for this reason alone, I would wish you to remain at home, and shun the danger."

A shade passed over the beautiful and expressive countenance (for it was still extremely beautiful) of the countess, as she replied,—

"I know it all, but will risk everything. I would wish to go. I

shall have less to fear from my countrymen than you think for, and with yours I am safe."

The next day his two children were wedded. He blessed them, and took an affectionate leave of them. The next day after that he set out, accompanied by his wife, to join his regiment. He served with varying success for more than eighteen months, either partly displaying a greater degree of bloodthirstiness than they had formerly shown.

It happened that the French had executed an Italian prisoner for some act. However, the Italians hearing of it, and believing that it was done in cold blood, they immediately executed several French prisoners.

It chanced one day that the post which was entrusted to Hillier was attacked with great fury by an overwhelming force, and he and his lady were made prisoners. He was ordered for immediate execution; and the Italian commander himself was to witness the execution.

Every exertion was made to spare his life; but the young Italian was inflexible.

The executioner stood waiting for the signal, when the countess rushed forward, and threw herself on her knees, and besought, in the most moving terms, that he would spare the life of her husband. Her beauty and eloquence touched the young soldier, but he was inflexible, and spoke of the wrongs of his own country. She replied by relating her rank, and the services performed by her husband. He stopped the execution, and the prisoner's eyes were unbound.

"Mother," said the young soldier, bending his eyes upon her, "you have prevailed."

She fainted at the sound. It was her long lost son, whom she believed to be dead.

He was rescued from his perilous situation by a peasant, who witnessed the whole occurrence, but who feared to show himself to the soldiers, and being, for the same reason, compelled to leave that part of the country, all traces of his mother was lost. The circumstance above related was well remembered by him, the peasant having informed him of it. A few trinkets found with him confirmed the discovery. He was afterwards installed in his father's titles and estates.

## ALICE HOME;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CXCIV.

LADY HOME IN DOUBT.—THE CONFUSION AT SIR CHARLES HOME'S HOUSE.—MR. BIGGS IN DIFFICULTIES.

THE officers who were sent to Sir Charles Home's residence to take him into custody, finding he had gone, and his accuser was nowhere to be found, knew not what course to pursue. They found affairs wore a very different aspect to what they had anticipated.

The dead body of Margaret, and the suspicious nature of her death, was such that they deemed it most prudent to remain in the house until the inquest took place, where the parish authorities, it appeared, had appointed for the morrow; and, in the meantime, they determined to report themselves to the magistrates, and desire he would attend and give his directions for their guidance.

This was done; and the men wondered at the scene of desolation and confusion before them, which was rendered no clearer to them by the various explanations of the servants—for they were various, since every one had his own to give, which was peculiar to himself. The night passed away, and the morrow came, and with it the preparations for the inquest, which was to take place at an early hour.

Horace Singleton and Alice were there, and appeared to be much affected by the scene they were called upon to be present at.

It somehow or other came into the mind of Lady Home to have a notion that she should be unable to obtain her settlement; she believed, at length, that she must perforce live with the brute, low and vulgar as his connections really were. Yet she conceived that better than living on the mere pride of birth and ancestry, sweet as they were in her nostrils.

Upon this, she determined to return on the next morning, and take up her abode as of yore in her old apartments, and be again wheeled about on the ottoman by Andrew and Thomas—nay, she thought that her patrician relatives would not be most willing to bear the expenses of the black bottle.

She for the moment forgot, through the oblivious effects of the *elixir*, that there was no longer a chance of her doing so, that she had already made the attempt; but strangely enough she thought of it as



she was going thither, and determined, however, to see what could be done towards reinstating herself, or at the least she would endeavour to lay claim to or steal as much as circumstances would permit.

With this excellent and comfortable intention she entered the house of horror, crime, and affliction, and inquired if Sir Charles was within, and being answered in the negative, simply, she at once proceeded to her own apartments, which had scarce been entered since she left, save by servants, and in doing which she was not impeded by any of the domestics, who were by far too much bewildered by the strange events that had been happening—indeed, they could scarcely say who was alive or who dead, who had run away, and who were behind. All was confusion worse confounded.

To make the place more wretched and more desolate, the officers remained in the house; and as the hour for the inquest neared several more officials appeared, and gave the place somewhat the appearance of a police office or a private madhouse.

Lady Home was too intent upon her own interest and movements to attend to what was going on below. She was aware that an unpleasant business was going on—she was aware of Margaret's death; but Sir Charles Home's low connections were of so little consequence that they might be very well spared, and she had not taken the trouble to inquire the cause of this disturbance, and the apparent occupation of the house by strangers, and she had never condescended to dream of the inquest.

For some time she busied herself in her own apartment, and, after some search, she felt fatigued, and seated herself upon the end of the bed, in the same spot she had seated herself when Biggs made his appearance from the shower bath; and Lady Home appeared to recollect it, for she turned her eyes towards the spot as if to assure herself that there were no more intruders present, but the bath was open, and she was soon satisfied of that.

Taking the black bottle from its place of concealment, she placed it to her lips, where it remained a considerable period, and the inspiration her ladyship drew after its removal, showed the depth of her devotion, and, when her breath returned, she said, half aloud to herself,—

"Well, there's nobody about—at last nobody takes notice of me—I will ring the bell and send for Alice Home. I wonder she has not come to see me, but she is so much engrossed in the brute's plans, and occupied with his friends, that, I suppose, she cannot spare time to come to me."

Thus talking, she rang the bell; and, while awaiting the appearance of some one to answer it, she again made application for comfort to the black bottle.

At length, finding no notice was taken of the summons, though more than once repeated, she arose, determining to go to Alice herself, and endeavour to learn the state of the house, for now she was unattended to, he began to think there must be something wrong in the house.

Leaving her own apartment, she proceeded towards that of Alice. All was still, and no sounds issued from within. Lady Home gave an intimation that she was without; and not deigning to wait until the door could be answered, she opened it and entered the room.

All was silent as the grave; an unnatural stillness pervaded the apartment, and all the blinds were drawn down; somewhat appalled at this, and fearing, or expecting something, she scarce knew what, she looked around her, and, at the first glance, could see but little to attract her attention.

The apartment did not appear as if it had been tenanted for some few days; there was the bed—but, ah, some one lay there; she approached, and, at first, an emotion of feeling crossed her bosom—the tenant of that bed was dead; she knew that by the laying out—was it Alice? she hastened forward and saw that it was not, and, at the same moment, she recognised the features of Margaret Home.

The unfortunate Mr. Biggs appeared to have been born for the especial purpose that fortune might amuse herself, by tormenting him, and placing him into all kinds of painful and uncomfortable positions.

Mr. Biggs's own candour was very often bringing him into trouble; his sincere regard for Horace Singleton had caused him much difficulty, trouble, and danger, and he now fairly hoped that he should be absolved from his troublesome promise which he, Biggs, had made to Horace's uncle, the minister, that he would take care that Horace came to no harm, and he kept this by keeping Horace constantly in a state of surveillance.

This morning, so big with many events, Biggs had called at Horace Singleton's chambers, in the Albany, but was unable to see him; indeed, he could not get in, and all that he could gather from the porter was, that he had not seen Mr. Singleton that day nor the previous.

Biggs was now at a loss how to proceed, and began, in his own mind, to be alarmed for the safety of Horace.

"These Homes," thought Biggs, "are a strange people; nobody can understand them—I can't. There was the fete come to a sudden and

disagreeable termination, and a most mysterious one. Then, there's that Jew business, which we could never make out, nor who to believe I can't tell. Then, there's that fierce tigress, Miss Margaret Home; ay, she nearly killed me—I wouldn't be in her clutches for a trifle, however. Then, there's Lady Home, the violent woman with the black bottle. Well, Horace has married into a strange family. All mad—mad as March hares. I wish I could meet with him."

Saying this, he stood still in Piccadilly, and, after a little consideration, he determined to go to his, Charles Home's residence, and endeavour to learn if Horace was there, or where else.

For this purpose he made towards Sir Charles's, and, in the course of a little time, arrived at that mansion.

Biggs found the door open, and—after some waiting in the passage, during which many thoughts passed through his mind, and, among the rest, he thought of finding him, perhaps, a corpse for all that he knew—proceeded up stairs, where he saw several men, strangers, walking about. Biggs blundered about, first in one room, and then another, inquiring for Horace Singleton, and nobody was able to answer him, for no one had seen Horace.

Still Biggs persevered in opening all the doors he came to, and more than once he would have met with rough treatment; but some of the servants would recognise him, and he escaped the punishment his meddling would have called down on his head.

At length he neared Alice's room, and he determined to enter it. This he did, and instantly found himself in the presence of Lady Home and the dead body of Margaret.

Poor Biggs was much aghast at this meeting. He would infinitely have preferred to have gone with a certain person, where he listed, than met Lady Home.

"Ah! you wretch, you vile wretch," said Lady Home, in extreme anger, for Lady Home had raised the bottle to her mouth, and the entrance of Biggs spoiled her draught.

"I beg pardon, my lady," said Biggs; "but have you seen anything of Horace Singleton? I want to see him very particularly."

"Wretch!" muttered her ladyship, "to ask such questions of me. You have no decency—no decorum. Will not the presence of that corpse dull for a moment the brightness of your insolence; but you came here to steal. I'll have you given into custody for a thief."

Poor Biggs heard no more, but made a precipitate retreat, with Lady Home bawling after him, saying that he was an intruder, had evil intentions, and she would give him into custody.

Biggs was stopped on the stairs by one of the officers, who took both into his custody, and conducted them to the room in which the inquest was about to be holden.

## CHAPTER CXCVI.

THE INQUEST UPON THE BODY OF MARGARET.—THE VERDICT.—FUNERAL AT HENDON BY NIGHT.

The day on which the inquest was to be holden was one of deep gloom and sorrow to every one who dwelt in the house, but most of all to Horace Singleton and Alice; for notwithstanding the happiness they felt in each other, they could not be insensible to the dreadful fate that had been the unfortunate and misguided Margaret's. They sorrowed in the midst of their joy, and their thoughts wandered from the felicity they experienced, to the terrible scene they had quitted.

It was agreed between them that it would be unnecessary to attend the inquest on the unfortunate Margaret, and Horace suggested the propriety of following the remains of the ill-fated girl to its last home.

Alice's gratitude to him for the suggestion was fully manifest, by the tears that suffused her eyes, and she said,—

"This is kind of you, Horace, very kind. I would fudeed have wished it, but I also would not have asked you to do so to one, who had made the dreadful attempt against you, that she did; but she is gone, and fearful as the risk was, you have escaped, and live—aye, live to pay the last sad offices she can receive from mortal hands."

"Say no more about it, Alice," said Horace; "'tis a sad theme—I would it were otherwise; but tell me, for these things must be speedily arranged, where you would have her buried. I think her burial ought to take place immediately after the inquest is over."

"So soon?"

"Yes; no object can be gained by allowing a greater time to go by. Have you no preference as to any place where you would rather she be buried?"

"None, Horace—and yet, stay. I remember hearing my father say, her mother lay in Hendon churchyard. If she could speak would she not desire to be laid by the side of her parent?"

"Yes, my Alice, she would. She shall be buried in Hendon churchyard, and we will attend the funeral—I will have all in readiness. We need not return to your father's residence, till the coroner and the jury are assembled."



These assembled in Sir Charles Home's residence were not kept long for the presence of the coroner, who came punctually to the time he appointed.

The jury had the library of Sir Charles Home placed at their service, in which they could meet, and deliberate upon the sad occurrence.

After they met, and were duly sworn, the coroner addressed a few remarks to them previous to their viewing the body, and then they all quitted the library, and proceeded to Alice's room, where the body of Margaret lay. She was in exactly the same posture she had breathed her last. A death so painful, left an expression of agony about her features, which were drawn up, and her lips were compressed.

Near the body was a coffin, supported upon tressels, empty, awaiting the viewing of the dead by the jury. A long, black veil had been thrown over Margaret, which gave a ghastly appearance to the room, and when it was first removed, many of those present involuntarily stepped back, such was the effect of the pallid hue of death on one so young and beautiful, and the expression of her face.

No remark was made, but each in his turn stepped lightly and noiselessly to the death couch of Margaret, and then quitted the apartment.

"Gentlemen," said the coroner, when they were all again assembled in the library, "the cause of our assembling here this day, is, as you are probably aware, to inquire into the cause of the death of Margaret Home, and how she came by her death. You will hear what evidence there is upon the subject, and give your verdict accordingly."

After this luminous speech, the jury looked at the door, as if to watch what evidence was about to enter, when the officer who had been left on the premises came in, dragging in Lady Home and Mr. Biggs, both of whom he appeared to think a couple of rum 'uns, as he afterwards remarked.

"Let me go," said Biggs—"let me go. This is a very scandalous affair; and as for that woman, oh, keep me from her! Oh, Lady Home! you are enough to deprive any one of their senses!"

"But what did you do in the room?" said the officer; "and, then, why did you run away? Come—come, no more nonsense."

"No nonsense!" said Biggs. "Who would not run from a woman who drinks?"

"Oh, the wretch!" exclaimed Lady Home. "I never drink anything, save medicine and tea."

"Yes, the medicine in the black bottle," said Biggs, with a look of intelligence.

Lady Home feared she had gone too far, and repented of being too hasty with Mr. Biggs, and was disposed to relent, in case, if Biggs were driven to an extremity, he might dispose to the nature of the medicine; and, besides, she was aware it was generally known, in consequence of the officers having found it out by experience.

"Officer," exclaimed the coroner, "what means this disturbance?"

"I hardly know, Mr. Coroner, save that this lady guerd this ere gentleman in charge; but she knows most about it."

"Well, we have nothing to do with that here; but we must not have the court disturbed, you understand. What right have either of them to be here?"

"This is Lady Home, I believe," said the constable.

"Oh," said the coroner. "Have you any evidence to offer, madam, relative to this unhappy affair?"

"None. I did not know the creature was dead, till I entered the house," replied her ladyship, with great contempt for all present.

"Well, as you are one of the family, you may, if you wish it, remain here. But what was your business here, sir?"

"Who, mine?" said Biggs, annoyed and stupefied, for he knew not what to think.

"Yes, yours. What brought you to the house, and into that apartment?"

"I came to visit Horace Singleton," replied Biggs; "as I wished to see him."

"He will be here soon," said one of the servants. "He said he should be here to attend the inquest."

"Then the truth of your story can be easily ascertained," said the coroner; "in the meantime, we may as well proceed with the examination of such witnesses as are present."

As these were merely the servants who were called in when the confusion was at its height, they could depose to nothing, save the death of Margaret, and the supposed poisoning of Horace.

The minds of the jury had, however, been influenced by some floating rumour that Sir Charles Home had poisoned his niece, and his absence in some measure confirmed that report. It was therefore with some interest that they saw Alice and Horace Singleton enter the room, in which they were accommodated with seats; but it was afterwards arranged that Alice should quit the room while Horace gave his testimony.

This he did very succinctly, and proved that Sir Charles was from

home when the fatal deed was perpetrated, and that it was the unfortunate Margaret's own act.

Then came Alice's turn to be examined, and ere she was sworn the coroner demanded her name.

"Alice Singleton," she replied.

"The wife, I presume, of the last witness?" said the coroner.

"I am," replied Alice.

A scream came from the lips of Lady Home, and she started up, saying,—

"Oh, you minx!—you vile creature! to marry any of your brute of a father's low connections."

"Turn that woman out of the room," said the coroner; but before any one could do so, Lady Home made a rush at her own daughter with outstretched arms, and endeavoured to tear her bonnet and scratch her face, and would have done so, had she not been prevented by some one who was standing by.

After a slight struggle, in which Lady Home's only damage consisted in the loss of the eternal black bottle, which rolled to the floor, stifling the whole room with the scent of Geneva, she was, however, ejected, and Biggs immediately claimed the assistance of Horace, who had not seen him, buried as he was, amidst several other taller persons.

"I had been looking for you everywhere," said Biggs, "but could find no time as hitherto to utter a word;" and he was then immediately released from his durance.

Alice was now examined, and gave a similar statement to that of Horace, completely exonerating Sir Charles Home, whom she said had left London for the Continent on the previous evening.

In a short time the room was cleared, and the jury came to consider their verdict, which they did after a very luminous summing up by the coroner, who told them, finally, that if they believed she poisoned herself, they could say so, and if they couldn't they wouldn't; and, moreover, if they considered she was not in her right mind at the moment of her doing so, they would return a verdict in accordance, and if not, why, they could not, and then *felo de se* must be their verdict.

The summing up being concluded, the jury were all half mystified by it, as they usually are; but they contrived to find a verdict of *felo de se* on the body.

(To be continued in our next.)

## HOME.

BY H. MANDER MAT.

Descend, ye nine, descend and sing—

Dip in poetic founts thy wing.

Oh! sing of home, best of all spots that lie

In sea or lake, apple of landscape's eye;

Where I, by grief so sorely press'd,

Gladly drop in thy place of rest.

When thy bright waters, gladly as they foam,

Speak all the bliss upon the face of home.

How shall the lover full of joys there bound,

And hail the pleasure on thy bosom found?

The shiv'ring native who, by Lapland's side,

Hears the rude storm, and fears the roaring tide,

Wraps his rude mantle round his trembling form,

And views with anxious eye the coming storm.

How beats his throbbing heart at thoughts of home,

More dear to him than castle's broadest dome,

Where laughing children wait to climb the knee,

And all is joy and gay hilarity.

Hail, then, prolific source of joys to come!

Laugh every dimple on the face of home.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed (post-paid) to the Editor, which will meet with immediate attention.

H. Madders (Congleton).—We know nothing of the gentleman mentioned only as regards the communications with which he has favoured us.

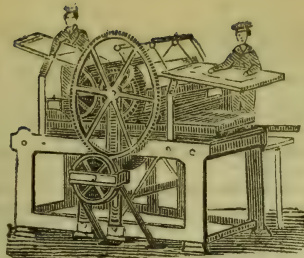
Declined, with thanks.—"Old Times;" "The Recluse;" "Eliza Foster;" "A Tale of a Madman;" "The Lovers."

Emma E. Scott.—The whole of the continuations have been received. We shall welcome the conclusions.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## THE HEROINE OF WARSAW; OR, THE EMPEROR'S VICTIM.

ROXALINA was the beloved and only child of Count Kilieski, who, on being driven from his native land, after having endured many hardships with his lovely daughter, arrived on the happy shores of Old England, to seek that peace which cruel war had denied him in his own.

Roxalina, ever gentle and tender hearted, felt keenly the sorrows of her father, and of her countrymen, but she forbore to mention her feelings; her only wish was to lighten the grief of her loved parent, which she endeavoured to do by painting, in glowing colours, the humanity and warm-hearted feelings of the English people.

Nor will any doubt that she felt firmly the truth of her statement, when told that she received this information from a young English merchant, Herbert Glenville, who occasionally resided, for short periods, in Poland, and for whom she formed a firm attachment, he having avowed himself the adorer of Roxalina, and received in return the gentle heart of the unsuspecting girl.

On the breaking out of the disastrous war, Herbert returned to England, first bidding her a fond adieu, and promising to return and make her his wife when peace should be restored.

Upon their arrival in England, she fondly cherished the hope that some unforeseen circumstance would give her to her lover's arms, and this hope cheered her weary soul through the paths of sorrow.

The few jewels, which Count Kilieski had contrived to secret, was the only means he had left to afford them subsistence; he saw, with terror, that himself and his beloved child shortly would have to encounter sorrow more poignant than they had yet endured.

"Roxalina," said the desponding Kilieski to his beautiful child, as he gazed upon her with affectionate concern, "child of my joy and sorrow, canst thou devise to thy father any plan that can keep us from utter destitution? my troubles, I fear, are more than I have power to bear, and —"

"Cease, cease, my dear father, thus to distract yourself by dwelling on sorrows we may never know."

"Alas! alas! too well I know the misery we are doomed to suffer; are there not around me numbers of my noble and devoted countrymen, who, driven from their native land, although they have enjoyed all that wealth, or honour, could bestow, are now bereft of every earthly good, and wanting the commonest necessities of life."

"Oh, yes, my dear father, I feel that this is too true, yet, still there is hope."

"Where, where, my child?—thy young heart may feel there is hope for thee; but I know it not."

"Yes, yes, father, there is hope for you; there is hope for all."

"No, not for me; my soul is weary, and I fain would lay me down and die."

"Father, be not angry with me, when I tell you that this weakness is unworthy of the Count Kilieski."

"It is, it is, my child," replied her parent, affectionately; "I will learn patience and endurance from thy admonition."

Roxalina could no longer disguise her feeling, and bursting into a flood of tears, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, God! our lot is, indeed, bitter! but Thou allwise disposer of our destiny, can make smooth our rugged path!" and, falling on her knees, she implored her father to seek relief in prayer.

"Let me see," said Israel Solomons, as he opened a small drawer, in an iron safe; "I think I did give de maiden sixteen shilling for dis ring

—yes, yes, it was sixteen; that blackguard, Ikey Moses, offered me tree pound, de rascal; he got no conscience, for it is vell worth five;" and, after having eyed it with satisfaction, he again deposited it in the drawer.

"Rachael, my tear," continued he, addressing a tall handsome woman, whose bright eye seemed to outvie the sparkling gems in which he dealt, "if dat pretty Polish girl do come dis morning while I am gone to shoole, be sure you keep her till I come pack."

"Very well," replied Rachel; "but, if she will not, what —"

"Got dam! for vhat you say if she vill?"

"Because," replied Rachael, mildly, "I might know when I should tell her to come again."

"You are von stupid fool if you can't keep her, vhether she vill or not."

"It is not your wisdom that makes you rich," returned Rachael.

"Vhat you mean by dat?" answered Israel, angrily.

"I meant that if I do not act with as much cunning as yourself, I do with more justice, though, I own, with less profit."

"I tell you vhat it is, Rachael, I am sure you are not von of us, at all; and, by de peard of Moses, I vish you was dead, and den I should be mosh more happy den I am."

"I have no doubt but such is your real wish; but you surely forget that you so often wish that I should live to love you?" said Rachael, smiling.

Tears and smiles ever had great power over Israel Solomond, and approaching Rachael, he said,—

"Come, come, den ve vill be friends again, and you shall have de diamond bracelet dat de Countess Dashington sent me, instead of de monies she did borrow."

"But," continued Rachael, knowing that he made a gift but by impulse, "my arm is not so beautiful as that of the countess, and, I fear, you will find it too large for me; you had better try before you go out," continued she, more blandly.

"Yes, yes, my tear, I will bring it presently; but you do look sho beautiful, ven you smile, dat I do not like to leave you."

"Yes," said she, "but you wish me dead, and then you would be more happy; but, come, come, fetch the bracelet, or I shall think you were not in earnest, and that you value that bauble more than my smiles."

Conscience whispered to Israel that Rachael was right; but she had exerted over him the magic influence of her smile, and he departed to fetch the bracelet; but, as he took the sparkling diamond from its case, he pressed it fervently, and felt a momentary pang of anguish dart through his bosom as if he was about to part with his life's blood.

"Rachael," said he, as he clasped the jewel on her snowy arm, "doze diamonds are vorth —"

"A thousand thanks," interrupted Rachael.

"No—pounds," replied Israel; "but I give dem freely; have you noting to give me in return?"

"Yes," said Rachael, "I give you gratitude."

"No—no; dat is too cold for me."

"Indeed! then, vhat can you wish?"

"To be all dat you can love on earth."

"No—no," said Rachael, as she cast a triumphant look at the bracelet; "this, no doubt, is of great value, but not sufficient to purchase my love."

"Den you hate and despise poor Israel, in spite of all de rich presents dat I made you?"

"Not so, Israel, I neither hate nor despise you," replied Rachael.

"Tank God for dem words," he returned.

"But," continued Rachael, "before I can place my affection upon you, you must give up your immoderate love for gold, or I should live in fear that, one day, you would barter my affection for it."



"By Got, I cannot bear dis no longer," said Israel, as he rushed out of the house.

"Strange being," ejaculated Rachael, as he departed; "of what a curious mixture of crude passions art thou composed; the principles of thy better nature are hid beneath a cloud of impenetrable darkness, and that cloud the infatuation which gold has thrown over thee."

Strange that we always most value the opinion of those who carp at our deficiencies, and point out to us our many errors, though we may affect to despise it.

Rachael was the offspring of Aaron Wetchmateusch, a wealthy German Jew, who, having been detected in some illegal transactions with the German states, was obliged to fly his country as the only means of preserving his life. During his exile, in the Isle of G—, he became enamoured of Belinda, the wife of the governor, and found soon, to his great joy, that he was not indifferent to her; and, after the first avowal of his passion, their meetings became frequent, and no restriction was given to their illicit love.

Scarcely had two summers elapsed ere Belinda's altered appearance gave to Wetchmateusch, the Jew, cause for much unhappiness, fearing that his illicit amour would be discovered by the governor, and he accordingly made Belinda acquainted with his fears.

"Do not, I entreat you," said she, "make yourself unhappy on that account; already is my husband acquainted with my situation, the intelligence of which he received with great joy."

"Dearest Belinda," said Aaron, "this relieves me from a weight of anxiety; but there yet remains a difficulty to be overcome, as the offspring will, in all probability, bear the lineaments of our race."

"Tis true; but torture not your mind by that thought; gold will do much, of which my husband, the governor, has abundance."

"But you cannot, surely, have had sufficient foresight to anticipate what I have communicated!"

"Yes—yes, I have; love is never slow to detect anything that may give pain to its object."

"How then do you propose to act?" asked Aaron.

"It is my intention," replied Belinda, "to offer, through the medium of my faithful confidant, Emily, a reward for a female child to be conveyed to my chamber at the required period; and, the children being changed, the deception cannot be detected by my husband."

"Gem of wisdom!" exclaimed Aaron, "scarce am I worthy of so much love and beauty."

"Were I possessed of the charms of an Eastern peri," replied Belinda, "you are well worthy to become the possessor of them."

"Do you, then," said he, "love me sufficient to leave all ties and kindred, and to fly with me to my native land, after the birth of your child?"

"That," replied Belinda, "is a question that I am not yet prepared to answer, as I have here an aged mother, who, for me, has endured many hardships and severe trials, and I have promised never to leave, or desert her, while life remains."

"Then, why do you boast of your love for me?" asked Aaron.

"It is no empty boast," said she; "I feel the love I profess; and though, for you, I have forgotten the duty I owe my husband, him I never loved—but the duty which I owe to a fond and affectionate parent, I never can forget."

Aaron, fearing that she might withdraw her affections, and with it the princely presents that she so often made him, replied, "Forgive, my dear Belinda, that which my love for you has induced me to ask; on a moment's consideration, however, I feel assured I have asked a sacrifice, of which I am totally unworthy."

This piece of finesse, on the part of Aaron, succeeding, Belinda threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss of reconciliation, and they parted.

The merry bells of the Isle of G—, were gaily ringing; the sounds of joy and merriment were heard bounding through the lofty hills of Bellevue, the residence of its governor; the report of cannon from the shipping in the harbour, and the garrison of the port, came to the ear, in reverberative echoes, to hail the birth of a daughter to Cedric Moralt, the governor of G—.

A distinguished physician had, by the desire of his lady, been called in, who, after several visits, informed the governor that all danger was now over, and that his lady was in a state of convalescence; and received a handsome reward for his attendance.

In a short time, Belinda, by the advice of her physician, frequently enjoyed the refreshing coolness of the evening breeze; and the arduous duties of the governor preventing his accompanying her, she was usually attended by her favourite, Emily, and they made frequent visits to the physician, or in other words Aaron Wetchmateusch, who had assumed this disguise, in order to facilitate his plan in changing children, which had succeeded to the utmost of his expectation.

So great was the influence he had exerted over Belinda, during his visits, that she had now consented to fly with him in his present disguise to Germany, which disguise he trusted to be a sufficient guard to prevent his being known as Aaron Wetchmateusch.

"My dear Belinda!" said he, one evening as she entered, "I feel much anxiety to visit my native land, and if you still love me you will lose no time in preparing for your flight."

"Yes, yes, Aaron," sighed Belinda, "I will willingly fly with you; but, by our mutual love, I once more entreat of you to tell me if our child still lives?"

"She does then, my life; and I have this morning received a letter from Alexander Solomons, to whose care I have entrusted her; he is a well tried friend, and one who can be trusted."

"Joy—joy! One day then I shall press to my heart my loved child, and she will call me by the endearing name of mother."

"Yes, my love; and I trust that that day is not far distant."

"To Germany have you sent our beloved child?" asked Belinda, affectionately.

"No; it would not have been prudent to have done so, my love."

"She then remains near us?" asked Belinda.

"I have informed you," said Aaron, "that she is safe; do you doubt the truth, that you thus question me?"

"I do not, love. But surely you cannot be displeased with me for feeling anxious to learn whether or not the child of him I love above fame or riches is near me."

"Here, then, my dear Belinda," said he, assuming a look of devoted affection, "read this, and it will relieve you from your pain."

She then took the note, and read as follows:—

"MY MUCH VALUED FRIEND,

"I have, according to your wish, procured a careful nurse for the lovely little stranger, who is in perfect health; be assured, it shall receive a father's care. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of five hundred pounds, together with a small casket of jewels. I have made every inquiry, and think that with safety you may again visit Germany. It may be necessary to inform you that should I, by any chance, be called from England, your infant, Rachael, will be left under the care of my worthy sister. With the enclosed packet you will find the document you require, and which I had great difficulty in obtaining. Trusting you will meet with no impediment in your undertaking, believe me

"Yours, by the faith of our forefathers,

"ALEXANDER SOLOMONS."

"This does indeed give me great joy!" said Belinda, returning the letter.

"You see," replied Aaron, "my love is not less ardent than yours. But until we depart we must shorten our interviews, lest we awaken distrust in the mind of the governor."

"It will be well," said Belinda. "But," continued she, "I have a proposition to make to you."

"Indeed! then let me hear it."

"Would it not be better that I again feigned illness, and sent for you, as you can then take away more valuables, which, without your assistance, must be left behind."

"Bless you—bless you!" said Wetchmateusch, "for your kind consideration." And he impressed upon her lips an ardent kiss.

The day appointed for their departure was that following the one on which Aaron Wetchmateusch was now sitting, sipping his rich spiced wine, and indulging in the thoughts of the pleasure he should enjoy when the lovely and engaging Belinda should become solely his, as he should not only be the possessor of her beautiful form but of much wealth. But the old adage, that "there is most danger when least expected," was fully verified in the case of Wetchmateusch; for, as he was indulging in these dreams of imaginary bliss, he perceived a tall elegant individual enter, and demand, in a loud voice, to see Aaron Wetchmateusch.

"I know no such name," replied the servant.

Nor did he, for on Aaron's taking up the profession of a physician, with his residence he had changed his name, and assumed that of Montreiglor.

"Tis false!" said the stranger. "Let me pass."

"You shall," answered the domestic, Pierre, "if your height will give you strength."

"This, as a trial then," said the stranger, raising his powerful arm and striking Pierre a blow that left him prostrate, and proceeded to the very apartment where Aaron was sitting, waiting anxiously to hear what would be the issue of the stranger's conversation.

"Aaron Wetchmateusch of Germany!" said he, putting to flight the assumed physician's thoughts.

"No, sir!" said he, "there is some mistake. And yet I remember



meeting an individual of that name; but he left the island shortly after my arrival here!"

"Indeed!" replied the stranger, with a sneer, "then who or what are you?"

"My name," said Aaron, bowing, "is Montreigor, a physician, from Florence, and have had the honour of attending the wife of the governor of this island, whose life, being in imminent danger, I have saved!"

"To one who knew you less than myself," answered the stranger, "this well planned tale might be of some avail; but with me 'tis useless!"

"Ah!" said Aaron, for a moment thrown off his guard. "Know me well, said you?"

"Yes," replied the stranger.

"How, or where?" asked Aaron.

"Those are questions that I do not choose to answer," returned the stranger. "I see you do not recognise me!" And throwing off his cloak, and loosening a string which had confined a pair of large black whippers, Aaron, to his surprise, beheld in him one of the chief conspirators in his late unlawful transactions, before alluded to.

"Ah!" exclaimed Aaron, recovering his surprise, "is it possible that I behold my old friend, Mark Kloer? I cannot sufficiently thank you for this mark of your friendship. You come, doubtless, to bring me—"

"A warrant, to appear before the Diet, to answer for past delinquencies!"

"Then," said Aaron, turning pale, "you have forgotten all your past assurances of faithful friendship!"

"Friend! man must learn to be his own friend!" replied the stranger. "A large reward has been offered for your apprehension—I have traced your footsteps successfully; and now," continued he, presenting the warrant, "I have won the reward."

"Villain!" cried Aaron, wrathfully; "are you not one of the chief actors in the plot yourself?"

"Ha! ha!" replied the stranger. "Your proof—your proof!"

"I have proof!" exclaimed the Jew, exultingly, "for I have kept safe the document which I received from you containing your proposition for me to join your party."

"But know you not," replied Kloer, "that all your papers and effects do become mine, by virtue of the warrant?"

"Even so!" said Aaron, using a subterfuge. "The documents of which I speak are in the possession of a true friend, who would not sell his brother man for gold!"

"I value not your taunts!" replied Kloer, opening the chamber door, and immediately two of the German guards, attended by an officer of the governor of the island, entered, and forthwith conveyed the exasperated Wetchmateusch to prison.

On the evening of the day on which Aaron Wetchmateusch was conveyed to prison, the lovely, but frail Belinda, summoned her confidante to her presence.

"Emily," said she, "I cannot dispel the thoughts that some unexpected calamity is about to befall me."

"I trust sincerely, my lady, that your fears are groundless."

"Why, Emily, you speak in such a doubting tone, that you lead me to suppose you are not without fears yourself."

Emily seemed lost in thought.

"Speak, speak! I entreat of you. Know you of aught that is likely to befall me?"

"No, on my word, my lady, I do not; but—"

"Quick, quick, Emily! do not keep me in suspense, I pray."

"I will acknowledge to you, my lady, not later than an hour ago, as, overpowered by the scorching rays of the sun, I sank to slumber, I dreamed a dream which has distressed me."

"Even so, Emily. I would fain hear it."

"You shall; but—"

"Proceed, I conjure you!"

"Methought, my lady, we had made every preparation for our flight, and was about to leave the outer gate of the garden, when—"

"We were discovered by my husband," interrupted Belinda, in a tone of apprehension.

"Not so, my lady; but you shall quickly hear."

"Perhaps, my surmises are ill-founded, and your dream was not concerning me!"

"Yes, my lady, it was concerning us all."

"Ah, say you so! speak on then."

"We were prevented leaving the gate," continued Emily, "by a number of persons pressing forward, who seemed anxious to gain admittance to the governor."

"Mercy, mercy! to inform him of my guilty conduct."

"Pardon me, my lady; but I would remind you it was but a dream."

"And in dreams, Emily, have I suffered more of grief and woe than ever I did in my waking hours. But I am preventing you informing me of that I most wish to hear."

"One among the number," resumed Emily, "was of uncommon stature and beauty, and even in the dream could I scarce believe my eyesight; his hands were firmly fixed on the shoulders of—"

"Good Heaven! my brain is on fire! It was Wetchmateusch."

"Yes; strange to say, my lady, your conjecture is indeed right, and—"

At this moment the well-known footsteps of the governor were heard approaching, and the next moment he entered the chamber.

"My dear Belinda," said he, "I would speak with you alone."

Belinda trembled with fear and apprehension.

"Shall I retire, my lady?" asked Emily.

"Yes, and wait in the adjoining chamber. I am far from well, and would not be left alone."

Emily instantly obeyed.

"My dear Belinda," commenced the governor, as Emily left the apartment, "I have this morning received a strange piece of intelligence, and though I doubt the truth of it, there is so much probability in what I have heard, that I almost feel confident it cannot all be false."

"But surely, it cannot be concerning me," replied Belinda.

"It is not, my love; but 'tis concerning one to whose great skill I am indebted for the preservation of my beloved wife and child."

"Indeed! speak you then of Wetchmateusch?" asked his wife, entirely thrown off her guard by fears for his safety.

"By Heaven! there is some deep mystery here. Know you then he is no physician?"

Lost in consternation, Belinda knew not what to answer.

"Speak, speak, this instant!" cried the governor, in a tone which struck terror to the guilty heart of the fair one.

"What would you ask of me?" demanded Belinda, faintly.

"How dared you to receive beneath my roof a German traitor, and yet lead me to suppose he was the far-famed Montreigor of Florence? Still silent," continued he; "God grant that the feelings which now fill my breast may be without foundation. Explain quickly, then, or dread my just displeasure."

But these last words were lost to the ear of Belinda, for she had sunk insensible at the feet of her husband.

Shortly after Wetchmateusch had quitted Germany the secret meetings which had been held for many months, and which were deemed detrimental to the state, were discovered. Mark Kloer was the first apprehended; and although he had sacredly sworn not to divulge the names of any of his confederates, or rather followers, he being one of the leaders of the conspiracy, he now offered, upon condition of his own personal safety, to give intelligence concerning all who had formed or belonged to the meeting.

This being granted, by his information most of those concerned were apprehended. Two only had escaped, and for them a large reward had been offered; one of whom was Wetchmateusch.

Mark Kloer having discovered that the latter had journeyed to the island of G—, lost no time in following him thither. For several days his search proved entirely useless, and he had nigh given up all hopes of his discovery.

Returning to his hotel one day, after a long and tedious search, he suddenly came in contact with an individual in the Florentine costume. "Surely," said he, mentally, "I have met this face before; but I will follow on. My memory will, perhaps, serve me to recognize when and where I have before met it."

The individual alluded to entered the house of the governor ere the memory of Mark Kloer had rendered him any assistance. He lingered some time to see whether the individual would return; but he came not again.

"Why do I tarry here?" said he. "I will go to the porter, and inquire if he resides in this island."

Instantly putting his thoughts into execution, he addressed the governor's porter with,—

"Tell me, friend, does the individual who has but now entered reside here, or is he a stranger in the island?"

"Is it of Montreigor you ask?" returned the porter.

"I know not if that be the name of him I speak of, but he wears the garb of a Florentine."

"Before I answer thee more," said the porter, "I would ask you why you come hither to ask the question?"

"Merely satisfaction, friend," said Kloer. "I have, I think, before met him, but know not where."

"Humph! you had better know that from himself. His visits here are seldom."



"Thou art a saucy knave," replied Kloer, "and almost deserve chastisement for your insolence."

To this the porter's only reply was "humph!" and he immediately closed the massive gate upon the former.

He had not, however, waited long before the before-mentioned individual passed him. Mark Kloer fixed upon the latter a penetrating glance.

"Surely," said he, "it is—but no—I cannot be mistaken. The hair is too dark, the stature too tall."

Busied in these thoughts, he unconsciously followed the footsteps of the stranger, nor did he turn until he arrived at his residence. No sooner had he entered than Mark again determined to make every inquiry concerning him; but all he could then learn was, that he was a Florentine physician of some note, but that he and his servant were so exceedingly eccentric, that they never exchanged words with any of the islanders.

Kloer, therefore, retraced his steps to his hotel, and, as the waiter obeyed the summons, the idea struck him that from him he might gain some information.

"Can you inform me," said he, "how long the physician Montreigor, as he is called, has resided here?"

"I do not know, sir. I am but lately come to the island."

"Oh."

"But I will inquire of my master," continued the waiter.

"Do so."

The waiter departed, and in a short time returned.

"Montreigor," said he, "was not known to my master until the lady of the governor gave birth to her first-born, when he, by her husband's desire, came to attend her."

"But know you not how long it is since?" asked Kloer.

"A few months, sir. My master informs me it was but a short time back."

"Indeed."

"The life of the lady was in imminent danger, but it was saved by his great skill."

"This for your intelligence," said Mark, handing him a coin; and immediately he left the house. "I know not why," continued he, as he walked away, "but I have strong suspicion that this Montreigor is no other than Aaron Wetchmateusch, whose capture at this time will make me free of all labour for life."

Wetchmateusch, deeming himself perfectly secure, had paid this, his last intended visit, to Bejinda at the house of her husband, the governor, by which his footsteps were watched by Kloer.

Wishing to make some purchases before he left the island, Aaron, on the evening of the same day, again sallied forth, but had thrown aside his Florentine costume, and had cast across his shoulders a Spanish roquelaire, whose ample folds had often protected him from the notice of the crowd.

Mark, who had left the hotel, determined on still making further inquiries, and had not proceeded far when he was struck with astonishment on beholding before him Aaron Wetchmateusch.

"My conjectures were right," said he, "The reward shall be mine."

The former, hearing the voice so near him, looked anxiously to ascertain from whence it came; but Mark had hastened onward with the swiftness of a deer, and lost no time in gathering the necessary documents from the German Diet, which would authorize him to arrest Wetchmateusch, and have him thrown into prison.

Having obtained them he instantly sought the residence of the governor, the door of which was opened by the same individual who had used him so unceremoniously in the early part of the day.

"What! hast thou come again?" demanded the porter.

"You see I have, knave, and would instantly see the governor."

"My master has given me the privilege," returned the porter, "of asking the business of all who wish to see him."

"I believe thee not, varlet, nor shall I satisfy you. It is enough the business is of great importance."

"Pardon me, sir," said the porter, awed by the authoritative tone of Kloer. "I trust I have not offended you. I will inform the governor of your wish immediately."

"It is easier to ask pardon than to grant it, fellow; but, quick, to the governor; I have not a moment to lose."

The porter did as commanded, but returned in a few moments, and informed Mark that the governor, unknown to him, had been absent many hours, and it was now uncertain when he would return.

The spirits of Mark were much damped by this disappointment. He feared lest, by some unforeseen circumstance, Wetchmateusch should have escaped from his power, and that he should then lose the golden recompense of his treachery.

Scarcely had the morning dawned, than he again sought and obtained an interview with the governor; he related to him the circumstances of his having met Wetchmateusch on the previous day, in the garb of a

Florentine, as he left the house of the governor, and produced his charge against him as a traitor to the German states.

The governor's mind was filled with doubt and surprise; but so strenuous was Mark Kloer in his assertions that the famed physician, Montreigo, was none other than Aaron Wetchmateusch, that the governor could not withhold granting him a warrant for his apprehension, which Kloer had no sooner obtained, than he, accompanied by officials, proceeded to the residence of Wetchmateusch, the particulars of which we have before stated.

Two months had elapsed since the arrival of Count Kilieski and his beautiful daughter, Roxalina, on the shores of England. Nearly all they had saved from the wreck of their fortune had been parted with to procure them the common necessities of life; the spirits of Count Kilieski seemed entirely broken; his mental agony brought on bodily suffering, much augmented by the thought of the miseries his dear child was doomed to suffer.

Our readers may remember that at the commencement of this narrative, we informed them that Roxalina had formed a strong attachment to a young English merchant, Herbert Glenville; for him the heart of the poor exiled maiden beat with fervent love, and hope, all sustaining hope, whispered that she should meet him in his native land, and there enjoy his beloved society with uninterrupted happiness.

But yet she would mentally blame herself for daring to trust to the soothing sound of the syren voice; she felt that she was a poor portionless wanderer, in a land far distant from her devoted country—

"And surely such a one," sighed she, "is unworthy to become the sharer of his warm pure love."

But much as her mind was filled with her soul's adored, her first chief thoughts were directed to her father; with heartfelt sorrow she gazed upon his altered cheek and exclaimed—

"Why! why do I hesitate? they are dear to me, but the life, the health of my sorrowing parent is dearer to me still."

Thus saying she opened a small casket, and took from within two miniatures, one, that of a young and lovely woman, the other of a youth of surpassing manly beauty.

"Images of my beloved Herbert and still dearer mother," said Roxalina, "must I then part with thee? much more than this surely my poor heart cannot bear; it is the only resource I have to save my beloved and affectionate father from absolute misery."

The warm tears of affection forced their way down her pale, but still beautiful, cheek.

"Why do I think it a sacrifice?" continued she, throwing her mantle around her, and preparing to proceed to the residence of Israel Solomons, for the purpose of disposing of the lockets, which were of great value, that of her mother being encircled with pearls and amethysts, and that of Herbert, with richly chased gold.

She was about to leave the apartment, but was met at the door by her parent, who had come to seek her, wondering at her long absence.

"Thou art pale, very pale, my child," said the count, mournfully. "Heed it not, my dear father; thy Roxalina is weak of heart and spirit."

"It could not be otherwise, my dear girl, when we are ——"

"Nay, nay, my dear father," interrupted Roxalina, "do not perplex yourself by a repetition of our sorrows; I am not even now without hope!"

"But knowest thou, my dear Roxalina, that we have not a single coin, and in a few hours we shall be in ——"

"Possession of sufficient to supply our wants, at least for a few days," interrupted the lovely girl, forcing a smile.

"Father of mercy! I do thank thee from the inmost recesses of my heart," exclaimed the count. "Thou hast still left me in possession of a pearl of inestimable value; deprived of which, the heart of the wretched exile would soon cease to beat."

When Roxalina entered the shop of the Jew for the purpose of disposing of the before-mentioned trinkets, she was informed by a dark, swarthy maid, that her master was then engaged, but would shortly attend to her.

The voices of the Jew and the stranger with whom he was engaged, were plainly heard; for a while Roxalina listened. It was plain by the varied emotions that were depicted in her features, that some distressing thoughts were passing through her brain.

"That voice," said she. "Yes, yes! I cannot be mistaken; here too, and at this hour. Oh, God! can it be possible that distress has overtaken him!" and here, overcome by her emotion, she clung to the wire-guard round the window of the Jew, to protect various articles there placed to show his avocation.

At this moment Herbert Glenville, accompanied by the Jew, emerged from the parlour, still in deep conversation with him.



"This lady has been waiting for you some time," said the swarthy handmaid.

"Oh, is it you, my dear?" said the Jew. "I peg ten thousand pardons for keeping you shoo long, but I had to shettle some business of importance with this shentleman!"

To this Roxalina replied not, for her eye was fixed on the form of Herbert, who had taken up a bill, by which his whole attention seemed engrossed.

"Rachel—Rachel—come, quick! I am sure the poor Polish girl is dying!" said Israel.

These words had reached the ear of Glenville; the paper in an instant fell from his hand, and in an instant he was at the side of Roxalina; but he stood as one petrified; he moved not; he spoke not.

Rachel, who had now come to the assistance of Roxalina, looked with an eye of real pity on the fainting form of the former.

"Poor girl," she exclaimed, "who can tell what have been her sufferings previous to her coming hither, perhaps to part with the gift of some dear friend to purchase the common necessities of life.

"For mercy's sake spare my agonised feelings!" said Herbert.

"What mean you, Mr. Glenville," asked Rachel, in surprise; "is this poor maiden known to you?"

"She is! she is! and is even dear to me! In the hour of her prosperity I swore to love and cherish her! But bring me water; I am faint!"

The features of Rachel were now as deadly pale as those of the unfortunate Roxalina.

"Mr. Glenville," said she, in a firm voice, "if you knew there was one living whom you had vowed to protect, why did you seek so long and arduously to gain that love from another you knew you could not return?"

To this Herbert answered not, but taking the hand of the Polish girl, he exclaimed,—

"Roxalina, do you not know me? Have you so soon forgotten Herbert Glenville?"

The very mention of the name seemed to arouse the lethargic feelings of Roxalina. She opened her bright blue eyes, and fixed them with an inexpressible look of mingled love and surprise upon the speaker.

"Dis is strange! very strange!" said Israel; "but you need not make yourself unhappy, Rachel, for if Mr. Glenville loved the Polish girl, dere are oders which love quite as vell."

Rachel knew that it was to herself the Jew alluded; but Herbert, though he had but a few moments before professed his love for Roxalina, directed a look of distrust and displeasure on the former.

Roxalina had now recovered from the faintness which had overcome her: covered with blushes and confusion, she knew not how to act; she felt she was in the society of strangers, and she knew not what construction they would put on the strangeness of the scene.

"Is this for me?" asked Israel, taking up the small parcel Roxalina had dropped. Before Roxalina could reply Israel had opened the paper, and, to the surprise of Herbert and Rachel, the locket containing the likeness of the former met their view.

Roxalina eagerly snatched the trinkets from the hand of Israel.

"No; they are not for you," said she, in a tone scarcely articulate.

"Den what have you prought for me, my dear?" said Israel, thinking only of the profits of his business.

Roxalina knew not what to answer; she would have given worlds to have been alone even for an instant.

"Roxalina," said Herbert, "here is some strange, deep mystery here! Why do I meet you in this place?"

"Surely," cried Roxalina, bursting into tears, "you cannot be a stranger to the cause which has driven me, with thousands of others, from my native country?"

"I knew not, dear Roxalina, that thou wert amongst them."

"Well, well," replied the Polish maiden, "I cannot converse with thee now; if I am dear to thee, as thou once declared, even beneath the humble roof which shelters my beloved parent thou wilt not refuse to visit me."

"I will visit you," said Herbert, but in a tone so cold—so strange—that it seemed to freeze the blood of Roxalina.

Again replacing the lockets in her bosom, she was about to depart, when Rachel exclaimed,—

"Stay, stay, I entreat of you. From the first moment I saw you, my heart bled for you; and though I know but little of thy country's wrongs, I know enough of thy sorrow to entitle you to my friendship."

"I thank you," said Roxalina, mildly; "but my parent is in ill health, and I must return immediately."

"Permit me at least then to speak a few words to you alone," said Rachel.

"Willingly," replied Roxalina, and turning her eye towards Herbert, she saw him seated, with his face buried in his hands, and seemingly in deep contemplation.

"Promise, then, to return in the evening, and I will explain to you that which seems so much to distress you," said Rachel.

"I will," returned Roxalina.

"And let me entreat of you," said Rachel, putting a small gold coin into the hand of Roxalina, "to accept of this trifle."

Roxalina was about to return her thanks, but was prevented by her friend Rachel, who said,—

"Say not a word, my dear girl. In me you will find one who will ever take pleasure in alleviating the sorrows of the distressed."

The heart of Roxalina was indeed charmed by this unexpected kindness, where so little expected.

"I would fain return home," said she, "without again meeting Mr. Glenville."

"If such is your wish, that can readily be accomplished, as there is a passage adjoining the house."

"Thou art at length returned, my dear child," said the Count Kilieski. "I have been anxiously awaiting thee."

"Do I mistake, dear father, or has some pleasing intelligence reached thee?" said Roxalina.

"Most surely there has, my child, and but for thy cheering counsel thy poor father would be but ill-fitted to fill the station to which he is called by the kindness of a friend, and the interposition of Providence."

"Then the prayers of thy child, dear father, have not been in vain."

"No—no, my dear child, thy prayers have indeed been answered; but see, my dear girl," continued he, handing to her a note; "read, and let thy young heart be happy in the knowledge that thy father is for a while set above the sharpened pangs of poverty and wretchedness."

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE BROKEN VOW.

'Tis well, thou art married; go, go to his arms;

Thou perjured and false one, I love thee no more.

Once my heart was enslaved by thy numberless charms,

I adored thee to madness—that madness is o'er.

I stood by thy side when thou knelt'st at the altar;

In silence I watch'd thee, none knew I was near;

As the vow pass'd thy lips I heard thy voice falter,

And I saw thine eye dim with the unbidden tear.

I mark'd the pale hue of thy colourless cheek,

Though sparkled the circlet of gems on thy brow.

Oh! wealth cannot silence the voice that *will* speak,

In a bosom where rankles a broken vow.

I do not regret thee, I do not upbraid thee, — *THOU*

I envy him not who has made thee his bride;

I have found thee unworthy the fond heart I gave thee,

And that quenches the love which all else had defied.

Then go to thy husband, so fond, so confiding,

Who thinks thee as faultless as once I deem'd thee;

Go tell him another his joy is deriding,

For thou'rt faithless and false as a woman can be.

But thou'lt never be happy, though wealth will surround thee,

A dark shade for ever will rest on thy brow;

For thou'lt never love him to whom nought but wealth bound thee,

And in anguish thou'lt weep o'er thy broken vow.

Thou wilt dwell in gay halls, and all, all will caress thee,

And the praise of thy beauty will dwell on each tongue,

And the noble, the brave, and the fair will thy guests be,

And life's sweetest roses in thy path will be flung;

But thou wilt see wives who their husbands are blessing,

With love pure and unchanging, as a wife's love should be;

And the contrast of their fate will thine shall be pressing,

And make each endearment a dagger to thee.

But, oh! when thy children around thee are clinging,

And thou'st proved that wealth worthless which dazzles thee now,

As thou watchest thy youth to maturity springing,

Oh! bid them beware of a broken vow.

CLARA D—.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.—English travellers are the best and the worst in the world. Where no motives of pride or interest intervene, none can equal them for their profound and philosophical views of society, or faithful and graphical descriptions of external objects; but when either the interest or reputation of their own country comes in collision with that of another, they go to the opposite extreme, and forget their usual propriety and candour, in the indulgence of spleen and an illiberal spirit of ridicule.



## ALICE HOME;

OR,

## THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

That evening, after the inquest which had been held in the morning, a hearse and mourning coach stood at the door of Sir Charles Home's house. It attracted some attention among those who lived in the immediate neighbourhood, and the few passengers that came by stopped many moments, though the sight was a very singular and unusual one, being a wet night, a time in which few are willing to indulge mere impertinent curiosity.

After waiting at the door a considerable time, the hearse was opened and a coffin was placed within it. That coffin contained the mortal remains of the misguided Margaret Home.

The hearse moved on a short distance, and the coach drew up before the door, into which Horace Singleton and his beautiful bride, Alice, stepped, clad in sable garments, to follow to the quiet grave the remains of one who had been such a bitter enemy to them: 'twas a work of Christian charity and forgiveness.

The procession, if such it could be called, moved slowly from the door, and thus they went through the principal streets; but, the night being inclement and stormy, and the distance great, the drivers of both vehicles, with one accord, set off at a good trot, as if they were anxious to reach their destination as quickly as possible.

They reached Hendon, and drew up before the grave-yard. They were expected, and the gates were opened to receive them; wrapping a cloak round the shrinking form of Alice, Horace followed with her, the coffin, which the bearer had brought from the hearse to the side of the grave.

It was a sorrowful spectacle, the new made grave and the wet earth—strong clay—which lay in large lumps, and threw back the glare of the torches that were held up by the attendants. The coffin was quickly lowered, and the earth thrown upon it with haste by the sexton and two assistants. No sermon was read, no prayer uttered, save what the lips of the two mourners uttered for grace to the soul of the suicide.

Horace hurried Alice from the scene when all was accomplished that could be done, for the association betwixt the deed, time, place, and scenery around, was such that he could well imagine that a strong mind could scarce shake itself free from the terrible thoughts such might well raise up in her mind; he then gave the order to return to town, and reach it as quickly as their horses would let them.

## CHAPTER CXCVII.

THE SEARCH IN THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S HOUSE.—THE CURIOUS DIARY.—THE SPECIAL MESSENGER.

The report which the officers made to the magistrate concerning the circumstances that had occurred at Sir Charles Home's house, gave him some uneasiness. The strange and frantic conduct of Sir Charles's accuser made him think that, after all, he might have been too precipitate, and have granted a warrant on the application of a madman—a step which was calculated to increase the malady under which George Home was labouring.

Uneasy, then, and dissatisfied with the aspect of the affairs, the magistrate sent again for the officer who had accompanied George Home to his house, in order to make of him more particular inquiries with regard to the accuser of Sir Charles, who had shown so much diabolical passion upon his disappointment in arresting him, as irresistibly to lead the mind to the conclusion that the whole affair might be merely a scheme of revenge for private injuries.

Obedient to the magistrate's summons, the officer made his appearance, and, at the former's request, again recapitulated what had occurred upon the attempt to arrest Sir Charles Home, on the charge which had been preferred against him so seriously, and upon oath.

"And he was not to be found?" said the magistrate.

"Certainly not; we were told he had left London, and that the period of his return was uncertain."

"That circumstance," remarked the magistrate, "may or may not be accidental. We are not to infer a man's guilt because he happens to be from home when he is accused. It is the conduct of Sir Charles's accuser which gives me the most uneasiness. You say he went off like a madman, professing a determination to pursue the baronet?"

"He did, sir. It was impossible to get a word of reason from him; and, had we attempted to stay him, I am certain, from the violence of his conduct, that we must either have killed him, or he would have killed us. I never saw a man in such a state of desperation."

"Well, we cannot help it. I suppose news will sooner or later turn

up respecting the affair. But you seemed to know something of this man who applied for the warrant."

"I do. In fact, he is very well known to the police, indeed; and, as I stated, has at various times given us important information respecting stolen property."

"He was a sort of astrologer?"

"He was, sir; but he conducted himself very quietly; and as we, the police, were quite certain he was not, as is too often the case with such persons, in league with others, we did not interfere with him, although his business was so decidedly illegal."

"Well, well, we must wink at some things," said the magistrate; "where did he live?"

"In an odd, miserable-looking house near to St. Paul's; a wretched habitation, I believe, without an owner. Indeed, it is tumbling to pieces, and manifestly unsuited for the habitation of any one."

"Then, if nothing should turn up in the course of the day regarding him or Sir Charles, I will myself make a visit to his house, and see if anything can be found confirmatory, or otherwise, of what I suppose to be his state of mind; for, should this charge of murder turn out to be, after all, but the ravings of a madman, Sir Charles Home must be warned to be upon his guard against such a desperate character, who otherwise might pounce upon him unawares and take his life."

"That from his violent conduct, I believe he would do." At what hour, sir, will you visit the old house?"

"When the business of the public office is over to-day, you and I will go together, and see what discoveries we can make." I am very uneasy about this matter, and much fear it will end in some catastrophe, of a frightful character. The man had a wild look when he applied for the warrant."

"He always had, sir; and yet I cannot help thinking myself, from what I know of Sir Charles Home, and from what I have on several occasions observed of his conduct, that there are some grounds for the charges against him, although how far he may be compromised in a murder, it is hard to say."

"I am glad you think so, inasmuch as it certainly does in some measure make me easier about the affair. But, however, we will go to the house you mention, and make a search, when we may, perhaps, find this conjuror himself, or something which may throw a light upon the transaction which, when we associate with it the suicide of that young girl, really becomes most troublesome and complicated in the extreme."

At about half-past six o'clock that evening, the magistrate and the officer proceeded towards St. Paul's churchyard, in order to visit the dismal house which had been so long occupied by George Home, and which he had left never again to revisit, unless his restless spirit could, in its disembodied form, again wander on the spots interesting or terrible to it from association.

The whole day had passed without any news of either Sir Charles or his accuser; so that the frightful catastrophe which had occurred at Dover was still quite unknown to all interested in the fate of the unhappy Sir Charles.

'Twas a dull, heavy night, such as had lately often occurred. 'Twas dark long ere they reached St. Paul's, and as they neared the cathedral, its heavy-toned bells chimed the half-past; the booming sounds of the chimes vibrating in the damp air for some seconds after the actual sounds had ceased.

There was a strange gloominess pervading the atmosphere, and, a sharp drizzling rain fell, not heavy, but cold and cheerless; 'twas such a night that few cared to be abroad in, but the magistrate persevered in his first formed resolution, and, in company with the officer, made for the conjuror's house.

The street was, as we have said, dull and gloomy; scarce a sound of any kind penetrating its precincts, save a cart now and then, and that very seldom. At the further end, it was true, a little more life was just perceptible, for a wine merchant held a ground-floor and the cellars; and a truck, or a cart and horse, was often seen there, may be once a day.

But George Home's house was indeed solitary and gloomy. Solitary, because, though among many more, yet it had not the appearance of being of the same nature—they were dull, dark, and dingy; but they had not the look of utter desolation it presented, as if it had had a ban placed upon its threshold.

It seemed as though no human being ever resided in it. All was so still and so quiet, that the distant foot-fall in the next street was plainly heard, and fell upon the ear with a distinctness which was almost painful.

"Well," said the magistrate, after he had paused to look round him, and notice these particulars,—"this man had a singular taste in the choice of a residence."

"He is a strange being altogether," replied the officer, "but it suited well the occupation he appears to have followed."



"I can understand these people wishing to live secluded," said the magistrate; "but we seldom find them in such places as these, where there is nothing, save the improbability of any one's looking for them; but at the same time, it also prevents them being likely to meet with their dupes. If he required retirement, he had more of it than can well be met on this side of the tomb. I should really shudder to live in such a place."

"From all I know, or have heard, of this George Home's life, I do not think it extraordinary; he broke loose from a madhouse in a very strange manner, in which no one could ever explain, and, I dare say, had some object or other in view, which we, as yet, know nothing about."

"How could he gain an existence, since he could receive none from a legitimate channel?"

"That's more than I can even hint at, much less inform you, sir; but live he did somehow, or else he would not have been here."

"So I suppose; but all else is involved in mystery; however, this old house may tell us some tale, which may serve to explain all this to us, but now try the door, and see if we can gain a ready admittance."

The officer obeyed the magistrate's direction, and the door yielded immediately to the touch; but it was dark and impenetrable to the sight. The officer held up his lantern, which threw a ray of light along the passage, and they both entered, shutting the door behind them.

In the passage were seen several contrivances, which assisted in the deception of his art. There were several apertures for conveying the sound of the human voice from one part of the house to another; and so contrived were these speaking trumpets, that they re-echoed the sound of the voice, astounding those who first entered the passage, by the sound of a strong voice so near them, while they could see no human agency at hand.

They wandered from room to room, most of them being perfectly empty, and, probably, never having echoed the sound of a human foot-step for years; they were full of dust, that laid thick on the floors, and large black cobwebs hung in festoons from the ceiling, and a damp and noisome smell arose, as if the remains of humanity were deposited here.

In one of the rooms—one, no doubt, that had been used by the conjuror for a sleeping apartment, was a small mattress and rug in disorder, a stool, and a small table; a few—very few articles, which were indispensable for the sake of obtaining the mere necessities to sustain nature.

In the room below were a variety of articles such as have been described, and many contrivances from above and below to assist in producing any desired effect; means of throwing down artificial light; a number of pulleys, and two trap doors through which a man might disappear suddenly; several astronomical instruments and apparatus were lying about.

In one corner lay a series of portraits: these were of individuals belonging to Sir Charles Home's circle of friends only; a number of keys, and apparatus of a very suspicious character.

"Upon my word," said the magistrate, eyeing these things, "this singular man is not a very saint, after all. I more than fear that there is something very wrong about this business, one way or the other."

"I think so too, sir," replied the officer, looking carefully around the room. "I know not what to think, save this is a dismal and queer hole, even that of Abraham Benn's not excepted."

"Is that a cupboard yonder?" inquired the magistrate.

They both endeavoured to open it, but were unable to do so, when the officer seized the bunch of keys, and after several ineffectual attempts, he opened it.

"Here are some papers," said the officer.

The magistrate took hold of them, and found, among several, a mass of sheets apparently connected, and having been intended to form but one mass.

"I will examine them," said the magistrate.

## CHAPTER CXCVIII.

THE DIARY OF GEORGE.—THE WILDNESS OF REVENGE.—THE MADHOUSE.

The magistrate then seated himself in a chair, and desiring the officer to take possession of the stool that stood close by, took the papers in his hand, and began to look over them by the light which the officer carried, and which he held up for that purpose.

"This appears to be a wildly written paper," he said, after he had read a few pages. "It appears to be written, in the form of a diary, at various times, as the writer felt inclined. There seems some one burning passion that pervades his whole writings."

"He was a singular man, and had evidently no friendship; for, though he was wanted at one time, yet none ever knew him, and it was only by mere chance that I ever heard anything of him. Bless my

heart," continued the officer, "but what a storm has come on! Bad as this old hole is, it is well we are housed and safe from such a storm."

As he spoke, the rain, which had hitherto fallen but lightly, now came down in a heavy, pelting shower, and was heard to rattle and beat against the old house and windows as fiercely as if a West Indian land-storm were raging. It sounded the more fiercely and made the greater contrast with the stillness that reigned within that deserted house.

"Yes, it is well we are housed," said the magistrate, thoughtfully. "It is too violent to last. However, while it does last, I will read this diary."

So saying he began as follows, first directing the officer to hold the lantern so that it would throw its light full upon the paper.

It is some time since my reason visited the blighted being who now pens these sentences. Happy would it have been had I never recovered it at all, or that, in recovering it, I may live to see the author of the many miseries I am suffering, and that she has suffered, brought to feel the same depth of despair and wretchedness, and then I shall die contented, ay, even happy. I shall have lived for what I most pant, and shall have obtained it—my revenge.

Charles Home—that find in human shape—that devil incarnate—who could, with a calm and pleasant countenance, look upon the depths of misery I have gone through—who could look upon the want, despair, and death of one whom he professed to love, but who was my wife—who could do this—who could see her die from disease and want, and yet had the means of relieving our wretchedness; but who would not stretch out the hand of charity, and give me from his abundance—which he had robbed me of by wily arts—that which would have saved us—I say us—she from an early and wretched death, and me from the depths of misery I have since then experienced. Yes, this man and I are cousins.

He supplanted me in the affections of those on whom I had claims. But how was it done? By the vilest deceit and treachery; and, because Margaret was mine, he persecuted me with relentless hate.

It is needless to relate—it would deprive me of my reason to do so—the means by which he drove me from one depth to another. How I was provoked to commit one act and then another, and how he seized upon each opportunity to ruin the unfortunate being who was thus subject to his mercy—ha! ha! mercy!

Suffice it to say, I fell from one state of abasement to one below it, until I could no longer appear safely in society.

But stay. She died, and I was forced to leave her. Ay, I left her in the old ruined farmhouse at Hendon. I fled, for the bloodhounds of the law were upon my track. I had but time to escape; and I swore I would be revenged—ay, fully and amply revenged. I live for it, I breathe for it, and I will die for it.

But where have I been? All is a blank. The light of reason fled its abode. Why should it not? I fled mine—mine, did I say? No—no—I had none to fly, save from the madhouse. Ha! ha! ha! that was, indeed, an escape!

When, how, or why they took me there, I know not; but I think it must have been soon after the death of my wife—my Margaret. Yes, I well recollect that for days there was a burning fire in my brain. I wandered about for a long, long time. I wanted food. All I could obtain was either taken by fraud or force. I was like a raging wolf, destroying all that I could or dare attack.

But my rage excited pity, and they confined me in a madhouse. Yes, I cared not where I went; but it cost them something to carry me there; six strong men could not hold me; I was bound as never yet was man bound with strong ropes, so that I should commit no mischief, for I had nearly strangled two men, one with each hand, and I laughed when I saw the blood gush out of their nose and mouth—I had inflicted misery and pain, and that was a secret balm to my mind.

How long I was at the madhouse I know not—I cannot calculate; all was chaos and tumult. I remained in confinement and darkness; chains and scourges were applied to tame me, but without effect. I raved and fought, and my keepers feared me.

But a better subtle spirit came over me—I determined to take my usage kindly and not to fight against a destiny that appeared as cunningly devised as if it had been conceived on purpose to crush a fallen creature. In fine, I became by degrees humble; but it was long ere my keepers could trust me—they feared my strength, and months passed ere they ameliorated my condition, and then it was only done by degrees, and very slowly.

I was often tempted to break out into fits of violence, but I thought that it would backen my escape, and perhaps rob me of my revenge, and that was dearer than life and freedom from even that hell upon earth.

I became quieter and more trusted, as they found no ill effects follow the indulgencies they allowed me; until I was looked upon as



one that was likely to recover; and so I was, but they little knew my cherished thought was revenge against my bitterest enemy.

One evening I was determined to make my escape, and I effected it. I arose in the dead of the night, and, after dressing myself, I contrived to reach the small window that overlooked the court-yard. It was steep, but I tore my bed-clothes up in strips, and after squeezing myself through, I lowered myself within about twelve feet of the ground, and then I fell, and in doing so I became insensible.

When I recovered myself I found that the porter who had charge of the outer gate had dragged me into his lodge, for the purpose of securing me, and then alarming the house; but I arose, and seized him by the throat, and then I held him with the grasp of a vice.

He was a tall, big, and powerful man; he struggled fearfully—it was for life, and had I been less than I was—a madman—I had never succeeded in killing him!—He was a long time in dying!—His face was swollen, and his eyes dilated, and almost starting from their orbits! The blood came to his nose and ears, but he died, and I stamped upon his body!

A sudden thought struck me—I was without money, and in a dress that would betray me, and though he was bigger than I, I undressed him, and took his clothes and money;—nay, I searched his house over, and found enough in my way of living to last me some time.

I escaped out of window, and clambered along the wall, until I reached the gate, and then dropped outside. I was free. I stretched out my arms, and laughed exultingly, and then, with the swiftness of a bird, I darted away, I knew not whither.

Still I lived, and was free; ay, I lived for my revenge; and I now began to form a variety of plans, none of which I could prevail upon myself to adopt. I might kill him at any time, but that was not enough for me. Disgrace, dishonour, and a life of misery and degradation was what I wanted to see him suffer.

I at length found out where my daughter Margaret was placed—I at once determined that through her I would wound Sir Charles Home—she should be the bitterest thorn in his side he ever felt. I educated her to my purpose—I corresponded with her, and found she was apt—the love for revenge had been inherited from me.

The good work proceeds well—the first approaches are made—and Sir Charles Home feels what it is to be a guilty man. I have found out a clue to the murder of the Jew at the old house at Hendon. Yes—yes; I have not evidence, but I have a long chain of coincidences, and surmises will do the rest. Yes, Sir Charles is guilty—Margaret has taxed him roundly, and he shrinks from her in horror and despair. A few more days and he holds a fete. He loves his daughter Alice, and she loves Horace Singleton—but they shall never marry—no, Margaret must prevent that. Sir Charles haunts Abraham Benn's old house—there is something there that much concerns him—I will watch. A murder has been done there, from the smell that arises—if so, Sir Charles is the man.

The fete is over suddenly—Sir Charles is a guilty man—two murders. The conjuror has done miracles. Ha! ha! he comes.

Part of my revenge is complete—I am an inmate of Sir Charles's house. Sir Charles's?—Nay, tis mine now, and all he has, if he dare marry Alice to Horace. I have him in any way—he is watched, and spied upon in his every movement. No act of his escapes me—I am omniscient—he cannot escape, do what he will—his life is one of extreme agony and despair—what between his love for Alice, and his extreme fear of death on the gallows, his life is horrible—horrible! 'Tis as it should be—as I would have it—and did I know how to add one pang, I would do it.

The marriage, I fear, will take place, despite all endeavours. Sir Charles vacillates, and Alice and Horace will soon choose for themselves; if so, poison must stay them, for I should be robbed of half my revenge. Alice would be happy, and Sir Charles would care for nothing more, and Margaret would sink under a broken heart.

It is determined upon—Horace dies! and Alice lives a monument of my revenge!

Here the papers left off, as if some event had prevented the continuance of them. The reader knows the reason—the sudden death of Margaret, the departure of Sir Charles, and the pursuit of George Home after him, and their subsequent fate, are well known.

"I never read such an extraordinary document in my life," said the magistrate, looking at the diary, "and I have seen many curious things. It would appear here are a couple of criminals instead of one."

"And they would both appear to have escaped us," replied the officer.

"Ay, but they will doubtless return."

"I hardly think so, if the one has gone to catch the other; then, if they meet, there will be some terrible consequences; blood will very likely be shed; the one's mad and revengeful, and the other knows his fate is death if taken."

"True—true—what strange results spring from ill-governed passions; said the magistrate, folding the papers up, and placing them for security about his person.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE SETTING SUN.

Another scorching day had spent its force  
Upon the arid glebe, when forth we went  
To gain the mountain's brow, along the course  
Of winding sheep-paths, with full intent  
To renovate the frame in purer air  
Upon the neighbouring heights, and gaze  
With wonted rapture on the wide and fair  
Expanse which God's own handiwork displays.

Behold day's splendid orb in grandeur set  
Behind the lofty Breidden's shaggy crest;  
A world of fire it seems, whose glory yet  
Illuminates the distant darkling west.  
Altho' his lustre had its last ray spent  
In tinting nature with its golden beams,  
Beyond the dark opaque refraction sent  
A radiance, furnace-like, in crimson gleams.

And now the partridge calls, the cattle low,  
The healthful breeze subsides, the smoke  
In curling folds ascends from roofs below,  
Where viands sweet refresh the rustic folk.  
At length the firmament is closing in,  
A nascent star along the east appears  
To struggle into being—the vales begin  
To shroud their beauties close with dewy tears.

Incaruate Truth, by whom the worlds were made,  
Instructs to draw from His creation's page  
An illustration strong of every grade  
Of doctrine, our minds the easier to engage.  
Then may we not the good man's death compare  
Unto the gorgeous closing scene of eve,  
That we the better, sooner, may prepare  
This evanescent course of life to leave?

Observe him rise from darkness in the way  
Of spiritual renovation—speed his course  
Still bright and "brighter to the perfect day"—  
Urged onward by insuperable force  
Of love eternal, and of grace divine,  
Until he gains the climax God decreed,  
Who numbers all our day, and with design  
Inscrutable recalls his chosen seed.

Then having gained his due meridian height  
In supernatural radiance not his own,  
He sinks with broader yet more chastened light  
Into his hopeful tomb, where "light is sown"  
For righteous souls! And though to eye of sense  
He is no more, the lustre of his name  
Sends upwards from his grave a stream intense  
Of God's own light, which drowns terrestrial fame.

Though in the cold sepulchral shade, a spell  
Is wrought by righteous souls which flings a ray  
Of fond assurance on their friends that "It is well"—  
That chequered life is changed to cloudless day.  
Yes, light is sown! Now shall they each, as stars,  
Shine forth, dismembered from the cloud  
Of low mortality, beyond the bars  
Of flesh, absorbed and "hid with Christ in God!"

EMILIUS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF GOOD SOCIETY—Refinement and delicacy of taste are the productions of advanced society. They open to the mind of persons possessed of them, a field of elegant enjoyment; but they may be pushed to a dangerous extreme. By that excess of sensibility to which they lead, by that vanity which they flatter, that idea of superiority which they nourish, they may unfit their possessor for the common and ordinary enjoyments of life; and, by that too great niceness which they are apt to create, they may mingle somewhat of disgust and uneasiness, even in the highest and finest pleasures. A person of such mind, will often miss happiness where nature intended it should be found, and seek it where it is not to be met with. Disgust and chagrin will frequently be his companions, while less cultivated minds are enjoying pleasure unmixed and unalloyed.



## THE SOLDIER;

## OR, TEN YEARS' ABSENCE.

In the autumn of the year 1816, the year after that in which the battle of Waterloo was fought, a soldier, named Edward Norwyn, obtained his discharge from his regiment, and his pension for wounds, having received one that deprived him of the use of his limbs. Norwyn stayed no longer in London than to receive the first half-year's money, and then set forward on foot to revisit the place of his nativity, which he had left ten years before.

Ten years before this journey, he had left the neighbourhood of Bedal, the village in which he dwelt being close to that place. He was then scarcely eighteen, as fine and healthy a young man as could be seen; but ten years' soldiering had altered him much. The fine healthy glow of the countenance was exchanged for a bronzed and weather-beaten appearance, and the elastic step and gay carriage of youth were turned to the regular step and erect and steady bearing of the soldier.

It is to be doubted much if his appearance had lost anything by the exchange of habits; but in one respect it had done so, and that might easily be detected by the coat sleeve being pinned up to the breast, while the remaining part fluttered and shook by every movement of the wearer. He set out with a small bundle and cloak strapped to his back, and with a stout cudgel in his remaining hand he commenced to walk the distance by easy stages.

On the ninth day he put up at a small roadside house, where he intended staying for the night, and, ere sundown on the following day, he expected to arrive at the well known spot.

What feelings throbbed in his breast, when, after ten years' absence from home—from his native place and from his native country too—he found himself within a short day's march of that oft-thought-of spot. New emotions arose as he recalled every trifling incident, every nook that memory brought to his mind. He sighed, and a smile of joy and mingled sadness passed across his manly features.

Was the parent he left at home well and hearty, but only grieved at heart to part with his only son on such an errand as that of becoming a soldier—was he still in being, and able to welcome him? Was his bidden mother still living, or had she gone to her last account, and thus escaped her mortal coil and infirmities together?

These thoughts passed rapidly in his mind, and doubt and uncertainty oppressed his heart. But there was another thought or doubt also oppressed him, and which was one he hardly dared acknowledge even to himself.

There was one whom he had never ceased to think of even in the heat of battle, and in scenes of death and desolation he had never for one moment blotted her from his mind. Oh, no: she was ever present, and while his heart beat, so it would cherish her as the life that gave it motion.

Thinking of these and other topics, he became more weary, and stood in greater need of sleep and rest than he would have done from bodily fatigue alone. He swallowed a hasty supper, and willingly laid himself upon his pillow, to court the drowsy god, at first without success, but he fell at length into a profound slumber.

Edward Norwyn was a soldier, it was true, but necessity alone compelled him to adopt that kind of life, which he now quitted with no regret, except from the circumstance that he was not so well able to obtain his living by hard work because he had lost his arm.

His father all the previous winter had been confined to his bed by rheumatism, which rendered him unable to rise, much less capable of earning his subsistence; and had it not been for the exertions of Edward, he would have gone to the workhouse.

Thus they became backward in the payment of their rent. Three quarters had passed by, and yet no payment had been made. It was not a heavy sum, and to the inhabitants of towns might seem paltry in the extreme, but to the peasant, whose earnings are much less, the rent, however small, is a formidable item, and the Norwyns were unable to pay it, and the bailiff became troublesome. He was threatened with a distrain if it was not paid in seven days.

This was a death-blow. The old man could not hold up, but sinking in his chair sobbed like a child. He did not care so much for himself as for his unfortunate bed-ridden wife.

What was to be done? Nothing. There was no help for it. He could not gain the money, and he certainly could not borrow it. Thus passed five days out of the seven.

Seeing his father's condition and heart-breaking despondency, he, towards the evening, rose up and left the house quietly. The sun had set about an hour, and, by the time he arrived at Bedal, it grew quite dark; but he knew his way to every obscure corner of the borough, for such it was.

At this time recruiting was carried on with great spirit. Indeed,

the war was just then being prosecuted with great vigour against Napoleon, and a good sum was given to recruits who volunteered.

Edward entered a low public-house in Bedal, where a recruiting sergeant was located, and this man he saw. After much conversation between them, he agreed to enlist upon the payment of a certain sum, which was then and there handed over to him.

To his great mortification, however, he was informed that he could not return to his father that night, as the sergeant was compelled to march the recruits six miles further: but he promised him that he should have leave of absence on the Monday following for the whole day, but no longer. This was all he required, and he was satisfied, as he would get home in time to prevent his parents from being distressed upon.

On the Monday morning he arose early, and had the good fortune to arrive just before the broker had actually taken possession of the place.

He gave the money to his father, who immediately discharged his arrears, and happy was he to purchase their absence. They had no sooner left the house than he turned round to his son, as if till that moment he had forgotten something, and said,—

"Edward, how came you by this money? I ought to have inquired first if it were honestly yours; but the presence of these men made me forget it. How did you get it?"

His son made no reply, but pointed with his finger to the ribbon round his hat, which recruits usually wear. His father started, and the money fell from his grasp, as he said,—

"Good God! You have not sold yourself thus, Edward?"

"No! not sold, father; but I have engaged to serve my king and country for a certain number of years."

"My poor boy," replied the old man, sobbing, "and is it thus you have purchased our liberty and home, and for our happiness and comfort have you undertaken to encounter hardships, peril, and every misery that can beset a man in the life of a soldier?"

"Talk not thus, father, else you will make the prospect doubly dreary to me. But, in truth, it is not so. Danger there may be, but do we not encounter that every day? Mine will be more imminent, it is true, and much more apparent; but is it only my case. I am only happy that that course remained open to me, not to save you and my mother alone, but myself also."

"But," said his father, hesitatingly, "have you thought of Martha?"

"Yes, I have. She will not despise me in my new character. If she does, she is not worthy of a tear. But, be it as it may, I will restore her promises, and if she think proper to make them anew, I shall, should I ever return, expect them to be kept and faithfully fulfilled."

"God grant you may, my dear boy! But when do you leave us?"

"This instant."

"This instant! Surely not so soon. You will pass the remainder of the day with us?"

"I cannot. Indeed, I would not if I could. I go from hence to Martha, and then return to my quarters; and, after a few weeks' drill, we shall be shipped off."

The father and son tenderly embraced, and an affecting farewell was taken by his parents, and also by his only sister.

Edward then left his home, and, with a heavy heart, took his course to a village about a mile and a half further on, where lived one Pierce, a man in the same sphere of life as his father; but it was not him whom he wished to see, but Martha Pierce, his daughter.

Before he got to the well-known cottage, he took off his party coloured ribbons, and put them in his pocket, for fear he should give her too sudden a shock by his altered circumstances.

He entered the house, where Martha was seated alone, at some work. She got up with a smile of welcome upon her pretty face, for Martha was a very pretty girl; at least, everybody said so, men as well as women, and what everybody says the reader well knows must be true. But poor Martha no sooner saw the melancholy expression which showed itself on her lover's countenance, despite his endeavours to the contrary, than she became sad from sympathy, and placing a chair, inquired if all were well at his house.

"Thank Heaven, Martha, they are all as well as they can be."

"Come, that is good news," said Martha; "but you looked so dull and dismal, that I thought you had some bad tidings to tell me. There, sit down, and I will draw a jug of ale, and there is some cold meat left from Sunday."

So saying, she slipped away to do as she said. The ale was drawn, and the meat was placed on a clean cloth before him, and she again resumed her seat; but she saw a tear stood in his glistening eye, which stopped her short in some gay and joyous expression she was about to utter, and she said,—

"Dear Edward, I feel certain that there is something the matter. I never saw you look thus before in all my life. Tell me the worst at once, for I cannot bear suspense; it is worse, by far, than actual misfortune."



"Then the whole of the matter is," said Edward, speaking first, "I have enlisted."

"Enlisted," repeated Martha, hardly conscious she spoke.

"Yes; the landlord threatened to distrain and turn us out, so, to prevent the old people from being exposed to the wind and the weather, I listed and paid the rent."

It was some minutes before she felt fully sensible of her misfortune. So greatly was she stunned by the intelligence, she knew not what to do; but she was soon relieved from this embarrassment by a flood of tears, which greatly relieved her overcharged mind. She threw herself into his arms, and abandoned herself to the most violent grief. For a little while he allowed her, to exhaust herself, and then he urged all the motives that induced him to act as he had done.

"And now, dear Martha," he said, as he concluded, "do you feel inclined to keep the oaths you have sworn to be mine? if so, I will restore them to you without a single reproach for so doing."

"Do you wish it? Do you think that because you are going to foreign parts you cannot keep your faith?"

"Heaven forbid. It will endure while life can last."

"Then way do you think that I can be less true than you are?" said Mar ha.

"Well," replied Edward. "this will be a reward for all my toil and dangers, when I return to find you as I do now."

"You will Edward; I shall be the same in heart, though my face should be changed by the hand of time."

"And I may suffer a more cruel mutilation than time can effect."

"Do not name it," cried Martha; "it kills me to think of it; but, as long as you are true I shall always remain faithful."

Some further conversation passed between them, when Edward took an affecting leave of his sweetheart, then set forward on his return to the depot where the recruits were lodged, to be trained.

It was useless for him to spend much time in farewells, which only increase in sadness according to the time spent, and he got back before the day was two-thirds spent. He received commendation for his conduct by the officer in command.

A very few weeks sufficed to instruct the men in their duties, and they were at once shipped off for the continent. Here Edward met with varying scenes, until he returned to his native country, which we have related.

The morning succeeding to the evening he called at the inn and slept there, was a clear day, and somewhat frosty. He felt much relieved from his previous fatigue, and, after a good breakfast, set out instantly towards the one spot where lay his affections. He walked, and before the day was half through, he had come within two miles of the place. His heart beat quickly, and his thoughts were varying, and his hopes fluctuated between hope and fear. He came to the well remembered cottage. He entered, but what strange faces met his gaze. They looked at him, and asked who he wanted. It was a minute ere he could answer, and then he shook as with an ague.

"Did not Edward Norwyn live here at one time?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied the man, "he did, but I have been here for near five years."

"Is Norwyn dead, then?" he inquired, much shocked at finding his father's cottage occupied by a stranger.

"No, he is not; but his wife is, and so is his daughter—but he lives."

"And where is he?" said the soldier, endeavouring to repress his grief.

"At the workhouse, master; but you seem ill—will you rest yourself a little?"

Edward thanked the man, but declined his offer, and turning from the house, he made his way towards Bedal. He had not gone half-a-mile before he found that rest was absolutely necessary for him, as well that he might collect his thoughts as rest his limbs. He sat down next an old man who had been mending the road, and seated himself to refresh himself with a morsel of dry bread. Norwyn sat in silent agony for some time; at length he turned to his companion, whom he thought might know something of the place and people who lived in these parts.

"Do you know," said Edward, "whereabout the workhouse is?"

"Yes," said the man, quietly, "to my sorrow I do, for I must end my days there."

"Perhaps you can tell me something about the inmates?" he said.

"I don't know," replied the old man, "until I hear what it is you require to know."

"Do you know a man of the name of Norwyn? He used to live at the cottage down the road about half-a-mile."

"Norwyn!" replied the old man, dropping the dry crust he held in his hands. "Heaven have mercy on me in my old days; but are you not I—yes, you must be—my son, Edward,—I am Norwyn."

Saying this, the old man rose, and tottered forward. Edward sprang towards his father, for he now recognised him, and caught him in his arms in time to save him from falling. It was some time ere they

separated; and both stood sobbing, the one with joy to see his son return, and the other with having met his parent, but grieved to find him in such a condition. They, however, sat down, side-by-side, when their first transports had passed.

"You shall leave this wretched work, father," said the son, "and live with me."

"But you are not able to work, for you have lost your arm and, therefore, disabled from doing enough for yourself."

"But I have my pension, and the little we can both do will keep us well."

"Well, I always did say you would return and be a comfort to us; yet, however, though many said I should never see you more, I knew I should."

"My mother and sister are dead, I have already heard."

"Yes, Heaven rest their souls, they died long since; and I have been very poor and weak, and very lonely."

"But there is another I would inquire after," said Edward.

The old man looked grave; he was saddened, and awaited his son's question.

"I mean Martha."

The old man shook his head, and sighed, but spoke not.

"Tell me," said Edward, earnestly, "what has become of her; she cannot have been unfaithful. Does she live?"

"No, my son, she is not alive; neither was she faithful."

"How, did she break her vows?"

"Yes, she did; but do not be cast down, and I will tell you the whole of the story."

"You recollect that Martha had many lovers, who, while you were here, she gave no hopes of future success; well, you had scarcely been gone a year, when Squire Thornley came down, after his father's death, to take possession of his estates. He saw Martha, talked to her, flattered her. She was but woman, and was unable to believe all he said was flattery."

"She admitted his visits, listened to his vows, and accepted of his presents. Short-sighted girl! Everybody told her what sort of a fellow the squire was, but she would take no warning from any one. I and your mother both spoke seriously about it to her; but she would not be counselled, and followed her own will, and the end was, what every one might have easily foretold."

"The squire persuaded her to elope with him, promising, no doubt, that he would marry her on his arrival in London; which promise he, of course, never kept. After a few months' residence there he became tired of her, and soon found a pretext for parting from her, and turned her adrift with but a few pounds. These were quickly spent, and she, eventually, from one gradation to another, fell to the lowest sink of vice. After a time remorse seized her, and she came home to her native place to die, repenting of her conduct towards you, declaring that she could die happy had she your forgiveness; as it was, her last moments were embittered by the pain she should cause you."

The old man ceased to speak, and the young one let fall a few tears of pity at the recital. He loved Martha, and had come back with the full hope that he would pass a happy year or two; but how were his hopes defeated! He wept, but he uttered not a word of complaint. He lived with his father for many years in peace and tranquillity, though, perhaps, not happiness, for no second love ever occupied his mind, and he occupied the same grave with his father, pitied and respected by all.

**ORIGIN OF LANGUAGES.**—The Greek and Latin are acknowledged to be of oriental origin. The Teutonic dialects have an affinity to the Greek and Latin. The latter resemble the Hebrew and other oriental tongues. And in the Welsh also there are many remarkable analogies to Hebrew. From these considerations, which might be extended to a particular detail of proofs, it seems highly probable that one original language that have long been dried up, but also supplied those which still continue to flow, and considering the simplicity of its structure, and the mode of its derivation from its radicals, it is most probable that the origin or parent language was Hebrew. By the Asiatic researches, we learn that, with regard to languages, both ancient and modern, from India to Britain, their radical words, verbs, and nouns, with others, regularly deduced from them, are in a great measure transcribed; and according to Patrick, there are only three grand stocks of nations, and at the highest calculation, only sixteen primitive languages in the world.

**CUT FOR CUT.**—At the performance of Gustavus, the Abbe Desfontaines met Piron much too richly dressed, as he supposed, and coming up to him, said, "Poor Piron, really that dress is ill-adapted to you." "That may be," answered Piron; "but really in return, Mr. Abbe, you must allow you are as ill-adapted to your own." The abbe wore the clerical habit.



## THE SPORTSMEN;

## OR, "TRAVELLERS SEE STRANGE THINGS."

WHEN a boy, Dick Giles was an excellent fellow. I remember him very well; he was my constant companion, and the pair of us robbed more birds' nests than any other two lads in the county. At duck-hunting, rat-hunting, and all other aristocratic juvenile sports, we stood unrivalled. We bathed and fished together, and kept rabbits in partnership, upon terms of the strictest honour.

Several years rolled away in this delightful manner, when our parents all of a sudden took it into their heads to go to Canada. This seemed to afford us an opportunity of enlarging our sphere of exertions. We hailed it with joy, especially as we had heard there were no game-laws in the British settlement.

The day of our departure at length arrived, and after bidding a long farewell to our friends and relations, we bid adieu also to the shores of England.

"This is prime, indeed," said Dick, as we stood upon the deck; "ain't it now?"

"Rather lummy," said I. "What capital fishing we shall have."

"I believe ye," replied Dick; "for my part, I am going to commence already."

"What, now?"

"Yes, now. What better place to fish in than the sea?"

"And did you bring your tackle with you?" I demanded.

"To be sure I did. I bought a new rod and tackle just by London Bridge before I got aboard this tumble about of a-thing in the Catherine Docks."

"That is prime, indeed," said I, who saw in the perspective lots of fun.

"I believe ye," replied Dick, with a grin.

"And have you any bait?"

"Lots of ground bait; but I don't think we shall want it here."

"I have plenty," returned I. "I was sharper than you, and bought a whole quantity of gentles, only I can't get at them now; they're at the bottom of the luggage."

"Never mind, they'll bite at bread."

"But we haven't any here."

"Oh, Lord, no—what a bother. Then you must chew some of that infernal hard-biscuit till it is soft enough."

With this, I set hard to work to chew the biscuit for bait, while Dick got ready his lines and rod. When all was ready, Dick made a throw from the poop of the vessel, and caught his hook amongst the weather rigging.

"Why don't you go to leeward, spooney?" cried a sea-boy.

"What's that?" asked Dick.

"On the starboard side, you lubber," returned the boy.

"Oh, yes," replied Dick, not knowing what was meant. "What does he mean, Tom?" continued he, addressing me.

"I don't know, Dick; but I think he means t'other side of the ship."

We then adjourned to the leeward side, after having put on a fresh hook and bait, and then made another throw.

"That's a bite, Tom, I think."

"No," said I, "only the motion of the ship through the water."

"There, there—there's a fish," again cried Dick, as a large one plashed the water with his tail.

"If we could but catch him," said I, taking the rod out of Dick's hand.

"Gently—gently; humour him—humour him," cried Dick.

"I'll hook him, never fear."

"Give him line—give him line," said Dick, in a whisper.

I did as required; they reel ran out, when snap went the line. Something certainly had taken the bait, but we saw no more of it.

"Capital sport," said Dick. "Let's have another throw with a stronger line, and if we don't catch something, I'm a Dutchman."

I acceded; we put on the strongest line we had, with fresh hook and bait.

"Now then for it," again said my friend, as he switched the line into the water.

"A bite," said I as the float dipped.

"Softly—softly," was the reply; "don't make too much noise."

"Let out," I whispered again.

Dick did so; the whole line went out rapidly, and Dick held firmly.

"Egad! how the fellow pulls," cried he, leaning over the bulwarks.

"Hold on," I replied.

Dick held on as firmly as he could; the rod was dragged gently through his hands, and finally went over the side, and the ship left it far to leeward.

"Well, I'm blow'd!" cried my friend; "there's a pretty go—ain't it?"

I acquiesced.

"But," continued he, "what fish there must be here—mustn't there?"

"I believe you, Dick."

"And what are we to do now, we've neither rod nor line!"

"I can't tell."

"What's the use of bringing such fresh water tackle on board here?" asked a sailor.

"What, won't it do?"

"Not by no means," returned the seaman, turning a quid in his cheek.

"What are we to do then?"

"Get a piece of good line below, with a boneta hook, and bait with a piece of pork."

"And what shall we catch with such a line as that?" asked Dick, in surprise.

"A shark, maybe."

"But I couldn't pull him in; I've got no landing-net."

"A landing d—n!" cried the seaman: "call all hands."

When the man had left to perform some duty, Dick and I looked at each other in amazement.

"Who'd a thought," cried I, "we were agoing to be such sportsmen as th's?"

"Ay, who'd a thought it?"

"This be a rat-hunting hollow—don't it?"

"Ay, or duck-hunting or cat hunting either."

"Pon my honour, Dick, it beats everything to smash," said I; "but I'll go to the boatswain's mate and get a long strong line and hook."

"And get a piece of pork from the ship's steward."

"All right," cried I, and forthwith went below to get the required articles. In a few minutes I returned laden with several fathoms of stout line and a large hook, to which I attached a piece of fat pork, and then cast it overboard.

"Who's to hold it?" asked Dick.

"You, if you like."

"No, you," returned Dick.

"Why me?"

"Because you are biggest."

"Hadrn't we both better hold on together—we may catch a whopper?"

"Well, p'raps, we had."

"Lay hold, then, of this end, while I throw the hook overboard."

Dick made three or four turns of the line round his hand. I then threw out the bait, and then held on by my friend.

"A bite," cried Dick; "see how the rope tightens."

"Mind, and hold on well."

"Oh, won't I," said he.

"And I'll pull like a blazes."

Suddenly something under water took out the line, and pulled it so violently, I was compelled to leave go, while Dick was strained against the bulwark, and unable to get the line disengaged from his hand.

"Help—help!" he cried, as his arms were outstretched, and he began to have his legs raised from the deck; "help—help!"

I laid hold of him round the waist, and called "help!" lustily. The men were all aloft.

"I can't hold you longer, Dick," said I; "I've no more strength!"

"Oh, don't leave me," returned he in piteous accents.

"I must—I must."

"No, no—I shall be drowned—I shall."

"Help—help!" I shouted.

"Help—elp—lp—lp!" gasped my straining friend.

I could hold no longer; I was compelled to leave go, and poor Dick went splash overboard.

"A man overboard!" was the cry from aloft by two or three.

"Man the boat," cried the mate.

"Ay—ay, sir," responded the boatswain; all which time poor Dick was going far out to sea at the rate of ten knots an hour.

"D—n the boys!" called our fathers, as they came to the bulwark, while mine seized a piece of rope and waded me down the hatchway.

"D—n the boys!" muttered the mate and captain.

"D—n the boys!" echoed the seamen.

"Back the mainsail," cried the captain.

"Ay—ay, sir," responded half-a-dozen voices; and in a few seconds the ship lay still upon the waters.

The boat was now manned; the men pulled with all their power, and soon came up with Dick, who by this time had disengaged the line from his hand, and was striking out most manfully to keep himself afloat. He was now picked up and brought aboard, more frightened than hurt, having only received a good ducking, and the pressure of the cord round his hand.



"You young rascal!" said his father, when Dick was quite recovered; "what have you to say for all the trouble you have given?"

"That I won't do so again, father."

"I'll take care you don't;" and from that time till the end of the voyage poor Dick was confined in his berth.

At length, after a pleasant voyage, we reached our destination, and then travelling far inland, we took up our locality in the woods, where we built a house, and occasionally made trips to the nearest stores for provisions, &c.

It was on one of these occasions that Dick and I started off to purchase articles at the store, and, amongst other things shown us, there was a fowling-piece, that mightily took Dick's fancy.

"It's a real article," said the vender; "never misses, or hangs fire."

"That's the sort; what sport we shall have."

"None of your game-laws here," replied the storekeeper.

"No," said Dick. "I'm so jolly glad I've come to 'Mexico for that.'"

"You mean to have the gun?" asked the vender.

"Shall I?" asked Dick.

"I think you'd better," I replied.

"Is it a bargain?"

"Yes."

"Don't forget the powder and shot," I suggested, well pleased at the idea of the sport we should have.

Dick then paid the purchase money, and off we again started on our return home, well pleased with the purchase and ourselves, pepping at every bird we saw.

Having proceeded some distance on our way homeward, we sat down to rest and partake of some bread and cheese, with which we had provided ourselves.

Scarcely had we been seated above a few minutes before we heard something rustling in the underwood near us.

"What's that?" cried Dick.

"Gad! I don't know; but it sounds like —"

I had not time to finish the sentence, for at the instant a huge bear came towards us from the bushes.

"Run for your life!" cried Dick.

"Get up that tree," shouted I; and making for the tree, I began to ascend.

"Oh! be quick—be quick, or the bear will have me!" cried my poor friend, who was behind me.

Hastily I ascended the tree, and Dick after me, and the next minute the bear reached the bottom of the tree.

"Ain't bears good climbers, Tom?"

"They just are, Dick."

"Then get up as high as you can."

I went up another branch, Dick after me, while the bear stood looking up at us from the bottom. The next instant he began to ascend the tree, while we got up, bit by bit, to the highest branches.

The bear now touched Dick's shoes with his grizzly snout. "Get up higher," he cried.

"I can't," replied I.

"You must," said he.

"It's impossible," I rejoined.

"The bear's a-gnawing my shoes."

"The branch will break if I do."

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" he cried, "go a little higher."

"The branch bends under me already."

"Oh—oh—oh!" shrieked Dick; at the same moment the branch on which I was perched broke, and I fell to the ground, but uninjured.

Dick now took my place, and then, with a kind of madness, sprang to a branch at some distance, and thus for a moment eluded the vigilance of Bruin.

"Give me the gun," cried Dick.

With all the courage I was master of I picked up the gun, ascended an adjacent tree, and by hard stretching over, put the muzzle into Dick's hand. I then cut home as fast as my legs would carry me, and gave information of the condition of my unfortunate companion.

We all now started, properly armed, to release my companion; but before we had proceeded many yards we saw him coming towards us.

"And how did you get out of the tree, Dick?" asked his father, anxiously.

"Fought it out."

"And you are victor?"

"This time I think I am; but I should not like to have another such a chance."

"And how did you manage him?"

"Why," said Dick, "when I saw him descend the tree, I thought he was going to leave me; but no—no—he knew a trick worth two of that."

"What did he do?"

"Came down to the lower branches, and then began to climb the limb on which I was."

"Why did you not fire at him?"

"Because I was not sure of hitting him at that distance."

"It was not more than three yards."

"Well, well, I liked to make more sure; he now got quite near me, I became very frightened, so got a little higher; he came up after me, and once more began to gnaw my shoes. I tried to hit his nose with the butt-end of my gun; but he held it so fast, that I thought he would pull the trigger and shoot me, instead of me shooting him."

"Then why did you not give him the muzzle?" asked his father.

"So I did as soon as I could turn it round. He now came a hitch or two higher, and stuck his claws into my legs. I now presented the muzzle of the gun to his nose; he began to bite it, at the instant I pulled the trigger, the gun went off, and Bruin fell to the ground. I suppose the charge lodged in his throat or head. When I saw he could not move, I came down gently, and made what haste I could home."

When Dick had finished, we went to look after the bear, and found him dead at the foot of the tree. Having skinned him, we brought home the hide to make a mat, and a portion of the flesh, which, when cooked, was not so much amiss.

"Prime sport this," whispered I to Dick.

"Humph!" returned he.

"What, don't you like a place where there is no game-laws?"

"D—n the game and the sporting too!" returned he. "I wish I had never seen the place."

After a bad speculation, we all returned again to England.

## RICHARD GRAY;

### OR, THE REVENGE OF THE REJECTED.

THE village church bells were ringing a merry peal as the spectators of a wedding that had just been celebrated, came out of the sacred edifice. Joy appeared on every countenance, and all seemed as if they anticipated the happiness of the couple just united. They were evidently of the better sort of people—there were several carriages at the church door, and one belonged to the bridegroom, who was a man of property, living upon his own estates in the neighbourhood.

The bride was a very handsome girl of between eighteen and nineteen—graceful, and rather above the middle height, with a fair complexion, and beautiful blue eyes. She appeared timid and embarrassed to a degree, but looked up to her husband as the man who possessed her whole heart, for countenance and support—while he conducted her to his carriage. Two better matched, as the country people expressed themselves, were seldom seen anywhere.

There was not one who did not wish their health and happiness, and felt a secret joy in their prospect of felicity. Yes, there was one who felt no joy; and who uttered no secret wish for their future welfare; and who felt no pleasure at their present prospect and immediate happiness.

He felt none of these. His heart was blighted and hopeless. His mind was agitated with far different thoughts. He would have started with sudden joy had there descended from Heaven a bolt that should have stretched the happy bridegroom a senseless corpse at the foot of the altar. Yes, he could have smiled.

He who has not been rejected by her he loves as dearly as his own heart's warm blood, cannot tell what were his feelings when he saw that she was become irrevocably another's. He had loved her, and was the unsuccessful lover. A pang shot through his heart, his brain seemed to swim, but yet he fell not, and by an almost superhuman effort, he raised his hat and smiled as they passed him.

He now quitted the churchyard and sought a solitary retreat. He advanced through the most solitary and unfrequented part of the wood, and in a part which almost shut out the light of Heaven, he threw himself down on the bare earth. There he lay extended; he foamed, he raved, and finally, after suffering a terrible convulsion, he fainted.

How long he remained thus he knew not, but when he came to himself, he saw that the sun was setting. He was very stiff and terribly sore—indeed he could scarcely walk; but he contrived to reach the side of the wood, which looked towards the setting sun. Here he paused to look upon the great luminary as it set behind the western hills which formed the distant horizon.

He looked at it steadfastly, and for a long time. His looks blackened and his noble brow became contracted, and scowled horribly as if he were about to utter a malediction upon nature. His lips moved, but no sound escaped from them. He was uttering a curse—such a curse too. It was registered on high, and he swore by the setting sun, and called Heaven to inflict its direst vengeance, if he forgot or omitted a single portion of it. He would accomplish his purpose if he patiently waited through years for its completion.



The oath was too terrible in its nature, too awful in its expression to be lightly repeated. What it was, no living being could tell, for none but He who hears all things, and sees all things, heard it. Somewhat calmed by this terrible course of proceeding, Richard Gray betook himself towards his own home. He trod with a firm step and an undaunted brow, but his very menials shrunk back from their master as they shudderingly saw the expression of his features.

He immediately retired to his closet to meditate and to repose.

Cecilia Montague, the daughter of Sir Thomas Montague, was a lovely and amiable girl. She was beloved for the sweetness of her temper by her friends, and for her charitable disposition beloved by all who knew her. She was more than adored by her fond parents, who could not indeed contradict her in one thing; she did not need it, for she never did that she could be blamed for.

She was an only child, and an heiress to a large fortune. Her education had not been neglected, but acquired and natural talents seemed to grace one who was naturally lovely. Her parents looked upon her as the only object of their affection. There was nothing else under the blue vault of Heaven that they could care for if she did not sanction and propose it.

Richard Gray was, while a youth, remarkable for his good qualities such as are usually commended in youth—but there was one quality which at that time was not developed and unknown; but as he grew aged it manifested itself in the thirst for vengeance and his unforgetting temper. His friends saw not this; to them he had no cause to show it. He also was born to a princely fortune, but the great are not born to happiness more than the poor man. They have it, it is true, a greater chance; they have the means at hand, but how often are they not misapplied, and instead of being a blessing, bring only contention and a desire to do evil.

Miss Montague and Richard were at first constant playmates, and were ever pleased with each other. They never disagreed; who could disagree with one who never did aught that her friend desired she would not. No, they both agreed. Children, however, do not always remain such; years alter their desires and their views. Thus it was with Richard—he saw how beautiful, amiable, and rich Cecilia was, and he felt a growing inclination towards her, which was the first beginning of his love for her.

Cecilia's manners were altered, as if she had suddenly felt the propriety of seeking other companions. She became pensive and at times melancholy.

Her friends saw her turn of mind, and ever watchful of her slightest wishes, and more often studying the features to know what she most desired, they speedily became aware that she was not so gay as she was wont; not considering what was the cause, they only sought to remedy the evil by adopting a course of gaieties, which, as it happened, was the best they could have chosen.

Sir Thomas Montague immediately prepared for a journey to the metropolis, intending there to spend a season, and here it was that she met with a young gentleman, the son of their immediate neighbour, Sir Henry Cressingham, and whom they had not seen for some years, owing to his being sent to the university, and spending his spare time with his father in town.

With him she went to the various places of amusement, or rather he attended her to all parties and routes—made up parties of pleasure, and many other little things to gratify her. At first, Cecilia was lost in amazement and wonder at all she saw. Her faculties were entranced, everything fascinated her, and novelty presented itself in every shape.

Young Cressingham was a young man every way worthy of his station and wealth. He was handsome and well informed, and though he knew much of town, yet he had not imbibed the dissolute principles and practices which are but too common to those who move in the circles of town life.

It was with pleasure that Sir Thomas and his lady saw the attentions which Lawrence Cressingham paid to their daughter. They gave every encouragement they could do without exciting any marked attention of Lawrence or his friends.

When they talked of returning to their country seat again, young Cressingham pressed his parents to do so, and reside there; giving as a reason that he had not been there many years. This was acceded to by his father, who could see the real motive, and duly appreciated it. It was his desire to see his son happily settled, and thought that the daughter of his old neighbour, Sir Thomas Montague, was the most likely person he knew to effect what he so much desired.

They accordingly returned, and then began a rivalry between young Cressingham and Richard Gray. The latter, though a man of fortune, was not so wealthy by far as Sir Thomas or the Cressinghams, and it was believed that his estates were mortgaged, and this made his alliance shunned by Cecilia's parents, and though they could, not forbid his visits to the house, since he had never declared him self as her lover,

nor could they shun the intercourse of the families, had they been desirous to do so; but they were not, for they had been intimate for years, and old friendships are not so readily shaken off by many people.

In the meantime the affair, however, progressed, and Henry was received as a chosen lover, while Richard Gray felt all the mortification of an unsuccessful suitor. He now seldom visited except on occasions of ceremony. His heart, however, though wounded, was not of that texture that he would sink under difficulties, nor if he could not succeed fairly, he would by covert means, and if he could not succeed at all, he would be revenged. Love in him turned to hatred, and friendship to treachery.

At length Cressingham's father made a communication to Sir Thomas Montague, to the effect that his son desired to form an alliance with his daughter. This was, of course, gladly responded to, and an immediate settlement of their fortunes took place, and all that was waited for was their own time, which Henry, after much entreaty, contrived to induce Cecilia to name at an early day.

It was witnessing this marriage that threw the soul of Richard Gray into such a paroxysm of emotion. He had formed his plan of action—he had all along determined upon vengeance, and deemed it necessary for the furtherance of his own end to appear and wish them joy of their marriage. This he did, but the reader may have seen how he accomplished his purpose. He was unable to control his feelings; his love was too strong, and though habitually suppressed by his vindictive nature, and a desire to visit his disappointment upon her head with tenfold misery, for the part she had played, yet all were unequal to the part of disguising his feelings; yet he had suppressed them before those whom he wished to be ignorant of them.

The next day after the marriage, he set out on a journey to London, where he intended to pass a short time, perhaps longer, according as it would best suit his purpose. Here he became acquainted with a gentleman of distinction by a singular circumstance.

He was one evening returning from the opera, when he saw a gentleman fall off the curb stone, and stun himself. It was close to the house in which Gray lived; he, therefore, supported him to the door, and desired his servant to attend to him, and fetch a surgeon, by whose endeavours he was recovered, and the next day he was, at his own request, sent home in Gray's carriage. These civilities produced many expressions of gratitude and apology, and they were soon afterwards firm friends.

This gentleman had an only daughter, to whom Gray became attached, or at least appeared to be so, and what he wanted in real feeling he made up in assiduity. His constant attention, and his saving her father's life, with other things, caused the young lady to look favourably on his suit, so that at the end of four or five months he became an accepted lover.

This was an event that he cared but little about, for he thought, and thought truly, that he would be unable to renew the acquaintance with Cecilia and her husband, for he well knew that a former lover would not be tolerated, especially as a single man. He prosecuted his suit, and eventually gained his object. The young lady, who neither wanted for beauty nor accomplishments, became his bride, and they left England for the continent, where they proposed to pass a few months in visiting different places that contained things worth the tourist's seeing and visiting.

They returned to his father's seat, which had been given up to him by his creditors on his assigning to them certain other property, which would find a readier sale than that would. He thus became a near neighbour to his old friends the Montagues, who gladly welcomed him, the only reason they ever looked cool on him being no longer in existence.

Here, as he expected, he often met Mr. and Mrs. Cressingham. To make any attempt on his virtue he knew would be abortive, and only draw down instant punishment on his own head, and render unsuccessful the deep scheme of vengeance which he entertained, or else he would have made the attempt.

Near twenty summers had elapsed since he witnessed the wedding in the churchyard, yet every year, on that day, he sought the same scene, and traversed the same ground, and, at sunset, looked out of the wood where the sun's setting rays struck the dark foliage that surrounded him. Here he yearly repeated the horrid oath.

As often did he turn to his home, where his children and wife were. They were peaceful and happy. No turbulent thoughts maddened their brain—no long pent-up desire of vengeance and enduring hate ever throbbd in their hearts and robbed them of happiness. No; they were content and innocent; but the husband and the father was not so; his life was passed in the perpetual and unceasing endeavouring after that which would be years before he could accomplish, and then it would be no benefit; and, unless there be pleasure in gratified revenge, there was no pleasure.

To one child he was much attached. This was his eldest son, a youth



about seventeen. He was careful, extremely careful, in his education. Ay, but what an education it was. He was taught all he could learn, and more than he ought. There was no place of vice and villany about town that he did not carry him to. He taught him how to indulge in all these places of amusement, or, if you will, vice and profligacy, without draining the cup to the dregs, and instilled those notions into his youthful mind which so well fitted him for a man of attainments and ton, but without a heart. He possessed faculties and abilities, but of the softer emotions of the heart he knew them not, nor was it possible they could ever be awakened in him; the latent or dormant principles had been so subdued, that no circumstance could ever draw them out, and delight him with a new tumult of agreeable sensations; he was cold and calculating, and a perfect freethinker; he felt bound by no ties and no laws.

Thus educated, he was introduced to the Montague family. As he was perfectly well bred, and of a sprightly temperament, many defects were entirely overlooked by those who would not have done so had the individual been less gifted in other respects; but his admirable self-possession and breeding caused him to disguise his defects.

Cressingham had several children. Their eldest daughter, the most beautiful, and the favourite of the family, was named Cecilia, after her mother.

Accomplished and fascinating, she naturally became the object of young Gray's attention. He felt she was beautiful and tender. He deferred to her, and paid her every mark of respect that he could devise. She was too artless to disguise her feelings of satisfaction at this, and became much pleased whenever he was in her presence. He found means to improve this for his own purpose, and gradually entwined himself round her heart so firmly that he made a declaration of love.

He felt a pleasure he never before experienced when he heard her blushing confess her affection for him. He kissed the few tears that fell from her soft blue eye, and pressed her to his bosom, and promised that he only waited for a favourable opportunity of asking her parent's consent to their union. He intended, it is true, to ask her parents for their permission, but he had no intention of ever wedding her. He knew they would not grant this permission, and if he feared it, he would have asked, but in such a style, and make such demands through his father, that they would not have complied with any of them.

He made the parents acquainted with his desires, and received a flat refusal.

This he expected, and immediately flew to Cecilia, and imparted the evil tidings with so much apparent distress of mind and frantic gesticulation, that she forgot her own troubles in the desire to console her lover for his. He swore and vowed he would marry none but her.

She endeavoured, seeing his distress of mind, to console with him, and he seized her hands frantically pressing her to his heart—besought her, if she loved him, or valued his peace of mind and future happiness, to consent to an elopement and private marriage, assuring her, that her relations, when they saw the thing was done, and could not be revoked, would not withhold their forgiveness.

Though this was her own opinion, she for some time refused, but at length yielded, promising to meet him that night.

They met, and entering a post-chaise, they set off in a circuitous direction for London, where they arrived after several days' travelling, during which time the betrayer had effected his purpose.

It was with a more than human joy that Richard Gray heard the news of his neighbour's disgrace. He immediately sought them, and condoled with them, and to the unhappy Cecilia, who complained bitterly of young Gray, he said,

"Ah! madam, you know not what the rejected feel, and what they can do; they will wade through years of unhappiness to be revenged for a slight of that kind."

The unhappy mother wept, for she saw what he meant, and she saw that his affected sympathy was satisfaction disguised, and her sorrow was redoubled.

Thus far Richard Gray's scheme had been successful. He had dearly revenged himself, but at what price? All was done as he desired. But there is a time for all things, and the bad man's triumph has its alloy. So it was with Richard Gray; his day was come, but night followed it.

George Montague, the eldest son, and about two years older than his sister, immediately set out to bring the offender to a sense of his injustice, and to demand satisfaction of him. He found Gray, and challenged him.

They met, and after two shots had been fired, Gray fell dead, and Montague was dangerously wounded. He was, however, conveyed to a place of safety, and secretly attended by the surgeons.

Cecilia was taken home, but she survived the death of her lover but a few weeks—she sunk to an early grave.

But who can paint the feelings of Gray himself when he heard of the death of his son?

A complete revulsion of feeling soon took place, and his triumph

turned to the deepest despair. Was this what he had sworn to do, and was it done? Thus, better he had died with his vow unaccomplished, than to be thus consummated. He fell into a brain fever, and was buried in the same grave with his son in six weeks after the fatal occurrence.

## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XV.

#### THE RECOGNITION.

THE man who at Harriet Hearnshaw's earnest solicitation had gone to procure a surgeon to attend to the hurts which Mr. Leighton had received in his face from his unmanageable horse, was a long time absent, for no medical man lived very near at hand; and, moreover, the first one he called upon was out, so that nearly two hours elapsed without any professional assistance being rendered to the worthy merchant.

At length, however, a disciple of Esculapius was found, and prevailed upon to turn out on so disagreeable an evening. He carefully examined his patient, and his opinion was to the effect that there was not much damage done; but it would be decidedly imprudent for him to be removed for a few days.

This was a verdict which both Harriet and her mother heard with dismay, for well they knew how unstable was their stay in the house, and in what sorrowful circumstances they were to render the rights of hospitality to any one.

They made no demur to the medical man, and he departed, saying, that he had no doubt by the aid of some medicines which he would send the wounded man, he would be quite sane and collected in the morning, and able to declare who he was, and where were his friends.

"What shall we do, my dear?" said Mrs. Hearnshaw, when the surgeon had gone. "Here's a predicament. It's quite a chastening of the Lord's. Oh! dear. Here we are forced to be good Samaritans whether we like it or not. Oh! what an anguishing sort of thing it is to reflect that in all this emergency we have not the advice of the holy Mr. Flugsnick."

"Mother," replied Harriet, "we must let events take their course. We are all in the hands of Providence. It has pleased Heaven to send this wounded gentleman to us, and we must, as we can, do our duty towards him. I rejoice to hear that he is not seriously hurt, which I fancied was the case."

"Altho' there's breakfast to be thought of to-morrow, and as the psalmist says,—

"If you, oh Lord, with gentle hand,  
To feed us don't think proper,  
On breakfast, dinner, likewise tea,  
There'll surely be a stopper."

"Now, mother,—mother," said Harriet, "you know Charles told you those lines seven weeks ago, and never intended them to be taken seriously."

"Ah, but it's a very serious matter. Nobody has more faith than I have, I'm sure, but I want to know how we are to pay the rent."

"Oh, if poor Charles would, but come, howe," sighed Harriet, "all would be well. He would advise us, and manage matters with regard to this gentleman we have here, better than we possibly can. How late he is. God help us, if any accident has befallen him, poor Charles."

"Now, my dear, it's my opinion," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, "you think more of Charles than of kingdom come; and that's very dreadful, you know. What, suppose now you are told, that at the last day, when the trumpet keeps on blowing dreadfully, and all the poor souls are walloping about just as you may see them in the old picture up stairs—Decency, say I, when I look at it—for really—a hem!—there's a want of petticoats among some of the female sinners, if you recollect, Harriet."

Harriet said nothing upon the absurd questions, connected with the old engraving, to which her mother alluded, divers copies of which are occasionally to be seen in some of the ancient print-shops of the city.

At this moment the tinkle of a bell reached both their ears, and Mrs. Hearnshaw exclaimed,

"Lor, here's a ringing; it's the strange gentleman."

"Will you go, mamma?"

"Who, I—no—I couldn't. What, if he's in a state of hydrophobia?"

"We must attend to him," said Harriet, rising. "Common humanity commands us. If you will not, mother, I must."

"Well, then, I'll go with you. I wonder if he's a pious man, Lor,



if he should be an Unitarian, I think I should faint away, because you know, my dear, Unitarians are all devils in disguise."

When Mrs. Hearnshaw and Harriet reached the bed chamber in which Mr. Leighton had been placed, they found him sitting up, and apparently calm and composed, although he looked a little astonished to find himself where he was instead of being in his own house. His eyes first fell upon Harriet, and he said respectfully,—

"Madam, I fear something has happened to me, and that I have been very troublesome."

"Something did happen to you, sir," replied Harriet; "your horse took fright, and threw you near our door. We are only glad to find you so far recovered."

"Where am I?" Harriet asked. "Near Epping, in a very humble cottage; but such scant accommodation as it can afford, you are most truly welcome to."

"Ah, certainly," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, "so you are; will you permit me to ask if you are a Flicksnuckian?"

"A what, madam?"

"Mother, mother," interrupted Harriet. "Do not ask such absurd questions, for Heaven's sake."

"May I," said Mr. Leighton, "request to know the name of the parties who have treated me with so much kindness?"

"Hearnshaw," said Harriet.

"Hearnshaw!" repeated Mr. Leighton, and he fell back on the pillow with a groan that alarmed both mother and daughter, for they feared some access of indisposition had caused the movement, and that the appearance of recovery which the wounded man had for a few minutes presented was but illusory.

"Come away," whispered Harriet to her mother. "Come away, perhaps he will sleep again."

"No, no," interposed the merchant, who heard her words. "No, no, send Hearnshaw to me. I have something to say to him which shall be now said at once, while the better feelings of my heart are awakened by the generous glow of gratitude."

Harriet looked both amazed and afflicted. It was with faltering accents she contrived to say,—

"Sir, if you speak of my father, I cannot send him to you."

"Then I will go to him. Where is he—where is he? I must see him."

"Alas! alas! He is dead."

"Dead! Mr. Hearnshaw dead! My brain reels—I am lost in a perfect maze of anxious thoughts—dead—dead! Gracious Heavens! and I to be brought here so mysteriously at a time too, when—what shall I do?—how act? Heaven aid me—and yet, dare I ask aid from Heaven? Oh, no, no, no."

"We are all sinners," remarked Mrs. Hearnshaw, "all very grievous sinners, as the psalmist says."

"Hush, mother; hush," whispered Harriet. "Sir, will you tell us who you are that possess so strong an interest in my father? I implore you, sir, to tell us your name."

"Do you—know one named Scalvoni?"

"Scalvoni? Yes! But you are not he? No beings could be more unlike. Besides, he is a villain."

"You—you hate—abhor him? You loathe his very presence—tell me that. You have no shadow of—of—feeling towards that man?"

"I do hate him."

"Then you shall be saved."

"Oh, I hope we shall all be saved," cried Mrs. Hearnshaw, at once interpreting the merchant's words in a religious point of view.

"Saved!" cried Harriet. "From whom?—from what? You speak in riddles, sir, and awaken with my curiosity many fears likewise."

"No matter—no matter. I feel a drowsiness stealing over me. The accident which has brought me here is surely an interposition of a gentle Providence. I will tell you more when I have had some repose."

"But, sir, your name."

"Another time."

"Nay, leave us not to vague conjecture. Besides, in your delirium you spoke and named one dear to us; in whom, in fact, our dearest hopes are ventured."

"I—I—"

"Yes, you named Charles Hargrove—my—my—"

"Lover?"

"My cousin—our only friend now in the wide world. You spoke of him, sir."

"To him then I will explain. When he shall come here let me see him. Be, however, even with the small amount of information I now give you, tranquil and easy. I am grateful, and I have an opportunity, by strange combinations of circumstances, of shewing that I am so. I have the means of rescuing you all from the difficulties which I know surround you. Nay, even I had heard of your father's death, but my brain was just now so confused, that the intelligence came again upon

me with all the surprise of novelty. Be assured your misfortunes are at an end. You shall be rich—rich. I am very drowsy now—good night—night."

An opiate, which the surgeon had given him, was taking effect, and in a few moments the merchant was sound asleep, leaving Harriet and her mother looking at each other in amazement at what they heard, and scarcely believing the evidence of their own ears.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw, "I'm bewildered—I don't understand a bit of it. Did he mean, my dear, that he would pay the rent?"

"I think he proffered to us general assistance, mother."

"Well, we ought to get on. Mr. Scalvoni offered to pay the rent, all for your sake, only you would not let him, you wouldn't, and now here's some one else."

"Nay, mother, let us not impute motives of an unworthy character to any one. This gentleman is much older than Scalvoni. He may have, and in all likelihood has, a wife of his own already. He said gratitude prompted him, and do not let us doubt it."

"Ah, we shall see what we shall see. I know which way the cat jumps; I saw him look at you as much as to say—"

"Mother, mother: once for all," interrupted Harriet, "I tell you I have plighted my heart and hand to Charles—I love him, mother."

"Oh, oh, what a confession. In my young days a girl would as leave have bitten her head off clean as confessed she loved any one man. How times are changed, to be sure. Ah, well, what next I wonder?"

"Why, mother," said Harriet, "the next is, that if fortune smiles upon poor Charles, we shall marry, and you will live with us, and we shall be as happy as we can in a world where it appears there is always much to weep for."

"I've no patience with you," cried Mrs. Hearnshaw, as she walked away. "What does the psalmist say, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.'"

"The psalmist, mother, surely never said that. It is a common proverb, I know."

"I tell you it was the psalmist, so there's an end of it. Love Charles, indeed. This comes of going this time last year to the theatre, and philandering about the fields. Oh, I'm out of all patience. 'It would vex a saint,' as the psalmist says, so it would."

Mrs. Hearnshaw had a mighty knack of making some unknown psalmist responsible for a great many strange sayings and opinions; and when once she began in such a strain, it was no easy matter to rescue the poor psalmist out of her clutches, so Harriet declined the task, and usually said no more upon the subject. It was nearly eleven o'clock; a most unusual hour for them to be up, but Harriet resolved that she would sit up for Charles, and her mother sat up with her, although she soon fell asleep, after reading through half a dozen pages of a new work she had sent her, named, "The Christian; or, Evangelism made Easy."

It was nearly half-past eleven before a welcome ring at the gate announced Charles, and Harriet, slipping on a cloak, hastily ran down the garden avenue to let him in.

"Charles—Charles," she said, "is it you?"

"Yes, dearest, yes."

The gate was opened, and Charles tenderly pressed his much-loved Harriet to his heart.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER.

THE old mendicant led Charles Hargrove, as fate would have it, to the same locality which was honoured by the Jew, and which was his favoured place of abode; and right glad was the young man to find any place of shelter at all on such a tempestuous evening as it had turned out to be. He could hardly, in fact, so blinded was he by the dripping rain, be said to know where he was going, except that it was some mile and a half or so west of St. Paul's, and a narrow crowded street. The old man took him suddenly by the hand, and turned into the passage of a house, the door of which, for general convenience of the numerous lodgers, was kept always open, and saying,—

"Pray take heed of your steps, and don't leave me," he led him down the pitchy dark passage, until they came to the staircase, of which the beggar gave Charles due notice, and then guiding himself as best he could by the rickety balustrades, the young man ascended two flights, after which his new acquaintance said,—

"Stop a bit, now. I will get a light before you proceed further, and then you will see where you are going, and that you have, perhaps, a better chance of being comfortable than you imagined."

"Thank you," said Charles; "I am giving you a deal of trouble, I am sure."

"None in the least—none in the least. We very seldom see visitors; but when we do, we don't mind what attention we pay to them."



"What does he mean by *we*?" thought Charles. "I understood him that he lived alone. I almost repent coming here upon the invitation of a mere stranger, especially as it appears I am to be introduced to more persons than I calculated upon."

The staircase was in that state of perfect darkness, that it was impossible to imagine anything more intense, so that Charles was fearful of moving from where he was, lest he should fall into some danger; and he had ample time, while the beggar was gone, to indulge in some not very pleasant reflections, as to his own imprudence, in venturing in such a locality to a house, not one of the inhabitants of which he knew anything of whatever.

"I have heard," he thought, "of such things as strangers, supposed to be nearly friendless, and for whom not much inquiry would be likely to be made, being decoyed into houses such as these, and murdered. Shall I take the opportunity I have now and leave at once, or shall I see the end of this adventure? If he who has invited me be really innocent of any bad motive, it will be treating him very scurvily to run away now. I know not which course to decide on."

While he was thus debating with himself what he should do, his cogitations were cut short by a light glaring in his eyes, and looking in the direction from where the brilliant ray came, he saw the old beggar man standing half within a doorway with a lighted candle in his hand, while, from the room behind, came the cheerful red blaze of a good fire.

"Now, sir," he said, "walk in if you please. Will you honour my humble dwelling with your company? We are all alone, you see."

Charles returned a cheerful answer, for it was now too late to think of retreating, and stepping forward, he, in a moment, found himself in the old beggar's apartment.

The room was of considerable dimensions, and, although there was nothing of a costly character about it, yet there was everything which could be at all necessary for comfort, and in a moment Charles understood what the beggar meant, when he spoke of his establishment in the plural. Standing by the fire-side was a young girl, over whose head sixteen years could scarcely have flown. She was delicately beautiful, as if she had been nurtured in the lap of luxury, and her apparel had about it a superior air, as if some natural grace in its adjustment had become habitual, even in that abode. Her hair hung in large ringlets, nearly to her waist, and her mild blue eyes had about them an ineffable winning sweetness. She curtsied to Charles when he appeared, and then gently glided away to the further end of the apartment.

"Is that your daughter?" said Charles.

"Yes," was the ready reply; and then the beggar added in a whisper,—

"What do you think of her, candidly, eh? What do you think of her?"

"Having had so transient a glance of her, and none of her acquaintance," said Charles, "it would be premature of me to give an opinion."

"Oh, pho—pho—I mean her looks."

"She seems, to my eyes, handsome."

"And she is; she has more charms—she is rich."

"Rich?"

"Yes, young man, rich. You are surprised. She is my daughter, and yet well off. She deserves a good husband—one from a respectable rank in life, because you see, when I am dead, she will have none to assert her right to the crown."

"Her what?"

"Her right to the crown of England," thundered the beggar, and there was a peculiar expression at the moment about his eyes, which, to his horror, convinced Charles Hargrove that he had come home with a maniac, and was expected to sleep with him.

The young girl then, when she heard her father raising his voice, came forward, and gently laying her hand upon his own, she said,—

"Father—father, recollect."

"I recollect nothing," shouted the beggar, growing more furious—"nothing, but that I am the conqueror, and you the queen of England. Who dare say me nay? Ho! ho! Show me the man—show me the base villain who will say me nay. I will brain him—smash him!"

"Do not be alarmed," said the girl, turning to Charles. "This excitement will pass away soon. I am used to it. He will not harm you. Father—father!"

"Peace! peace! I say."

The young girl flung her arms round him, and in an exquisite voice, that charmed Charles exceedingly, she commenced singing to the distracted man,—

#### WHERE HAS THE LOVED ONE FLED?

Where has the loved one fled,  
Dear father, tell me where;  
Dwells she yet with the dead,  
Or skims she the upper air;

Lives she for aye in realms of light,  
Hovering round her God;  
Or dwells she yet in the grey churchyard,  
'Neath the hallowed verdant sod?

Where has the loved one fled,  
Ah! father, tell me where;  
She cannot be with the loathsome dead,  
A form so good and fair!  
Where the gentle west in beauty glows,  
Where a summer's day is flown,  
There should she be, that noble heart,  
With sunshine of its own.

Where does the loved one dwell,  
Say, father, oh, say where?  
To think she lay in the dreary tomb,  
Were a thought of dark despair.  
Oh, no. Where all is lasting bliss,  
Where brightest seraphs dwell,  
There shall we find the loved one yet,  
The heart that loved us well.

As she sung, the old man slowly became more composed. At first he tried to interrupt her with a loud tone. Then his voice faltered and trembled. He shook as if overcome by some violent emotion, and at last sinking into a chair to which she gently guided him, he burst into tears and wept long and bitterly. When the strain was finished, and his last cadences had died away, he spoke.

"My Anna," he said, "my darling; bless you—bless you. There—there, my child. I am calm now—quite calm. We have a guest, love. Let us be hospitable. Prepare some supper for him."

"Yes, father," said the young girl, and Charles Hargrove saw her wipe a tear from her own eye as she walked to the further end of the apartment.

"You will excuse me, sir," said the beggar; "we all have moments of weakness."

"I pray you say nothing of what has passed," said Charles. "I am much beholden to you for your hospitality; but I have very far to go, and must soon take my leave of you."

"Indeed! How far?"

"Some half-dozen miles; and although I have no good news to take home to those who are anxiously expecting me, yet I know I shall be looked for with some impatience."

"Well—well; you will scarcely lose time by starting when perchance the rain has given over, and you are refreshed for your walk. Now, Anna, my dear, our guest is hurried."

"Yes, father, all is ready."

The girl brought a tray on which she had laid an excellent cold repast, to which poor Charles was in a very good state to do justice to, for, save a glass of porter and one biscuit, he had had nothing in the shape of refreshments that day.

The supper passed over in a very social manner, and then Charles rose to go. He took a kind and cordial leave of the beggar's daughter, and the old man himself lit him down the stairs. When they reached the passage, he laid his hand upon Charles's arm, saying,—

"Young man, tell me truly, do you think you could love my child?"

"But that I love another, I never saw one more worthy of a honest heart."

"Enough—enough. Good night—Heaven speed you!"

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed (post-paid) to the Editor will meet with immediate attention.

J. B. GOGGS.—"The Inconstant One" is intended for insertion. An answer shall be given to your note next week.

JAMES NORTON.—We fully appreciate your kindness, but cannot avail ourselves of your offer.

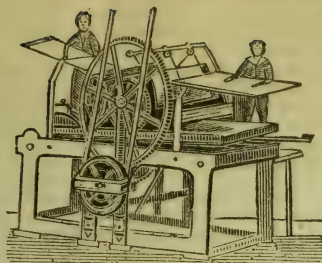
ISABEL.—You must have overlooked the article in question; it was inserted the week after it was received. We are obliged for the enclosure.

Declined with thanks.—"The Avenger;" "Giles Stronghand;" and "Mary Davison."

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## LAURA; OR, THE RIVAL KNIGHTS.

At no time was romantic adventure more rife than during the time of the crusades, early and late. It appeared as though all the energies of Europe were devoted to knight errantry and the love of adventure; for, in those ages, nothing was thought of undertaking the most unheard-of adventures, which, in these days, would be looked upon as perfect specimens of folly.

And it may be said that, of all places where this mania was more prevalent than at another, the south of France might be named as being that place.

Sir Andrew de Provence was a knight well skilled in all the arts of war, and accomplished after the manner of his times, and had fought valiantly beneath the banner of the crusades; he wore the cross for two years.

Notwithstanding all that he had done, the renown he had achieved, yet he could not gain the love of the lady of his heart. He had sought her far, far, from among the halls of the great, and had witnessed afar off the smiles he had long hoped to obtain.

But Sir Andrew de Provence did not know that her heart was well bestowed upon a knight of some renown; but he was young and poor; he possessed no fortune, save his sword that had won him a name, but it had brought him no post, nor any reward, save that of honour and renown.

Laura de Beauville was the theme of universal admiration: her beauty was praised far and near, and her wit the subject of many an ode; indeed, few could boast of the personal charms of Laura.

She had bestowed her young heart upon the valiant Sir Gilbert de Montserrat; often had they walked beneath the castle walls, in the silvery light of the moon, promising each other the happy days that were to come.

Often would they sigh to think that the pride of wealth was the only bar to their immediate union, for Laura's father, a stern old knight, would have forbidden him the castle, nay, would have made it dangerous for him to have stayed in the country while his daughter remained single.

Sir Andrew de Provence, though he worshipped the fair form of Laura at a distance, yet he had never as yet determined upon obtaining her father's aid in his pursuit, though he was sure that his wealth and rank would enable him to claim the advantage of her father's countenance.

At length he sought the old knight, and laid before him his whole heart, and begged his advice and assistance.

"And that you shall have, sir knight," replied the old soldier, for such he was, "for none better than yourself would I wish to see my son-in-law; she is yet, I believe, wholly free, and there can be no great or insurmountable obstacle in the way of your wishes, that I am aware of."

"Your speech gives me great hope and joy," replied Sir Andrew.

"Have you ever spoken of this matter to her?" inquired the old knight.

"No; merely in such strains of courtesy as befit a maiden of rank to hear."

"Then I will make the road to her ears easy to be travelled, and then you may use what speed you may in the wooing."

As the old knight said this, he quitted the large hall, where they had been conversing, and entered the room where Laura occupied herself during those hours which she spent in amusement, reading, or cultivating her taste for music and poetry.

"Laura, my child," said the old knight, as he placed his hand upon her black tresses, "Laura, my child, are you in a mood to hear a few words spoken in seriousness?"

"Anything that my father can say is always welcome to Laura."

"Then I have come a wooing, my sweet Laura; what think you of that?"

"That a better ambassador could not be imagined, to give weight and add influence to a suit," added Laura, playfully.

"That is well: I am the ambassador of the good knight Sir Andrew de Provence, whom you cannot but have heard of, and, I dare say, seen."

Laura signified her assent coldly.

"Well," resumed her father, "he is well spoken of, by all who know him, as a brave and worthy knight; and this much I know myself, and, in addition, he is wealthy, and of an ancient family, has fought under the glorious banner of the cross, and, as a reward for all his toils and dangers, he proposes himself as a suitor for your hand and heart. I would not wish to have a better son-in-law; and now you know my wishes, Laura, I hope you will endeavour to accommodate yourself to them; the sacrifice," he added, laughing, "is not such as to scare a young maiden."

For some moments Laura was silent: she had not expected such an event as the present; it was beyond her calculation, for she never dreamed that Sir Andrew would have applied to her father, or that he would have taken up his cause. She expected that Sir Andrew might have spoken to her, and then he would have had her explicit denial.

She now thought of her meetings with the young knight of Montserrat, and her engagement with him, and she dared not speak of it to her father; she had no confidant, and no adviser.

"What says my daughter, Laura?" inquired the old knight; "is not the young knight's proposal worth an answer?"

"Yes, yes," replied Laura, hurriedly; "well worthy of a better one than I can give him."

"How a better one?—you cannot give a better one to his mind than that you accept of his honest and honourable proposal."

"I know, I know, but I cannot do that; it is that which makes me hesitate."

"How hesitate?—surely you have seen the knight, and why cannot you accept him? You are yet free from all engagements."

"Yes; but, father," said Laura, impressively, "do you desire your daughter to be treated with less respect than she deserves?"

"No, no; no one desires —"

"Hush! Sir Andrew, then, I presume, does not intend to give me the same liberty of refusal, or acceptance, according to my own inclination, I should have had had he made his request in person. Indeed, he appears to think his suit hopeless unless it is urged by your aid; perhaps expects you to act harshly towards me, in case I refuse his offer; I take it as a great discourtesy."

"You are wrong, entirely wrong, Laura," said her father.

"I hope I may be so, father; but that will only be seen by the way in which my negative is seen, and the discontinuance of his suit."

The old knight was much annoyed at the turn things had taken, and sought in his own mind the best way of avoiding a more peremptory refusal from his daughter, whom he loved very dearly. He determined at length that he would press the matter no further then, but merely expressed a hope she would not make up her mind to thwart his wishes, which were with Sir Andrew.

That evening the lovers again met beneath the castle walls, and Laura told the sad tale of Sir Andrew's application to her father. Sir Gilbert de Montserrat grieved sorely, for he saw, as he believed, a long course



of evils that would probably arise, and which did arise, in most cases, from the disobedience of daughters in their love affairs.

He thought his beautiful Laura would be torn from him at last, and that true hearts, that had been united for several years, and had loved with such devoted fondness, would be cruelly separated from each other.

"Laura," he cried, "and shall the angry voice of a father separate such love as thine and mine? Say, shall we not rather hasten and quit a country in which we cannot longer live with any hope of happiness?"

But Laura was silent. She thought of her father; the home of her childhood; of all, indeed, that could be held dear by the young and beautiful.

"Laura—Laura!" said the knight, pressing her to his breast; "will you yield to the solicitations of Sir Andrew, and the commands of your father, in preference to the dictates of your own heart, and the voice of one who loves you more than his own life?"

Laura was still silent; and, as a last effort, the knight said, in fervent accents,—

"Let us bind those chains around us that can never be severed by fate. Let us fly to the fertile valleys of Italy, and there we can live in each other's society, and defy all the terrors that would otherwise have been our share."

The tears fell fast from Laura, as the knight pressed his suit, and then she whispered gently to him; but so soft was the tone of voice, that none save the knight himself could hear; but his countenance brightened, and he quitted the spot in company with the lovely Laura.

They did not travel far ere they encountered a priest, who soon forged the fetters love imposes upon his votaries. Knowing that France was no safe resting ground for his foot, he travelled until he came to Marseilles, which was then, as now, a place of some importance. Shipping themselves off for the shores of Italy, they were soon wafted over by the gentle breezes of the Mediterranean.

The good old knight of Beauville was terribly affected when he found his daughter was gone, and had entirely quitted France. At first he wept to think of her ingratitude; then he cursed his own precipitancy; but he began then to feel angry with Sir Andrew de Provence; but that knight defended himself so well, that he offered, if the knight who had thus deprived him of his bride, and the old knight of his daughter, would come back, to challenge him to single combat, with freedom to come, and, in case he was victor, he was free to go.

It was soon ascertained by whom Laura had been taken away, and the challenge was conveyed to him in Italy.

There was no thought of declining it; it would have been dishonourable, and Sir Gilbert de Montserrat was not a knight that would refuse to accept a challenge.

The day was fixed, and the spot. It was in the neighbourhood of Beauville's castle, and many guests had been invited to attend the tournament which was expected would end probably in the death of one of the two knights.

There was much preparation made for the occasion. Sir Andrew de Provence was known as a good and tried knight, and fame spoke well of Sir Gilbert de Montserrat.

Laura, too, was determined to be present, and witness the victory or death of her husband; and, if the latter, she would at once retire to a monastery for life. Much had Sir Gilbert remonstrated against her exposing herself on such a day; but she was determined, and said her presence would, at least, be a check upon any unseemly act of his adversary.

The day came; the challenger entered the lists, and waited nearly an hour ere the challenged appeared; and then a small cavalcade approached the lists. It was Sir Gilbert de Montserrat, his lady, and a few friends.

They entered the lists and took possession of a tent erected on purpose. The old knight did not expect to see his daughter at such a moment, and would have flown to her, but pride prevented him, and restrained that outburst of feeling that nature dictated.

Then, indeed, his heart smote him for the scene that was about to take place—the death struggle between two brave knights. If one should fall, he would have gained no point, and if the other—his daughter's husband—she would witness a sight he knew would affect her happiness for ever afterwards.

However, there was no help now, and the combat must proceed, though he had no heart in the proceedings, save the most painful interest that he was compelled to take from the force of circumstances.

Laura was instantly recognised, and Sir Andrew de Provence was somewhat disturbed when he saw her pale features, as she ascended the place appointed for her, and would have made towards her, but was restrained by the heralds, who desired he would maintain his place.

A fresh steed was brought for the use of Sir Gilbert de Montserrat, who, after a slight repast, rose and accoutred himself for the coming trial. His lady herself saw that all was carefully adjusted, that no stray buckle remained unbuckled, nor fastening of any kind loose.

Then mounting his steed, he took his place as the heralds approached.

Then, with a loud and clear voice, he stated his name and the reason of his coming. This was answered, and then both knights were led to their respective ends of the lists, and the heralds gave way, and trumpets were blown.

The horses were spurred on to each other. The two knights advanced with such rapidity and such precision of aim, that their lances met on each other's shield, splintering them to a thousand pieces.

Fresh lances were again procured and handed to the combatants, and a fresh charge was sounded. This time Sir Andrew's lance gave way, while he was wounded by that of Sir Gilbert de Montserrat.

The contest was again renewed by Sir Andrew drawing his sword. Disdaining to take advantage, Sir Gilbert threw his lance down, and drew his sword also, and a terrific fight commenced, in which mutual wounds took place, until Sir Andrew de Provence suddenly rolled from his horse, and, on the heralds going to pick him up, he was found to be quite dead. His head had been cut through by the sword of Sir Gilbert de Montserrat, who was declared the victor.

Laura to this moment had behaved with firmness, but, now danger was over and her husband safe, she fainted away. Her father saw her condition, when he immediately sprang forward, and clasped her to his breast, and from that moment they were all friends, and lived happily.

The Castle of Beauville descended to the heirs of Montserrat.

## ALICE HOME;

OR,

### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CXIX.

THE NEWS OF THE MURDER.—HORACE'S SYMPATHIES.—THE  
MAGISTRATE'S ADVICE.—THE GRIEF OF ALICE.

STILL more bewildered by what he had seen and read, the magistrate returned to his own house, revolving in his mind what it was necessary should be done in the affair, which had assumed now a more tangled aspect than ever. The moment he arrived, he was told by his servant that a person was waiting to see him on business of importance, who had betrayed great impatience for his return. He, therefore, immediately walked into the visitor's waiting-room, where he found a man anxiously expecting him, and who, from his appearance, must have travelled a considerable distance, and very fast. The moment he saw the magistrate, he said,—

"Sir, I have been sent from Dover by Sir Henry Jugs to you, as the chief magistrate of Bow-street."

"What about?"

"Why, there has been a murder there—a gentleman, who is believed to be Sir Charles Home."

The magistrate uttered an exclamation, and then added,—

"Proceed—proceed! What has happened? Is Sir Charles Home dead?"

"He is."

"And murdered by another man?"

"Yes, sir, who is likewise dead."

"Good God! Tell me how this catastrophe occurred."

The messenger who had been sent by the Dover magistrate, then detailed how some parties had just arrived on the cliffs of Dover, in time to see the death-struggle between two men, who were both precipitated over the verge into the sea, as well as the finding of the bodies, and the identification of one by documents found on his person, as Sir Charles Home.

"And the other?" inquired the magistrate. "Have you seen the bodies?"

"I have, sir."

"Was the other, then, a dark, tall man, with grey hair?"

"Yes, sir, 'twas as you describe; but who he is, I have no means of knowing. It may come out at the inquest, though, which will be held to-morrow."

"Go back, then, and say that I shall attend the inquest, as I can give some testimony on the occasion, and can likewise bring with me important witnesses from London."

The messenger looked very much astonished to find the London magistrate know anything about the affair; but it was not his business to make any remarks, and he departed, after some hours' refreshment, again for Dover, where a great commotion still reigned, in consequence of the supposed murder and suicide, for, although, of course, George Home was found to be shot, the parties who had hastened the catastrophe on the cliff, by their appearance, could not say by whom the



pistol had been fired, so suddenly had both the men, of whom they caught so transient a glimpse, gone over the edge of the cliff, into the sea beneath.

The moment the magistrate had dismissed the messenger from Dover, he rode off to the house of the minister, Horace Singleton's uncle, to inform him of what had occurred, and to solicit his advice what to do. The minister was fortunately within. In fact, he and Horace were seated together, talking over the mysterious conduct of Sir Charles Home, and endeavouring to find some clue to the cause of his unhappy state of mind. They were much inclined to come to the opinion that some derangement of intellect was the sole cause of all Sir Charles's embarrassments, and they had just expressed to each other a hope that change of scene, and the excitement of a pleasurable nature, which he, Sir Charles, would derive from travelling, would materially recover him, when the name of the magistrate was announced.

The minister glanced at Horace significantly, as he said in a low voice,—

"I'll be bound to say, Horace, that something has happened. We shall have now more data to go upon."

"My heart misgives me," replied Horace, "that some calamity has occurred. Where is Alice?"

"She is above stairs, and we can use our own discretion, my boy, as to what communication we make to her."

"Show the gentleman into this room, Thomas," said the minister to the servant. "Now, Horace, we shall see what new light can be thrown upon this mysterious affair."

The expression of the magistrate's countenance, which was grave and perplexed, at once proclaimed that the news he brought was anything but satisfactory, and after the usual compliments, the minister said,—

"You come, sir, to tell us something about Sir Charles Home, and that something is unpleasant?"

"It is, my lord. I deeply regret to say, that a frightful catastrophe has occurred at Dover."

"Good God!" cried Horace; "is Sir Charles —"

"Sir Charles Home is dead!"

"Dead—dead?"

"Yes, gentlemen. It appears that he and his mysterious accuser, who turns out, from documents which have come into my possession, to be named George Home, and to be the cousin of Sir Charles, met on the cliffs at Dover. The end of that meeting was, the death of both, and the bodies, which were taken, mangled from the beach on to which they had fallen, now at Dover, await a coroner's inquisition."

The minister looked very serious, and Horace, clasping his hands, exclaimed,—

"Gracious Heavens!—what a shock will this be for poor Alice."

"We must be very careful, Horace, how it reaches her ears. The shock may be greatly modified by the manner of telling her of the circumstances."

Scarcely had these words passed the lips of the minister, when the door of the apartment opened, and Alice herself appeared. So sudden and unexpected was her entrance, that neither Horace nor his more practised uncle, had time to assume a composure which would be sufficient to blind Alice to the suspicion that something of a disastrous nature had occurred. What it was she was far from suspecting, for never having believed in the imputed guilt of her father, she never could suppose that any such end as that which had occurred, could be his. Still her heart beat more quickly than its wont, and the colour forsook her cheeks as she looked from the countenance of Horace to that of his uncle, and saw on each, traces of emotion and grief, which could not be mistaken.

"What is this?" she gasped. "What has happened? Why do you not speak to me?"

"My Alice," said Horace, "be calm; we are all in the hands of Heaven, and must bow to its behests."

He approached her as he spoke, and took her hand in his, gently, to lead her to a seat. She gazed in his face with eyes to which the ready tear was starting. She could not command voice to speak for a few moments; but when she did, it was to say,—

"Horace—Horace—suspense is the worst of evils! Tell me at once what I have to bear. Do not torture me—oh, do not torture me."

"Alice—can you find moral courage sufficient to bear against ill news?"

"Heaven has given us tears," said Alice, "and we must shed them. We cannot control all feelings."

"True; but by preparing the mind for a shock, we can decrease its effects. Alice, what you have to hear concerns your father."

Alice turned her eyes imploringly upon Horace's face, and although he did not speak, that beseeching look said, in more eloquent language than the sentiment could have been expressed in words, "Go on—go on; let me know the worst, and then I can hope to strive against it."

With a faltering voice, Horace continued,

"An accident, my Alice, has happened to your father."

Alice clasped her hands for a moment, then she drooped her head upon them, and, with a burst of anguish, she cried,

"Now I do know the worst. He is dead!—he is dead!"

Horace's silence was sufficient confirmation of the fact, and for some moments no sound disturbed the silence of that apartment but the deep sobs which Alice shed for him, who, whatever were his faults, his vices, or his crimes, was at least to her always the kindest and best of fathers. The minister stopped Horace as the latter was about to say something to Alice, and whispered to him,—

"Let her be for awhile. She is weeping, and tears will relieve her. Say nothing, Horace, but let this first gush of feeling have its way. You may stem the torrent of such tears as Alice is now shedding sufficiently to make them extend over a longer period of time, but depend upon it, my boy, the full heart must have its way sooner or later; let her be, Horace; let her be till she speaks of her own accord. She will ask some question soon."

The old minister had seen a great deal of human nature, and the result showed that he was right regarding Alice, for after about five minutes, she looked up with tearful eyes, and, in a voice of agony, said,—

"Horace—Horace, answer me truly that which I shall ask of you, as you have hopes of happiness hereafter."

"I will—I will," he replied.

"Then—then—did my poor father —"

Tears choked her utterance, and she paused for a few moments, during which the minister said, kindly,

"You shall know every particular, Alice, so that your mind shall not be left to the terror of conjecture on any one point. No one can blame your grief, which is just and natural, only you will, I am sure, from a consideration of the fact, that we are all of us mortal, and the slaves of all sorts of accidents, come to a rational conclusion at last, that even for the death of those most dear to us, we should not indulge in excessive grief, for if we were to do so, all the world would be in tears, inasmuch as we have all some beloved object to mourn the loss of. Moreover, my dear girl, we should look with a calmer eye upon those deaths which occur more in the natural order of events than probably we can be expected to do on those which occur out of that general order. For example, for the parent to die before the child, is in the natural order of events, you see; and although, of course, a matter of deep grief, yet it should be looked on as an inevitable result of the order of creation, and as a fiat of Providence, for which we are all supposed to be fully prepared."

These words were spoken with such a calm sort of gentle deliberation, that they could not fail of having some effect upon Alice. It was like completely subduing the imagination by the weapons of reason, and she was able to speak in a firmer tone when she next opened her lips, and said,—

"I thank you, sir. You have taught me a kind and a good lesson; yet I would still ask my question; it is one on which much of my happiness will depend throughout my life."

"Ask it freely, Alice," said the minister; "I will pledge myself you shall have a correct answer."

"Then, did my father die by his own hand?"

"Certainly not."

"Thank God!"

"There, now, you see, Alice," added the minister, "you feel that even the greatest apparent misfortunes might still be greater."

"I do—I do; I will strive now against my affliction, seeking from Heaven strength to bear up against this the first great calamity that has befallen me. The death of any one I loved is new to me. Let me go now to my own chamber; I shall be here soon. Thank Heaven, my worst fears are not realized—my poor father is not a suicide!"

"I can, madam," said the magistrate, "give you my word that he is not."

"I thank you, sir. Horace, I can leave here, you can tell me all. Now, I cannot bear to hear more. Come to me soon, Horace, and I shall be better able to hear from your lips the whole particulars of this sad matter."

Poor Alice was deeply afflicted, and had she not now left the room at once, she could not have commanded composure sufficient to prevent another burst of grief; for, crowding to her mind, came all the kindness—all the fond affection which her father had ever shown towards her—an affection which had been unvarying under all circumstances, for let Sir Charles Home be in what state of mind he might, he had always a kind word and a ready smile for his much loved and beautiful child, whom alone he cherished any affection for.

The magistrate remained some time longer with Horace and the minister, during which it was agreed that both Horace and the former should go to Dover early on the following morning to take measures for the interment of the unhappy Sir Charles.



"This wretched affair," remarked the minister, "will now soon be forgotten; for whatever grounds George Home might have for his accusations against Sir Charles go to the grave with him. Accuser and accused are now no more, and the whole affair may well be allowed, for the sake of poor Alice, to sleep in oblivion."

"Certainly," said Horace, "I only hope that no imprudent attempt may be made at the inquest on the bodies to cater to the morbid appetite of the public by making a protracted investigation."

"I will put that all right with the coroner," said the minister. "The cause of death need only be inquired into, and thence an end of the inquiry. It will be quite clear and evident that no one else is implicated in the deaths than the two unhappy cousins who are now no more, so that the less that is said of the whole affair the better. We are much indebted to you, sir"—to the magistrate—"for your kind and considerate mode of arranging this matter."

The magistrate bowed, and, after making arrangements with Horace to start for Dover at an early hour in the morning, he left the minister's house, when Horace immediately repaired to Alice to soothe her as much as possible in her deep affliction.

## CHAPTER CC.

### CONSOLATION.—THE INQUEST AT DOVER, AND THE VERDICT.—THE TROUBLESOME SHOEMAKER.

THAT same evening, by the urgent advice of his uncle, Horace Singleton fully explained to Alice all that was known of the manner of her father's death, so that the public papers could not by any particulars they might contain on the subject, give any additional shock to her mind. The question as to the guilt or innocence of Sir Charles, was one on which Horace began to entertain very considerable doubts; but, of course, he never intimated those doubts to Alice, who adopted the idea that George Home must have been decidedly insane, and had pursued her father until death ensued, in consequence of some fancied wrongs received at his hands.

As for the peculiar state of mind in which her father had been before he left town, and which, to an indifferent observer, would probably have been strong confirmatory evidence of his guilt, Alice pleased herself by considering it as accidental, and a mere coincidence from which no disparaging assumption as regarded Sir Charles ought fairly to be drawn.

We need not say that no one with whom she came in contact was likely to attempt a disturbance of such opinions, and consequently she retained them with a pertinacity which in time made them appear to her mind quite as established truths, which would not for a moment admit of any sort of contradiction.

When Horace informed her of his intention to depart for Dover, she at first asked to accompany him, saying,—

"Let me, at least, have the melancholy consolation of taking one look at my poor father, though it be even in death that I behold him;" but Horace, as well as his uncle, combated the idea so strenuously, that Alice gave it up, and allowed Horace to depart without her, charging him only to bring her all the particulars of what should transpire, and reserving to herself the right, if she chose, of following her father's body to the grave, for she seemed to consider as a thing of course that his remains would be brought to London, a supposition which Horace did not attempt to contradict, although he and his uncle were quite agreed as to the propriety of having Sir Charles buried at Dover instead of creating a sensation in the public mind, as well as a painful scene for Alice, by bringing the corpse to London.

With many forced and tender adieus, then, Horace Singleton parted from his wife at an early hour in the morning, and met the magistrate, by appointment, at the house of the latter, where he breakfasted, after which they started in a post-chaise for Dover.

The special messenger who had been sent to London by the authorities at Dover, having, upon his return, reported that the chief magistrate of Bow-street would attend the inquest, that proceeding was put off until the evening of the day on which Horace and the magistrate commenced their journey, so that they were in Dover two hours before the inquiry began, and had ample time to hand to the coroner the letter from the minister, which merely stated that, in deference to the feelings of the surviving members of Sir Charles Home's family, it was hoped that matters which might possibly arise during the inquest, but which could not facilitate the inquiry into the direct cause of death, would not be pursued further than absolutely necessary, since, whichever of the deceased persons was the aggressor on the cliffs of Dover, ceased to be a question of much importance, as both were now dead, and called upon before a higher and unerring tribunal to answer for their actions.

The coroner, who was a sensible and feeling man, saw this in its proper light, and he assured Horace and the magistrate that the inquiry should not be needlessly extended merely to gratify public curiosity, when no public good could possibly result from it.

It was seven o'clock before the inquest actually commenced, and Horace Singleton was much vexed to find what a vast concourse of people assembled for the purpose of hearing how the proceedings would terminate. With difficulty he and the magistrate made their way into a large room at the inn where the inquiry was to be held, and so dense was the pressure at the doors that it required all the efforts of a dozen constables to preserve anything like order or common decorum.

After the jury were sworn, their first act was to proceed to the adjoining apartment for the purpose of viewing the bodies. Horace was not fond of such sights, and he would fain have been excused from going; but, being conscious that his evidence of the identification of Sir Charles Home and his cousin would be required, he went at once, and shuddered as he cast his eyes on the mangled faces of those two men, who might both be truly said to have fallen victims to their crimes.

They now lay side by side. Little did they imagine during life that they would ever have the same couch, and yet there they were lying, side by side, as calmly as if some great bond of friendly union had bound them together, and would not, even in death, part them.

Sir Charles Home's face was ghastly pale, while a livid blue colour lingered about the lip. There was a severe contusion on his forehead, which, most probably, he had received after death, from being washed to and fro by the waves of the sea.

Of course, George Home presented the most terrible spectacle, for his face was mangled by the shot wounds he had received. One of the pistol balls had struck his forehead obliquely, and carried off a portion of bone, while the other had gone through the cheek, just under the eye; altogether, the face had a shocking mangled appearance, and it was only from the hair, and the peculiar shape of the mouth and chin, that Horace could take upon himself to swear the body was that of the mysterious man who turned out to be George Home.

The painful inspection over, the inquest commenced first by the evidence of the post-boy who drove Sir Charles to town. Then the people of the inn deposed to his arrival; and, subsequently, the arrival of the other man, whose body they, one and all, identified.

Then came the parties who had been out for an early walk on the cliffs, and had just arrived in time to witness the death of the two men. None of those persons could identify the bodies at all as being those of the two men they saw in life upon the cliffs; but there could be no doubt on that head, so Horace Singleton was next called, his name being handed to the coroner as that of a witness who could identify both the bodies.

After being sworn, he said, at once,—

"The dead body with the face uninjured is that of Sir Charles Home. The other is, I believe, a cousin of his, named George Home. Further of this affair I know not, than that some differences were between them, which, no doubt, has led to a personal conflict, and this melancholy result; George Home, in my opinion, being the aggressor, as regards personal violence."

"Then you think," said the coroner, "that Sir Charles shot George Home in self defence?"

"I do."

"They must then have had, I suppose, some sort of struggle, and gone over the edge of the cliff together."

"Most probably. That is my impression."

"I think, gentlemen," added the coroner to the jury, "we can do very little more in this business."

"I beg your pardon," said one of the jury, rising; "as one of the British public, we can do a great deal more. I wish to ask some questions of the witness. Now, sir, who are you when you are at home?"

Horace looked surprised, and contempt of the question, as well as of the questioner, was depicted in his countenance.

"Come—come," said the jurymen, "this won't do here. You are an aristocrat, and one of those who helps to grind the people, I dare say."

"I cannot permit this," said the coroner. "Any reasonable question may be put by any jurymen to a witness; but I will have no such vulgar absurdities as this."

A murmur of satisfaction ran through the room, and one man near the door said,—

"How can you expect anything but a grunt from a hog?—that's Hickle, the cobbler. Forgive him, he don't know better, stupid devil."

The jurymen who was thus accurately described, got quite furious; but as, upon appealing to the remainder of the jury, he found himself in a minority of one, he was compelled to sit down, muttering a great deal about the rights of the people, and some approaching crisis in the affairs of the country, which, according to demagogues, has been close at hand for these last five hundred years, and somehow or another never comes.

The coroner then, in a very sensible manner, charged the jury, who returned a verdict of "Found dead," thus leaving the matter open, although the radical cobbler wished for an adjournment, and when he



failed in that, he wanted a verdict of wilful murder against anybody, he did not exactly care who.

It was a great relief to Horace's mind when the inquest was over, and that night he occupied himself in writing a long and affectionate letter to Alice, and another to his uncle, in both of which he detailed what had occurred, saying that he should return as soon as the last offices could be paid to both the bodies, which would be on the morrow, and urging Alice to wait in London with patient resignation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.

As early in the morning as people can possibly dress themselves in proper attire, they set out on a round of visits to relations and friends, to wish them a happy new year, and to present them with bonbons. The relations are first visited, beginning with those nearest in affinity; then those that are further removed; and lastly, come the friends and acquaintances. It is a contest of politeness on this occasion who shall start first, and anticipate the call of a relation or friend.

The shops of the confectioners are dressed up on the day before with looking-glasses, intermixed with festoons of silk or muslin, and bunches of ribbons or flowers. The counters are covered with clean table cloths and set out with cakes, sweetmeats, dried fruits, and bonbons, constructed into pyramids, castles, columns, or any form which the taste of the decorator may suggest; and in the evening, the shops are illuminated for the reception of company, who come to buy bonbons for the next day.

Endless are the devices for things in which they are to be enclosed; there are little boxes or baskets made of satin, ornamented with gold, silver, or foil; balloons, books, fruit—such as apples, pears, oranges; or vegetables—such as a cauliflower, a root of celery, onion; anything, in short, which can be made of confectionary, with a hollow in it to hold the bonbons.

The most prevailing device is called a coronet, which is a small cone, ornamented in different ways, with a bag to draw over and close the large end.

In these contrivances, the prices of which vary from one louis to fifty, the bonbons are presented by those who choose to be at the expense of them; by those who do not, they are only wrapped in a piece of paper. But it is indispensable, that bonbons in some way or other be presented.

In these visits to friends, and in gossiping at the confectioners' shops, which are the great lounge for the occasion, the morning of New Year's Day is passed. A dinner is given by some member of the family to all the rest, and the evening concludes with cards, dancing, or any other amusement that may be preferred.

The decorations of the confectioners' shops remain till Twelfth-day, when there is a ceremony of drawing twelfth cake, differing from the mode in England. The cake is very plain in its composition, being not better than a common bun, but large, so as to cut into slices. In one part a bean is introduced, and the person who draws the slice with the bean is king or queen, according to the sex of the drawer. Every one then drinks to the health of the new sovereign, who receives the general homage of the company for the evening. The rest of the company have no names or titles of distinction.

PIUS II.—In corroboration of the magnificence of Matthias, we give the following extract from a letter written by the legate Bishop Castelli to Pope Pius II., and which is part of the Papal correspondence, touching Hungary, inserted by Count Mailath in his third volume:—"I had imagined that this king must be impoverished by the long war, as was suggested to me at Gratz; and, in enumerating the causes which should induce peace, this was not the last I mentioned. Hence, I conceive, a friend of mine, invited me on the 20th to inspect the palace, than which, with the good leave of Italy, I must say she possesses not a finer or larger. Introduced into the wardrobe, I saw so many costly garments, laced with gold, jewels, and pearls; such tapestry hangings, so many gold and silver vessels wrought with exquisite skill, that I deem fifty men could not carry them. Amongst other things, I saw steps of pure silver, of such height and size, that two persons could hardly embrace them; also two unicorns, the one like a common horse, the other like an ass, with their real horns; further, admirable crucifixes and altar ornaments, upwards of 500 large dishes, 300 golden goblets, and trenchers and basins without number, all which cannot in truth be justly estimated. Such precious household stuff, such precious plate, such an adorned hall, have I seen of this king's, that I believe the glory of Solomon could not be greater."

To a fond parent who would not have his child corrected for a perverse trick, but excused it, saying, it was a small matter, Solon very well replied, "Ay, but custom is a great one."

## GIULIO.

A STORY EXTEMPORISED BY NAPOLEON.

THERE was at Rome a mysterious being, who pretended to a knowledge of futurity, and whose sex even was a subject of discussion, so impenetrable was the mystery in which she was shrouded. Some, while repeating the stranger's predictions, which they had heard from her own lips, described the form and features of a woman, while others again vindicated the terror they had experienced at her aspect, by describing this singular being as a most hideous monster.

This oracle dwelt in one of the suburbs of Rome, in an old deserted palace, to which terror and superstition barred all access, even to the curiosity of the populace. No one could tell when this being first appeared; in fact, all that related to it was an impenetrable secret. Nothing was talked of at Rome but the Sybil; every one was anxious to consult it, but few had courage enough to cross the threshold of the deserted palace. At the sight even of this dreaded abode, many were seized with a terror which all chose to magnify into a fatal presentiment, and those who were thus warned fled from the spot as if an invisible hand had urged their flight.

Camillo, a young Roman belonging to a noble family, resolved to visit the dwelling of the Sybil, and persuaded Giulio, his intimate friend, to share his adventure. Giulio, who was timid and irresolute, at first refused to go. It was not the fear of any unknown danger which made the Roman hesitate, but he dreaded to put aside the beneficent veil which hid the future from his view. He at last yielded to the earnest entreaties of Camillo, and on the day appointed they set off together to explore the fatal palace. The door opened of itself—the two friends entered without trusting themselves to pause. They wandered about the dwelling for some time, without seeing any one, and at last entered a gallery, whose only outlet was closed by a black curtain, with this inscription above it:

"Wouldst thou know thy fate, raise this curtain—but first prepare thyself, and pray."

Giulio was extremely agitated, and he involuntarily fell on his knees. Is he already under the influence of this mysterious being? After a few moments' preparation the young men drew their swords, raised the curtain, and penetrated into the sanctuary. A woman advanced to meet them, who was young and even pretty, but her aspect was such as to preclude all examination. The coldness and stillness of death were frightfully blended in her face with the appearance of life. But what words can define or describe those supernatural beings who inhabit regions where doubtless even the language of man is unknown. Giulio shuddered and averted his eyes; Camillo dropped his, and the Sybil inquired of them the cause of their visit. Camillo prepares to answer her. But the Sybil heeds him not; all her attention seems to be engrossed by Giulio. She trembled, shuddered, stretched out her hand as if to seize him, and then suddenly retreated several steps backward. Camillo again begs her to unfold his destiny. She consents, and Giulio returns to the gallery. After a short consultation, Camillo joined his friend, who was absorbed in a painful meditation.—

"Come," said he, with a smile, "be of good courage, Giulio. For my part, I have heard nothing terrible. The Sybil proposes me the hand of your sister Giuliana." They were already engaged; "But," continued Camillo, "she added that a slight accident would delay our nuptials."

Giulio now entered the sanctuary, while Camillo remained without. But suddenly a dreadful shriek rent the air; Camillo recognized the voice of his friend and pushing aside the curtain rushed to his assistance. Giulio was on his knees before the Sybil, who, waving her hand above his head, was repeating, "Love without bounds, sacrilege! murder!" The terrified friend ran to Giulio, who, pale and motionless, was incapable of supporting himself. But he questions him in vain; Giulio's only answer is the dreadful words of the Sybil, "Love without bounds! sacrilege! murder!" (These words Napoleon pronounced in a sad and mournful tone.)

Camillo succeeded in getting Giulio home; and, as soon as he could leave him, he repaired to the palace of the Sybil, determined to force her to explain her awful prophecy; but the palace was tenanted; the curtain—the inscription—all had disappeared! No trace was left of the magician, who never again was seen or heard of.

Several weeks elapsed—Camillo's wedding day was fixed, and Giulio's wonted composure and serenity had returned. Camillo avoided questioning him in hopes that this dreadful scene would soon be entirely forgotten by his friend. On the eve of the wedding, the Marquis de Cosmo, the father of Giulio, was thrown from his horse; and, though not much hurt, this delayed the nuptials. Giuliana and Camillo were standing by the marquis's bed-side, lamenting this delay of their happiness, when Camillo, struck by the coincidence, suddenly exclaimed—

"The Sybil's prophecy is accomplished!"



Every one noticed Giulio's extreme agitation, when he heard these words; from that instant he shut himself up in his own apartment, and would see no one. A venerable monk, who had been his tutor, alone was suffered to visit him; and with this monk Giulio held long and mysterious conversations. Camillo did not attempt to see his friend, for he knew that he, of all others, was the person Giulio wished to avoid. The wedding-day at last dawned, and Camillo and Giuliana were united; but Giulio had disappeared, and all efforts to find him proved fruitless. His father was in the deepest affliction, when at the end of a month he received the following letter:—

"Do not seek, my father, to find out my retreat: my resolution is inflexible, and nothing can alter it.—Dispose as you think fit of your wealth—for Giulio is dead to the world. It almost broke my heart to leave you thus abruptly, but I could not abide my horrible fate. Farewell; forget the unfortunate GIULIO."

This letter had no date. The unknown messenger had instantly disappeared. The marquis then questioned the monk, who alone might give some account of the fugitive; but neither prayers nor threats were of any avail to soften or intimidate the monk. He acknowledged he knew Giulio's abode, and that having found his young friend resolved and firm in the execution of his project, he had at last entered into it himself, though most unwillingly. "But no power on earth," he said, "would wrench from him a secret confided to his promised discretion." Giulio had gone to Naples, and thence to Messina, where he meant to enter a convent of Dominicans, of which his tutor and confessor had often spoken. Father Antonio, the superior of this convent, was too enlightened and pious a man to take advantage of the fevered fancy of this young man, and he therefore refused to excuse Giulio from the year of his novitiate. Giulio was therefore obliged to submit to this trial; but his determination remained unchanged. He was under the influence of a strange superstition, and thought that the monastic life alone could shield him from the dreadful fate predicted by the Sybil, whose words still rung in his ears—"Love without bounds! sacrilege! murder!" A convent seemed his only escape from love and crime. Poor wretch! as if the walls, the vows, or the regulations of a cloister, could change the destiny of a man!

(Napoleon articulated these last words with a tone of the deepest conviction, as if he applied them to others than the hero of his story; and then, noticing the impatient curiosity and attention of his listeners, he proceeded.)

The year of the novitiate expired. Giulio took the vows, and fancied himself happy; at least he was relieved from the torture he had hitherto endured. The idea of the sacrifice he had made, did not for one instant cloud his present happiness; but, the very evening of that solemn day, as he was returning to his rest, one of his brother monks took him by the hand, and said affectionately:—

"Brother, it is for ever!"

These words "for ever" struck Giulio. How powerful is the influence of a word on a weak and superstitious mind! This seemed to disclose to Giulio, for the first time, the extent of his sacrifice. He considered himself as already dead; as one for whom time was no more.—He fell into a deep melancholy; and his life even seemed a burden to him. Father Antonio saw, with great compassion, the unhappy state of the young man.—His being unhappy was a sufficient claim on the superior's pity; and thinking occupation might be of service to him, and knowing his power of eloquence, he named him preacher to the convent. His fame was soon spread abroad, and crowds came to listen to the young and handsome preacher; and probably the mystery in which he was shrouded, made him still more interesting. The time was approaching for the grand festival, which the King of Naples and his court were to honour with their presence. Giulio was selected to pronounce the panegyric of St. Thomas, the patron saint of the convent. The day at last came round, and the church was thronged. As Giulio passed through the crowd, on his way to the pulpit, his cowl fell back and disclosed his face. At this moment he heard a voice exclaim—

"My God! how handsome he is!"

He turned in astonishment, and saw a woman whose eyes were fixed on him with the most penetrating expression. This one instant is sufficient to alter the existence of these two beings.—Giulio preached his sermon; and as soon as he was free, he shut himself up in his cell; but he could no longer master his own thoughts. He was pursued by the image of the beautiful unknown. Agitated, restless, tormented by feelings entirely new to him, he could find no repose; and yet his very life seemed to date from the moment he heard that voice which had thrilled to his heart. He dare not think of futurity. Alas, his fate is fixed irrevocably. Every morning he performs the service, and every morning he notices a veiled woman occupying the same place. He recognizes her, but does not wish to see her features—for then he must avoid her—but he fixes his eyes on the veil; he follows every motion of its wearer, and almost sees the very beating of her heart, and his responds

to hers. Too weak to fly from the danger, he fears to examine his own heart; his whole life consists of a few fleeting minutes while she is present: he breathes the rest of the day in a complete void—yet he would fly!

"If she is at church to-morrow, I will not go there again!"

Thus determined, he thinks himself secure, and is somewhat tranquilized. The next morning he went to church earlier than usual;—she was not there! When the service was over, he approached her seat, and seizing her prayer-book, opened, and read on the title-page the name of Theresa!—Now he can call her by name; he can repeat that loved name at every instant.

"Theresa! Theresa!" murmured he, as if fearing to be heard, though quite alone.

As she did not appear Giulio did not scruple to repair to the church; but days and weeks elapsed, and still Theresa was absent. Theresa, wife of an old man who she loved as her father, was happy in the fulfilment of her duty, and dreamt not of felicity beyond her lot. She saw Giulio, and her peace was destroyed. The feelings of Theresa were so warm, that her first love would inevitably determine her future life.—She adored Giulio. Hitherto her husband had been the confidant of her most secret thoughts; but she never spoke to him of Giulio. This mystery was painful to her, and seemed to condemn her in her own eyes. She felt there was a danger to avoid, and she had the courage to refrain from going to the church. Hoping to overcome the feelings which still swayed her, she determined to confess herself, and for this purpose selected the church of the Dominicans: choosing a moment when she thought Giulio was occupied, she repaired to the confessional, and there on her knees related all that she had felt since the festival at the convent: the pleasure inspired by Giulio's presence; the remorse which followed the pleasure; the courage she had had to refrain from visiting the church, but she found her courage would fail.

"What must I do?" she exclaimed. "Oh, father, pity a poor sinner."

Her tears fell in torrents—her agitation was terrible. Scarcely had the words escaped her lips, when she heard a threatening voice exclaim,—

"What! guilty woman, a sacrilege!"

Giulio, for fate had that day appointed him to be confessor, sprung from his concealment. Theresa, still kneeling, stopped him, held his dress, and besought him to retract the curse he had uttered. She implored him to do so in the name of her salvation; in the name of her love. Giulio faintly pushed her from him.

"Theresa, Theresa," he said at last, "begone, begone, or my courage and resolution will fail."

At these words Theresa threw herself on his bosom, and pressed him in her arms.

"Tell me," she cried, "oh, tell me, ere I go, that thou lovest me!"

Giulio, terrified, and almost frantic, trembling for fear of being seen, for one instant returned her caresses, and pressed her to his heart; and then remembering the words of the Sybil, he swears to leave her, to fly from her for ever, and, without explaining himself, requires the same oath from Theresa, who, absorbed in the indulgence of her hidden love, scarcely understands him, and consents to all he dictates. What does she care for his language? he loves her, she is sure to see him again; is not that all sufficient? Giulio, left to himself and his own reflections, dares not think of his imprudence; but it is too late to avoid the danger he could not escape from. His destiny he feels already: a love without bounds; and already is the sacrilege committed. Did he not acknowledge his love in that very church where he abjured the world for ever. Yet he has sworn never again to see Theresa. How strange the inconsistency of our hearts! what should be our punishment often times is our consolation; but Giulio, in that painful struggle, has but the alternative of misery. Theresa is less alarmed: she is a woman; Giulio loves her—has told her so; she defies the power of destiny; she thinks with delight over her rapid moments of happiness—such an hour brings a dearer remembrance than a whole life without love. She does not recollect her promise to avoid Giulio. She returns to the church; she sees Giulio, who seems likewise to have forgotten his oath. All his thoughts are absorbed by his affection; and when he gazes on Theresa, the universe disappears from his view. They abstained, however, from holding any conversation together. Giulio, during Theresa's absence, was a prey to bitter and unceasing remorse; but one glance at her lovely face recalled his love and his delusion. At length he determined to bid her an eternal farewell. There lived near the convent a poor woman and her children, who subsisted on Theresa's charity. Little Carlo, one of the children, often followed her, carried her prayer-book, and knelt in church by her side.

Giulio, fearing to approach Theresa himself, sent Carlo to tell her that Father Giulio would expect her in the church at seven o'clock that evening. What a day did Giulio spend! He shuddered at the idea of being



left alone with Theresa. He dreads his courage failing him at the moment of parting, and feels he never can make up his mind to leave. He determines to write to her instead of seeing her, and Carlo is commissioned to give her his letter as soon as she enters the church. When Theresa received his first message she was very much agitated.

"What can he want of me," she said, "we were so happy!"

However, she failed not to repair to the church at the appointed hour. Carlo gave her the letter; she opened it with a trembling hand, but what was her despair when she read the following lines:—

"Fly! imprudent woman! and come not to profane this holy place—banish a remembrance which destroys thy peace—I never loved thee; I will never see thee again."

These words fell like a death blow on Theresa's heart. She was seized with a violent fever, and her life was in danger. The name of Giulio was constantly on her lips, but love shielded her even in the paroxysms of delirium. This beloved name was never uttered aloud; though from time to time she murmured,—"I never loved thee!"

Has Giulio meanwhile his peace of mind?—Has he stifled the voice of conscience?—No! His life is miserable. After telling Theresa he did not love her, he indulged his fatal passion without restraint. The letter he wrote was so terrible an effort that he thought it a sufficient sacrifice.

Oh! Theresa, hadst thou known how much that letter cost to the unhappy Giulio, his grief would have moderated thine!

Giulio was a prey to dreadful anxiety. Three months had elapsed and he had heard nothing from Theresa. Time only seemed to increase his love, and he avoided the society of men more than ever. Pleading his delicate health as an excuse, he begged Father Ambrose to excuse him from all out-door duties. He remained all day in his cell, and at night roamed about the churchyard, yielding himself up to his disordered imagination; without sufficient courage to overcome his passion, or to submit to its dictates, and tormented by that cruel and agonizing uncertainty which wears out life without hope or remembrance.

Theresa's long illness terminated in a state of languor not less dangerous. She felt that she was dying, and wished to receive the last comforts of religion.—Her husband, who was fondly attached to her, was sure some secret grief was hastening her to her tomb; but he respected her silence and asked not one single question. He begged Father Ambrose, who was much respected, to pay Theresa a visit. Ambrose promised to do so; but some unfortunate circumstances preventing the fulfilment of his promise, he begged Giulio to go in his stead, to Lord Viraldi's (the husband of Theresa), to soothe the last moments of a dying person.

Alas! Giulio himself, a prey to the greatest affliction, had nothing but tears and sobs, and not one word of comfort to offer. He begged to be excused, but in vain. Ambrose insisted on his fulfilling this duty, and Giulio, forced to obey him, repaired to Lord Viraldi's. He was led into a darkened room, where several weeping friends surrounded a bed. As Giulio entered they all retired respectfully, and he was left alone the sick woman. Giulio, agitated by some presentiment, remained motionless.

"Father," said the dying woman, "is there any mercy in Heaven for a sinner?"

As she uttered these words, Giulio sprang forward and knelt by the bed. "Theresa! Theresa!" he exclaimed.

Who could describe their feelings? Any explanation was quite unnecessary.—They loved each other. Giulio told her all he had suffered on her account, and reproached himself with all her sufferings.

"Forgive me; Giulio is thine for ever!"

At these kind words Theresa seemed to revive: she could not speak, but she could gaze at Giulio; could hear his voice, could press his hand. So to die, seemed sweeter to her than life itself. Giulio clasped her in his arms; and willingly, most willingly, would have laid down his life for hers.

"Thou wilt live, wilt thou not? My voice is with thee, my own Theresa! Answer me: Am I never to hear thy dear voice again?"

His voice seemed to recall Theresa's feeble strength.

"I love thee, Giulio, I love thee," she faintly murmured.

In such conversation, time glided rapidly by; and nothing but the hope of again meeting, induced them at last to separate.—Theresa recovered her health, and Giulio spent a portion of every day with her; and in the sweet intimacy that ensued, Giulio seemed to forget both his scruples and remorse, thinking only of Theresa. He watched her gradual recovery with great interest. He did not dare offend her; he knew her life depended on him; and he chose to think it his duty to guard it.

Two years had elapsed since he left Rome. The anniversary of the day of the Sybil's prediction, he seemed particularly sad and gloomy. Theresa inquired the cause of his gloom. It was the first time she had ever questioned him. Now anxious to share all his griefs, she wished to know what caused them.

Giulio related to her his interview with the Sybil; his flight from his father's house. This recital brought back all those horrible thoughts he had long endeavoured to dispel; and, in a tone of horror, he exclaimed—

"Love without bounds! sacrilege! murder!"

Theresa was exceedingly agitated at his avowal; but the words "love without bounds," soothed and calmed her emotion—and when Giulio repeated "sacrilege! murder!" she softly murmured "Love without bounds!" hoping it would have the same effect on his mind as her's,—for love was everything with her.

Sometimes Giulio, carried away by his passion, gazed on her so ardently, that she feared to meet his eyes. Her heart would then beat wildly; she would shudder violently; and then a long and dangerous silence would follow those moments of impetuous feelings. However, they were as yet happy, for they were still innocent.

Giulio was obliged to leave Messina on some business of importance, confided to him by Father Ambrose: he could not bid farewell to Theresa in her person; and so he wrote to her, assuring her of his speedy return—but various things detained him a whole month from Messina. On his return he went instantly to see Theresa, and found her alone on a piazza overlooking the sea, absorbed in the contemplation of her lover.

Never had she appeared as lovely, as bewitching. For one moment he gazed on her with perfect ecstasy, but he could not resist his anxiety to hear his voice. He called her; she started, recognised her lover, and rushed into his arms!

Delighted with the affection she displayed, Giulio fondly embraced her; but, suddenly, he pushed her from him with horror, and fell on his knees, his hands clasped, his eyes fixed, and his whole body shook with agitation! His death-like paleness, his wild looks, all made this scene a terrible one to Theresa. She did not dare to approach, and, for the first time, was unable to share his feelings.

"Theresa," said he, at last, gloomily, "we must part!—you know not all you have to fear!"

She did not comprehend him, but endeavoured to calm his extreme agitation; but again he pushed her from him.

"In the name of Heaven," he exclaimed, "come not near me!"

Theresa remained motionless with terror. She could understand all the transports of love, but with its fury and impetuosity she was still unacquainted. Giulio, tired at her long silence, sprang suddenly up.

"To-morrow," he said, "my fate shall be decided!" and he left Theresa without waiting for her answer.

[The emperor repeated this scene with great energy. He never could have taken lessons from Talma, and he might have given them to this famous tragedian.]

The next day Theresa received the following note:—

"Theresa, I can never see you again! I am unhappy while with you; I know you cannot feel as I do. Theresa, you must be mine, but mine with your own free will. Never will I take advantage of your weakness. Yesterday you said it yourself. I left you because you had not said 'I will be thine.' However, ponder well ere you decide. We will be eternally lost. Oh, Theresa, how terrible are these words, 'eternal damnation'; even in your arms they would mar my happiness. No more peace on earth for us, and death, our only resource, will no longer be a refuge for us. To-morrow, if you wish to see me, (and you know on what conditions)—to-morrow, then, you must send Carlo to the church. If he brings your prayer-book, then I shall know you give me up; but should he come without the book, then, Theresa, you are mine for ever. For ever, it means for all eternity. How did I dare to pronounce it?—farewell."

Theresa, who was both gentle and timid, was very much alarmed by this letter. The words "eternal damnation" seemed some bitter, dreadful curse to her.

"Giulio," she cried, "we were so happy, why were you not satisfied?" She did not know how to act; and never again to see him was impossible; "and yet," she added, "he will be a prey to remorse. Giulio, you put your fate in my hands, for your dear sake I will sacrifice myself."

Carlo was sent to the church with orders to put the prayer-book on the chair which Theresa usually occupied.

As for Giulio, an increase of love, or an increase of remorse, has become absolutely necessary. Notwithstanding the violence of his passion, he could not make up his mind to possess Theresa without her own consent. Cruel as he was irresolute, he wished to make her solely responsible for the crime.

The church had long been deserted. Giulio was impatiently waiting for Carlo. At last he saw him walk up to Theresa's seat, and place the book on her chair. He lost all self control, and rushing towards Carlo, seized the book, returned it to the boy, and desired him to take it back to his mistress.

He remained a long while riveted to the spot, when his fate and that



of Theresa had, at last, been decided. At length, shaking off the gloom and confusion of his ideas, he left the church, murmuring to himself, "I will see her."

Carlo returned to Theresa and gave her the book, saying Father Giulio had sent it to her.

How great was Theresa's emotion. She knew she was again to see Giulio, and she determined to await his coming on the piazza where they had their last interview. At length he came, but sad, gloomy, and he approached her with a faltering step. Theresa read all that was passing in his mind. She had trembled at the thoughts of this meeting, and had the courage to refuse it; but when she saw the mournful countenance of the beloved of her heart, she thought only of comforting him. She neither trembled nor hesitated, but going up to him, said, in a low tone, "Giulio, I am thine!"

[Napoleon here made a pause, which, on paper, can only be expressed by a number of stars. He took advantage of this between acts to take breath for the grand catastrophe, and then continued his story as follows:—]

Giulio, filled with remorse, became gloomy and unsociable, even in Theresa's presence. Even her caresses had lost their charm and influence over him.—But Theresa's love had increased with her sacrifices, and she mourned in secret over the change so apparent in her lover. But she feared to complain, lest she should grieve or offend, and still indulged the hope of making him so happy, that he would forget all on earth but her. Giulio, instead of returning her affection, reproached her as the cause of his crimes and unhappiness.

"You seduced me, you ruined me," he exclaimed; "had it not been for you, I should still be innocent."

His visits became less frequent, and soon they ceased entirely. Theresa sent to him, went constantly to the church, and wrote to him every day; but Giulio had then left his cell, and her letters were all returned unopened.

But it soon became absolutely necessary that Theresa should see him. She had a secret to confide to him—alas! the secret of a mother. What was to become of her if Giulio abandoned her?

Hearing that Giulio was to perform divine service on the following Sunday, she determined not to neglect this opportunity of seeing him. It is no longer her life alone which depended upon him; and this idea inspired her with invincible courage. She meditates an important project. The two days before the one on which she was to see Giulio, are employed in preparing everything for her intended flight. The situation of the convent, built on the sea-shore, is all in her favour. As to their final destination, she does not even think of it. Giulio will decide that point, for Theresa is now indifferent to all on earth, save Giulio. She hired a small boat, and arranged every thing so secretly and prudently, that no one suspected her design, and her extreme agitation prevented her from thinking of any obstacles in the execution of her plan. The long and anxiously desired day at last dawned, and Theresa, wrapped in a long veil, entered the church, and placed herself near the altar. Giulio could not see her, while she could note his every action; and when the church was out she concealed herself behind a pillar near which he must pass on his way to the convent. She soon saw that his grief had not diminished: for his hands were crossed on his breast, and his head hung as if he were a prey to the deepest affliction.

Theresa gazed on him with great emotion. To ensure his peace, she would gladly have sacrificed her own life; but the innocent being to whom she was soon to give birth, claimed the protection of a father. She stood before Giulio.

"Stop," she said, "I must speak with you. You must listen to me. I will not leave you till you give me the key of the convent garden. I must have it. Oh, Giulio, it is not my life alone which you hold in your hand."

At these words, Giulio seemed emerging from some dreadful dream. "Unhappy woman," he shrieked; "what hast thou said? Away! leave this fatal spot."

But Theresa threw herself at his feet, and swore not to leave him till he had granted her request. All his efforts to escape from her are fruitless; a supernatural strength seems to animate and inspire her.

"Swear," she exclaimed, "swear to meet me in the garden at midnight."

A slight noise startled Giulio, and he gave her the key.

"At midnight," he said, and they parted.

At midnight, Theresa was in the garden. The night was very dark, and she feared to call lest she should be discovered. But some one approached; it was Giulio.

"What wouldst thou of me?" he said. "The moments are short; speak—cease this persecution, I pray thee; I can never make thee happy. Theresa, I adore thee, and without thee life is a burden; and when with thee my regrets are so keen—my despair thou hast witnessed. How often have I accused thee? but forgive, forgive me, dearest; it is

but right that I should punish myself; I have abandoned thee. Surely, this sacrifice will expiate my crime."

He stopped, almost suffocated by his despair. Theresa endeavoured to calm him, and to point out a brighter futurity.

"Giulio," she said, "had I only been concerned, I would not have dared to seek thee here. Like thyself, I fear not death; but the pledge of our love, Giulio, bids us live. Come, then, fear not—all is prepared for our flight."

Giulio, dreadfully agitated, suffered her to guide his faltering steps. A few moments more, and they will be united for ever. But suddenly Giulio tore himself from Theresa's encircling arms.

"No!" he exclaimed—"hence!" and he plunged a dagger in her heart!

(As he uttered these words, Bonaparte advanced towards the empress, as if in the act of drawing a dagger. The illusion was so complete, that the ladies in attendance threw themselves with shrieks of terror between their majesties. The emperor, like a consummate actor, continued his story, without appearing to remark the effect it had produced on his audience.)

Theresa fell, and Giulio was covered with her blood. He remained motionless, gazing wildly on his murdered love. It was near daylight; and the bell of the convent rang for morning service. Giulio raised the lifeless body of the woman who had so fondly loved him, and threw it into the sea; then, with a rapid step, he entered the church. His bloody dress—the dagger he held in his hand, all conspired to accuse. He passively submitted to be taken prisoner.—Giulio disappeared for ever!

The empress pressed Napoleon to add some details concerning Giulio's death; but the emperor laconically answered,

"The secrets of convents are impenetrable."

## OUR COUNTING-HOUSE.

BY W. E. LAMBERT.

A room with mahogany desks fitted up;  
Memoranda on file, all around spitted up;  
Brass railings, from which dingy curtains hang down;  
The once whitewashed ceiling, excessively brown;  
High stools, stuffed with straw for economy's sake;  
Of ink in huge inkstands, a little black lake;  
A worn-looking oilcloth is strained o'er the floor;  
A letter box covers a slit in the door;  
The windows, with putty, are rendered opaque,  
To rub a small peep-hole great pains you must take.  
If into this room—'tis a curious fact—  
The sun ever shines, he's ne'er caught in the act.  
But now for the live-stock: some four lazy elves,  
So idle, they're even a plague to themselves;  
To pretend to be busy, they make a great fuss;  
And it is for this reason I'm now scribbling thus.

**REASON.**—Reason exists within every breast; I mean not that faculty which deduces inferences from the experience of the senses, but that higher faculty, which, from the infinite treasures of its own consciousness, originates truth, and assents to it by the force of intuitive evidence, that faculty which raises us beyond the control of time and space, and gives us faith in things eternal and invisible. There is not the difference between one mind and another, which the pride of philosophy might conceive. To Plato or Aristotle, to Leibnitz and Locke, there was no intellectual functions conceded which did not belong to the meanest of their countrymen. In them there could not spring up a truth which did not equally have its source in the mind of every one. They had not the power of creation; they could but reveal what God has implanted in the breast of every one. On their minds not a truth could dawn, of which the seed did not equally lie in every heart.

**GREAT TALENTS.**—Great talents are generally attended with a proportionate desire of exerting them; and, indeed, were it otherwise, they would be, in a great measure, useless to those who possess them as well as to society. But while this disposition generally leads men of high parts and high spirit to take a share in active life, by engaging in the pursuits of business, there are, amidst the variety of human characters, some instances in which persons eminently possessed of those qualities give way to a contrary disposition. A man of an aspiring mind and sensibility, may, from a wrong direction, or a romantic excess of spirits, find it difficult to submit to the ordinary pursuits of life. Filled with enthusiastic ideas of the glory of a general, a senator, or a statesman, he may look with indifference, or even with disgust, on the less brilliant, though perhaps not less useful occupations of the physician, the lawyer, or the trader.



## THE HEROINE OF WARSAW;

OR, THE EMPEROR'S VICTIM.

(Concluded from our last.)

The heart of Roxalina beat with anxious expectation as she read aloud:—

"To my old, and valued friend, Kilieski,—Two years have now passed since I, with thousands of my fellow countrymen, were driven by desolating war from our native land; in that brief period, how great, how many have been my sufferings none can tell; but my sorrows have passed, and the once wretched Sobieski is now the happy, and envied husband, of the beautiful, and bountiful Lady Cicelia ———."

"Yes, Kilieski, one of Briton's fairest daughters has laid her heart and fortune at the feet of a Polish exile. Angelic being! untainted by the pride which seeth not aught that is good or great among the sons of adversity—she has become mine for ever."

"Generous friend, by whose kind advice and counsels have I alone risen to be superior to the most humble of my countrymen, methinks I now see the joyous smile that lights up your generous countenance as you read this. But I have more to tell you; my beloved wife, anxious to prove the interest she feels for the welfare of the natives of our poor, lost Poland, has so far exerted her influence over the most wealthy of her sex, that she has succeeded, aided by their generosity, in raising the sum of 2,000*l.*, which is to be divided among a given number of our brother exiles."

"To you and your amiable child she sends the enclosed draft for one hundred pounds, as a memento of respect to her husband's dearest friend; she has also obtained for you the situation of secretary to Lord D——, which I am well aware you are competent to fill."

"You may expect a visit in a few days from one who is still proud to acknowledge you as his best friend and adviser."

"Yours, ever,  
"SOBIESKI."

"This is indeed unexpected happiness, dear father," exclaimed Roxalina, as a tear of joy beamed in her mild blue eye; "and Herbert Glenville will find me not a beggar!"

"Herbert Glenville! child! surely you have forgotten him!"

"No—no—father, I have not—cannot! This very morning have I seen him—heard his loved voice!"

Kilieski gazed anxiously in the face of his child, for he feared her senses were wandering.

"Thy look, dear father, would imply that you doubted me."

"Nay, nay, my child, I do not."

"Then why that anxious gaze?"

"Meanest thou the Herbert Glenville that thou once knew in our prosperity?"

"I do, dear father."

Roxalina then related all she knew concerning the meeting of the former, and also of the generous sympathy of the stranger, Rachel.

"And this from one of a creed which we are taught to hold so lightly?"

"That I know not, dear father; for she of whom I speak seemeth not to be of that persuasion."

"Be that as it may, my dear Roxalina, she has indeed proved herself a Christian."

"She has indeed, dear father; and from this hour henceforth, be my station in life what it may, I shall be proud to call her friend."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Belinda had recovered from the state of insensibility into which she was been thrown by the intelligence given by her husband, she gazed wildly around her; the gloom of the chamber added to the gloom of her mind.

"Cedric—husband of youth," said she, "are you near me?"

"She heard not a sound in answer to her question; again she repeated the question, and again all was silence."

"Mercy! mercy!" she exclaimed; "am I then grown so hateful to his sight that he stays not even to upbraid me?"

A low, but deep stifled groan now burst upon her ear.

"Great God!" she cried, "can this be the workings of a guilty conscience, or is it the gloom of midnight that fills my brain with fearful fantasies?"

At that moment the dark cloak which had hitherto veiled the moon, passed away, and her bright silver light shed its rays full into the chamber. Judge the surprise of Belinda upon beholding her husband seated in the recess of its gothic window.

"Cedric," said she, "speak to me, I conjure you!"

Still he answered not. She approached the window, and soon became satisfied that his senses were locked in sleep.

"What will become of me!" she exclaimed; "all is discovered, and he will surely punish me for my base ingratitude."

The governor had watched with fearful anxiety for the recovery of his faithless partner; he did not dare to trust himself to believe her innocence, and yet the knowledge that Montreigor was known to her at the birth of his child, filled him with a thousand conflicting emotions, overcome by which, sleep had brought some slight relief; but even in dreams his mind was filled with the conflicting ideas which harassed him in his waking moments.

The voice of Belinda had partially but not entirely broken his slumber, and he exclaimed,—

"Should I prove her false, by Heaven she shall not live a single hour to triumph in the misery she has brought. And that traitor too; his life shall pay the forfeit—but, no, no, it cannot be—she is the soul of innocence."

"Would to Heaven!" murmured Belinda, "that my wretched bosom had never known guilt; but for thee, Montreigor, even now, in the presence of my husband, does my heart cling to thee."

"Then I do not dream," called Cedric, starting from his sleep, and seizing Belinda by the throat, dashed her with violence against the ground.

The shrieks of the latter brought many of the domestics to the chamber, the foremost amongst which was Emily.

"Dare not to enter here," said the governor, addressing the latter; "you have assisted in my dishonour. Yes, yes; too plainly does the truth now flash across my mind. Blind, trusting fool that I am! but I will be revenged."

"Thou art hasty, good master," said Emily; "see, see, blood is flowing from the head of my beloved mistress."

"Blood! blood!" echoed the governor, standing aghast; "good God, it is the life stream of my beloved, adored Belinda!" thus saying, he dashed himself wildly upon the ground beside her.

Emily, followed by other domestics succeeded in raising the bodies of their prostrate master and mistress. On raising the governor, they discovered to their dismay, that his temple had come in contact with the foot of a richly carved side-table, and the blood issuing in fearful streams from the wound; he was totally insensible.

Belinda was but slightly injured, though the concussion she had received in the fall, had occasioned her to bleed copiously from the mouth. Medical assistance was immediately procured, and the wound of the governor was pronounced to be highly dangerous.

Painful indeed are the pangs of conscious guilt. Gladly would the wretched Belinda have changed her lot with the most wretched of her sex, for the consciousness of innocence.

Emily, who had not left the side of her mistress, saw the painful conflict her mind was undergoing.

"Weep not, my dear lady," said she; "things may yet be better."

"Oh, Emily, my heart will surely break," replied Belinda.

"But you must endeavour to forget the past, for which there is now no help."

"Would to Heaven I could; but ———"

"Pardon me, my lady, for interrupting you, but you seem to have forgotten ———"

"What, Emily?"

"The sorrows of others in your own."

"Montreigor, you mean, Emily."

"I do, my lady."

"And what of him?"

"You surely would not leave him to his fate?"

"Alas! it is not in my power to save him," said Belinda.

"And why not, my lady?"

"I have no power without my husband's aid, and that I dare not seek."

"But would you save him, were it in your power?"

"Doubt it not, Emily."

"And could you place sufficient confidence in me, my dear mistress, to act in accordance with my wish?"

"Yes, yes, my faithful Emily, and joyfully," said Belinda.

"Listen then, dear lady."

"I'm all attention."

"Hush, hush, my lady; surely that was the step of the governor."

Belinda listened with breathless anxiety.

"'Twas but a passing sound, my lady; I, for the moment, forgot the governor lay senseless."

"Speak, speak, Emily! what wouldst thou advise?"

"Peter has informed me, my lady, Montreigor has no chance of escaping from the charge which is brought against him, and he now lies heavily ironed in the prison."

"Alas!" groaned Belinda; "to what wretchedness has my love for him driven him and me. And we are not the only sufferers—Cedric, my kind protector and husband, can never again know happiness."



"Dwell not on that, my lady; if you would save him whom you love; let not an instant be lost."

"What wouldst thou have me do then?"

"Send immediately to the gaoler, and inform him, as from the governor, that he will visit the prisoner Montreigor, at midnight."

"But how can this ensure his safety?"

"Expecting the governor," replied Emily, "they will not detect the cheat until it has succeeded."

"Thou surely forgettest, Emily, that the place is not known to me?"

"True; but you shall hear it."

"Proceed."

"I would propose, my lady, that at the hour of midnight you assume the cloak and hat of my master—you will then readily gain admittance to Montreigor."

"Ah!"

"As the governor, none will dare to question you."

"Speak on, Emily; you have filled me with new life."

"By taking precaution, you may make known to him your disguise; desire him to follow you immediately—there are none that will dare to stay you."

"That may be true, Emily; but even should that succeed, my husband must discover it, and my life would become a forfeit to his revenge."

"But if thou lovest him and thy child, thou wouldst fly with him even now, were he free."

"God have mercy on my guilty soul. He knows I would sacrifice every hope of happiness to rescue him."

"There is not an instant to be lost."

"But whither can we fly, Emily?"

"There are vessels ever ready to leave the island, my lady, and ere there is any possibility of being discovered, you may be miles distant from their search."

"Wilt thou accompany me, Emily?"

"Willingly, my lady."

Belinda instantly despatched a messenger to the keeper of the prison, to inform him that the governor intended to visit the prisoner at midnight, as he had questions of importance to ask him.

Thus far prepared, Belinda again sought the chamber of the governor. His senses were again returning; he fixed his eyes upon her, and exclaimed,—

"A fevered dream haunts my imagination. Thou knowest not how in thought I have injured thee, Belinda."

"Endeavour to compose yourself," replied his wife; "you are ill, very ill, and —"

"I know it, I feel it, Belinda; and worse than all, my dreams appear to be as wretched reality."

Fortunately for both parties, a physician entered the chamber.

"Pardon me, my lady," said he, "but it is absolutely necessary that my patient be kept perfectly quiet. I must entreat of you to withdraw." Emily did so; but at departing she cast a look of sorrowing regret upon the form of her husband.

"I have been the cause of this," she mentally exclaimed, as the conflicting emotions of duty to her husband and love for her paramour filled her heart with painful anxieties, which language cannot paint.

"I am desired," said the gaoler, entering the cell of Wetchmateusch, "to inform you that the governor has signified his intention of visiting you here at midnight."

"Ah, say you so? then he has discovered all."

"I know not what he has discovered; but of that he will doubtless inform you."

"Answer me one question I entreat of you."

"What is it?"

"Do you know —?"

"I know nothing," replied the gaoler, doggedly, and on the next instant the ponderous door swung upon its hinges.

"I tremble, I am indeed a coward," said Wetchmateusch; "and I fear not half so much the blow of the executioner as I do the vengeance of the injured husband of Belinda. But my poor child—my Rachel—she will be left without a father; but the faithful Alexander will with his life protect her."

Buried in such like thoughts, hour after hour passed away, when he was suddenly aroused from his reverie, by the entrance of the supposed governor. His brain swam—he feared to raise his eyes towards him. Judge then his surprise, when the stranger advancing towards him, held forth a hand of welcome.

"But I must not trust my feelings," said Wetchmateusch; "it can be but mockery."

"Aaron, dost not know me?" said the stranger.

"God of my fathers!" he exclaimed; "can it be possible that I see before me my much beloved Belinda?"

"Softly, softly," said she; "speak not, lest I be discovered."

"And wherefore art thou here?"

"To save thee."

"Ah!"

"To fly with thee, Aaron."

Aaron looked despondingly at the manacles which bound him, and sighed deeply.

"They shall be removed," said Belinda, and departing, she again returned, accompanied by the gaoler; she spoke not, but pointed to the fetters which bound her lover.

The gaoler asked not a question, but seeming to comprehend her meaning, instantly removed them.

Belinda held up her hand to denote silence.

"There is no fear, governor, of the prisoners in the adjoining cell overhearing you," said the gaoler; "they sleep soundly."

Belinda answered not, but beckoning Wetchmateusch to follow, bent low her head to avoid detection, and in a few minutes they were without the prison walls.

"God of Abraham be praised!" exclaimed Aaron; "once more do I scent the air of liberty; but for thee, my beloved Belinda, I should still bear the galling chain, and a prison's gloom."

"Aaron," said Belinda, sorrowfully; "my husband has detected my guilt, and now lies nigh unto death."

"And what, my loved preserver, can now shield us from further danger?"

"Flight! flight! but thou must tarry here awhile; the faithful Emily has promised to share with me my struggles."

"But Wetchmateusch is now a beggar," said he, mournfully.

"Name it not," replied Belinda; "I have still in my possession the means of procuring safety."

"My tongue falters, Belinda; it refuses to breathe to thee the feelings of my heart."

On the next instant Aaron found himself alone, and leaned against a wall for support, for his strength seemed to have forsaken him.

"Summon hither thy mistress!" said the governor, addressing an attendant.

"She is from home!" replied the latter.

"From home! and at this hour!"

"Yes; she left at an early hour, attended by her maid."

"And left she no word for me?"

"None, good master."

"Ah! then, my dreams are sad realities; and the wound?" said he, placing his hand to his head; "how came I by it?"

His attendant then related the circumstance of his being carried senseless from the chamber of his lady.

"Bring hither my cloak," said he; "and though death overtake me on the way, I will seek the author of my misery. I will to the gaol!"

Vainly did his attendant entreat of him to wait a few hours for the return of his lady.

"No, no," said he; "I will be revenged on one."

The attendant, fearing to disobey, assisted him in preparing for his departure. A conveyance was speedily in readiness, and the governor in a short time arrived at the prison.

"Convey me instantly," said he to the gaoler, "to the traitor Montreigor!"

"He has not yet returned!" replied the gaoler, in surprise.

"Returned! what meanest thou? dost thou mock me?"

"On my life, he has not returned!"

"Returned!" again screeched the governor; "dost thou mean to tell me he has been liberated?"

"I do not understand," said the gaoler; "did you not take him hence yourself at midnight?"

"Liar! fool! thou knowest well I did not," returned the governor.

The gaoler gazed earnestly at the governor, and seeing his pale and swollen features, at once concluded that by some strange circumstance his brain had been affected.

"Convey me to the traitor instantly," again said the governor; "or your life shall pay for this trick of treachery!"

"Pardon me, your excellency," said the gaoler; "but if you inquire of your servant Gaspard, he will remind you of the message you sent me by him!"

"For what?"

"To inform me that you would visit the prisoner!"

"Well, well," returned the governor, pressing his brow; "it must be that my senses still delude me!"

"It must be so, your excellency; for I, at your request, struck off the prisoner's manacles!"

The governor stood as a figure changed to stone: he moved not—spoke not. At length a deep sigh burst from his agonised heart, and he fell heavily upon the pavement of the prison.

From the violence of the fall the blood gushed in streams from the



wound he had before received, and the gaoler, upon raising him, to his horror found him a lifeless corpse.

In the evening Roxalina joyfully bent her steps to the house of her new friend Rachel: with what different feelings did she now enter it to those of the morning, and the bright dark eye of Rachel seemed to light up with joy at her approach.

"Never," said she, addressing Roxalina, "did I receive one of my sex with such infinite pleasure."

"I thank you," replied Roxalina; "and must now beg of you to receive the trifle which your generosity prompted you this morning to offer me."

"Nay, nay, I cannot accept it again," said Rachel.

"But, for the present, I have little use for it," rejoined Roxalina.

"Ay, say you so? right happy am I to hear it," returned her friend.

"As I shall henceforth consider you as a dear friend," said Roxalina, "you must allow me to make of you a confidante, into whose keeping I can freely give my most secret thoughts."

"Willingly, willingly, my dear girl, if you consider me as a stranger worthy of it."

"I do, I already feel a reciprocity of sentiment between us."

"Then may I with truth say, that this day is the happiest I have yet spent."

"But of Herbert Glenville?" demanded Roxalina, timorously; "he seems to be no stranger to you."

"I could wish he was!" said Rachel, earnestly.

"Indeed! and why?"

"Because I have loved him, dear friend."

"And has he proved himself unworthy of that love?" said Roxalina, as a burning glow suffused her cheek.

"He has not; but he has acknowledged to me that from the first hour he met you in your native land, he loved you; and I scorn," said she, "to fill the heart at whose shrine the affection of another maid has been sacrificed."

"But that sacrifice," returned Roxalina, "was a willing one—unasked, unsought."

"Even so, dear girl; although Herbert Glenville had sought me this day as the partner of his future life, I have loved him too deeply to wish, for one moment, that he should banish from his heart the idol which first love had formed."

"Noble, generous-minded being," said Roxalina; "I am, indeed, happy in having found such a friend!"

Each succeeding hour seemed to strengthen the attachment of the two friends, and ere they had parted for the evening, Rachel had confided to Roxalina thoughts and feelings which she had never before expressed.

We will now return to Herbert Glenville: pecuniary matters had occasioned his first visit to the house of Alexander Solomons, father to Israel Solomon, the present protector of Rachel. Naturally an admirer of female beauty, he soon became enamoured of the handsome Rachel, and to facilitate his visits, he professed a friendship for Alexander he did not feel.

The latter, not suspecting his intention, readily acquiesced in receiving him as a friend. Thus thrown into the society of Rachel, he found ample means of ingratiating himself with her.

Well pleased with his frank and open bearing, she had bestowed upon him her affection, ere she was aware of it.

The sudden death of Alexander Solomons gave so severe a blow to the young and affectionate Rachel, that it laid her on a bed of sickness; during this period she had received every attention from Herbert, and, on her recovery, his agreeable and pleasing conversation tended materially to lessen the severity of her sorrow.

It may be well to inform our readers, that, at that period, she believed herself to be the daughter of Alexander Solomons; and it was not until some months after his decease, that she, by perusing some of his documents, discovered the exact position she held in his family, and that he in reality was the child of Aaron Wetchmateusch.

This intelligence gave Rachel much pain, as she now considered she had ever been a dependent upon the being whom she had hitherto looked upon as a parent.

"Can it be," said she, "that I am but a child of shame and misery? Is it that my parents are so situated that they dare not acknowledge me? be it as it may, I am here a child of mystery." Here, overpowered, he burst into tears.

At that instant Israel Solomon the younger, brother of her deceased protector, entered the apartment.

"Do I find you again in tears, my dear Rachel," said he; "will you ever cease to be sad?"

"I have here," said she, pointing to the document, "a new source of sorrow: but leave me, my heart is sad."

"No, no, dear girl, I will not leave you in your grief."

"I can but thank you for your good wishes, Israel, but when you are acquainted with its cause, perhaps you will be less willing to share it with me."

"Tell me, tell me," said he, "to what you allude. Dere can be noting dat will make me tink de less of you dan I as a broder always have done."

"Hear me then, Israel," returned Rachel, and related to him the discovery she had made: but to her surprise she found Israel was no stranger to the intelligence. Of her, however, he knew nothing, as his brother had ever maintained a firm silence on the subject.

"But dry your tears, my dear girl!" said he; "my poor brother Alexander has provided bountifully for you, and you will ever find a friend in poor Israel Solomon!"

Kilieski had now entered upon his new engagement; Rachel and Roxalina had become inseparable companions: on all but one subject they seemed to share each other's confidence, and on that point each seemed diffident to speak, namely, that of Herbert Glenville.

Both seemed to suppose that did they converse concerning him, it would give the other pain; and, strange to say, since his first meeting with Roxalina, he had not again visited the residence of the Jew.

The young friends were one evening conversing together, when their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Israel, who bore a packet in his hand.

"Dear Rachel," said he, "here are letters from Herbert Glenville; the bearer desired me to inform you, that the writer will shortly follow them."

"Thank Heaven!" replied Roxalina, "I shall then once more behold him I have loved so long, so ardently."

"Yes, my dear girl," returned Rachel; "this I trust will prove he is worthy of your affection."

Breaking open the seal of the packet, she exclaimed, with surprise, "What can this mean? it is directed to Alexander, my foster parent!"

"Is it possible?" replied Israel, in surprise; "surely dere must be shome mistake!"

"I know not why," said Rachel, "but I at this moment feel assured it is concerning me!"

"Perhaps it's concerning de bonds, Rachel: but we will shoon be convinced."

Opening the letter, he read aloud,—

"To my friend, Alexander Solomon.

"The God of our fathers has not forsaken me, although I have wilfully transgressed his laws: years of sorrow and tribulation have I passed: the dungeon's gloom has been until this hour my cheerless abode. Belinda, the sharer of my guilt, (but why say I of guilt? she was the mother of my beloved child, whom I trust still lives beneath thy generous care, and whom I soon hope to greet with a fond embrace) who rescued me from the power of my merciless enemy, Mark Kloeer, and fled with me from her native land, became a prey to the merciless fury of the waves; and I, Aaron, dashed rudely on the rocks on which the fated vessel struck —"

"Merciful Heaven!" interrupted Rachel; "thou redest, then, of the author of my birth!"

"Strange, strange, indeed, dear Rachel: but interrupt me not."

He then continued,—

"Hunger and thirst I suffered long: at length came some to relieve me from my danger:—kind souls, they bore me to their home—clothed me, and dressed my aching wounds: but sorrow came quickly on me: the treacherous Mark Kloeer still followed my steps as a thirsty blood-hound tracks his victim, and at the moment when I dreamed my sorrows passed, I was seized, bound in chains, and conveyed to my native land & wretched and degraded son of sorrow. I will not pain thee, generous friend, by a recital of my sufferings—they were not generous enough to take my life; but I am free—freed by the strong arm of a young and generous Christian, who, until the hour of my deliverance, was a perfect stranger; he has promised to convey this to you, and, firmly relying upon his kindness, I feel confident it will reach your hand. Believe me, dear friend, with lasting gratitude,

Yours, AARON WETCHMATEUSCH."

"Yes, yes, 'tis from my persecuted parent!" said Rachel, "how deeply then, am I indebted to his generous preserver."

"It indeed gives me happiness," returned Roxalina, "to find you have at length discovered your parent; and fancy whispers his preserver is no stranger to us."

"Think you so, my dear girl! but would to Heaven your surmise were true; to whom can you allude?"

"Herbert Glenville," interrupted Roxalina; "did not Israel say the packet came from him?"



"True, true," said Rachel, hastily breaking the seal of the remaining note, and read,—

"My dear Rachel,

"Circumstances, which will take hours to narrate, have prevented me holding correspondence with you; I will now only inform you that chance has introduced me to a young soldier, who has been instrumental in saving the life of a friend of the worthy Alexander Solomon; and that individual being unacquainted with his death, had given to his care the letter which I now enclose to you.

"Yours, with unalterable friendship,

"HERBERT GLENVILLE."

"Too plainly now do I see," sighed Roxalina, "that he has forgotten me."

"If he has forgotten thee, dear girl," replied Rachel, taking her hand affectionately, "he is no longer worthy of my friendship."

Vainly did Roxalina endeavour to hide her vexation and disappointment; the colour fled her cheek, and had it not been for the attention of her friend, she must have sunk to the earth.

By some untoward circumstances, the letters had been delayed; for scarcely had Roxalina recovered from her excited state of mind, when Herbert Glenville, leaning on the arm of a young soldier, entered the apartment.

Had Roxalina followed the impulse of her heart, she would have cast herself into his arms, but her pride triumphed; and casting a look of mild but offended dignity at Herbert, she was about to leave the chamber, when her eye accidentally caught those of the young stranger.

"Pardon me, dear lady," said he, but your likeness to the friend of my departed mother, induces me to break through the formal rules of society, and ask of thee thy name."

"My name is Roxalina Kilieski," curtsied she, gracefully.

"Can it be possible?" said he; "and dost thou not discover in me the companion of thy childhood's hours, Thadeus Sypniewski?"

"That name," returned Roxalina, bursting into tears, "brings to my heart scenes of my childhood's home, which nothing but death can cancel."

"Now, indeed," replied the young soldier, "am I well repaid for all my past sufferings, which have indeed been many. But thy father, dear girl?"

"Is at this moment," rejoined Roxalina, with a conscientious glow of pride, "the chosen friend and confidant of a noble peer, who has the wrongs of Poland at his heart."

In a moment the breast of Herbert became filled with jealousy, and although he had neglected Roxalina, he now considered she was treating him unjustly: addressing his young friend, he exclaimed, "I would inform you, that however strong may be your friendship for this maiden, her heart has long been mine."

"Then thou art in possession of a prize," replied Thadeus, "to gain which, I would gladly forfeit wealth or fame."

"Whatever," said Roxalina, firmly, "may have been considered as a bond between us, you have cancelled by your cold neglect."

"Or rather," said Herbert, "thou hast learned the coquettish airs practised by your sex, with which you have caught the attention of my friend."

"Mr. Glenville," said Rachel, stepping forward, "I cannot thus hear you insult my young friend; and I would declare, in presence of this stranger, whom I believe to be the generous deliverer of my beloved parent, that as you have declared yourself my suitor, he has every right to solicit the affections of my friend, whom you neglected in her poverty."

"My thanks are due to you, generous lady," said Thadeus, "for your kind interference; but as our parents in our childhood taught us to look upon each other with affection, I need no new cause to plead it."

For a few minutes, Herbert Glenville seemed lost in amazement; at length, as if entirely forgetting the past, he exclaimed, "Roxalina surely will not leave us so?"

"No, I entreat of you, my dear girl," said Rachel, "you will not deprive me of your society;" and then, cursing to Thadeus, she continued, "I have this hour received intelligence that the life of my dear father has been saved by you, and for which I give you my hearty, sincerest thanks; but words cannot speak my feelings."

"Your father, dear lady?" said Thadeus, in surprise.

"Yes, generous youth," returned Rachel, "he who was my reputed father, and who is now gathered to his last home, was the friend of Aaron Wetchmateusch, who is in reality, my parent."

As Glenville listened to this, various emotions visibly disturbed his breast; but for a time, he spoke not.

"If," said Thadeus, "the persecuted being whom I have rescued from the hand of tyranny, be indeed thy parent, his happiness will indeed be great upon beholding thee; he informed me he had been blessed with a daughter, but that from her earliest infancy, he had seen her not, save in imagination."

"And knowest thou," asked Rachel, "where my father now stays?"

"I do not, lady; but doubtless, he is now journeying to thee. He has found a powerful friend in the Baron Kornfeldt."

All now seemed harmony and smiles; Roxalina seemed to have forgotten the cause of her excitement, and her mind reverted to childhood's happy hours. At length, Glenville rose to depart; Roxalina entreated of Thadeus that he would visit them on the morrow; "it will," said she, "be a real source of joy to my beloved father, to find one so dear to his associations had escaped the misery which has befallen most of our patriotic countrymen."

"No greater joy can be mine, dear girl," said the youth; and having promised to meet her on the morrow, he departed in company with Glenville.

To the surprise of Thadeus, Glenville continued in gloomy silence. "Are we not going the wrong road, my friend?" said the former.

"If you think so, you had better take the right," was the sullen reply.

"What means this sharp answer?" demanded Thadeus. "I have not given thee cause of offence."

"Thou hast given me too great cause."

"Indeed! how?"

"By robbing me of all that is dear to me," replied Herbert.

"Your words are a perfect mystery," replied Thadeus.

"As are your actions to me," said Glenville; "but do not expect to escape my vengeance."

"Surely thou art labouring under some illusion. I have not injured thee in word or deed."

"Of that I will tell thee more before we part," replied Herbert.

Thadeus scarce knew what to reply. They had now entered a path unfrequented (and which led through the Field of Forty Footsteps, where now stands the London University College). The moon was now shining brightly, and showed to the astonished eye of Thadeus, Glenville, drawing from beneath his vest, a short but glittering dirk, and ere he had time to utter a word, the latter caught him suddenly by the throat, and was in the act of striking, when his arm was suddenly arrested, the dirk wrested from his hand, and he was dashed with force upon the ground.

"Cowardly villain!" exclaimed the stranger, "thus to take advantage of a man unarmed. My friend and deliverer," continued the same voice, turning to Thadeus. "I thank Heaven it has been in my power to return some portion of the debt of gratitude I owe thee."

"Through what a wondrous chain of circumstances am I passing," said Thadeus. "Truly has it been said, that a good action never loses its reward."

"Had I a thousand lives," replied the stranger, who was no other than Aaron Wetchmateusch, "they would ill repay the service thou hast rendered me."

The name seemed to act like a mystic charm upon the heart of Glenville.

"Take—take my worthless life," said he, "I have injured him I ought to have befriended. I have trampled on the laws of gratitude and hospitality, and am no more worthy of life!"

"Rise, I entreat of you," said Thadeus; "I freely forgive you; but why did you seek my life?"

"The demon jealousy had taken possession of my brain, and now, too late, do I see my error."

"The error I believe to be more of the head than heart," returned Thadeus. "Let the past be forgotten, and to-morrow may bring a new day of happiness to all."

A month had elapsed since the above events. The heart of the exile was, indeed, made happy by seeing his child united to the object of her choice, while the persecuted Jew, who had paid the price of his error, was rendered happy by giving his Rachel to the noble youth who had so generously saved his life.

**PEDANTRY.**—Pedantry, in the common sense of the word, means an absurd ostentation of learning the stiffness of phraseology, proceeding from a misguided knowledge of books, and a total ignorance of men. But I have often thought that we might extend its signification a good deal farther, and in general apply it to that failing which disposes a person to obtrude upon others, subjects of conversation relating to his own business, studies, or amusements. In this sense of the phrase, we should find pedants in every character and condition of life. Instead of a black coat and plain shirt, we should often see pedantry appear in an embroidered suit and Brussels lace; instead of being bedaubed with snuff, we should find it breathing perfumes; and, in place of a bookworm crawling through the gloomy cloisters of an university, we should mark it in the state of a gilded butterfly, buzzing through the gay region of drawing-rooms.



## THE TWO KNIGHTS; OR, THE STRENGTH OF PASSION.

DURING the short and turbulent reign of good king Stephen, there lived two knights; the one named Stephen de Risboke, and the other Arthur, of Pontelle. They were both attached to the person of Stephen, and fought valiantly by his side until the utter failure of his cause, and he in the power of his enemies.

Being thus deprived of their master, and having no longer any cause in which they could draw their swords, they determined to retire to their own castles, and await a revolution in the times that might, by some chance of good fortune, cast their beloved master up again on the throne, and, perhaps, call upon them to draw their swords in his defence. This was the most pleasing vision of all, for they loved Stephen, for he had been a kind master to them; and, what was equal in their estimation, he was a brave knight and courageous soldier. But his cause was, for the present, lost, and they determined not to engage in any new contest which they thought would be a lessening of the friends of Stephen.

The two knights had often fought together, and surrounded each other in the time of need, and were firm and fast friends, and they travelled together for many miles of the road until they were compelled to part, but exchanged vows of friendship and promise of aid to each other, should either stand in need of it.

Thus they parted fast friends and allies, retiring to the homes of their childhood. It brought back many remembrances that had long lain dormant, for they had been many years now engaged in turmoil and strife, though both young.

They had been strangers ere they met at the court where they had been sent, under the patronage of a firm friend of Stephen, and at whose death they had become personal attendants upon the king, and escaped, by a miracle, the death that fell to the share of so many.

It was a curious coincidence that these two knights, so firm in friendship, should never have divulged to the other a passion that had taken possession of their hearts from their earliest days; had they done so, they would never have been the fast friends they had been, for both loved the same object.

But though they both adored the same lady, yet neither was aware of that fact.

Stephen of Risboke had been affianced to the lady Maud Beaucherc; he loved her tenderly, and his love was reciprocated; he was beloved in return. The lady was beautiful and amiable, and possessed of great wealth; she had been almost a playmate of Stephen; and, as they separated to practise different exercises, and he to become a valiant knight, their childish partiality assumed the shape of love.

Their parents were anxious that they should be betrothed, stipulating that they should be separated; and Stephen, himself, should be sent to court, where he might learn the usages of such a place, and become a good soldier and valiant knight.

"I will go," said Stephen, "and never shall the name of Maud Beaucherc, much as I love and adore her, be uttered by my lips in connection with my own until she shall say that I am in a condition to do so with honour. My name shall be sounded by fame, ere I let the world know I wear this white favour, for the sake of my beautiful and betrothed wife, Maud."

This resolution was approved of by the parents of both, and, indeed, by the lady herself, who was very young, but declared her affection unalterably fixed.

The adieu was an affecting one when Sir Stephen left Risboke. There were many sighs and tears on that occasion, a few vows and promises were uttered, and then the young knight departed on his journey.

Six years had now elapsed; and the time when the marriage was to be completed had been passed, for Sir Stephen could not, with honour, quit the side of his master, when he needed every spear that he could muster; and it was not until the present moment that he could withdraw himself from the strife that had shaken the kingdom from one end to the other.

Sir Arthur of Pontelle was likewise engaged, that is, his heart was another's, but yet he had never mentioned her name, and, as yet, he had not sought her love; he had not even approached her, and Maud knew as little of it as Stephen himself.

But Arthur of Pontelle had noticed Edith Beaucherc at several tournaments, and had bestowed one prize at her feet, when it was his good luck to win one; beyond that, no communication had ever passed between them; and Sir Arthur had made a mental determination that he would neither mention his love to the object of his affections, nor could he declare her name openly until he had won a name for himself as brave what one in his station could expect, and not even then without her consent.

This consent he had never obtained; and, now that he had quitted

court with much renown, and some wealth, he determined to make an attempt to obtain her love and the promise that she would permit him to be one of those who were most favoured by her favours, and that, in short, he might become her own true knight.

Little did he dream how he was doomed to be disappointed, how he was to suffer in mind, and how all the hopes he had been years in building into realities were suddenly to be dashed away, and his visions become so many dreams, dispelled by the morning's sun.

He had never heard her name mentioned by Stephen of Risboke, he had never seen him in her company, or that of her relations, and, of course, he knew not she was betrothed to his friend and fellow soldier.

He found means, soon after his return home, to obtain an interview, and pleaded his love to her in the warmest and most wooing terms, but it was in vain; what was the reason? Maud at once said, she was betrothed, and had been for years.

"For years!" exclaimed the knight; "may I inquire who it is that has the happiness of calling you his betrothed wife?"

"Sir Stephen de Risboke."

"The most Stephen de Risboke!" exclaimed the suitor, in amazement of the most painful nature.

"Do you know him, sir knight?" inquired Maud.

"I do, well; he is a valiant knight, and partizan of king Stephen."

"He was; but you will at once perceive the necessity for discontinuing your suit, since it can never be returned—it is in vain."

"In vain!" replied the knight, in despairing accents.

"Yes," replied Maud, "in vain."

"Can such love, lady, as mine, be in vain? Nay, be not disdainful, I do love, and if in vain I shall perish! Can the mere engagement made at a time when reason has no sway, but friends are then the directing power, cannot this be set aside for a passion like mine?"

"No," replied Maud; and without deigning to say one word, left the spot.

The knight looked after her, and with a bitter curse he rose from the kneeling posture he had assumed when supplicating her favour. For some moments he stood still, as if lost in bitter reflection, and his countenance assumed a more despairing and more haggard look.

"I will win her yet," he said, "but I will not woo her. She shall be mine, and yet I will not wed her. I must take some means of securing her, and if need be of disposing of Stephen of Risboke, should he be any stumbling block in my way, as perhaps he may."

Having thus made up his mind to this course, he quitted the spot, and then returned to his own castle, there to ruminate upon the mode and means by which he could put his design into execution.

He had with him several followers on whom he could well depend, men inured to war, and whose consciences were but little troubled at what they did, and would undertake any office by which they would come to money.

To these men, therefore, the knight determined to trust, to execute his commands, and having summoned them, he related to them what he desired; they were to disguise themselves, and conceal themselves in or about the Castle of Beaucherc, and when opportunity served, they were to carry off the Lady Maud Beaucherc.

This they promised to do as soon as any chance occurred of getting her away with safety to themselves, but to have a pursuit close after them would be to have themselves traced to the castle, and then bring down the vengeance of her retainers and friends.

"And if it did," replied the knight, "I have friends too, and would resist them. But you are right—do it with care and caution, and a large reward shall not fail to be yours."

Thus urged four men-at-arms set out for Beaucherc Castle, there to lurk about until they had the chance to commit the deed their master had commissioned them to execute.

Onward they sped cautiously upon their unholy errand, and succeeded in secreting themselves in the neighbourhood of the castle.

The day after their arrival was to be a grand festival, and a feast was to be held at the castle, for the Lady Maud was on that day to become the bride of her betrothed. Joy was upon every countenance, for every one loved the beauteous bride elect; her kindness to the poor—her gentleness to all, and her beauty and birth seemed to endear her to all who saw her.

The ruffians who were dispatched by the knight of Pontelle, no sooner heard these tidings than they saw there was no time to be lost, but they must do their master's bidding immediately, and they accordingly determined to go as some of the guests to the wedding, and tear her away from the arms of the bridegroom.

Force of course was out of the question, stratagem was all they could trust to, and all they intended to attempt.

That day all wore happy faces in the Castle of Beaucherc; Sir Stephen de Risboke had now attained the summit of his wishes—his happiness was complete, while the gentle Maud, like a blushing rose, gave her hand where her heart had long ago been given.



The bride had retired from the feasting and revelry, the bridegroom in vain sought an opportunity to follow her example, but he could not quit the great hall, where courtesy towards his guests detained him unwillingly enough.

Maud walked in a spacious court-yard to cool herself, for the halls were crowded with company, and the heat was great, for though the halls were lofty, yet they had but small accommodation for the escape of vapour, for their systems of defence induced them to make their windows small and narrow.

She had not been long here ere she was watched by the four ruffians, who had awaited their opportunity, and after a time one of them approached her, and delivered a message as from her lord, that he was walking in the forest glade hard by, with some knights, and he wished her to come and see a present he had received from a person of distinction, who lived in the neighbourhood.

Not dreaming of treachery, though the whole message was very impossible, she at once followed the footsteps of the supposed messenger, whom she desired would lead the way, and show her the spot where Sir Stephen was at the moment.

This scheme succeeded well—the others followed at a distance, and when fairly out of sight of the castle, they all closed in upon her, and bound and gagged her, making the best of their way to the castle of their base employer, which they contrived to reach early the next morning, before the country people were about.

Great was the consternation that reigned in the castle, when they found that Maud was missing; search was made for her in every direction, and the country was searched for some miles around, but to no purpose.

They were compelled to give up the search in despair, when suddenly Maud's waiting maid recollected the conversation that had taken place between her lady and Sir Arthur, which was suddenly broken off by her indignation at his proposals, and she also noticed the look he gave her mistress as she quitted the place, and at the same time the threat he had uttered half to himself, and half aloud.

The whole plot was now seen through, and every horse and man was instantly in motion. Many of the knights present buckled on their armour, and immediately commanded the whole of their attendants and tenants to join them, so that early next day they had plenty of men and horses, with whom they proceeded to the castle of the unworthy knight, whom they believed to have been the cause of the loss of the beautiful Maud Beaulere.

They contrived to gain other information on the road, which assured them of the correctness of their fears, that she had been carried off by the orders of Sir Arthur Pontelle.

They quickly surrounded the castle on all sides, and then summoned the owner to restore their lost bride to her bridegroom and friends, or else meet him in open combat.

Both these he declined, alleging that he was innocent of the charge, and he would not raise his sword against his friend; but Sir Stephen of Risboke denounced him as a forsworn and recreant knight, and threatened to break his spurs off his heels if he did not do one or the other.

The battle was fought between the two knights; Sir Arthur hoping and believing the chance of war would enable him to retain his prize, and free him from suspicion; but in this he was mistaken, for in the very first encounter he received a mortal wound, and ere he breathed his last, he confessed the truth, and informed them where they would find the fair captive.

The joy of all was great indeed,—but who can paint the happiness of the united pair? The feast and revelry lasted several days, and then all things were restored to their wonted tranquillity.

REFLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON IRVING ON AN ENGLISH COUNTRY CHURCH.—There are few places more favourable to the study of character, than an English country church. I was once passing a few weeks at the seat of a friend, who resided in the vicinity of one, the appearance of which particularly struck my fancy. It was one of those rich morsels of quaint antiquity which give such a particular charm to English landscape. It stood in the midst of a country filled with ancient families, and contained within its cold and silent aisles the congregated dust of many noble generations. The interior walls were incrustated with monuments of every style and age. The light streamed through windows dimmed with armorial bearings, emblazoned in stained glass. In various parts of the church were tombs of knights and high-born dames, of gorgeous workmanship, with their effigies in coloured marble. On every side the eye was struck with some instance of aspiring mortality, some haughty memorial which human pride had erected over its kindred dust in this temple of the most humble of all religions.

What men are deficient in reason, they generally make up in rage.

## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF LIFE.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.  
(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### THE LIBERAL PROMISES.

CHARLES HARGROVE was by no means anxious to annoy poor Harriet by a description of his day's disappointment; therefore, when they reached the little parlour where the family usually sat, he told her very briefly that he had been unsuccessful, adding, that he could hardly hope, the first day, to step into a situation, and that in all probability fortune would be more propitious soon.

"And you have had a long, weary day, dear Charles," said Harriet, "a day full of disappointments."

"Disappointments, certainly, dearest, I have had, but not altogether a very unhappy day—I had such a pleasant corner in my heart always to turn to, where such a sweet image was enshrined, that it was out of the power of circumstances to cast much gloom over my spirits. Ah, Harriet! love such as mine for you, encases the heart in triple steel against all the ordinary casualties of existence—it is a dear, a precious recompense for all evils. I should be a traitor to my affections, could I be very unhappy with such an one to love as you."

"Charles," replied Harriet, timidly, "I am yours, as you know, and yours only. But, now let me tell you of strange circumstances that have occurred during your absence from home."

She then related to him how the stranger had been cast from his house near to the gate of the cottage—how he had been hospitably received, and what strange words he had used during his temporary delirium, concluding, by saying,

"And what is more, Charles, he has been perfectly rational, and by some means seems to know us, and the painful situation in which we are all placed. He seems to feel very grateful for the attention which has been here shown to him, and talks much of his means and will to do something for us. Indeed, if he does half he hinted at, we shall be under a debt of heavy gratitude to him."

"What is his name, Harriet?"

"That we do not know. But he said he would explain all to you when you came home."

"I will seek him instantly. It is very strange."

"Nay, Charles, wait until the morning; he is now soundly sleeping, and the surgeon desired that by no means should he be awakened. I am as much puzzled as you can be at the affair, for he seemed to know your name before it was mentioned to him; and what is more, by some extraordinary means, he was aware of your precise situation, and that you were about to answer advertisements in the hope of obtaining employment."

"Tis strange, indeed."

"He knows Scalvoni too."

"By Heaven! who can he be? Is he old or young?"

"He seems beyond, or about the middle of life."

"Well, Harriet, all this passes comprehension; but I will no longer, dearest, keep you from your rest, but wait with what patience I may, until the morning comes, to unravel the mystery."

"Rent and taxes," mumbled Mrs. Hearnshaw, in her sleep. "Providence and the broker. The Lord taketh away—tables and chairs."

"What does she mean?" said Charles.

"Hush, hush—she will awaken—good night, dear Charles—good night."

"Good night, Harriet—God bless you."

"Eh! what was that?" cried Mrs. Hearnshaw, starting wide awake; "I heard a curious noise."

"What noise, mother?"

"Like somebody eating—no, it was more like a dreadful kissing going on."

"Mother! mother!"

"Good night, aunt," said Charles, and he darted away to the little room, where, since his domestication in his uncle's house, he had occupied. He glanced out into the garden from the window, and saw that there was every appearance of a fine day on the morrow, for the moon was sailing through a cloudless sky, and myriads of stars were spangling the blue vault of Heaven; a feeling of awe came over him as he looked upwards to the countless worlds above his head; and then, after giving utterance to a brief prayer, in which was the name of Harriet, he lay down to rest, and in a very few minutes was lapped in the elysium of sleep—that negative state of happiness, which is the



greatest man can enjoy during his earthly career, when undisturbed by dark and distressing visions.

And Harriet, too, she thought of Charles, ere sleep gently stole over her eyelids. She thanked God for bestowing upon her such a trusting honest heart as his, and with the sanguine feelings of youth, she could see nothing that should particularly mar their future happiness. True, the death of her father constantly occurred to her mind with a pang of bitterness; but Harriet, although she loved her parents dearly, knew that

"——— All who live must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity;"

and time, she thought, would soften her grief, and enable her to bear, with a patient resignation, the dispensations of an all-wise providence.

Mr. Leighton was sleeping, but his repose, procured as it was, by the administration of a powerful opiate, was far from easy and serene. After awhile, many strange images floated across his imagination—at one time he would be carried by some unseen power to an enormous height, and at another he would be dashed down inaccessible precipices, while shrieking voices sounded in his ears, and one above all others, shouted—

"Destiny! destiny!"

Mingling, too, with all his visions, was one sweet angelic face—a face of such exquisite beauty, that to look on would surely suffice to rob pain of much its agony—that face belonged to Harriet Hearnshaw. He had seen her but for a few brief moments, and now he was doomed never to forget her. Long and weary to him was that night, but it was still wearing rapidly away, and morning light and beauty were coming from the brightening east.

The night-clouds rolled heavily forward by the action of a higher current of air that blew harder than the slight current that gently swept the earth's surface, scarcely rustling a leaflet, or disturbing the long grass that grows on the hedgerow, and reaches far above the green shrubs that flourish there, and the gray light of morning now shot up from the east, appearing in patches between the heavy vapour that slowly rolled forward.

The air was chilly, and the dews had been heavy; they hung like white feathery clouds over the lower parts of the landscape.

As the sun neared the horizon, though the light was scarce more than enough to enable one to distinguish objects clearly, yet the clouds became distinct and defined, while their deep masses became beautifully illuminated, and every tint that could be found in nature was now gradually creeping into the heavens, and making the dull masses of vapour beautiful with many colours.

The sun now appeared above the distant hills, and shed his genial warmth upon the vallies, giving life and warmth to all things. The heavens now were, indeed, a glorious spectacle; the night clouds were fast drawing off before the light of the sun; but in doing so their shapes were slowly, but constantly, changing.

Pile on pile, mass on mass, came heaping on in endless variety; life and vitality appeared to spring up with the course of the sun; the feathered denizens of field and grove forth their melodious and voluntary outpourings of song. What a sight—what a scene—this for the pent-up inhabitants of the populous cities of this vast empire! What new emotions spring to the heart—what new sensations of delight would be felt in thus beholding one of the, certainly not the least, beauties of nature.

The stream of sunlight now fell upon the face of the country, and the hills and dales gave fresh tokens of the bounties of Providence.

The wild and free outpouring of the lark as he soars on high is the theme of admiration to every one who has heard them—and who has not?—for no sooner does the townsman quit the scene of noise and bustle, and hie him to the fields, than up springs the merry lark, and takes his spiral flight towards Heaven, and deluging the air with floods of song.

Great and many as are the attractions of a country life, there are few amongst them that can be reckoned more pleasing than the summer sunrise.

Charles Hargrove was the first person stirring in the cottage of the Hearnshaws. He had awoke early; and his deep anxiety for an interview with the mysterious stranger had kept him from again closing his eyes in sleep, so he rose, and walked in the little garden for about an hour, and then he thought the time not unseasonable for seeking the guest's chamber, which, however, he did with noiseless step, for he did not wish to break the repose that might be to the wounded man of such vital consequence.

Opening the chamber-door slowly and cautiously, he stepped into the room, when Mr. Leighton, who was awake, cried,—

"Who's there?"

"'Tis Charles Hargrove," he said, stepping forward. "You desired to see me, sir."

The merchant raised himself in his bed upon his elbows, and looked earnestly in the young man's face.

"To be sure I did wish to see you. You are a nephew of the late Mr. Hearnshaw's?"

"I am, sir."

"Do you know me?"

"No; and yet I fancy I have seen your face before. It is not altogether strange to me, but my memory is treacherous, and will not tell me when, or under what circumstances, I have seen you."

"Your uncle brought you over to my house; you were then but a boy. My name is Robert Leighton."

"Are you, indeed, Mr. Leighton, the rich merchant, of whom I have heard my uncle speak?"

"I am he."

"Well, sir, he did not altogether lay his ruin at your door; but we always understood that some speculations in which your name appeared had been poor Mr. Hearnshaw's ruin."

"You are right; my name appeared, and that was all. I was much reduced myself in circumstances by those speculations, and have been long abroad in consequence. Now, however, my affairs have retrieved themselves, and I am in a condition to assist you and Mr. Hearnshaw's family."

"You are very kind, sir, to say so. What has been done for you in this house the commonest dictates of humanity would induce us all to do, I trust you feel better this morning?"

"So much so that I shall attempt to get to town. You are, I believe, in want of a situation, Mr. Hargrove?"

"I am, indeed."

"Then make your mind easy as regards that, for I shall provide one for you."

"How can I sufficiently thank you, sir?"

"By not thanking me at all, Mr. Hargrove. In a large commercial establishment like mine there will always be room for an extra hand. Do you think of residing with your aunt?"

"Yes sir; with my aunt and Harriet."

"Yes, and Harriet. By-the-bye she is a very handsome girl; she is perfection; she is —"

Charles paused, for he suddenly thought that to any one else his raptures might not sound so rational as they did to himself. Mr. Leighton then said,—

"Mr. Hargrove, will you deal candidly with me, treating me as a friend?"

"I will endeavour so to do, sir."

"Then answer me truly. Do you love Harriet Hearnshaw?"

"With all my heart and soul, sir, I love her; as I love Heaven, I love Harriet Hearnshaw."

"And—and she —"

"Is my betrothed, my future wife. I have no need, no desire for concealment; we are bound together by the ties of reciprocal affection."

The merchant was silent for some minutes, and then he said,—

"Quite right—quite right. She is beautiful enough to become the wife of an emperor. You are fortunate in gaining to yourself so much sweetness and intelligence. Be assured, your future fortunes shall be my care."

"With my whole heart I thank you, sir. Not so much for myself as for those dearer to me than life. You will not find one ungrateful heart in the house, Mr. Leighton, I assure you."

"Well, well, well—that will do now. I will first get you to procure a coach, and I will go to town as soon as possible, and make arrangements for your introduction to my counting-house. I shall be much missed if I remain here another hour."

"But, sir, before you go, have you still one Scalvoni in your service?"

"I have. What of him?"

"He is a villain, and I never can be civil to him."

"Oh, never mind him. He is a useful man to me, and will not clash with you at all. Never mind Scalvoni. Besides, he dare not interfere with you, you know, or your friends."

"He had better not."

"Well—well, drop him. Now, do as I bid you, and let me be soon in London."

Charles left the room, and when he was gone, Mr. Leighton said,—

"Can I think of no means by which Harriet Hearnshaw shall become mine. For the first time, I feel the magic power of female beauty."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE QUARREL.

WHEN Scalvoni and the creole met the morning following that in which the former had made the iniquitous and inhuman bargain with Cohen, the Jew, any bystander would, in a moment, have been aware that some secret understanding was between them; and, if not from any



peculiarity of manner on the part of Scalvoni, there was ample evidence of sneering triumph in the countenance of the creole, who could not conceal the feelings of deep congratulation that came over him at the thought of having made so successful a move in life.

Letour had not the cool judgment of Scalvoni, if he had, to the full, all his lax notions of right and wrong. He wanted the capacity to keep that guard upon his tongue and face which Scalvoni was quite an adept in. Hence, he could not meet the man, over whom he believed he had so much power, without a look, a word, or a gesture, which let him know what was apparent in his mind.

The contempt and abhorrence of Scalvoni, for the young creole, increased amazingly, as he noticed this line of conduct; and he congratulated himself, although without showing the slightest scintillation of satisfaction in his face, at the prompt manner in which he had provided against the continuance of so much insolence.

Letour saluted him with a careless indifference, that seemed to say, "You may be pleased or angry for all I care;" and Scalvoni took occasion to increase the other's arrogance, in which he actually began to find some amusement, by the humility with which he replied to him.

"I want to speak to you," said Letour; "come this way."

"But I am rather busy just now," said Scalvoni. "Will about half an hour's delay make any difference?"

"It will. Come this way; I must be attended to at once, sir."

"Oh, certainly. I am, of course, your poor servant ever, Mr. Letour. What can I do to oblige you, eh?"

"Why, I have ascertained that I cannot invest fifty pounds in any of the public securities."

"True, very true."

"By which I lose interest; so you must make up what I have to a hundred."

"Oh, certainly—certainly, my dear sir. But you will keep my secrets?"

"Of course, if I am well paid."

"Thank you; I feel myself deeply your debtor, good sir—you might transport me. Do you think it's disagreeable to be transported, eh?"

"Do not trifle," said Letour. "Give me another fifty pounds—good—that will do for the present. Scalvoni, you may breathe a little freely for the next few weeks."

"I thank you humbly. I hope your own breath may come and go, without interruption, for as long a period."

Letour walked off with his hundred pounds in all, and could scarcely conceal his delight at the perfect submission of Scalvoni.

"He imagines," he muttered, "that I know more than I do. Still, by listening on all possible occasions, I know enough to do him great damage, and dearly shall he pay me for keeping the secret."

At this moment, the creole observed some one gazing at him very curiously over some railings, which divided a portion of the premises from the main road; and, feeling somewhat annoyed at the vigilance of the scrutiny, he withdrew into the counting-house. Then, from a window, a nod passed between Scalvoni and the person who had taken so attentive a survey of Letour; after which, he disappeared.

Scarcely had these minor transactions taken place, when a post-chaise brought Mr. Leighton to his warehouses and offices. He looked pale and exhausted, and his head being bound up gave him a strange sickly appearance. He alighted with difficulty, and walked into his private counting-house with an unsteady, vacillating step. Scalvoni just caught a passing glance at him as he went by the window where he was standing; and, amazed and frightened, he hastened to ascertain the cause of the singular and perturbed condition of the merchant.

"Mr. Leighton," exclaimed Scalvoni, "what on earth is the matter with you?"

"Nothing particular. There was a storm last night, and I was thrown from my horse."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; near Epping."

The merchant fixed his eyes upon the face of Scalvoni, as he spoke, with a meaning expression, that the other was at a loss to interpret.

"Well, well," he said; "near Epping; what then, Mr. Leighton?"

"The Hearnshaws live near Epping," said the merchant.

"Ha! you have been there?"

"I have, and —"

"Hush."

Scalvoni took from a nail on the wall a seaman's cutlass, and slowly unsheathing it, he approached the door of the office. Mr. Leighton looked on his proceedings with undisguised amazement, and Scalvoni proceeded to open the door, which when he had accomplished a little way, he suddenly made such a slashing cut outside with the cutlass, that had any one been there he must have been killed.

"Good Heaven!" cried Leighton; "what is that for?"

Scalvoni shut the door again before he replied, and then he said—

"Mr. Leighton, we have spies here."

"Spies?"

"Yes; Letour has been listening to our private conversations—playing the eaves-dropper when we have talked of subjects that were fearful to talk upon, except in the known privacy of this place."

"You surprise me."

"No doubt; and yet 'tis true. By heavens, if I catch him skulking about on a similar design, he shall not live to tell his news."

"Do not kill him, Scalvoni; I will speak to him. Take no heed of him, but leave his management to me wholly. What has he heard?"

"Nothing as yet, that I know of," said Scalvoni; for it was his policy not to let the merchant have any fear of what Letour might say or do. "Nevertheless, such conduct brings with it much danger."

"True, true; I will check it. When once mentioned to Letour, I am convinced shame will prevent him repeating it. He is proud to a degree, and will most probably deny the accusation, while, by a more circumspect line of conduct, he will attempt to give force to the denial."

"Be it so; I have no desire to meddle with him: but you were saying you had seen the Hearnshaws—how was that?"

"By accident, purely; I was thrown from my horse close to their house, without knowing that I was there—while in a state of insensibility, then, I was carried into their house, and have passed the night there."

"Indeed—well?"

"I have seen Harriet Hearnshaw."

"Well?"

"She is beautiful—virtuous—innocent."

"Well?"

"You never can hope, Scalvoni, for a moment to succeed in securing such a piece of beauty and virtue—the pursuit is madness."

"You think so, Robert Leighton; but know that pleasure chiefly lies in pursuit. The flower that is too easily plucked I would not stretch my hand to grasp. She shall be mine—by all hell I swear—"

"Hush, hush, Scalvoni; where is your boasted calmness—where the immovable severity which never will be ruffled?"

"Here," said Scalvoni, touching his ample brow; "I was but energetically informing you of my determination."

"But she has a lover."

"I know it; the young man for whom you must provide a situation. Hark you, Robert Leighton, Charles Hargrove must for a time be in the office here in London. Then there must be some sudden occasion for sending a trustworthy person abroad. You can tell him he is the only one on the whole establishment you can safely confide in—urge him to go—he cannot refuse—and then the coast will be clear."

"Yes, yes, yes; but, Scalvoni, you are married?"

"I am, and will marry again. The ceremony is quite simple, and saves a world of persuading."

"But she never will consent; it is a matter contrary to all probability. What makes you think, Scalvoni, that if her lover were gone she would accept you?"

"Humph! I have ways and means; we shall see."

"Scalvoni, now hear me—come of it what it may, I will cross you in this business. I will, if it bring me to death, go down to the grave with the halo of one good action to record my memory. I have promised protection and assistance to these Hearnshaws, and I will keep my word. You fancy I am in your power; but, remember, the same blow that strikes me down, will shatter your fortunes. By a laborious calculation I know what you must be worth. A discovery of the means by which my falling fortunes have been upheld, might yet, notwithstanding all your caution, force a restitution of your ill-gotten wealth—wealth, which, as my clerk at two hundred pounds per annum, it is quite impossible you could have acquired. I repeat it, you shall not effect, while I can prevent it, the ruin of Harriet Hearnshaw. Now, Scalvoni, we understand each other—no threats shall move me."

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the Editor, at the office, with when they will meet immediate attention.

FANNY D.—We should like to see "Tickets for the Tower;" if possessing sufficient merit, it shall receive insertion. "The Night Mare" is accepted.

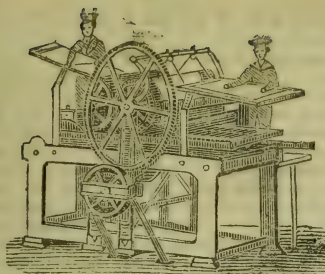
H. J. JENNINGS.—We have referred to our note-book, and find "Dennis Wilson" marked as declined. The notice was omitted by accident in our Correspondence. The tale about which he inquires appeared in No. 70.

Declined with thanks.—"Hilda Fitzmaurice," "A Dream," "Lover's Petition," "Life on the Turf," "Lyrics of the Heart," "Twilight's Silent Hour."

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

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## THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADA, THE BETRAYED," "MIRANDA," "JANE BRIGHTWELL," "LOVE," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER I.

THE MERRY PARTY.—THE PLEDGE.—THE COMPACT.—THE DEATH.

"Hurrah! Life's a bumper, and to-day joy sparkles in the cup. Hurrah! who's unhappy? Let's sing, shout—there's no such thing as care. What's the world to us?—we are above its petty vexations—beneath its massive anxieties. The sun is shining—beauty smiling—fond hearts beating. Hurrah! I say—join me all—a sentiment—a sentiment—one fresh from the heart—gushing on like a new found spring. A blue sky above us lends new lustre to the blue eyes around us. We have music too—such music as is of nature's own making, and indebted to no one but Heaven itself for its delicious melody. The music of happy voices—the voices of those we love. Come, boys, a sentiment—a sentiment—hurrah! hurrah! The red rose is blushing—the wine cup is gushing, and beauty, and beauty——!"

"Are you mad, George?" said a soft, sweet voice in answer to this boisterous burst of merriment; and a tiny hand, so soft, so tapering, so child-like, was placed gently on the mouth of the young man, who, in the wild hilarity of his heart, had given utterance to the above words.

"Hear him, hear him," cried two or three voices at once. "Hear him!" but he who had been so suddenly interrupted, pressed the small hand in his, and said, in a solemn tone,—

"No, no. Thank you, Matilda, I was getting noisy only; you see, all of you, this is such a happy day to me. Now, Mrs. Rashleigh, don't be shaking your head at me. I will tell. Matilda and I are——"

"Now, George, George——"

"To be married this day week. There now, you have the full, true, and interesting particulars. Can you wonder that I am half mad? The only wonder is, that I am not quite insane. Hurrah, I say. I'm a happy fellow!—who will say nay to a man when he makes such an assertion? The past has been to me most pleasant, as you all know. Brought up as I have been, from the earliest period of my recollection, by a relative, who has been but too indulgent to me, my years have flown past on rosy pinions. Then, when the pursuit of my duties compelled me to lodge in London, I have had the rare good fortune of finding an angel in the house, in the person of my dear girl, here by my side, who is punching and pulling me to hold my tongue; but we are all friends here, and so I must have my say out. My kind uncle approves my choice, and Mrs. Rashleigh here approves of me for a son-in-law; so, you see, we are all agreed together. That's why I asked you all out here to-day at the Golden Fleece, that we might have a pleasant merry-making. Mrs. Rashleigh has come to keep Matilda in countenance, and Emma Hickson here, has come, I suppose, to support her, and we are all very glad to see her—you, Charles Lechmere, I have no doubt, included, if we may judge from the direction of your eyes for the last two hours and a half—but I have forgotten my toast and sentiment. You shall have it. I said I was a happy fellow. My sentiment shall, therefore, be retrospective and progressive both. Here's 'The Past! the Present! and the Future!'"

"What a strange toast, George," said Matilda Rashleigh.

"Not at all, dearest. It's a complimentary toast to old Time, such as he seldom gets."

"And yet there is a tinge of melancholy in it," said Emma Hickson; "for who can properly estimate the future?"

"Who, indeed?" said several.

"I'll tell you how," cried George Lee, who was the first enthusiastic speaker; "compare it with the past—everything now is done that way—religion, morality, taxes, accidents, births, deaths, and marriages. You have nothing to do now, so great a light has modern science thrown upon all things, but to look back ten years, and you will then know what will be in the next ten years. That's what is considered the great value of statistics, you see. You can come at a conclusion about anything now, from the smallest quantity of nourishment that will sustain a pauper, to the morality of a secretary of state. Calculate the future from the past—make a statistical table, and you are sure to be right."

"Indeed!" said one of George's friends, with a laugh. "Suppose now it was ascertained that twice in five years a tile fell off a house in St. Martin's-lane, and hit somebody on the head who was passing below: would you calculate upon a similar result the next five years?"

"According to statistical science, yes; and all I can say is, that when the last day of the five years came, for the honour of modern education and science, some one ought to go to the top of a house, and complete the prediction. But never mind that. The toast is 'The Past, the Present, and the Future.'"

"May you be happy in the future, Mr. George," said Mrs. Rashleigh.

"May I—pshaw, I am certain. Most of us can make our future—in this world, of course, I mean. We can resolve to gild every circumstance with the glorious hues of fancy, lending to the coldest, most sterile situations, the romance of imagination. But no man sees the evils of life truly. We are reviewing the world and our own means of happiness through a telescope, only some of us look in at one end, and some at the other: we exaggerate or diminish all evils. Now, here we are, a merry, happy party of ten persons—exactly ten. Here you are, my only intimate friends—you six of the he species I mean—and you are all good friends with each other. Our situations in life are very similar in so far as we have all our way to make in the world—but I contend that the future depends on ourselves, because it depends on ourselves whether we choose to view its varied incidents fearfully or joyously. And then after all what we call the future, is only a short-lived dream."

"True," remarked one. "Look now at the busy throngs in the streets of London, and then ask yourself how many of these persons, with all their cares, joys, anxieties, and anticipations, will be left fifty years hence. Only fancy, if there were no new generations mingling imperceptibly with the old, and stepping into the vacant places, what a strange and a melancholy thing it would be to mark the gradual thinning of the streets, the day by day decrease in bustle and activity, the shut-up shops, the quiet streets, which noise and riot once called their own;—the deserted churches, until at length the echo of some solitary footfall would alone be heard, at long and rare intervals. Thus would year after year pass away, till one man stood in London, gazing around him with tearful eyes and breaking heart upon the scene of silence and desolation."

Matilda Rashleigh clung to the arm of her mother, and shuddered; while the words, which had been uttered seemed to cast a gloom upon the happy party.

"Now, that's too bad, Meriton," cried George Lee. "You have made us all serious."

"My dear boy, the future is a serious word; but far be it from me



to be a killjoy; may the future be as happy as the lightest heart can wish."

"Yes," said George, making an effort to recover his hilarity. "May we all be happy, and what is more my friends, we will all be happy."

"If we can," said one, "no doubt. But here are seven of us young men. It is possible some of us may succeed in life, but not very probable all will; who will be the happier among us, who shall say?"

"Ah," added another, "who shall say what one year may bring forth—what changes occur each hour, even—who will take upon himself to say that this same party will ever meet again?"

"I," cried George Lee. "We won't be melancholy; but, since some of you seem to take this toast of mine in a sentimental light, a thought has come into my mind, which I hope you will all agree to."

There was a tone of sadness in the voice of George Lee as he spoke, against which he seemed to be struggling, and the smile on his face looked forced, and at variance with the feelings of his heart. This was observed by all present, and tended not a little to raise the general air of seriousness that had been now for the last half hour stealing over the party.

"George," whispered Matilda, "let us talk no more in this strain. It brings sad thoughts and melancholy musings to the mind. The future is in the hands of Heaven. Let us have as many hopes, founded on the goodness of God hitherto to us, as we may, but let us insist upon nothing—let us assert nothing."

"Ah, now," said George, "you are timid, but I contend our happiness is in our own hands for the most part. There are people who live in a constant fright, and are always foreboding evil, and looking out for storms in the clearest sky."

It was a strange coincidence, but even as George spoke, the sunshine, which had been resting with painful brilliancy upon the party, disappeared so suddenly, that they looked up with one accord to the sky, and beheld a black cloud, the edge of which had just swept over the sun's disc—a cold wind came with a meaning sound across the earth, rapidly decreasing the temperature, by many degrees, and afar off a strange rumbling sound echoed from earth to Heaven. The change was most sudden and unexpected to that party, which had been more intent upon its own pleasures and anticipations, than in noting, as many had done, the signs of an approaching change in the aspect of the day; so that to them it looked like magic for the light, beaming sunshine to be so suddenly extinguished, and the sky, which they had assumed, rather than knew, to be cloudless and serene, to be rapidly covering with masses of clouds of a threatening and portentous aspect.

"Was that thunder?" said one.

"Truly was it," exclaimed another. "There is a storm somewhere, and, indeed, it seems creeping over here."

"What a remarkable change," sighed the affianced bride, and a shuddering feeling came over her, as if the shadow of some gigantic coming evil had swept across her heart, warning her of grief that would soon overwhelm it utterly. It was strange, indeed, that such a great change should have so surely, although slowly, crept over the feelings of that joyous party. The young men—as George Lee had said,—all endeavouring to make their way in life, in different professional pursuits. None of them had fortunes, but all had friends of sufficient ability to assist, if not absolutely to lift them over the most ragged paths of life. They were all attached friends, for a rare similarity in their condition in life, as well as of tastes and habits, had combined very quickly to ripen mere acquaintance into enduring friendship. As George Lee had asserted, he had won the heart and the promise of the hand of Matilda Rashleigh, who was well worthy of the best partner for life that the fates could give her.

Mrs. Rashleigh was the widow of a captain in the Royal Navy, and she, with Matilda, having generously sacrificed the pension which was receivable on the death of the father, in order to satisfy many just claims upon him—for, alas! he had been one of those reckless men who, if they have five hundred pounds a-year, will somehow or another, contrive to live at the rate of a thousand, were compelled to eke out a subsistence by taking some inmate into their house as a lodger. That inmate had been George Lee, who was pursuing his studies in London. To reside in the same house with Matilda and not love her was out of the question; intimacy ripened into the purest affection, and twelve months saw the beautiful girl the affianced bride of the young man, whose only fault, if fault that could be called, was a buoyancy of disposition, which always tempted him to look too fervently upon the sunny side of existence, and, perchance, in his over confidence of everything turning out just as he wished it, neglecting the necessary precautions to make so desirable a result.

We can scarcely hope to describe adequately, the beauty, the gentleness, the earnest sweet simplicity of Matilda Rashleigh's character. She was one of those few beautiful beings who are only to be found in the middle classes of society in this country; and, somehow or another, are not to be found in any other country at all.

The distressful and anxious circumstances in which she and her mother had been placed, had contributed largely to the formation of her character; for they had drawn more closely the bonds of tenderness between them, feeling that in each other's love they could alone look for peace and joy on earth. People said that Mrs. Rashleigh spoiled her daughter,—that she unfitted her for life and all its various cares and disappointments, by too carefully sheltering her from all such, while she remained with her. Alas! what a sad, cold, heartless philosophy it is to propose to check the love of a parent for a child, from such considerations—"sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." If disappointments, vexations, and grief are to be the lot of mortality through life, surely—surely, happy are they, who, for some period of the weary pilgrimage of existence, can be sheltered from such storms of fate by some fond loving heart which will place itself as a shield between the loved one and all harm.

Matilda Rashleigh knew nothing of the world. Its cares, its blighting miseries, and its feverish, short-lived joys were all unknown to her,—she lived in a world of her own—a world created by the purity and gentleness of her own heart—her ignorance was indeed bliss.

Many will call this romantic, and shake their heads, as they think, perchance, with kindly pain upon the many and deep disappointments which such a being must experience through life; but let us rather rejoice over the circumstance, which, for some years at least, will throw its magic web of enchantment over existence, rather than look forward to the time when the sad blight of worldly experience shall make the head wiser, and, with each added particle of wisdom, so much the less happy. Dream on, we would say to such gentle, trusting hearts as Matilda Rashleigh's; may it be long ere you awaken to reality, when there is so much more joy in the unreal.

We have said that it is in the middle classes of England only in which the purest, gentlest beings are to be found,—those young creatures, whom we look at with wonder, and feel surprised by what magic they have been nurtured so long with such exquisite purity, and kept so far from the contaminating influence of the great world, the experience of which is a terror—the thorough knowledge of which, bitterness and remorse.

Oh, who has not lingered for awhile to look upon some soft, velvet cheek, on which the sweet glow of girlhood still lingers—the pouting lips, so childlike and so beautiful—the dancing eyes, so full of gentleness and mirth, of simplicity and exquisite tenderness—the long, waving ringlets of silken hair, flowing in nature's freedom far down the snowy neck. Then there is such a world of small graces hovering ever around such beings—they move, speak, laugh with the unfettered grace of nature—innocence is in every word—in every action. Far distant be the day when mock moralists or frantic philosophers succeed in blighting that first romance and beauty of existence which characterises the truly English girl.

In the high and mighty aristocratic circles of this country, such young creatures are not to be found. The gentler home affections are not there cultivated. Children are no part of the rank and show of lordly parents. The lady mother cannot find time from her fashionable engagements to attend to her own offspring. Here is deputed to hirelings the formation of the mind in the earliest and most important part of its existence. There are among such persons none of those charities and endearments of home, which tend to make the character we have attempted to describe; and as the girl grows too old for the nursery, and comes into fashionable existence, she has but one dominant idea, and that is, to get married as quickly as she can to some one with money, so that she may pursue the same heartless career as her fashionable mother before her.

Among the lower classes, alas! the struggle to live quenches all feelings of endearment and gentleness. The pressure of absolute want wages successful war against all the romance of existence.

It is indeed only among the middle classes that the genuine, beautiful, lovely English girl, in all her native purity and innocence, is to be found. Such a one was Matilda Rashleigh.

The candid, open, generous character of George Lee soon won upon her heart, and she loved him as such a being could love. There was none of the "wish to get married" feeling about Matilda Rashleigh; which forms the leading idea of most young girls in London. She never calculated upon how much money she should be able to wring out of her husband to spend, or how many new dresses she should have in a year. No, she loved George Lee, and she clung to him with a confiding tenderness as beautiful as it was rare.

Mr. Rashleigh had yielded to George's importunities, and had consented to make one of the party which was assembled on the day our narrative opens, at the Golden Fleece, an old inn, situate near the borders of Epping Forest, that is to say, on that verge of the forest which was furthest from London.

The party had proceeded from town in a phaeton, that is to say, six of the party, inclusive of the ladies. The other gentlemen had ridden



to the place where both vehicle and horses were left, and then the whole party had enjoyed a walk through the forest, until they reached the inn, where, by previous arrangement, they were to dine.

Everything had gone on smoothly and agreeably, and, by the words uttered by George Lee at the commencement of our story, it will be gathered that the hilarity of the party had then been at its height.

The sky now continued to become thronged with clouds, until scarce a vestige of the blue vault of Heaven was visible to the eyes of the curious gazers upwards. Ever and anon, the rumble of distant thunder came upon the passing breeze. The birds flew low, and appeared alarmed at the aspect of the day; while occasionally the wind would drop suddenly, leaving such a strange unnatural calm over the face of nature, that the members of our party glanced at each other, as if asking the question of what will happen next, with their eyes, rather than with their tongues.

"We shall have a terrific storm, I think," said one.

"No," cried George Lee; "I am of a contrary opinion: Do you not see the action of the wind upon the clouds? It appears to me that a storm is sweeping past, and that we are only cast into a little gloom by the edge of it. Do you not observe now, all of you, that the heaviest masses of clouds are going off rapidly towards the west?"

Such indeed appeared to be the case, and, in fact, the thunder sounded at even intervals, and appeared farther off at each reverberation. Here George made an effort to rally the spirit of the party.

"Come, come," he cried; "do not let us be cloudy and dull, though the heavens may be so. Matilda, let us see you smile again, and give us, by so doing, so good an imitation of the sunbeams breaking through a fleecy cloud, that we shall not regret a want of the reality."

"So my face is a cloud, is it?" she said, with an attempt at merriment, that was foreign just then to her heart.

"There was a cloud of seriousness upon it, dearest," whispered George. "You are not happy to-day."

"Yes, yes—oh, yes—indeed I am."

"There was a pressure of the hands between the lovers, and then George resumed,—

"We won't care for weather. What to us is a cloud over the face of the sun? we will have no clouds over the sunshine of our good spirits. Besides, to-morrow, the light from Heaven will be as bright again as it has been to-day."

A strange wailing sound came at this moment to the ears of the party, and with one accord they listened in silence to it, wondering from whence it could proceed. It was something between a groan, and a long melancholy howl; it might possibly come from some dog, but yet there was a tone about it unlike anything any of the party had heard before; at least, each one thought so.

"What is that?" said Matilda, looking uneasily at her mother, who turned very pale.

"Oh, some chained dog," cried George Lee. "I have heard such sounds before. Peculiar localities, too, will alter tones so as to make them sound very different from what they otherwise would."

"But, mother," said Matilda—and, bursting into tears, she threw herself upon her mother's breast—"mother, we have heard that sound before."

"Hush! hush! my dear, for God's sake, hush!"

"Heard that before?" said George; "when—where have you heard it?"

"On the night my poor father found a grave in the ocean," sobbed Matilda.

There was a fearful silence for some moments, and then George said,—

"Now, really we are getting superstitious; we must get rid of these feelings, or they will grow upon us as a ghost story round a Christmas fire does upon gaping rustics. Come, Matilda, look up again; the dog, for such it must have been, has finished his complaints. Let us be merry; and now you shall hear what I was going to propose when the cloud swept over the sun so very suddenly. The sky is clearing now, by-the-by: now attend to me. Here we are, seven young fellows, attached to each other from the best motives, and anxious for each other's welfare. This is the twelfth day of August: we are nearly of an age. Some one of us, I forget who, said, shall we ever meet all of us again?—and now, what I propose is, that we make a solemn determination to meet on the twelfth of August every year to dine together, compare our position and prospects, and do each other, for the year succeeding, all the good we can. What say you, shall it be agreed?"

"Agreed—agreed!" cried all.

"Where shall we meet?" said one.

"Here, at the Golden Fleecy," replied George. "Let us agree to have covers always laid for seven, so that when death has thinned our ranks, we shall almost fancy we are having some kind of companionship with those who have gone before us, when we look at their vacant places."

"We are all agreed," cried several; and then one added,—“we will

call the club *The First and Last*, because this is the first dinner, and some day there must be a last one."

"So be it," cried George. "Now, gentlemen, I am serious, and look upon this agreement as no casual jest. By the God that made me, and as I have hopes of Heaven, I swear, that if I live, I will be here to dine with you on the 12th of August next, and every 12th of August after, while I am a living man."

"George—George!" said Matilda; "how strange your manner is. Why make so solemn an oath about such a matter?"

"It is a solemn compact," said George; "a solemn confederation for good purposes. My friends, if you are serious in this matter as I am, I call upon you all to make the same declaration as I have."

The young men were carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and in less than two minutes the vow was breathed by the whole of them, and a solemn silence reigned over the little party, for the nature of the oath they had taken was a check for a time to anything like frivolity.

"I do regret," said Mrs. Rashleigh, "that you have made this matter so serious; but God bless you all, and may you be a comfort and assistance to each other through life."

"Will this old house be standing," remarked one, "at the last dinner?"

"Not very likely," said another.

"It's a pity we are an odd number," remarked George Lee; "odd numbers, I believe, are unlucky;" and he laughed.

"Alas!" said one, "who knows how soon we may be an even number?"

"Now, really," said George, "that's treason against all sorts of pleasantry; let us have no croaking here. The time has very nearly come when we ordered the horses, and we have our walk through the forest—suppose we think of moving now?"

This proposition was acceded to, and, as the sky certainly wore a more favourable aspect, and there had been no rain, the walk through the forest presented to their minds no difficulties.

The ladies retired to the house to resume their shawls, while the seven gentlemen, who had just entered into so singular an agreement, strolled about the pretty garden, in which the proceedings we have detailed had taken place. There was a serious air about them all now, and, it is possible that one or two of the number repented a little of the vow they had made—but, if such was the fact, they did not say so; but when George Lee remarked, "This agreement we have made may be of great benefit and importance to us all," they agreed unanimously.

In a short time the party were ready to start, and George, turning to the portly landlord of the inn, said,—

"We shall be here next year on the twelfth of August, and if we are dead, our ghosts are sure to come."

The landlord's eyes opened very wide, and, after a few moments, he seemed to think there was some sort of joke intended, and, nodding his head, he gave a chuckle, saying,—

"Very good; ghost or no ghost, you'll always find good cheer, gentlemen, at the Golden Fleecy."

"Will you undertake, then, to have a dinner ready for seven this day twelvemonth at four o'clock?"

"Yes, I will."

"Then there's a guinea as earnest money, and here are the names of the parties who will come. You have seven covers laid, and place each man's name on a card by the place he is to occupy."

George tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote on it the following names, which he handed to the landlord, who took it, and then read quite seriously:—

George Lee,  
Theodore Lorne,  
Mark Bateman Anderson,  
Charles Lechmere,  
James Alexander Mourdant,  
George Grant,  
Ashley Scott Meriton.

"Come on, come!" shouted George Lee. "Good by, Boniface; I hope when we see you again you will have lost none of your portliness."

He placed the arm of Matilda under his own; Mr. Grant escorted Emma Hickson, while Charles Lechmere gallantly tendered his protection to Mrs. Rashleigh, and so the party proceeded towards the forest.

The party, now that they were fairly in motion towards London, appeared to regain their spirits; and, although Matilda whispered to George, "I would rather you had not made that odd agreement," she did so with a smile, that showed she had recovered from the state of nervous apprehension into which she had fallen.

Talking and laughing now became the order of the day, but it was strange how, as if by general consent, the subject which one would suppose uppermost in their thoughts—namely, the singular compact they had entered into—was not touched upon.



George was in the very height of good spirits; indeed, there was something almost alarming in the recklessness of his gaiety, and several of the party remarked that they had never known him to be in such a humour.

"You wonder at me, all of you," he cried; "I can see it in your looks. But cease your wonder. Go and seek your own fortunes at the shrine of beauty—win such a heart as I have won, and then you will not wonder that I feel truly happy. I could jump over the moon—indeed, it seems to me now as if I would rather climb from one tree top to another, than steal onwards, as we are doing, among their gigantic trunks. Have you never, any of you, experienced that elasticity of spirit, which induces you to think you can perform impossibilities? because if you have you can understand me to-day; if you have not, why you cannot."

Thus rattling on, and talking at random of he scarcely knew what, went George Lee; and so engaging the attention of the whole of the party, that it was no wonder they strolled from the right path, and soon discovered they were plunging into the thickest and least frequented portion of the wood, instead of pursuing the well-beaten track by which they had early in the day reached the Golden Fleece.

"We are losing our way, George, I know," said Matilda; "these large trees, and the long grass, were not on our path as we came to-day."

"Indeed! losing our way?—that would be a joke. Hilloa! what an awful flash was that."

A general exclamation from the party bore witness to the intensity of a flash of lightning which crossed the sky, apparently just above their heads, and then, before any one could make a remark about it, excepting George, such a peal of thunder shook earth, air, and Heaven, as none of them had ever before heard in the worst of storms that had come under their observation.

Matilda hid her face on her mother's breast, and the whole party looked aghast. At length, when the echoes of the thunder had nearly died away in indistinct mutterings, one of the party said,—

"We are in a pretty predicament; our best plan would be to return to the inn, if we know the way; but here we are like ships tempest-tossed, without rudder or compass."

"We cannot be far from the open country," said George Lee; "keep up your spirits, Matilda; this is but an agreeable episode in our day's adventures. We shall have something to talk about, I'll be bound, when we get home. This day will not be easily forgotten by any of you, mark my words. There's another flash, and the night is nearer than any of us thought it was. Here's romance for you! we only want now to find some bandit's cave, or hermit's rock-hewn cell, and everything would be perfect."

"Perfect," exclaimed Charles Lechmere. "I only want to find my way home. That would be sufficient perfection for me. Hark! heard you ever such a turmoil?"

The last flash of lightning was followed by a peal of thunder of a terrific character, and then some sullen heavy drops of rain began to fall upon the leaves of the forest trees with such dead splashes as to sound like shots coming from Heaven.

"This will never do," said George Lee. "We must find our way out of the forest by some means. The storm has changed the direction of its march, and is now evidently coming over this way. I will climb a tree, and take an observation of the surrounding country."

"No, George—no," cried Matilda. "Do not. Consider the danger of such an attempt."

"From the nettle, danger, dearest, we pluck the flower, safely. Here comes the rain in torrents. The leaves will soon cease to afford us any shelter, and we shall get wet through without, perhaps, the consolation of getting an inch in the way we wish to go. Here is an ancient elm, full of knots and good footholds. It is a goodly height, too. Never fear but I will bring you news of a route out of the forest."

The rain was momentarily increasing, and a dim, dismal kind of twilight began to reign in the forest. The scheme of George seemed to be the only practicable one, and Matilda gave up her opposition to it the more easily, because the storm appeared to have changed its character from thunder and lightning to rain and wind. The latter howled through the forest, forcibly dashing the topmost branches of the trees together with terrific force, and keeping up, even in its calmest moments, a noise like the roaring of the sea.

George easily commenced his ascent of the tree, and when he had reached the first lodgment, where the huge boughs began to spread themselves from the main trunk, he turned to those below him, and said, laughingly,—

"Good bye. Remember the meeting at the Golden Fleece. Farewell. I shall keep my oath, although I am ascending rapidly in the world. Do you all of you keep yours. Good bye, Matilda—good bye."

"Come down, George—oh, come down! There is an oppression at my heart that fills me with tears. Come down—come down!"

George laughed again, as he ascended still further into the tree, till the thick foliage hid him from sight, and then he was heard to say,—

"Farewell! God bless you! Farewell!"

"George—George!" shrieked Miss Rashleigh. "Come down. What is the meaning of those words?"

"George Lee," shouted several of his companions; "how strange your voice is. Come down!"

The wind, which had been blowing a perfect gale, now suddenly lulled, and a strange calm pervaded all things. The party below looked at each other inquiringly for a moment, as if they were possessed with some fear which neither could give utterance to.

Once again the voice of George was heard from the tree, near the summit of which he seemed to be. It came strangely to their ears, and it appeared as if the one word he uttered was painfully lengthened, and that word was,—

"Fare—well!"

The sky at the moment appeared to open, as if some clouds had been torn suddenly aside from before some frightful conflagration. An awful, lurid light was upon all things for the space of one moment. Then came a hissing sound, and a ball of fire shot from the opening in the clouds. There was one shriek—a crash of breaking branches, and the tree, in which was George Lee, lay a blazing mass, shivered from summit to roots into millions of blackened splinters.

(To be continued in our next.)

## LIFE HASTES AWAY.

Oh, do not leave me now,  
Stay, Mary, stay;  
Short are the hours and few  
Ere life decay.  
Calm as the setting beam,  
Soft as a fairy dream,  
Fast as a falling stream,  
Hastes it away.

Give me thine hand, my love;  
Why dost thou weep?  
Choirs from the land above  
Sing me to sleep.  
Hear'st thou the seraphim  
Chanting their gladd'ning hymn?  
'Tis—'tis my requiem,  
Tuneful and deep.

Kind hast thou been to me  
Here upon earth;  
Blessings I'll shower on thee  
With my last breath.  
Farewell, oh, fare thee well,  
Strength, sight and language fall,  
Yet nought my love can quell—  
Not even death.

Let my grave hallow'd be  
In yon green dell,  
Where the lone willow tree  
Bathes in the rill.  
Death in his sinking heart  
Fixed has his barbed dart;  
One kiss—for aye we part—  
Mary, farewell.

Aberdeen.

W. KNIGHT.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—The philosopher and the mere man of taste differ from each other chiefly in this, that the latter is satisfied with the pleasure he receives from objects, without inquiring into the principles or causes from which that pleasure proceeds; but the philosophical inquirer, not satisfied with the effects which objects viewed by him produce, endeavours to discover the reason why some of those objects give pleasure, and others disgust; why one composition is agreeable, and another the reverse. Hence have arisen the various systems with regard to the principles of beauty; and hence the rules which, deduced from those principles, have been established by the critics. In the course of these investigations, various theories have been invented to explain the different qualities which, when assembled together, constitute beauty, and produce that feeling which arises in the mind at the sight of a beautiful object. Some philosophers have said that this feeling arises from the sight or examination of an object in which there is a proper mixture of uniformity and variety. Others have thought that besides uniformity and variety, a number of other qualities enter into the composition of objects that are termed beautiful.



# MALCOLM THE GREYBEARD;

## OR, THE CASTLE OF RUDDLEBANE.

THE sun shone brightly on the towers of Ruddlebane, when its haughty lord, clothed in a dress of forest green, stepped from his noble portal. At the same time the clatter of horses' hoofs rung upon the stones of the court-yard as the grooms led them from their stalls.

The huntsmen, also in dark green jorkins, wound their horns, which were suspended from broad black belts that girt their waists, and, at the summons, several knights, who had overslept themselves, appeared. "What, ho! my gallant gentlemen," said the Lord of Ruddlebane; "ye have allowed the sun to get before ye by an hour!"

"True, my lord," replied the knight of Weimar, as he bestrode his charger; "but if we turn night into day, we must steal a little from the morning."

"The old complaint, Sir Weimar; but now we are astir, let's lose no time, or the scent will not lie upon the grass."

"Right, my lord; then let's haste away."

The gates were now thrown open, and the cavalcade emerged therefrom. For a few seconds the tramp of hoofs clattered across the draw-bridge, and the next they gained the open country, which, as far as the eye could reach, acknowledged the Lord of Ruddlebane as owner.

A huge boar had now been started, while over hill and dale could be heard the baying of the dogs and the clear winding of the horns. The baron, attended by Sir Weimar, was at length thrown out; they dismounted from their horses, and sat down to partake of a slight repast, which a groom carried in a wallet.

They had not rested many minutes before an aged man emerged from an adjacent wood, and drawing near them, addressed the baron with,—

"A father's curse alight upon you, Lord of Ruddlebane!—'tis such as yet that bring grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

"What babbling knave are you that thus, unasked, intrude either your blessings or curses upon our company?"

"I am one who scorns both your wealth and vices."

"Hence, knave!" replied the baron; "or you may feel the weight of our severity."

"I care not for that," replied the aged man, "and while I breathe will not cease to invoke curses on your head!"

"And why so liberal, madman?" asked the knight of Weimar.

"I deal not with thee," returned the bearded man; "and from the haughty Lord of Ruddlebane I demand my child—my Beatrice!"

"Begone, varlet!" said the baron. "How should I know aught of you or yours?"

"But still thou knowest, haughty lord; and never will I cease to demand her at thy hands!"

"I tell thee, knave, I know nought of her thou callest thy child. Begone!"

"Liar!" growled the man; "and it is I, the aged Malcolm, who taxes thee with thy crimes."

"Chastise him, Mark," said the baron to his groom; "smite him for his insolence!"

The groom, though evidently reluctant, smote the aged Malcolm on the cheek, and no sooner was it done than the latter exclaimed,—

"Thou hast robbed me of my child—I asked her of thee, although degraded; and in return thou orderest thy man to smite. Know, then, most haughty baron, two years from hence shall not see thee Lord of Ruddlebane! Thy corn will blight—thy cattle die of rot; thou shalt wander an outcast on the earth, and, finally, thy haughty head shall adorn a pole and blacken in the sun. Remember the words of Malcolm the Greybeard!"

"Follow him and bind him fast!" cried the enraged baron. "Bear him to our castle, where we will teach him the respect due to his superiors."

Sir Weimar and the groom both followed the aged man into the wood from which he had emerged, but he eluded their search amongst the thickness of the trees and underwood.

We must now carry the reader back a few years. The birthplace and ancestors of Malcolm, called the Greybeard, were unknown, he having appeared, with his infant daughter, suddenly in the neighbourhood of the Castle of Ruddlebane.

His majestic mien and countenance beaming with benevolence, made him respected by all. Years passed on, and little was known of him. His child, a being of indescribable beauty, was now approaching womanhood, and needed only to be seen to be admired; her frank and open bearing endeared her to the hearts of the surrounding peasantry, among the poorer classes of whom, with her aged father, she was seen administering to their wants and comforts.

"Dear mother," said a fair haired maiden, "I will seek the stranger; greybeard; I feel that he will give us food."

"Child," replied the sorrowing parent, "think you he would deign to listen to our tale of woe?"

"He would, he would, dear mother; it was on'y yesterday I saw him in the cottage of old blind Ruth."

"Indeed! my child; then there is yet hope left for us"

"Yes, yes, my dear mother; and poor Ruth afterwards told me, he had given her where-with to procure food."

"Ah! kind being."

"And had brought to her healing liquids, made from the mountain herbs, which seemed to give her new life and health."

"May Providence, then, shower its blessings over him."

"See! see! dear mother—the greybeard—he comes this way."

"I see, my child, he leans upon the arm of that dear girl, whose very smile cheers my sad heart."

Scarcely had she finished speaking ere Malcolm, attended by the youthful Beatrice, raised the latch of the cottage-door and entered.

"Peace and happiness attend your dwelling," said the aged Malcolm. "Lack ye food or clothing, good neighbour?"

"Too plainly do I see it!" returned the gentle Beatrice.

"Their wants shall be supplied, my child; tell me," continued he, to the cottager, "what occupation does thy partner seek, good woman?"

"Alas!" replied the mother, as the tears of recollection forced their way down her cheeks, "I have no partner—none but my own, my poor Phœbe is left me."

"Hast thou long been deprived of thy partner?" asked Beatrice, affectionately taking the hand of Phœbe.

"I know not," replied the blue-eyed girl, mournfully.

"Fell he in the wars?" asked Malcolm.

"Alas! no," replied the widow; "to thee, benevolent stranger, will confess —"

"Nay, nay," interrupted Malcolm; "I came not here to seek the secrets of thy heart, but to render thee assistance."

"Kind, benevolent being, I thank thee."

"No thanks are due me," replied Malcolm; "I perform but that which it becomes all men to do."

"Would that the treacherous Ruddlebane had reasoned like thee."

"Ruddlebane! Ruddlebane!" said Malcolm; "speak ye of the Baron Ruddlebane?"

"I do; 'twas he who first lured me from the path of duty."

"Ah!"

"Alas! he did; and, when I became a mother, turned me adrift upon the wide world to become the scorn of the unfeeling."

"Thy misery then will rest upon his head. Weep not—henceforth, will I see that thou art well provided for."

"Do I hear aright?" asked the cottager; "can it be possible that the stranger, to whom I am unknown, can care for my wants, while the father of my child has left me to pine unfriended in misery."

"This," said Malcolm, throwing down some coin, "will supply thy present necessities—my daughter or I again will visit ye"

A month had rolled on, and Beatrice had become a frequent visitor at the cottage; a friendship, devoid of all selfish interest, had sprung up in the heart of the young maiden for the gentle Phœbe, who felt for her benefactress feelings of the warmest attachment.

Returning one evening from a visit to some distant ruins, they were suddenly alarmed by the clouds becoming overcast, which gave indications of a coming storm.

"Whither shall we fly to seek for shelter?" asked Phœbe.

"Fear not, dear girl," replied Beatrice; "we shall reach thy dwelling ere the storm overtake us;" but the latter part of her words were drowned by the loud rattle of the thunder, which reverberated amongst the rocks and woods with awful grandeur.

"Mercy! mercy! what will become of us?" exclaimed Phœbe.

"Calm thy fears, my dear girl," said Beatrice; "I have been in scenes far more dreary, and have passed safely through them."

"Hark, hark!" said Phœbe; "horsemen approach."

Now fell the rain in torrents, and the livid lightning flashed with fearful glare; at this instant a horseman approached and exclaimed—

"Alone, fair maidens, and on such a night!"

"Alone, but not unprotected, sir," replied the gentle Beatrice.

"Aye, say so you!" returned the horseman; "then your swain is indeed ungallant."

Here again a flash more vivid than the last played upon the polished accoutrements of the horse and rider, and displayed the visage of the latter.

"Let us hasten onward," said Beatrice to Phœbe; "we are better alone than in such company."

"What sayest thou, maiden with the sparkling eye?" demanded the horseman.



Beatrice answered not, but hastened onward with her companion, Phoebe.

"Who art thou, proud girl?" said the rider; "and thy timid companion?"

"One who would shun the destroyer of the innocent," replied Beatrice.

"Knowest thou to whom thou art speaking, pretty babbler?"

"To the Lord of Ruddlebane," said Beatrice.

"And who art thou again, that darest speak thus to thy superiors?"

"Beatrice, daughter of him denominated the Greybeard of the Rocks."

"Ah! say ye so—by my good steed, you are a dauntless girl."

Phoebe clung closely to the arm of Beatrice.

"Can it be possible," said she, "that the being who is addressing us is —"

"Yes, yes, my dear girl; it is thy worthless father, who would rather injure than succour thee!"

The horseman had now descended, and followed close upon the unprotected females.

"Stay, stay! maidens," said he; "why do ye fly from me? I will lead thee in safety from the storm."

Still they hurried onward.

"By my good sword," exclaimed Ruddlebane, "I will not be thus foiled; they shall pay dearly for thus treating me with disdain;" and again mounting his horse, he proceeded in the direction they had taken, but to his chagrin, they eluded him in the thickness of the trees, where the horse could not follow.

The storm was now beginning to abate, and the bright pale moon again shone forth. Phoebe and Beatrice had reached their home in safety, although breathless with fear, for Malcolm had desired his child to fly from Ruddlebane as from the poisonous venom of the deadly serpent.

The haughty Lord of Ruddlebane strode across his hall with hasty strides.

"Shall I," exclaimed he, "the master of ten thousand acres of broad land—lord of ten thousand cattle—shall I suffer myself to be defeated by the daughter of a portionless stranger. No, no, by Heaven it shall not be; and ringing violently, a page quickly answered to its summons.

"Send hither my favourite, Ludivico," said the baron; "I want him immediately."

The page disappeared, and the next instant Ludivico entered.

"Welcome, good Ludivico," said Ruddlebane; "art thou ready to render thy master a service?"

"Command me as thou wilt, my lord," replied Ludivico.

"By my word, thou art a comely fellow, Ludivico," said the baron; "do but gaze upon thy features in yon bright mirror."

"Thou dost but jest with me, my lord," replied the favourite.

"On my soul I do not."

Ludivico then regarded himself in the mirror, and gave to the reflected figure an approving smile.

"And thou smilest blandly," said the baron; "thinkest thou, with such a smile, thou couldst engage the heart of a village maiden?"

"Aye, or of a princess, my lord," returned the sycophant.

"But hark ye," said the baron; "the favour I ask of thee, is to win the maiden, and bring her to thy master."

"E'en so, my lord—a dozen if thou wilt."

"Thou knowest well thy power, then, Ludivico," replied the baron, smiling.

"Yes; I have made some trials of my skill, my lord."

"But this methinks will require the utmost of thy art—the maid is poor, but haughty."

"I do not fear, my lord, but I shall succeed," replied Ludivico.

"Shouldst thou be fortunate enough, a thousand crowns shall be thy reward."

"Good, my lord; where dwellest the maiden thou wouldst have me seek?"

"By the cavern of the peak."

"Meanest thou, my lord, the lovely daughter of the stranger Greybeard?"

"Thou hast guessed rightly," said the baron.

"Pardon me, my lord, but —"

"Thou fearest thou hast not power to gain her," rejoined the baron.

"Even that and more, my lord," said Ludivico; "the stranger Greybeard is so well beloved, that methinks our castle would be soon besieged were his child carried off."

"Silence, silence, prating fool!" said the baron, in a tone of anger; "thinkest thou that none but Ruddlebane has snatched a maid from poverty to splendour? or, if all knew it, what would their rage or malice avail against my mighty power?"

For a few moments Ludivico seemed lost in confusion; at length he replied—

"My lord, 'tis whispered that the stranger Greybeard, as he is called, has the power of knowing good or evil to whom he will."

"Tut, tut; think you the Lord of Ruddlebane is to be scared by nursery rhyme?"

"Tis said, my lord, he is under the especial care of our Lady of Loretto, and I should not dare to harm his child."

"Did I ask of thee to harm her, knave!" said Ruddlebane.

"Thou didst not, my lord; but bringing her from the home of her father, to share in thy embrace, could not harbour good."

"Away! away with you," cried the baron; "from this hour I require not thy service."

"Hear me, I entreat of you, my lord," said Ludivico. "If I have offended thee, I grieve for it."

"Speak on," said the baron.

"If thou wilt still retain me, I will gladly inform thee how thou mayest get the maiden in thy power."

"Aye; now thou speakest like my good and trusty Ludivico."

"Thou wilt then retain me, noble master?" asked the parasite.

"I do; and if, by thy information, the maiden is secured, one half the promised reward shall be thine own."

"A thousand thanks, good master."

"Quick! quick then, Ludivico, with thy promised information."

"At the coming of the next new moon," said Ludivico, "a festival is to be given to the lady protector of Loretto."

"But what has this to do with the daughter of the Greybeard?"

"Much, my lord, she will be the first to offer to our lady gifts and incense, and will most likely be the last to linger near the shrine."

"Ah, that is well."

"Amongst the busy throng have some one ready to carry her off, ere the festival is finished."

"And who better suited for that task than thyself, brave Ludivico?"

"Nay, nay, my lord; in that thou askest of me more than I dare perform."

"Well, well—thou canst have no objection to point out the maiden to the party I may choose to do my bidding."

Ludivico feared to consent, yet trembled to refuse.

"Shall I take thy silence as consent?" demanded the baron.

"You may, my lord."

"Enough, good Ludivico; for a while I can dispense with you."

Ludivico was about to retire, when the baron continued—

"Look you, Ludivico; if you dare retract the promise thou hast given, thy life shall pay the forfeit."

"I will not, my lord;" he then left the presence of the baron.

The happy villagers were dressed in their gayest and best attire—youths and maidens were heard chanting in praise of the Holy Virgin, while pilgrims from afar were seen wending their way to the chapel of the holy lady. Now came a troop of youthful maidens, attired in vestures of snowy whiteness; each bore in either hand a chaplet, or small cross, and among the foremost was the beautiful Beatrice, attended in the distance by the aged Greybeard, who watched his child with paternal pride and solicitude.

Now was the service to the Virgin ended, and the villagers, with contrite, yet happy hearts, returned to their humble dwellings. Night had closed in, and the lovely Beatrice returned not to her peaceful dwelling.

"Why tarries my child!" said the aged Malcolm. "Can the Divine Power have sent me a new affliction to try my faith. Oh, my beloved Beatrice, my heart feels sorely oppressed! why go I not to seek thee?"

The aged man was now deeply engaged in prayer; but joy seemed to have fled his breast.

"My child—my child—she comes not!" he exclaimed, and rushed wildly towards the temple. But no vestige of human form remained within its sacred walls, and as he returned he filled the air with his lamentations.

A year had now rolled by, and the disappearance of Beatrice was involved in impenetrable mystery. Phoebe, her companion, rushed one day wildly to the abode of Greybeard, exclaiming,—

"Hasten, hasten to hear news of thy child!"

"Bless thee for thy glad tidings, child," returned the aged man,—"where gain you information?"

Ludivico, the favourite of the Baron Ruddlebane, now lies wounded in my mother's cottage; but quick, quick, or life will be extinct."

"I come, my child."

Excitement had given to the footstep of the aged man the buoyancy of youth, and in a few minutes he was at the bedside of the wounded man.

"For the love of Heaven," said Malcolm, "tell me what thou knowest of my child."

"I will—I will; but first bind up the wounds, which pain me sorely."

Malcolm, with the dexterity of an experienced surgeon, stanching the wounds Ludivico had received in his fall.

"Delay not longer, my son," said he, "the tidings for which my heart pants."



"Thou wilt curse me, good old man—thou wilt curse me!"  
 "Has, then, thy hand inflicted death upon my child?"  
 "Not so—not so. But —"  
 "Speak, speak, or my heart will burst!" cried Malcolm.  
 "My treacherous heart knew and connived at her destruction."  
 "Oh, God!" exclaimed Malcolm, striking his forehead, "can it be that my spotless child has become polluted by the villain Ruddlebane?"  
 "'Tis even so, venerable man; but her virtue yielded to force, and not to inclination."

Here Greybeard drooped his head, and wept audibly.  
 "My child—my beloved and spotless Beatrice," he exclaimed, "twere better thou hadst never been born, than to have lived to be dishonoured."  
 "Nay, nay; weep not, good man," said Ludivico; "thy tears are daggers to the guilty breast."  
 "My beloved Beatrice," cried Malcolm, "though dishonoured, thou art still dear to thy father's heart."  
 "One word ere you depart," said Ludivico.  
 "Be brief—be brief," said Malcolm.  
 "God sees," replied Ludivico, "that I had no hand in bearing thy child to the castle."

"Thou speakest falsely," said Malcolm, "else why didst thou say thy treachery —"  
 "Hear me," interrupted Ludivico. "'Tis true I informed the baron that thy child would visit the holy shrine —"  
 "Well."

"Of aught else I am innocent."  
 "I see," said Malcolm, "thy life's thread is nearly run. Quick, then, seek forgiveness for thy sinful life."

"Grant—grant thy pardon, or my manes will not find rest."  
 "Mine is already granted," said Malcolm. "May thou die in peace?"  
 Thus saying, he departed; and ere he had proceeded far he met the baron and the Knight of Weimar, as before related. The scene which followed we have before given to our readers.

Ten years had passed since the above events. Malcolm had grieved so long and deeply for his absent child, that he was indeed an altered man. Seldom he left the cave, save to procure provision, yet was his heart not shut against the feelings of humanity, and he was ever ready to give succour to those who sought it of him.

"Mysterious are thy ways, oh, Providence!" cried the aged man, casting himself on his knees; "for some especial purpose thou hast caused the innocent to suffer for the guilty; and the raging flames which consumed the body of the guilty Ruddlebane consumed also that of my lovely Beatrice."

Here a gentle rapping for admission startled him from his meditation.  
 "Who asks admission?" said he, approaching the door.

"One who has journeyed far," was the reply, "and who is wearied nigh unto death."

"Child of sorrow, thou art free to enter," said the Greybeard.  
 A being, seemingly bent double with age and infirmity, now entered.  
 "Thou seemest indeed weary," said Malcolm. "From whence comest thou?"

"From the holy war," returned the stranger.  
 "How did thy comrades leave thee in this sad plight?"  
 "Give me wherewith to quench my thirst, venerable man, and then I will tell thee all."

"It was indeed remiss of me," said Malcolm, "to ask questions of one so wearied. Drink, you, and eat; thou wilt find thyself refreshed."  
 Right gladly did the stranger partake of the humble meal, during which the eye of Malcolm was fixed upon him with no uncommon attention.

"Why gaze you thus stedfastly upon me?" asked the stranger.  
 "I know not, but there seems an expression in thy features to which I am no stranger."

"Thinkest thou so, good father?"  
 "I do, and feel my thoughts well grounded; but betake thee to yon humble pallet."

"I thank thee, but I would journey onward," said the stranger.  
 "Thou hast promised to relate —"  
 "Pardon me," interrupted the stranger; "but I must break my word; nor wilt thou ask me to keep it, when I tell thee I am journeying to the castle of my best and only friend, the Baron —"

"The baron of what?" asked Malcolm, with agitation.  
 "Ruddlebane," replied the stranger.

"Then thou must journey to the deepest pits of perdition," cried Malcolm, clutching his long grey beard spasmodically.

"Meanest thou," said the stranger, surprised in his turn, "that the gay, the wealthy Ruddlebane has —"

"Been called to the bar of eternal judgment for his deeds," rejoined the Greybeard.

"Then every hope is lost," said the stranger. "Who, then, inherits his possessions?"

Here a smile which defies description played over the features of the Greybeard, as he exclaimed,—

"My prayer was answered. His many thousand acres yielded him not a single blade of grass—his cattle fell—his very lacqueys scorned him—still he refused to give to the arms of a sorrowing father his dishonoured child."

Here a deep groan burst from the stranger, who exclaimed,—

"Too late I feel that God is just."

"He is just!" vociferated Malcolm; "and in his justice sent the devouring element to consume the body of the haughty and treacherous lord; and as he shrieked aloud for water to quench his parched lips, a thousand scoffing demons mocked his grief."

"Spare me—spare me! I die! I die!" replied the stranger.

"Spare thee! Who art thou?" demanded Malcolm.

"One on whom thy just course has fallen," replied the stranger.

"Thy name?" asked Malcolm.

"Know me, then, for the Knight of Weimar, old man."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Malcolm.

"Ay," faintly murmured the knight; "I have dragged this weary body, for miles along the burning sand, unknown, unpitied."

"If thou art dying," said Malcolm, "unburden thy conscience."

"Nay, nay, I dare not."

"For thy soul's sake, confess," said Malcolm.

"Hear me, then," said the knight, "ere the life which has been spent in infamy be closed for ever."

"Speak, speak, I would hear thee," replied the aged Malcolm.

"I—I it was who watched the footsteps of thy sainted child to the altar; and it was I who dogged her from that altar. It was I who bore her fainting form to the arms of the baron."

"May God have mercy, and give that pardon, which I cannot."

At this moment the door of the cell opened, and a being, as if risen from the grave, entered, shrieking,—

"Father, father, behold your child!"

"My child—my Beatrice!" exclaimed Malcolm, "art thou of earth?"

"Thine—thine!—thy long-lost Beatrice."

Here the old man uttered a shriek of joy which seemed to shake the cavern, while the wretched Weimar, conscience-stricken, believing the form of Beatrice to have risen from the tomb, uttered a low, deep groan, and cried,—

"Nay, spare me—I die, I die!"

Here the knight, grown penitent, expired.

So great had been the sudden burst of joy occasioned by the unexpected meeting of Beatrice and her aged father, that both for a while seemed lost to all around. At length, recovering, Malcolm firmly clasped his child to his breast, and exclaimed,—

"Great God, of Mercy! who can doubt thy power?"

"How can our lives praise him for his mercy?" rejoined Beatrice.

"Buried beneath the burning heap of ruins, his shadowing wing preserved thy child from injury."

"Ah! and sayest thou, my child, that thy fair form has been beneath the roof of thy seducer, uninjured?"

"It has, dear father; and here behold thy child, though faint and weary from fatigue, still free from spot of mind or body."

"And is my child, then, still spotless?"

"Yes, yes, dear father. The spirit of her at whose blest shrine I worshipped preserved thy child from harm and dishonour."

"Then is Malcolm again a king in his former glory—then is his child the first princess of the northern world."

"A king, dear father! In pity, answer me. Does thy reason wander?"

"Nay, nay, my child. When first thou drewest thy infant breath, thy father sat on Scotland's throne—a monarch to whom ten thousand subjects bowed the lowly knee."

"And yet thou hast wandered an outcast from thy country, and —"

"Yes, yes, my child; but it was the decree of fate, which at my birth spoke out my doom, and said,—

"Malcolm, Malcolm, hear thy fate:—

Scotland's king, of vast estate,

From thy throne thou shalt be driven—

From ev'ry tie thou shalt be riven.

But time shall bring thee every joy—

No care nor toil thy soul annoy;

Every grief and woe shall cease,

And thy last hour be one of peace!"

And truly, indeed, my child, has that fate been verified. But now I feel that every ill in life is ended; happy, my child, in thy loved embrace, I wait with resignation the hour that shall bear my soul to the realms of eternal glory."

In a few days they set sail for their ancient kingdom.



## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

Scalvoni at first looked angry, then astonished, and as the merchant continued, he schooled his countenance to an appearance of perfect composure. When Leighton had finished, he said—

"My dear sir, you are quite a miracle of virtue, and I am quite converted—oh, what a vicious wretch I might have been but for you—oh!"

"Scalvoni, this affected conversion is not of the right stamp—be serious."

"I am serious to a fault. Did you ever see or hear me laugh, eh?"

"You understand me then?"

"Oh, perfectly—when all trades fail, you can turn methodist parson, you know. Let me see. My tablets—meet it is, I set it down. 'Memorandum: Not to seduce Harriet Hearnshaw on any account.' While I am about it, is there any other young lady over whom you would like to throw the agis of your protection?"

"It may suit your humour, Scalvoni," said the merchant, "to affect to treat this matter as a jest, but I will immediately inform the Hearnshaws of the fact of your having a wife now living, which will, of itself, be sufficient to render any attention you may affect to pay to Harriet so many insults."

"Bless your heart, I have three wives living—would you like their names and addresses, because they are all very much at your service indeed."

Mr. Leighton rose, saying—

"Enough of this, Scalvoni; I have said what I intended, and you know my determination."

"Hark ye, Robert Leighton," replied Scalvoni, through his clenched teeth, "if you don't mind what you are about, some fine morning you will be hung at the Debtors' door of the Old Bailey."

The merchant shuddered.

"Aye, hung," repeated Scalvoni. "But act as you will—let us be as antagonists with regard to this girl. Be it so, what care I; I expected opposition, and shall get it. But still I repeat she shall be mine. I will bring her a suppliant to my feet yet. The first faint passion I feel for her has now grown gigantic—she is doomed. Beware you share not the fate of all others who may attempt to thwart my purposes. Beware, I say, beware."

He rushed from the room before Robert Leighton could answer him, and the merchant, with a deep groan, sunk upon a seat, and covered his face with his hands, apparently in an agony of painful reflection.

"A pleasant alteration," said the creole, as he lifted the lid of a huge trunk in the room and just peeped out.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE LOVERS.

AFTER the departure of Mr. Leighton, it was natural enough that Charles Hargrove and Harriet should seek the secluded retreat in the garden, there to unlock the full tide of thought, and impart to each other the new hope that had been kindled in their almost despairing hearts.

They quitted the cottage and sought the balmy air, and the fresh perfume of the newly-opening flowers, and took their walk through the garden, until they neared the bower that formed the terminating point of the garden between the road and the cottage.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Harriet, as she sank upon a seat, "we may yet be happy, and hope there may be many years of happiness in store for us."

"I hope and believe so, dear Harriet," replied Charles; "Mr. Leighton has given me new hope and new life. I am sure that I had scarce a hope of anything short of abject misery and starvation."

"My heart sunk within me, Charles; but oh, how very different are our hopes and fears now, to what they were at our last conversation."

"The change is great, indeed. What happiness can those distribute, who, having the means, are not backward in using them for such a purpose—in alleviating the misery and misfortune of many thousands," said Charles, "of suffering fellow-creatures, whose lives might be made happy, instead of being allowed to pass through life with the mere means of existing under the most depressed and abject circumstances."

"True, dear Charles; and should it ever be our lot to have the means of scattering happiness around us, we will not neglect the opportunity of doing so."

"No, Harriet; and these pleasing thoughts call up another, never absent from my mind, under any circumstances."

"And what can that be, Charles?" said Harriet.

"It is our future union, which can only take place when we have the prospect of procuring the means of living. This first and great care is now likely to be accomplished by the kindness of Mr. Leighton—Heaven be thanked!"

"Yes, dear Charles, our prospects of the future have, of late, been cheerless, and almost hopeless."

"They have, indeed; but now a better prospect dawns upon us, and the hope of the future is bright and sunny. Let us never forget how we have passed through poverty to at least hard-earned competence. There may yet be a time, Harriet, when we shall look back upon the past, and smile to think of the many miseries we have endured, and which will dwell but faintly on our memories."

"Yes; time will mellow the roughness of the road we shall have trodden, and what was a sore and cutting evil in our path, will, by the distance of time, appear smooth and round; but let us return to my mother, Charles; she will, doubtless, share our happiness."

"Ay, she will, I know; but we will never cease to love each other; our love will not now appear that hopeless passion that merely binds each to the other in misfortune and misery, rendering our least unhappy moments the heavier for the thoughts of the misfortune the other feels. We love, and shall be happy in our love."

"We shall," said Harriet, as she rose and clung to Charles Hargrove's arm.

They had not gone a step or two, before they were startled by the sounds of strange voices, that sounded from the other side of the hedge, saying,—

"Please to remember the poor. I am a wanderer, and have travelled many miles in search of bread. Be charitable, kind sir. Bestow a trifle, young lady, you will never feel the want of it. I am a poor, lone, wandering woman."

This was said in such a cold tone, something between impertinence and carelessness, that was as remarkable as annoying. The speaker was a tall old woman, of very forbidding exterior, whose clothes were scarce seen, being enveloped in a long brown cloak, with the hood bound round her head with a red handkerchief, which tied beneath her chin.

Her skin was of an olive cast, much begrimed by dirt, and browned by exposure. Her eyes were black, while the white contrasted strangely with the pupil—this was seen at once when she turned round her eye to gaze upon another object.

All this bespoke her origin. She was a gipsy. Harriet and Charles both at once said they had nothing to give, and were about passing on without further noticing her than to feel amazed she should have been so near the bower in which they had been seated, while they held the previous conversation.

The woman's provoking look of intelligence, too, was not the least remarkable, as well as the sound of her voice, which came, at first, quite from behind the place, and he could see she came from that direction. He was sure she had heard all that had passed; not that there was aught that he wished concealed—no; but yet it is not pleasant to find one's privacy invaded by the prying ears of the vulgar, who can neither appreciate nor understand our motives and conduct.

"Will you let me tell you your fortune, young lady? I can do it by the lines of the hand. I am well skilled in palmistry. It is a gift in my tribe, and none have it so perfectly as I."

"Ah, here are lines of good and evil fortune, the usual signs of a chequered life; but much of that's passed; yes, much of it is passed, and much that remains is doubtful—that is, may be avoided by prudence."

Harriet was doubtful whether to go or stay—she lingered in uncertainty, perhaps with the hope that she might hear something of the secrets of futurity; but Charles gently drew her away, when the old gipsy said in a hasty manner,—

"Young maiden, take warning, for your fate is written in legible characters. Stir you not for fee or reward, or to pleasure him; but hearken to the words of the wanderer. You may be happy in marriage, and possess all that the heart can desire, and you may be miserable, and poverty shall sit heavy on you; your marriage shall be to your weal or your woe. This much I can tell you for your guidance. Marry the man whose name begins with an S, and all this shall be secured you."

"Out, importunate hag!" said Charles Hargrove; "leave the place immediately, else I will turn you out; your pretended character is but a cloak to imposition and robbery. Out, I say."

"It is you who are not the man to make a maiden happy. I read it in your brow—your anger would tell it to another than I; but I can read it as it is written upon your forehead."

"Out—leave the place, impostor!" said Charles, as he forced the woman out of the garden, and shut the gate. The old gipsy turned



round and laughed a short laugh, saying, while her black eyes shone with anger—

"Mark me, youngster, a day will come when you will remember the words of the slyl, and when they will be bitterness and gall to you."

During the foregoing, Mrs. Hearnshaw was alone in the cottage; she was busy in her own mind with the thought of what could be done with the good fortune that had suddenly befallen them, for so she looked upon the promises of Mr. Leighton. She was busied also in arranging some necessary trifles, when she thought she heard some one enter the room. On looking up she nearly screamed with affright at the suddenness of the appearance of Luke Scalvoni.

"Mrs. Hearnshaw," he said, advancing, "I wish to have a few moments' conversation with you; you are a reasonable woman, Mrs. Hearnshaw, and therefore 'tis a pleasure to speak to you."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, "what can you have to say to me?"

"You are, as I have said, a reasonable woman—a judicious woman, and a fond mother—are you not—eh?"

"Why, yes—that is, I suppose so; I am sure I always have the welfare of my daughter at heart."

"Exactly; but you know my object: 'tis one that concerns the welfare of Harriet; I would make her my wife; I would raise her to a rank in society that should be more consonant to her worth and your feelings, for I am sure you were never intended for such a place as this; you were intended to adorn society, and ride in a carriage."

"Why, as to that, you see, Mr. Scalvoni, I must bear with my station—I can't help it; you see we are chastened, but then they say we are necessarily beloved; for he chasteneth those whom he loveth, you know, and yet it might be quite as well, as you say, to ride in a carriage, nevertheless."

"Certainly; besides, you know you may do a much more acceptable thing to Heaven by assisting me in this marriage with your daughter."

"Oh, Heaven! certainly. I'll do anything that will please Heaven; but how can my daughter's marriage with you have anything to do with Heaven?"

"Easy enough," said Scalvoni, with a sneer; "you are a religious woman; well, that's one reason why Heaven should shower blessings upon you, and all your deeds, as doubtless it has."

"It may be so," replied Mrs. Hearnshaw; "but I have suffered much, nevertheless. I am as devout as most people, yet I have had my misfortunes, as you know."

"Indeed," replied Luke Scalvoni; "but hear me—I have it in my power to do much, always providing that Harriet marries me. You know I am not religious; this may be my misfortune, and I am sometimes tempted to think so; but then, you know, I have never been much in the company of saints and the devout."

"Very likely not," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, with a sigh; "bad company is the root of all evil; you would be a brand snatched from the burning."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Scalvoni, "I should—that is if I am often in your society, for constantly speaking of the things to one of your comprehension and clearness, would be the means, in all probability, of reclaiming me from the paths of infidelity."

"Oh," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, "that's a very dreadful thing. I wonder what would be the use of bringing you back."

"I really don't know," stammered Scalvoni, but recollecting, he said, "why, Heaven would gain another sinner from earth."

"So it would—so it would," said Mrs. Hearnshaw. "It would be very acceptable, and how I should be talked of as bringing a lamb to the fold—yes, I should."

"Exactly; and then I have money, you know, Mrs. Hearnshaw," said Scalvoni, with a sneer; "with that I hope to be able to buy a piece of ground and build a chapel."

"A chapel!" exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw; "ah, that would be delightful."

"I could endow it, and call it Mrs. Hearnshaw's Commemorative Fold, so that your name would descend to posterity as one of the greatest benefactresses that ever prayed in a church, or became truly great and pious."

"Oh, God bless me!" exclaimed the astonished and amazed Mrs. Hearnshaw; "that would indeed be a proud moment for me—for one who has struggled through so much."

"But all this, you will recollect, requires some little time to work out. The first step towards its completion is my union with Harriet."

"Oh, yes; Harriet—there's the difficulty," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, pausing.

"In the way of the chapel—the commemorative fold," said Luke Scalvoni, with a short cough.

"You see, Harriet—yes, I wish she had not seen young Hargrove, though he's a good youth—then, you see, the difficulty would have vanished."

"To one of your good sense, difficulties vanish; you have but to

take upon you the authority of a mother, and urge my suit. Time and perseverance will do much, and wealth more. Harriet will, I am convinced, be mine with a great deal less trouble than I have been led to suppose."

"I don't know that; but it would be a great thing to have one's own name given to a chapel at any rate."

"Then consider your own change, and Harriet's wealth will purchase you much ease and many comforts that you need now; you are yet young, and in the full enjoyment of life, but we do not grow younger; then comes the time you need more indulgencies than you can hope for. May I reckon on your aid in this affair?"

Before any answer could be returned by Mrs. Hearnshaw, the door opened, and Harriet and Charles Hargrove entered the apartment. An exclamation of surprise escaped from his lips as he saw Luke Scalvoni in conversation with Mrs. Hearnshaw, and he immediately advanced, and said,

"I am astonished at your intrusion in this place above all others."

"Are you?" said Scalvoni, with much coolness; "I am not; you have disturbed my conversation with Mrs. Hearnshaw; your entrance was very abrupt and indecorous."

"You will be pleased to quit this place immediately, and as abruptly, and never let me see you enter it again."

"That is a matter for my consideration," replied Scalvoni. "I am not in the habit of obeying the orders of others, and I care but little for yours, as you well know."

"Oh, my goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw, "do not let us have any disturbance; I am sure this is not a time for strife."

"Leave the place," exclaimed Charles, in a loud tone; "leave it immediately."

"I shall not do so until I think proper," replied Scalvoni, with the most provoking coolness.

"Then if you do not," said Charles, advancing into the room, "I will make you."

"Ah! ah!—will you? Then try another fall with me," sneered Scalvoni. "I am as ready to meet you as I was when I last chastised your insolence. There go, young man, and do not let your heat overcome your discretion. 'Twill not be well for you to do so. Did you dare lay hand on me, you would quickly be in the same situation you were when last we had a trial of strength."

As he said these words, which were spoken in a sneering, taunting tone, he quitted the house, and leisurely walked down the garden.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE SHAM ROBBERY.

LETOUR was quite in the habit of amusing himself, and doing just what he liked, and now that he fancied he had Scalvoni completely at bay, he felt more inclined than ever to pursue the delightful occupation, if we may be allowed the contradiction in terms, of idleness; after, therefore, he had the little, to him, gratifying, most gratifying conversation with Scalvoni, he resolved upon amusing himself for the remainder of the day.

With quite a feeling of pleasure, and his eyes sparkling with excitement, he walked into the city, gazing around him with a conviction of independence such as he had never before felt.

"Now," he thought, "I know the way both to revenge and to wealth. Sufficiently am I acquainted with the wrongs my mother has endured at the hands of Robert Leighton to awaken in my breast every feeling of revenge. The retribution I shall exact will be of a fearful character; but now it shall be delayed longer than I had ever dreamed of delaying it, because I must not neglect the opportunity I have of acquiring wealth through the fears of Scalvoni. Yet must I be careful even in pressing him. He is to me the goose with the golden eggs, and I must bide my time—not force him to some desperate act of resistance, which might possibly, while it destroyed him, mar all my own hopes."

Such were the thoughts and anticipations of Letour as he walked along the crowded thoroughfares of the city, and gazed with a satisfied air into the shop windows, so crowded with wealth that it would seem beyond the bounds of credibility to suppose such a mass of valuable property could be so easily exposed to the tempted eyes of the poor—the hungry—the destitute.

Then he took some refreshment at a hotel, regardless of the cost, for he looked upon himself as a wealthy man—as one upon whom fortune was sweetly smiling—he must have thousands by the end of a year, for he made up his mind he would never take less than one hundred pounds at each application from Scalvoni, and how easy would it be for him to repeat such demands some thirty or forty times in the course of a year—what a delightful retrospect that was. Indeed, he began with the insatiable feelings of newly awakened avarice to consider if he could



not play, off the same game upon the merchant himself, and so double his gains. The very idea was delightful. In imagination he saw himself rising to grandeur and opulence by the very process of the ruin of his victim. Could he have a better—a safer—a more full revenge than the terror he would constantly keep them in. Oh, it was glorious—most admirable. Letour could scarcely conceal his exultation; but smiled as he walked through the crowded streets in a manner to attract the attention of many of the passengers.

How long he thus sauntered about he did not know; but, at length, he began to feel a little weary, and he bethought him of where he could rest awhile and still indulge uninterruptedly in the day-dream which wore so golden and pleasant an aspect.

The old Royal Exchange was now at hand, and, strolling under the ancient gateway, he sat himself down in one of the foreign merchants' walks, heedless of the busy anxious throng that was constantly passing and repassing him, some with slow serious footsteps, as if in deep deliberation, while others hurried on, apparently striving, by their reckless haste, to overtake time itself in the completion of some commercial enterprise of moment.

Alas! that noble structure, with all its associations, is swept away, and whatever may be the beauty, the order, or the fitness of a new building for the purposes of commerce, time alone can surround it with the dim halo of veneration that gathers like moss upon the structures which have seen generation after generation descend to the grave, while it rears its head unscathed by time's destroying fingers.

While he rested, Letour fell into the most pleasing reverie. The future glided before him like a gorgeous panorama. Never had he enjoyed such exquisite mental sensations, and he could have almost knocked a man down who, sitting by him, said, suddenly,—

"A charming morning, sir, after the rain of last night. Everything looks fresh and delightful."

"Yes—yes, very," said Letour, and, glancing at the stranger, he saw that he was very respectably attired, and had all the air and manners of a merchant of wealth and consequence.

"You are admiring this building, no doubt," remarked the imposing looking stranger.

"Yes, I was."

"Ah! It's a great accommodation—a very great accommodation; especially to strangers in London, such as I am myself. Not many days ago I was in Rotterdam."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. But business has forced me here. I hold it as a principle that the head of any mercantile firm should make it a practice to receive his own money, if possible; and, having large assets coming from English merchants, I have come over myself to receive them."

At this juncture another person came and sat down on the other side of Letour, who saw that he was a respectable looking mechanic, and took no further notice of him. The foreign merchant continued talking in rather a garrulous sort of way, as Letour thought, making much too free with a perfect stranger, and being more communicative about his affairs than he needed to have been. At length he remarked,—

"What a difference there is in the coinage of this country and Holland, so near as they are, too. It is quite remarkable."

"Is it so, indeed?"

"Yes! Have you ever seen Dutch money?"

"Not that I recollect."

"Look here, then. Now, you will mark the difference."

The merchant took out his purse, and showed Letour various coins, commenting upon them as he did so. There was likewise a cornelian ring in the purse, which the stranger very unnecessarily remarked had belonged to his deceased wife, which induced him to set great store by it. In fact, Letour began to be completely bored by his communicative new acquaintance, and he became very anxious to get away from him. At length, he said,—

"I thank you for your courtesy, sir, and must now bid you good day."

"Good day, my young friend," said the merchant. "Good day, and good luck attend you."

"Thank you—thank you."

Heartily glad that he had got rid of so troublesome a person, the creole hastened out of the Exchange, and there being a considerable throng of persons in the carriage-way of Cornhill, he darted across the road at the first opportunity he had with great speed. Then he hurried on, for he wished to get home to make some alterations in his dress; but he had not proceeded above a couple of hundred yards, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, upon turning hastily, he saw a stout burly-looking man close behind him.

(To be continued in our next.)

"Union is strength," as the man said, when he mixed a quart of small beef with half a pint of ale.

## THE FUGITIVE.

### A TALE OF WARSAW.

APPALLING and melancholy was the picture when the suburbs of Warsaw were consumed in flames by the Russian artillery: the roar of five hundred pieces of cannon seemed to shake the earth and sky, and played like an infernal orchestra upon the tottering houses of the devoted city.

The trembling females, in the agony of their fears, sought their churches, and prostrated themselves before their altars, which, on account of the mournful occasion, were enveloped in black—tears of heartfelt anguish ran down their pale and melancholy cheeks, and, with outstretched hands, and bursting hearts, they poured forth their ardent prayers to God for the safety of their countrymen.

Every reverberating sound of cannon that shook their temples, conveyed to their terrified imaginations the idea that it was the messenger of death to some dear object of their souls. There was no cessation to the sound: night came on, but with it no calm repose to the inhabitants of Warsaw; the burning houses cast up their flames to Heaven, and the lurid clouds reflected the desolation that was going on below, while large fragments of burning material were borne upon the wind to the distant horizon.

Four days and nights the cannonading lasted: it seemed like a canopy of destructive fire, which covered the devoted capital; the streets were covered with the bodies of murdered men, women, and children, and the blood of thousands of the bravest of Europe's sons flowed in torrents like water down the channels.

It was at that awful period, which filled every human breast with horror and indignation, that the lady of the Count Anguel gave birth to a son. Scarcely had she time to press the new-born infant to her bosom, than the Russian soldiers entered the house; the count caught the beloved wife of his bosom in his arms, and, casting a blanket round her, hastily left his home by a different door to that the Russians entered, leaving an attendant to follow with the infant.

But that instant was fatal; the moment they had left the soldiers entered; the nurse was pierced with a bayonet, and the child carried off, as were the possessions of his father.

With the greatest caution the count bore his precious burden from the scene of slaughter; he gained the open country, and, laying down his beloved wife upon the clay-cold ground, invoked the protection of Heaven for her safety.

Anxiously did the afflicted husband watch the pallid countenance of his wife; and, as he held her lily hand in his, he felt the rigidity of death steal through her veins, a calm and heavenly expression settled upon her lovely features, and, as he pressed his lips to hers, the angel spirit winged its flight.

For some time Anguel gazed upon the form before him; the arrow of grief had deeply entered his heart; he wailed not nor wept, but, heaving a deep sigh, vowed in the recesses of his soul to be revenged, and poured execrations on the name of Constantine. He then, with a spade that was lying near, dug a shallow grave, in which he placed the body of all that was dear to him on earth.

Scarcely had he performed this ceremony than a band of fugitives approached him; he joined their number never to return, but vowed in the hidden shrine of his oppressed heart (and thousands did the same) never to renounce that holy affection which with unseen fetters binds every human being to the ground of his native soil, however his exiled foot might wander to distant climes.

But 'whither could he fly? Where upon the surface of this wide globe could the unhappy fugitive (deprived of all the world calls valuable,) find a home? Where amongst the sons of men would he not be deemed an intruder? Where and amongst what people of the earth would he be esteemed a brother in misfortune to whom the hard of Christian sympathy would be extended in love and peace? Who would welcome him to their shores? Whose home would be sacred to his sorrows and each heart contend to pour the balm of consolation into the wounds of his afflicted spirit, and chase the anguish that preyed upon his soul?

But the unhappy Anguel had heard of England: he had heard of it as a land whose sons were men with hearts ever open to the liveliest emotions of undeserved distress, and who would feel for and sympathise with a fallen brother, whatever his creed or colour.

"There," said Anguel, "will I go, not to crave the lot of a nation's poor, but to ask in the name of brother; there are brave and noble hearts that can understand and appreciate a brave man's feelings—hearts that resemble those of my loved and suffering country, and to them I will apply."

Thus banished from his country, Anguel and his countrymen sought the shores of Britain to shed their tears for their lost country, and where, without being exposed to the vexations of a brutal policy, they could pour out to each other the sorrows of their hearts.



But we must now return to the infant: the soldiers had carried him, as the heir of a noble house, along with his father's possessions, to Constantine, who ordered a body of Cossacks again to convey him to a distant part of the country, and place him under the care of an individual he named.

The night was dark and stormy, the wind howled furiously around the cottage of old Henrick and his wife, who were sitting near the miserable fire, when a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"Mersey! who can it be?" said the female, as their large wolf dog went snuffing at the threshold.

"Who's there?" demanded Henrick,

"A stranger."

"And what does he want with poor old Henrick?"

"Open the door," said the stranger, firmly; "I am here by the orders of the grand duke."

Henrick obeyed, and a rough-featured Cossack entered, bearing in his arms an infant. "Your name is Henrick, is it not?" said he, in an uncouth tone.

"It is."

"My orders are to leave the youngster with you till further notice."

"We are very poor," suggested the wife of Henrick.

"I know it, dame, and from this time you will receive a small remittance for his keep; here is a trifle to begin with."

He then pulled a small purse from his pouch, and put it in the hand of Henrick, at the same time he placed the infant in the arms of Kate his wife, which were open to receive it.

"Poor little dear, it looks but poorly," said she, as she nestled it to her bosom.

"And well it may, for as yet it has had but uncouth tending; at a future day you will have other orders concerning him."

As the Cossack said this he left the cottage, and the old man and his wife soon heard his horse's departing footsteps; they then turned their attention to the little stranger so unexpectedly placed beneath their roof.

"And see," said Kate, "look at the lace upon his frock; no doubt he is a child of noble birth."

"Aye, aye," replied Henrick, "no doubt some poor mother weeps his loss; and, if the poor babe could speak, he could tell a dreary tale."

"A Polish child, no doubt," replied Kate.

"Polish or Russian, we must do our duty by him," returned her husband; "the poor little fellow cannot help his parent's faults, and I have no doubt he has been sent to us to be made a Russian: you see, dame, that is a part of the grand duke's policy."

"I see," replied his wife, as she stripped the child; "here is a small picture of a beautiful lady."

"Eh—what?"

"A portrait of a lady fastened by a slender thread around its neck."

"Indeed it's very beautiful, Kate," said Henrick, as he regarded the miniature; "no doubt it is its lady mother; take care of it, Kate, take care of it."

Kate did as desired, and, taking the locket from the infant's neck, placed it with some other trifles in a place of safety. She then laid the smiling infant in a little bed, where also reposed another, her grandchild, its father having been killed in the grand duke's army, and its mother having died of grief for the loss of her husband.

The two children were not much unlike, and a stranger who had only seen them once would find it difficult to recognise them; both children were pale and delicate from a similar cause, the loss of their natural protectors; but, as the little Anguel improved in strength, so did the other seem to lose it, and ultimately its little spirit was returned to Him who gave it.

"Now, Kate," said old Henrick a few days after the burial of the little one, "we are childless; we have lost our own sweet girl, and also her gentle babe; this little stranger seems to have been sent by Providence, to supply their loss, and I will adopt him: he will be a comfort to our childless years."

"But the duke," said Kate; "what answer will you give to the duke's messenger?"

"Leave that to me—leave that to me."

While he yet spoke the Cossack entered the cottage. "How fares your little charge?" said he; "I should guess he is thriving well."

"Alas! sir," replied Henrick, "he was too soon taken from his parent's bosom: it is but a few days since his body was buried in the tomb."

"He then is dead?" returned the Cossack; "what shall I say to the grand duke?"

"That the laws of Nature will be satisfied," replied the old man, mildly; "we cannot restore the dead to life."

"Well, then, since the child is dead, I must return the money to those who sent me," replied the Cossack, and, immediately leaping into his saddle, was soon lost in the distance.

From this time no further inquiry was made concerning the little Anguel, who became the delight and consolation of his protectors; as his strength increased with his years, he became a bold and handsome youth, contrasting very much with the Russian peasantry who surrounded him, and resembling in features neither his foster-father, Henrick, nor his aged Kate.

Anguel was not slow to discover the marked difference between his own person and those around him: he pondered on it frequently; the language of Henrick, to his wife, too, concerning him, which he had overheard at intervals, awakened his suspicion of the fact, and he determined at the earliest opportunity to seek an explanation, and for this purpose he one day addressed Kate, who had long burned to divulge the secret to him.

"I have strong suspicions, my dear friend," commenced Anguel, "that by the honoured title of parent I am not at liberty to call you, although to me you have been more than such; tell me if I am right in my conjectures?"

"You are," replied Kate, who now felt her mind greatly relieved from a great burden; "and, indeed, by blood you hold no relationship to us whatever."

"As I imagined," replied Anguel, a little startled at the truth of his conjectures; "but, in the name of Heaven, tell me whence I came hither?"

Kate immediately related to him the circumstance of his being left at the cottage by the Cossack, and put into his hand the small miniature she had found upon him.

"Great God of Heaven!" exclaimed Anguel, as he regarded the striking resemblance of the miniature to himself. "this, then, must be my mother?"

"No doubt of it, my son," returned Kate. "The features greatly correspond; poor soul, who can tell what sufferings have been hers!"

"The dress is the costume of Poland," returned Anguel; "surely my parents were not of that unhappy country?"

"I cannot say, my son; there are letters on the back which I do not understand."

Anguel reversed the miniature: he saw the inscription, but to him it was a sealed mystery, which time alone could unravel. He, however, concluded he was of Polish origin, and therefore determined to lose no opportunity of acquainting himself with the facts, and of discovering his unhappy parents, if they had not been long since numbered with the dead.

With this intention he bid farewell to the generous Henrick and his wife, and on foot commenced his journey to France, where thousands of the expatriated Poles had fled. On his way thither he resolved to take Poland in his route, gain a knowledge of the language, and make what inquiries he deemed necessary.

In this he was successful: his knowledge of the Russian language protected him from being detected by any of the numerous spies of that country; and, upon arriving at Warsaw, he hired himself as a labourer. In this situation he remained some months, and gained a rapid knowledge of the Polish language: he, moreover, became acquainted with the residence of those he supposed his parents, and from time to time visited the ruined mansion, to pour out his grief and supplications for their safety.

The ruins that everywhere surrounded him, and the slavery of the vanquished natives, spoke too truly of the excesses which had been committed by the tyrant; his heart bled for his country's wrongs, and he determined also to be revenged, should ever opportunity offer, against the author of such unparalleled cruelty and oppression.

The object for which he had travelled to Poland was now accomplished: he, therefore, set out for France, and arrived in Paris after the lapse of many weeks, overcome with fatigue and hunger. Here he made every inquiry amongst his unhappy countrymen for the family of Anguel; he learned that the count had fled with the rest, but, as he had not been seen for some years, it was conjectured he had died.

Here, then, was a new source of grief for the unhappy son; again the fire of indignation burnt more fiercely within his bosom against the author of his country's calamities; and, that he might be in some degree avenged, he joined the army of Napoleon.

After serving with distinction for the space of three years, he was in 1812 taken prisoner of war by the Russians, and conveyed by them far into the interior of the country. His knowledge of the language again served him well; he declared that he had been before captured by the French, and compelled to serve in the Emperor's army. This mitigated his sentence; he was, soon restored to liberty, but to serve in the ranks of Constantine.

Son of misfortune as Anguel was, it was impossible for him to choose where he should serve; the Russians had lost many officers, and fate decreed that he should rise in the service; he was promoted to the rank of cornet.

In this capacity, while quartered with his troops at the small village



of Jolotwin, he first beheld the beautiful and graceful Eudopha, and the most impassioned love took possession of his heart.

She was the daughter of the village priest; her modest worth was appreciated by all who knew her, but, to the misfortune of Anguel, the captain of his troop burned with a similar passion to himself.

"Most lovely Eudopha!" said Anguel one day as they walked together near the house; "let me entreat of you no longer to keep me in suspense; you are aware that I have a rival in the Captain Chigarin."

"I am," replied Eudopha; "but you have nought to fear on his account."

"You do not then love him?"

"Need you ask the question, Anguel," returned the modest maiden; "what encouragement have I given him?"

"I do not know," replied Anguel, "but he imagines that you love him."

"Here, then, most solemnly I declare I never entertained the slightest partiality for him beyond that of an ordinary acquaintance."

"And you will confirm that love to me, dear and matchless Eudopha?"

"I did not say so," returned the maiden.

"But I would hear those lips pronounce my doom; to-morrow we may march."

"Ah, so soon?" sighed Eudopha, as the tear started to her eye.

"Yes, enchantress of my soul! Say, then, you love me, and no power of man shall separate us."

"I confess, dear Anguel, you are dear, very dear to my heart."

"Say you love me!" cried the supplicating Anguel, as he bent upon his knee.

"I love you!" breathed the maiden.

Anguel rose, and, pressing the form of the beautiful girl to him, implanted a kiss of rapture on her ruby lip: at that instant Chigarin stepped up, and, placing his hand upon the collar of Anguel, tore him rudely from the arms of his beloved.

"Villain!" cried he, with infuriated and menacing looks, "dearly shall you pay for presuming to be my rival."

"Tis well, captain," replied the enraged Anguel, "that you are my superior in command, or —"

"Off!" cried Chigarin, "and mind the duties of your station; inspect the troops that are now quartered two leagues hence."

Anguel saw it was in vain to dispute commands; he turned from the spot, and in doing so met the tearful eye of Eudopha, which fell upon him with a look of such touching melancholy, that it pierced him to the soul.

"Do you disobey commands," cried the captain, "that you loiter thus?"

Anguel made no reply; the captain followed him to where the troops were stationed; he ordered out a troop of men, and, without speaking of disobedience, commanded them to strip the unfortunate Anguel, and inflict a hundred blows with the knout, which was immediately done.

Exhausted by pain and shame, the unfortunate Anguel fainted, and, when he recovered his senses, he found the tyrant gone; the poor soldiers did all they could to comfort him and alleviate his sufferings, but they could not remove the sting that had been implanted in his heart.

For many weeks Anguel remained in the hospital, the victim of barbarity; he could gain no tidings of his beloved Eudopha, and this added to the poignancy of his sufferings. In the meantime, Chigarin had retired from the service.

No sooner was the dishonoured Anguel recovered from his wounds inflicted by the infernal lash, and heard of the retirement of the captain from the service, than he sought his residence.

"Chigarin!" said he, "you are now no longer my superior officer; you are now my equal in the eyes of all human, as well as laws divine, and I now demand satisfaction for your brutal conduct."

"I shall give you none," said Chigarin; "leave the house!"

"Never! till I have obtained justice at your hands," replied Anguel.

"Begone, scoundrel!" cried the captain.

"You, then, refuse to fight me?"

Chigarin made no reply, but ordered his attendants to thrust Anguel from the house; he, however, departed, and, upon arriving at his residence, was arrested—a loaded pistol was found beneath his uniform, and this was deemed sufficient grounds to try him before a court-martial.

The court martial was held in a room at a small town adjacent, which had been converted into a court of justice for the occasion, at the door of which stood two sentinels with drawn swords.

In the centre of the room was a table covered with green cloth, on which was a large ebony crucifix, and a large plate of silver, called (zlerkalo) the mirror, which is used in all the Russian courts of justice, and is symbolical of the presence of the sovereign.

The council was seated round the table, and consisted of several officers of all ranks, including even a private. Opposite the president

sat the attorney of the regiment, who read the report, and, having finished, said,—

"Gentlemen, you are the judges of the prisoner; it behoves you to punish the guilty, and to give a striking example to the whole army."

"Place the prisoner at the bar," said the president.

The unfortunate Anguel was now led in, loaded with chains, and guarded by four soldiers, who held their drawn swords above his head. The attorney then again read the accusation,—

"What have you to answer," said the president, "to the accusations you have now heard?"

Anguel then related the particulars as they had occurred, to all of which a deaf ear was turned.

"Where were you born and educated?" demanded the president.

"At —," replied Anguel, naming the village where he had been under the care of Henrick.

"Was it there you learned those ideas of insubordination?"

"Colonel," replied Anguel, in a firm, manly voice, "every man, in my opinion, has a right to defend his honour when called upon to do so."

"Take him away," said the president.

Anguel was then dragged by the soldiers from the Hall of Audience, and the president addressed the council:—

"Gentlemen, you have all heard the accusation, and the prisoner's defence; it is now our duty to pronounce his sentence, and, in so doing, we swear before God and his Imperial Majesty to be guided by our consciences."

"You are aware that by the laws of Peter the Great the penalties for insubordination are, the stick, the knout, the rods, the loss of rank, the mines of Siberia, and death."

"Those laws also require the lowest in rank among the judges to pronounce sentence first, and assign the punishment; therefore, soldier, it is for you to begin!"

A private of hussars then rose, and in a tremulous voice said,—

"Colonel, I know nothing about the matter: punish as you please."

"What say you, non-commissioned officer?" asked the president.

"The same."

"What say you, Cornet L —?"

"Not guilty, and that he be acquitted."

"Speak, Lieutenant G —, is he guilty or not guilty of the crime laid to his charge?"

"Not guilty."

"It is your turn to speak, captain," continued the president.

"I find him guilty of insubordination," replied the captain, "and vote that he run the gauntlet through one troop, and be deprived of rank."

"Do you approve of the sentence, Major —?"

"I do."

"And you, lieutenant-colonel, are you of the same opinion?"

"I also," replied the officer last addressed.

"And I," said the president, "perfectly agree with you, and, moreover, further remark that Anguel is a man dangerous to the state; but it is in the power of the sovereign to alter the sentence if he thinks proper."

The sentence was then recorded, and transmitted through the medium of the attorney-general, to the emperor, who returned the following answer:—

"I approve of your sentence, and, moreover, order that the prisoner shall run the gauntlet through two regiments of horse, and be deprived of his rank for life, and that he never be permitted to quit the Russian service. He also shall be incapable of promotion. Execute the sentence without delay."

No sooner had the emperor's answer arrived than the sentence was fixed for the following day, when it was carried into execution.

The tall and handsome Anguel, heavily ironed and pale from past sufferings rather than fear, was conducted to the place where the execution of the sentence was to be performed. The sentence was then read, and immediately his clothes were stripped from off him, and his arms tightly pinioned to his breast by cords; a rope was fixed round his neck, the ends of which were held by soldiers. Two hussars preceded, and two followed the unhappy Anguel, with the points of their swords towards his body, to prevent his retreating or advancing too rapidly; but who can paint at that moment the agony of the unhappy prisoner? He cast his eyes to Heaven, and supplicated his Creator to take him to his final rest.

"Strike!" said the colonel.

The fatal procession moved slowly on, while every soldier in his turn struck a blow with the infernal lash, and the officers walked behind the files to see that none flinched from the horrid duty. One soldier seemed to spare him, and was ordered back to undergo the punishment of the rods, and thus suffered for the compassion.

At first the unhappy sufferer, in the dignity of offended nature,



smothered his agony; his groans now were dreadful, and he had been but once through the files; the second time the soldiers were compelled to hold him up, and the third time he was fastened to a wheelbarrow, and rolled down the ranks to complete the flogging. The sufferer was then conveyed to the hospital, in the opinion of the surgeon to die.

This is no exaggerated picture of Russian barbarity; the whole of the facts have been much suppressed out of delicacy to the reader; the unfortunate Anguel received from each of the 360 men three blows, making a total of 1080 stripes, a manifestation of infernal power which none other could suggest. [A court martial, and execution of the sentence, similar to the above, was published in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. Lukin (Volkisna), June 15, 1837.] Death would have been far preferable to the unhappy Anguel; he had experienced to the fullest amount the clemency of a Russian government, and, as he laid upon the mattress of the hospital, he vowed he would sooner die than serve in such a country; he reflected deeply on the injuries of his native Poland, and his soul was again lacerated by the thoughts of what his parents had endured.

In every emergency he had contrived to secret the small locket containing the miniature of his mother, and he now wept over it, and alternately pressed it to his bosom as a balm to his wounded spirit.

It was now some months ere he recovered; he was compelled to feign sickness, in order to keep his bed, that he might obtain strength for the task he was about to undergo; and one night, when all was still, he left the hospital, and with the fleetness of a deer gained the open country.

His first endeavour was to reach the village of his beloved Eudopha, but upon arrival there found she had pined away and died. Here was another fatal blow to his hopes; he gave his tears and sighs to her memory, and hastened onwards.

At length he gained the Gulf of Riga, where he found an English ship about to sail; he went on board, and offered to work his passage; his offer was accepted, and in due time he arrived in London.

What now was to become of him? 'Tis true he was in the land of the free and brave, but without a friend; the only cash he had was a trifle given him by his generous captain, although he had volunteered his services. This was barely sufficient to last him above a few days, and then he imagined, unless he could find employment, death must be his lot.

Full of these melancholy ideas, he paced his way westward; he had heard that most of his countrymen located in that quarter of the metropolis, and thither he bent his steps. Upon arriving in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, he entered one of the numerous cafes in that vicinity, and regarded with interest the groups of foreigners there assembled.

Among the number was an aged man, of noble mien, and great benevolence of aspect, and to him Anguel addressed himself for information. "Can you tell me," said he, "if, among all your acquaintance, you ever knew the Count Anguel?"

"I know him well," replied the aged man; "but what want you with him?"

"That, my friend, I will inform him of when I see him," replied our fugitive.

"You see him now," returned the aged nobleman, "but, alas! a wreck of his former self. Ah, my beloved Poland, my beloved country! Here the old man wept within his hands.

When he recovered from his agitation, Anguel took from his bosom the miniature, and presented it to him.

"Great and merciful God!" exclaimed the count, pressing it to his lips with fervour, while tears of agony ran down his aged cheeks; "and is it possible?—can it be?"

For a minute he alternately regarded the miniature and the individual before him, and the next they were sobbing in each other's arms. "My father!"—"My son!" were the only words they uttered, while the tear of sympathy moistened the manly eyes of many of the bystanders. A few years of uninterrupted happiness passed away, and Anguel laid the remains of his honoured parent in the grave.

**ANTS IN BRAZIL.**—So numerous were the ants, and so great was the mischief they committed, that the Portuguese called this insect the *King of Brazil*, but it is said by Pigo that an active husbandman easily drove them away by means of either fire or water; that the evil which they did was more than counterbalanced by the incessant war which they waged against all other vermin. In some parts of South America, they march periodically in armies, such myriads together, that the sound of their coming over the fallen leaves may be heard at some distance. The inhabitants, knowing the season, are on the watch, and quit their houses, which these tremendous but welcome insects clear of centipedes, forty legs, scorpions, snakes, and every living thing, and, having done their work, proceed on their way.

## MISS STEPHENS;

OR, LOVE BY GAS-LIGHT.

MR. GREGORY YOUNGMAN was an old beau of sixty-five; he dressed what he considered *a-la-mode*, and endeavoured to seduce the public into a belief that he had dealings on the turf—i. e., he sported a New-market cut coat, a broad-brimmed hat, a blue kerchief spotted with dogs' heads, and ornamented with a brooch, which represented a jockey cap, whip, and cross fox-tails. Thus equipped, and being a bachelor, he imagined himself a perfect Adonis, and quite irresistible. Among his own immediate circle of female acquaintance he was shunned as an old bore, and, therefore, compelled to display his old-fashioned gallantries where he imagined he was little known—the public thoroughfares.

It was some years since he had won a smile from a female face, except when paid for; but this did not damp the ardour of his courage, and it was wonderful with what perseverance he still engaged in the service of the god of love. His favourite method of addressing a strange female in the streets was by introducing himself to her as a person with whom he had before been on the most intimate terms, but that the intimacy had for a short time ceased. After ogling her with his one eye for some time, and sidling with his hand in his coat-tail pocket, and whistling a portion of an old opera, like a youth of seventeen, he would exclaim suddenly,—

"Miss Stephens, I presume."

As might be expected, the usual reply from the respectable girls he had annoyed by his impertinence was,—

"No, sir, my name is not Stephens."

"Beg pardon," would reply our hero; "but I thought I had had the pleasure of meeting you at —"

"Indeed, sir, you had not, and if you do not immediately leave me, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of informing the police," would not unfrequently be the reply.

As Stephens was as good as any other name, and saved the trouble of thinking of a fresh one, it became his entire stock in trade; he, therefore, used it on all occasions. It happened, however, that while walking one evening in the City-road, his favourite promenade, that he met a respectable and well-dressed girl, and stepping up to her, addressed her with his usual, "Miss Stephens, I presume."

"Yes, sir," to his astonishment, was the reply.

"I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before?" said Gregory.

"Probably at my uncle's," answered the female, in a serious tone.

"Yes—yes, it must have been there," replied Gregory Youngman, who now imagined he was all right. "Pray how is the old gentleman?"

"Very well when I saw him last."

"Yes—yes, he's a fine old boy, and I may venture to say ought to be very proud of his beautiful niece."

"He is," replied the girl, "and is a most good-natured person; lends me any sum I chose to ask him for."

"Indeed!—and how's your aunt?"

"She, I believe, is also well."

"And your respected mamma?" asked Gregory, who fancied he had made a hit.

"She has sold her mangle," replied the girl.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Gregory. "Circumstances are then changed with you?"

"Much, sir."

"Of course, then, you need assistance."

"Oh, no, sir, we are not so much reduced as that, but —"

"Oh, I see—I see," interrupted Gregory. "What a remarkable handsome girl you are."

"Oh, sir, you don't say so?"

"Indeed I do, my love."

"Then you must certainly have good eyes."

"Yes, thank God, my sight is very good," returned the old man, whistling.

"So I should say."

"And I assure you I have not a bad tooth in my head."

"It would be more strange if a young man like you had," returned Miss Stephens.

"You are right, my dear; but I sometimes fancy myself older than I am."

"Do you, indeed, sir? But now you must excuse me, for I am near home."

"So soon," exclaimed our hero.

"I live but a short distance from here."

"Can I not see you to the house?"

"Not for the world, sir. My mother would be very angry."

"Well, poor lady, perhaps she has cause," said Gregory.

"Indeed she has; but now farewell."



"Of course we meet again, my dear?" said the old gallant.  
 "Perhaps we may."  
 "Say you will, my love."  
 "Well, then, I will."  
 "When?"  
 "I shall be coming out again in about an hour from this time."  
 "You will not be longer, I hope."  
 "There is one thing, I have not an opportunity of knowing the time."  
 "You had better take my watch," said Gregory.  
 "How do you know I shall return then at all?" asked Miss Stephens.  
 "Oh, I am sure you will."  
 "How can you tell?"  
 "I feel convinced of it," replied Gregory, who imagined he was safe, because he concluded he had led her to suppose he knew the family.  
 "You must not put too much faith in my honesty," replied his companion, gaily.  
 "I would trust you with untold gold, my love."  
 "Now, would you indeed? What a confiding gent! you are."  
 "Which you can prove by taking my watch till your return."  
 "Well, if you will oblige me," replied Miss Stephens, "it will enable me to be more punctual, as I should not like to keep you waiting."  
 "Here it is, my love," said Gregory, taking a gold repeater from his fob. "You will return in an hour from this time!"  
 "Without fail," returned Miss Stephens.  
 "I languish till your presence shall again revive my soul," answered Gregory.  
 "Now for one short hour, farewell," and Miss Stephens placed the watch in her bosom.  
 "Farewell," returned Gregory; and as she turned the corner of a street, she plainly distinguished him to kiss the tips of his doeskin glove, whose whiteness for an instant glistened in the gas-light.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour had now elapsed, and Mr. Gregory Youngman looked eagerly down the street. Another and another passed away, and yet there were no traces of Miss Stephens or the gold repeater. He then anathematised the sex in general, and shivering with cold and ague, retired to his apartments three miles off.

### TO CONSUMPTION.

Oh, gently on thy victim's head,  
 Consumption lay thy withering hand,  
 Thou, who with sure and silent tread,  
 Steal'st o'er the land.

Man stands erect in beauty's prime,  
 The glow of health is on his brow;  
 Thou com'st in unlook'd for time,  
 And layest him low.

In vain he woos the morning air,  
 In vain he haunts the upland green;  
 He goes, but thou art with him there,  
 Marring the scene.

Thou com'st in the midnight hour,  
 When sleep hast sooth'd his weary mind,  
 And blazeth all beneath thy power  
 Like desert wind.

Thou hast no favourites, for the gay,  
 The young, the rich, the fair, the rare,  
 All find beneath thy ruthless sway  
 An early grave.

H. KELLY.

**AN EXPENSIVE CLEAN SHIRT.**—A gentleman passing by Suez on his way to England, that he might not be detained there by the searching of his baggage, prevailed on the Custom-house officers to dispense with it, and only put their seals on his trunks to exempt them from being visited till his arrival at Cairo, where, being fatigued with the journey and impatient to shift himself, he would not wait for the inspection of the officer, but broke the seals to get his clothes, and paid a thousand pounds for the luxury of a clean shirt, an hour before he otherwise would have had it.

**MANNERS OF LEOPARDS.**—Of the manner of the true leopards in a state of nature, not much seems to be known. They are very active, climb well, and take their prey by surprise. In captivity they are playful, but apt to be treacherous. Mrs. Bowditch (now Mrs. Lee,) won the heart of a leopard by kindness and by presenting him with lavender water in a card tray, taught him to keep his claw sheathed. The generous animal revelled in the delicious essence, almost to ecstasy, but he never was suffered to have it if he put forth his claws.

### ALICE HOME;

OR,

#### THE REVENGE OF THE BLIGHTED ONE.

(Concluded from our last.)

#### CHAPTER CCI.

THE FUNERAL AT DOVER.—THE UNEXPECTED MOURNER.—THE STORM.—THE FALL OF THE CLIFF.

We need scarcely say with what mingled sensations of joy and sorrow Alice received Horace's letter. There was too much of the genuine language of pure affection in it for it not to be a most welcome epistle; but then its principal subject matter was one which awakened all her griefs anew. Tenderly and delicately as Horace had touched upon the proceedings at the inquest, yet in substance they had to be told, and poor Alice's tears fell fast upon the paper which recorded them.

Little did she really imagine, although gloomy thoughts had crossed her mind, that when she parted with her father, previous to his journey to Dover, it was a last farewell in this world. Indeed, before she received Horace's letter, so like a confused dream had all the news brought by the special messenger from the Dover authorities seemed, that once or twice she had cherished a faint idea that there might after all be some mistake, and that she might receive from Horace the delightful intelligence that it was not her father who had there met his death.

The letter, however, of Horace, dispelled at once all these painful delusions, and she wept long and bitterly over it in the privacy of her own apartment before she could summon courage sufficient to talk to the minister upon the subject.

When she did so, however, his kind and just remarks had a wonderful effect upon her, and the painful subject of agonizing regret that remained on her mind was that she was not permitted to see her father consigned to the tomb.

In vain Horace's uncle assured her how contrary to all etiquette or custom it was for females to take any part in such ceremonies—she only wept sadly and replied to him,—

"What has etiquette or custom to do with my affection for my father. The customs of millions of years could not abate or add one jot to it. Oh! sir, the heart must make its own customs. I would that I could see my dear father consigned to the tomb, and hear his soul commended to Heaven—a prayer in which at that moment I would fain join—but alas! it is denied me."

The old nobleman found it very difficult to reply to these observations, and after assuring her that when her first flush of grief was over, she would see how much better it was that Sir Charles should be buried quietly at Dover, he was compelled to leave her on business of importance that carried him from hence.

Over and over again then did Alice read the letter and still stronger as she did so grew her regret that her father was to be consigned to the oblivion of the grave so far from her, and she denied the opportunity of shedding a tear over his cold remains. In quite a frantic ecstasy of weeping she sunk on a couch in her own room with Horace's open letter in her hand.

Horace Singleton was, of course, extremely anxious to return to London as quickly as possible, and after a consultation with some of the authorities of Dover, it was resolved that the funeral of both George Home and Sir Charles should take place on the day following that which immediately succeeded the inquest, and the most active but private preparations were made to carry the mournful ceremony into effect. The bodies were, by Horace's orders, placed in leaden coffins, and he spared no expense to give respectability to the proceeding, while he adopted every possible measure for the purpose of avoiding eclat on the occasion, or the assemblage of a crowd of persons to witness the interment.

Well he knew what a small matter will always suffice to collect nine-tenths of the population of any place to any particular spot, and although the funeral of Sir Charles and his cousin could afford no features of curiosity differing from those of any other burial, he was quite sure that hundreds—aye, thousands of people, would collect if they did but know the when and the where.

To prevent this, which to him would have been both painful and embarrassing, he enjoined all concerned in the preparations to the strictest secrecy, and, of course, all the town knew all about it within an hour's time.

The undertaker only told his wife, and his wife only told her sister, and her sister only mentioned it to her husband, and her husband—

but our readers know well how such a thing was likely to spread, al-



though Horace thought he was safe, and was not a little astonished about two hours before the ceremony was to be performed to see the streets uncommonly full of people, and a number of itinerant readers of different articles of consumption plying actively about the door of the inn where he was staying, and where still remained the corpses of those men who had been through life such a bane and a blight to each other.

For some time he could not conceive that the unusual concourse of men, women, and children had anything to do with the funeral, but he was soon convinced that such was the case, for the crowd thickened, and by the time the mournful procession was about to start, Horace, to his dismay, found that there were thousands of persons assembled.

It was too late now to make any change in the form of proceedings, or Horace would fain have disappointed the stupid populace that had assembled in defiance of all correct feeling or delicacy, to see placed in the tomb the bodies of the cousins. He had no resource but to endure the infliction as best he might, and with the magistrate, the landlord of the hotel, and another gentleman who had been procured to make up four mourners in all, the solemn procession started.

What made the matter worse, too, was that Horace, for the sake of privacy, had chosen a burial ground some little distance out of the town, so that nearly a mile of ground had to be traversed along with a crowd that each moment was increasing in numbers, as idlers of all kinds and condition joined the motley assemblage.

"Never mind it," said the magistrate, who saw Horace Singleton's annoyance. "It will be soon over."

"And, besides," remarked the landlord, "I am quite sure it will rain within an hour, and I really hope it may, for it will give all these idlers a good ducking for their pains—which they richly deserve, by-the-bye, for what can they see in this funeral more than in any other, I wonder?"

Travelling at the slow rate of a funeral cortege, it took nearly half an hour to reach the little suburban burial ground Horace Singleton had chosen; and then the rush of the mob to get within the gates of the consecrated spot was more like the struggle into the pit of a theatre than the orderly conduct that ought to have characterised spectators on such a melancholy occasion as the one they had come to be present at.

By great exertions a lane through the dense mass of people was made to allow the bearers of the coffin and the mourners to pass from the carriages to the brink of the grave, and had it not been for the peculiar character of the occasion and a remembrance of Alice's feelings, Horace could have said something to the mob expressive of his indignation at the manner in which the ceremony was obstructed; but well he knew that if he did he should but be making a paragraph for the newspapers, and so making the whole affair still more painfully notorious to Alice. He, therefore, abstained from any expression of his feelings very wisely.

It was, indeed, a solemn, strange, and affecting sight to those who knew anything of the real circumstances of our story to behold, lying on the green sward at the grave's brink, the two coffins which contained the remains of those human beings that had waged war with each other for more than twenty years in life, and were now with one benediction about to be consigned to a common grave. Where now was all the deep hatred that glowed in the breast of each for each—where the subtle designs of George Home to bring misery upon the head of his cousin—where the caution—the schemes—the proud resolution of that cousin? Alas! the grave had yawned for both of them. The victim and his accuser alike—had they gone before that omnipotent Judge whose fiat is eternal—could they at any time have dreamt of being so linked together in death, it surely would have added a pang to their violent passions against each other while in existence.

The mourners gathered round the grave's brink. Horace Singleton first took off his hat, although the clergyman had not yet left the church, and the action appeared to have some effect upon the multitude of persons assembled, for a general cry of—"Hush! hush!" pervaded them, and those who were nearest shrunk back a little, as if they began to feel the sanctity of the place they were in, and that they had pressed too rudely upon those who, perchance, had stronger feelings than mere wonder and curiosity as regarded the inanimate forms that slept the long sleep of death in those two coffins that lay side by side.

At this instant such a black cloud swept over the face of the sky, that it appeared as if night had suddenly come before its time, and scarce a soul there present but glanced upwards uneasily at the frowning aspect of the rapidly darkening heavens. Horace alone did not heed the change in the aspect of nature. His eyes were bent upon the two coffins, and his thoughts were busy with reflections on the strange series of incidents that had brought him there as a mourner on such an occasion.

In a moment or two, with a slow and solemn step, the clergyman, who was very aged, appeared from the church porch. He was uncovered, and then the mob, as with one accord, took off their hats, and in silence, of such intensity as to surprise Horace, who started, and looked around him, immediately ensued,

Then the aged man of God reached the grave, and he was truly one—a pastor of the old school—who, from principle, not because he was a younger brother of some noble family, became a teacher of Christianity, a self-denying holy man, full of charities and goodness, and kind admonitions and gentleness to all.

He bowed to Horace, as if with a glance he had in him recognised a sincere mourner, and one with something of a kindred spirit to his own. Then the men slung ropes round the heavy leaden coffins, and, with some exertions, they were lowered into the grave, side by side still, for the pit had been dug of sufficient width to admit them both.

The sexton stood with a handful of the loose earth, ready to cast it into the grave, and all was hushed attention to the words the aged clergyman was about to utter, over the cold and the dead, to God.

The first word was upon his lips, and then he paused, for a commotion took place among the crowd, and the multitude swayed to and fro, as if acted upon by some extraordinary impulse. Many voices cried,—  
"Make way—make way," while others shouted, "shame—shame!" at the ceremony being stopped.

"Good heavens! what is the meaning of this?" cried Horace, as he glanced in the direction of the crowd, from where the principal disturbance seemed to proceed. Then he saw a figure glide forward through the throng. It was enveloped in a large travelling cloak, and in another moment it stood by the grave's brink, close to him—a hand was laid upon his arm, and, in choking accents, a voice said,—  
"Horace—Horace. Do you not know me? Forgive me, Horace, that I have come to see my poor—poor father laid in the grave."

"Great God! is it you, Alice?"  
"Yes—yes."

"Are you the child of one of these?" said the aged clergyman, pointing into the grave.

"I am—I am!" exclaimed Alice. "Oh, force me not away. I have travelled to hear the last words spoken, commending my father to Heaven."

"In the name of God, stay," said the old man. "Who would turn thee from this spot? The blessing of Heaven be upon you, maiden."

Horace was deeply affected, and supported the slight form of Alice as she stood trembling at the grave's brink. Then the solemn service for the dead was repeated, and, with a gush of tears, Alice saw the first spadeful of earth cast upon all she had loved before Horace Singleton became as dear to her as he then was.

Horace then drew her gently away from the spot, and whispering to her,—  
"My Alice, we will wait here till the crowd has gone," he took her into the church, where she sat down, and wept long and bitterly.

"Let her weep," said the old clergyman. "These tears are precious. There will be many sunny smiles yet, I trust, in store for one so young and good." Then, gently taking her small hand in his, the old man blessed her again, and slowly left the church, after desiring that Horace should on no account be disturbed, but allowed to remain as long as he chose within the sacred edifice.

Perhaps Alice, in her present state of mind, could not possibly have been led into a place more likely to bring something like peace and serenity to her mind, and, in the course of half-an-hour, she had sufficiently recovered from her violence of emotion to look up in Horace's face, and press his hand in hers.

Then he gazed around upon the solemn beauty of the ancient church. It was one of those which time had rendered venerable instead of destroyed—a building of ages long gone by. Quaint carvings adorned its roof and walls, while many an epitaph spoke in still quainter language of the virtues of persons three, and four hundred years since crumbled to dust beneath its ancient pavement. It was just such a place as was calculated to fill the mind with holy and refined thoughts, and lift the soul nearer Heaven.

## CHAPTER CCII.

### THE VISIT TO THE CLIFF.—THE STORM.—THE RETURN TO LONDON.

HORACE led Alice a walk among the aisles of the old church, and he spoke gently and kindly to her to dispel the painful feelings that were uppermost in her mind, and which, while he implored her to endeavour to conquer, he assured her did her so much honour in his eyes.

"And you are not angry with me, Horace?" she said.

"Angry?"

"Yes, dear Horace; I was fearful you would think it wrong of me to come here."

"My dearest, however imprudent, for your own feelings' sake, I might think your attending your father's funeral, I cannot blame your motive."

"Oh, Horace, when I got your letter, I could have wept and smiled by turns."



"Think more now, Alice, of the happy future."

"Yes, Horace; but you know this has been a sad cloud over my happiness."

"It has; but, like all clouds, will dissipate. Sunshine only is eternal, Alice."

"True, Horace—true. All is over now. In the wide world I have but trust and hope in you."

"And never shall the trust be shaken, dear one. But now, tell me. Does my uncle know of your absence from London?"

"By this time he does. I left a note for him, and came away without his knowledge. I was fearful he would not consent, and I should have felt vexed at coming directly in the face of any injunction of his to the contrary. So you see, Horace, I came all alone."

"And just in time, Alice."

"Yes; common rumour soon told me what was going on, and at the moment I reached this spot; surely Heaven intended I should have this last sad consolation, Horace. It will cheer me hereafter to think that I was here at such a time."

"Then, Alice, I rejoice that you came. Feeling as you did upon the subject, you have done the very best thing you could do by coming."

"And yet, Horace, now that I am here, I have a request to make to you, which you may blame me for."

"What is it, Alice?"

"It is that you will take me to the spot where my poor father met his death."

"The beach?"

"No, show me the cliff over which —"

"Enough—enough, dearest. Do not distress yourself by further description. I will show you the exact spot, and then we will post at once to London."

Alice thanked her husband by a glance of devoted affection, and then Horace, having procured a public conveyance, directed the driver to take them as near to Shakspeare's cliff as he possibly could.

A short time sufficed to bring them into the neighbourhood of the fatal spot, but ere they could dismount from the carriage, the first heavy drops of rain, which had been occasioned by the black cloud that had so suddenly made its appearance, fell. Horace paused, as glancing upwards to the black sky, he said,

"Alice, we must make our visit brief, or delay it altogether, for we shall assuredly have a heavy fall of rain."

"Oh, let us hasten—let us hasten, Horace," exclaimed Alice; "you will not disappoint me?"

"Not for worlds."

Placing her arm within his, they walked towards the spot which had been pointed out the day previously to Horace Singleton and the magistrate by one of the persons who had caught the last sight of Sir Charles Home and George in this world, before they both found death in that deep abyss below the beetling cliff that had attained so great a celebrity.

Horace looked in the face of Alice to see what feelings were agitating her. She was very pale, and trembled as she hung upon his protecting arm.

"My Alice," he said, "believe me, you had better not try your feelings by persevering now —"

"Yes,—oh, yes—let me see the spot. Then, Horace, I will never willingly come to this place again, for I shall be able to tell myself I know all—have seen all that can possibly interest or grieve me."

"Well, well; be it so. Come on. Lean on me, dearest—lean on me."

Alice leaned heavily upon her husband's arm, but before they could come within sight of the cliff's verge, the rain began to come down in torrents, and the fragile, delicate form of Alice shook before the loud, blustering wind, which carried with it such sheets of water that it was difficult to make head against its accumulated fury.

"Are we nearly there?" whispered Alice.

"Yes—yes, dearest."

Covering before the storm, which blew in from the sea, Alice still advanced, and Horace protected her as much as he possibly could from the tempest, which almost blinded him, as, in order to shield her, he kept half a pace in advance of her.

"Now—now," he said, "we are almost within sight of the spot; you do not wish to advance close to the verge, Alice?"

"No, no; I wish but to see it, that I may figure it to my mind's eye, and not, when thoughts will—as, of course, sometimes they will—run in that direction, clothe it in fictitious terrors. That is all, Horace. Let me have one glance at it, and I am satisfied."

They were now fairly within sight, but owing to the haze created by the rain, Horace advanced a few paces further before, and stretching out his hand, he pointed to a barren looking place, some two feet square, and said, in a low voice,

"There, Alice,—there is the exact spot."

Even as he spoke, there came a violent gust of wind and a deluge of rain; a slight crack appeared on the surface of the cliff, and in another instant the small piece of earth on which Sir Charles Home had stood while holding his last fearful conversation with George, fell with a sudden dash into the boiling surge beneath.

In another hour Alice and Horace were on their route to London.

## CHAPTER CCIII.

### THE CONCLUSION.

WE have now little to add to our narrative. Our principal actors for evil—those who depicted the stormier actions of humanity—are in their graves. Peace be to them; and may they have found in another world that serenity their peculiarly constructed minds failed to realise in this.

Sir Charles Home, despite all his vices, had his extenuating qualities, among which may be noticed his unvarying affection for his daughter. There was no selfishness there—a worse man and a better father, perhaps, never breathed.

Upon winding up Sir Charles's affairs, Horace found that everything had been sacrificed to show, and that he was quite insolvent, so that Lady Home could not have her settlement, although entitled to it now without any cavilling whatever. But that did not much matter, for she lived only three months after Sir Charles, in consequence of leaving off gin as the principal ingredient in the *nervo lexivium*, and taking to brandy—a fatal mistake in her ladyship's medical practice, which terminated in delirium tremens, "and carried her," as Alderman Curtis would say, "from this world to that there!"

Biggs actually got married; but, alas! he was unfortunate in his matrimonial speculation; he drew a blank, and the last that was heard of him was his being in treaty with somebody who was going to the North Pole, on a voyage of discovery—he, Biggs, thinking that by making one of the party, he should, at least for a time, establish a great coldness between himself and his wife; but he did not know what an energetic woman is, for if one is resolved upon being the teacher of a man's life, she will follow him to any pole, north or south, and if there be a pole, *de facto*, the best thing he can do is to cram it down her throat, in which event, a jury, with any proper sense of propriety, would, like the Somershire one, bring in a verdict of "Dead, and it saved her right!"

Need we say that Horace and Alice were happy?—of course they were; and as for the uncle, the minister, he took such a fancy to Horace's eldest boy, that he left him a large fortune.

Horace became Sir Horace Singleton before he was forty years of age, and both he and Alice lived to see two smiling grandchildren.

**THE SABARCANE.**—Some tribes in South America can send their arrows to a great distance, and with considerable force, without the aid of the bow. They make use of a hollow reed about nine feet long, and an inch thick, which is called a *sabarcane*. In it they lodge a small arrow with some unspun cotton wound about its great end; this confines the air, so that they can blow it with astonishing rapidity, and a sure aim, to the distance of about a hundred paces. These small arrows are always poisoned. The *sabarcane* is much used in some parts of the East Indies.

**EDUCATION.**—Is often insufficient, owing to the absurd belief that to teach reading and writing is sufficient, and that we may rest satisfied with the good work we have performed. As well might we say that if we could but turn the river into our grounds, it would be a matter of perfect indifference whether we led it to the mill, or allowed it to inundate the corn-fields. If we wish to regulate and rejoice in the effects of education, we must not only fill the mind, we must form the character; we must not only give ideas, we must give habits, we must make education moral. When we invite men to exertion, and make easy to them the path of ambition, we must give them at the same time good desires, and great designs.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. A. HARDING.—1. We cannot tell at present. 2. Next week.

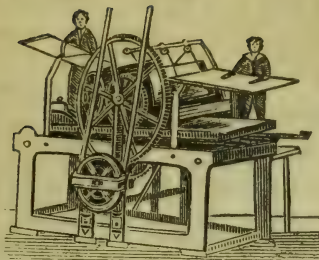
NED WITLET.—Both articles got insertion unwittingly. The person who forwarded them shall be looked to in future.

Messrs. J. and T. CARTER and PEEL.—As we do not recollect ever seeing the romances mentioned, we are sorry we cannot comply with our subscribers' request.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## THE LIBERTINE;

A TALE OF TRUTH AND SORROW.

CHARLES CLEAVELAND was the son of a merchant residing in the city of London. The father of young Cleaveland was a rich man, but highly reprehensible for bringing up his son in idleness.

At the time this narrative commences, our hero was a good-looking, sprightly youth of eighteen. Charles had no employment, and was plentifully supplied with money by his father and mother, and soon we behold him a confirmed libertine.

Charles was the eldest son of the merchant, who had children much younger than our hero. Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland agreed that a resident governess should be provided to teach them, and ultimately Eliza Rivers, the daughter of a respectable shopkeeper, residing in a market town fifty miles from London, was engaged for that purpose.

Eliza was not quite seventeen years of age when she received the blessings and embraces of her fond parents on quitting her comfortable home, to reside in the house of Mr. Cleaveland in London. Tears stole down the cheeks of the accomplished girl as the coach conveyed her rapidly from the abode of her father and mother, who felt sad at parting with their dutiful and affectionate daughter.

Miss Rivers was much liked by the Cleavelands. How could it be otherwise? for Eliza was intelligent, and accomplished, and of prepossessing, gentle, and unassuming manners.

Young Cleaveland spent much of his time in company with Eliza. We have said Charles was a libertine; as such, he had associated with the worst of the opposite sex; but he could, on occasion, be chaste and refined.

As yet, Eliza had never loved, but had oft been wooed by worthy suitors. In the course of a little time, however, the heart of the maiden told her she loved Charles Cleaveland; but she expressed her passion only by sighs and blushes.

In all this there was nothing particular; for when two young people of the opposite sex are in constant intercourse with each other, an attachment between the parties is almost sure to be the result. How important is it, then, that parents should be circumspect as to the companions of their children.

Yes, Eliza loved Charles, whose habits, of late, had much improved. He relinquished the society of many of his former dissolute companions, in order to spend more of his time in company with the beautiful and accomplished governess.

Eliza played on the piano, to which Charles sung. At times she would relate anecdotes of her childhood, talk of her school days, her native town, and fond parents and friends. Occasionally Charles would read of an evening, as his mother and Eliza plied their needles at some fancy work.

Charles had more than once entertained evil thoughts against the maiden, but her innocence disarmed his evil resolves.

Eliza was innocent and confiding; but Charles was a libertine, and even the virtues of the unprotected Eliza did not long secure her from the treachery of her seducer.

Oh! my fair reader, my daughter, my sister, beware of the first advances of seductive youth. Let prudence and virtue be your armour against the premeditated treachery of designing men. Experience too surely proves that bitter—bitter indeed, is the delusive and apparently sweet language of the libertine.

What a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream! Eliza, the ac-

complished, the once innocent and happy Eliza, is now disgraced. For a time her shame was known only to herself and her seducer; but the colour had faded from her cheek; the recent smiling or composed features assumed a pensive cast; the joyous laugh was no longer heard; the once happy heart was now sad, and, in truth, cause enough was there now for sadness.

And Charles Cleaveland; what of him? Is he happy? No, no. Vice and happiness always were, are, and ever will be antagonistic. Charles saw the altered appearance of his victim, and too well knew the cause thereof. He possessed himself of the rose that withered in the plucking, whilst the thorns in his bosom lodge to prick and sting him. He sipped one drop from the cup of guilty pleasure, but he has to atone for his crime by continually drinking from the ocean of misery. For the momentary and forbidden sweet tasted by the seducer, he has to partake of the tree of bitterness for life.

Yes, Charles alone knew the cause of her altered appearance, and, conscience-stricken, he shuns the presence of her whose happiness he has blighted.

Concealment was no longer practicable. The shame of Eliza was known to Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland, and by them communicated to the parents of the wronged one.

Reader, if you have a heart that can feel for the misfortunes of others, then imagine the feelings of all parties concerned in this domestic tragedy. Think of the distracted friends of Eliza: of the broken-hearted victim herself; of the guilty Charles and his troubled parents.

On receiving the fatal intelligence of his daughter's dishonour, the father hastened to the house of Mr. Cleaveland; but on his arrival Eliza was not there; she had fled from his presence.

With tears gushing from her eyes, the unhappy girl exclaimed over and over again,—

"Guilty creature that I am, I cannot endure the glance of the father I have dishonoured. I cannot go into the presence of my tender and ever kind father;" and then, with a heart ready to burst with grief, she by stealth quitted the house of her employer.

The libertine, not daring to meet the father or his victim, nor possessing sufficient courage to brave the storm he had raised, had previously quitted home, and gone no one knew whither.

Oh! what a scene of misery was here presented! Behold the intense agony of the parents on meeting! The one had lost a dear, but dishonoured daughter; the others a beloved, though guilty son.

Search was made in all directions for the unhappy fugitives, but in vain. Mr. Rivers returned home in grief to his disconsolate wife, and in less than twelve months the grave received the remains of a broken-hearted father and mother, who died invoking a blessing on their lost child.

The Cleavelands, too, were sad indeed, having to mourn the loss of their first-born. Better to see one's offspring laid in the cold grave, than to have children of whom it can be said, "We believe they are alive: we know they are outcasts; but, alas! we cannot ascertain the place of their retreat."

Two long, long years elapsed, and the prodigal son, in grief, rags, and wretchedness, returned to his father's house, when the parents wept tears of joy on again beholding their long-lost child.

On the day following that on which Charles returned home, he was attired in a manner suitable to the station of his parents. But oft does becoming apparel cover a heart of grief and wretchedness.

The thoughts of his victim haunted every step of the now repentant seducer. Of the injured one he could gather no tidings, except that she was an outcast.

This was a maddening thought to our hero, for he was not destitute



of feeling. From a gay and volatile libertine, Charles was converted into a melancholy man at twenty-five. The spring time of life with him was as the winter of one whose prolonged existence had been spent in a career of vice and folly.

The friends of Charles endeavoured, by all possible means, to arouse him from his habitual sadness; but their efforts proved, unavailing, for the cankerworm of care had eaten too deeply into his heart to be easily removed. Charles now felt that he loved Eliza; but this feeling was the result of a diseased imagination. The effect of deep remorse was by him mistaken for the tender passion of love.

The inexperienced mother of our hero recommended matrimony as an antidote to his settled melancholy. At this proposal, however, the unhappy Charles demurred. Mrs. Cleaveland disregarded the expressions of her son on the subject, and still urged the necessity of her Charles marrying, in hopes thereby to dissipate, what she termed, his excess of sentimentality.

To obtain her end, Mrs. Cleaveland took every opportunity of introducing Miss Clara Portland into the presence of her son.

Miss Portland was a young, beautiful, and accomplished orphan, the daughter of an officer who fell at Waterloo. The heart of Clara was favourably disposed towards Charles, perhaps on account of the deep sentiment which pervaded his conversation. But Clara knew not the cause of this, to her, "interesting" feature in our hero's behaviour, or she would have been more guarded.

In time, the company of the beautiful and accomplished orphan in a measure had the effect desired by the thoughtless mother of our hero, and presently, at the instigation of Mrs. Cleaveland, we behold Clara Portland the lawful bride of our hero, who certainly, had it not been for the entreaties of his mother, would have kept single.

On his wedding day Charles was more sad and thoughtful than usual, for his mind was wholly fixed on his absent victim, the ruined Eliza Rivers.

Time passed on, and Mrs. Cleaveland had a son. This circumstance called more strongly than ever to his remembrance the injured Eliza.

"Does her child—my child, live, I wonder?" would he in sadness frequently say, as he contemplated the placid features of his son; but time, the great restorer, at length partially dissipated the habitual gloom of our hero, but he could not wholly erase from his mind the image of the ruined Eliza.

It was on a December evening, that our hero was walking along Cheapside, preceded by a graceful female figure. The experienced eye of Charles at once told him that she belonged to the unfortunates of the world.

"What a pity," said he to himself, "that so elegant a form should be thus exposed."

By this time Charles was about to pass the object that had attracted his attention, when she turned her face towards him, and, on recognizing his features, exclaimed,—

"My God! 'tis Charles—'tis Charles!" and then fell upon the pavement in a state of insensibility.

"Yes—yes, it is Eliza," said our hero to himself, in mental agony, as he raised her from the ground. "Oh, how she is fallen! Cursed being that I am, thus to bring so much misery on one so dear! How must she hate me, the destroyer of her once happy prospects?"

Every limb of Charles shook with the intensity of his emotions, and the face of Eliza was ashy pale. Presently she had sufficiently recovered to tell her seducer the place of her abode. A coach was called, in which Eliza was placed, followed by Charles, and in a few minutes the unhappy girl was, by him, safely conducted to her lodgings.

Poor Eliza now fell into the arms of her seducer, and wept tears of bitterness.

"Oh, Charles—Charles!" she exclaimed; "did you but know what I have suffered since I last saw you, you would, indeed pity the hapless Eliza. Oh, this heart of mine! Do you not feel it? It will burst—surely it will burst!"

"Forgive me—forgive me!" said Charles, as he threw himself at her feet. "This I—I have done all this! How can I look on the misery I have brought on you and live? It is I who ought to suffer. Yes, yes, you are innocent. I am the guilty party. But I have suffered; peace has been a stranger to my breast since last we met. Yes, Eliza, I have thought of you daily, yea hourly—"

"It is too late to lament now," interrupted Eliza; "but, Charles, I loved—fondly loved you; but little did I think by loving you I should entail so much misery on myself and friends. My poor father and mother are dead. How could they live after witnessing the disgrace of their once virtuous and happy child? Do you know, Charles, I sometimes pray for madness, in hopes that I may forget the misery I have caused others and experienced myself; but, alas! my prayers are denied. I, indeed, brought my beloved parents in sorrow to the grave, but they forgave their disgraced child. I have a letter here; given to me after their deaths; read it to me, Charles, it does me good to hear it.

I read it often, and think it quiets my troubled heart; and when I read it I wet it with my tears, and then dry it again in my bosom."

Here, much excited, the unhappy girl paused. After awhile, becoming more composed, she said,—

"Come into the room, Charles, and see what I have here."

Cleaveland obeyed her request. She now withdrew the curtains of a small cot, and showed to the excited Charles a beautiful sleeping child.

"Dear innocent," said Cleaveland, mentally, as he gazed on its placid features, "what hast thou to do with sorrow?"

"That is our child," said Eliza; "is she not beautiful? But she is the child of shame."

The father here bent over his daughter, and pressed an impassioned kiss upon its lovely cheek.

"Now, Charles," resumed the unfortunate mother, "will you promise that when I am no more, you will take your child, our little Maria, and prove a father to her? But never let her know the fate of her hapless mother. No, let not the finger of scorn be pointed at her; she is innocent of any crime, and why should she suffer for the faults of her parents?"

"I will prove a father to her," replied our hero. Then, in a fervent tone, he added,— "O, God! help me to do my duty to this innocent child, and forgive the errors of its parents!"

That night Eliza related her history from the time she left her seducer. Oh! it was a tale replete with shame and misery, and many were the tears shed by the unfortunate during its recital.

When the tragic narrative was finished, Cleaveland, on whose livid face was depicted the most intense misery, exclaimed,—

"Oh, forgive me—forgive me, Eliza! It is all my cursed, infatuated work! I must, indeed, have been impelled by some demoniac power, to have thus seduced you, the emblem of purity, from the paths of innocence and virtue!"

Charles now prepared to take leave of Eliza. He took the child in his arms and blessed it.

"But of what avail can my blessing be?" said the unhappy father, as he pressed little Maria to his breast.

The infant smiled in his face, as it received the caresses of its parent, who said,—

"Thou smilest, sweet innocent, little dreaming of the misery that surrounds thee. In thee we behold human nature unperverted; but what great changes do time and circumstances often work in the human character. Alas! how oft is the lamb transformed into the lion!"

Charles now placed his child in the lap of Eliza. He gave her a trifling sum to furnish her present necessities, and then bade her farewell, at the same time promising to call on some future occasion.

Cleaveland paced home with a sad heart, a thoughtful expression of countenance, and a slow and measured step.

"Oh, that I should have been persuaded to marry! Oh, that I had searched the world over to find Eliza! How must her nature have been perverted ere she could have fallen so low. Methinks I see her when she was happy and virtuous. Oh, where shall I fly to find relief from my troubled heart? Eliza talked of madness—ay, madness would be a blessing to a guilty creature like myself. Oh, that I could forget the past in some pleasing delusion!"

Thus did the unhappy Cleaveland muse till he reached home, where he was met by his smiling wife and dear child; but he scarce heeded their presence.

The contracted brow of our hero informed Clara something was wrong. She strove, by all the endearments in her power, to ascertain the cause of, and dispel the grief of her husband; for Clara knew that by imparting our troubles to another, we, in a measure, alleviate them.

Charles would fain have made his wife acquainted with the cause of his sorrow, trusting to her amiable disposition for forgiveness. More than once he essayed to communicate to Clara the particulars of the scene in which he had just been enacting so prominent a part; but his moral courage failed him, and he kept silence on the subject.

After the lapse of a few days, we again see Charles at the house of Eliza, who was from home when he called, whilst little Maria, who was alone, amused herself with playing on the floor with some toys.

Cleaveland, in the fondest manner, embraced his child, who said, looking into the face of her parent with the sweet simplicity of early childhood,—

"I never had any one so kind to me as you are, sir, excepting mother. I do not remember my father. You shall be my father—will you?"

"I will," whispered the excited parent, as he pressed his child to his breast, while a tear stole down his cheek.

Eliza now entered the apartment; on beholding whom our hero was horrorstruck, for her apparel was loose and disordered, and she was highly excited by drink.

"Well, Charles, my dear," said the inebriate, "you have come at last! I thought you had forgotten me."



Our hero was utterly dismayed. He hid his face in his hands, and said to himself,—

"Can this be the accomplished and virtuous Eliza? No, it cannot—cannot be!"

"Come, come, Charlie, it is no use to be down-hearted now: we must bear up against our troubles. But I cannot always keep up my spirits, so I sometimes take a glass or two of brandy, for I find it an excellent thing to drown care."

The speaker now commenced humming a merry tune.

This scene was too much for Charles. He rushed from the house in a state bordering on madness. As he wandered about the streets, he said to himself, over and over again,—

"She is, indeed, fallen! On me—on me rests all the responsibility—the guilt!"

When the unhappy man reached home, he was more wretched than ever. True, he had for many years been habitually sad, but now he took no notice of anything by which he was surrounded.

The disconsolate Clara found his mind was deranged, for he continually started in his sleep, and would exclaim,—

"It is my work—all my work!"

Reader, behold the awful consequences of vice. Here are three once cheerful and happy beings all rendered unhappy by the conduct of a once heartless but now repentant libertine.

How difficult is it for a human being—woman in particular—who has once deviated from the path of moral rectitude, to regain her elevated position! How many thousand tragic histories prove the truth of this observation.

How necessary is it, then, that we should ever be upon our guard against the least appearance of evil. The callous, the hard-hearted, the indifferent, may sneer at these observations now, and still follow their career of vice; but the time will come, when the blackness of despair will take possession of their hearts, and reconciliation will be far from them.

But to return to our hero. He absented himself from the house of Eliza. His heart was torn with contending emotions; his troubled breast could find no peace.

"I will not—cannot look upon the ruin I have made," did he often repeat to himself; "but my child, the fatherless Maria, must be—shall be removed from the scene of infamy by which she is at present surrounded. But Eliza, the accomplished, the confiding Eliza—my victim—alas! her case, I fear, is hopeless; she is irretrievably lost!"

For months was the mind of Cleaveland racked with the thoughts of the ruin he had made, and often did he resolve and re-resolve to divulge the cause of his trouble to his wife, and take steps to rescue Eliza and her child from a life of infamy; but as yet he had not, as he should have done, revealed his thoughts to his partner.

We must, for a time, leave the unhappy Cleaveland, and return to the fallen Eliza.

It is a merciful dispensation of Providence, that, in most instances, a life of intense misery is marked by its brevity. Rejoice, then, ye outcasts, ye unfortunates of the world, that your days of wretchedness are shortened.

Only seven months had elapsed since Cleaveland last beheld the hapless Eliza. She was then excited with strong drink—how altered is she now—A few short months has indeed worked a great change in that once beautiful form.

Unknown to Cleaveland, the cruel storms of life by which she was beset, and strong drink, had laid the accomplished Eliza on a bed of sickness. Even now, an emissary from the grim monarch, death, is in attendance on the outcast.

Oh, what a death-bed scene was this! Eliza was daily visited by her sisters in misfortune, and by some of her former companions. Strong drink and lewd jokes, too, were not unfrequently passing round, but the dying outcast participated not of these profanities.

The medical man who attended the invalid declared her hours to be numbered. A minister of religion, at the request of Eliza, was called to her bedside. He spoke of peace, of mercy, of pardon, of a Saviour. He prayed and read beside the dying Eliza. Among other passages he quoted the following:—

"And Jesus said unto them, he that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

That night the mind of the outcast found consolation, and as she folded her child, whom she scarce suffered to leave her, in her arms, she prayed for the forgiveness of herself and her seducer.

On the following night a fellow unfortunatist sat up with the repentant outcast. She had done many kind offices for the dying one during her illness.

There was a deep-felt sympathy existing between these two ill-fated females. They had both been well-educated, and were each, at an early age, lured by the treachery of man from the path of virtue.

There had been much bustle and noise in the house in which the dying outcast lay; but now it was three o'clock, and all was still—it was the stillness of the grave.

Little Maria was sleeping beside her mother, who was awake, and quite conscious, of her approaching dissolution. Eliza thought of Charles—of her once happy home. She then blessed her child over and over again, and thanked God that, although she had led a life of infamy, she yet felt reconciled to her fate.

"Mary Ann," said Eliza, addressing the female in attendance; "will you read to me the order for the visitation of the sick?"

"I will try," said the watchful Mary Ann; and then, opening the Prayer Book, and finding the place, she knelt by the bedside of her dying companion, and read as requested.

As Mary Ann proceeded with the service, the tears trickled down her face. Both the frail sisters appeared to find consolation in the following passage:—

"Take, therefore, in good part, the chastisement of the Lord; for, as St. Paul saith, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'"

There may be those who will say that the above, being repeated by profane lips, would be of no avail. But, reader, the Lord loves a contrite heart; and in the dying penitent and her companion there was at that moment true contrition.

"Mary Ann, dear," said Eliza, at another time, "can you pray?"

"I will try," said the unfortunatist. Then kneeling beside her dying friend, she clasped her hands together, and poured forth her soul in the following language:—

"Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners!"

After which she paused for a time and then continued,—

"O, thou cold and unfeeling world, didst thou but know the sufferings of us degraded beings, you would indeed pity, and stretch out your hands in mercy to save us! How many would fain return to the path of virtue; but no—they cannot. They erred—were betrayed, and for one momentary error, must be outcasts for life.

"Ye parents, whose children have erred, turn not your backs nor close your doors upon them, for where, oh, where, are they to fly? Compel them not to seek the society of fallen creatures like themselves, inured to all sorts of vice, who might have been plucked as brands from the burning.

"O, God! thou knowest how oft my dear friend and myself would have returned to a life of virtue! Thou knowest how our hearts have yearned for peace—how our better feelings revolted against the infamy we were, in a measure, compelled to experience in our own persons! But, alas! the avenues leading to the path of virtue were, to us, barricaded by the frowns of an unthinking, unfeeling world!"

Here the repentant woman buried her head in her hands, and wept aloud; and tears trickled down the cheek of the dying one.

After recovering from her excitement, the faithful companion of Eliza again clasped her hands together, and closed her prayer by ejaculating most fervently,—

"Lord have mercy upon us, poor sinners! and receive the soul of my unfortunatist friend and companion!"

By this time the light had penetrated through the shutters of the apartment. The sun had risen—the last sun that in this world shone on Eliza Rivers.

The dying woman dozed a little at intervals, till noon, and her faithful attendant, who never left the bedside, thought, at times, she was already sleeping the sleep of death.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, a tap at the door of Eliza's room, announced the arrival of a stranger.

"Come in," said the attentive Mary Ann.

The door opened, and Cleaveland entered the apartment.

"I beg you pardon," said Charles, in evident consternation; "but I wished to see Eliza—Eliza Rivers."

"There she is," replied the attendant, as she drew the curtains on one side, and at once exposed to view the dying outcast.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Charles as he flew to the bedside. "Is she dead?"

"No, she is not yet dead," replied Mary Ann; "but her hours are indeed numbered."

"Speak—speak—Eliza, speak!" exclaimed Charles. "I could find no peace till I resolved to visit you again. I have come to see if I cannot rescue you and our child from a life of infamy. Speak—speak, Eliza!" again exclaimed the distracted Cleaveland.

The lips of Eliza moved not, they were, happily for her, sealed in everlasting sleep. Eliza heard the voice of her seducer as he entered the room, and at that moment, it is supposed, her troubled spirit took its flight from its earthly tabernacle.

We must leave to the imagination of the reader the dreadful scene that ensued, as the distracted libertine bent over the lifeless body of his victim.

From that day the reason of Charles Cleaveland was dethroned. He,



however, led little Maria, his own child, the child of Eliza, home to his wife; but the father is at this moment an occupant of ——— Lunatic Asylum, a living memento of the fatal effects of Libertinism. The disconsolate Clara lingers on in her worse than widowhood, and her son is the companion and playmate of little Maria, the orphan child of the hapless Eliza Rivers.

## THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

### CHAPTER II.

THE TREE.—THE DEAD BODY.—THE MANIAC.—THE FIRST DEATH.

WHAT pen shall be endowed with the magic power of describing, in all its awful reality, the scene which followed the incident with which our last chapter terminated? What imagination shall conceive, what language express, the effect of that sad incident upon all the parties who witnessed it?

Stupendous griefs, like overwhelming joys, have the effect, for a time, of stunning the faculties. We live, breathe, and the fluid of life circulates in our veins with its usual regularity, while the brain is in a whirl of contending emotions, which produces a strange apparent calmness—a calmness and cessation of motion, such as might be imagined to occur when two champions of equal strength and courage have met in mortal combat, and remain for a few moments regarding each other in silence and peace, ere once again the strife commences.

So sudden, so awful had been the shock that had occurred, that no one moved—no one spoke for some minutes.

There was the blazing tree, from which long tongues of flame were arising, accompanied by wreaths of blue smoke that curled high above the verdant foliage of the forest, while, as limb for limb gave way to the destroying agent, the fibres separated with a harsh, grating sound, and more and more complete each moment became the destruction of the fallen tree.

It was Matilda Rashleigh who first recovered from the dream-like apathy which had come over all present, and with such a shrill, piercing scream as was horrible to hear, and which was calculated to hold a place in the affrighted imagination through life, she rushed towards the blazing mass of shivered timber.

That scream dissolved the spell which appeared to have been cast over the faculties of all present, and a rush was made after her, while various exclamations, expressive of horror, terror, sympathy, and astonishment, burst from the lips of the party.

Matilda reached the tree in an instant. The smoke curled around her in suffocating volumes, and the long flames seemed to stretch out from the burning mass, as if anxious to gather her within their ferocious embraces, and sacrifice her along with him upon whose remains they were now wreaking their aimless fury.

It was Mr Charles Lechmere who threw a protecting arm around her slender waist, and, in a voice which sufficiently proclaimed the excited state of his own feelings, he cried,—

"Miss Rashleigh, for the love of God, stop! You will destroy yourself without saving him! Stop! stop! I implore you! George Lee, if you be among the living, speak, oh, speak!"

A heavy branch of the tree which the flames had only for a few brief moments reached, now slowly bent down towards the earth, dragging with it many splinters and half-charred pieces, which had already been for some minutes exposed to the action of the flames. Across that arm of the tree hung a black-looking object, the weight of which materially accelerated its fall. Down, down it came, crashing and tearing away many minor limbs, until it reached the earth, when the dark object that had been suspended across it rolled off, falling close to the feet of Matilda Rashleigh—it was the body of George Lee.

Half doubled up, as if contracted by the effect of the fire upon the bodily sinews, lay the scorched and blackened corpse of him who so short a time before was in the prime and pride of health, and strength, and glorious intellect. What was he now?—a mangled, broken, and blanched frame. The body had rolled on to its back, and there it lay, presenting a hideous spectacle, from the combined effects of the lightning and the flames, which had for some minutes enveloped it. The face was quite black, and the lips were drawn back, showing the teeth in painful contrast to the blackened features. The eyes were starting from their sockets, and one side of the face presented but a mass of blackened blood and half-roasted flesh; a fetid odour came from the body; one of the legs was torn from the trunk; a large flap of skin hung from the forehead, nearly covering one of the ghastly, bloodshot eyes.

Charles Lechmere relaxed his hold of Matilda, and shrunk back sickened and aghast at the frightful spectacle.

"God help her! God help her!" he groaned. "Oh, that she were dead—that would be a mercy."

The others turned deathly pale, and shuddered; Mrs. Rashleigh lay insensible on the green sward, and Emma Hickson was kept away from the harrowing spectacle by Mr. Grant, who himself trembled like an aspen leaf.

All eyes were bent now upon Matilda, and every breath was almost suspended in painful agonising expectation of the effect which the sight before her was likely to leave. She did not move or speak for some minutes; and who could speak to her at such a time—what mockery would any attempted consolation have been. She shook her head twice or thrice, and pressed both her hands upon her brow. Now and then she would timidly look around her, bringing her eyes always back again to the frightful face which was at her feet. Once or twice she appeared about to say something, for her lips moved, but no intelligible sound came from them. There was a sort of shudder came over her, and she sunk on her knees by the side of the corpse—she placed her hands over her face for an instant, and then slowly allowed them to drop to her side. Every one now expected some burst of passionate grief. They were, in some measure, prepared for the terror of some frantic display of despair, such as might be supposed to emanate from such a heart as her's under such circumstances, for it was too much to suppose any feeling of resignation could so soon have found a place in her bosom. They were then prepared for grief in its most terrific, overwhelming shape; but they were not prepared for the creeping, shuddering horror that came across them, when Matilda burst into a loud peal of wild laughter that made the forest echo for miles. It was the vacant thrilling laugh of insanity. Charles Lechmere, who had advanced a step or two, recoiled back, as if he had been struck. The brief exclamation of "Gracious God!" burst from his lips.

Peal after peal of that wild unearthly sounding laughter came from the lips of Matilda. Madness had claimed her as its own, and stretching out her hand, she pointed with a wild kind of exultation at the face of the body, as she shrieked, in hoarse screaming accents,—

"A wedding—a wedding. Ha! ha! ha! and there the bridegroom, with a smile upon his face. What joy, what hopes; only keep out of the fire—beware of the lightning. That's all. Did you ever see so fair a face with such a smile? Never, you say; well—well. Are you scorched by Heaven's lightning—or you—or you—or you? Ha! ha! ha! Well done. There's more thunder. We shall all meet again—once a year. Remember the twelfth of August. Do you think any of you can ever forget it? How are you? The dance—the dance. Music—joy—flowers—love! Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! What a happy—happy day is this. I thought there would be a storm; but there is none. Well—well. Be it so. You shall have singing. Choose a merry strain; or something soft, tender, and bewitching. You shall all be well pleased; but, most of all, you, my George."

She stooped over the corpse, and, with a shudder, they saw her kiss the mangled cheek. Some of the clotted blood clung to her face, but she heeded it not. Taking a comb from her hair, she began arranging her long beautiful tresses; while, in a sweet, plaintive voice, she commenced singing, smiling the while, as if full of pleasant happy thoughts. Oh, it was heart-breaking to hear those strains.

"My peace it is fled,  
My fond heart is sore,  
Love's sunshine will never return.  
When he is from here  
All's tomb-like and drear:  
Alas! for my lover I mourn!

"The joys of the world  
Are sadness to me,  
And maddened with pain  
My brain e'er will be.  
The spring of my mind  
No summer will know;  
I look from my casement,  
No lover's below.

"My peace it is fled,  
My fond heart is sore,  
Love's sunshine will never return.  
When he is from here  
All's tomb-like and drear:  
Alas! for my lover I mourn!

"So graceful his step,  
So noble his mien,  
So smiling his lips,  
So bright his eyes' sheen.



How courteous his speech,  
'Tis magic and bliss;  
His soft touch is rapture,  
A heav'n in his kiss!

"My peace it is fled,  
My fond heart is sore,  
Love's sunshine will never return.  
When he is from here  
All's tomb-like and drear:  
Alas! for my lover I mourn!"

"My heart's love it yearns  
Towards him alone.  
Oh! dared I clasp him,  
And know him my own,  
Who could caress him  
As fondly I could?  
While love breathes soft kisses,  
More sweet when subdued.

"My peace it is fled,  
My fond heart is sore,  
Love's sunshine will never return.  
When he is from here  
All's tomb-like and drear:  
Alas! for my lover I mourn!"

She ceased singing, and laughed so sweetly and gently, that no music could be more grateful to the ears. Several of the young men present burst into tears, and then Charles Lechmere, making a great effort to overcome his emotion, advanced towards her, saying,—

"Miss Rashleigh, for the love of Heaven, strive to think. Pray to God for mercy. Oh, come away. Come away."

"Did you speak to me," she said, "or was it a dream?"

"Alas! do you not know me?"

"Truly not. Did you see him?"

"See who?"

"George. I will tell you how it was. They all made a compact to meet on each twelfth of August. Then a storm came on, after which such a dream ensued—so full of joy—mirth—music. Ha! ha! ha! Now, laugh; but I—well—well, I have all the jest to myself. Look here—he smiles, though he says little. Yet in a smile is there a fund of eloquence. It's a glorious thing to live in a star, because we have a new view of the heavens. And in the star we have gone to now there is no grief—no sorrow—no disappointment."

"Miss Rashleigh—Miss Rashleigh."

"Hush! he is dead. There is no such person now."

"Good God, where will this end?"

"With the world, on the twelfth of August."

"She is quite mad," whispered Charles Lechmere, to his agitated companions. "Some one of us must go for help. She and the body must be removed. Oh, what a day has this been! Even yet I know not if I am awake, or afflicted by some dreadful dream. I wish I had died rather than see the sights I have seen to-day."

"Horrible! horrible!" said several. "Yet something must be done."

"Ay, indeed," remarked Mr. Grant; "do you recollect how strangely he bade us farewell? There was something ominous in his tones; but what, in the name of Heaven, is to be done with that poor girl?"

"She must be got home by some means. The storm is now over, and, by persevering in one direction, we shall surely get clear of the forest. Let us try and persuade her to leave with us if we can."

"And poor Mrs. Rashleigh, what will be her feelings?"

"She is still insensible."

"Thank God! Every moment of such insensibility is a mercy."

"It is, indeed. If we can get Matilda removed before she recovers, her mind can be prepared more gently for the intelligence, which, if it came at once, might produce the most disastrous effects."

"Such must be attempted. Do you, Lechmere, try to get that poor girl to leave with you."

"I will attempt it. My heart bleeds for her, poor thing, and I know not whether to wish she should return to reason, or remain as she is; which, however terrible it may seem to us a state of mind, is, at least to her, an escape from the bitterness of grief."

He then once again approached Matilda, who had stepped a few paces from the dead body of her lover to pluck some wild flowers that bloomed in the forest. She was now twining them in her hair, and, in a low voice, speaking to herself about love and joy.

"Miss Rashleigh," said Lechmere, "we are going home now."

"Down to the world again!" she said.

"Yes; if you like. Will you take my arm and come?"

"Hush! hush! You will awaken him."

She pointed to the corpse as she spoke.

"No—no," said Lechmere, trying to control his feelings. "He will sleep soundly. You will come home now with us, I am sure."

"No—no. I will remain here. This is a spot endeared by many tender and gentle associations. Is it the twelfth of August yet, can you tell me?"

"Tis all in vain," thought Charles Lechmere; "she will not come, and we cannot leave her here. That would be too horrible, for who knows what strange and terrible aspect her insanity might suddenly put on if left alone with that frightful spectacle to meet her eyes each moment." He made one more attempt to induce her to come away, but with no better success. The only he replies he got consisted of incoherent sentences, which fully betrayed the shattered state of the intellect. Alas! her mind was lost; and, like the strings of a tangled harp, gave out strange discords, instead of harmonious melody.

Mrs. Rashleigh was carried from the spot; and Emma Hickson, who had seen but little of what had occurred, because Mr. Grant had carefully shielded from her eyes the awful spectacle, took charge of her. Then it was arranged that three of the friends should remain with Matilda and the body of George Lee until the morning. Three accompanied Mrs. Rashleigh and Emma from the forest, and when they could procure assistance, one was to return to the fatal spot, leaving Mr. Grant and another to escort the ladies home, and break to Mrs. Rashleigh, as tenderly as it was possible, the terrible truth as to what had happened in the forest, some part only of which she could be aware of, as she had fainted before Matilda's insanity had assumed its most distressing form.

The three that were left in the forest consisted of Lechmere, Anderson, and Meriton. When the others of the party had departed, Lechmere said, in a low tone,—

"Let us now attempt to remove her from such close proximity to the body. That sight it was which overthrew her reason, and its continued presence must have a bad effect upon her."

The others agreed to this, and all three advanced towards the unhappy creature, who was still speaking to herself in strange disjointed sentences, and now and then smiling so unearthly, that no pathos could be equal to the sadness it threw upon the hearts of those who saw her then, and remembered what she once was.

"The storm is over," said Mr. Lechmere. "The storm is quite over now, Miss Rashleigh. Will you take a walk with us through the forest?"

She placed her finger on her lips, and said,—

"Hush, hush! It would be cruel to awaken him. How sound he sleeps. Do you not think that such unbroken slumber shews a guiltless heart?—and there is a smile, too, upon his face. Do you not see it? I cannot leave him. There are malignant beings in the air. I have heard them whispering to each other, even now. They talked of lightning and fire, so you see I must not leave him. Is it the twelfth of August yet?"

"She will not come," whispered Lechmere; "but I will try the experiment of hiding from her the face of poor George Lee; and, to tell the truth, it painfully attracts my own eyes, and I would fain have it hidden."

He spread out his handkerchief, and then dropped it over the face of the corpse. Matilda made no opposition; she only said, gently,—

"Thank you. He will sleep the sounder. If you draw near me now, I will tell you a dream I had last night; but we must speak very low, or we shall break his slumbers—come, come. Here's an old tree that, on some eventful day, looks as if it had been struck by lightning; see, it is shivered, by the bolt from Heaven, into thousands of huge splinters."

There was just light enough now lingering, at the close of the day, to distinguish surrounding objects the one from the other; and Matilda sat down upon the very limb of the tree which had come to the earth with the body of George upon it. The three friends sat beside her, and then glancing around as if, for the first time, she had noticed the devastation which the lightning had produced, she added,—

"It would be curious, no doubt, to know on what occasion this tree was felled by lightning. Some dreadful storm must have swept over here, and shattered it thus strangely; what massive limbs are rent from it; what enormous splinters, sharp and jagged, lie about. The tree, too, seems to have been in fire."

"It has," said Charles Lechmere.

"Such storms," continued Matilda, "perhaps, are common in this new world that we have come to. Only imagine now that such a storm as felled this massive tree had taken the life of some one tenderly beloved by another; what grief would have been there."

"There would, indeed."

"Ay, unless one thing prevented it."

"And what is that?—the goodness of Heaven?"

"No—no. The current of existence is, like some massive machine,



made for a good purpose; but in its progress it spares not its speed or its regular actions because individuals may become entangled in its intricacies."

"There's method in this madness," said Charles Lechmere, in a whisper, to Mr. Anderson. Then, again, turning to Matilda, he said,—

"But what, then, could spare the grief which might naturally ensue upon the death of one much beloved?"

"Madness!" was the prompt reply. Then she laughed loudly, but suddenly checked herself as her eyes fell upon the body of George, and she said in a low tone,—

"Hush—hush! I would not awaken him for worlds. Speak gently and softly, and I will tell you my dream. How sound he sleeps! Oh, that I, too, slept as sound. It is like the deep repose of death."

"It is, indeed, Miss Rashleigh. What if it should be so?"

"Ay, what, indeed?—but I know better. There are three stages of existence. The one glides imperceptibly almost into the other. They are life, sleep, and death."

"Most true. But this dream you were about to tell us—is it strange and wonderful?"

"Yes, very—I will tell you. There were seven friends, and, once upon a time, they went out in all the joyousness of youth, health, and love, to be happy for a day. I dreamt that I was there. It was the 12th of August."

"Yes—yes."

"Well, as Heaven would have it, strange thoughts came into their heads, and they talked of many things unfitted to the gaiety of the occasion that had brought them among the fresh green fields, and sweet flowers. They agreed that, once in each year, they would meet to compare together hopes, fears, successes, disappointments. You understand?"

"Perfectly. Go on—go on."

"It's a sad tale. There were seven of them. I counted them in my dream—'twould make a romance—full of strange incident, laughter-stirring scenes of merriment, as well as deep pathos, such as makes the heart bleed for very sympathy. It was a dream you know—a marked vivid dream. I counted them, and they were seven—exactly seven."

"Go on—what came of their strange compact?"

"Woe—woe—woe."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. That seven never met again. Six met, but there was a vacant place, which filled them with mournful thoughts, and marred the merriment of what was intended to have been a joyous meeting. Then only four met, then three, then two, and last of all, one—one—only one."

"Who was he?"

"It was a foolish question for him to ask, and Charles Lechmere felt it to be so after it had passed his lips. He wished he had not asked it, and he wished such words missed the more, when after a brief pause Matilda said,—

"His name was Lechmere."

The words were strangely and solemnly spoken. They sounded in his ears quite prophetic. The time—the place—the circumstances by which he was surrounded, all tended to produce superstitious feelings, and he said to himself,—

"I shall strive to get rid of the feeling which these words have produced upon my mind, but I feel I shall never forget them."

"Now I have told you all," said Matilda; "was it not a strange dream?"

"Most strange and wonderful. What is your name?"

She smiled sadly as she said,—

"Men may name me according to their fancies. I am the guardian spirit of sleep, and my duty now is to watch over the slumbers of him who lies there so still, and apparently so breathless."

Charles Lechmere could just see her countenance by the waning light, and could not but remark the wonderful change which had taken place in it. As he gazed, one of those sudden accessions of white light which are so common in this country about sunset ensued, and he was able more clearly to perceive the difference in expression which sat upon that still, lovely face. But an hour before that time, and such intelligence, feeling, and intellect gleamed there as were delightful to look upon; but now all was changed. The divine spirit seemed to have deserted the chambers of the brain, and left them desolate of aught but wandering phantoms of the past.

There was still the same charm of beauty about the features, if shape alone could have made up the full amount of the fascination that had dwelt in that countenance; but, alas! the animation—the life—the soul of the whole was fled. The eyes were bright and lustrous, and they were still shaded by the long silken lashes; but their expression was vacant, and they turned with an unmeaning gaze upon all surrounding objects.

Oh! what a melancholy wreck was there! The words of the truest

poet, next to Shakspeare, the world ever saw, recurred to Charles Lechmere, as he gazed upon the wreck of that which once had been,—

The lady of his love. Oh! she was changed  
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind  
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes  
They had not their own lustre, but the look  
Which is not of the earth. She was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts  
Were combinations of disjointed things;  
And form, impalpable and unperceived  
Of others sight, familiar were to hers:  
And this the world calls frenzy.

As he looked upon the ample brow—the delicately chiselled mouth—the exquisitely rounded chin, he thought that such might have been the youthful poet's dream, and he could almost imagine the agony which must have, with icy coldness, stole across such a heart to find the God within had departed, and that intellect no longer lent its magic to the beauty of form.

If there be any one sight more humiliating, more full of profound grief, more heart-rending than another, it is to see life without the very principle of existence, without the capacity for good, the responsibility of evil. Oh, far happier are they over whom the silent tomb has closed. Far happier the living who have to mourn the death of the loved than such an aberration from all the tender endearing ties of existence.

Alas, poor troubled Matilda! She, too, had become the queen of a fantastic realm. Perhaps it was merciful of Heaven; but it was not the less sad to look upon.

She was again singing as these painful reflections chased each other through the mind of Charles Lechmere, and then suddenly she sprang to her feet, saying,—

"Who comes—who comes? More brave spirits from the world we have left so far behind. Welcome them, welcome them; but they should tread softly, for this is hallowed ground, where one sleepeth who should not be awakened. Hush—hush—hush!"

The three friends now could plainly hear the sounds of approaching footsteps, and Charles Lechmere walked forward to see if it were his friends who approached. In about a minute he met them, and saw that his anticipations were correct: for the party consisted of the three young men who had recently left the spot, and who had procured the assistance of a magistrate and other persons, as well as a carriage, for poor Matilda.

The magistrate was a humane and gentlemanly man. He had been informed of the particulars of the case, with the exception of that which related to the singular compact the friends had entered into, and he was fully disposed to act as gently and tenderly as possible in the matter.

The great object was at once now to effect the quiet removal of Matilda—a step which Charles Lechmere feared would be attended with some difficulty, but, nevertheless, it was indispensably necessary that it should be done. He returned to her and said,—

"Matilda Rashleigh, your mother wishes to see you. A carriage is waiting for you."

"My mother?" she replied. "Nature is my mother. I have no parent on earth, or in the stars."

"But you will come with me?"

"Not while he sleeps; beware how you awaken him."

Charles saw that no course of reasoning would suffice to induce the unhappy girl to leave the spot, and returning to the party, he said,—

"Some of you must walk between her and the body, so that she may lose sight of it. It is possible then that I may persuade her to leave the place. If she will not, force of course must be used, for we shall have the night upon us soon, and then the same course will have to be pursued under greater disadvantages."

This was agreed to, and then all the friends stood so as to hide the body, while Charles Lechmere again spoke to the afflicted girl.

"He whose slumbers you watched is gone," he said.

"Gone, gone; to his last home there?"

She pointed through the interstices of the trees to the west, where all traces of the storm having disappeared, a glorious sunset was lending its magic beauty to the evening, and glowing in many coloured tints.

"Yes," said Charles, "he has gone to his home."

"Then I too must wing my flight."

She rose, and placed her arm in that of Charles Lechmere, who was congratulating himself upon the ease with which he had induced her to leave, when she suddenly broke from him, and darting past the three friends who stood by the body, with a frantic laugh, cried,—

"He is here! he is here! Would you have me betray my trust? Ha! ha! ha! here again! here again!"

There was now no resource; she was surrounded, and carried from



the spot. She gave one wild shriek of a painful character, and uttered the name of her lover. Then succeeded the same distressing peals of laughter, which were of such a shuddering, alarming character, and she was placed in the carriage, which had been in waiting, by the afflicted young men, who gazed at each other as they left the spot with pallid faces.

(To be continued in our next.)

## HARRY EWART; OR, SUSCEPTIBILITY.

A mighty pain to love it is,  
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;  
But of all pain, the greatest pain,  
It is to love, but love in vain. COWLEY.

THE good ship, the Anna, was about to sail for India, that immense empire, subjected to our arts and arms; all was bustle but not confusion, save and except among the passengers, who never can understand the ins and outs of a ship, though they are compelled to put up with them without any voice in the matter; whose opinion is never asked; and the unlucky wight who first prosecutes a voyage, finds himself compelled to submit to the dictates of one man, who is as absolute and as powerful over the lives and motions of all under her decks, as an eastern sultan.

Poor Harry Ewart—I shall never forget poor Harry—as blithe and happy a dog as ever breathed. His first voyage in life was from England to India; and from India to England; but that was his last. Alas, poor Harry! I fancy I can see thy tall robust frame, for at sixteen he was as tall and as big as a grenadier, yet as bashful and shrinking as a maid, save where there was danger; then indeed you would admire him.

Harry was the son of an officer of some repute, an only son, though he had two sisters. He had been well educated for his age, and gently nurtured. His mother died, and with her he lost his best friend; not that old Ewart was a harsh or neglectful man, far from it, but he had been an old seaman, and could not look after the family so well as a mother.

He accordingly called Harry to him one morning and said—

"Well, my boy, you are old and big enough to look after yourself by this time; you ought to have been out years ago, it would have been for your benefit if you had—all the better—but your poor mother, God bless her, could not bear the idea of parting with you at such an age, believing, I think, that you would outgrow your strength; all nonsense, you know—but she could not help it; but you must look out for yourself, eh, lad."

"I should wish to obtain some means of earning a living," replied Harry, not knowing what his father was driving at.

"Chip of the old block, I see—glad to find it, lad—just as it should be. I thought you did not desire to stay idling at home."

"It is far from my wish to do so; I only want a start," replied Harry.

"That you shall have, my boy," exclaimed the old captain, rubbing his hands with delight, at finding the youth of the same mind with himself, as he believed. "That you shall have, depend upon it. There is a noble opportunity now opening, and such a one you would not have found for love or money, especially as you are of such an age."

"What is it?" inquired the son.

"Why, a friend of mine, Captain Spelman, of the Anna, is about to sail for India; he will take you with him and make a seaman of you as soon as any man."

"A seaman, sir?" exclaimed Harry, in an extremity of terror and surprise, for he would have preferred another line of life.

"Yes, a seaman, sir," answered his father, rather harshly; "what the devil, sir, would you have to do better?"

"Oh, nothing at all," replied Harry, in a deprecatory tone of voice, for he knew that his father was absolute and would bear no contradiction.

"I thought not. I have sailed on the wide seas for fifty years, and it would be strange if a son of mine did not think that was good enough for him."

Harry assured him he was well pleased, but he had not heard him say anything of it before, and it surprised him when he heard that he had made arrangements.

"Why, yes, lad," replied the old seaman, somewhat appeased; "I never do things by halves; if I wish for such a thing I go and do it, consequently it's done. Now, Captain Spelman is a good seaman, though not quite so strict in discipline as he might be; but that you won't mind, I dare say. Well, you are to go on board in three weeks, and a week after you will set sail, and mind you do not disgrace your father's name."

"That I never will," replied the youth; "come what will, I shall never flinch from the performance of my duty."

"Why, that's right and as it should be. I have cared for your outfit and every care will be taken of your comfort, so far as it is possible."

"Do my sisters know of your determination, sir?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, I informed them of it; besides that, they are to reside with their aunt, Martha, who will take care of them better than I can—I am not used to it. Ah, Harry, I miss your poor mother, God bless her! but we must all go some day you know."

Thus it was that Harry Ewart was sent to sea, and all under a month from the moment it was first named to him. He loved his rough old father too well to dispute his wishes, and less his commands; and he knew that his father loved him too well to do ought but for his good, and he at once submitted to his direction.

Harry's career was a brief one—poor fellow, I cannot help letting fall a tear to his memory. In the same vessel there were several passengers of great wealth: a lady and two daughters, sixteen and seventeen—two rare beauties they were. Harry had never seen anything half so lovely, and confessed as much to a young imp of a midshipman who was as full of mischief as midshipmen usually are, and that is no poor compliment.

Well, this young imp considered, I dare say, that the voyage to India was a dull one, and required some fun to enliven it, and thought he could amuse himself safely at young Ewart's expense. He pretended great friendship for him, and declared that he never saw any lady who possessed so much beauty, and strongly advised Ewart to court her. This he declined on account of his own dependent condition.

"The very thing, Ewart," he said, slapping his back, "to render you a happy man—her fortune will mend your condition. I don't say it can all be done at once, but follow her up and she cannot reject you."

Seeing no harm in the advice, and believing his friend sincere, he paid the young lady particular attention. She was condescending, and accepted of the little courtesies which he offered, and which rendered her tedious voyage less irksome.

This Ewart's friend converted into signs of acceptance and love, and accordingly congratulated him upon his success, and told him that all he had to do was to persevere in the same track. He did so, but never made any demonstration of affection towards the lady, but contented himself with remaining a respectful admirer. His mischievous friend tried all he could to persuade him to be warmer and break the ice, but Harry hung back and declined to do so.

There were other passengers in the vessel besides the lady and her two daughters; there was a young officer of cavalry, who cast his eyes upon these two maidens, and who, in short, became very intimate, and was indeed their constant companion.

This was a sad grievance to poor Harry, who could not brook the idea of a rival. He watched them incessantly, and not a turn of the lip escaped his observation. He knew not what to do; to abstain from speaking to her—yet he knew not how to do so—was to give his rival the victory without a struggle; it was indeed to resign her at once; but this he was not willing to do. He did really love her as warmly and as ardently as a youth of his age was capable, nay, as ardently as man could love—too well for his peace and health.

He had recourse to his friend, who greatly enjoyed his dilemma, but who really believed that it was fancy—that Harry was merely soft-hearted and credulous; and upon these qualities he thought he would play without any evil intention.

"Now or never is your time, Harry," he said, confidentially; "you must break through all the girlish timidity and speak boldly. Do you expect she will beg of you to take compassion upon her? Far from it; she will despise you for your want of courage and manhood. Look at that flippant ensign; he is with her continually, and will win her too, and that only from force of impudence and nothing more. Women like men, and not timid boys. If I were to trouble my head about a woman, I would know my fate soon—and —"

"And what?"

"I would shoot that fellow if he stood in my path."

Pondering over advice like this, the simple-minded Harry Ewart sought for an opportunity to declare his passion to Miss Laura Lewis, the young lady who had made such havoc in his breast. It was some days before he could find the desired moment, but at length, when she had quitted the deck from fatigue and heat of the day, she repaired to the cabin, and reclined herself upon a couch.

Ewart entered; his hand trembled, his step faltered, his heart beat, and he stood in the centre of the cabin, unable to speak or fly. The lady looked at him in astonishment, covered with confusion—he at length broke the awful silence by saying—

"Miss Lewis, will you permit me to say a few words to you?"

"Certainly," replied Laura, unable to conjecture the meaning of this strange conduct.

But she was not long left in doubt, for Harry gathered courage at the sound of his own voice, and said—

"You may deem me rude and presumptuous, Miss Laura, at what I am about to say, but do not judge me too harshly."

"Oh, certainly not," replied the young lady, very coolly.



"I am not much used to this life, and am not wedded to it. This is my first voyage, and I care not if it be my last."

"You are tired of it I dare say,—so am I; but I cannot help that, nor you either, that I am aware of."

"Certainly not, but the moment I saw you on this vessel, your beauty made a conquest of my heart. Can you—will you—give me any hope that a passion so hopeless, but so ardent, may meet with some encouragement,—that I may look forward to the future, with the expectation that I might gain your affections."

He was going on rumbling along, when the lady finding out his intention, suddenly said—

"Stop, sir, I cannot permit this to go on any further. I have every respect for your feelings, but I cannot consent to receive the addresses of any one, except through the permission of my mother; but let not this induce you to attempt to gain her consent, which I believe to be impossible, for her ideas would lead her to expect wealth and rank; but allow me to hope that this will be the last I may hear of the affair. I can give you no encouragement, nor a hope; I wish to merit your civility, and would willingly render the same, if permitted."

Poor Harry rose off his knee, overwhelmed with shame and confusion; he turned to the door, and was about to quit the cabin, when he found the door blocked up by the persons of his mischievous friend and the ensign, both of whom were evidently enjoying his misfortune, which they thought most exquisite fun.

But it proved too much for Harry to bear. His constitution, injured by his rapid growth, his naturally susceptible feelings, caused him to feel his disappointment more keenly than he would otherwise have done. He held up till they reached India—he was an invalid all the voyage home, and returned to England, to see once more his father and sisters, and then to die. He ought never have been sent to sea, and fell a martyr to want of judgment and sensitive feelings.

## ALLHALLOWS EVE;

OR, TOM LINCOLN'S PEEP THROUGH THE DEVIL'S MICROSCOPE.

TOM LINCOLN had to market been to sell a score of sheep, And when he reached the village church he felt inclined to sleep; Now it happened 'twas Allhallows Eve, of all times in the year; Had Tommy known what day it had been, he'd ne'er have slept for fear. As 'twas he sat him down inside the old church porch to rest— For Tom had still a deal to walk, six miles, perhaps more, not less. When he had sat there some short time his head began to nod, First one way then another; thought he, 'tis very odd That I should be so sleepy grown, I've not had much to drink. Here Tom's head fell upon his breast, and he forgot to think. The scene it seemed to change and shift, the church was lit up bright, While shadowy forms did flit athwart the murky gloom of night. There soon arrived a motley group more curious than the rest, Amid the group, a man in black, and each did his behest; And as they moved into the church, and near'd the ancient door, They seemed to meet a barrier there, for they advanced no more. Meantime the man in black stood near and ordered them the while, And as the words came from his mouth strange laughter shook the pile, And strange blue lights shone from their eyes, and loose was each one's hair.

While suffocating fumes of smoke and sulphur filled the air. And as Tom looked upon the group that stood before his sight, The deep-toned bell smote on his ear, and told the time of night; Eleven was the hour that struck while he unnoticed lay, When suddenly the leader grim on Tommy cast his eye; And when he knew that he'd been seen, his heart went pit-a-pat, His hair stood straight out from his head, he could have fell down flat; Which, doubtless, he would sure have done, but he'd no time allowed, For the leader grim quick pounced on him, and bore him 'mid the crowd.

Up, up, and away; no longer stay, the clock's already done, And ere another time it strike, our race must well be won. A long time this may take to read, it took but short to do, And ere another minute fled they skimmed the Heavens through. On, on, they went with swift intent, like whirlwinds through the sky, They could see into magic's each place that they passed by: He saw a lawyer planning lies, that he should tell next day, To save a felon that had done a daring burglary; He saw him spend a good round sum in bribing men to lie, So when the trial come on next day, they'd swear an alibi; They saw a bishop drunken lie, beneath his stable thrown, The devil laughed to see him there, and marked him for his own.

They saw a madhouse standing high, from which came sighs and moans,

Mixed with the sound of torturing lash, and piteous dying groans; When the devil he cast his eyes below, he laughed with fiendish glee, And swore 'twas a miniature hell on earth, for they crueler were than he.

Of churches and abbeys they passed a score, where curious things were shown,

For a sight of which a huge sum must be paid, so greedy were ministers grown.

Says the devil, "They make of their churches great shows, and yet boast of their piety,

While out of the sums which thus they get, the profits are given to me." They heard men preach in the open air to crowds of listening folks, While thieves were robbing the throng, and the devil he laughed at their jokes.

They came to a palace where dwelt a prince, who was famed for his piety;

They saw him lay drunk, 'mid his courtezans, and the devil he laughed with glee.

And on they flew with lightning speed, o'er city, hill, and dale, The earth seemed troubled with their pranks, and e'en the stars looked pale;

The moon seemed troubled with the bile, or something of that sort, And looked watery at the eyes, as if she'd been sick at heart.

And on they rode, o'er hill and dale, o'er mountain vale and plain, And ere the clock had twelve times struck he was safe back again; And as they came their homeward road they left him one by one, So when he came back to the church, he stood there all alone.

The place the same was as before, the church lights all were gone, And thus within one little hour the witches' race was run.

And as he stood he heard a voice that seemed beside his sleeve, And said "Ne'er sleep in the porch again on another Allhallows Eve;"

And when the crowing chanticleer had blown his shrilly horn, Tom woke, and stretching out his limbs he look'd—and it was morn; Then Tom got up and hied him home to rest and ease his pain, And swore that in that old church porch he ne'er would sleep again.

T. MORRIS.

## THE DEAD ALIVE;

OR, THE ROBBERS OF THE SANCTUARY.

A LEGEND OF COLOGNE.

"WELL, Rinaldo," said an ill-favoured man to a comrade, as he met him in a road near Cologne, "the bells of the city are tolling at a heavy rate; what can it be for?"

"I never knew aught but bell-ringing here," returned the second.

"Yes—yes; I am aware, Rinaldo, that they are always saying mass in this goodly city; but why do they toll so heavily to-day?"

"The fact is, the Cardinal di Borgos has just gone to the other world."

"Ha! ha!" said Castro; "and so they think by ringing the bells he will soon get admittance where he has gone to."

"Perhaps so," returned Rinaldo; "but I know this, I should only like a little of the wealth he has taken with him in his coffin."

"No doubt of it; who would not?"

"For my part, Castro, I cannot see what the lazy priest wants with money in his coffin; do you?"

"Really," returned his companion, pondering, "now you put me in mind of it, I don't; and I do not see why we should not help ourselves to a little."

"It would be a less sin, in my opinion, to rob a dead than a living man; one does not want it, but the other does."

"Gently—gently; let no one hear you, or we shall be soon told a different tale."

The speaker for some moments looked hastily round, and then whispered in his companion's ear,—

"I'll tell you what —"

"Speak out, there is no one near."

"Well, then, I've been thinking—humph!"

"What?"

"That if we could gain entrance into the cathedral to-night, we might be rich for all our days."

"A capital thought, truly; but are you not afraid?"

"The deuce a bit of it."

"Have you courage to go to the cardinal's tomb at midnight?"

"And why not?"

"I really do not know."



"We don't mind cutting the throat of a living man, and think nothing of the body; why should we be afraid of a dead cardinal?"

"But the number of bodies around."

"The number of bones you mean."

"Well—well, call 'em what you will, it requires a little nerve."

"I grant it; but the attempt will make us rich for life."

"You are right there."

"How shall we plan it?"

"Meet me at midnight; I know a secret entrance to the vaults."

"Where?"

"At the back of the sexton's house; he thinks no one would be daring enough to enter there, and so he leaves the grating unlocked."

"I'll meet you then at midnight beneath the shadow of the great door of the cathedral."

"With a lantern and tools?"

"Of course."

"Then for the present farewell."

"Farewell till midnight, and if we don't make the old cardinal jump with the noise at his coffin lid, never mind."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared his companion, as he turned away, and taking different directions, they parted for the time.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the cathedral clock tolled the hour of midnight the two villains drew nigh the large door of the cathedral, and immediately after met beneath the shadow of the massive portal; Castro being provided with a dark lantern, a screwdriver, and a small crowbar.

"Have you brought the implements, Castro?" demanded Rinaldo.

"All right," was the reply.

"And be careful of the light."

Castro drew his cloak over the lantern he carried, while Rinaldo led the way to the sexton's house, which was built on one of the buttresses of the lofty building, a small portion of ground being partitioned off as a yard, in which was a grating that led to the vaults beneath the cathedral. In a few minutes they had scaled the wall, and stood beside the grating.

"Give me the crowbar, Castro," demanded Rinaldo, in a coarse tone.

"Here," replied the former.

"Now show a light."

Castro drew the lantern from beneath his cloak; but hardly had he done so ere the gruff voice of the sexton was heard within.

"Hide the light, Castro," said Rinaldo; "quick—quick, or we shall be discovered."

In an instant the light vanished, while both remained motionless for some minutes.

"I tell you I heard voices in the yard," said the sexton's wife within.

"You're always fancying you hear noises," replied her husband.

"But I'm sure of it this time."

"Yes, Margaretta, you are always sure."

"I tell you I heard it plainly; and if I mistake not, I saw the reflection of a lantern."

"Nonsense—nonsense."

"Get up, Rodrigo," said the wife.

"You're always disturbing me," said the sexton; and opening the window he called out, "Who's there?"

For some seconds the thieves stood motionless beneath the wall; at length the window was shut down, and after a short time the villains again commenced operations.

"Confounded heavy," said Rinaldo, as he endeavoured to force up the grating.

"Is it?"

"To be sure it is; just put down the lantern and lend me a hand."

"Can't you manage it alone?" asked Castro.

"If you don't like to help only say so; but mind, if I go alone you have no share in the booty."

"Humph! I did not say I would not help you," said Castro.

"Then do it at once, or we shall have that old sexton and his wife upon us. I suppose, if the truth is told, you are half afraid."

"Me afraid! not I," cried Castro; and, to show his courage, he forthwith assisted his companion at the grating.

With their united efforts it began slowly to rise, and grated on its rusty hinges, which caused them every now and then to listen cautiously. However, as no one was disturbed by the sound, they proceeded with their work. Having raised the grating to its widest, they secured it against falling, and with the greatest caution commenced their descent down a flight of steps that led to the vaults beneath.

For some minutes they traversed several passages, started every now and then by a troop of rats which crossed their path.

At length they reached the great vault, where a lamp, but lately trimmed, swung above the coffin of the deceased cardinal.

"Hush!" said Castro; "I thought I heard a footstep."

For an instant they listened, both trembling violently at the desecration they were about to commit. Suddenly a door at the further end of the vault opened, and a priest, attended by choristers, with some of the deceased cardinal's friends, drew nigh the coffin.

The two thieves retreated behind a pile of coffins, where, having concealed their lantern, they scarcely dared to breathe.

The choristers commenced a chant, which sounded strangely in this repository of the dead; after which they repeated several prayers for the soul of the deceased cardinal, and then retired to the cathedral above, where a requiem was performed, and the vibrations of the organ caused a rumbling sound among the arches of the vaults below.

Rinaldo and Castro remained concealed for some time, when the sexton closed the door of the vault; and soon after they heard the departing footsteps of the choristers above, and the sexton lock the great door of the cathedral. They then emerged from behind the coffins.

"A narrow escape!" said Rinaldo, as he came from his concealment.

"Indeed it was; and I have half a mind to have nothing more to do in the matter."

"Why, you look as pale as a ghost, Castro," said his companion, holding the lantern to his face.

"And enough to make one; what with the sexton's wife, the singing priests, the rats, the coffins, and the rumbling of the organ, I heartily wish I had never come."

"The riches—the riches!" whispered Rinaldo. "Now let's set to work."

"Agreed," said Castro, trembling from head to foot. "Here are the tools."

Rinaldo then took the screw-driver and crow-bar, and approached the coffin of the cardinal, upon gaining which, they looked upon his pallid face through the glass panel in the lid.

"Ay, there you are, old boy," said Rinaldo; "I'll soon relieve you from those rings and trinkets."

"There, don't stand talking to him," said Castro; "just open the coffin at once, or we shall have morning come before we can get clear away."

"Here goes then."

"Don't break the glass panel," said Castro.

"Do you take me for a fool?" asked his companion, as he thrust the screw-driver beneath the coffin lid, which creaked loudly.

"Not so much noise, comrade."

"Nobody can hear me now except the rats."

"It's no use forcing it; don't you see it's fastened with a lock?"

"Right, Castro. Perhaps it's only a spring, for I see no key-hole."

After regarding the lock for some minutes, they discovered the method of opening it, and pushing back the lid, they gazed in ecstasy upon the jewelled hands of the deceased cardinal.

A shudder and cold perspiration came over the villains. Rinaldo then took one of the cardinal's hands within his own and commenced to take off the rings, while Castro held the lantern.

"Put the lantern down and help me take the rings off the other hand, it will save time."

Castro did as requested, and took the left hand of the dead cardinal in his, while Rinaldo took the jewels from the right.

"Have you a knife?" asked Rinaldo; "his hand is swollen, and I can't get this ring off his thumb."

Castro took the knife from his pocket, and handed it to his companion, who commenced to cut off a portion of the cardinal's thumb.

No sooner had he made the incision than, to their surprise, the blood began to flow. The cardinal closed both his hands, and, in so doing, held tightly those of the two robbers.

Terrified beyond measure, the thieves uttered a cry of horror; but were unable from their fright to extricate themselves from the grasp of the imagined deceased cardinal, who now began to revive from the deep swoon into which he had been cast.

As the morning advanced the multitude attended mass in the cathedral, and at mid-day the choristers again came to perform the service for the repose of the dead, where, to their horror and alarm, they found the cardinal sitting upright in his coffin, calling for help, and at the same time holding by either hand the midnight robbers of the sanctuary. In this manner they were captured, and paid the penalty of their crimes, while the cardinal returned to the world above, and for many years after performed the duties of his holy calling.

**DARK LANTERN.**—It is a persuasion among the illiterate that it is not lawful to go about with a dark lantern. This groundless notion is presumed to have been derived, either from Guy Fawkes having used a dark lantern as a conspirator in the gunpowder plot, or from the regulation of the curfew, which required all fires to be extinguished by a certain hour.



## WIGGLETON WIGGINS;

OR, PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.

I VERY well remember the day when young Wiggins came first to school—it was a half holiday—all the fellows were wearied out with noise and quarrel, and were sauntering about with their favourite chums, recounting their grievances and animosities, and pouring the balm of consolation into each other's school-boy bosom.

All of a sudden their differences were forgotten, and they were seen clustering in small groups, listening to some important intelligence which seemed rapidly gaining ground.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" asked several, while others varied the question with "What's the row? what's up? who's split? whose going to catch it?" &c., to all of which the reply was, in a confidential whisper,

"A new boy! a new boy!"

"How do you know?" asked I of one of my companions.

"Figgins told me!" was the reply.

From this I knew the report was from good authority. Figgins had been on forbidden ground (the kitchen), and elicited it from the cook, with whom he stood in high favour. For a length of time it was a complete mystery how Figgins managed to ingratiate himself into *greasy's* good graces, but ultimately he was detected kissing her blubber lips most affectionately, for which privileges she generally allowed him to give her half his pocket-money, and by way of discount returned him now and then, a stale custard, or a sop in the pan.

For some time after Figgins was laughed at by us all, but, upon his solemnly declaring "never no more to bring no intelligence from the kitchen, nor any bread and butter, nor custards," we forbore our persecution, as it was a great desideratum to all to know the exact state of affairs in the upper house.

But to return to our subject. While we were thus speculating upon the dimensions and appearance of the new comer, Old Whackem, leading Wiggins by the hand, made his appearance in the play-ground.

"Now, boys!" called Whackem. We all clustered round him, as if delighted at his presence, while two or three behind his back were squaring their fists, and giving him imaginary punches in the ribs. "I have brought you a new playmate," continued he, "and hope you will make him happy amongst you."

"Yes, sir!" shouted several.

"Now, Master Wiggins," said Whackem, "make yourself as many friends as you can!"

He then was about leaving the ground.

"Ask for a half holiday to-morrow," suggested Figgins into the new boy's ear.

"You're a fool if you don't," hinted another, while a third urged him in the direction Whackem was going.

The half-holiday for the morrow being obtained, on the plea of "a new boy!" the play-ground for some minutes after echoed with a prolonged "Huzza!" from fifty throats of various intonation, and, when concluded, the owners of the aforesaid throats commenced a rigid scrutiny of the new comer, who was a thick-made boy with a round face, in the centre of which was what is termed a "putty nose," and a head of wiry curly hair, that in colour would rival any sand bank in the kingdom, add to which he squinted with a sort of gooseberry looking eye.

"What's your name?" demanded one of the older boys.

"Wiggleton!" returned the new comer, sheepishly.

"Wiggleton what?" asked another.

"Wiggins!" returned the uninitiated.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared a dozen at once, "Wriggle'em Priggins! What a rum name!"

"I didn't say so," returned the fresh boy, half inclined to cry at our boisterous mirth; "I said Wiggins!"

"Oh! Jiggins! is it? Sickle'em Jiggins!"

Again there was another roar.

"Sickle'em Jiggins, this boy will fight you," continued the speaker, "and he's not half your size!"

"No, he won't!" returned Wiggins, sheepishly; "I ain't going to fight."

"Give him the coward's blow, young 'un!" said Figgins.

"Bravo, Sandy! pitch into him!" rejoined Wilson, while the rest shouted, "A fight! a fight!"

Wiggins having received the coward's blow, returned it with interest, thereby establishing his position in the school. From this time he crowed mightily over all the little boys, being in his turn bullied by his elders; and, after a course of years, as those above him left, he became first boy, except myself, and tyrannized over all the school; in fact he became a thorough bully, learning nothing: and finally, left as well informed as when he had first entered the school.

The consequence of so much neglect might have been foretold: he was totally disqualified for any useful occupation, and, at the age of seventeen, by the sudden death of his father, found himself compelled to live upon the small pittance which his mother received as annuity.

Although barely sufficient to supply her own necessities, she lavished on her son the utmost farthing, complying with every whim his fancy could suggest for the adorning of his stunted person, which in her estimation was the most beautiful she ever looked upon. Nor was Wiggleton himself far behind her in this opinion; and as he daily Adonised before the small shaving glass of the three pair back of his mother's lodgings, he felt assured that it was impossible for any female to resist him, or, should they do so, he at once came to the conclusion it would be owing to their want of taste and discernment.

There, however, was one circumstance that not a little troubled him, and this was his ferocious head of wiry sandy hair: it wore away his very soul, and as he regarded the glossy jet locks of the passers-by, he sighed in agony of spirit. With what wistful glances did he regard the wigs in the perruquier's, and more than once he resolved to shave his head, and purchase one.

Our hero had, by this time, become, in his own estimation, what he wished to be thought by others, "a man on town:" he fiercely smoked and puffed in every person's face a compound of cabbage-leaf and whity-brown paper, steeped in tobacco water, and spotted with yellow ochre; he wore a "sixteen shilling, made to measure for the same" wrapper, in the front pocket of which he inserted three-fourths of a yard of "real dragon cane," which he had picked up cheap at a second-hand shop. At night-time he mounted a black moustache, putting as much of his caroty hair beneath his hat as possible (feeling assured he was going nowhere where he should be compelled to take it off), and sticking a real painted glass beard connected to a smaller one into the front of his satin stock, he promenaded nightly where his imposing five feet nothing figure could be seen to the best advantage, viz. the Quadrant and Regent-street, and when the shops in that locality were closed, he resorted to Oxford-street and Cranbourne Alley, where the gas burned still more brilliantly from an extra pressure caused from being turned off in other parts of the town.

It was quite impossible Mr. Wiggleton Wiggins could go on so much longer; the small allowance he squeezed out of his poor mother would not allow it, and she was daily getting into debt on his account. She thus addressed him one morning, as they sipped their hot infusion of sloe leaves, coppers, and rose pink, misalled by the imposing titles of souchong, pekoe, twankey, and fine young hyson.

"My dear boy," commenced his mother, "you must really think of doing something. I am getting greatly in debt on your account, and have scarcely credit for sixpence in the whole neighbourhood."

Wiggleton knew what his maternal relative had said was true, and therefore returned a significant "Humph!"

"But, my dear," continued his parent, "I hardly know what you are fit for."

Again her son responded "Humph!"

"I am glad to see you thoughtful," resumed his relative; "I am sure your affection for me would not allow me to sink without a helping hand."

This was a *ruse de guerre* on the part of Mrs. Wiggins in the shape of an appeal to his vanity.

"Really, mother, how you torment me," said her son, turning upon her his gooseberry eye, while its fellow looked as if he was taking an inward survey of his proboscis.

"You *must* think, my dear, at your time of life, you know it is —"

"I am thinking," said Wiggleton, sharply.

"There, now, don't be so tart, my love. What I say is all for your benefit."

"So you have told me fifty times, mother; you do bother so."

Having made this filial reply, Wiggleton again sunk into a kind of reverie, from which he was roused by his mother's inquiry of

"Can't you think of nothing, dear?"

"No," said Wiggleton, sharply; "you worry one to death."

Getting up, he left the room, and retired to his chamber, i. e. the three-pair back, where he contemplated daily his *beauties* in the diminutive shaving-glass of four by three inches, and daily anathematised his ugly head of hair as the only drawback to his prospects of advancement.

Having consumed a great quantity of pomatum, and vigorously applied a leaden comb, he soon completed his toilette, i. e. he turned down his dirty collar, and spread the ends of his stock over his soiled shirt front, and to more effectually conceal it, he superadded a piece of coloured silk (coaxed from his mamma), which he placed in the manner of an under-waistcoat; he then put on the aforesaid sixteen-shilling wrapper, placed his cane in the left hand pocket, and lighting a half-



smoked cigar, which he stuck between his dirty teeth, he left the house.

It was not in a thoughtless mood, as hitherto, Wiggleton left his home that morning. His mother's words, "Can't you think of nothing?" had sank deep into his mind; he pondered on them well, and as he leaned over the railing of the gallery of the Pantheon Bazaar, for the first time in his life he forgot the "pretty gals" that were selling their caps and bonnets down below.

"Man delighted him not, nor woman neither," he sauntered listlessly through the picture gallery, which he had seen a hundred times, but never looked at, and finally quitted the building in search of the next gratuitous exhibition.

He knew what was in every shop window in the principal streets by heart, but he could not resist the temptation of stopping where a crowd gazed at a revolving figure in that of a perruquier. He had seen it a thousand times (indeed, it was a beautiful figure), and its chief beauty, in the estimation of our hero, lay in rich and glossy curls, which fell on its fair and waxen neck.

Wiggleton sighed deeply, as he regarded it; his eye roamed excursively over the jetty wigs and fronts, which adorned the window, and finally settled on a handsome gilded and embossed card, upon which was ranged several locks of hair; the half of each was black and the other half gray, white, brown, sandy, &c., and underneath was labelled the words "Important to the public!"—"Wonderful discovery," &c.; then followed a flaming description of somebody's wonder-working hair-dye.

Wiggleton for some minutes stood irresolute; he read and re-read the embossed card, and then suddenly darting into the shop, asked what was the price of the hair-dye with the unspeakable name?

"Seven and six for the small bottles, sir, and ten shillings for the largest," was the reply.

"A deal of money," replied Wiggleton.

"Not when you come to consider the wonders it performs, sir," returned the master of the shop.

"And it will completely and effectually perform what it professes?" asked Wiggleton Wiggins.

"I would turn a brick-bat to a coal, sir," rejoined the proprietor.

"Dear me. It must be wonderful," sighed our hero.

"It is, sir, positively wonderful."

"Haven't you any cheaper bottles?" asked Wiggleton, timidly.

"Nothing less than seven and six, sir; the length of time and labour used in the chemical preparation will not admit of it."

"Well, I'll take one," returned Wiggleton, and placed upon the counter not only all the cash he called his own, but trespassed on his mother's.

The bottle was papered up, and the vendor inquired blandly, "if he should send it?"

This simple question at first confused our hero, as, hesitatingly, he replied, "No; thank'ee;" but, upon second consideration, it gratified his little vanity, for he supposed the seller mistook him for a gentleman, which, however, was not the case, the words having been used mechanically from long practice.

Wiggleton, as might have been supposed, did not hastily rush home and apply his purchase to his fiery locks; but he sauntered leisurely, seeming deeply engaged in cogitation; in fact, he had a crotchet in his head, and upon arriving at his mother's, he gained the three-pair-back without interference on the part of his respected relative.

He then took a sheet of paper from an old bureau, looked up two or three steel pens that he thought would not stick in the paper, and placed himself in a musing attitude.

Suddenly he thought of his hair-dye, and taking it from the pocket of his Chesterfield (?) he commenced to read the label. The first word puzzled him a little; it was the title of the fluid, and composed of four consonants, three double letters, two liquids and a diphthong, thus—"Clexymertz."

Wiggleton tried to break his teeth over it for full seven minutes and a quarter, and having satisfactorily come to the conclusion that it was a cursed queer name, he shrewdly suspected that it was derived from the language of the North American Indians, as a catalogue of those beautiful portraits of chieftain warriors and their squaws (exhibited at the Egyptian-hall) had lately fallen into his hands.

He then put down the bottle, after reading the directions for use, and mentally ejaculated, "Won't I come out, neither?" he then wrote the following:—

"Matrimony.—A Gentleman In Esd circumstances, hand of plain manors, shud like verry much 2 meat with a Laidy wu woud alike share his prosperitie and grief. She must bee of amiable disposition, and poshes a forin ekal 2 the adverteysers. The gritest secrety may be relyd on. Hadres 2 a b. c. d. cofey-house, Tottenham-court-rode. N.B. No carrity person neede appl."

Having made one or two corrections in the above splendid effusor

he again set out, and with the remainder of the cash, paid for its insertion in the *Times*. Well pleased with his day's employment, he then returned home, and assured his mother he had been very busy.

We must now revert to a scene in another quarter. On the day but one following the events above recorded, Miss Gripes, a thin and meagre body, with a sharp, fiery nose, and most decided carrotty locks, was sitting in her chamber, attended by her servant Molly.

Miss Elizabeth Gripes had been on the wrong side of forty for at least two years. She had been bent on killing some one for many a day, but somehow or other her arrows missed the mark, and she was left

"To waste her sweetness on the desert air."

She kept a lodging-house for single gentlemen, and by dint of selecting a portion of every edible she purchased for the consumption of her lodgers, had managed to support herself and slaves, and thereby amass a goodly sum, since she first commenced taking in young men to do for them.

On the morning in question she had just taken off her cap, and exclaimed,—

"Molly, just come and do my hair."

"Cummin', mum," said Molly, who was throwing off the bed-clothes, and immediately seized her mistress's locks, in her red left hand, and, with a leaden comb, commenced dragging away at the tall of tangled hair most furiously.

"Don't pull so, Molly," said Miss Gripes; "I shan't have a single hair upon my head."

"Yes, mum."

"Have you fetch'd Mr. Diggers's butter, Molly?"

"Yes, mum."

"And I hope you didn't send it all up; nor the five lumps of sugar in Mr. Badgers's basin?"

"Certainly not, mum; cos we hadn't a morsel for our own use."

"Quite right, Molly, and, now I think of it, Mr. Goggle will want some tea."

"I think he will, mum," returned Molly.

At this instant Goggle's bell rang.

"There it is, Molly. I don't think so much green tea good for that young man, and before you send it up, put a spoonful of it into my teapot, and let it stand upon the hob."

"Yes, mum. Shall I fetch it now?"

"No—no. Let him wait a minute. How do I look this morning, Molly?"

"Only midlin', mum—only midlin'. Sometimes you do look so handsome, that, I'm sure, if I was but a gentleman, I should be over head and ears in love in no time."

"La! Molly, you don't say so!" shivered Miss Betty Gripes at this piece of grateful flattery, and she cast a sidelong glance at her numerous carbuncles in the glass before her.

"Yes, indeed I do, mum," returned the maid; "and I wonder where all the young men's eyes can be, mum, that they do not sigh and die to marry you!"

"Well, Molly, I have often wondered myself; but, when one comes to think of it, they are such a set of puppies."

"That's very true, mum, as I was a-saying, only yesterday, to Mrs. Scrubbs, the chairwoman."

"I wouldn't marry one for kingdoms, Molly," returned her mistress, affecting an air of supreme contempt for all mankind.

"I should only like to see you have the chance, you cross-grained old wretch," said Molly, mentally, and then aloud she continued,— "You're quite right, mum; the men folk are a set of nasty cretters altogether."

"That's just what they are, Molly, and nothing else," returned her mistress, "and —"

Tingle, tingle, tingle, went Goggle's bell, more violently than before; cutting short the colloquy.

"Fetch that man's tea, Molly," continued the amiable lady, "and ask him for his last week's bill. That's the way to stop his impudence."

"Yes, mum."

"And, before you go, Molly, just bring up that paper off the dresser. I didn't scarce see it last night."

Molly did as desired, and the first thing that met the eye of Betty Gripes, was the advertisement of our friend and quondam playmate, Wiggleton Wiggins. Betty Gripes cast a furtive glance at the glass and sighed.

"No carrotty people need apply," she said aloud. "Lord! I hate this filthy head of mine. I am sure it is the only reason I never had an offer."

For some minutes she contemplated herself before the mirror, and, having made up her mind, upon the return of Molly, directed her to go to the nearest hairdresser's and bid him wait upon her.

These commands were soon complied with, and the result was that



Betty Grimes had her head shaved, and ordered a wig of glossy black. In an hour it was sent home, and suited her to a T.

"God bless me! mum, you really look angelic!" exclaimed Molly. "I wonder what Mr. Gobble and Mr. Badger will say, when they do but see you."

"Nonsense, Molly—nonsense," replied her mistress, and seating herself, without loss of time, answered Wiggins's advertisement—by-the-bye the only answer he had to it.

Before the day was expired, an answer came from Wiggins, appointing a meeting on the following evening; and the heart of Betty Gripen beat with "new flushed hopes" of conquest, as she ogled herself in her jet black wig.

We will now return to Wiggins. The desideratum he had so long sought for, i. e. a lady's company, was now about to be realized, and he determined to make a most decided impression upon the heart of his incognita, who had declared her age to be five-and-twenty.

With this intention he placed himself before the aforesaid glass of four by three, and took up his seven-and-sixpenny bottle of Cleoxymstz. He then attentively read the directions for use, and commenced operations without delay.

Having poured a sufficient quantity into the palm of his hand, he rubbed it well into the roots of his hair before the fire (which he had lit on purpose, unknown to his mamma), and from time to time inspected the progress in his glass.

A change was certainly taking place, and he rubbed more vigorously than before. His head fairly ached with the operation, and when he conceived he had rubbed enough, he once more returned to examine the progress made, when—horror of horrors!—his head had assumed a hue of lively pink.

"Merciful powers!" he exclaimed; "what can it mean?" and sat down to relieve his agonized and excited feelings. He perspired at every pore, and, when more calm, he again took up the bottle, and, to his dismay, saw the following note upon the label:—

"\* There are some constitutions upon which the fluid is not readily absorbed by the capillary tube: when that is the case, a double quantity of it should be used, and the head afterwards washed in the inventor's elixir of Xanthripodonteon, price 30s. per bottle; otherwise the hair will retain its pinkish hue. None is genuine unless signed Chousem and Gulfat."

What was to be done? He had not thirty shillings in the blessed world. He had hoped to astonish his mother on the morrow by his raven curls, in place of which he should be a perfect fright.

But, perhaps, it would wash out? Ay, that's a good idea. Soda is good for cleansing the hair, and hot water fetches out the grease. He therefore put on the kettle, and, before half-an-hour had elapsed, his head was immersed in a scalding strong solution, and came out—how can I record it—as white and reverend as a cauliflower.

The sight drove him to a fit of frenzy. He smashed his glass; hurled the hair die from the window; wrapped a towel round his head, and cast his excited frame upon his bed, but not to sleep.

On the morrow he should be compelled to see his mother; in the evening his fair unknown. How could he support the interview? and as he thought upon his woeful case, he shuddered with the intensity of his suffering.

At length, wearied out with mental torture, as the clock struck four, he fell into a restless slumber, and at seven awoke fevered and exhausted.

He rose and opened his attic window (which looked out upon a dust-hole and three dirty skylights) to catch the faintest air, to cool his burning brow, which the dead wall opposite would admit of.

He became deeply lost in thought. He repented bitterly the use he had made of his mother's change, and wondered how he should put the best face upon the matter.

From this he was aroused, as a neighbouring clock struck eight, by the knocking of his maternal relative at his chamber door.

"Wiggleton—my dear Wiggleton," said she; "the breakfast has been waiting this last half hour."

Wiggleton groaned in the spirit.

"Are you not well, my love?" inquired his anxious parent, through the door.

"Not very," sighed our hero.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea, my dear, before you rise?"

Wiggleton saw that sooner or later the cat must leap from the bag; he therefore replied,—

"No, thank'ee; I'll be down directly."

Only one ray of hope dawned upon him as he bathed his haggard features in the basin, and this was that in the night his hair might possibly have resumed its natural colour.

His glass lay in a thousand fragments on the floor, useless; and for some moments he was at a loss how to ascertain the fact. A sudden

light now broke in upon his mind, and, with a desperate twinge, which brought the water into his eyes, he plucked a tuft from his aching caput. It was white as snow.

In a fit of desperation, he dragged his cotton nightcap over his ears, and rushed to meet his mother.

"Gracious powers, Wiggleton! what ails you?" she exclaimed, as he entered, pale as a ghost. "What can have happened?" The teapot trembled in her hand.

"Only a slight accident, ma. I shall be better shortly."

"You are dreadfully ill, my love. You took too much yesterday. When will you become a steady boy?"

"A head-ache, ma, that's all."

"Take off your cap, my love, and let me bathe your temples with vinegar."

"I'll not trouble you ma, thank you."

"But I insist upon it, Wiggleton, and when I insist upon a thing, you know I'll have it done."

His good mother then went to a small cupboard, and taking from thence a cruet of vinegar, she approached her son, and raising his cap from off his brow, with a faint cry, she fell senseless on the floor. Happily, the vinegar bottle was not broken, and by a skilful application of its contents, aided by the fumes of burned brown paper, Wiggleton succeeded in restoring his fainting mother to a consciousness of his blanched locks, which very much resembled a new mop at an oil-shop door, only it did not look quite so soft.

When things were once more restored to order, Wiggleton informed his relative, with much sorrow and contrition, of what had happened.

"And what can be done?" said she, at length; "for at present, Wiggleton, with your white hair, and sandy eyebrows, you're a perfect fright."

"Oh, mother, I don't know," groaned Wiggleton; "it's really awful!"

"Here's ink, my dear," suggested his mother; "won't you try it?"

"Too purple!" answered our hero, with a forlorn shake of the head; "too purple!" and he sighed from the bottom of his heart.

"Well, dear, don't take on so," gently urged his parent; "you know, Wiggy, all's not lost that is in danger."

"I know my head's precious white," muttered Wiggleton; "must have it shaved, I suppose."

"As a last resource you can, my dear; but don't act in a hurry. Let me see," she continued, musing, "there's 'Scott's black reviver,' that may be effectual."

"Capital idea," said Wiggleton, and slapped his thigh with energy, his hopes again revived. "Mother," continued he, "fetch us a bottle."

"You have all my change, dear."

At this our hero's countenance fell many degrees below par, and with a rueful visage he confessed to having paid seven and sixpence for the precious bottle of Cleoxymstz.

"Seven and sixpence!" repeated Mrs. Wiggins, casting her eyes to Heaven. "I'm positively ruined! I haven't another farthing in the house."

Here was a dilemma—not even sufficient to procure the "black reviver," with the remains of which he had hoped to touch up the shabby places on his well-worn hat, and he had to go out that very evening. The thought very nigh strangled him, as he again reflected on his miseries; he buried his face within his hands, his elbows upon his knees, his feet upon the fender, and before the fire he sat, seemingly lost to all around him.

Oh, Wiggleton! Wiggleton!

The day had now far advanced, and the hour of the assignment drew nigh. What was to be done? he could not lose the only chance his advertisement had offered—it might turn up a prize—a ward out of chancery, perhaps.

"Mother," said he, at last, forlornly, "don't you think they'd let you have a bottle of reviver upon trust?"

"Law, Wiggleton, I owe them two and ninepence already at the oil-shop."

"Can't you try 'em, mother?" suggested Wiggleton. "They can't eat you!"

The widow felt keenly alive to the truth of her son's remark; his distress had entered her matronly heart, and forbearing to chide him for his foolery till a fitter opportunity, she departed to the shop, and demanded upon credit, "a bottle of Scott's reviver."

To her surprise and joy the shopman placed the bottle on the counter with a bang, only remarking,—

"There is two and nine already owing."

Without looking at the label the widow hurried home, and placed it in the hands of her disconsolate son; his eyes once more dilated with hope, he pressed his mother's hand affectionately, and with a loud pop drew forth the cork; he then poured the contents into a dark colored cup, put on an old pair of gloves, that it might not soil his hands, rubbed it well into the hair, and dried it before the fire as before.



After half an hour's labour, he said,—  
 "Well, mother, how does it look?"  
 "I think it 'll do, child," replied his parent, as she regarded him through her specs; "but it is not quite black; it looks more greyish like."

Again her son applied to the rubbing in, and after a lapse of a few minutes, exultingly exclaimed,—  
 "Now what do you think?"

"Ay, it looks more of a colour now, but it is not quite black."

"It will do for to night, I think," returned Wiggleton, as he relaxed his exertions.

"I think it will, child," said the old lady. "Take care of the gloves, you may want them again."

Wiggleton took off the gloves, and was glad to find his hands were not so black as he had expected to find them; there was, however, strong traces of the reviver, especially about the nails, which might lead any one to imagine that by trade he was a dyer; he, however, contented himself with the idea that his gloves would hide it.

He had now no time to spare—his hair must now dry as best it could; he hastily popped on his boots, hat, and coat, and departed, calling as he went along at a small milliner's shop for a renovated pair of primrose kids; he did not even stay to smile at the milliner, but hurried forward to the appointed place of rendezvous.

In the meanwhile Miss Betty Gripes had paid the most earnest devotion to her toilette; she had powdered her neck and face, put an extra touch of white upon her nose and largest carbuncle; she then rouged, or rose-pinked, after the most approved manner, and superadded her wig of raven hue.

Molly declared she had never seen nothing that came up to her in all her life afore; that she even beat the ladies out and out she saw dance at Richardson's last Bartlemy two years.

With this assurance Miss Gripes departed on the best possible footing with herself and all around, and arrived at the place of her destination.

"They met, 'twas in a crowd."

For at that very moment, beneath the gas lamp, a fight was taking place between a butcher boy and a sweep.

When the mob had cleared, our hero and heroine were left alone; they knew each other instinctively; their eyes met, and in that glance oh, Heaven!—who can pen what was then revealed to their ardent hearts! who can paint with what rapture Wiggins gazed upon those jetty tresses, which waved so beautifully upon that pearl-white bosom—they had completely won his soul; the magnet and key to his affections; and, if there ever was love at first sight, it was at that very moment.

Need we specify to our readers all the amatory and tender things spoken on either side? Miss Gripes was in an ecstasy, and she inwardly resolved not to lose her chance; suffice it to say, they were mutually delighted, and an assignation made for the ensuing evening.

Our hero now hastened home in a fever of delicious transport; he alternately ran and walked, and, by way of variation, leaped on and off of every second door-step, in the exuberance of his over buoyant feelings.

The street-door gained, he opened it with the latch-key, entered the little sitting-room eagerly, sought the cupboard, and, after demolishing a penny loaf, and half a slice of cheese, which he washed down with some cold tea, which he drank from the spout of the broken pot, he then took the rushlight from the table, to seek repose, and make up for the loss of rest on the previous night.

In the morning he awoke refreshed—leaped from his bed gay as a lark, and the first object which caught his eye was the bottle of reviver his parent had placed upon his table; for the first time he took it up to read the label, and behold! "Scott's blue reviver" met his eye.

"Thunder and lightning!" he exclaimed, as the truth flashed across his mind; he hastened to the glass in his mother's room; his worst fears were realised; one glance told him his head was a fine Prussian blue.

With a maniac stare for some minutes, he regarded his other self; his feelings were now wound up to the highest pitch; he could endure no more. With frenzy he clutched the scizors that lay before him, and, seizing in his left hand immense locks of his "Prussian blue," he commenced to haggle away with the right, and lay the proceeds on the table before him.

"Oh, ye gods, what work was there! The monomania lasted till not a lock remained upon his head, and he only relaxed when the ring of the cutting implements blistered his middle finger, and wore the skin from off his thumb.

For a moment he stopped to contemplate the havoc he had made, and reason for a second usurped her throne—the reviver had been "warranted," and was faithful to the description given of it; it had insinuated its "deep true blue" to the very skull of his head, and now

assumed the appearance of a dustman's plush breeches when viewed the wrong way of the cotton nap.

In an agony he rolled about the floor, and, after uttering a mingled composition of expletives, he swooned away exhausted, and was only restored by the assiduities of his mother, who alternately used the vinegar and endearments.

We shall pass over the exciting scene which took place on this occasion: he alternately wept, and laughed throughout the day, and

"When the evening shades prevailed," he was forced to wear his mother's "front," that he might not disappoint the fair Miss Gripes at the place of meeting. That the reader may not be left in the dark how he kept the front on, we inform him that it was sewn to the leather of his hat.

Some weeks had now elapsed, and, unknown to Mrs. Wiggins, her son had become the husband of Miss Gripes. Hitherto he had slept at his mother's, that his wife might not detect his loss of hair, and, moreover, that he might be able to buy a wig with the money she advanced from her quarter's annuity. To reconcile his wife to this, he told "a thumper," saying, "his uncle, with whom he lived, would disinherit him!"

The wig at length was bought—his head shaved, and he came out *a la mode*. He now had no scruples to the chamber of his wife, and even (in her hearing) dared his uncle to do his worst.

Another month had now rolled on; hitherto the bride and 'bridegroom had passed the honeymoon in their wigs, and each shrewdly suspected the other's hair was false, but feared to name it, lest it should prove too true.

The awful discovery at length took place; a sudden cry of "fire!" at daybreak roused them from their slumber; they started half awake, and for some moments looked wildly round them, but without their glossy curls.

Each gazed upon the other in dismay; their sandy crops had now begun to grow and peep above the surface of the skin; that of Mrs. Wiggins, jun., looked like a red and worn-down hard brush, while the head of her amorous Wiggleton, as it reflected the beams of the morning sun, looked truly wonderful; the under surface of the Prussian blue-stained skin contrasted vividly with the ruddy crop now peeping forth, and mightily resembled a bad "shot German velvet," at Stagg and Mantel's.

Dissimulation was now useless; each turned from the other in disgust, while epithets, not loud, but deep, grated upon their ears.

Wiggleton Wiggins had now become master of the lodging-house; he managed business in right good earnest. Before a twelvemonth had expired, Messrs. Gobble, Badger, and Co., had left a bill, denoting—"This house to let," which appeared in the parlour window.

Some time after this, upon inquiring after our friend Wiggleton, we were directed to Seven Dials, where we found him located a few feet below the pavement; he inhabited a cellar, and had a mangling business in a flourishing condition; competition and economy being the order of the day, he turned, while his partner folded, at the rate of a penny farthing per dozen. About the mouth of the cellar were playing three or four red-haired children, in whom were united all the beauties of their parents.

**FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.**—A one act comedy, named "L'Accommodement Improvü," being performed in 1737, a spectator clapped with all his force, and at the same time exclaimed. "Oh! oh! vile! wretched!" Those around asked him what he meant. He replied, "Gentlemen, I received an order to applaud, and having given my promise it shall be kept; but I am an honest man, and cannot belie my conscience. Notwithstanding the applause I give, I shall now and for ever repeat that the piece is detestable." The spectators around him caught his spirit, and at once applauded and hissed with equal violence.

**THE KAATSKILL MOUNTAINS.**—Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lordling it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by the goodwives far and near as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines in the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up with surpassing glory.



## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE ARREST.

WHEN Letour found himself face to face with the man who so very unceremoniously had tapped him on the shoulder, his first impulse was one of anger that a perfect stranger should have had the impudence to treat him so very cavalierly; but when the man, as if translating, his looks, said, in a quiet tone,—

"Come, come, it won't do; you wouldn't attempt to come the indignant dodge—you are my prisoner," his surprise became the uppermost feeling in his thoughts, and he said,—

"What do you mean? I your prisoner?"

"Yes, to be sure; come along. The mayor is a *setting*. Come along; I tell you it's o' no use your putting in them looks—none the least. There's lots o' evidence; and, if you ain't transported, why, all I've got to say is as the age of miracles is begun again."

"Good God!" cried Letour; "are you mad, or am I?"

"I don't know about you, young fellow; but, as for me, I'm only thirsty. Are you coming quietly, or not?"

"I will surrender myself to no man," said Letour; "I am innocent of wrong, and I dare you to lay a finger on me."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, my young un, it's all in the way of business to me, you know; so here goes."

The police officer, for such he was, immediately closed with Letour, and, so suddenly did he get a scientific hold of him by one wrist, with one hand, and the collar with the other, that, with all his indignation, the young creole found it impossible to make any effectual resistance. On the instant a crowd collected as if by magic; and Letour, bewildered, alarmed, and scarcely believing he could be in his senses, after a short struggle gave up the notion of attempting to free himself from the vigorous grasp that held him.

"For Heaven's sake!" he cried, to the people around, "rescue me from this man. He must be a madman, and I am in danger of death at his hands; I never saw him in my life before. Help! help! I pray you."

The people around, who seemed to understand the transaction a great deal better than Letour did, only laughed at this appeal, and considered it a capital joke that probably a pickpocket should call the constable a madman who apprehended him. They made way for the amused officer and his prisoner, and, as the distance was very short, Letour, before he could recover from his state of utter bewilderment and surprise, found himself locked up in a small cell at the Mansion-house, until it was convenient for him to be brought before the Lord Mayor to answer for a crime that was to be imputed to him, of which he was, as we know, really so innocent.

In about half an hour he was visited by the officer who had arrested him, and who, when he entered the cell, said, in a jocular kind of voice,—

"Well, young fellow, you have not been able to hide it anywhere here, I suppose?"

"Hide what?" cried Letour. "Gracious God! tell me of what I am accused?"

"Come, now," said the officer, "I tell you it's no use; I'm an old hand, and not to be done so easy. It's all gammon, and you know it. Will you produce the purse, or must I search you?"

"My purse! what do you want with my purse?"

"Well, that's a good one; carry it out—bounce through it if you can."

"Will you permit me to send for my friends? Tell me of what I am accused, and allow me to send for those who can prove my innocence."

"As for sending for anybody, you may do just as you like regarding that; but I needn't tell such a knowing cove as you that nobody can prove your innocence. Come, I must search you."

Letour was compelled to submit to the degrading operation, and what was his astonishment when, from one of his pockets, the officer produced the very purse containing the foreign money and the ring which the Hamburg merchant had shown him in the Royal Exchange.

"Here we are," said the officer; "it strikes me this will be an uncommonly clear case. Were you not transported before, you will be now, you may take your oath, young fellow."

Letour was too much enraged for some moments to make any remark. The finding the purse in his pocket appeared to have deadened all his faculties, and he glared at the officer with an expression that rather alarmed the latter, so that he said,—

"Come, come, you must have looked forward to this sort of thing

surely. You cannot be surprised; here is the purse, and you must be transported. Don't goggle your eyes so, like a dying cod-fish."

"That—that purse," faintly ejaculated Letour, "on my conscience I—I know nothing of it. How came it in my pocket? Good God! I cannot tell. How came it there?"

"Ah—how?" said the officer, placing his finger by the side of his nose. "How came it there? That's the interesting question, my lively customer. You must think me jolly green. How came it there, eh?—eh?—eh?"

The officer turned round facetiously, and affected to be asking the question of some invisible powers, and then he roared with laughter, at what he considered his own amazing wit and cleverness.

"I declare to you, I swear," cried Letour, "that I did not take that man's purse."

"Come along," cried the officer; "upon my soul I like you—you do it well, you do. Come along; his worship will be disengaged now, I dare say. You don't know how it came into your pocket?"

"I do not, as I have hopes hereafter."

"Perhaps you haven't any. I suppose you would think nothing of saying somebody put it in your pocket—eh?"

"It being found there," said Letour, "convince me that such must have been the case."

"Ah, I told you so. Lord bless you, that's common here; we never have anybody but is a victim of some conspiracy or another. Who supposed as you prigged the purse? Of course some one, the owner most likely, slipped it into your pocket on purpose to get you into trouble. Poor innocent young fellow, I pity you, but I can't do more. 'England expects every man to do his duty,' constables included, so come along, my lively customer. Come along."

Letour found it was useless to contend against the vein of bantering which the officer had got into, and he followed in silence to the justice-room, where a motley crowd of persons of both sexes were filling up every avenue, in order to hear his lordship decide upon the cases that were brought before him.

In an instant Letour was shuffled into a small space, with a wooden bar in front of him, and a little man, with a bald head, cried,—

"What's your name?"

"Letour. I am innocent, I declare."

"Si—lence!"

"But I will declare my innocence. I am brought here on a false charge—I —"

"What is the matter?" said the Lord Mayor, looking up from the newspaper he had been reading; "what is the matter? Is this the way we are to be deranged—eh? The prisoner stands committed till this day fortnight. Take him away—remanded I mean."

"Please you, my lord," said the little man with the bald head, "this is a new prisoner, and we are not aware exactly what he has done yet."

"Oh!" said the Lord Mayor, "very good. Now, where's the prosecutor in this case? Young man, young man, you are in an awful situation; you had better commit a crime in Middlesex than in the city. The county is not the city, and the city, I may add, is not the county."

The officer then stepped forward, and said,—

"My lord, I received intimation that a robbery had been committed in the Royal Exchange. The prisoner at the bar was pointed out to me as the man, my lord. I pursued him, and then I found this purse on him, the owner of which is here, my lord, to swear to it."

Then, to Letour's consternation, the foreign merchant stepped forward, and said,—

"My lord, I sat down on one of the seats of the Exchange to rest myself, when the prisoner perseveringly would discourse with me, until I was compelled to rise and go away to avoid his unpleasant and troublesome conversation, thinking it a disgrace that any merchant should be annoyed in the City of London, presided over as it is by one of the most enlightened and respected of men."

"Was there ever such an untruth?" cried Letour. "Before that man proceeds further, I declare all he has said to be —"

"Peace, peace, prisoner!" cried the Lord Mayor, in a great passion. "I forbid you to speak. How dare you!—you shall be committed—you—you reprobate. Pray go on, sir," to the foreign merchant, "I must say that I never heard evidence so conclusive as your's, or delivered so well, in all my public career."

"Your lordship is very good," said the merchant; "my name is Van Englebert. I trade between England and Holland, and can refer your lordship for my respectability to several bankers and merchants of high standing."

"There is no occasion," said the Lord Mayor. "Go on and tell us how this audacious criminal robbed you."

"Well, my lord, after going away from the seat on which I had been so much interrupted, I thought I would feel if my purse was safe, and, to my surprise, I found it gone, when, before I could think of what to



do, a respectable gentleman stepped up to me, and said,—"Sir, I saw a young man pick your pocket; but, really it was done so easily and deliberately, that I am in doubt if it is a jest between you, or a real robbery." "A jest!" cried I; "a man don't jest with his own money."

"Certainly not," said the Lord Mayor.

"Upon that, my lord, I told the officer who is always on duty in the Exchange, and he pursued the prisoner; I identified this purse and money as mine."

"Is the gentleman here who acquainted you with your loss?" suggested the little man with the bald head.

"Yes, he is here."

Upon this the person who had sat down by the side of Letour came forward, and was sworn, when he said,—

"I saw the prisoner at the bar pick the foreign gentleman's pocket. My name is Solomon Candy. I am the son of a salesman in Covent-garden Market."

"And you actually saw the prisoner pick Mr. Englebert's pocket of his purse?"

"I did."

"Ha! A clearer case never came before me. Prisoner, what have you to say to this charge against you?"

"I have but to declare my entire innocence. As I am a living man, I declare my innocence!"

"What an awful rogue this is," whispered the magistrate to the little man with the bald head.

"Uncommon—uncommon!" replied the little man. "Your worship will, of course, commit him."

"Of course I will. Now, prisoner, I am going to commit you for trial. Who and what are you?"

"My name, I have told you, is Letour. I am nothing in particular; but Mr. Robert Leighton, the merchant, knows me, and can prove that I am incapable of the conduct imputed to me. I am possessed of money, and hence was out of temptation to commit a robbery. I declare, in the name of God, my entire innocence!"

"What an awful rogue!" again whispered the magistrate to the little man with the bald head, who again fully coincided in the opinion so expressed. Then, without paying the least attention to any further protestations on the part of Letour, he was fully committed for trial at the next Old Bailey sessions, and the witnesses bound over in their own recognizances to prosecute.

No one in the court had any doubt of Letour's guilt, excepting the foreign merchant, the son of the Jew salesman in Covent-garden Market, and a third person who joined them both after the examination, when all three went to a tavern in the vicinity, where they, over a bottle of wine, laughed heartily at some good joke which appeared to tickle them amazingly, one of them remarking,—

"Well, it could not have been better managed. It's a glorious thing to do these little jobs in the city, for ten to one the Lord Mayor is a fool, and, if he is not, a time may be chosen when some alderman is sitting who is well known to be one."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the foreign merchant. "I should have been a little puzzled had I been put to the shifts about the bankers and merchants who knew me."

"Very true," said the witness of the robbery. "Shall you ever forget his ferocious looks during the examination? Upon my word, I thought he would jump down somebody's throat before it was over."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the whole party in chorus, and then they had another bottle of wine, part of which they drank to the health of the Lord Mayor, coupling it with some irreverent allusions to a King Midas, whose ears were of great length and asinine proportions.

Now that his examination was over, and he found himself fully committed for trial, Letour gazed about him like a man demented.

"This must be all a dream," he muttered. "It is too monstrous to be real;" and he suffered himself to be led quietly away by the turnkey, and placed in a room of confined dimensions, which was full of the lowest class of persons, committed for various offences to the next sessions. Here he asked the man who stood near the door, and peered occasionally at the prisoners through an iron grating, if he could be allowed to send for a friend, and the answer was,—

"For a shilling."

"I have no money," said Letour; "all has been taken from me by the officer."

"Then you can't send. Who the devil do you believe is going to go your messages for nothing, I should like to know?"

"Yer should have axed the beak to allow you some o' yer own tin," said one of the low fellow prisoners. "How precious green you must be, to be sure."

"But the person to whom I wish to send," said Letour, "will pay the messenger."

"Well, if anybody likes to chance it," said the man, "I'm agreeable. Send us the name and address, will you?"

Letour then gave him the name and address of Mr. Leighton, and implored that a messenger might be sent off immediately, with news of the frightful situation in which he was placed. He then shrunk to a corner of the room, and resigned himself to his own melancholy reflections.

How little did he imagine what a hand Scavoni had in his misfortunes.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### FELICITATIONS AND GRIEFS.

Oh, how great a subject of congratulation it was to Harriet Hearnshaw, to think that by such a train of circumstances her lover should be released from his many difficulties, and enabled at once to step into better employment than his most sanguine expectations had taught him or her to expect.

The future, to her, appeared as gilded with beauty, and she looked forward to a happiness which she was quite certain would be exquisite and lasting, because it was to be shared with him whom she so truly and so fondly loved, and of whose best affections she felt so sure of in return.

But now that the sum of the evils of existence had, to all appearance, vanished; now that the wretched struggle for a mere subsistence, on the verge of which she, and all she loved best, seemed to be, was no longer in existence, her heart had striven, with a gush of saddened feeling, to return back to those sorrows, which for a time had been almost swallowed up in more absorbing causes of mutual agitation and disquietude.

It is strange how he strangest griefs will give away to the pressure of what, in contradistinction, may be called common occurrences—for, alas, the pressure of want is in "our favoured isle," where "Britons never will be slaves," &c., too common an occurrence by half. So with Harriet Hearnshaw—she did not love her father the less that she had not shed many tears over his decease; but the real truth was, she had been absorbed by considerations for the living, and the absolute horror which had come over her ever since Scavoni's threat of an execution in the house, while her father's unburied corpse still lay there, had overcome all other feelings, and armed her with a seeming fortitude which she did not really possess.

A stranger to her, and one unaccustomed to see human nature in many aspects, would have been surprised now, after some days had elapsed, to find Harriet Hearnshaw in a paroxysm of tears, on account of her father's death; but those who knew her, and were in the habit of drawing more correct inferences from conduct than a superficial observer would think of, would not have been surprised at all, but would have looked for that gush of feeling, and imagined that the greater would be its intensity the longer it was ward off.

Such was the fact. On the morning of that day when Charles's difficulties appeared to have vanished—when there was no longer a dread of being turned from house and home, and, perchance, being compelled to apply to charity for the means of placing her poor father decently in the grave—her thoughts all flowed in one channel, and that was one of grief. Then came the hard struggle; and, to the surprise of her mother, she suddenly, in a voice choked with the deepest emotion, cried—

"Father! father!" and burst into tears.

"Lah!" exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw, "what is the matter? Bless me, Harriet, your father—ah! poor man, he was very obstinate sometimes, and I never could get him to look, with a spiritual eye, upon the election of grace—he's dead and gone! Well, I never—and the Rev. Mr. Stickinfit, I understand, is going to have Little Belzebub—God bless me, what am I saying?—Little Bethlehem I mean, in Holloway. What are you crying about, my dear, really you make me nervous?"

"I was thinking, mother, of my poor dear father," sobbed Harriet, in reply to this not over-intelligible speech from her mother. "I cannot help my tears. So many kind and gentle traits of his character came over me—it appears as if not till now I knew I had lost him. Oh! how is it that I have not felt all this before? 'Tis very, very strange."

"Ah, so it is, my dear. But when we come to think of strange things—of course it never rains but it pours—people cannot have more than a cat and its skin, you know—what an extraordinary man that Mr. Screwendi is."

"You mean Scavoni, mother, I suppose."

"Ah, well, it's much the same. What do you think now of him, Harriet, really?"

"I really think him, mother, a very bad man."

"You don't say so; why, he tells me he has been a missionary once, and talked even of converting the Three-and-a-half pence; now what they are I don't know exactly, but I have seen something of it in the newspapers."

"Mother! mother! how can you talk so? What is Scavoni to us, or we to him? His insolence in calling here—first under the mask of



sympathy, and really to add as much as he could to our distresses, is unparalleled. I trust and hope we shall never see him again."

"Yes; but he admires you exceedingly, and you know, my dear, as he does seem a spiritually minded man, it's worth thinking of in all points of view.—Firstly, if he has really converted the Three-and-a-half per Cents., who I dare say are some tribe of Indians—Well, I never—was ever mother so treated—whenever I begin to speak rationally to Harriet, she leaves the room, just as if, for all the world, I was a fool. Ah! well, that's like the children of the present generation—they always think they know better than their elders and their superiors. Now I can see exactly which way the cat jumps. She will be going off some of these days, and encouraging that Charles, who, in my opinion, has no religion at all, for I heard him say one day that he did not believe anybody at all, not even the Unitarians, were roasted to all eternity; and then he repeated some nonsensical verses about

'He prayeth best who loveth best,  
Both man, and bird, and beast;'

and then something about our all being God's creatures alike, as if people who didn't believe the election of grace, could ever be God's creatures. I'm shocked, quite, at such impiety."

But we need not pursue Mrs. Hearnshaw's train of reasoning, for we are quite convinced that most, if not all our readers, if they look around them, will find a Mrs. Hearnshaw among their acquaintance.

Harriet had no resource when her mother became extra-argumentative and evangelical, but to retire to her own room, where she could uninterruptedly indulge in her melancholy or joyful musings, with none to disturb the current of her thoughts; and thither, on this occasion, she betook herself, where, after a time, her thoughts painfully reverted again to Scalvoni, and the partly obscure, partly intelligible threats he had uttered against her and Charles.

"How strange it is," she thought, "that this man, professing as he does, to love me, sufficiently to wish to make me his wife, should adopt a means of annoyance towards me, which, surely, the slightest reflection must convince him, would tend to create in my mind the very contrary feelings he wishes to find there."

Then, again, she wept for her father, after which she lay down upon her bed, and being much fatigued and exhausted, both by deprivation of her natural rest, and the violence of her emotions, she in a few moments, dropped off into a slumber, which was productive of a dream which she never forgot, so powerful an impression did it make upon her mind, and in such a state of terror and disquietude did it leave her.

At first she thought she was walking with Charles in a garden of great extent, and enjoying with him that sweet converse which is only known to those whose hearts beat in unison, and who truly love. Suddenly she espied at some distance, a flower of such surpassing beauty, that she longed for its possession; and Charles said, as if divining her feelings,—

"Dearest, it will separate us for a brief space if I go to procure you that flower; but you will have patience while I am gone, because you will think of the pleasure of meeting again."

Then he went for the flower, and she thought a wide chasm opened in the earth between them, separating them most effectually, while she felt a hand upon her shoulder, and upon suddenly turning round, she beheld the countenance of Scalvoni, with a diabolical expression of successful villany upon it, as he muttered in her ear,—

"For ever—for ever," and pointed to the chasm as if he would imply that she was separated for ever from her lover and affianced husband.

She stretched her arms in the direction of Charles, and called to him for help. That is to say, she tried to call aloud, but as is very commonly the case in dreams, she found that her voice had dwindled to a mere nothing, and that what she intended should have been the loud shriek for assistance, became no more than a faint whisper. Then Scalvoni again laughed and repeated the words,—

"For ever—for ever. Your fate is linked with mine. He is lost—for ever—for ever."

Then she heard the dash of waters, and the roaring of the waves of the sea—a loud shriek, and all was still, after which Scalvoni said in a hissing voice, containing the very mockery of woe and sympathy:—

"Full fathom five thy lover lies,  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Here are pearls that were his eyes,  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange;  
Sea nymphs loudly ring his knell.  
Hark! do you hear them?—ding dong dell."

Then he laughed hideously in her ears, and before she could make any reply, he was gone.

She woke not, but

"A change came o'er the spirit of her dreams."

She found herself in an ancient room. Time seemed to have done its work in despoiling it of all its beauty and richness. Spiders and other reptiles had made it their home, and most unfit did it seem for mortal occupation. A smell as of a charnel-house pervaded it, and it was sickening to be within its precincts. Turn where she would, there was nothing but the dampness and loathsomeness of that place to meet her eyes. Then she thought she was suddenly surrounded by strange hideous faces, some of which approached close to her ears, and whispered suggestions of murder that made her blood pause in its current, and her heart throb with the most painful emotions.

"Harriet Hearnshaw," said one, in shrieking accents, "you will be a murderess."

Then all laughed hideously, and she suddenly found herself wading in a sea of blood—that bubbling gore which floated around her, rising higher and higher, until it reached her mouth. In vain she strove to raise herself from the dreadful ocean into which she was plunged. In vain she strove to shriek for aid—another moment, and the ensanguined flood washed over her lips, and she fancied herself sinking miles and miles in depth in that awful fluid.

This was too much for human nature to endure. It conquered sleep, and all at once finding voice to scream, Harriet awoke, and sprang from her couch in such a paroxysm of terror, that for some moments she knew not where she was, but imagined herself still contending with the terrible sea of blood in which she had been engulfed.

When reflection did come to her aid, and she found herself in her own apartment, and saw around her lay the familiar objects of the room, a gush of grateful tears came to her relief, and she sank on her knees by the bedside, weeping freely, and feeling the most exquisite relief from the cessation of tortures she had been enduring.

Her scream had alarmed her mother and Charles Hargrove, both of whom reached Harriet's door at the same moment, running violently against each other in their natural fright. Harriet heard them, and opening the door a little way, she begged they would not be alarmed, for she had but been dreaming. Another good night was exchanged, and then peace reigned in the humble house; but poor Harriet was too fearful of a repetition of the dreadful visions that had visited her, to seek her pillow again that night.

(To be continued in our next.)

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.—Frederick the Great, in 1740, often expressed a wish to receive a visit from Johann Sebastian, who did not readily comply. The royal wishes were so often repeated that prudence forbade any further resistance. Bach went to Potsdam, just as the king's concert was on the point of commencing; an officer brought a list of the strangers who had arrived. Frederick, hastily running it over, exclaimed to his musicians, "Gentlemen, old Bach is arrived;" and immediately ordered him to be introduced without allowing him to change his travelling dress. The concert was suspended, and Johann Sebastian was hurried from room to room trying piano-fortes, of which there were fifteen in the palace, and playing on several organs. During the evening, Bach asked his majesty for a subject on which he might play a fugue. This was immediately given, for the king wrote music very readily, and the voluntary task was executed most satisfactorily. The loyal dilettante then asked for another fugue to be in six parts, which was immediately executed to the astonishment of all present. After his return to Leipzig he composed the subject given him by the king, in three and six parts, and had it engraved under the title of "Musical Offering," and dedicated it to the inventor.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the Editor, at the office, with when they will meet immediate attention.

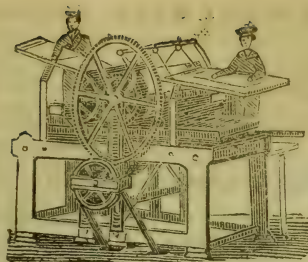
JAMES MACKINTOSH has mistaken the purport of our note. We cannot comply with his request.

T. SUTTON.—Why complain that "The Last Day" was not inserted? It is not our fault that it is deficient in merit. Declined with thanks.—"Thomas a Beckett;" "Sanderson, the Marine;" and "The Tailor's Lament."

The packet forwarded by J. C. W. is very acceptable, and the contents will be inserted at the earliest opportunity.



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## UNDA; OR, THE BLACK BANDIT.

THE sun had scarce gilded the summit of the Castle of Ruthven, when the sounds of music came wafted to the ear, from the adjacent plain, and filled the heart of the lovely Unda with delight.

"Joy, joy, my dear mistress," said her maid. "Do you hear that music?"

"I do, Effie, and trust it may be my dear father returned."

"It is, dear lady; and my little heart almost leaps out of my breast to think of the gaiety we shall have."

"You forget, Effie, the great number of brave men he may have lost in battle."

"True, my lady; but when one hears such merry strains as those, one cannot help feeling a sense of merriment. But here comes my lord."

At this moment the lord of Ruthven entered, and, tenderly embracing his child, exclaimed,—

"My daughter, once more behold your father returned, to enjoy the blessings of your affection."

"My beloved father, I am delighted beyond expression to see you safe returned," said Unda, as she kissed his cheek.

"The daring band of robbers whose lawless conduct has spread terror over the country, is now subdued."

"Thank Heaven!"

"Their power, overwhelmed by our superior discipline, has sunk to rise no more. Their star has set for ever."

"The king, dear father, will well reward your service to your country, I have no doubt," replied the gentle Unda.

"Whatever credit may be due to me, dear girl, yet more is due to a vallant stranger, who thrice has saved your father's life."

"And is he with you, dear father?"

"He is, my child; I will introduce him to you."

The next instant the lord of Ruthven led into the apartment a young and handsome stranger, whose eyes beamed with pleasure at the sight of the charming Unda.

"This, Unda, is my friend the brave Gellarthe, and 'tis but justice to his merit to call him such."

"I feel honoured by that title," replied the youth; "but in saving you I only did my duty."

"Which shall be rewarded."

"Reward I seek not, my lord."

"But gratitude demands it," said Ruthven. "Say what you wish, it shall be granted."

"Since your lordship wishes it, and would forgive me if presumptuous, I would wish —"

"Speak freely, noble Gellarthe. I feel assured you can never be guilty of presumption," said the baron.

"Then know, my lord," replied the youth, "my heart has long cherished a flame which never, till this moment, burst forth."

"In favour of my daughter?"

"It is so. I here confess that I live but for the lovely Lady Unda."

"My friend, her hand is already engaged; but if you can get the suitor to forego his claim, she shall be yours."

"It is not likely, my lord, he will do so," replied Gellarthe.

"I do not know. He is bound to me only by conditions; but I to you by gratitude. Still it is necessary I should have a pledge."

"Name it, my lord, and I declare, if it be within the compass of my honour, it shall be performed."

"What says my Unda?" said the baron. "Is she content to resign the faithful Kenmure for the brave Gellarthe?"

"Dear father," replied the noble girl, "I have often heard you declare that virtue and bravery deserve reward."

"I have, my child."

"Then I confess my admiration of his deeds, and, since the reward he claims is the hand of Unda, if my father so ordains it, it shall be so."

"I would wish it so my child, and in your ready acquiescence with your parent's wishes, you make your father happy."

"Thanks, my lord! Ten thousand thanks, most lovely Unda!" said Gellarthe, kneeling at her feet. "I am now the most happy man of my race!"

"But stay, Gellarthe," returned the baron. "The promise I exact is, that you discover the secret entrance to the castle of my enemy, the Prince of Reinhold."

"Never!" replied Gellarthe, firmly. "I might fight in the ranks against a common enemy, but never will I draw my sword against a kinsman!"

"Ah! Can this be Gellarthe?"

"Even so, my lord."

"The brave Gellarthe?"

"You, my lord, have been pleased to call me brave. I am proud of the name; but never shall your lordship call me traitor!"

"Noble youth!" sighed Unda.

"Lady —"

"Tear them asunder!" cried the baron, enraged. "I think Gellarthe might have chosen other places in which to express his sentiments, than in the presence of Reinhold's enemy."

"I might, my lord; but —"

"Unless I profit by the spoil of my enemy, Gellarthe never weds the Lady Unda."

"The terms are hard, my lord. Much blood has been already spilt between your houses, and, much as I love the Lady Unda, I never will betray my kinsman."

"But I have no guarantee you will not betray me," said Ruthven.

"You have the word of a man of honour, who will never be guilty of a base deed after he has declared himself a friend."

"I am your friend?"

"You are, my lord; but the moment a sword is drawn against my kindred, I become your foe."

"You are over hasty, Gellarthe."

"My word is pledged, my lord, and, in a short time, I will send you wealth to satisfy the most inordinate ambition, provided I then shall wed your daughter."

"I consent, and will await the truth of your assertions. Farewell."

"Fare ye well, my lord," replied Gellarthe, and casting a look of intense love upon the enchanting Unda, he left the chamber.

"Welcome, noble Gellarthe," said Reinhold, as the former entered a magnificent apartment in the castle of the latter.

"I thank thee from my heart," replied Gellarthe.

"What news bring you, kinsman?" demanded the Lord of Reinhold.

"That your cause goes on prosperously."

"Ay! say you so? It is well."

"Amongst other things," continued Gellarthe, "it is my full intention to —"

"To what?" inquired the Baron of Reinhold, anxiously.

"To take to my bosom the fair and lovely daughter of Lord Ruthven."

"Nay—nay; you surely but jest."



"I swear it on my sword."  
 "But know you not, Gellarthe, he is thy kinsman's deadliest foe?"  
 "I do. It was from his own lips I heard it named."  
 "And yet thou wouldst wed his child?"  
 "Ay, would I; for she is a maid of surpassing loveliness, whose heart and soul are given to our cause."  
 "Your proof of that, Gellarthe,"  
 "That she will forsake all others, to follow the fortunes of its firmest advocate."  
 "It is, indeed, but a sorry proof."  
 "Ye did not think thus, Reinhold, when ye wedded the beauteous Florinthe."  
 "True, Gellarthe."  
 "Then why should not the same be proof with Unda?"  
 "That attachment was formed with boyish and romantic feeling, and it is well it led not to my destruction."  
 "But, surely, I who have fought foremost in the battle fray, have not been so led?"  
 "But, remember, thou mayest not find a gem of equal value to my Florinthe. I believe her to be all man could wish for in a lovely and confiding female."  
 "And such is my opinion of the charming Unda," returned Gellarthe.  
 "Well—well, though I have hitherto deemed thee friend as well as kinsman, I cannot again receive thee as such."  
 "By what, then, have I forfeited that friendship?" quickly demanded Gellarthe.  
 "As yet thou hast not," said Reinhold.  
 "What, then, am I to understand?"  
 "That if thou art determined to wed the child of my most inveterate enemy, I can but class thee as one also."  
 "Never yet," said Gellarthe, proudly, "have I crouched to king or equal; nor will I now."  
 "This hauteur does ill become thee, Gellarthe; dost thou remember thou wert once a dependent upon my generosity?"  
 "I fling back with disdain the words you now utter."  
 "Are they not true?"  
 "'Tis true, that at the death of my noble father thou gavest me shelter and protection; but thou didst well repay thyself."  
 "Aye! by what means?"  
 "By taking possession of all that would have else been mine."  
 "'Tis false! why then didst thou not claim it!" said the baron.  
 "Because I had determined to win my way in the path of glory."  
 So saying, Gellarthe was about to leave the presence of his kinsman, when the latter following him, said,—  
 "I have, perhaps, been too hasty; I would part with thee as with a friend."  
 "The heart knowest not true friendship," replied Gellarthe, "which would speak of the favours it had conferred."  
 "Nay, nay; leave me not thus," returned Reinhold; "I am thy elder, and offer to make concession."  
 "Accept then the hand of fellowship," said Gellarthe, extending his hand.  
 Reinhold readily grasped it, and exclaimed,—  
 "From this hour our friendship shall know no end."  
 "But on one condition."  
 "Name it."  
 "That thou wilt receive my beloved Unda as a friend also."  
 "Thou dost indeed draw tight the strings of friendship."  
 "E'en now 'tis not too late to retract thy word," replied Gellarthe.  
 "Nay, I value thy friendship too much."  
 "Now hast thou filled my heart with joy," returned Gellarthe; "and doubt not she will prove as true a friend as I have done."  
 "Knowest thou, Gellarthe, that in thy absence I have become possessed of immense wealth?"  
 "Right glad am I to hear it, kinsman."  
 "And could I confide in thee I could tell thee more."  
 "I would not willingly pry into thy affairs," returned Gellarthe, "but thou mayest place faith in me."  
 "In confidence, then, I now tell thee I have already engaged forty spies to watch every action of the opposing party."  
 "Have you so? then the expense must be enormous," returned Gellarthe.  
 "That to me is the last consideration, as I am already in the possession of more wealth than I shall ever find employment for."  
 "Then why risk your honour?"  
 "In what am I doing so?"  
 "By lending yourself in unlawful pursuits," returned Gellarthe.  
 "And whence gained you this information, Gellarthe?" answered Reinhold.  
 "That in honour I cannot answer thee?"  
 "To what pursuit do you then allude?"

"Your having leagued yourself with the Black Bandit," said Gellarthe.  
 On hearing this Reinhold started back, and with amazement exclaimed, "By Heaven! thou shalt not leave this castle without telling me who was your informant."  
 "To thy teeth I tell thee, Reinhold, thou durst not injure me."  
 "Dost thou dare me?"  
 "Aye, do I, for didst thou lay rough hand on me, there is not one of the band but would revenge the injury."  
 Reinhold stood as one transfixed. "Thou hast been wrongly informed, Gellarthe," said he, as if some new idea had struck him.  
 "Would you wish for further proof of my knowledge?"  
 "Thou canst not give it."  
 "Bare thy right arm then, and I will shew thee the impression of the dagger stamped upon it by the Black Bandit in my presence."  
 "Hell and furies," cried Reinhold, "thou shalt not tell this tale unto another," and drawing his sword he aimed a desperate blow at Gellarthe, which the latter dexterously avoided.  
 "I am no coward," said he; "but, unarmed, I acknowledge myself no match for thy weapon and strength."  
 Reinhold again seemed lost in tumultuous thought, and in that short period Gellarthe had made his escape.  
 Deep were the vows of vengeance breathed by Reinhold, when he found Gellarthe had left the castle; and still, under the influence of this rage, Winfriz, the captain of the Black Bandits, entered, disguised as a cowherd.  
 "Never was thy visit more welcome than at this moment," said the former.  
 "What has ruffled thy noble band?" asked Winfriz, earnestly.  
 "Methinks I have discovered a lurking enemy," said Reinhold.  
 "Mean ye to your person or our band?"  
 "Both—both."  
 "Aye!—then, by Heaven, if it is in the power of man, I will stay his breath!"  
 "Well and nobly spoken."  
 "From whence gained you this intelligence?" demanded Winfriz.  
 "Given to my very teeth by a snake whom I have fostered."  
 "Shall we not then crush him, ere he injure us?"  
 "I fear it is too late."  
 "Pardon me," said the bandit, "but it is never too late to rid oneself of an enemy."  
 "Thy remark is good."  
 "I conceived it so, Reinhold."  
 "Then be it thy task to clear our path of the reptile."  
 "Stays he beneath your roof? Who is he?—his name?"  
 "'Tis Gellarthe, a dependent of the house of Reinhold."  
 "From whence, then, gained he a knowledge of the existence of our band?"  
 "There to me is the mystery; he pretends to have been present when I joined the band."  
 "And, be assured, 'twas pretence only, for none, save our chosen friends, can ever gain admittance to our councils."  
 "Have ye, then, friends with whom I am as yet unacquainted?"  
 "Several, my lord."  
 "Strange that this intelligence was not before given to me."  
 "Believe me, Reinhold, there seemed no necessity to conceal it from you."  
 "How know I, then, that the scions of our house may be one of your chosen?"  
 "Twere impossible, my lord."  
 "Why so?"  
 "Because they are natives of Venice."  
 "Thou hast quieted my apprehensions; it may be it was but imagination painted him that which is indeed reality."  
 "Of that it would not be well to feel too secure," replied the bandit, "as imagination could not have painted to him the existence of our band."  
 "Be that as it may," replied Reinhold, "he has insulted me."  
 "Indeed."  
 "Ay, and I will be revenged."  
 "And justly so, too; is he in thy power?"  
 "No, he is not."  
 "And know ye not of his whereabouts?"  
 "I do not; but we shall soon get him in our power, for he is betrothed to Unda the daughter of my most inveterate enemy, Ruthven."  
 "Ay, say you? He will prove a rich prize should we get him in our power."  
 "Think you so?"  
 "Yes, do I, for we might offer to spare his life on the condition that he will introduce us as his friends to the wealthy and haughty Ruthven; then would we avail ourselves of his vast treasure, and laugh at the weakness of Gellarthe,—then take his life for his treachery to his friend."



"Ha! ha! by my word, thou wouldst make a clever statesman."

"Thank you—thank you; but let's to business; dost not wonder why I chose this strange disguise, Reinhold?"

"Until this moment it had not struck me; thy disguise is strange indeed."

"Thou hast, doubtless, heard of the wealthy merchant, Assim of Bagdad, who has come to reside in the adjacent city?"

"I have, and listened with wonder to the account of his mighty treasures."

"The information has reached our band, that it is his intention of passing from the city to-night, taking with him herds of cattle."

"But what has this to do with thy disguise, Winfritz?"

"Much. I have come to advise you this night to meet him; to make a goodly show of your wealth, and entertain him."

"I should profit little by that, methinks."

"Thou may'st profit one half his treasure."

"Indeed!—how so?"

"By recommending me to him as a guide for his cattle, by which means I shall be enabled to find how his wealth is conveyed, and at a given signal our band shall approach, and take possession of it. I, still leading Assim, will so engage his attention, that his wealth shall have been secured before it is missed."

"A daring and brave deed, truly; but now thou hast not shown how benefit shall accrue to me."

"Thy recommendation shall be rewarded with half the treasure."

"Well, Winfritz, as ye have never broken faith with me, I will consent."

"It will be necessary, then, ye begin to prepare for your journey."

"And why?"

"Lest Assim change his mind, and take some other route."

"Yes, yes, I will be ready; in the meanwhile, get thee to my secret chamber, and await my return."

Gellarthe had quitted the castle through a secret passage, unknown even to its owner, which he had accidentally discovered some years previous, and by which means he could gain ingress at any hour, without fear of detection.

No sooner had he gained the precincts of the castle, than, unbuckling his sword, he registered upon it an oath of revenge upon his kinsman, whom he now plainly saw would leave no scheme untried, to rid him of his existence.

To chance, also, was he indebted, for the knowledge that Reinhold had become one of the gang of the Black Bandits (so called by their using a particular mask and dress), he having entered the secret passage, concealed himself in an adjoining chamber to his kinsman, and overheard the latter in his first secret conversation with Winfritz, the latter describing the peculiar characteristics of the band.

"Yes, yes!" he exclaimed, mentally; "a deep and deadly revenge shall be mine!" and folding his arms, he appeared lost in the thought of some great scheme.

"Softly, softly, Wolfe! here sleeps one of no mean rank; his sword too, is detached. What can this mean?"

"Nay; come go thy way, Roche, thou art ever spreading thy nets for paltry game."

"Thou art ever grumbling, Wolfe; I tell thee this is better game than thou thinkest for."

Wolfe then approached, and gently raising the form of the prostrate sleeper, exclaimed, as he thrust a well-filled purse into his bosom, which he had dexterously taken from the sleeper's pocket, "This will repay me for my lost time!"

"It was I who discovered the stranger!" said Roche, "and, therefore, claim part."

"Oh, willingly," replied Wolfe; "you had better make haste and take it then, ere the sleeper awakes."

"But I do not know that he possesses a single doit more than thou hast taken."

"Then it is as I first told thee—thy net is ever spread for nought."

To this Roche made no reply; but, turning to the stranger, perceived, to his surprise, Gellarthe standing in an attitude of defence.

In the instant Wolfe presented a carbine to his breast.

"Stay thy anger," said Gellarthe, "I am no foe; but came hither to speak to thee concerning Reinhold."

"Aye! a spy! a spy!" exclaimed both.

"No, no; I swear to you that I held him down, and feigned sleep, on purpose to attract your attention."

"How know we that you are not an enemy?" asked Wolfe.

"By my casting my sword from me, and offering no resistance, when ye took my purse."

"Ha! ha!" said Wolfe, "the paltry resistance you could have

offered against these lads (pointing to his carbine) could have availed thee but little."

"I like thy frank and noble bearing," said Gellarthe, addressing Wolfe; "I would speak to thee in private."

"No, no, we leave private speeches for the ministers of our state; speak out then, what you have to say."

"Well, be it so," replied Gellarthe; "would ye refuse to take a man prisoner if ye were rewarded with as much treasure as your Captain Winfritz possesses?"

"Doubt us not; for one half of it we would stake our lives, or take a hundred prisoners."

"But, supposing your captain and the prisoner were in league together?"

"I tell you what," said Wolfe, confidentially, "I should make as good a captain as Winfritz, any day; and as he always sets me about the dirtiest work, and gives me the least pay, I should stand but little upon settling his affairs; then would I make Roche my first in command."

"Aye, aye," said Roche; "you would, indeed, make a better master than Winfritz!"

"Do ye consent then?—for there is no time to be lost!"

"We do—we do!" replied each. "But before we commence our work, we shall expect a part of our promised treasure."

"Willingly. Ye will not doubt of your reward when I tell you I am about to lead you to the treasures of the Baron Reinhold."

"Eh!—it would be well if we were rid of him. Our captain thinks there is nothing to be done without him; when I'm captain I'll show the band the difference."

"No, no; I would not have him deprived of life: it is enough that he be left without his idolised wealth," returned Gellarthe.

"We will deal with him as you will. But, remember, you have not to do with us as concerns our captain."

"Truly not. Follow quickly."

As the Baron Reinhold, accompanied by Assim the merchant, entered the castle of the former, Gellarthe and the robbers also entered by the secret passage.

Gellarthe led them into a deep cave beneath the castle walls, in which great wealth was concealed, and having satisfied the demands of the robbers for the time, advanced cautiously to the chamber adjoining that which Reinhold was in the habit of passing much of his time, and in this very chamber awaited his return.

They were surprised upon reaching the outer chamber to hear the well-known voice of their captain, and it was with much difficulty they could collect the sounds of the words uttered by the baron.

"Follow cautiously to the upper end of the chamber," said Gellarthe. Wolfe and Roche silently obeyed him. From this spot they could plainly overhear all that was said.

"Does he then consent to tarry here till midnight?" asked Winfritz of the baron.

"He does," replied the latter.

"Brings he with him much cattle?"

"A herd of five hundred oxen."

"And has he chosen guides for them?"

"None that are acquainted with the mountain passes. He was about to engage with me, when I informed him that I had a trusty serf whose services I would with pleasure give him."

"And did he consent?"

"He did."

"Had I not then better depart, and give information to the band of the hour of his approach?"

"Not until I have sent for thee to come into his presence. Remember, one half of his wealth is to be mine."

"Yes," replied Winfritz, "if there is enough to divide amongst the troop, and reward me for my information."

"By Heaven!" cried Reinhold, "I will not be cheated by your life. If I do not share the plunder equally, you will have cause to regret it."

"And if I awarded you nothing," retorted Winfritz, in a sneering tone, "then how would you act?"

"I would give information, by which your band and self would become—"

"Softly, softly, Reinhold; thou seemest to have forgotten thou hast an enemy who may have given the information thou now speakst of!"

"Who mean you?" asked Reinhold, turning deadly pale.

"Gellarthe—your kinsman, whose life you seek!" returned the captain.

"Ha!—he was about to seek my life," said Gellarthe, addressing Wolfe, in the other chamber.

"Know you with whom he talks?" asked Wolfe.

"Indeed, I do not; but he must be one of you or of some other band."



"Thou hast guessed truly," returned Wolfe. "He is no other than our captain, Winfritz; but of him we will speak anon. Let us still listen."

Again they listened, but all was silent.

"Could we by any means gain access to his chamber," said Wolfe, "the life of my rival will be in my power."

"But ye came not here to espouse your own cause, but mine," said Gellarthe.

"Aye," replied Wolfe, "and I now offer back the valuables you have given me, and take your enemy prisoner if you will lead me into the adjoining chamber."

"Will you then promise to keep Reinhold prisoner till the rising of the sun?"

"Aye, will we. But we must bear him hence, lest we be discovered!"

"Where then shall I meet ye?"

"At the same spot where we first met you."

"You mean in the wood where I feigned sleep?"

"I do."

"You will not fall in what you have promised?"

"We will not; you have acted with honour towards us, and we will do the same by you."

Gellarthe then led them through several secret passages, and at length to the one leading to the chamber in which they had overheard the previous conversation.

Here Gellarthe left them, and retraced his steps through several passages to the cave in which the wealth was concealed, and having taken as much as would satisfy the ambition of Baron Ruthven, he hastily left the place, and immediately forwarded the booty to the father of the Lady Unda, informing him that he would in a few days return to claim her hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wolfe, who had entered the chamber unperceived by his captain, stealthily approached him, and ere he had time to recover his surprise, the bandit had implanted a dagger in his breast. Winfritz fell to the ground, uttering a deep groan; but so true had been the aim of Wolfe, that he now ceased to exist.

"Quick, quick, Roche!" said he; "stanch the wound, and bear him hence."

"But should we be discovered?" said his comrade.

"Cease thy croaking, and bear a hand."

"But think you we shall find our way without a guide back through the passages?"

"We need but bear him to the chamber adjoining."

After having stopped the blood of their captain, they with great difficulty bore him to the next apartment.

"There is no fear of discovery here," said Wolfe, "therefore keep your watch. I will hasten to the chamber and wait the return of Reinhold."

"'Tis no pleasant work," said Roche.

"Not a word of complaint," said Wolfe; "remember I am captain now."

"But how will you account to the band for his death?"

"Leave that to me; you have but to obey my commands." So saying, Wolfe left the apartment, and scarcely had he entered that before occupied by the captain, than the baron entered also.

Wolfe averted his head as he entered.

"Why, have you changed your disguise?" asked the baron, supposing it to be Winfritz.

"Listen silently, or this shall answer you," replied Wolfe, turning suddenly round, and presenting his carbine.

Reinhold spoke not a word—terror was plainly depicted on his features.

"Answer me one question," said Wolfe; "art thou willing to yield up thy wealth, or suffer one month of close imprisonment?"

"A month—a year—an age of time, so that you take not from me my hard-gained treasure."

"Crouch not to me, you paltry coward," said Wolfe, "but again answer me. To what did Winfritz allude when he spoke concerning the mountain pass?"

"The treasure of Assim, the Persian merchant," returned Reinhold, in a tone of terror.

"And he is now beneath your roof?"

"He is, and now waits the coming of the treacherous Winfritz."

"However treacherous," replied Wolfe, "he has paid all claims upon him to a fraction."

"By whose will am I thus then to be made a prisoner of?"

"Of that you shall hear by and by. Our band are all beneath your roof, and by one signal from me, this castle would be quickly enveloped in flames."

"Wretched! wretched Reinhold!" said the baron, clasping his hands.

"Come, come—no nonsense. If you would save your wealth and castle, follow me. Remember, should you give one word of alarm, your castle will be instantly in flames."

Trembling did the cowardly and tyrant baron obey the commands of the robber, who to the surprise of the former, led him through the unknown passages by which they had entered.

Having arrived at the door of the chamber in which Roche and the dead captain were, he summoned the former therefrom, and commanding him to bind fast the arms, and gag the mouth of the Baron Reinhold, which the latter suffered him to do without making the least resistance, for had he a thousand lives, he would have sacrificed them sooner than his darling wealth.

In this condition they conveyed him even through the vault which contained his treasure.

"Surely I do but dream!" said the baron to himself, as he cast his eyes on the well filled coffers.

"Ay, thou mayest look and long," said Wolfe; "some thirty days may elapse ere thou wilt again see them."

Thus saying, he bound tightly a bandage over the eyes of Reinhold, and forthwith conveyed him to the wood, upon gaining which, they bound him tightly to a tree, near the spot where they had first discovered Gellarthe.

"Wilt thou not return?" asked Roche of Wolfe, "and possess thyself of some of the treasures of the cave?"

"No, no; we must to the mountain, where by keeping a sharp look out we may become possessed of the wealth of the Persian merchant."

"Ah! now you speak of it, I remember Rupert informed us last night he intended passing through this district."

"Let us away, then; night is already set in."

"Had we not better seek the assistance of others?"

"No; the fewer that take the prize, the fewer share it."

"True, I am happy in having command under such a leader."

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Assim waited anxiously for the courteous baron's return; but, to his surprise, minute after minute, even to the hour, passed away, but he came not. The domestics sought him in every chamber, and found him not.

"'Tis strange," said Assim; "perhaps he may have visited some neighbouring baron, and forgot me over the wine-cup. Much thanks are due for his kind attentions; but I must away, as the night is fast closing in."

In vain did Reinhold's domestics entreat him to delay his departure, and wait the return of their master.

"He spoke to me of one who would guide me through the defiles of the mountain," said Assim, "which of you is he?"

"We know not till the return of our master," replied the attendant.

"Then I must trust to my own herdsman," replied Assim. "I leave this piece of gold as a return for the civilities of your master;" and immediately he summoned his attendants, and departed.

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"See—see, Roche; yonder comes the merchant of Bagdad."

"You have sharp eyes," replied Roche; "I see nothing but —"

"Cease thy prating, and ascend this tree," returned Wolfe, "and remain until I give the usual signal."

Roche replied not; but, on the instant, ascended the lofty oak. Wolfe then concealed himself until the cavalcade of Assim reached the spot.

"I fear," said Assim, addressing his attendant, "we shall miss the beaten track; but, even so, I am glad I have left yonder castle, for while there the sense of approaching danger filled my mind."

"Fear not, noble Assim," replied the attendant; "there is little fear of our losing the path, the moon rises high and clear."

Scarcely, however, had he uttered those words, than the brilliant moon, as if by the hand of magic, was completely hid by a dark murky cloud, and, in a few minutes, the firmament was completely overcast.

Assim, terror-stricken for a few moments, spoke not. Summoning up his resolution, he exclaimed to his herdsman, "Adez, draw up the cattle, quickly;" but to this he received no answer, for Wolfe had suddenly seized him, and, by the assistance of Roche, had succeeded in applying a gag to his mouth.

A loud peal of thunder rolled through the sky, and seemed to shake the earth beneath them; this was followed by vivid flashes of forked blue lightning, by the glare of which Assim plainly perceived Wolfe and his companion holding down his herdsman.

"See—see!" cried he, turning to his attendants, "there is foul treachery at work. God forgive me if I judge wrong; but I believe this to be the work of the devil, who has taken upon him the form of the baron whose castle we have just left."



Now was heard the clashing of swords—now expressions of terror—now of despair. All was dark and confusion. Still, instinctively, they moved onward; torrents of rain now fell, and increased the mountain-streams, which poured upon them, men and cattle, with unremitting violence.

At length the storm abated. Silence reigned around. The scene suddenly changed, and the hitherto murky clouds dispersed, leaving the pale moon riding, as before, on the azure sky, and, as Assim gazed upon the scene, he believed it to be the work of enchantment.

The first who broke silence was the chief attendant. "The fiends of the storm," said he, "have at least spared our cattle."

"And our lives," replied Assim; "but look—see ye not our herdsman and thy brother bound to yonder tree."

"I do, and our treasure mules to another," said the attendant.

"By my beard," cried Assim; "and am I then deprived of my treasure?"

So saying, he hastened to the tree, and so great was his terror on beholding the mules had been eased of their saddle-bags, that he fell prostrate.

"We are rightly served," said several, "for having entered the city of the dark one."

They had now unbound Adez and their treasure-keeper, who could scarcely be persuaded they still lived, and when convinced of the fact, Adez vowed that a monster of gigantic proportions had, with one blow, sent him from beside the herd to the tree, to which he had bound him hand and foot, while the treasure-keeper vowed he had combatted with a thousand fiends, and that it was not until a sharp instrument had pierced him that they had succeeded in capturing him, and to this many of the attendants bore testimony.

Assim had now in some manner recovered from his swoon, and said,—

"Come, come—quick, quick—let us hasten from this accursed spot. Thanks to the great fire-spirit, our cattle and provisions are spared. To thee, good Kestro, I promise reward for the battle thou hast fought to preserve my lost treasure."

The wound which Kestro, the treasure-keeper, had received occasioned fears for his life in the breast of Assim, and he determined on immediately seeking assistance for him.

At the appointed time of sunrise, Gellarthe bent his steps to the spot in the forest where he had met the robbers. To his surprise, however, Wolfe came not. Low moaning now struck upon his ear, and on turning to ascertain from whence they came, he discovered the Baron Reinhold bound to a tree, and his eyes closely bandaged.

On hearing the approach of footsteps, the latter exclaimed,

"Friend or foe, who now approaches, let me entreat of you to loosen me even for one moment from this wretched condition."

"By whom were you placed thus?" asked Gellarthe, in a feigned tone,

"Thou askest of me a question I dare not answer," replied the baron.

"Aye; that is strange, indeed."

"Marvel not at the strangeness of my words; be you whom you may, if you will set me free, you can ask no favour which I, the Baron Reinhold, will not grant."

"What proof will you give that you will keep your promise?"

"Any that you require."

"Knowest thou not whom thou hast sought to injure?" demanded Gellarthe, in the same feigned tone.

"Right well do I," returned the baron, faintly; "comest thou from him?"

"That I do not choose to answer thee; but if thou wilt promise to become the sworn friend of Ruthven and of thy kinsman, Gellarthe, then will I set thee free."

"Art thou, then, Ruthven?"

"On my soul I am not, and would be foe to no man."

"Then thou shalt be my friend," replied the baron, "and my castle shall become thine."

"I ask thy friendship for Gellarthe, his friend Ruthven, and his lovely daughter."

"Ha! that voice!" said the baron; "thou art surely Gellarthe himself!"

"Yes, I am he," replied the latter; "and it is now in my power to take the life of him who would have taken mine."

"Spare me—spare me! generous Gellarthe," cried the baron in a tone of supplication.

"I cannot boast of generosity," replied Gellarthe; "already have I possessed myself of part of thy treasure."

"Even as a welf, life would be dear to me. Unbind me, lead me in safety, and I will forfeit my life if I do not agree to the proposition you have made."

Gellarthe then proceeded to unbind him, when Wolfe at the moment approached. Gellarthe advanced to meet him.

"I have been delayed," said Wolfe, "and could not come hither sooner."

"I have waited long thy coming," returned Gellarthe; "but now —"

"Thou dost not need my service," rejoined Wolfe.

"Thou hast guessed right," said Gellarthe; "but now to satisfy thy demands."

"My demands are already satisfied," replied Wolfe. "I am become possessed of much wealth, and am the acknowledged captain of our band, in the place of him whose body is now concealed in the Castle of Reinhold."

"What mean you?"

"Words are useless; you will discover all," said Wolfe; "it is necessary that I bind him to secrecy, for even though one of our band, he may betray us to the officers of justice."

"Good: it may be necessary for the safety of both."

It was strange to see how anxiously the baron, deep in cowardice and guilt, agreed to the proposition offered.

It was then agreed that he should return to his castle; and that no comment should be made upon his absence. He informed his domestics that he had been to attend the death-bed of a relative, and that the storm had prevented the arrival of a messenger.

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"Yes—yes! thou hast, indeed, proved thyself worthy of my Unda," said Lord Ruthven; "it now remains with her to name the day which shall unite you."

"Happy, happy Gellarthe! blest with the hand and heart of the lovely Unda, I envy not the most wealthy baron."

"See," said Ruthven, "my daughter approaches." At this moment, Unda, a creature of most bewitching sweetness, whose brilliant eyes seemed to mock the splendour of the jewels with which she was adorned, advanced towards Gellarthe.

"Thank Heaven! thou art returned, my love," said she; "hours of anxiety have, indeed, been mine, since you have departed from me."

"Chase away all sorrow from thy beauteous brow, fair maid; I will never again depart from thee."

"Assured of this, I could, indeed, feel happy; but —"

"Thou mayest be assured, my beloved I wait but thy word to be united to thee in the indissoluble ties of holy wedlock."

"Then would I delay not a single hour," replied Unda.

"Be it so, my child," replied Lord Ruthven. "I will instantly summon the holy father, Ambrose, and the witnesses."

"Awhile, then, my dear Gellarthe, I must leave thee," said Unda. She for a short time was absent, and then returned, splendidly arrayed in a wedding suit; the priest was in attendance; the ring placed upon her hand; and, when Gellarthe had paid the gold he promised, Unda became his bride.

By this arrangement, the Barons Ruthven and Reinhold became firm friends, instead of enemies; but for a long time, the band of the Black Bandits continued their depredations.

## HAIL, BEAUTIFUL MORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THAMES," &c. &c.

When the moon's golden light o'er the darksome glade,  
From its lustre so beaming to dimness is laid,  
Then the rays of the sun will the flowerets adorn,  
Whilst nature, all-joyful, proclaims the bright morn.

What scenes are so beauteous—what is there so gay,  
As to see the night yield to the beauties of day?  
It is then that we see the sweet may on the thorn,  
Whilst its perfumes make sweet the beautiful morn.

Hail, beautiful morn! all hail thee, we say,  
Who, fairy-like, com'st in the richest array;  
Our hearts will e'er bless thee, whilst loudly the horn  
Proclaims far and near the beautiful morn.

The birds then are tuneful, as their merry notes tell,  
Whilst a silence pervades thy heart-stirring spell;

For sweetly and richly, since long thou wert born,  
Fond Nature has blessed thee—the beautiful morn.

Westminster.

J. W.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.



## THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

*(Continued from our last.)*

## CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND YEAR.—THE MEETING OF SIX.—THE LANDLORD AND THE OLD WAITER AT THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

A YEAR has rolled away, and mingled with past ages as an integral portion of their vastness. The summer's heat—the autumn's sweet fruitfulness and many-hued beauties—the stern winter's cold, and the young, joyous, laughing spring—each with its joys—its sorrows—its expectations—its hopes, promises, and disappointments, has swept over the heads of living millions; but, oh, how many "vacant places" has that single year produced; how many gentle, noble hearts have gone with it down the stream of time, like it, never, never to return and greet the sunshine of the world with answering smiles.

The spring had passed away; the summer with its sultry heats—its thunders—its flowers, and its beauty, had once more gladdened the earth.

"The fields are alive with sultry noise,  
Of labour's sounds, and insects' busy joys;  
The reapers o'er their glittering sickles stoop,  
Startling full oft the partridge coveys up;  
Some o'er the rustling saythe go bending on,  
And shockers follow where their toils have gone,  
Heaping the swathes that rustle in the sun."

Nature is attired in her gayest garments; life—beauty—joy, appear to flutter through the bamy air. Even the coming winter seems in anticipation divested of many of its stern realities, and the mind of man begins well to be prepared, by the changing hues of the vegetation, for the home comforts of the season, that, in all its fury and bitterness, still presents to the rational observer much beauty, abounding utility, and numberless fire-side enjoyments, which cannot be extracted from all the glories of the most glorious summer's day that ever shone out of the blue heavens.

It is August once again; that month in which had been made the solemn, yet thoughtless, compact, which had bound together the seven friends to meet at the ancient inn. Alas! how sadly had the day terminated on which that compact had been entered into. Twelve months were indeed most insufficient to enable any one of those young, warm, ardent spirits, to forget, or even to look back upon the awful scene which had occurred during the thunder storm in the forest with anything like composure.

It was strange, too, how for some months after that harrowing event the impressions it had made did appear to be waxing fainter and fainter, until one half the period between that time and the recurring August was past. Then, as the fatal month returned, there returned with it all the painful feelings of the awful adventure in the forest, with their original intensity, casting a gloom over those six persons, who still felt themselves bound by the solemn oath they had taken to meet, even if it were in sadness, to compare one with the other the successes, disappointments, regrets, joys, hopes, and fears of the past year.

The weather during the first few days of August, had been full of strange and sudden impulses; like a wayward child, it knew not whether to laugh or cry. Showers of rain—gusts of wind—peeps of glorious sunshine—each succeeded each in rapid succession; it seemed as if that particular August, in that particular year, had wedded itself to the most wayward April that could ever be imagined.

But when the twelfth day came, a remarkable change took place; the sun shone out of a cloudless sky—not a breath of air stirred a leaf of the forest trees; the rapt stillness of a summer's day, without a shadow in the sky, reigned over the face of nature. So passed the morning, and then came the mid-day, and then the sun rapidly passed its full meridian, and slowly sunk towards the glorious west. It was four o'clock, and still unbroken was the vast blue arch of Heaven by cloud or speck.

The face of nature bore on that day new beauties: the rain on the previous day had done much good; the herbage was quite refreshed, and bore a brighter hue; in consequence new beauties sprung from the earth, and the flowers shone with a fairer lustre.

The heat was intense—the earth, notwithstanding all the rain that had fallen, began to be heated, and all living things panted for breath.

Oh, what a refreshing sensation does the cool breeze bring with it! Yet there was none—the very senses became entranced, and you could almost anticipate its effect, when you saw the tall branches of some distant tree bend beneath the coming zephyr; then as it neared the

blades of grass, bent, and then the cool air passed over the body, leaving a refreshing sensation.

The very birds seemed dull and listless—scarce a note escaped them—scarce a sound was heard—save from some tiny insect, whose note filled the grass.

The big birds flew heavily and lazily across the fields, as though they deemed the exertion a bore, and did not like to fly on hot days.

The deep glades of the forest looked shady and beautiful; the groups seen here and there, appearing as if composed with an eye to artificial beauties; but yet they were not, since many had been so for many years, perhaps hundreds.

The fields were gaily decked with the choicest flowers that were in blossom—not a hedgerow but what was filled with its own peculiar weed and climbing plant, whose flowers lay in the sun upon the surface of the hedge.

The appearance of the forest had a charming effect upon the eye of the spectator; the tall dark masses of trees that here and there rose above the general mass of foliage, looked like veins running through the long meandering mass of trees, and connecting them to some grand system.

On the other side of the forest ran the River Lea, but it was at too great a distance to add much to the landscape.

The calm beauty of the scene was unrivalled; the glorious beams of the sun shed a lustre scarce ever equalled; and an almost death-like quiet reigned around.

The numerous insect tribes, indeed, were busy. To them such a day was life and happiness. Their busy hum was the only sound that disturbed the calm that reigned upon all things. Nature appeared in a profound repose. The extreme heat had caused even the very cattle to quit the grazing fields, and seek some quiet shady spot, where they could in peace enjoy the fleeting moments as they flew.

Even the sound of the distant sheep-bell was but faint and seldom, as if the animals' feet were oppressed by the sultriness that reigned upon all around.

If the good folks of London and its suburbs regarded the day as one specially beautiful and inviting, there was no lack of many a comment upon its aspect by the inhabitants of the Golden Fleece inn and post-house, where was to be had good entertainment for man and beast.

The landlord, with all his fat, had had a strong impression made upon him by the visit of the seven friends on the last year—their strange compact to come again had sunk deeply into his mind. The awful circumstances that had succeeded the utterance of that compact and its binding oath, were not such as were likely to be forgotten; and as the 12th of August had come near, the landlord had been in a constant state of perspiration, which, on the day itself, shone and glistened on his rubicund visage, and made him look the hottest of all hot men.

By twelve o'clock, what with the unbroken sunshine of the day, and the state of worry and torment he put himself in, as to whether the seven friends would come or not, he was fairly exhausted, and he sat down on a seat within the old porch of the inn, and wiped his face as he fixed his eyes on the road from London, and seemed resolved there to keep his stand, and should the friends really come, which he much doubted, be the first to see them. And truly Master Muggs, the landlord of the Golden Fleece, looked right well and jolly, sitting like the sign of a gigantic Bacchus in top-boots, in front of his ancient and picturesque inn.

The building had once been a proud and stately manor-house; but would long since have gone to decay, and the fine old building would have fallen a prey to its greatest enemy, time, but for the care of the present tenant.

It might be a matter of regret, that so fine and handsome a building should come to such base usages at last; but it was mainly owing to that that it was preserved at all.

The house was one of great size, and had many large rooms. It was an old-fashioned Elizabethan house, with many old corners and pointed arches, doors, and windows; the walls were time-worn, and in some places, pieces of the ornamental arches had given way, and fallen down.

Many of the designs and scrolls that decorated the old mansion in various parts, had become obliterated from the joint effects of time and weather. The old chimneys had for ages given forth their volumes of smoke, blackening the air at times; but it told a tale of plenty, when the old place was in good hands.

On either side of the old porch, once a proud entrance to a proud lord, was a fine and beautifully-made window. It was divided into three parts by two arches of stone that ran up the middle, forming pointed arches at the top, which was again divided by wood-work, ready for the reception of the lattice-work, which only opened in the lower portion.



The door, which was arched over for a short way in, naturally by stone-work, had attached to it an old porch, and on either side was a capacious seat that would contain several men, while some way down, on one side of the space in front of one of the windows, ran a long trough, in which was constantly kept some gallons of clean water.

The sign of the Golden Fleece swung to and fro on its post when disturbed by the slightest wind that blew; lazily it hung on this day; there was no breeze to cause it to move—all about appeared to suffer from the extreme heat of the day.

The roof of the old inn was peculiar; it might be said to have had several roofs, for the house had been built very irregularly, and been cut, as it were, up into many parts, and forced together at odd corners, so there were several roofings required, which, with a number of stacks of chimneys, gave it the appearance, at a distance, of being several houses.

The rooms were as numerous and as irregular as the outward appearance of the house would indicate; several of them were exceedingly handsome, and one or two were superb, not only for their size, but for the richness of the carvings and mouldings.

But it was the cellarer that the innkeeper most prided himself on, and truly few inns could boast of such an extensive underground premises as he had.

Cellars and kitchens there were in abundance, and many of them were large. It would have been difficult to have specified their exact situation; indeed, the excise-man himself did not go over them all. He more than once made the attempt, but had given it up in despair; the job was one he liked not—he knew not down what well-hole he might suddenly plump—the thought made him shiver, and he would go no further in search of the uncomfortable. The old inn was, indeed, the pride of the place; its antique beauty was a theme of admiration to many a traveller.

Alas! how many such once lordly mansions have become changed thus sadly—deserted by those who should have cherished them as links between the present and the past; and feeling more satisfaction in the tawdry finery of the modern town house, with its imitations of everything and reality of nothing, than in the time-hallowed ancient abode of their ancestors, who fought and bled to make them what they are.

The landlord sat for nearly two hours alone, and then he began to feel that he wanted somebody to say something to, and, after ruminating awhile, he determined upon taking the opinion of Bob Goodge, the ostler, who, although Muggs continued to keep him at a proper *est-er-like* distance, he firmly believed to be profoundly knowing and clever to an extent which it would be difficult to estimate.

Bob Goodge certainly had some claim upon the gratitude as well as the consideration of the landlord of the Golden Fleece. In the first place, Bob was quite an original, and many a "squire of high degree" would draw rein at the door of the ancient hostel, to speak with Bob as to the merits of some recently acquired piece of horseflesh, and it usually turned out that Bob's "wardit on the hanimal," to use his own phraseology, was correct.

Then the landlord had once upon a time a wife, and she led the landlord what is ironically called "a pretty life," which, translated, means, a life as divested of any pretensions to prettiness as possible. In talking to Bob Goodge, the landlord, during his matrimonial career, found his principal salvo. One day it happened that they had conversed two hours—four pipes each, two quarts of old ale, and a go of something—without an interruption from Mrs. Muggs, at which Muggs was so much astonished, that he hinted as much to Bob, who, after several short dry coughs, said,—

"Don't you think missus used to dip a jug into that ere large vat o' rum in the cellar, cos the head was broke in?"

"I believe ye, Bob."

"Werry good; and won't do so no more."

"Why, Bob?"

"Cos she's tipt herself in two hour's ago. I speaks when I'm spoke to, and not afore. Here's luck, master. You isn't such a old ass yet but you may shew yer teeth."

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE DINNER FOR SEVEN.—THE PATE OF MATILDA.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE GUESTS.

AFTER such a great proof of discretion on Bob Goodge's part, as the raising of no sudden alarm when he saw his mistress in the vat, and the manner in which, for two hours afterwards, he expressed the feelings of his master, the latter could not but entertain towards him the liveliest feelings of gratitude. Ever afterwards Bob became a more privileged person than ever; and now, when mine host of the Golden Fleece made the porch echo again by shouting to him, he only came at

his own proper leisure; and, when he did arrive, he sat down quite composedly, feeling himself at home in every sense of the word.

Then the landlord made the usual faint effort to keep up an aristocratic distinction between master and man, and failed.

"Bah!" he said, "is this here the way to treat a master? Remember who you is, Bob."

"I remembers. And I remembers, too, what you was when missus —"

"Si—lence, Bob; don't talk o' the deceased. That'll do. Now, Bob, do you think a: they'll come?"

"The same chaps as was here last August?"

"Heaven forbid! Bob, I only want six on 'em. The seventh is deceased. We don't want no ghostesses here, not we. All's alive at the Golden Fleece. But what about the dinner, Bob? I've been a considering for a week whether to cook nothink or somethink." They may come, and then agin they maydent. That's the argeyment Bob, what say you?"

"They said as they'd come, and they swered it."

"Good, but they haven't sent no word about it from that day to this."

"They left a guinea."

"Good."

"So I supposes; you wouldn't a took a bad un, I supposes."

"Don't be a idiot, Bob Goodge, nor a goose. I didn't *delude* to the guinea. Only this much, him as guv the guinea is the dead un as was killed by the thunder-bolt in the forest, you know. There's the fix. Am I to cook, or ain't I, that's the question, Bob; dinner for seven, or not? There's the fix, you, see. Well, well, what do you say?"

"Cook, says I, cook; they'll come, I feels a conviction. Cook the dinner—lay it in the same room—I'll wait on 'em."

"But, Bob, they'll surely not want a *kiver* for him as is the deceased!"

"Won't they? they just will, and no mistake. You may take a immortal davy as they will, and it wouldn't s'prise me if the ghostesses was to come."

"Gracious!" said the landlord, lifting his eyes upwards, with a groan, and then depressing them with another, as he added, "powers, Bob, don't say that, don't! You know I'm nervous since that rum-vat affair—don't Bob, don't."

"If he do come," cried Bob, dealing his leather breeches a great blow, "I'll wait on him."

"Si—lence, Bob; you ain't the moral—leastways the religious man you ought to be, Bob; but since you is of opinion as they'll come, why you may tell the cook to get the dinner ready."

"I have told her. Why, it's three o'clock, now; they'll be here at five. Nix we should look if there was nothing but a rasher o' ham and a egg for 'em."

Mr. Muggs nodded assent to this proposition, and then, after a pause, he said,—

"Bob, did you ever hear what had become o' she?"

"Do you mean the young ooman with the dark hair and the nice soft voice as comed with 'em?"

"In course. Go on."

"Mad as bricks—does everythink with a screech and a howl. For a young critter, she 'minds me o' that puppy as went out o' it's mind one day. Never you fear but they'll come. Just keep yer old eye a fixture on the roadway, and you'll see 'em. I'll go and put the old room to right now, for it's nateral as they'll want to have the same manger."

So saying, Bob Goodge, who acted in a great variety of capacities at the Golden Fleece, hurried off to prepare the room for the expected guests; and as that room is one which will, from time to time, witness the meetings of those attached few who have made so solemn a compact together, we will, so far as we can describe, place it before the mind's eye of the reader.

It had been the principal apartment of the inn, when it had claimed the distinction of a manor-house, and it still retained much of its decoration and ancient beauty.

It was strange to think that such a house, and such a room in it, had come into the possession of Muggs, for Heaven knows he had no particular taste for the picturesque and beautiful; but such had been the destiny of the old manor-house. Muggs was decidedly an eccentric character, and probably for that reason he was much patronised by the gentry around, who laughed at his eccentricities, while they much admired his ancient house, with all its rich associations.

Many a party was made up specially to be merry at the Golden Fleece that would not have been half so merry anywhere else; and, on the whole, Mr. Muggs did very well.

Some asserted that he had no sort of eye to the romantic beauties of his inn, while others again declared he had a full appreciation of them,



only that he kept it all to himself, like feelings which lie too deep for common utterance. We ourselves incline to the latter opinion, because it was well known, that even when some presuming antiquary would insist upon drawing his attention to the architectural beauty of the house, he at once admitted, after a casual glance around him, all that was said, adding, as a clinching remark, that he always considered the old place "droll enough." This we opine to be quite conclusive upon the subject, and therefore proceed at once to the room we were about to describe.

The apartment was of most ample dimensions; and when the spectator stood at one end of it, the distance could be well noted by the sound of the voice, which, unless a full-toned one, would be lost in the space.

Round the walls and roof ran mouldings of exquisite and quaint workmanship, such as the eye seldom rests upon now, but which, in the houses of the great and wealthy, were at one time more common than in these days.

Rich carvings ornamented many parts, and the panellings were of oak; the centre of each being enlivened by some well carved and conceived device. The window was large, and beautifully illuminated with the rays of the sun, which passed through its painted glass, and fell upon the oaken flooring.

The high, old-fashioned fire-place was a picture in its way. There were long, expensive marble slabs, that ran up either side, and crossed by another on the top. These slabs were of great size, and beautifully polished, and carved out in three places each, with a long falling wreath connecting the whole together.

There was yet some furniture in the room, but such furniture as would scarce fit a modern mansion; but here it looked magnificent. The long tables, and tall, high-backed chairs, were a pattern for strength and durability, while the large leathern cushions that were placed upon each more than compensated for the hardness of the wooden seat beneath.

The whole room reminded one of the days gone by, on which fancy loves to dwell, though we never can hope to recall that upon which we look back with pleasure.

In every part it bore the appearance of wealth and grandeur, and that, too, upon a scale that is now never thought of. The mind regards such fading grandeur with awe and regret.

Such was the apartment in which, twelve months before, the seven friends had met, and dined so joyously, but which never again was to echo with the sound of the seventh voice of that once happy, thoughtless party.

Bob Goodge took pains to place the chairs as they had been on the last occasion; and then, just as an old-fashioned clock, that stood on a landing of the inn staircase, chimed the two quarters past four, he went down stairs, and saw his master pointing with the stem of his pipe to four persons, who were slowly emerging from the forest, and making evidently towards the door of the Golden Fleece.

"They're a coming," cried Bob; "they're a coming. There's four on 'em. Who knows—perhaps the others has gone dead too, somehow or another."

The four persons slowly approached. There was a saddened manner about them, and they were observed, as they came in sight of the inn, to point it out to each other, and to look grave and melancholy, as if the sight of it provoked serious remarks and reflections. They were all in mourning, and their coming up to the inn door together, arrayed in such sober habiliments, had quite a sorrowful look with it, and seemed as if they had come on some sad and serious errand, instead of to hold a social meeting, where mirth and revelry should be the presiding genii of the scene.

"Four on 'em!" gasped the landlord, and scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when a horseman emerged from the forest at a smart pace.

"Five on 'em!" again said Muggs. "They ain't all dead, that's a comfort."

The four who had arrived together glanced round as the sound of the horse's feet came upon their ears, and a ray of pleasure came over their countenances as they said one to the other,—

"Ah, there is, Lechmere; we are not far before him."

Then one added, "We are all here now but Grant. What can detain him?"

The horseman surrendered his steed to Bob, and dismounting then, he shook warmly by the hand those who had preceded him. Then some gay inquiries were made, and as gaily answered, until the gloom that had fallen upon them at the first sight of the Golden Fleece, seemed disposed to dissipate before the genial warmth of good fellowship, and old remembered, pleasant, happy days spent together.

Meantime, the landlord seemed absolutely ready to burst, because no one had taken any notice of him; and when he found that such was not likely to be the case, as they were completely occupied in their own conversation, he cried out,—

"Gentlemen, gentlemen,—here I am. Don't you recollect me?—Jim Muggs, I am. It's all right—dinner's ordered—plates for seven—everybody's name at everybody's kiver. Dear me, we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. There's only six on you now, and all I can say is, if ye feels melancholic, as you hav'n't got nobody in the vacant chair, I'm yer cretur, gentlemen."

"We prefer the vacant chair," said Charles Lechmere.

"Eh? You prefer it, gentlemen?"

"Yes; we can people any vacant chairs that may occur, with our own fancies."

"Oh," said the landlord, who was perfectly oblivious of what was meant—"I didn't know as you could manage that."

"This way, gentlemen," cried Bob Goodge. "This way, if you please. Dinner will be on the table in two minutes."

"We prefer the open air till then," said one. "What can detain Grant?"

"Hilloa!" shouted some one now from the outskirts of the wood; and all eyes being turned in that direction, the missing member of the fraternity was seen hurrying onwards. In five minutes he was with them, and had shaken hands with all round.

"You are late," said Lechmere; "we began to suspect that some accident of treacherous destiny had kept you from attending."

"No—no. What ought to keep any of us from such a meeting as this but what keeps poor George so away? Nothing but death can absolve us from the solemn promise we have made to each other. The fact is, my friends, Emma has this very day presented me with a son."

"Hurrah!—hurrah!" cried the friends. "A capital excuse for being late, friend. By-the-bye, the present has been rather late, has it not?"

"Better late than never," laughed Grant. "I am a happy—very happy man, with the chosen partner of my heart, so I am proof as though cased up in steel against all bantering or jesting upon the subject."

"My dear fellow," said Lechmere, "we are in no bantering humour, and to prove to you that I am not, I beg you will now tell me—as you know I reside in a distant part of the country, and have not heard from any of you now for more than a month,—what is the present state of poor Matilda Rashleigh—are there any hopes of her recovery?"

The four friends who had come together shook their heads, and one said—

"We thought it a duty we owed to poor George, to visit Matilda this day—we saw her—God help her!"

There was a silence of some minutes' duration among the friends; during which, each was full of painful reflections of the past—then Grant said—

"You spoke to her!"

"We did—we strove to recall her to herself, by bringing to her mind a remembrance of the past; but she only smiled, and answered us with snatches of old songs, that made our eyes fill with tears, whether we would or no. My heart bleeds to see her. It is a sight to move the most stoical. She was best pleased with some flowers we took to her, and she twined them in fantastic garlands in her hair,—then she asked us, if we knew what it was to love, and be happy. Before, however, we could answer her, some accidental noise met her ears, and with a shriek, almost equal to one which came from her lips, and which we can never forget, she cried,—

"The thunder storm—it is coming—it is coming—beware of the lightning. There—there—the tree falls into a thousand splinters—the body hangs from bough to bough—help—help—oh, Heaven, have mercy upon me!"

"Then she fell insensible upon the floor of her cell. Oh, it was, indeed, a harrowing sight."

The friends uttered many expressions of sympathy; and Mr. Grant remarked—

"I am very happy in my own quiet home, but I declare, if I could see Matilda Rashleigh once again with the light of reason beaming from her beautiful countenance, I would be content the fates should compel me to seek a new home with my wife and little one, under any discouraging circumstances whatever."

"The dinner's a-waiting," said Bob Goodge. "The seats is placed—the seven kivers is all right."

(To be continued in our next.)

FEMALE CONSTANCY.—As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.



## THE ASTROLOGER.

"Drink, drink, Mark Thurlow; thou art indeed an altered man since last we met," said Michael Walton to the former.

"And no wonder," replied Mark, gloomily, taking the proffered cup; "I have suffered enough to alter any man, but it is now my turn to —"

"Make no rash vows, Mark; we must forget and forgive; drink, man, drink, and forget your past troubles," returned Michael.

"'Tis easier to give that advice than to take it," rejoined Mark.

"True, true; but as the old squire is dead, it would be unjust to punish the son for the father."

"Were those not the very words which I used to the stubborn-hearted squire when he imprisoned me as an accessory to the guilty deeds of a worthless father?"

"Now thou remindest me of it, thou didst, Mark; but the old squire had suffered much from the unlawful and violent acts of Hawthorn Thurlow, your father."

"But thou knowest but one part of the story, Michael."

"With what then am I unacquainted?" asked the latter.

"That my parent would never have sunk into his dissolute habits had it not been for the wrongs he received from Squire Wilton."

"Aye, say you so?"

"'Tis too true," said Mark; "my mother, on her death-bed, informed me that had she never met Squire Wilton she would have died happy, and that my father was a good and just man until roused to take revenge upon the squire."

"We're old friends, Mark," returned Michael, "and thou need'st not fear to disclose all to me."

"It is told in a few words," said Mark; "the squire had formed an attachment for my mother, ere she became the wife of Hawthorn Thurlow. Pride had at first induced her to listen to his suit; but, no sooner was she aware that his intentions were not honourable than she treated the squire with disdain; this roused his anger, and he vowed that he would wreak his displeasure on the man who should dare to make her his wife."

"And did thy father know that?"

"He did, but he laughed at what he considered to be an idle threat!"

"And what followed?"

"Scarce had they been wedded a single month, when, by the squire's malignity my father was desired to give up possession of that home, around the hearth of which his childhood's years had been spent."

"But thy father lived not then amongst us," said Michael.

"I know it; but the squire's wealth made his words to be received as just, and by plotting vile falsehoods, my parent was shunned by the honest society in which he was before received with pleasure; my father's temper then became soured, and he looked upon my poor mother as the cause of his misfortune."

"He knew then he had an enemy in the squire?"

"He believed it, although he had no direct proof that such was the case."

"Indeed!"

"His conduct to my poor mother now became harsh and unkind; nor did my birth tend to soften his now exasperated feelings; he now joined a band of worthless midnight marauders, and was foremost amongst them in plans that would tend to injure Squire Wilton. He was at length detected, but of that you are already acquainted."

"I am, I am," replied his friend; "and never shall I forget the sensation which I felt on hearing the bold and reckless Hawthorn Thurlow had terminated his own existence in the cell in which he had been confined."

"And rememberest thou not that that did not satisfy the revengeful squire: and that he, the deeper to galling the heart which he had almost broken, caused me to be confined in a lonesome dungeon, where, after suffering hardships and contumely, I was sent upon the world wretched and degraded."

"Do not dwell on it," said Michael, "thy lips have served to give the lie to the reports spread against thee, and those who were forward to blame are now ready to praise thee."

"I care little for their blame or praise," said Mark.

"And why art thou thus careless?"

"Because I have but one end to gain."

"And what is that?"

"Revenge! revenge!" replied Mark, energetically.

"As a friend," said Michael, "let me beg of you to change your purpose."

"It is now useless to advise me; on any other point but this I would listen to you."

"Consider, Mark, that he on whom you would wreak your vengeance is a youth, now left without a protector, and who has injured none."

"Thou dost but increase my desire for revenge," said Mark; "such was I when I became the object of his father's villany."

"Thou seemest faint and weary, Mark; you had better rest upon this couch."

"Thank you."

"And I trust, that with the morning beams, thou wilt think better of thy life than to risk it in so unworthy a cause."

"Unworthy?" said Mark, in surprise.

"Well, then, useless, if you like it best."

"Had your father's name been coupled with that of a villain, and your mother's life shortened, would'st thou have considered it unworthy of thee to have taken revenge?"

"Mayhap I should not, but I would leave their punishment for a higher power."

"Thou would'st then be a cold and calculating moralist."

"Even so, it would be better than be pointed at as —"

"Nay, nay, repeat it not, I know what thou would'st say; but deeper scorn cannot follow the son than has followed his father."

"Believest thou in destiny?"

"I do, and see my destiny before me."

"But not so plain as might be shown thee," continued Michael.

"Knowest thou one who could read it plainer?" demanded Mark.

"I do."

"Who is he?"

"One Gabriel La Boteau, a wise old man, who dwells on yonder hills."

"Aye, then, by morning's rise we will repair thither," said Mark.

"Agreed; the night is fast closing, now seek your rest."

Mark immediately coincided with the proposition of his friend, and drawing around his cloak he cast himself upon the humble pallet of his friend.

"Poor misguided youth," replied Michael, "it may now be in my power to save you," and his praiseworthy friend, instead of retiring to rest, bent his steps towards the hills for the purpose of seeking an interview with the far-famed astrologer.

"Who seeketh me at this unusual hour?" demanded the aged Gabriel.

"One who would speak to thee concerning the well-being of a fellow creature."

"Then thou art welcome," said the bearded man, rising to meet him.

"Good father," said Michael; "I come to speak to thee of one —"

"Whose wayward will will bring him to an untimely end," interrupted the sage, in a solemn voice.

"Ah, how knowest thou this?"

"How knowest thou from whence thou hast power to breathe?"

"That, indeed, I cannot answer thee," said Michael, hesitatingly.

"Nor I that thou askest me; 'tis enough it is known to me."

"But methinks thou mightest turn his will if thou would'st but assure him —"

"Of what?"

"That happiness may yet await him."

"Counsel me not to speak falsely," said the aged man; "the youth will seek my abode with the morning sun."

"Then thou wilt not listen to what I would propose?"

"Thinkest thou then with the vulgar, that I speak but with fraud and deceit?"

Abashed, Michael answered not.

"I see thy will is good," said the sage; "there are some who would not if they could, avoid the destiny fate has decreed them."

"And is it then thus with my friend?"

"Waste not thy time in idle converse; haste thee to thy home, lest disadvantage come upon thee."

Although the mind of Michael had ever been free from superstition, the words of Gabriel had awakened in him a belief that he could read the destiny of others; bidden the seer good night, he hastened homeward, pondering on his words.

Upon approaching his cottage he started with surprise on seeing a pale light issuing from one of the windows.

"Mercy," said he, "evil is surely about to befall me."

In a few minutes he was at the cottage-door, and judge his amazement upon entering to find an inner chamber completely enveloped in flames.

The thought now came across his mind that he had forgotten to extinguish the lamp, which by some means had come in contact with the curtains of his bed.

Filled with alarm he entered the chamber where Mark Thurlow slept, and with difficulty awakened him to a sense of his danger.

Well and ably did Mark exert himself in removing the uninjured articles, and extinguishing the flames, and that, too, without the assistance of Michael, whose fear had now become so great that he moved not, and gazed upon the scene of conflagration with an idiotic stare.

"Rouse ye; rouse ye, Michael Walton, all danger is past."



"Do I hear right?" said Michael.

"I know not, my friend," returned Mark; "but I now tell thee that thy loss, even to a single fraction, shall be made good."

"By whom?" asked Michael, despondingly.

"By the outcast, Mark Thurlow," replied the latter.

Michael shook his head doubtfully.

"I can tell thee," said Mark, "that wretched and outcast as I now seem, I have gold enough to build even a castle."

"Then thou comest not by it fairly," returned Michael.

"You speak unknowingly; the gold which I have in my possession I took from one whose only employment for it was the forging of manacles and chains for his fellow men."

"I fear," said Michael, "that thy sorrows have affected thy poor brain, but the worst is past."

"Why thinkest thou so?"

"Because thou comest —"

"To visit the only man who proved a friend to my mother in distress," interrupted Mark; "and that debt I will now pay thee," continued he, taking from his pocket a well filled purse.

"Not one coin of it will I accept," said Michael.

"And wherefore not?"

"I had but done my duty as a man."

"And I am but doing mine," returned Mark, "in returning to thee your good actions."

We know not whether the sight of the gold or the philosophy of Mark, induced Michael Walton to change his mind; but certain it is that the aforementioned purse was quickly lodged in the possession of the latter, who indeed was not undeserving of it, for he felt for Mark all the warm affection of a brother.

"You spoke to me last evening of a sage who dwelleth in the mountains."

"True, I did; but in jest."

"I am inclined to doubt you, Michael; you did not speak as one jesting."

"At least," continued Michael, confusedly, "it would be but waste of time to listen to his idle tales."

"Then why did you advise me to seek him?" asked Mark.

"I scarcely know," said Michael.

"Well—well, it matters not; I know my end will be a wretched one."

"That thou canst not know."

"I, at least, have that presentiment; and I am determined, if possible, to be assured of my destiny."

"But we are desirous to seek not into that which is hidden from us."

"Why didst thou not use this reasoning, ere you mentioned the astrologer to me?"

"'Twas spoken in an hour of forgetfulness," said Michael.

"And has awakened a thought in my mind, which will be forgotten but in death."

"What mean you?"

"That I shall not at present explain. Are you willing to accompany me to the hills?"

"Be persuaded by me," said Michael, "and give up all idea of going there."

"I am determined," said Mark. "Will you accompany me or not?"

"Well—well; if you are determined," said the former, "I will go with you."

"Come quickly, then," said Mark, "for I am anxious to know my fate."

Michael then led the way to the residence of the sage. They were admitted into an apartment, where were ranged, in the greatest order, multitudes of books and writings of every language. A pair of globes, of large dimensions, with various articles used in the laboratory of the ancient chemists, formed the principal part of the furniture, beside a large mirror, and but partly covered by a dark hanging curtain was the full length skeleton of a human figure. This, with the appearance of the sage, whose white locks and beard flowed over his dark vestment, was calculated to inspire every beholder with veneration and awe.

"Child of sorrow, what fearest thou?"

"I cannot answer thee," said Mark, turning away from him.

"Then I will answer for thee; thou seekest to know thy future end, of which, already, thou seemest to have a presentiment, but now fearest to hear it."

"Thou knowest my thoughts, even to the very word," said Mark, with astonishment.

"My friend," said Michael, addressing the seer, "has suffered severely from the evil doings of others."

"It is thus with all mankind, in a greater or less degree," replied the sage.

"Tell me," said Mark, gaining confidence; "is it in thy power to read my destiny?"

"It is."

"Then unfold it," continued Mark, putting down a piece of gold.

"There is no doubt but I can and truly, too," replied the sage; "but thou must visit me when the stars are shedding their brilliancy upon the firmament, and bring with thee a friend, if thou wilt; but I will not speak in the presence of two."

Had Michael not wished to hide from Mark that he had visited the astrologer on the evening previous, he would have related to the latter the accident of the fire at his cottage; of this the sage was already cognizant, for, addressing him, he said,—

"One half hour hadst thou wasted, the life of thy friend would have paid the forfeit."

"Knowest thou the hour of thy birth?" demanded he of Mark.

"Ay, and the minute, too."

"Then take you this, and inscribe hereon thy name, and hour of thy birth."

Mark did as the astrologer had commanded, and returned the tablet. The minds of the friends seemed so deeply occupied with these events, that neither spoke a word till they had arrived at the cottage.

At length Michael demanded,—

"Dost thou not almost regret having visited the seer?"

"No—on my life I do not."

"And thou wilt return to him at the appointed hour?" asked Michael.

"I will."

"Is it thy wish that I accompany thee?"

"No, I would be alone."

"Be it so," said Michael, "and until that hour arrives, we will employ ourselves in repairing the damage of the flames."

"Thou art welcome, my son," said the astrologer, as Mark entered his domicile in the evening of the same day.

"Art thou ready?" asked the latter.

"The star of thy destiny, my son, is still overshadowed, and it requires fortitude and wisdom to overcome the rising passions till the obscurity is past."

"Canst thou not speak more explicitly? I fear not, and would hear the worst."

"I have nought to tell thee that can gladden thy heart, my son; let me, therefore, advise thee not to vex thyself with the desire of knowing what may befall thee."

"If thou art not a cheat, old man, thou wilt not hide from me the knowledge that I seek," said Mark.

"This as a proof," replied the astrologer. "Come thou hither," and drawing him to the window, at which stood a huge telescope, he desired Mark to place his eye to it, and note what he saw pass across the field of sight.

Mark immediately complied, and after remaining some minutes, exclaimed,—

"I see nothing, save a dense dark crescent, on which appears one speck of brilliant light."

"Thou seest, indeed, correctly with the natural sight; yonder pale star is the planet that presided at thy birth."

"Art thou, then, already acquainted with my destiny?" asked Mark.

"I am. Thy past life has been clouded with oppression and sufferings, as will thy future, unless thou deignest to be guided by that one bright spot upon the planet's side."

"What, then, shall I take for my guide?"

"Wisdom, my son; and if thou allowest unruly passions to conquer thee, thou wilt obscure the bright epoch of thy life, and thy death will be one of ignominy."

"Too truly do I feel the truth of what thou hast told me, old man, and as well might ye advise the hungry and roaring tigress to quit her prey, as to advise me to subject my passions. I feel—I feel," said Mark, clenching his hands, "my death will be one of ignominy; but even so, I shall be revenged."

"Alas! my son," said the old man, mournfully; "too often is it thus that mortals err, and even though they see the dangerous path that leads to destruction open before them, they will not shun the way, but rather walk on to their soul's destruction."

"You would not preach thus, old man, if ye knew what had been my sufferings."

"They are known to me, youth," replied the seer; "and man is doomed to suffer here, that he be purified for his entrance to a brighter and better sphere."

"I am lost—lost!" cried Mark. "I am doomed to be a murderer, and must perish on the scaffold."

"Thou art wrong," said Gabriel, impressively; "and even now thy future happiness or misery, lies with thine own self."



"How so?"

"Listen attentively, and follow my advice. If thou wouldst avoid evil, go not abroad to-morrow in the noon day; but in solitude seek from the giver of all good strength and power, to fight against the spirit of the evil one."

Mark answered not, but rushed from the apartment, and stayed not until he had gained the dwelling of his friend.

Michael saw with concern the excitement under which Mark Thurlow laboured, and entreated him to inform him of the cause; but his only answer was,—

"I am lost—I am lost! I shall die by the hand of the executioner! Fool that I am!" exclaimed Mark; "why do I allow myself to be guided by an old man who lives but by the superstitions of others? Why should I shut up myself here alone, when I might be enjoying the beauties of a sun-lit scene?" Thus saying, he threw around him his mantle, and left the house.

He had not, however, proceeded far, before he was confronted by the very individual, who, four years back, had taken him a prisoner before the deceased Squire Walton. Now was every sleeping passion of revenge awakened in his soul, which was heightened by the former saying,—

"So you are returned again to counsel the sons of your neighbours to become as evil as yourself."

Mark answered not, but darting at him a look of revenge deeper than words can utter, opened his vest with the intention of taking therefrom a dagger, which he had carried since the first moment he had harboured revenge within his breast; but to his amazement he found it was not there.

"Fool that I am," said Mark, "thus to have left the weapon, when I might have used it to such advantage; but I will instantly regain it," and turning, he proceeded to the cottage, where he instantly repossessed himself of the fatal knife.

"In the name of Heaven!" said Michael, who met him as he was about again to emerge from the house; "what has occasioned thee the rage which I too plainly see upon thy countenance?"

"Neither stay nor question me," said Mark; "I am in no humour to be trifled with," and so saying, he darted past him.

Vainly did Mark trace and retrace the path which he supposed the squire's emissary to have taken. His disappointment served but to heighten his rage, and brandishing the knife above him, he exclaimed,—

"Of bread or water I will not taste, until my revenge be satisfied on one of the accursed crew."

The distant and rapid sound of the clank of a horse's foot, now reached his ear, and for a few moments arrested his attention. Quickly the horse and his rider appeared in view. The spirited animal was now beyond all control, and in another instant his rider was dashed violently to the earth.

In the first impulse of his better nature, Mark approached to render his assistance to the fallen man; but suddenly starting, he exclaimed,—

"Happy moment! Now is sweet revenge mine!" And ere the fallen rider could become aware of his intention, Mark had buried the weapon in his heart.

A faint groan escaped the breast of the sufferer, who, turning his eyes upon Mark, exclaimed,—

"Villain! thou hast aimed my death blow!" and scarcely had the words escaped his lips, than the youth expired.

Conscience-stricken, Mark was about to rush from the spot; but to his horror and surprise, saw he was surrounded by the companions of the murdered man, who had hastened to stop the career of the frightened horse.

"Hold the villain prisoner!" said a man, riding from an opposite direction. "I saw him aim a deliberate blow at the fallen man."

"Yes—yes," cried Mark, "I own myself his murderer—my revenge is satisfied, and I can now triumph in having revenged the wrongs of my departed parents, on the son of their oppressor."

The body of the young squire was conveyed upon a litter to his residence, while the ill-fated Mark Thurlow was dragged by the infuriated companions of the squire, to await his doom in the pestilential air of a lonesome dungeon.

We will draw a curtain over the horrid scene of a young and misguided man being thrust into eternity, by giving loose to unbridled passion, despite the warning that had been given him, and advise our young readers ever to bear in mind, however deep the injury he may receive at another hand, that it is written punishment is not ours, and that every action, evil or good, sooner or later, meets its just reward; and further, that by learning to subdue our evil and wayward passions, that no never dark may appear our destiny, there will be sure to remain one bright spot upon our planet's disc, which, if we obscure not, will expand to cheer us on our earthly pilgrimage, and light us to a happier land.

## HENRY MORLEY;

### OR, THE SACRIFICE.

"You refuse me this favour—this assistance that I require; do you know the necessity that now presses me? did you do so, you would relent,—you would grant what I want,—you would indeed, save me from the abyss of misery and crime on which I stand."

"I have it not!—you ask what I cannot give. Your fate is in your own hands; besides, do you think I would give from my hard earnings to assist you in continuing a course of debauchery? What claim have you— you who confess yourself without means,—to beg thus of me to give you money to sacrifice in paying what you call debts of honour?—debts and brands of dishonour. I call them marks of extravagance, which will never be effaced. I tell you, Henry Morley, that I have not that which you seek; I have no more to say,—begone!"

"Begone!" returned Morley, in a bitter tone. "Aye! it was not thus once. You were my father's favoured friend; he forgot not you on his death-bed: you are now in the enjoyment of the far greater portion of his wealth. You know best how you came by it—I have lost all that you gained—I have lost all!"

"But whose fault was it, that you lost anything yourself? Your idle habits, your disinclination to work, and your inclination for bad and dissolute company, have brought you to ruin; and now you seek to draw me into your own destruction; but I will have nothing in common with you. Once more, begone!"

"Sordid wretch! the day will come when you will dearly repent this usage."

"It would be here at once had I acted otherwise; but I am too prudent to be deceived by thy shallow artifices."

"I wished not to deceive you; had I done so, I should have come to you with a smooth face and a scripture quotation, and doubtless it would have had its effect."

"Enough! let us end this scene; falsehood and folly are companions. I can do nothing for you. You must endure your misfortunes with calmness."

"Thanks for your advice—it is valuable; but be assured of one thing, that the day will come when you will bitterly repent of this conduct. Till next we meet—farewell!"

So saying, the young man left the room in which he had been sitting in company with the friend of his late father, Charles Kingsby; a man somewhat older than himself.

Henry Morley was the only son of a respectable and wealthy man; indeed, he was the only child. His father doted on him, and watched him with more than a father's care during his infancy. His mother died before he was a year old. Left to the care of menials, he had liked to have been brought up in ignorance of his parent, except such knowledge of him as might be gained by a kind of state visit, which was permitted by the father, who bestowed every attention on him; but as he grew older, his father gradually became interested in his son.

He was, at a proper age, sent to school, where he showed quick rather than great abilities, yet careful cultivation, and the society of his father, had done much towards the youth's benefit. His father had well endeavoured to impress the youth with a true notion of honour and justice, and he believed that he had succeeded to his wishes, when he was suddenly called to his account in Heaven, and the son was left to his own guidance before he was quite seventeen.

This was the age at which he required the aid of a father's advice, a father's care, and a father's control. The consequence was, he ran into all kinds of wild extravagancies, which a youth of his age could be supposed guilty of, when he was countenanced by bad company and depraved companions.

Mr. Morley had in his early career been in difficulties; he had been on the brink of ruin, and was on the point of being dragged to a prison, and it would have been so, but for the interposition of Kingsby, who relieved his distress, and snatched him from prison. He did more, for by his misfortune and imprudence, he had no means of earning the means of his existence, and Kingsby immediately offered him some terms for any employment, saying that he should remain so only long enough to suit himself, but if either he or any of his friends should chance to light upon anything that would do better for him he should be glad to help him to it.

From this sprang up a friendship between the two. Morley continued to serve Kingsby for nearly two years, when a chance of again retrieving his shattered fortune occurred. A relative died and left him a few hundreds; with this and a little more, lent him by Kingsby, he once more entered business and became fortunate.

Fortune is proverbially precarious, and when we think we have her fast, she suddenly flies away, and reposes in the arms of another. This



was precisely the case with the two friends, for the new efforts of Morley were successful beyond his most sanguine expectations, and he was in the immediate prospect of shortly making a handsome competency.

"A few years," he would say, "will render all as I could have wished. I shall then have made good all my losses. I will never spend a life in drudgery and the mere acquisition of wealth—but leave it when I have enough, and will repay the obligation I am under to Kingsby."

Kingsby himself was fast approaching that depth of misfortune which he had assisted his friend, but a few months before, to escape from. His pride and arrogance, and the desire to be thought a wealthy man, induced him to conceal the real state of his affairs from any one. Great was the surprise of Morley when he was informed of his friend's ruin, and he knew nothing more about it than strangers did.

He immediately sought Kingsby out, and offered all he possessed, but it was rejected, on the ground that his debts were too extensive to be liquidated by any effort of the kind. He gave up all to his creditors, and was compelled for a time to receive assistance from Morley, until he had completely extricated himself, which was a work of some time and difficulty; but it was done, and he received his certificate of his bankruptcy.

This done, with Morley's assistance he was once more in trade, but he could not do more than support himself and family; that is, his wife and child, a daughter as beautiful as the freshness of morning, and, unlike his father, she was as gentle and free from selfishness as an angel.

For some years there had been an acquaintance between these two, Henry and Emma. They had grown up in each others society, and were much attached to each other. Emma was exceedingly beautiful, but her beauty was exceeded by the goodness of her disposition, which was amiable and generous, and her accomplishments were not trifling or few, though she seldom displayed them before strangers, but were made use of only to amuse her friends.

Henry saw this beautiful flower, and felt a passion rise in his breast, but which he for a long time either subdued or guided. He saw she was beautiful, and more than that, she possessed better qualities than those of the miad.

Mr. Morley at this time died, but had for the last twelve months been very intimate with Kingsby, and at his death he left him, for some unexplained reason, the far greater portion of his wealth. Henry was amazed at this, for he could not divine the reason of his father's behaviour, unless he supposed that his feelings of friendship were stronger than his paternal love for his own child, a thing he never thought of until this occasion. Strange thoughts ran in his head, and startling visions floated before his mind as he lay thinking of the past, and trying to foresee the future.

There was an estrangement between young Morley and his father's friend, for he felt sure he was wronged, though the precise nature or amount was unknown, and impossible to find out. He saw not even Emma, for when once the idea had possession of his mind, that he was robbed, he condemned unjustly the whole family for the fault of one.

With the little property that came to him, he knew not what to do; he had no adviser, nor was he of age to take counsel, had it been offered him.

He then ran into all kinds of excess. He went with several young men who were that way inclined, and who would willingly afford their countenance and assistance to one in a similar situation to young Morley. Thus it was, that in the space of about three years, he had spent every farthing of his patrimony, and was left penniless; nay, worse, he was indebted to those very men who had helped to dissipate the fortune he first possessed. Like hungry wolves they, after they had satiated themselves, tore their victim limb from limb.

The unfortunate youth was dunned for money, which was due only to those to whom he owed what they termed debts of honour, and for which he could not bear being asked, because they were due to his former friends and companions, the men who had played and won from him, and who had feasted upon his bounty.

He had now imbibed a passion for play, that fatal malady, which the more it is indulged in, the more the mind hankers after its accustomed stimulus, which leads to undefinable misery. To satisfy this insatiate desire, he determined to make an appeal to Kingsby and see if he would befrend him in his extremity. If he did, he would recover all he had lost—pay all he owed, and then begin the world afresh. Thus he promised himself to regain his position.

There were many things to be considered first, and he had not yet made the application to Kingsby. He set about it immediately, and the reader knows the result. He left the house, vowing the most awful acts of revenge; he took a solemn oath that he would seek a horrible revenge upon him, though he knew not what to think of. At some moments he thought that sudden violence might succeed best, and then he could make his way to France with all haste.

While these thoughts occupied his mind, he suddenly encountered Miss Kingsby; accustomed to greet him with pleasure, she could not help feeling gay at seeing him, and went up offering her hand, saying—

"Well, Henry, I thought we were never to see you any more. Will you not come in? You are not about to leave us so soon."

"Indeed I am, Emma, and as to going in, I will never do so any more."

"Mercy on us! what has been the matter, Henry? You alarm me; I hope you have not had any quarrel with my father?"

"Yes I have, Emma."

"How! is it possible? what could it be about? you cannot be serious," she exclaimed, much surprised and annoyed.

"I requested his assistance to help me out of my present difficulties, but he refused me."

"I know not how it could be, Henry, but you know best. I hope, however, you will not leave us thus in anger; indeed you must not leave us at all."

"I must, Emma; I shall never enter your father's house more. You could not wish me to go where I knew I was not welcome; indeed, where I have been bidden to leave."

"Is it so? Nay, I can scarcely credit my senses; but let me beg of you not to leave this place yet,—let me inquire the cause of all this, and see if I cannot find a way to reconcile you both to each other."

There appeared to be a sudden thought which lit up Henry's countenance. He gazed on Emma with a smile of triumph, and after a moment's pause, said in a calm tone:—

"No Emma; I will not leave this part of the country, as you wish it; but not for that purpose: to seek a reconciliation would be to appear to seek again the assistance he has denied me, to enter the door he has shut against me. No, no, Emma, I cannot do that; and yet, till this moment I never knew I loved. You, Emma, who have been my early companion, my only friend,—if I am denied by your father, and deserted in my hour of adversity by all the world, yet I hope the last, best friend I have—you, dear Emma, will not turn your back against me?"

"Oh, no Henry, no! I will not; indeed, I could not; you are too dear to me ever to act so basely."

As the lovely, confiding girl said these words, her face glowed with the eloquent blood, and her eyes sparkled with animation, and she held out her hand to him. He took it, and pressing it to his lips, retained it in his grasp with a gentle pressure of his own.

"Do you, dear Emma, take an interest in the forlorn and deserted Henry? I believed I was despised by all, but, thanks to Heaven, you still remain true to me."

Their conversation continued some time, and each moment it became more critical, and more tender, but yet Emma shrunk not from avowing her attachment for Henry. Perhaps his immediate distress caused her to be more candid and explicit than she would have been had he been otherwise situated. She was willing, too, to keep her lover from leaving the place immediately, but she could not do so unless she would give him some hope.

But what was young Morley's intention; a man of broken fortune and dissolute habits? They were the worst that man could conceive. He determined to injure the father through the child. His desire for revenge was strong, and so was his love for Emma; but revenge at length triumphed over love, though not without a desperate struggle between conflicting passions. He had settled his scheme—he had determined that his own love and Emma's should be the victim of his deadly passion. "Oh! nature,—how deformed thou art in thy workings."

He agreed to meet her next day, and, in the meantime, he was compelled to be hid from the view of his "companions,"—"friends" I will not call them, because they are not so, and at night he strolled out to enjoy the evening breeze, and meet Emma. From her he learned that her father had forbidden her to name him in his presence again.

Exasperated at this act, his eyes glared with unnatural lustre when he looked on Emma. He conjured she would not forget him—that she would love him, nor ever desert him; if she did he was a lost man; he had no desire to live after; she was the only tie that bound him to earth. He pressed her to his bosom,—kissed her lips, and could scarcely be induced to let her leave him.

Emma was rather surprised at this behaviour, but laid it all to the disturbed state of his mind; and she feared to repulse him, lest, in his present state, he should think it meant more than there was any intention of expressing by the act.

She met him often, and their discourse was of love, and a repetition of old protestations, but which they felt pleasure in repeating.

One evening Henry was to meet her near the usual spot—near a wood. He was not there as usual, and she waited a long time, and at length began to despair of seeing him. What could be the cause of his absence? It was now one hour behind the usual time. At one moment she imagined that some fatal accident had occurred, and he was perhaps dying; then again she thought he was taken by the officers for debt,



and thrown into prison, from which he could not get released; he would be obliged to spend the remainder of his life in a dreary prison. The thought caused her to shudder, and a tear fell from her eye.

At this moment her face lit up with an expression of joy, and she almost clapped her hands in the enthusiasm of the moment; the change of hopes and fears was so sudden in her breast, that she could not help showing by her actions how much pleasure she felt as she saw Henry coming up the path towards her. He was walking very fast, and appeared heated.

"Emma," he said, as he approached her, "I have kept you waiting long but I could not help it; I was fearful I should not be able to come to bid you farewell."

"Bid me a farewell, Henry, what can you mean? You are surely not going to leave me, are you?" she said, with a tremulous voice.

"Let us not say anything here, my love, for fear I may be watched. I will tell you all."

They moved swiftly to another place. Entering the wood, they moved along the thickest and most tangled part; and in a short time found themselves in an open space of but a few square yards: seating himself on a mossy bank beneath a large tree, he signed to Emma to do so too. She sat down beside him, but with a feeling of undefined dread, and she could not help sighing; it relieved her breast, and she said—

"Tell me, Henry, what can all this mean, and why do you appear thus? you have something which hangs heavy on your mind.—Why seek this retired spot; and what is the meaning of your ominous words which you uttered when you first met me?"

"You shall know all, dear Emma, as I said; but now, I fear I am watched; but they will not find me now."

"What do you mean, Henry? Tell me at once; this suspense is dreadful. I can bear real and known misfortunes, but not an undefined dread of them."

"You know, Emma, I am in debt—greatly in debt, beyond my means of payment; my creditors know this, and have taken the means which they think will be effectual, to compel my friends—alas! I have none but you—to extricate me from my difficulties, by seizing me and imprisoning me. I have been informed of this, and the dread of a prison is so great, that I fancy every one knows me, and every one is an officer entrusted with the writ for my capture. I have suffered the most terrible agony these last few hours. I must leave this place, Emma,—I cannot stay—it would be destruction to stop."

"Whither would you go?" inquired Emma, in a subdued and gentle voice.

"Alas! I know not where to fly! If I stay here, I shall be thrown into gaol, and if I go elsewhere, I must meet destruction; without friends, without money, or the means of obtaining any, I shall perish for want. What to do I know not; I have but one way of extricating myself."

"And what is that?"

"I must either enter the army or navy—a marching regiment, or a vessel must be my fate."

"Oh, Henry, cannot anything be done? Cannot you obtain some employment? However poor it may be, it will be better than that."

"But I should never have it in my power to wed thee. Were it not for you, Emma, I would not exist another day."

"For Heaven's sake, talk not thus; as you value my love, live for me. What though years should elapse, I shall be the same; if you are true to me, you need fear no change in me."

"I ought not to take your promises, Emma, for I am binding you to a falling man; but I have not the power to cast you off; my love is too strong, not too selfish. What course shall I pursue? I am too wretched to determine."

They conversed a long time, and thought of many projects; the time flew by, and soon the hour for parting came. Henry had to bid adieu to his Emma. They then lay, locked in each others embrace, on the mossy bank, their hearts too full to utter a word, and that dread word was the hardest they had to pronounce.

They parted; Henry bore his almost insensible burden through the wood, and conveyed her to her home. His purpose was effected,—his revenge was complete. After this event, they often met at the same place, and indulged in their criminal passion. Poor Emma was lost beyond redemption. Henry saw it, and his heart smote him; and he repented that he had doomed one so young, so innocent, so beautiful, and so confiding, to destruction, to complete his revenge for supposed injury to himself.

Their secret could now no longer be kept, and Emma's altered shape and tearful eye told of the sad fate that awaited her. To complete the measure of his revenge, he again awaited upon Kingsby, and begged his assistance. But this was refused in a cold and insulting tone. Exasperated at this conduct, the young man produced his purse, which was filled with gold, and showed that he had more about him, saying—

"I came only to try you; I want not your assistance; your avarice,

however, has its own reward. To-night I leave this country, and in a few days you will find that my revenge has been completed, that I have punished your hardness of heart; you know not what I mean, but you will soon. Adieu! remember me on the first stroke of misfortune, and think you see me with the smile of satisfaction on my lips,—I sacrifice my love to my revenge."

So saying, the young man left the house, and that night he set sail for a foreign country, never to see his native land more.

A few days more, Emma was taken ill,—she had missed her lover,—she knew not that he was gone, for he took no leave of her. She sickened at the thought, and was unable to hold up any longer; her grief brought her on a premature bed of sickness, and then old Kingsby became aware of the extent of his misfortune. He tore his hair, and wept, he vented the most horrid imprecations, but suddenly he stopped, for he thought he heard the laugh of triumph proceeding from the lips of Henry Morley.

This was too much; he rushed frantically forward as if to seize him, but he found nothing to oppose him, and he fell headlong down the stairs, and when taken up he was found insensible. He never recovered, but was buried in the same grave with his daughter, whose gentle spirit sunk under such an accumulation of dreadful misfortunes.

## MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight—hark, the deep-toned bell  
Sends forth its knell,  
The day's farewell.

Silence profound now reigns thorough  
The mazy streets.

Time has cut down another day;  
Death's busy here,  
With sigh and tear

He wields his dart and will not stay.

'Tis midnight—sounds of revelry,  
Of mirth and glee,  
And minstrelsy,  
Come echoing thro' the rich man's hall,  
Borne on the breeze.

Strange contrast to the wail and cry,  
The heart's despair,  
The bitter tear,  
The grief of those who fear to die.

'Tis midnight—what an hour to think  
Of life's great link,  
The churchyard's brink,  
Where tottering age and buoyant youth  
Are last'ning fast.

The proud, the bitter, and the vain,  
The blushing bride,  
The father's pride,  
All following in the grim King's train.

'Tis midnight—beautiful and bright—  
Oh, what a sight,  
Heav'n's starry light;  
Creation lock'd in silence deep,  
How stillness reigns.

All sleep—not all. How many a hind,  
With anxious brow,  
Is plotting now  
To death—a future's judgment blind.

'Tis midnight—let us all to prayer.  
Death may not here  
Bring sigh or tear;

But Heaven's watcher o'er us keeps  
His guardian eye.  
For who is there on earth can say,  
When on the bed  
He lays his head,

If he shall see the coming day?

SELIA.

A necessary part of good manners is a punctual observance of time at our own dwellings, or those of others, or at their places, whether upon matters of civility, business, or diversion. If you duly observe time for the service of another, it doubles the obligation; if upon your own account, it would be manifest folly as well as ingratitude, to neglect it; if both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior to attend on you to his own disadvantage, is pride and injustice.



## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CONDITIONS OF LIBERTY.

LETOUR found no alleviation of his exceedingly unpleasant situation for many hours. As the perverse fates would have it, when a messenger was at last induced to go to the merchant's for him, Mr. Leighton was not at home; and although Scalvoni was well aware of the situation of the unfortunate Letour, he was too much gratified at it to feel the least desire to bestow upon him even the comfort of a visit for a considerable length of time. The consequence was, that the whole of that day elapsed without the truly wretched creole finding one solitary ray of consolation in his affliction.

Letour's was not the sort of mind to be supported by a consciousness of innocence through any trial. Alas, no! His mental construction was of a widely different character; and he would far rather have been guilty of stealing the merchant's purse on the seat of the Royal Exchange, and not found out, than he as he was—innocent, and yet loaded with the consequence of guilt.

The night he passed was one truly miserable. His protestations of innocence were received by the officials of the prison with cool indifference, and his fellow-prisoners merely nodded and said,—

"Stick to that. It can't do any harm, if it can't do any good. Stick to it like a brick."

He, therefore, found sympathy nowhere, and, finally, he shrunk into a corner, and abandoned himself completely to his own painful reflections. He thought himself deserted by all the world; and although he never for one moment suspected the real part which Scalvoni had in his incarceration, on the false charge which had been brought against him, yet he could not but reflect with bitterness upon how much gratified he, Scalvoni, would be at the mishap into which he had fallen.

"Shall I denounce him and Leighton," he asked himself, "for the frauds of which I know they have been guilty, and so have my revenge on some one? Alas! what good would it do me to accuse them? On the contrary, it would gain me sympathy with no one, and prevent me, of course, from receiving any assistance from Mr. Leighton. Even should I be sentenced to imprisonment for this offence, which is so falsely laid to my charge, its rigour may be eased by money, and where is that money to come from, but from Mr. Leighton?"

Thus reasoned Letour, and he found himself, what he really was—a baffled villain, without one of the resources of a just and noble mind to turn to in the hour of his persecution and affliction.

The morning dawned, and Letour had tasted of no repose—eat he could not, and the coarse meal offered to him was speedily devoured by his less scrupulous prison associates, who began to look upon him with great contempt.

About ten o'clock there came a turnkey into the wretched room where the prisoners breakfasted, and Letour heard his name called, in loud, rough accents. He sprang forward, exclaiming,—

"Who wants me? Is it Mr. Leighton?"

"It may be the devil, for all I know," growled the turnkey, "and for all I care, too. Follow me, will you, and don't stand staring there, like a stuck pig."

Letour followed his conductor, and was led into a small room, with a very dim, borrowed light, where the first person his eye fell upon was Scalvoni, who had placed his back to the small window in the room, in order, still more than art could do, to conceal the pleased expression of his features from his victim.

Scalvoni was a man of subtle intellect, and it formed no part of his plans ever to drive anybody to extremities, as long as it was possible to temporize with them to any sort of advantage. He did not wish to make Letour so desperate, by getting him transported, as might possibly induce a confession from him of the frauds practised by the firm of Leighton and Co., merely from wantonness at being himself made so cruelly the dupe of fortune. He knew well that in misfortune, whether merited or otherwise, many persons find their dearest, if not their only consolation, in pulling down as many others to their own level as they can. Hence, he would not aggravate Letour overmuch.

By the dim light of the apartment, he saw in a moment that the proceeding of the last twenty-four hours had produced a stupendous effect upon the mind of the creole—an effect which was sufficiently manifest in his sunken eye and pallid cheek. Scalvoni was the first to speak, and he did so in a low tone, which conveyed in it something like reproach.

"Well, Letour," he said, "I have come to see you, and it is indeed with great regret I find you in this painful condition."

"I am innocent, Mr. Scalvoni, I am innocent," said Letour. "Is there any oath I can take, which more than another, in its deep solemnity, will convince you of my innocence?"

"It is of no use convincing me," said Scalvoni, with a shake of the head; "I have not your fate in my hands. The evidence against you is so conclusive and complete that when I detailed it as I did to a legal friend, upon whom I called on my route hither, he said it would be a perfect farce to attempt to defend you. You will do well, Letour, to plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the judge who presides at your trial."

"But, I am innocent," groaned Letour. "Oh! Mr. Scalvoni, can nothing be done for me?"

"Nothing."

"And so I am to be sacrificed. Curses on the whole world—curses—curses. I will be revenged on society, as far as I can, individually and collectively. I have secrets in my possession, as you well know, Mr. Scalvoni, that will involve some people in ruin."

"Is this the way to excite my sympathy and incite my compassion?" remarked Scalvoni. "Unhappy young man—while I am racking my brains to return to you good for evil, and find out some means of benefiting you, you are talking to me of what you suppose you can do to injure me; but who will believe anything you say under your present circumstances? Beware, Letour, how you injure yourself still further by destroying all sympathy with your condition."

"I am a desperate man," said Letour.

"And as such have not much judgment. Listen to me. There is but one solitary, meagre chance of rescuing you from your present wretched condition."

"A chance! Is there a chance? Name it, Scalvoni. Oh! name it. You have given me new life by your words. So there is a chance, my good sir?"

"Letour, tell me. What do you expect should be my feelings at seeing you so soon after you had threatened me out of money, and announced your kind intention of being a pest to me as long as I lived on the eve of transportation?"

"Have your revenge," muttered Letour; "I will have mine."

"No, I came not here for revenge, but to serve you. I have said there is a chance for your escape. That chance consists in inducing the Hamburg merchant, who says you have robbed him, not to appear against you on your trial, but to forfeit his recognisances and so ensure your acquittal."

"Can that be done—can that be done?"

"I know not, for I never saw the man. Nevertheless, it can be attempted. It will cost money, and you must not only refund the hundred pounds you have already had of me, but you must make conditions which shall ensure me from your future demands."

Letour groaned aloud as he thus found how fleeting had been all his gay visions of independence—upon how sandy and frail a foundation he had built the prospect of his future fortunes.

"Do you consent?" said Scalvoni.

"I am helpless. Save me from the horrors of my present situation, and I swear never again to molest you."

"Swearing won't do," said Scalvoni, calmly. "You must write, as I addressed to me, to solicit mine, and Mr. Leighton's mercy, a full confession as if you, and you alone, had been guilty of all the forgeries with which you charge us, so that it shall truly appear under your own hand that we have been your dupes, and we shall only, in the event of your imprudently saying anything on the subject, incur the blame of not denouncing you; and from that we will excuse ourselves by saying that with a fine and noble principle of honesty, we wished first to replace all the forged bonds and securities held by different parties with real ones, so that we should get much praise."

"And—and—I—"

"Would be hung."

Letour shuddered.

"Yes, hung," repeated Scalvoni. "Do you embrace the terms?"

"I shall be wholly in your power."

"Utterly and entirely."

"By Heaven, Scalvoni, I begin to suspect that this whole affair is a deep and desperate scheme of your own conceiving."

"You may suspect what you like. Good day to you—your suspicions will not save you from transportation. You are bent upon leaving England at the expense of the government, I see."

"No, no, no, Scalvoni; stay yet a moment; I will take any oath you please, never again to molest you for money, if you will, as something seems to tell me you can, induce the foreign merchant not to prosecute, but I dare not sign such a paper as you propose. 'Tis too terrible, and I am innocent, besides, of the charge laid to me."

"As you please. Do not sign it; farewell, my time is very precious;



but do not imagine that you have revenge in your hands yet, for when I leave here I go direct to the Lord Mayor, and with apparent consternation, inform him of the whole of the forgeries, accusing you of them, an accusation which will have some weight under your present circumstances. True, the house of Leighton and Co. will become bankrupt, but then Mr. Leighton and myself will get our certificates, I dare say, in time to see you hung. You may struggle and writhle, Letour; you may curse and you may storm, but you are—unless you adopt the terms I propose, and from which I will not flinch one fraction—a doomed man."

"Scalvoni, Scalvoni, have you no mercy?"

"Plenty—I am made up of the very milk of human kindness. Only think how full of mercy is my errand to you now. Your mind has become vitiated by your imprisonment, and you do not see things in their proper light, Letour."

"I see that I am conquered, but ——"

"But what? Go on."

"No matter—no matter."

"Very good; you are determined to be transported, are you?"

"No, no—relent. Some other alternative surely may be found not so terrible as the one you propose. Only consider, Scalvoni, to what an abject condition you could reduce me."

"Of course I could; good day."

"Stop yet a moment—let me think—give me till to-morrow."

"Not an hour—not another minute. Life and liberty you have on the one hand, while the other presents you with nothing but despair and death. Do such things require reflection? Are you mad, Letour?"

Scalvoni moved towards the door, but Letour crawled after him, and in abject tones, said—

"Relent—relent; leave me and trust to my word—my oath."

"Fool!" cried Scalvoni; "were you sincere you would do as I propose. For the last time, I tell you, I would not trust to a thousand oaths, each calling down upon your head the awfullest maledictions if you broke them."

"I—I have no choice then—I must consent."

"Very well. Here is a written confession. You are allowed pen and ink here, and you can copy it and sign it at once, so that I may leave here with a resolve to rescue you from your degrading position."

"So soon must I do it?"

"Now or never."

With a look of despair, mingled with such wrathful and demoniac feelings as were almost sufficient to destroy his intellect, Letour did copy and sign the document Scalvoni had prepared, and then the latter left the prison with a smile upon his face, such as Satan himself might have worn at the successful impeachment of a human soul.

"To the Jew's now—to the Jew's," he muttered; "all is as it should be."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### THE MEETING AT THE JEW'S.—THE STRANGE COMPANY.—A NIGHT'S ADVENTURES.

THAT same night, as eleven o'clock pealed forth from the sonorous bell of St. Paul's, Scalvoni entered the house of the Jew, with whom he had conspired for the now wretched and humiliated Letour.

It was dark, and he could not, for some time, find the entrance by which he could at all times have access to the Jew; but he made the signal, and was soon admitted by the Hebrew himself, whose piercing eyes at once recognised Scalvoni, before the latter could recognise, or even see the dusky form that stood in the passage attentively regarding him.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Jew; but in so low and noiseless a tone, that it appeared but as the dying echoes of some more distant sound. "Come in—come in, Master Scalvoni. 'Tis an uncomfortable night, and it's ill talking in the cold, and filling other people's ears."

"Ah! you are there, are you?" replied Scalvoni, who had been endeavouring to pierce the darkness, and had just contrived to discern the form of the speaker. "This is an admirable place; any one would have some difficulty in getting out, much less in getting in."

"He! he! he! I should think so; it has been used for many purposes before now, I promise you, and I dare say it will again."

"Ay, if you have it, I will be sworn," replied Scalvoni, as he followed his conductor through the passage, and down stairs to the vaults below, where Scalvoni had been taken on his first interview with his companion.

The place was somewhat differently set out: large shutters and boardings were placed before the windows, and some heavy diaper, that passed for curtains, hung before them, so that no particle of light could be seen, and no sound reach the street.

Scalvoni saw this and more; but yet he said nothing about it to the Jew, though he was much surprised at all he saw. They approached a fire near the other end of the vaults, which ran back in a large recess;

it looked, indeed, like a wine cellar, with the walls knocked down to enlarge the room.

"Well," said the Jew, "was it not cleverly managed—cleverly done?"

"It was," said Scalvoni, "well done, and it has succeeded, and that is the best test of cleverness, you know. I come now to speak to you about the affair."

"Ay," continued the Jew, "I employ none but first-rate artists—no—no bunglers. I pay good prices, and expect the work done well; besides that, they are obliged to look out sharp, else they'd be caught, and the consequences would be too heavy to be lightly met."

"I have seen this Letour," said Scalvoni. "He is now in a state of humiliation and fear."

"Good reason," said the Jew; "good reason, too. There's no escape for him—no escape at all; the Hainburgh merchant did the business, eh? He! he! he!"

"Yes, he did the business," replied Luke, with a sneer; "but he is an old hand, you know. The pitcher that oft goes to the well—you understand?"

"Oh, yes," said the Jew, his black eyes apparently trembling with delight. "Oh, yes; but that is nothing to us, you know. I never make any friendships, you see, and so I have no outraged feelings—no sore points, or troublesome delicacies, you see. Mine are all business connections, and hence I have no trouble. I am, you see, Master Scalvoni, my own particular friend, and nobody else's."

"I see, I see—a very good plan, doubtless; but I know more than one who could say as much for themselves," sneered Scalvoni; "but I wish to speak about this affair. I wish the prosecutor to be kept out of the way."

"Eh?" said the Jew.

"I wish the prosecutor not to be forthcoming when called upon, so that Letour may be discharged from gaol."

"And have you good reason for doing this?" said the Jew. "You are not soft-hearted—you have not yielded to solicitations and tears?"

"Solicitations and tears would affect me as they would you, or those walls, for I believe we are alike, so far as softness of heart is concerned. No, I have other motives. This man may be useful to me, and hence the reason of my requiring the prosecutor to be out of the way—this can be done."

"Yes, yes," replied the Jew; "so we will consider this matter at an end then. What's the next piece of business I can do for you?"

"I have no other at present; should I do so, be sure I will not forget you."

"No," said the Jew, "very few do that. I am too strict in my dealings to leave them anything to be dissatisfied with me. Was it not cleverly done, and didn't my lord mayor, who knew everything, feel satisfied? He! he! he!"

"Yes, your merchant did his part very well, and imposed upon his lordship terribly," said Scalvoni, with a short laugh.

"He! he! he!" laughed the Jew, "we can always do a lord mayor; they are so grand for a twelvemonth, that they forget all save their own dignity, which is a heavy affair after all. I do think it would be no difficult or impossible task to transport even my lord mayor himself if I chose. He! he! he! Who has got most power, I wonder, my lord mayor in his stone house, or I in my brick one?"

"You have to be sure," replied Scalvoni; "the lord mayor couldn't get up a case against you very well, and get you could against him."

"Yes, yes; but, Scalvoni, I am a-going to give a bit of a supper here to-night, will you stay and take some with me?"

"I care not," replied Scalvoni, carelessly; "but I see you have increased your accommodations wonderfully. I knew not that this place could afford such conveniences for guests."

"Yes," said the Jew; "a place like this is easily furnished, and no noise reaches the ears of the neighbours. Nobody knows what is going on."

"Will your guests be numerous?"

"They will. Won't you make one of them?"

"Ay; but tell me whom they are?"

"They are all my agents whom I employ upon various occasions, such as I have performed for you; but there are many of all sorts who cannot be thus employed, but are nevertheless useful in their way. There's nothing that I can't get done."

"You are clever man," said Scalvoni, "and I would make the acquaintance of these friends of yours, if I could do so easily; but I am unwilling to be recognized by any of them."

"Exactly, exactly," said the Jew; "but it is a hard case if I could not prevent that—here, I'll lend you some clothes that will alter your outward shape not a little."

Saying thus, the Jew took from a cupboard some singular looking articles, and at the same time he desired Scalvoni to divest himself of his coat and vest, and placed them with his hat in the same place.

"Here," he said, "put on these things; we often have occasion for



such contrivances as these—they will make it difficult for any one to know you again, I'll warrant."

"Ay, but these people will be aware that I am not what I seem to be—they are used to this kind of thing and will soon detect me."

"Not they," replied the Jew; "they will not expect to see any one as they see you—in disguise—so it will appear real, and besides you needn't appear too virtuous and honourable."

"Oh, no, no!" replied Scalvoni. "I have not so much of that commodity that I can afford to throw it away on such occasions."

"Here, take this patch, and then you will be complete. Your own mother would not know her own son."

"Very likely," said Scalvoni, with an imperceptible curl of the lip. "And now, where shall I place myself until the company arrive?"

"Oh! I'll place you by yourself until they are all here, and then you can come in without being noticed by any one."

An hour had nearly elapsed by a small clock that chimed the hour and quarters, which stood in the little closet or room where he waited, and during that period he could hear stealthy steps descending the stairs one after another; and after he had waited there in silence for some time, the noise ceased altogether.

The Jew now came to the closet, and said, in a low voice,—

"Don't take any notice of what you may see or hear, but quietly take your seat near me, and nothing will be said to you."

Following the Jew, he was, for a few seconds, completely dazzled by the glare of light—he could see nothing, though he could feel the warmth and oppression of the place.

When he was fairly in, and the Jew had placed him by his side at a table, he began to look about him, and then he noticed the medley of men that surrounded him.

The tables were all spread for a great number, and no vacant seats were left—the supper was served, and all were seated—busily engaged in the main occupation of the night.

It was considerably past midnight—and then the orgies had scarcely begun.

"What think you of my guests?" whispered the Jew to Scalvoni.

"Do you mean to say that you have all these people in your pay and employment?" inquired Scalvoni, incredulously.

"Not always, and not all; no, no, they procure their living how they can—that's not difficult, for they are sharp, shrewd men, who seldom long require the necessaries of existence ere they can procure them."

"Then how comes it they are so often dependent upon you—or how is it they cannot obtain sufficient to enable them to live at their ease?"

"Aye, they could do so if they had the mind, but you see they are reckless of expense, and eat and drink of the best, and consequently, all they get goes as freely as water, and hence not one of them but will die in want and wretchedness."

"The fate of fools," remarked Scalvoni.

"Yes, yes, that's true," said the Jew; "we can't give them wisdom if we give them money; 'tis their business to spend, eh?"

"True, true," said Scalvoni. "You have all sorts, I perceive."

"Yes; some to imitate the merchant tradesman and mechanic—we have occasion for all at times, and as occasion serves; and very seldom do they fail in their work, and when they get paid they remain in a state of drunkenness till their money is gone, and then they are ready slaves."

Scalvoni now bent his eyes upon the disorderly mass of men. All the variety of expression of feature that could be imagined, from the apparent frank and honest countenance to the low cunning of the vulgar, and also different degrees of brutality, could be traced by the expression only.

At this moment a small bell was rung, and the tables were quickly uncovered, and the guests were left to amuse themselves as they thought proper.

As usual, on these occasions, a chairman was chosen and installed, and the amusements were subject to his control, any one being amenable to his orders.

They were plentifully supplied with liquors, and a strict injunction was given to them to abstain from intoxication, as being productive of much mischief, and, perhaps, make them amenable to the laws.

The conversation now passed round the tables, and many a joke was uttered, which was rapturously received, but at length the chairman was called upon for a song or a tale.

"A song, gentleman!" said the person called upon; "I never sang a song in my life, and couldn't do it now, but if a tale would be agreeable I will do something in that way to please you."

"What is it? what is it?" said several.

"An anecdote; I can't sing, and I will tell you an anecdote, which I think will amuse you more."

(To be continued in our next.)

## SCOTTISH PLOUGHING IN SUSSEX.

A Scottish gentleman, in the Lothians, sent one of Small's ploughs as a present to an agricultural friend in Sussex, and dispatched with it a stout, active, intelligent young ploughman, named Sandy Penny, to instruct the peasants on his Sussex friend's farm in the mode of using this valuable implement. Sandy began his labours, but found that, when his master was not present, his instructions were received with contempt; and himself, his plough, and his country, treated with scorn and derision.

For a time he bore meekly all the taunts of his fellow-servants; but Sandy was not a philosopher, for his patience became exhausted, and he resolved to lay his case before his new master, and request permission to return home.

"What are your grievances, Alexander?" said his master.

"T' weel, sar," replied Sandy, "they are mair tha' mortal man can put up wi'. No that I have any objection to yourself, and na muckle to the kintra, for I'm no sic a colt as prefer the sour east wuns that meet us as the skeigh of day on our bare leas, to the soft south waters, and loun enclosures here; but yer folks, sur, are perfect deevils, and keep tormenting me like a bank o' harried wasps. In short, sur, I am maist demented sick of the place, and I just, wi' your wul, wish to gae hame." Here Sandy made his best bow.

"But we must not," said his master, "allow ourselves to be beaten off the field so easily. Pray, Alexander, have you ever tried your powers at boxing?"

"As for that," replied Sandy, "I'm no muckle used to fetching, but I doubt nae I could gie as gude as I got."

"Well," rejoined his master, "I will give you a crown piece, if you give the first person who insults you a hearty box on the ear."

Sandy, for a few seconds, consulted the physiognomy of his master's countenance, and having satisfied himself that he was in earnest, replied, "Weel, weel, sur, wi' yer leave, I'll try my han';" and scraping his foot on the ground as he made his bow, he withdrew with a determination to reduce his master's precepts into practice.

An opportunity soon occurred, and Sandy Penny gave his antagonist a good drubbing, to his heart's content. This acted like a charm; the plough was soon generally approved of on the farm, and his master found the advantage of the *argumentum ad pugilum*, and the real value of a Scots penny.

**SUPPING AT THE BAGPIPES.**—When Dancourt gave a new piece, if it were unsuccessful, to console himself he was accustomed to go and sup with two or three of his friends at the sign of the Bagpipes, kept by Cheret. One morning, after the rehearsal of his comedy, called the *Agiotems*, or *Stock-brokers*, which was to be performed for the first time that evening, he asked one of his daughters, not ten years of age, how she liked the piece? "Ah! papa," said the girl, "you'll go to-night and sup at the sign of the Bagpipes."

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed (post-paid) to the Editor will meet with immediate attention.

J. L.—The wish of our correspondent shall be gratified. "Charles Stewart" shall have a place in the JOURNAL.

Accepted.—"Calm and Storm;" "Evening Prayer," &c., by H. J. Church; "We have Met Once More," by J. H. M.; "Little John's End;" "Revenge, Justice, and Mercy;" "On the Death of a Favourite Lark;" "Rome;" and "On the Death of an Infant."

Declined, with thanks.—"The Khawaj's Revenge;" "Louise St. Vincent;" "The Brother's Revenge;" "The Mock Marriage;" "The Lovers;" "To a Rose, after having been trampled on;" and "Jack Yow."

D. WRIGHT.—We are of his opinion, and will adopt the suggestion. Perhaps he will favour us himself occasionally. "The Generous Mind" in our next.

SEZIA.—We shall gladly avail ourselves of your offer, leaving the choice of the journal in your own hands. The pieces forwarded have met with approval, and shall be inserted.

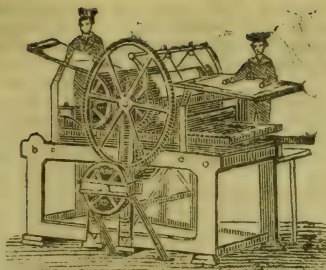
"The Lottery of Marriage" appeared in No. 17 of the JOURNAL.

E. R. B.—Revise the "Address to the Ocean," and, if convenient, forward another copy. The last three lines of the first verse are, to us, quite inexplicable.

J. W. (Westminster).—We do not recollect seeing the pieces alluded to, but search shall be made for them. "Love," and "Hail, beautiful Morn," are accepted.



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF  
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## CLANAWLY.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILES GLIN," &c.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ALARM.

One of the most disastrous periods in Irish history is the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign. At that time, after innumerable struggles and vain attempts to establish dominion by bribery and treachery, in consequence of renewed dissensions amongst the chieftains, the actual sway of English authority began. The native warriors from thenceforth occasionally emigrated to foreign countries, finding no stability amongst their adherents at home. The ruin of their fortresses was the consequence of their departure, some of them having been burned down by the lordly owners, rather than that they should pass into the hands of strangers.

M'Auliff, the family name of the chieftain who gives title to this work, was one of the sufferers in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but the clan did not ultimately decline, in point of feudal rights, until the general confiscation consequent on the rebellion of 1641, if such it may be styled. The possessors were, in common with many others, compelled to take shelter in the rocks and fastnesses, whilst the rude cannon then in use were turned upon their piles, rendering the entire country a scene of desolation.

This story commences in the year 1601, after the Earl of Essex had returned to England unsuccessful, when the chieftains in Ulster found the successor of that weak nobleman too powerful for them. An invasion was threatened on the part of Spain, in order to assist in the restoration of Ireland to her former independence. The influential native nobility sent troops towards that part of the country where the Spaniards were expected to land. There was consequently a general bustle and confusion throughout the country; and those chieftains who had not joined the army, to forward the Spanish attack, were on the alert to defend their own residences from the plunder of marauding soldiers.

Such was the position of the hero of this tale one evening in the autumn of the above-mentioned year. He stood upon the verge of the rock, at the base of the castle, overhanging the river Daloo, whilst one of his dependants was looking out across the country, from the battlements of the high tower. The evening breeze lightly swept over the castle, which was red with the rays of an unclouded setting sun. The stream that washed the base of the rock was quite smooth, reflecting distinctly the building in its bosom. The land was rich in cultivation, notwithstanding the unceasing warfare carried on; and every object presented to the eye a charm peculiar only to that festive season. Silence reigned around, save at intervals the hoarse bay of the watchdog, or the whistle of some serf, as he drove his cattle homeward.

The chieftain and his dependant watched for some time after the sun had set, without discovering any cause of dread approaching. As objects in the distance began to assume a ruddy, dusky appearance, a half-distinct moving mass, which occasioned a cloud of dust, arrested their attention; and they looked towards each other with astonishment.

"What do you think of that, Shehan?" demanded the chieftain, directing his powerful voice upwards.

"I can make nothing of them yet, my lord," returned the dependant,

whilst he endeavoured to distinguish the dress of the individuals, as the dust sometimes subsided.

"I am perfectly satisfied," resumed M'Auliff, "that the same is not a familiar party or clan; because, were they connected with any of the native chiefs, they would not move forward so cautiously—particularly, coming into such a hospitable neighbourhood, they would dash onwards with more ardour, nor delay in that glen at this hour of evening."

"They are about to encamp, indeed; I can see now distinctly," exclaimed Shehan.

"Then it must be a hostile body, or they would not encamp in the neighbourhood of this castle, without paying us a visit," remarked the warrior.

"My lord, you will discover that it is a party of foreigners, who are upon some prowling excursion, as haply we shall soon have occasion to learn," cried the dependant.

"True, my man," returned the chieftain; "you, therefore, go down, and bid M'Dermot to accoutre one of the swiftest horses, and to repair to the different serfs, and tell them to be ready to assemble, when a signal shall be given from this hold, should any symptoms of attack give us reason to light the gleagh."

The dependant disappeared from the summit of the castle, and shortly afterwards M'Dermot was mounted upon a hardy steed, within the court-yard. The chieftain entered a narrow door that led from the verge of the precipice on which he was standing, into one of the main-entrance towers, and passed forward to where the mounted man was waiting to receive M'Auliff's commands.

"M'Dermot," exclaimed the chieftain, full of thought, and seemingly in doubt as to the mode to be pursued, in counteracting the danger that appeared to threaten his castle.

"Ready, my lord," returned the dependant.

"Would that my kinsman, M'Donough of Kanturk, were here," said the former, "that I may hold a conference with him as to the best plan to be adopted. He is deeply learned in night skirmishes and prowling excursions."

"He is a powerful chieftain, in arm and soul," said M'Dermot.

"Now that we have wolves in our neighbourhood again," resumed M'Auliff, "it were an excellent plan for both to act conjointly, particularly at night; and when you have called on my principal serfs, return by his castle, and let him understand privately my thoughts on the present occasion."

"Yes, my lord," returned M'Dermot, apparently in haste to start, still detained by the thoughtful aspect of his master.

"He is ever delighted in the chase," remarked M'Auliff.

"Oh, my lord," exclaimed the dependant, "he is noble in the hunt—courageous; I faith he would pursue a wolf, though he were armed to the neck and his teeth steel."

"We need defenders of that mould at present, M'Dermot," said the chieftain; "but hasten now to all my serfs, and bid them keep a watchful eye during night upon this tower, that there may be no time lost in pursuing the savage to his lair, should he venture out under cover of darkness. Nightly, of late, some of the strongest holds in the southern part blazed out upon the dark canopy, reducing the inmates to ashes."

"Indeed, my lord! I have heard of many who suffered lately, through the barbarity of the foreigners; but mayhap the Iberian will scourge some of them, and make their leaders roll in the dust," exclaimed M'Dermot, whilst his horse yielded to the goad.

"We will soon have news from that direction," said the chief.



Awaiting no further excitement to his haste than the last words spoken by the warrior, M'Dermot turned the horse about, galloped out of the lawn, and rode down the slope from the verge of the moat into the open country.

As soon as he had departed, a youth named M'Murchud appeared by the side of the chieftain, who was always attended by some dependant. He was loitering about the gate of the castle, and when he perceived the departure of M'Dermot, he was aware that his presence would be necessary, and he hastened in accordingly.

M'Auliff ascended a flight of steps that led to the battlements of one of the gate towers, and again endeavoured to decipher in his mind the purport of the party, who were at this time rendered nearly invisible by the fall of night. The youth, who followed him up, watched the sternness of his chieftain's eye, and turned his own glance in the same direction.

Long did they remain in this position, and might have longer continued so, had not the sound of a horse's hoofs, breaking the silence of evening, fallen upon their ears; and they turned immediately towards the point from whence it proceeded. It appeared to be a messenger, from the speed with which the rider pressed forward.

"Go, M'Murchud," said the chieftain, turning towards the lad, "and bid one of the servants to get the large iron signal, and fix it firmly upon the uppermost turret; to fill it with the usual quantity of combustible matter; to await above until he shall receive orders to light it."

The youth withdrew in obedience to the chieftain's commands, and finding Shehan in the kitchen, informed him of the orders given.

"That old iron lamp with the long arm?" demanded Shehan, gazing sternly on the lad, "where am I to find that now?"

"It must be found, and immediately too," observed M'Murchud, with hasty voice, "wherever it has been mislaid, or we will provoke the anger of the chieftain."

"I think I can find it," remarked Shehan, apparently not well pleased at the style in which the youth addressed him.

"This old affair has lain a long time idle now," observed the lad again, as they proceeded together through the vaulted passages of the castle.

"Oh, I think I know where it is," growled Shehan, "I fancy it is in one of the cells, beneath a heap of rubbish. You perceive, it is such a long time since it was used (never, except in case of an invasion) that at first I had quite forgotten it. There must be something on the wing then—did you hear any news, daltin? Some barbarians, I suppose, M'Murchud, who wish to try the strength of our trusty swords again, have paid us a visit."

And here the speaker gave vent to a loud laugh that was echoed through the gloomy passages.

"I did not hear of any, but I suppose you are right," returned the boy, fancying that the laugh was intended against himself.

"You are active and light, but I am slow and strong," muttered Shehan, who appeared proud of the triumph he had gained over the youth. "I shall do my portion of the work."

At this moment they reached the spot where Shehan knew that the beacon lay concealed. A small but ponderous door, heavily secured with iron joints and doubly riveted, stood at the end of the narrow passage through which they groped. It was high in the wall, and closed with a spring; and, as it was too late for the loop-holes to afford any light, Shehan had a little difficulty in finding the position of the knob which pressed back the fastening.

"Do you think, my lad," demanded he, "that I can do my work without a light here?"

"I am afraid not," responded the other.

"I can, then, and with ability," returned Shehan; "for where I have been once at night, I can go over the same ground again. I have performed many brave acts in the night. Many a braggart—but I must get on with my discovery, or —"

"Or," interrupted the youngster, speaking very low, "the voice of the chieftain will make the castle tremble, as he inquires why his mandate is not obeyed more expeditiously."

Shehan found the knob, and having been well acquainted with the secret, soon forced the spring, when the door grated outwards heavily. Notwithstanding the admission of air through the loop-holes, the place smelt damp and foul.

At length he ventured to enter the cell, which he did by springing from the ground; and finding the object of his search, jumped down, slammed the door, and proceeded with M'Murchud out of the passage. They next directed their steps through the kitchen into the court yard, and from that to the entrance of the high tower, where they ascended a long and winding flight of steps in the wall, that led to its summit. There Shehan raised the iron beacon, and fixed the square frame at the end of the arm, upon a similarly shaped projection of the watch-turret, for which it was intended.

"It is in its old place again," said he, pithily.

"From whence it should never be removed," responded M'Murchud, with the ardour of a youthful warrior.

"A fine night for a blaze—plenty of stars, but dark—sufficiently dark to render the bright star of Clanawly visible to a long distance," remarked Shehan.

"Get the combustible stuff, Shehan," said the youngster.

"There you are, daltin," said the other, sourly; "giving orders all this evening. But I know my work, and can do it, completing it in the proper time. I fixed this beacon here when you were in the womb, and gave it brilliancy; and I saw the morning subsequent, and so did the Daloo, red with the blood of marauders and strangers."

Having concluded his remarks, Shehan opened a small door in the watch-turret, and bringing out a stone vessel, placed it beneath the beacon. He then filled the lamp of the signal with a quantity of resinous stuff, and replaced the vessel, fastening the door securely.

"I hope the stuff is not too old," observed Shehan, ironically.

"Then it will be useless," said the young man.

"Leave it to me," remarked the former, "and I will kindle a blaze that will bury the wolf back to his den, in expectation of daybreak."

"But, Shehan," demanded M'Murchud, "was that the last time, what you just now alluded to, that this beacon blazed on our battlements? I never saw it before. I should like to bear of the occurrence."

"Hush!" exclaimed Shehan; when both drew near the battlements, and listened for a moment attentively, but could hear nothing save the murmur of the chieftain's powerful voice, as he discoursed with some person in the court-yard beneath.

"That was the last time," answered Shehan, breaking the silence—

"I paced it here, being about twenty years younger, fire and war burning in my veins; and I rejoiced in exulting over the prostrate bodies of our enemies, as they weltered in their gore upon the banks of the Daloo. The Ross catha was sung that night, with enthusiastic music, in the echoing hall of Clanawly; and our mailed warriors, M'Auliff at their head, strode forth to battle, with a vigour not unworthy of their great predecessors."

"How my blood boils to be entangled in the fray! I know by the ardour that possesses me, when I accompany the Lord of Clanawly to the hunt, that I could chase the barbarian with ecstasy, or die upon the ground that I would not give up!" exclaimed the youthful warrior.

"I rejoice to hear your words, young man," said Shehan.

"And," observed M'Murchud, "for a servant, you seem to have taken pretty much interest in the chieftain's cause. You are a long time with him now. But you have not told me the story connected with the setting up of the signal, the last time there was an occasion for fixing it on the castle. I am very anxious to hear it."

"This is no time to narrate such tales," said Shehan; "now upon the eve of a repetition of the same work. The tale will be told when you witness the consequences; but as you have alluded to my being a servant, circumstances may hereafter unfold themselves, which will give you every reason to be satisfied on that point."

"Well, I must await your pleasure; but really I don't think you were always a servant, Shehan," said the lad.

"Go and inform my Lord of Clanawly," said Shehan, taking no notice of the latter remark, "that the signal is up and charged, and that I am trustily on my post."

"And grant it, Heaven," exclaimed the youthful warrior, "that you may have occasion to make a blaze, as my spirit longs to be at war with the enemies who now desolate our land."

Having spoken this with unwonted enthusiasm, he hastened down the stone stairs, until he reached the yard, where he found Clanawly in conversation with an individual who seemed equally tall and athletic; and from their private conversation, the hopes of M'Murchud were on the wing, that he might have an opportunity of soon witnessing and taking a share in hostilities.

"My lord," interrupted the youth, "the signal is ready, and Shehan standing now b side it."

The chieftain acknowledged that he heard the expression, by a nod of his head, and continued his conversation with the other person, whom M'Murchud could not at that moment recognise, from the darkness of the night.

Whilst the dependants were employed preparing the signal, the horseman mentioned before rode up to the moat, and having called to M'Auliff, whom he saw and knew, standing between him and the sky, was answered back in friendly terms. The horseman rode into the yard, and delivered up his steed to the care of an attendant, who hastened forth at hearing the sound of the horse's feet in the bawn. Approaching M'Auliff, he was greeted with all that warmth which arises when old confederates meet together.

"M'Donough," said Clanawly, "you have anticipated my intent of sending for you, to converse with you on some very particular points, which weigh at present on my mind. Is there any prospect of a war



between us and the strangers, who are thronging so densely to the southern coast? Do you fancy they will extend their ravages to this place, that we may be fully prepared to resist their attacks?"

"I am not in possession of much news from that neighbourhood," answered M'Donough; "but I suppose they must be hard at work by this time. A minstrel, who called at our castle to-day, brought with him intelligence that the Iberians had landed."

"Do you say so?" interrupted M'Auliff, with astonishment, and extreme joy.

"That is true enough," returned the other; "but any further than that I am not yet informed upon. I understand, though, that there is a marauding party moving secretly forward, who are lodged in some glen at a little distance from this, a sign that the main body of the English cannot be far away; and I rode over hastily to learn from yourself what measures you intend to adopt, and what preparations you are making to prevent their progress."

"This is the very subject on which I wished to communicate with you," observed M'Auliff, "and with that intent, I commanded my messenger to call at your castle, to request an interview with you for a few moments."

"Any movement we intend to make will better be made from the castle," remarked M'Donough.

"I am satisfied," said the former; "and in anticipation of that, I have ordered the beacon to be charged, and fixed upon its proper turret, where a man stands at present ready to set it on fire at a moment's warning, when intelligence arrives, or we experience an attack."

"But I would not foolishly await an attack," said the other with apparent uneasiness, "to secure myself, or bring the clan around me, as that may be too late."

"It would be utterly useless to send a spy out now, as it is so very gloomy, promising also a dark night—he could effect no discovery now," observed M'Auliff.

"Quite useless," said M'Donough.

"And what, therefore, would you recommend me to have immediately done?" demanded the former.

"To give the present opportunity its full measure," said the other, raising his voice—"to seize time upon the wing—to light the beacon, bring in the clan, scour the country, and kill or disperse the stragglers, whilst night renders their efforts, in point of resistance, useless, they being unacquainted with the nature of the country."

It was at this moment that the youth, M'Murchud, approached, to inform his master of all being in readiness. The latter nodded, as before remarked; and after a few seconds of silence on both sides, Clanawly said,

"The present is no time for offering you an invitation to partake of our hospitality, M'Donough, or you should empty a bowl or two of strongest Dane with me; but there is time enough after we conclude our work, and if you tarry all night beneath my castle-roof, we can hunt the wolf at break of day, and try our strength once more in the toil that pleased our youthful days."

"The toil is useful in many cases, but in particular when the body, enfeebled and rendered effeminate from long rest, wants to be roused into action," said M'Donough. "Such exercise fits the body for the more arduous pursuits of war—for night work and day battle—to plunge into the midst of which from beds of voluptuousness and indolence, is certain to number the votaries of empty pleasures amongst the vanquished."

"We have fallen off in our strength and stature," exclaimed the Lord of Clanawly; "miserably fallen from that of our ancestors. We cannot wield their claymores and battle-axes—we cannot wear their helmets and mailed armour. The swords of some of my forefathers may as well be placed in the hands of a stripling as in mine—those swords and lances that hang up in my hall—still those weapons were wielded by men; for the blood of their enemies may be still seen indelibly spotted upon the rude blades. We have not fallen away in spirit; nor do we lack of speed, energy, or enthusiasm."

"It matters little," remarked M'Donough; "that we have fallen off in stature and strength, provided the rest of the body have experienced a similar declension. If we preserve our original and proven bravery, we are still a match for our enemies, heathen, Dane, or Saxon. However, there must be adopted some vigorous measures, to check the growth of heathenism and the progress of strangers. How is it that they cannot settle peaceably in our land, as we do when we depart to sojourn in foreign countries? On the contrary, when they secure a footing here, they commence murdering, burning, and pillaging; as if we are to be extirpated in our own country, or driven into the ocean."

"But we must retaliate!" cried the Lord of Clanawly; "I would rather die a thousand direful deaths than consent to adopt the manners and customs of people, whose leading principle is treachery and bloodshed."

"We must take them by anticipation," interrupted the other, with

extreme warmth, caused by the last remark, "and the longer we delay the greater will be the danger."

"My messenger is returning now," observed M'Auliff; "he has not been very long away—there is something wrong!"

"The squad of those hoofs coming onward so rapidly?" demanded M'Donough; "do you mean that?"

"Yes," returned the former, "that must be he; and from the speed with which he advances, I am a little alarmed for the consequences. He will soon be here. M'Donough, I am impatient to know the entire circumstance—prepare yourself for a night of confusion and carnage!"

Shortly afterwards the horseman entered the castle-yard; and so much overcome was he from haste and exertion, that he was unable to speak a word for several moments. He remained sitting up on the horse, his breast leaning forward upon the animal's neck; but at length, when partially recovered, he succeeded himself to slip to the ground.

"Why all this haste, M'Dermot?" demanded the Lord of Clanawly.

"Oh!—my lord!" exclaimed the dependant at intervals, being interrupted by long and heavy breathing, "they are all through the glens—all the strangers and midnight men—the hooks and pits are crammed with them—as I rode along, they sprung up at my horse's feet, like so many wolves."

"Explain, M'Dermot," said M'Donough, "lest this may prove a phantom of your own imagining, leading us into some business that may not be worth the spreading of an alarm."

"As I am a believer," swore the dependant, "and that God and the Virgin are with me, I saw their caps and arms, and could not be mistaken."

"I suppose," muttered Clanawly, turning towards M'Donough, "that Knockadune and Elieve Ruagh are full of Carew's army, and these are a skirmishing party detached from the main body. Let us fall upon them whilst the night favours us."

"Without delay," shouted M'Donough, at the top of his voice; "and I shall hasten out upon the wold, and call all the scrif around me as they hurry onwards to the castle; and I will preserve order until you come up."

"Light the beacon upon the gleagh," roared Clanawly; "run, boy, hasten, and bid Shehan put the fire to the signal."

Clanawly's voice reached Shehan's ear, upon the battlements of the castle; and ere M'Murchud had gone five paces from his master's side, the gleagh sent forth a blaze that illuminated the dark canopy.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SKIRMISH.

THERE is not a more interesting part of Ireland than that in which the ruined castle of Clanawly is situated. The stranger, travelling through the country, either on foot, or mounted, in proceeding from Cork to the west of Ireland, will find the land gradually increasing its undulations, until he arrives at about the junction of the rivers Allo and Daloo, beyond which it rises in romantic grandeur; and on the summit of one of those eminences he may rest and gaze forward towards the county of Kerry, where innumerable ridges of hills can be seen in theistic beauty, like the crests of so many stupendous billows rendered stationary. The land lying on the boundary between the counties of Cork and Kerry, called in one place, "The Priest's Leap," is remarkably rugged; and at different periods served as the retreat for the wolf, the fortress of the marauder, and the hiding recess of the persecuted native. No individual can cast his eyes around him, when observing the natural resources of this place; without wondering how man could do so little, where nature has been so bountiful. A mind like Rousseau's may not find food for imagination in this place; but he who wends his way through the humbler paths of philosophy, has an ample field in which to range; and whilst he views the milder Sutherland, in its chaster characteristics, he feels an impression on his mind that the children of the soil are endued with a spirit and a patriotism, which such scenes always imprint upon the human heart.

No wonder therefore that the inhabitants of this spot should cherish the manners and customs of their forefathers, and become so attached thereto as to resist every attempt at innovation. They fled from the habit as persons by con-annation, from no other motive than an irremediable love of their own country and its traditionary usages; on which account they were found far behind the rest of Europe, in point of taste, if dress may be said to constitute that refinement. They looked upon those who would promote civilization in every way with suspicious eyes, because acts of pillage and bloodshed accompanied the pretended friendship. After repeated experience it was found that every movement was sinister and barbarian; and it consequently fell out that whenever a collision took place, it was not a mere war of weapons and bodies—it was a contest between prejudiced hearts which gave no mercy, because none was expected in return.

M'Donough called hastily for his horse, and mounting it, issued out



of the castle-yard, and rode down into the open country. Clanawly was also speedily armed and mounted, and rode unattended from his fortress. He soon came up with the former chieftain, and said to him,

"Kinsman, we must keep our castles well guarded during our skirmish—well surrounded by armed men, for fear these burning wretches may cut off our retreat, or finding their way to either hold, set each in flames."

But soon the silence of night was at an end, and turned into confusion, bringing with it that dread which usually attacks the human frame, at the beginning of a midnight tempest. The noise and clamour of assembling multitudes filled the hills and valleys; whilst the shout of "Clanawly aboo," was echoed across the void. The storm increased as the masses pressed, the human voice becoming more distinct and alarming. An immense multitude of men, mounted and on foot, soon surrounded the chieftains on the plain below the castle, without order or regularity; whilst all burned simultaneously for slaughter and revenge.

"Hear me, my men," shouted Clanawly, as then his voice found its pitch, rendered nearly audible to every one around him; "a few of you must remain here to take care of the castle, and prevent the barbarians from giving us the slip. Onwards towards the foot of Knockaduane; and be very circumspect, lest in killing the enemy you may also slay some of our friends."

"We have more reason," said M'Donough, laughing, "to be afraid of the contrary—that is, lest in sparing friends we may also spare a few enemies; because we have our bitterest foes in our bosom."

Meanwhile the sound of a long horn proclaimed the mandate to those who were beyond the range of the chieftain's voice. Numberless weapons were raised in an instant, and the enraged clan pressed forward through the darkness of the night to the foot of the Knockaduane. M'Auliff and M'Donough allowing the multitude to extend themselves, according to the usual custom, kept their horses' heads in the direction of the spot where the former saw the moving mass in the evening. They soon came up to it without encountering a single individual, and had entered a kind of underwood upon the range of a hill, through which they slowly wound their way, followed by an immense throng, some mounted, but the principal portion of them on foot. During their progress through the brushwood, the two chieftains discoursed calmly upon what was likely to be the issue of the night's adventure, when Clanawly exclaimed, "My leg is caught in the branch of a tree."

"Lop the branch off," said M'Donough, jocosely.

The other put down his hand to extricate his leg from the underwood, in which he got entangled, when to his utter astonishment and momentary dismay, he felt a man's gripe upon his leg—he having mistaken it, as may be perceived, for what he said at first. Cautiously he raised the huge sword over his head, and struck down at the hand. The gripe was lost; but in an instant several individuals jumped up in front of the two chieftains, and seized their horses by the bridles; they began to caper, and became nearly ungovernable. Now went to work sword, pike, and battleaxe.

"Now are we in the midst of them, M'Donough!" exclaimed M'Auliff; but upon looking more minutely towards the position in which the former previously sat, he found he was no longer there on horseback. The animal was plunging by his side; but M'Donough had disappeared.

"Search for my kinsman's body there!" shouted M'Auliff, whose voice reached the highest point of the ground, through which they were then passing; but the words were useless, as the foremost men were now fallen upon a body of skirmishers, who had bivouaced in the wood. The attack was sudden—the conflict fierce and sanguinary. The shouts and screams of the wounded, added to the confusion of tongues and the din of clashing weapons, were heard far and wide through the ridges of Knockaduane.

Clanawly rode as well as he could, through the brushwood, amongst the principal actors in this midnight tragedy; and urged his men forward by every word and sentiment, which circumstances at the time suggested.

"They are resolved to annihilate your race in the earth," he cried aloud; "avert the catastrophe! Nothing will satisfy the aliens, but our extermination! On—on, then! by the swords which you wield in defence of your creed and country, spare not a wretch of them! M'Donough is fallen—fallen—low! Have revenge for his death, and make them fall around his body in a mound. Mind, it is upon bravery and perseverance alone, that we are to build up hopes of a future kingdom. Recollect the wretches that oppose you—how they revel in Irish gore—how they profess unchangeable animosity against our race!"

Whilst he rode about thus animating his men, dreadful was the destruction on both sides. The chances of a fair battle were out of the question. Instead of the usual mode of attack and defence, the warriors were engaged in small groups here and there—a mounted man

between three or four on foot—several dismounted, their horses having been killed under them—chiefs and common men entangled in dire confusion.

The moon now, the hour being about eleven o'clock at night, rose above the horizon; and the melancholy light of its half-extinguished lamp suited the scene upon which its rays fell. Strong and lusty warriors may have been dimly seen grasping one another's helmets, or flowing hair, their weapons uplifted to deal mortal blows; whilst the heat of rage that burned upon the dauntless brow, was often quickly changed into the clammy mist of death. The horseman's battleaxe could also be perceived, raised high above the rest; whilst its destructive fall was accompanied with a crash of the mail which it cleft asunder.

As he still rode backwards and forwards, inciting his dependants to courage, Clanawly encountered a powerful antagonist, who, although on foot, struck at him repeatedly, and defended himself most dexterously. M'Auliff once or twice threw himself forward upon the assailant with all his might; but the blows fell aslant from his helmet and shoulders, without producing any sensible effect.

"You are trebly mailed, indeed," exclaimed the chieftain.

"We have M'Donough securely in our custody; and, by the martyrs, we shall have thee too, M'Auliff!" swore the man who attacked him, in a gruff voice.

"Swear you so?" demanded M'Auliff, who understood enough of the English language to know what he meant, being aware, at the same time, that the speaker was not an Englishman. "Then, by the light that guides me, you shall only have my dead body! Moreover, you shall not quit this, until either I kill you, or you kill me. You shall not return to tell your mistress how Clanawly made a compact with traitorous fiends!"

"Whom do you call fiends, rebel, traitor, murderer?" roared the other, speaking now in half-English and Irish jargon; and, springing from his seat suddenly, he grasped M'Auliff by the shoulder.

The violence of the grasp, and the weight of the assailant, brought the chieftain from his balance, whilst, by a lounge which his charger gave, he was thrown from his saddle to the earth. In the fall he slipped from the hold of the other.

Having regained his feet suddenly, M'Auliff found himself far superior to his antagonist in stature; by which he was so animated that he sprang upon him, and, seizing him with his left hand, struck a blow that beat the stranger nearly to the ground. Following up his success, he levelled another stroke at the neck of the yielding foe, which laid him prostrate, and in the agonies of death.

"Thou shalt die, with a lie sticking in the palate of thy mouth, foul midnight plunderer!" exclaimed the victor; "for no other art thou, who, under cover of darkness, couldst meditate burnings and night-murders in a country not thy own. How well he mixes up the Saxon jargon with the Irish gibberish! He must have been a long time in this land. He is some person of dignity, I suppose, and fancied that I should be slain, or grace the triumph alive. But did he not say that M'Donough is a prisoner—actually alive? Then he must have known M'Donough before. Come, therefore, some of my men, until we examine, in order to find out whose remains they are. Hurry, before his friends dispute possession of the carcase with us."

In a few minutes several dependants, assembling round the place where the chieftain was, understood his intent, and were preparing to remove the body with every possible haste. Scarcely had they raised the now lifeless man from the earth, when a number of strange soldiers hastening up to the spot, attacked M'Auliff's men with undaunted courage. The corpse was dropped in the midst of the fray, and the combatants fought over it with excited desperation. They fell, one after the other, around and upon it, until the object of the chieftain's curiosity was lost amidst the carnage which its capture had occasioned.

By this time the Lord of Clanawly was remounted upon his steed; nor was he idly gazing upon the slaughter beside him. He dealt many a deadly blow upon the strange soldiers, singling them out by the pale moonbeams, from the peculiar dress which they wore.

A shout soon reached M'Auliff's ears—it was the sound of triumph from his own men; and it came from those who fought at some distance from where he stood. The cheering drew closer, until at length the voices were echoed by those who fought under his own eye. The dependants now began to rush in around the chieftain, declaring that there remained not an enemy alive on the heights of Knockaduane, save those who fled with fear.

They who still resisted Clanawly's men, finding opposition becoming more powerful, retreated and hid themselves in the underwood, eluding all pursuit. The chieftain ordered all to withdraw homewards; and bade them remain in readiness, lest the main body of the army, if there were such a multitude in the neighbourhood, hearing of the destruction of this party, should fall upon their castles and burn them to the ground. They retired from that sanguinary field, and moved towards the castle.



M'Auliff was attended by the youthful M'Murchud, nor did the chieftain know thereof, until the latter appeared beside him, on their return from the skirmish.

"M'Murchud," said the chieftain, mournfully, "I have vanquished the foe so far, but I have lost my kinsman."

"Lost your kinsman, my lord?" exclaimed the youthful warrior, tremblingly; "you mean not the chieftain, M'Donough—can he be lost, my lord?"

"Yes," returned Clanawly; "he disappeared from my sight, in the commencement of the onset, and I could not discover what became of him. I thought at first that he must have been numbered amongst the slain."

"If such were the case," interrupted the youngster, "I would search amongst the dead, nor cease turning over the bodies until I should find him."

Continued M'Auliff—"But, subsequently, whilst attacking a strange warrior, that villain (as I am confident he was not a perfect stranger,) informed me that M'Donough was a prisoner in their hands; and it was with infinite difficulty that I rescued myself from becoming an associate with my unfortunate relative."

"Would it be any use, my lord," demanded M'Murchud, with much nerve, "were I to try to find out what has become of the chieftain, M'Donough?—I shall make every haste possible, and haply be accessory to his escape."

"I dread, my lad," remarked M'Auliff, his mind, however, experiencing a degree of happy exultation, in the daring gallantry of the youth—"I dread to permit you to undertake such an adventure—I fear it will not suit, and that haply you may be taken and exposed to the same barbarous treatment as my unfortunate kinsman. I glory in thy daring spirit; but I tremble for its success, amongst cool and deliberate strangers. Should you persevere in your request, I must grant it—with cautious reserve."

The soul of M'Murchud was on the wing, to enter the lists of patriotism. His steed was quite unmanageable beneath him. He sought in his mind for characters, in the traditions of his country, amongst whom he might choose a brilliant example for emulation.

The nobleman watched the ecstasy of the daitin, as they rode forward together, and he was very much alarmed at the impetuosity of his motions. He also thought that instances of freedom being restored to nations, arose out of the gallantry of less enterprising spirits than that which ennobled the breast of M'Murchud.

"My young man," observed the chieftain, "you must be very cautious and cunning; because amongst the strangers there are those worse than infidels, those traitors of traitors!—some of our own countrymen; or how else could the villain, with whom I wrestled, know my name also, and it so dark!"

"He must be one of our own, indeed," said M'Murchud.

"Go, therefore," said Clanawly, "and act prudently."

The young warrior, turning his snoring beard around, plunged instantly away from M'Auliff's sight, and was lost in the indistinct twilight caused by a clouded moon. The chieftain dismissed his clan, who retired to their respective habitations, and sought the hall of his fortified residence.

(To be continued in our next.)

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

And art thou dead, sweet babe? shall we no more  
Behold those happy orbs with joy run o'er;  
Shall we no more those smiling lips behold,  
Like rubies fresh from nature's choicest mold?

Shall we no more—but why thus mourn thy fate?  
Thou now art happy in that happier state—  
In that blest region "from whose unknown bourn  
No traveller is permitted to return."

Why mourn thy fate? thou'rt happier far than we,  
Who, in this guilty vale of misery,  
In strife and folly's round expend our days,  
Losing ourselves in life's intricate maze.

Thou now art free from sorrow, sin, and care,  
The poor man's portion, and the rich man's fare;  
From worldly taunts, from base temptation's lure,  
From Satan's wiles—from all that's ill secure.

Adieu, sweet babe, we ne'er shall see thee more,  
Till, meeting on yon heaven's ethereal shore,  
With cherubim and seraphim we raise  
The tribute of our Great Jehovah's praise.

B. L.

## THE TWO SISTERS;

OR, ANNA AND EMMA.

"DEAR ANNA," exclaimed a young girl, as she sat beside her sister at their cottage door, before which was a neat garden, "do let me see William's letter, I should so much like to read it myself; you know that you promised me you would one day, and I have long wished to do so. Here it is for you. It has just been left at the door by the postman."

"Indeed, has one come? I thought he would not disappoint me. But give it me, and I will read it first before I give it to you, and see if I cannot keep my promise, for you know I cannot keep my word if William writes anything that he does not wish any one to see besides myself."

"How can you tell that?" replied her sister; "I shall take it as very unkind if you do not, for I never read a letter in all my life, you know, and it will therefore be a new thing to me, and I should especially like to see what William says to you."

"We will see," exclaimed Anna, as she opened the letter and began to make herself acquainted with its contents.

The two sisters, Anna and Emma, were totally dissimilar in appearance, though both exceedingly beautiful. Anna, the eldest, was scarce eighteen; she was tall, but not very,—rather above the middle height, with a clear but pale complexion. Her eyes were jet black, and her hair was the same. Her appearance denoted energy of mind, when events arose which demanded it; but, otherwise, her quiet and modest demeanour rendered her an object at once fascinating and chaste.

Emma was the reverse; gay and volatile, her quick blue eye seeming to rove from object to object in search of novelty. Her complexion was fair, and her brown ringlets hung over her shoulders. As they were seated side by side, they offered a singular and beautiful contrast. Emma was two years younger than her sister, being not yet sixteen.

They were the daughters of a retired tradesman, who had, since his retirement, died. They were now quite fatherless, but not utterly unprovided for; yet what was theirs was very scanty, and would not maintain them in any but an economical way of living; but they wanted no more. Their wants were supplied, and they required no greater indulgence.

William Martin was the son of a man of large fortune, who lived not far from the cottage of Mrs. Orme. Thus they were neighbours, but they could claim no equality. They could not compete with the wealth and influence of the proud family who owned half the land for many miles round the neighbourhood. And yet William Orme did not appear to be a proud young man, on the contrary, he was affable and considerate to a degree, which at once stamped him as a gentle man.

There were many beautiful spots where it was usual for the two sisters to roam and ramble about. They loved the beautiful views, and tranquil spots, where, indeed, they would often pass the many hours in reading and playing alternately. One evening they entered the well-known wood, and took a solitary walk through its denser part, it being an excessively hot day, the umbrageous foliage being a grateful screen to keep off the scorching rays as they walked along.

It was a part of the wood with which they were unacquainted; but this gave them no trouble, they knew their way very well, and would get over any difficulty of the sort.

Finding it pleasant and cool they continued their stroll until they were fatigued, and then they seated themselves to rest awhile, and amuse themselves as they usually did. As the shadows were lengthening, they were reminded that it was time they should return.

They arose, and found that this was no easy task, for they knew not what way to turn. This was a distressing thing, for the sisters began to get very much alarmed, and, on taking the first path, they saw, after awhile, it opened into some bye lanes, which they were unacquainted with.

Yet they nevertheless proceeded forward in the hope of finding the way out, until they came to a stop. A lane they had walked down for a long way suddenly became stopped, and there was no road further. They were so dispirited that they could scarcely refrain from tears. Being much fatigued, they seated themselves on the bank to rest.

They had not been seated long before a young gentleman looked over the hedge, and gazed on them for some minutes in silence. At length he stepped over, and going up to them, he said, in a kind voice,—

"Pray tell me, have you lost your way that you are here, for the lane has no outlet?"

"We have indeed lost our way," replied the elder sister, "and should feel much obliged if you would direct us to the main road."

"The main road," he replied, "is not very near; but if you will tell me where you want to go, I can probably tell you a better road."

"Vanilla Cottage," replied Anna.



"I know it," replied the young man; "and if you will permit me, I will walk with you, and show you the direct way there."

"It will be granting us a great favour if you will do so," replied Emma, "for we are very fatigued, and should we again lose our way, we shall not get back any more, I fear."

He offered his arm to the young ladies, and at once entered into an agreeable conversation, which lightened the tediousness of the way, which, by the way, was much less than they dared hope for, and speedily brought them to the door of Vanilla Cot age.

Anna opened the little gate, and said,—

"Pray walk in and rest yourself after your fatigue."

"I must return as speedily as I can, else I shall be missed from table, where my father expects to see me with some guests."

"Well, then, let me know to whom we are indebted for this kindness?"

"Do not name it; but my name is Martin—William Martin; and if you will permit me, I will do myself the pleasure of accepting of your hospitality another day."

They of course repeated the invitation, and afterwards bade him good day. They then entered the cottage heartily glad that they had returned with no worse fatigue. They could not help speculating upon the appearance of young Martin, whom they both considered as a well behaved and liberal young man, and whose society was desirable as a friend; but yet knowing him to be the son of a man of great fortune, they determined to act with great prudence.

Having informed their parent of what had happened, they appeared to think all the disagreeable ought to be banished from their minds, and they waited with impatience Mr. William's, as he was called, reappearance.

He came, and was introduced to their mother, and spent an hour or two with them very pleasantly. They were all enchanted with his conversation and behaviour.

His visits after this became frequent, and he was looked upon in the light of an old friend, one indeed with whom no ceremony need be used. He used to accompany them in all their strolls, and he could sing tolerably, and touch a musical instrument to perfection. No wonder that he was as great a favourite with the daughters of Mrs. Orme as he was with her herself.

He would bring music and books, and presents of game, so that the time passed very happily and gaily. Mrs. Orme was much pleased with the young man, and he ingratiated himself into her favour by many little acts of attention to herself and daughters.

Anna felt a deeper interest in the youth than she was willing to acknowledge to herself in secret, but yet she looked for the accustomed visit, and did not come her disappointment was great. Her countenance brightened as he came up the lane towards the cottage, and it retained its glow while he remained; but did he from any cause remain absent, she was restless and anxious, and remained so till William had dissipated her uneasiness by another visit to her mother's cottage.

One evening Emma had been left at home; she was unwell, and felt inclined to stay with her mother; but Anna had to make a visit of charity. William agreed to go with her. After this was over, they strolled over the oft frequented fields and by-paths, and at length rested beneath the spreading branches of an oak tree, famed for its age and size. They had been seated a few moments before either spoke, when Anna said,—

"I feel melancholy, yet the evening is beautiful, the prospect is fine; I could not wish for a spot more formed for happiness than this is—I could die here."

"And yet, Anna, you are not happy. Well, you are not singular in your feelings, and I divine your countenance in this. There is something the heart yearns for, and which cannot be supplied by gold, as most of our wants can be satisfied. It is a want of the heart—of affection—and can only be relieved by sympathy and feeling such as one experiences in one's own breast."

Anna listened, but she said nothing. The remarks of William called up a train of reflections in her mind, and, after a moment or two's pause, he resumed:—

"This, Anna," he continued, "is the first step towards love. I have experienced these feelings some time, and cannot, even at the risk of offending you, refrain from pleading my cause to you. Since I first saw you, I have felt the force of your beauty and amiable disposition. Say, dearest girl, may I hope that, by devotion and sincerity, I may gain an interest in a heart that bids so fair to give happiness to him who shall win it."

"It is a subject upon which I have thought nothing," replied Anna, her cheeks and neck being covered with blushes, "and I could not say aught without the sanction of my only parent. Besides, it is so unlikely that your family would permit you to ally yourself to one in my condition. It would be, therefore, acting with great cruelty to gain

my affections and then desert me; for you may not wish to do so, but yet you may be compelled."

"Do not think so badly of me, dear Anna," he exclaimed, passionately; "I never would desert you to gain the fairest fortune that ever man possessed. Love and love only would sway me; and what else should do it? Say, Anna, that you do not hate me—that you think less of me than of hers."

"No, no, William, I think better of you than any one else I know, but I know not what to tell you; do not urge me now, but give me time to consider what I ought to do."

"Now, Anna, now. It may be selfish in me to urge you to decide now—to spare me from the torment of doubt and incertitude—it is the torture of the mind. What can avail time? It can but procrastinate, and perhaps separate us for ever; then I shall encounter a dull, hopeless existence. Of what use will wealth be to me when all I see I loathe? It cannot purchase the love I desire; but with you I could face the evils of poverty and distress. Decide my fate now, Anna; happiness and thee, or without thee a life of misery."

Anna was much agitated, and knew not what to do. The energy of William disturbed her resolution not to commit herself; and her own heart pleaded strongly in favour of her lover; she felt that she loved him. She could not lead a happy life if she were separated from him. She could not doubt his sincerity: he would lead a life of poverty for her; she could do the same for him. In mutual love there was happiness, but there could be none where there was none to sympathise and share one's burdens.

He saw her irresolution, and again urged her, and effectually, for she held out her hand, saying, in a smothered voice,—

"You have prevailed, William; but be content when I tell you that, though you have my heart, yet should I only suspect you of insincerity, that moment are we utter strangers to each other, and for ever afterwards."

"I wish for no more, Anna; and may I lose the jewel I so highly prize, should I so far forget my own happiness as to tamper with yours, but it will never happen."

They remained some time lost in the trance of young love, but they afterwards arose, and William accompanied her home.

That night poor Anna could not sleep—the event of the evening had robbed her of her repose; so many thoughts passed in succession across her imagination, that it was daybreak before she fell into a slumber, and when she awoke she found that her sister and mother had been up some time. She instantly arose, and descended to breakfast, where they awaited her appearance with patience.

"My dear Anna," said her mother, as she seated herself, "you appear ill this morning; what is it that ails you?"

"Nothing," she replied; "but I slept badly, and I suppose it has made me appear tired."

"But you were very restless and uneasy this morning when I arose, and you appeared to be talking to some one, and you more than once named William Martin."

This brought the colour to the unfortunate Anna's face. She felt as if a heated iron had seared her very limbs, and a violent trembling seized her. She knew not what to do, or even how to acknowledge what had passed. Her mother, seeing her shake, came to her assistance, saying,—

"My dear Anna, tell me what has happened—speak the truth boldly—for be sure that, as I am your mother, I will counsel and assist you as far as my power extends."

"I know it; I am sure of it, mother," she replied, sobbing.

"Then be sincere with me, and tell me all that has happened."

Poor Anna trembled, but she related to her mother very succinctly what had happened, and what had been said between them. Anna was too much taken up in suspense to be able to offer any remark. Mrs. Orme heard her daughter's declaration with fear, and yet with a mixture of satisfaction. She feared William's sincerity, but then she thought he might be really in love with Anna, which her extreme beauty gave her every hope that he was—then her maternal pride would picture to her imagination the future career of her daughter as the wife of William—the gayest of the gay—her carriages, her silks, and her servants—all rushed through her imagination in rapid succession. She, therefore, comforted Anna, by assuring her, that so far, she had acted prudently, and cautioned her not to say more than was necessary, and to beware of permitting him to become familiar.

Anna was greatly pleased with her mother's advice; she felt more confident and happy now she was under her mother's guidance, who explained to her that the disparity of circumstances alone was not an inseparable bar to an union where there were other circumstances, such as beauty and accomplishments to balance it—but she must guard against any indignity that might be cast upon her.

Her mother promised to speak to William when he next called, and obtain a definite promise of his intentions.



This she did. He came the next day, and to him she spoke in a kind yet maternal tone, and desired that he would think over his declaration, before he bound himself by it. This, he declared, was unnecessary, and repeated it on the spot. She then reminded him of his parents, and inquired if he intended to inform them of his selection.

To this he replied that he should not, merely keeping it secret till he was of age, when he could claim certain property and be independent of their control; until then he would say nothing about it.

Mrs. Orme considered this but reasonable, and was unwilling to press him further than was prudent, and stopped short here with evident satisfaction.

Months passed away thus, and young Martin used to visit them daily, and accompanied them in their daily walks, and assisted them in their amusements, and, in fact, continued his attentions to the family. It became a usual thing for them to expect his visits daily, and he had access to them at all times.

His father now desired that he would prepare himself for travel; as he should send him to finish his education on the Continent. This was a first blow to Anna, who was by no means prepared to receive it. She wept, and it was long ere she could recover herself, but her mother's repeated assurances that it was a very usual thing for gentlemen to travel for improvement, joined to William's protestations of fidelity, restored her equanimity.

He left and promised to write to her often, and tell her all he saw or heard. This promise he kept, and wrote to her often. It was his first letter that excited the curiosity of her younger sister. She was gratified by being allowed to read it, and could not but admire the warmth of affection displayed through every sentence of the letter.

The time passed on, and letter after letter was received by Anna, and every one breathed the purest affection, and the most lasting love. At length one came sooner than she had anticipated. She opened it with a trembling hand, pleased with its unexpected appearance, yet fearful of its contents, but her eyes sparkled with joy as she greedily devoured them. Her sister eagerly watched the expression of her countenance, and her's reflected that of her sister in all its workings.

"See," exclaimed Anna with animation; "see this letter, dear Emma. William will return, perhaps, in a week's time. I am glad of it. It has been a long weary time—has it not, Emma? but I am glad there is an end of it."

"So am I, Anna, since you are," replied Emma. "I am glad that you are happy. I hope he will soon be able to make you completely happy by making you his wife."

"All in good time, Emma. Another year, and all will be well, I fully believe."

"If his family don't interfere," she replied.

"Oh! that has nothing to do with it. I would that he had their consent; but he will do without that if they refuse; indeed, I do not think he will inform them of it for some time after he is married; I think it will be better not to do so until he is compelled."

Emma made no reply.

A week had scarcely elapsed before William had returned to his own native land, and to the arms of his admiring relatives, and was received with joy, above all by Anna. Their meeting was extremely affecting. He pressed her to his bosom with tumultuous raptures. She threw herself into his arms, and murmured an indistinct welcome in his ear, the more pleasing from that very circumstance, that the tumult of emotions in her breast caused her to be incapable of distinct articulation; indeed, William was scarce more collected.

"For love is Heaven,  
And Heaven is love."

They were alone, and had their first meeting beneath the far spreading oak. Would we could say that that meeting had never taken place, for their ruin was completed. The return of the object of her affection brought such an abandonment of self, that William took advantage of her defenceless position.

The time now passed rapidly on, and months had flown by, and yet there was time to elapse before William could marry her. She dreaded the intervening time. She now seldom left her home, and neglected her dress. Her sister thought her shape was altered, but she thought she must be mistaken.

William was now absent; he had to go to a distant relation. He had often been absent of late, but now he was longer than ever; but presently came the distressing news that William had left to get married to a young heiress who was as beautiful as she was rich.

Anna shrieked and fell senseless when she heard the news. She was immediately lifted up, and carried to her bed. Nothing was said to her, but every attention was paid to her wants, and medical attendants were called in, who declared that in a few weeks, or perhaps a few days, she would become a mother.

The unfortunate parent was stunned by the intelligence. Emma, the sister, was the only one who appeared to be capable of reflection. She

attended her sister with assiduity and tenderness. She lay several days in a desponding condition, and would scarcely answer a word, but one day she called her sister.

"Emma," she said, "I shall die—I know I shall; do not contradict me, or interrupt me. I shall die—promise me you will adopt, and be a mother to my unfortunate child—say this, and I shall die happy."

It is needless to repeat the promises given by Emma, nor the recital of the sufferings Anna endured; suffice it to say that she fell a victim to her misfortunes, and died three days after the birth of a son.

He was carefully nursed by Emma, who brought him up as if he had been her own child, and he amply repaid her care, by becoming what she endeavoured to make him, a better man than his father, who never came near to inquire the fate of the girl he had seduced.

## GOOD BYE! GOOD BYE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THAMES," &c. &c.

When from thy lowly cot I go

To mingle in the world of strife,

'Tis then my feelings well will show

How great with sorrow they are rife.

Ah! as I pace o'er yonder hill,

I'll cast on thee an anxious eye;

I'll ask the distant murmur'ing rill

To waft the words, "Good bye! good bye!"

The rippling stream that's wand'ring free,

Reflecting e'er thy humble lot,

While nature's sweetest melody

Would all but say, "Forget-me-not!"

Ah! I will think of thee and home,

The beauteous smile, the loving sigh,

My thoughts will ever round thee roam,

And breathe the words, "Good bye! good bye!"

Each old familiar friend I'll grasp,

My smiles shall ever be sincere,

For round my heart their charms will clasp,

And thus my saddened moments cheer.

Ah! if no sp. less tear will flow,

Or if one feigns to deck mine eye,

Still g eat those pangs—the pangs of woe,

When I must say, "Good bye! good bye!"

From all my childhood's scenes I part,

The peasant life, so fresh, so free;

The fond remembrance of the heart,

Will ever dwell and think on thee.

Ah! whilst I pace the deck at night,

Though loud the whistling whirlwinds cry,

E'en though the storm be at its height,

My heart will say, "Good bye! good bye!"

'Tis sad to part from all we love,

But life's, indeed, no favoured stream;

Full many a flight I've winged above,

In many a strange and endless dream.

Ah! 'twas but yestereve a sleep

Throughout my dizzy brain swept by,

And whilst in lurid pleasures deep,

I heard the words, "Good bye! good bye!"

Eliza, may thy saddened heart

Be sad no more, but brightly shine;

For though I from thee now must part,

Yet I will ever, dear, be thine.

And when from off the billowy main

I leave to watch thy bright blue eye,

My heart will whisper, "Ne'er again

Shall I e'er say, 'Good bye! good bye!'"

Westminster.

J. W.

SINGULAR ENDURANCE OF VEGETATIVE POWER.—As I happened to be at Naples (says a popular writer) when first Herculaneum was discovered, I should have told you that some leathern bags of beans, answering exactly to our kidney ones, were found in several corners of their window-seat. According to Horace, the Romans were very fond of that kind of supper. Some English gentlemen were curious enough to sow them on their return; and, notwithstanding their having been to appearance dead for so many centuries, yet did they grow and produce. Dr. Lawson tried the experiment in a small garden of his at Chelsea, and it succeeded.



## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### THE JEW AND HIS FRIENDS.

WITH these words the fellow glanced around him as much as say, "You attend to me, and you know you cannot possibly do better."

"You all know, at least many of you do, Jack Hackett."

"Ay, he was to have been hung for murder, but he didn't live to take that dance."

"No, he was not even tried; and a man is innocent, you know, until he is found guilty—but Jack was never tried."

"How was that?"

"Because he committed suicide, and escaped the ceremony altogether, and no bad judge either, if all he told me be true."

"You think he did it, then?" inquired one.

"You shall hear if you will attend to me, and ask no questions."

The night before Jack died, or rather the same evening, for he died that night, he told me all about it. You have never heard the rights on it, and I will tell you.

Jack, you know, was a good fellow, and would never desert a friend in trouble, and I shall always respect Jack's memory for that; but if he thought anybody knew anything about him, or what business he had in hand, he was a rough, queer customer.

"One wet evening he stumbled over a drunken man in the street—he wore livery—and at a glance he saw that the man might be very useful to him if properly managed, so Jack took an inventory of his personal estate, which he returned again, securing a few superfluous sovereigns, which he thought would be as well in his own pocket.

Then after a few moments, Jack considered what was his next move, and then it occurred to him that he would take him to a house that he knew of; this he did, and placed him in bed comfortably enough, and there he lay snoozing like a pig till next morning.

Well, when he woke, he was, as you may suppose, rather queered to tell where he was, and began to ask himself a question or two. At length Jack entered the room as soon as he knew he was thoroughly awake.

"Good morning," said Jack.

"Good morning," said the bewildered butler, for such he turned out to be. "Pray can you tell me—eh?—where I am, for cuss me if I know?"

"Oh! you are all right enough. I saw you lying in a very dangerous state last night in the middle of the road, and seeing you were a respectable man, I obtained permission to put you to bed here."

"Thank you," said the man, "I am very much obliged to you; but couldn't I speak?"

"No, nor see either. You were, indeed, blind and speechless—overcome, quite done up, and baked brown; the sun was too strong a great deal yesterday."

"Ay, it was, indeed, for hang me if I can recollect anything at all."

"Out of place, eh?" said Jack.

"No," replied Dennis, the butler's name; "but I expect this job will put my pipe out, and when I get home, I expect to have my head off."

"Well, never mind," said Jack, "there's more places than parish churches."

"Very true," replied Dennis, and he then got up and offered to pay for breakfast, and the trouble he had been the occasion of, but on putting his hand in his pocket, he drew it out again with a most rueful visage.

"What's the matter?" said Jack.

"I've got no money," replied Dennis; "'tis all gone; what am I to do?"

"I don't know," replied Jack; "but you'd better have breakfast with me, and then return to your place and see how you get on there."

"Thank you," said he, "and if I get any money immediately, I will repay you for your kindness—for I dare say I was robbed, and then thrown down where you found me."

"I dare say so," said Jack; "you were terribly rumpled when I first saw you."

With that Jack gave him a good breakfast, and started him home, first receiving a promise that he would meet him at a house he named that evening, and tell him how he got on.

This was all well so far, and Jack might be thought a mighty disin-

terested kind of blade, and Jack was, in his way. Jack had an object in view, which he steadily pursued.

The fact was, Jack wanted to get the bloak in a line, and you shall see how this came about; it's as good as a lesson, and shows you how easy these things are to be done, provided you have the talent—for it does require talent to become anything at all in any profession—and he must be a sharp man to be above the common run of us.

"Hear, hear!" said a dozen of the Jew's guests in a breath.]

Well, to go on then. Jack was at the place appointed that night, and there came also Mr. Dennis, with a very long countenance.

"Well," said Jack, "how did you get on this morning?"

The latter shook his head.

"The old woman out of temper, eh?"

"Yes, terribly so. I never saw her so much out in my life," he replied.

"Well," said Jack, "never mind. She gave you no money, of course?"

"Dare not ask her."

"Well, never mind that, either—drink—sorrow's dry, you know," said Jack.

"That's true," said Dennis, and he showed that it was, for he drank deep. "But that's not the worst," he said; "she's going out of town, and won't give me any till she returns, and, what is still worse, she has given me notice."

"To leave, eh?"

"Yes."

No more was said for some time, during which, they repeatedly made application to the liquor. Jack fought shy, but made great pretence, while Dennis drank deeply.

"I don't know what I shall do," said Dennis, at length. "Money I want, badly—indeed, I must have it, somehow or other. She gave me some to pay a bill, and I lost it—it was in my pocket, but I got robbed of it, I suppose."

"Haven't you anything to pledge? Something you don't often use."

"Why no, saving my livery; but it may be required," said Dennis.

"That's unlucky; has she not plenty of plate?"

"Yes."

"Well, could you not pledge a little of that, and take it out again when you obtained your money?"

"Ay, but 'tis too dangerous."

"Not at all; it's often done to my knowledge, and very safely."

"But I may be called upon at any time to produce the plate, and should I not be able to do so, the old wretch would consign me to a prison and a trial for robbery."

"She deserves to lose it all," replied Jack—"here, drink; never be downhearted."

"She does deserve to lose all," said Dennis; "and, but for the consequences, I would pay myself, and a trifle over."

"It might be done and she know nothing about it, far from it. You might be able to appear as an injured man, and even summons her to answer any charge you could make, for a false accusation."

"Indeed! You don't mean that?"

"I do."

"Then tell me how; and as I want money very bad we'll go halves."

"Very well," replied Jacob, who found his friend more pliant and willing than he had anticipated. "It is this. Just allow me to see the inside of the house, without being seen by anybody, and the place where the plate is kept, and then I will tell you how to proceed."

"What will you do next?" inquired the butler.

"I don't know; and I can't tell, till I see the place," replied Jack.

"Well—well. You will not attempt anything to night, if I let you in when all are a-bed in the house?" inquired the butler.

"Oh, no! We will settle about that afterwards," answered Jack.

"We can't do these things in a hurry, you know."

"Exactly. Then if you will be near my door by eleven o'clock, I will let you in."

This was all that Jack desired, for, whether Dennis would or would not be a partner in his attack upon the old woman's plate chest, he would certainly have some of her silver at any rate.

The next night Jack was true to his appointment; and was admitted by the butler, who showed him all about the premises, and the plate.

The next day they again met, and it was agreed between them that a sham attempt at robbery should be got up among them.

The butler would quietly force and saw some locks and bolts, as if done from the outside, so that when Jack came, he had but little trouble in getting into the house; but he had more trouble in getting the plate away, for it took him some time. This done, he made an appointment to see Dennis at his own place near Battle-bridge.

He couldn't come; he was so watched that he feared he should betray both himself and Jack if he came too soon. The plate, he thought, would, perhaps, be on the premises; but that was all my eye. Jack,



you know, was wide awake, and had it all melted long before the next evening; but, however, he came not until near a fortnight after, and then it was at night.

"Well," said Dennis, "how did you get on? Have you got the money?"

"Yes," replied Jack; "but come in, and don't speak too loud about business, as you may be overheard."

"How much did you get?" inquired Dennis.

"Sixty pounds."

"Eh! sixty—only sixty! Why it was worth three hundred pounds at least."

"Three hundred! You dream; and, besides, you could not get its full value, be it what it will."

"I know that; but you could get two-thirds, at least. I thought to have had more than sixty for my share."

"You will have but half, and that is thirty pounds, and a very handsome sum too."

"I am d—d if I stand this," said Dennis, "and would rather give myself up, and turn king's evidence, than submit to be done. I see it all, and I may get over it by timely submission."

Jack thought he had a pretty sneak to deal with, and after a deal of manoeuvring he contrived to hit him a desperate blow upon the head, which brought him on his knees, nearly insensible.

The unfortunate wretch begged hard for his life—he besought his enemy to spare him—he would be his slave—his servant—he would give up all his share of the money if he would spare him.

But Jack knew he had gone too far to stop half way; there was the man half killed—wounded, and bruised terribly—his face and head bleeding; what could he do—all would come out whether he would or no, so he struck him a dreadful blow on the head—quite a topper. The blow did not sound much—it was a soft crash—he heard the bone give way, and saw the blood follow!

Not a sound did the wretched man utter, but yet he held up one hand in a supplicating posture. Jack could not bear to see it, but do all he could the hand still kept its posture, for though he lay dead on his back, there was the hand still held up!

Well, this was a pretty piece of business, certainly. Jack had about two hundred and fifty pounds for the swag—that sweetened it a little; but there was the body, what could he do with it? At first he thought he would burn it, but then he knew the great difficulty of getting it out of sight in time; then boiling would be better, he thought; and so it would, but Jack couldn't get over the job of cutting it up, so he determined to bury it.

Not that Jack thought this the best, for it was likely to be disinterred, and boiling or burning was subject to none of these evils.

Behind his cottage he had a small garden, and in it he determined to bury the dead body. He was safe, he believed, for nobody could have traced the man there, and had they, the answer was obvious—he had gone away.

The next night he worked hard in the garden, and dug a grave, and then he went for the body. There it lay, the hand in the same position, as if it deprecated the violence that had been used. He tried to push it down, but in that he could not succeed, for the arm was bent, and the rigidity of death had strengthened it beyond his power to make it resume its posture.

He threw it into the grave, and the body fell on its back, and then the hand was extended upwards.

"D—n!" exclaimed Jack, as he looked on it, "am I ever to have that infernal hand held up to my sight?"

With that he jumped down on the body, and endeavoured to stamp on it, but yet he could not do it entirely. He bent it so far that he was enabled to fill the grave up, and trampled it down.

Some how or other Jack felt very uncomfortable over this job; he sat at his back window, and looked at the spot where the body was buried, and he could not but think that that particular spot was more conspicuous than any other in the garden.

Jack could not make it out at all; he had shovelled it over smooth, and trodden it well down, and again smoothed it over, so as to make it appear as if it had been undisturbed.

Do all that Jack could, he could not make the place appear as he wished it, or as he thought it ought to appear.

Day after day did he go into the yard, and yet he could never take off his eyes from the spot under which the butler was buried.

Somehow or other the children came in and played about the yard, and Jack was very angry about that. It tormented him horribly.

Then came some rainy weather, and the ground appeared to heave up—it was higher than all about it. Again he took the shovel and levelled it, but all to no purpose; and Jack gave over in despair.

The next thing he did was to purchase a dog, to keep the children out of the yard. It was a large and fierce mastiff. This pleased Jack, and it had its effect.

One morning he went into the yard, and found that he was gnawing the hand of the dead body.

The dog had previously been howling and tearing at the ground, but Jack did not hear him, though the neighbours did so; and several of them watched the dog, for they had noticed that Jack had been very busy about the spot himself.

Guess Jack's horror at seeing the infernal hand staring him in the face, and the dog quietly engaged in grinding off the fingers.

At that moment came a noise to the street-door. It was opened, and Jack heard his name pronounced, and in a voice that he well knew to belong to one of the Bow-street runners.

"It is all up," thought Jack; "but yet it can't be for this. Nobody knows of it but me. I have had no pal."

He had scarce time to drop a handkerchief on the ground, to cover the hand, and kick the dog, when the officials entered.

I will not relate to you what happened, or what was said. One of them picked up the handkerchief and saw the body, which was quickly exhumed and placed in a shell.

Poor Jack was marched off, and soon after committed for trial.

He did not live to be tried. He poisoned himself before he came to be called, some few hours after I left him.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE INTERRUPTION.—THE APPEARANCE OF THE OFFICERS.—THE FLIGHT AND ESCAPE.

A MURMUR of applause died away on the lips of the assembled company, many of whom well remembered the individual who had been spoken of.

"Ah, poor Jack!" said one, "I recollect him well. He was a daring, dashing jagsman as ever breathed. There was nothing half-and-half about Jack, and that's the truth."

"Yes, yes, Jack was no swab," said another. "We all know what he was."

As this moment there was a sound of persons descending the stairs, that attracted the attention of everybody, and a death-like silence ensued.

"More company," said Scalvoni to the few who were listening attentively.

"No, not that I know of. Father Abraham, what can it mean?"

The company looked at each other, and at the Jew, and then again at each other in some dismay, and one said,—

"What means this, do you know of more visitors?"

"None—none at all, s'help me Isaac! I know not what to think, my children. There is a screw loose somewhere; somebody is wanted. I fear it is an unpleasant break-up of our party."

This was no sooner said than the door was burst open suddenly, and several Bow-street officers entered the apartment, and gazed around.

"Well, gentlemen, don't disturb yourselves; we only want one or two of you. Pray be seated; we shall know you the better," said one of them.

Scarcely were these words uttered, when all the lights were instantly extinguished, and a scene of riot and disorder ensued that baffles all description. A tremendous rush was made at the doors; but the officers, who were powerful men, stood there as a barrier, using their lanterns to throw a light upon the mob of fugitives who were endeavouring to escape.

This was soon observed by some of them, who seized the lanterns, and then the lights of all kinds were put out, and utter darkness reigned, save such light as escaped from the fire.

The swearing on one side and the threats on the other were fierce and terrific. The officers, notwithstanding their strength and unity, could not have stood before this mob of enraged ruffians, but for the fact that their flanks were secured by the walls of the passage; yet, nevertheless, every loss to them was a gain their enemies, and when one man was pulled off the stairs their strength diminished greatly.

This had happened in more than one instance, and their body began to waver; they became mixed together—unity and strength were immediately severed, and they were mere individuals, each striving not for victory but for personal safety.

This scene of riot and confusion had been carried on for nearly ten minutes, ere the Jew stirred from his place; and Scalvoni, who had watched his movements, stayed quietly by his side, feeling assured that it was the best plan. They had allowed the whole mass of the guests to fight the battle, and every one of them became in some measure engaged and entangled with the officers, and they with them, ere the Jew thought of action.

"The door will, no doubt, be guarded," he said, in a low tone.

"Probably," replied Scalvoni. "What do you think is the best to be done in such a case? This is a pretty sight to see, and one fit to ask a friend to witness, eh?"



"Ah, my dear, you don't know the difficulties we have to encounter, and how unawares these things happen; but yet you haggled over the price you gave for your job. You see there is danger in associating only with useful people."

"Aye, and I am likely to feel it, I think," replied Scalvoni, with a short cough. "If these evils were always attendant upon bad company, I expect you would be alone now."

"Not so fast, my dear," said the Jew, "yourself would just occasionally feel the effects of the silent system, and then you might experience the sad effects of some disagreeable bugbear that you dare not remove yourself. But enough of this. We are safe, I think."

"I should have thought otherwise, had you not been by my side. The old fox, you know, is the most cunning, and I have an idea you know as much as any one here, else they had employed you, and not you them. Cunning often takes the place of courage."

"Only listen to him," cried the Jew, in a kind of ecstasy; "had he been one of my own tribe, he could not have spoken more like an oracle; indeed, whilst speaking of others, he manifestly discovers the secrets of his own heart. Oh, my dear, take a little advice. We are old friends; and I don't mind telling you a little; but never be so unintentionally candid as you have just now been."

"On, curse you!" exclaimed Scalvoni, suddenly losing his patience, and swearing. The Jew was too much at home for him, even in this, and he lost his temper. "Oh, curse you! have you nothing else to say? Can't you give one any means of escape? I am almost tempted to seize you and give you up."

"A, do, my dear; and then explain upon what score you became my visitor."

"Just show me the way out, that is all I want of you," exclaimed Scalvoni.

"That's just what I should like to know, my dear," said the Jew. "You are a Christian, you know."

"Christian be d—d! Show me the way out," replied the infuriated Scalvoni.

"Exactly," replied the Jew. "I believe you all will be, and much good attend the process: but you are a Christian, as I was saying, and can, by virtue of that, fight. You may, therefore, safely rush through the mob, and fight your way out. I hear them scrambling and fighting all the way up stairs, and before any reinforcement arrives, you may escape."

With a muttered curse Scalvoni made towards the mob, but hesitated and looked behind him. The Jew was close behind, and said,—

"Go through them at all hazards. I shall hide in the place, and take my chance, and must leave you to your fate. It is your only chance. If taken, you will be liable to three months' imprisonment, if the justices think proper."

This was an inducement Scalvoni could not hesitate about. It required no second thoughts, and he instantly plunged into the midst of the *melee*.

For a few moments he got on faster than he had anticipated; but he had scarce mounted half way, when he was seized by the throat, and desired to surrender.

Scalvoni, who was a powerful man, in fact, closed with his antagonist, and after a desperate struggle, in which he was favoured by the confusion and darkness, he threw him off; but just as he had done so, he was himself overset by two men falling against him.

It was some time ere he could recover his feet; and when he did, he contrived to escape to the street, but with the loss of his hat; but he fortunately seized some one else's, and then made for the nearest bridge, which was Blackfriars, and there he took a boat to his house by the water side, wearied, and bruised in several places.

(To be continued in our next.)

## TO K. B.

As I gaze with delight on thy bright sparkling eyes,  
Like the stars as they beam thro' the rich mellow skies,  
Oh, sweet is the joy that is mine;  
And my heart beats enraptured with love's purest glow,  
While a fair thought from Heaven seems kindly to flow,  
So blissful, so pure, and divine.

Oh, would that I knew that they gazed upon me,  
With affection as true as that which for thee,  
Dear maiden, believe me, I feel,  
How happy each hour would then wing away;  
And fraught but with gladness, light, smiling and gay,  
Each moment to me would reveal.

H. J. CHURCH.

## MURRILLO;

### OR, THE MIDNIGHT RESCUE.

In Italy there lived a proud and austere man, named Murrillo. He was rich, and had many houses, or what might justly be called palaces, for they were built in the most costly manner, and with every regard to convenience and the beauty of the views. The terrace and walks in the gardens were the admiration of every one who had the happiness to see them. The furniture, and all connected with the interior, were such that none but a prince could vie with.

Yet Murrillo, though possessing so much, was but a young man. His father died suddenly in a brawl, stabbed by some one,—no one could make out by whom; but the pious sorrow of the son for the untimely fate of the father, was shown by the splendour of his funeral, and the number of masses the son paid for, to be said for the repose of his father's soul; and it was said that the untimely fate of Murrillo caused a deep shade of melancholy over his soul, which he was incapable of throwing off, and at times, it even so much deranged his thoughts, as to give way to self accusation, which no one for a moment credited.

The state of mind he was reduced to, was unattended with any other result, than that of exciting the sympathy of his friends, who grieved and condoled with him as his humour suited. There was another cause of melancholy—the lovely Isabella di Caberez,—a lady of moderate fortune, but placed in the power of a guardian, whose avarice was the one passion of his soul, and in its workings, swallowed up the many minor passions, which were thrown into the shade by this master emotion of his mind.

Isabella was sought by Murrillo, who was much taken with her great beauty. The lady had declined the proffered love of Murrillo, who, defeated in his attempt to gain her affection, of which he never doubted, but now that the attempt had been made, and proved unsuccessful, grew frantic with rage, and pacing the apartment in which he usually passed much of his time, he alternately apostrophised the saints, and muttered curses most vehemently:—

"I—I—the rich and noble Murrillo,—I have been refused in my suit—spurned by a maiden whose comparative insignificance is such, that she could scarce feel sufficiently grateful had she rendered up her life for the honour I did her; and yet I—I have been refused that which I ought not to have demeaned my high birth by asking; but let her look to it—let her look to it; she knows not the devil she has raised, nor the vengeance she has provoked."

He became silent; yet he continued to pace up and down the long carpeted apartment, as if this explosion had eased his breast of much of the burden it bore. But the silence was not of long duration, for he suddenly stopped opposite the open window, and looked upon the luminary, whose daily departure was accompanied by all that splendour of form and colour only seen at such a time, and under such a clime.

"Yes! by yon sinking orb," he cried, extending his right arm towards his breast, "I swear to be revenged, and will snatch those sweets by force, which have been refused to entreaty. I will have a slow and sure revenge,—I will have her in my power; but I will not use it at once; no, no, that would not satisfy my revenge; I will have her, and torment my prey, as the gorged tiger torments the victim he is unable to devour."

Here he paused, keeping the same attitude, but suddenly resumed his imprecations, and said—

"Curses on her,—but what avails this—her guardian—aye, he will be my tool. His avaricious disposition will place him under my foot. Yes, yes, I will employ him; he shall force his unwilling niece to my arms, and I will receive her coldly in appearance, while my heart would in truth be warm with passion. Yes—yes, Cavallo shall certainly be my tool."

This thought no sooner took possession of his mind, than he called to a servant to summons Cavallo to his presence, but altering his mind, he deemed it expedient and safest to proceed to him at once himself.

Taking his cloak, he at once proceeded to Cavallo's residence, and was immediately admitted to his presence, who, not conceiving who his visitor could be, received him austere.

"I am Murrillo," was his only reply to the salutations of the guardian who knew him by reputation, and immediately in an humble tone, said,

"I am honoured by this visit, Signor Murrillo; can I do ought to serve you?"

"You may," replied Murrillo.

"Then I shall be honoured in the performance."

"Say you so? well it will not be without its advantages as well as honour. I may confidently reckon upon your aid?"

"Most confidently," said Cavallo.

"Then I am desirous of an alliance, or—or——"

Here he paused, in some perplexity, for a soft word, that would convey a notion of his exact meaning, without any offensive sound to it; but



not finding what he sought, he paused. The pause was embarrassing, for the guardian knew not what to make of it. He could understand its tendency; but he was not certain, and feared to commit himself by a too ready apprehension of the other's meaning; he therefore said:—

"I pray that I may be informed of your desires, that I may the better give them the little countenance my influence will carry."

"You have a wad?" he said.

"I have."

"Isabella el Cabarez by name; she is beautiful, but in comparison with me poor,—very poor, yet rich in charms—charms that have become indubitably imprinted on my heart, and it is these charms,—that is Isabella, whom I would possess. I would even marry her; great shall be your reward if you can assist me to carry my point. You now know my desires; say, will you give me your aid, and will you say that Isabella el Cabarez shall be mine?"

"She shall, if a guardian's power will suffice for the accomplishment of such a purpose; but—but—" stammered Cavallo.

"But your reward," said Murrillo; "it shall be princely."

"Exactly; oh, yes,—no doubt,—but I mean this affair must be conducted in all honour to the lady; else, she has a brother, a soldier, who will out anybody's throat."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Murrillo, "you are afraid of your life. Well—"

"Not of my own, only," replied Cavallo, "but of yours also."

"He dare not!"

"Indeed, he dare do anything when once roused, as I have reason to know; for while he was my ward, he nearly deprived me of life by stabbing me with his sword."

"Well that shall be seen to, and I mean fairly by the maiden; if she will submit at the altar—if she will submit to anything short of force,—if she will abide the priest's benediction, all will be well; but beyond that, if I have not your assistance, I have at least your connivance. If you are fearful of that,—you have no knowledge or suspicion as to where she is."

"Exactly. When will you be introduced to her; you must have seen her already?"

"Yes, and have pleaded my cause unsuccessfully," replied Murrillo. "You have!"

"Yes, I have. So say no more of it; I will believe to-morrow, by which time you may tell the haughty beauty that I have made offers to you; as you know the rest, according to your exertion, so shall it advantage you,—farewell!"

"Farewell, signor," said Cavallo, with much humility, but not at all pleased with the style of treatment which he received.

After a little thought on the subject, he determined to seek Isabella, and inform her at once of the splendid alliance that was open for her.

He found her in her room, seated at her window, passing the dull hours by employing her fingers with embroidery. Cavallo sidled up to her, and began a conversation complimentary to her industry, and the many evils she escaped, in consequence, were dwelt on for some time, till Isabella, never having seen her guardian thus waste time upon such trifles before, wondered what could be his object, as she was certain that he would never have been so communicative upon topics that had not gained for their object or end.

"I have had a visitor," said Cavallo, "not long since—this afternoon."

"Have you, sir?" she replied.

"Aye; and his object was to converse about you, Isabella,—about you!"

"About me? impossible: at least, I cannot conceive how any one could do so."

"Perhaps not,—perhaps not; but you know that he was right in first seeking the advice and the counsel of the guardian, before that of the ward,—eh, Isabella?"

"Yes sir; but I am at a loss to know who it can be," she replied apprehensively.

"I will inform you, then. Why, no other than the rich and noble Murrillo!"

"Murrillo?"

"Yes, Murrillo! He has come to me as a suitor—a suitor to you; he is rich and noble; his personal qualities are such, that few men can boast of, and yet he seeks your hand; he desires to visit you, and win your love."

"That he can never do," she replied, with some fervour.

"How—do you tell me this to my face?" said the guardian, not altogether sorry that he had an excuse for getting in a passion. "You must not, dare not, set my authority at naught. You are ungrateful to him—ungrateful to me; remember who you are, and your present situation. I have a just and legal authority; and should you thus openly oppose me, I will maintain my authority at whatever cost it may be done."

"I mean not to do so, sir; but though you have the power of preventing marriage, you have not the power to enforce it, more than the man who leads his horses to water, can make them drink. He might compel them to keep from the liquid, but he could not make the creatures swallow a drop."

"This man—this Murrillo," replied Cavallo, "is my friend—my guest; and as such you must serve him, and behave with civility to him."

"I hope I know what is due to your guest, and to myself; and while he conducts himself as a guest of yours, I will treat him as such."

Cavallo left the apartment, and he felt assured that he would gain no further concession then; for Isabella at that time thought it best to retire contented in appearance, and appearing to think that it meant much more.

That night Isabella descended the small stairs that led to the stone terrace, and opening the door, crept along under the shadow of the house, till she came to a dark walk that led to a fountain; where she was met by a cavalier, who stepped from the shade as she came, and tenderly saluting her, said,—

"Fair Isabella, you have once more come to see the unfortunate Jose."

"I am as unfortunate as yourself, Jose," she replied.

"What has happened? My heart tells me danger is at hand;—and I, alas, have but my own good sword to protect you!"

"And sufficient, too, Jose; it is not imminent as yet.—Murrillo, the rich Murrillo, has, it seems, gained my uncle to his wishes."

"Ah!"

"Yes—for he announced him to me this evening as my suitor, and insisted on my receiving him as such; but I refused—but would see him as his guest. What say you, Jose? could I do aught else?"

"No, dear Isabella. Some measures must be taken, for there is more danger than you imagine. Murrillo will stop at no villany! I know him, and I know more than he thinks mortal man knows; but I do not wish to discover myself. And if Murrillo were once to get you into his power, he would, without doubt, abuse his power."

"Surely he would not do an act towards me that would disgrace—"

"He would do anything that was tyrannical to gratify himself! Though young in years, Murrillo is old in iniquity; and if all that is reported be true, his hands have the stain of a father's blood upon them. Nay, start not, Isabella, but the day will come when the proud Murrillo will be as abject as the loneliest; but suffer not yourself to be induced to go where his people command, else you are not safe for an hour!"

"I would that my brother were here," said Isabella, despondingly.

"Fear not! I did not tell you all this to cast you down; on the contrary, I did it to put you on your guard, and give you hope; and as for your brother, I will write to him and beg his presence."

"Do so, Jose—do so, and I shall be more at ease if I know that he will soon be here; but I must stay no longer, else I may be missed, and then all would be lost."

"Farewell, then, Isabella; be you as true to your faith as I shall, and we shall yet conquer those machinations which may for a moment impede our progress towards the goal of our wishes."

"Farewell, love!—and do not fall in with such a man as Murrillo!"

"I will be heedful!—farewell!"

Isabella returned to her apartment the same way she came; and with a heart more at ease than she had thought to have felt, since she had disburdened her mind of all that she knew or feared; and now she retired to her couch, after having offered a prayer to the throne of grace for protection and support.

The next day was a trying one, as she had to endure the presence of Murrillo, who, despite all her coldness, continued to pay his visits to her for several days in the presence of her guardian, and thus near a week passed. At length, one night, as she stood folded in the arms of Jose, she complained that she felt such a depression of spirits, that is only felt before some heavy misfortune. He endeavoured in vain to reason and combat this sadness, but without success, and the parting hour came, without having effected what he most desired—her freedom from this melancholy.

"Farewell!" she at length exclaimed; "my mind misgives me, but I will hope, despite my own feelings to the contrary."

"Do so, and farewell!" he replied.

These words were hardly uttered, when they were immediately set upon by a number of assassins, who seized upon Isabella, while part attacked Jose, who, drawing his sword, defended himself with much resolution and spirit, until he fell from a blow given by some one behind him, and he became instantly senseless.

Isabella was rudely seized upon, and the assassins wrapped a scarf round her head to prevent her from giving any alarm; and then wrapping her up in a cloak, hurried her forward with great speed, until they were out of danger, and came to a spot where a litter was in readiness,



on which she was borne to a spot, where they again halted, but which Isabella could not see; but she soon found that she had entered some building, where she was soon released from the things which muffled her head.

"Here you are safe, signora," said one of the men.

"Where am I?" she inquired, with a shudder.

"In the palace of Murrillo!" was the reply.

"Of Murrillo?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, signora; and a brave place it is—you will find it to your taste, I warrant; but here is Fiametta, your maid that is to be; she will conduct you to your apartment. It will be rather dull and secluded, but that is the reason Murrillo sends you there; for he intends you for safe keeping, as I take it."

She followed in silence her loquacious guide, and was soon conducted to a well furnished apartment, which her attendant had assured her had not been inhabited for a long time, but it was well aired.

Isabella spent that night in sleepless anxiety and conjectures as to the future, which was peopled with all the horrors such a situation could inspire; and several days passed before she received a visit from her gaoler, who, however, came on the fourth day, and made those proposals which she had before refused.

"And now, lovely Isabella," he said; "will you not alter your harsh resolve, and bless me with greater kindness than you have hitherto shown me? Nay, I cannot insist upon an immediate answer, but I will give you just one week to make up your mind to consent."

"And what if I will not?" she replied.

"The event will show you; but I would not have you think that I have taken this trouble for the express purpose of setting you free again, and being baffled; I must complete that which you will not willingly consent to."

Saying this he quitted the room, where he did not return until the time had elapsed; but it was at midnight when he next came and repeated his former requests. But Isabella was firm, and determined to encounter every evil she had to expect, rather than voluntarily submit to a man she so much detested. Enraged at hearing this, and meeting with so much opposition, he rudely seized her in his arms, when Isabella screamed loudly.

"Aye, aye, scream to your heart's content; there are none within hearing, who can well come to your assistance. They are all creatures of mine," and he again seized her, when a solemn voice articulated the one word—

"Beware!"

Murrillo paused; when, hearing nothing more, he was about to renew his conduct, when a tremendous crash in his palace arrested his attention; it increased every moment, and came nearer and nearer;—the sound of voices—the clattering of swords and weapons were distinctly heard.

"Our Lord be praised," said Isabella, thankfully; "help is at hand, and you, bad man, will meet with the reward your crimes merit!"

"Do not rejoice, Isabella; for though as yet I do not know the cause of yonder disturbance, yet you will remember that they know not where you are; but it is a respite to you,—I'll go and see what it means."

Before he could do so, sounds of men approaching, startled him, and in another moment the door was flung open, and armed men entered the place; and Isabella was immediately clasped in the arms of her brother and lover, who turning, to Murrillo, said—

"Murrillo, I arrest you for the crime of murder!"

"Of murder?" cried Murrillo.

"Yes—of the murder of your own father. Matteo, your confederate, has confessed."

"D—n!—then all is lost!" exclaimed Murrillo, springing through a secret door, and he disappeared instantly. He was never more seen in Italy. Isabella was immediately united to her lover, who had been carried to Murrillo's palace, and thrown into a dungeon; but being badly guarded, he effected his escape, and her brother arrived with orders to secure Murrillo. They both made an entry into the palace at a moment when they knew he would be unprepared to meet them.

**THE SYMPATHETIC SAILOR.**—When the ballet of the death of Captain Cook was first brought forward at Covent Garden Theatre, an apparently seafaring man in the gallery frequently annoyed those behind him by repeatedly rising from his seat during the representation—the consequence of his great attention to the scene as passing. When the savage steals behind Captain Cook, and lifts the dagger to strike the fatal blow, he rose, with violent emotion, and cried out,—  
"You d—d villain, what are you about?" Then, suddenly recollecting himself, he sat down, and said to those around him, "I beg your pardon, gentlefolks, but this affects me, for I was with the captain at the time."

Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

## THE VESTAL.

In the 257th year after the foundation of the city of Rome, and when the tyrant Tarquin was in the height of his power, a violent storm swept over the city. The fears of the Romans were raised to the highest pitch, by the prediction of the augurs, who prophesied it to be a sign of evil; and in these men they placed so much faith, that they looked upon their persons as sacred and their words as truth. The women clasped their children to their breasts, as if they were about to be parted from them. The husbands bade them not give way to their superstition, though they believed in it themselves. It was a busy day for the augurs, and one old man more popular than the rest, slapping his well filled pockets, exclaimed,—

"Ha, ha! 'tis a fearful day for these foolish and deluded people, but it's a merry one to us, who gain our living by their fears. Ah," he continued, as a maiden entered, "who comes here?"

"One who seeks to know her father's fate," was the reply, as she dropped a piece of money into his hand.

"Thy father, girl! I have not many who come to know the fate of a parent, at least, of your age."

"I have another to ask when you have told me of him," she answered, in a faint voice.

"I thought so," said the augur; "but I must hear thy name, and see thy face, sweet maiden."

"My name is Fulvia de Luciano," she said, as she withdrew her veil and exposed a face of great beauty. She was not more than sixteen, and her long dark ringlets fell in great profusion over her neck and shoulders, her cheek was slightly flushed, and her black eyes rested on the form of the old augur with an expression of deep anxiety.

"My father is on the waters, and this dreadful storm makes me alarmed for his safety."

The soothsayer drew a circle on the floor with some chalk and darkened the room. Repeating some mystic words, he set light to some substance in a pan, which he placed in the middle of the circle he had formed. A blue light illuminated the room, whilst the augur danced around the blaze, saying words which the trembling girl endeavoured, but in vain, to understand.

Once more the room was enveloped in darkness, and the augur spoke,—

"Fulvia de Luciano, thy father is tossed about on the raging waters; thou shalt receive him safely; but thy joy on beholding him shall be turned into sorrow, thy smiles into tears, thy bounding heart shall beat with *holier* feelings, but thy spirits shall be sad."

Daylight once more streamed into the room, and the girl stood with clasped hands, and a pale, very pale cheek.

"Daughter, what more hast thou to ask?" said the augur.

"Of him who is dearer than all the world to me—tell me of him," she exclaimed.

"His name?" asked the augur.

"Claudius de Campagna."

The whole ceremony was again performed. The trembling Fulvia scarcely breathing, so great was her anxiety to hear the words he so soon uttered.

"Fulvia de Luciano, a cloud hangs around thee; thy vows of love shall be exchanged for those of the deity; thy smiles are not destined for the being of thy choice, but for the stone walls of the temple."

"Thou canst not mean this," cried the terrified Fulvia, clasping her hands.

"The words of the messenger of fate should not be disbelieved," he answered, somewhat sternly.

She placed another piece of money in his hand, and the entrance of other visitors prevented any further conversation. She covered herself hastily with her veil, and regardless of the howling wind, the rolling thunder, the flashing lightning, and the beating rain, she made her way to the river side; the swelled waters swelled on the ground beneath her feet and the lightning danced upon the river.

"My father, my poor father," she exclaimed, "what would I not give to see thee."

But then the words of the augur smote upon her ear. A hand was laid upon her shoulder.

"Fulvia, dear Fulvia, do I again behold thee?" exclaimed a young and handsome man who stood beside her.

"Claudius," she exclaimed, "my heart is sorely grieved."

"Grieved, my love," he exclaimed, pressing her to his breast, "you must tell what has grieved thy gentle heart, but not here, my Fulvia, this is no place for you: see, thy hair is wet with the rain," and he led her towards an old ruin, which was in sight.

"Tell me what has distressed thee, now thou art protected from the rain."

"How the thunder rolls; it seems to portend something," and she related to him what the augur had predicted.



The colour left his cheek as he heard this, and his fine eyes were cast towards the ground.

"Fear not, dearest," he said at length, "we have done nothing to offend, fear not, the offended gods will not revenge themselves on the innocent. You doubt; have more faith in —"

"I have too much faith in his words to give me peace of mind," she answered.

"Not in him, dear love," answered Claudius, "but in the gods in whom you profess to believe."

"But Claudius, dear Claudius, though you preach to me, I can plainly see —"

"Nay, you can see nothing," he answered, endeavouring to throw off the gloom which appeared on his handsome countenance; "I place too much trust in those to whom I look for protection, to those to whom I offer sacrifices, to fear anything. He spoke of the temple, how easy to avert that doom."

"How," asked Fulvia; "how can the sinful mortals avert the will of the gods, Claudius? You talk to me of faith, why do you not place your trust in the gods, and not offend them by presumption such as this?"

"You speak truly, dearest," answered Claudius. "It is indeed easy to talk, but difficult to perform. What is this?"

"My father!" she exclaimed, as a group of men passed by the spot where they stood, and Fulvia was clasped in her father's embrace.

"My child, my poor child," he exclaimed, as with clasped hands and downcast eyes he stood before her.

"Father," cried Fulvia, "I conjure thee to speak, nothing has happened? Why look ye so sad? Ye are safe, and —"

"Safe! Yes, I am safe, but at what a price, Fulvia! I am a sinful man, Fulvia; but one thing could save me amidst this dreadful storm."

"And that —" cried Fulvia, clinging to Claudius.

"A vow."

"What vow? Oh, speak, speak."

"That thou, thou, my only child, should devote your life to the offended gods."

"Their will be done," she cried, as she fell into the arms of her lover.

"It shall not be," cried Claudius, with uplifted hands, "It shall not be. Before the gods above, I swear —"

"Desist, desist," cried Fulvia; "by the love you bear me, desist. Oh, do not call the vengeance of Heaven upon your head and mine."

His hands fell powerless by his side, whilst the miserable father fell upon his knees before his child, beseeching her to pardon him. She sought him to rise, but he would not until he had received her pardon, and she fell upon his neck, whilst sobs choked her utterance.

A week elapsed, and Fulvia, the betrothed of Claudius de Campagna, became a vestal. Her sisters in religion spoke of her as the most pious amongst them; she never laughed, never smiled; she often prayed, but her prayers were for him she loved; they did not notice how her cheek grew pale—how her heart sunk—how her beautiful eyes lost their lustre—how her hours were passed in tears and mourning—how her once light steps grew heavy—how she loathed the very name of food, how she turned away from their society to spend her time in mourning and solitude.

She was always punctual to the times when the sisters met for prayer, and she had received many an expression of commendation from the priests; but one morning she came not, and they ascended to her room, but it was empty—the vestal was flown. Every search was made for her, but for some time their endeavours were unsuccessful, and a whole year passed ere they could trace her; but the vigilant spies of the priesthood discovered her at last, as the wife of Claudius, and the mother of his child. They tore her from him, and conveyed her to a cold stone cell, until she should take her trial.

Resigning his child to the care of his father-in-law, Claudius endeavoured to gain admittance to the temple, but in vain, until the day of trial came, when he was permitted to be present.

His heart beat violently when he perceived his gentle wife about to be tried by those austere priests, who sat in solemn conclave to condemn that loved being to a frightful death. There she stood, her head uncovered, and her long dark hair hanging wildly on her shoulders. There was wildness in her eye as she gazed around her, and her lip quivered with emotion as it fell upon him, the lover of her youth, the partner of her guilt, the husband of her choice, the father of her child. And when the dreadful sentence was pronounced, a scream issued from her parched lips which pierced each heart who heard it, and brought her husband to her side. They had not the heart to move him, and he pressed her cold hand and kissed her fair forehead; he called her by her name, besought her to speak to him to gladden his seared heart; but he spoke in vain, she heard him not. They bathed her temples, and consciousness again returned, and opening her eyes she perceived her husband tending over her.

"Fly, fly," she cried, "leave me to my fate,—I deserve it. Do not mourn for me, dear Claudius, protect our child, teach it to think of its mother with a —. Oh, leave me, I beseech thee, leave me ere they seize you also."

But he would not, could not leave her until they tore him from her and conveyed her to that dreadful place again until the time should come when she must die.

The pile was prepared which was to receive the unhappy victim to her father's vow; her face was deathly pale, but she walked firmly towards the spot, breathing a short prayer for him; she ascended the steps, the fire surrounded her form, her hair was in a blaze, when a man, rushing wildly up, clasped her in his arms, and Fulvia and Claudius died together. The unhappy father of the wretched Fulvia was de-ranked for awhile, but time wore away the sharp edge of his grief, and the child—her child—grew up so like his own Fulvia that she seemed to live again; but what could compensate him for the loss of his vestal daughter?

FANNY A.

## THE MOONLIGHT HOUR.

'Tis sweet to rove at moonlight hour,

When softly sighs the breeze,

And, stealing through the summer bower,  
Makes music 'mong the trees.

When nature's hush'd, and all is still,

And silence reigns profound;

Save when the slowly gurgling rill

Murmurs with gentle sound:

Or when the distant shepherd's song

Comes faintly floating by,

While still the hills and dales prolong

The artless melody.

'Tis sweet the scenes around to view,

The forest and the stream,

Ting'd with the soften'd yellow hue

Of the moon's quivering beam.

'Tis sweet to roam the valleys o'er,

To view the silvan scene,

Where fairies danced in days of yore,

And revell'd on the green.

But now no more the silvan shade

Can boast of fairies bright,

Who erst beneath its shadows play'd,

And frolic'd all the night.

Yet still fond fancy can supply

The people of the dell,

And give them to the poet's eye,

As if by magic spell.

Again we see the merry band,

And think we hear their glee,

Again we see them hand in hand

Dancing beneath some tree.

W. S. C.

MARRIAGE.—Washington Irving was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better off," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you; and, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for assistance, but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect—to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion for want of an inhabitant.

THE ARABS.—The Arabs in Judea, in Egypt, and even in Barbary, appear tall rather than short, and their demeanour is haughty. They are well made and active. They have an oval head, a high and arched brow, an aquiline nose, and a sympathising and uncommonly gentle look. Nothing in their appearance proclaims the savage; but as soon as they begin to speak, you hear a harsh and strongly aspirated language, and perceive long and beautiful white teeth, like those of jackals and snakes.



# THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST. A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADA, THE BETRAYED," "MIRANDA," "JANE BRIGHTWELL," "LOVE," &c. &c.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DINNER.—THE INTERRUPTION.—A SAD SCENE.—THE MANIAC.

For the first hour the sight of the vacant chair, and the unused plate at the dinner table, sensibly affected the six friends who were assembled in that ancient gothic apartment; but the human mind, in early life especially, soon accommodates itself to exterior circumstances, and as we have found men who, from long habit, will not only look with indifference upon the saddest emblems of mortality, but make merry even with the dead and the dying about them, so did our six friends, after a time, and after a few remarks, such as, "Ah, poor Lee!" and so on, forget, partially, the melancholy circumstances which had characterised their last meeting, and cast a gloom over them.

By common agreement they had determined to wear mourning for George Lee the accustomed time, and as the twelvemonth was only over just then, they appeared but a melancholy party, for not one had changed his suit of black as yet. When, however, the jest and the laugh began to go merrily round, the sombreness of the apparel of the party was soon forgotten, and wit, humour, intellect, and philosophy, alike exerted their magic sway upon the young hearts there assembled.

When the cloth was removed, and wine was placed before them, Charles Lechmere rose, and the gravity of his countenance bespoke immediate attention to his words.

"My friends," he said, "before we speak more of life and its friendships, let us take one short retrospective glance, and in sadness and silence drain a glass to the memory of him who has gone from among us—George Lee."

The toast was drunk silently and solemnly, and then there ensued a slight pause in the hilarity of the scene, for the sentiment which had been proposed had thrown all their minds back again to those mournful subjects which for a short time had been buried in oblivion. It was, however, but a passing cloud across the sun, and in the space of half an hour each face wore its accustomed looks.

"Griefs," said Ashley Meriton, "should be as soon forgotten as at all consistent with correct feeling. If we were all so saddened by the death of sincere friends as it appears to us, at the period of our separation from those we love, we must continue to be, this world would, indeed, be but a vale of tears."

"There are many people," said another, "who would be well pleased to make it so; and, however paradoxical it may appear, there are thousands who would be happy to be miserable."

"Ah! but thank God we are not evangelical."

"Hear—hear—hear."

"Gentlemen, I is here," said the landlord. "You needn't vex yourselves by calling out so loud."

"My good friend," said Charles Lechmere, "you mistake, we did not call you; but now, if you will place a bottle of wine before each of us, and then oblige us with the key of the door, we shall thank you."

"Lor, gentlemen, what does yer want the key for?"

"The conversation we are about to commence is strictly of a private character, and we must have the door locked on the inside."

"Well, I never. Howsomever, it's all the same to me, yer knows. Here's the key. There aint no conjuring a-going on, is there? No blowings up, or dangers to the Golden Fleece, eh, gentlemen? Nobody's been blowed up here since my missus's time, and she's been dead and gone some years, she has. Peace to her *manes*, as I heerd somebody say once, and somebody else as was dead. Did you see the *pentograph* I put up on her grave, gentlemen?"

"The what?"

"Well, I ain't sure I has got hold o' the right word. It's a *pentograph*, or a *telegraph*, or a *epitaph*, or something o' that sort. I supposes, though, they means the same thing."

A roar of laughter followed this speech, and Charles Lechmere said,—  
"Gentlemen, suppose we hear the epitaph before we have this room all to ourselves. The landlord will tell it to us while Bob Goodge is getting the wine, and then he will be so good as to leave us to ourselves."

"Wery good, gentlemen. The telegraph is just this here,—

"Here lays Missals Mugg,  
Beneath this stone uncommon snug.  
Rest, rest, in peace, oh, Mrs. Mugg,  
The food of worms, perchance of a slug."

For you must know, that Mr. Mugg  
Don't want with you another tug,  
For right or wrong, Maria Mugg,  
For whom this here deep grave is dug.

What do you think of that, gentlemen?"

"It transcends all thought," said Lechmere. "Now we have the wine we will bid you good bye till we ring the bell."

The landlord left the room, and the door being locked, the six friends sat undisturbed in the gothic room. It would have been a curious speculation to look around the tables and note the expressions of those various faces, at the same time indulging in a dread of the future, and fancying which one would be the last to appear at that festive board. All were young, all wore a look of intelligence; they were, in truth, kindred spirits—a similarity of tastes and habits had originally brought together, and now their union was connected by the solemnity of an appeal to Heaven, which had made a strong impression upon them all, dictated as it had been by one whose head was now low in death."

Charles Lechmere had by general consent been placed at the head of the table, and now the others glanced towards him as if waiting for him to give the tone to the proceedings which was expected.

There was then one toast drank—it was health and gladness to all. Then they shook hands all round, after which Charles Lechmere rose with an appearance of emotion, and while all eyes were bent upon him, and every word he spoke sunk deep into the hearts of all present, he thus addressed himself feelingly and affectionately to his few friends, who had there assembled to hold what might fairly be called their first meeting in pursuance of the bond of friendship they had made among them.

"My, dear friends," he said, "if we are to meet here in accordance with the vow we have each of us made to do so, we must not forget that a far higher object than the feast, the wine-cup, the jest, the song, and the laugh, has called us together. We have sworn to be of assistance to each other in the pilgrimage of life. We have, I consider, formed a band of men which only the grave can separate. At our annual meetings then let us be confidential with each other. Let us freely communicate our hopes and our fears, our expectations and our difficulties; then we shall ascertain not only what is to be overcome during the succeeding twelve months, but likewise from such a freedom of communication the readiest means of overcoming it."

Charles Lechmere then paused, in the expectation that another of the body would speak, and he was not disappointed, for Meriton rose and said,—

"I am sure, Lechmere, we all agree in what you have said, and in order that no time may be lost in carrying into effect the proposition you make, I will at once commence my statement."

The friends looked in his face anxiously and curiously, and Meriton spoke as follows:—

"I am an orphan, as you all know, and studying medicine; I have a very small independence, and by great frugality I expect to be able to get through my studies unaided. I have now only two great wishes ungratified. The one is, that I may pass through my medical examination creditably and honourably; the other is, that I may succeed in winning the hand of a young lady to whom I am deeply attached. In addition to this, I may add that I have one feeling of the most profound regret growing at my heart. It is this—she, to whom I am so warmly attached, and to whom I hope to make myself acceptable as a husband, is beloved likewise by one of this party; one of other of us must of course be disappointed. Let me, however, hope that the solemn compact into which we have entered will be of sufficient influence to prevent any of the coarser passions of humanity from stepping in to mar our friendship."

There was a silence of about a minute after Meriton had ceased speaking, and then, with a flushed countenance, Anderson rose and remained standing for nearly a minute before he could command voice to speak. Then he said,—

"I am toiling to acquire sufficient knowledge of the law to enable me to practise in the superior courts. My father left enough money to enable me to do so, along with an expressed wish that I should choose that path of life—I have chosen it. For the convenience of being near to the Temple, where I am studying, I took a humble lodging in Carey-street, Chancery-lane. My landlady has a daughter; why should I disguise the fact? I love her. There was a vacant room in the house; Meriton was seeking a lodging, and he was recommended to that by me. He, too, loves Maria Delmar."

Emotion stopped Anderson from continuing for some moments, during which Meriton made some remark to him across the table, to which he replied,—

"No, no, it cannot be. Let us take no more oaths; I verily declare that my happiness in this world is wholly centred in an union with her of whom I have spoken."



"And mine—and mine!" cried Meriton. "Hear me, my friends; I do love Maria Delmair. No power on earth shall force me to relinquish the fond hope—"

"Peace—peace," said Anderson. "Meriton, you knew well my sincere love; you knew well that heart and soul I was bound up in that girl. God forgive you, Meriton; but you have played me false."

"Aa I live, no!" cried Meriton. "Anderson, your jealousy has driven you mad. You made no such revelations as you talk of to me previous to my being in the same house with the Delmairs."

A flash of anger came to the brow of Meriton as he spoke, and Anderson, with sudden fierceness, cried,—

"We are rivals!—away with all fancied romantic bonds of union. Beware of the hate—"

"For the love of God," cried Charles Lechmere, rising, and speaking in a solemn voice of admonition, "let this contention cease. Alas! my friends, have you so soon forgotten the occasion of this meeting? Good God! Anderson and Meriton, are you both bent upon the dissolution of this solemn compact, which appears to my mind sealed by the blood of poor George Lee?"

"Hear me," said Mr. Grant, rising, and speaking sorrowfully. "If ever disunion breaks out among us, and instead of brethren we become enemies, I can see as if the future was fairly presented to my view, it will arise from one of two causes—jealousy or money!"

These words appeared to make a deep impression upon all present, and, with much emotion in his tone, Meriton said,—

"Will Anderson enter into an agreement with me that to-morrow two letters be sent to Maria Delmair—one from him, and one from me, each pleading, as best he may, our suit? Let them be placed in her hands at the same moment, and I for one will agree, without compromising our solemn league of friendship, to abide the issue."

"Will you agree to that, Mr. Anderson?" said Charles Lechmere.

"I more than suspect," said Anderson, "that Meriton has already had an equivalent to a favourable answer to his letter; but I may be doing him an injustice."

"Indeed you are," cried Meriton.

"Then, with that reservation, I consent to the arrangement, and God help the right."

Charles Lechmere now called upon Bateman to speak, who said,—  
"I am, as you know, a clerk in a mercantile house, and have done my duty faithfully; and, could I command five hundred pounds for about two years, I could procure a junior partnership in the concern."

"Well," said Charles Lechmere, "we must raise so much on our joint securities. Is that agreed, gentlemen?"

"Agreed—agreed!" cried all.

"How can I express my gratitude to," faltered Bateman.

"Hush!—hush!" cried Charles; "once for all we ought to get rid of all expressions of obligation; we are met to do all the good we can to each other. All that will be required of you, Bateman, is, strict honour, and that you hesitate not to do at any time for us, as we have freely done towards you. Now, Grant."

"I am happy with my wife and child, and require nothing. You know I contrive to get a respectable living by my pen. Till my brains wear out, or some caprice seizes the dear public, I hope to be able comfortably to keep the wolf from the door of my humble home."

There was a hearty frankness in these words which much pleased the friends, and some applause followed, which Grant gratefully acknowledged. Then Charles Lechmere himself said, as he glanced around him,—

"Perhaps I ought myself to have set the example of these revelations, and before the last among us, save myself, speaks, I will say my say. You know I am an artist. By the liberality of a patron, I am about to leave Eng and for Italy; but, believe me, I shall be here, at the Golden Fleece, on the twelfth of August next. Like Grant with his literature, I am dependant upon the world's opinion for my bread, but I have hopes of struggling on successfully. Industry and application must be my two assistants, and I am determined to make them do their work well. When I return from Italy, I think of getting married, and if so, it will please me much to have you all as wedding guests."

"We shall scarcely," observed one, "have a Benedict among us, soon; they seem to be thinking of matrimony at an alarming rate. What a racket there is below."

The friends were silent, for a disturbance, in the midst of which some screams were heard, issued from the lower part of the old inn.

"What can that mean?" said Charles Lechmere. "I will summon the landlord."

The noise continued. There was a tramping of feet upon the staircase, and before Charles Lechmere could lay his hand upon the bell-rope, a violent knocking commenced at the door of the apartment.

## CHAPTER VI.

MATILDA RASHLEIGH.—THE WANDERING OF A MIND DISEASED.—THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

THE knocking at the door was accompanied by screams and cries, amid which a voice in imploring accents, said :—

"George—George! 'Tis I;—do you not know me? George! George! time was when my slightest tone would have been recognized, George—George! I have come—I have kept the oath!"

"Good Heaven!" cried Lechmere; "that is Matilda Rashleigh's voice!"

Astonishment and consternation sat on every countenance. Each man seemed to look in his neighbour's face, as if with the inquiry of "What shall we do?" It was Grant who first spoke after the announcement that had been made by Charles Lechmere, and as he did so speak, he moved towards the door.

"Let us admit her," he said. "Poor thing! God knows how she came here, but it would much aggravate her malady, perhaps, to exclude her from this room, now."

No one opposed him, and he turned the key in the lock. In another instant the door was flung wide open, and there appeared upon its threshold as motley an assemblage as could possibly have been imagined to have got together in the old hostel of the Golden Fleece.

There was the landlord himself, in a perfect perspiration of terror; there was Bob Goodge, armed with a pitchfork, and there were two of the female auxiliaries of the household, one of whom shouldered an immense warming-pan, while the other brandished a Brobdignagian toasting-fork, which was, in point of size, a very respectable opponent to Bob Goodge's pitchfork.

In an instant through the throng burst Matilda Rashleigh, and upon Grant saying, "Do not hinder her. For Heaven's sake, let her come if she likes," the landlord and his friends drew back, and, like a pure spirit from another world, the unhappy girl glided up to the table. A smile played upon her wan features, but oh! it was a sad, an agonizing smile to see, for it had no mirth in it. Alas! for her there was no joy—no peace on earth; her merriment was the wild, frantic glee of the lunatic, which is more sad than tears. Her grief provoked, perhaps, less sympathy than her mirth, because it looked more natural, although a produce of the same overwrought brain, which had preyed upon itself until destroyed by thought.

She stopped close to Charles Lechmere, and with one hand parting from across her beautiful brow the long straggling tresses of her raven hair, she placed a finger of the other hand upon his breast, and in the low sweet voice of other days—that voice which contained solace and beautiful music in its very tone—she said,—

"I know you—I know you." Then turning to the others, she added, "and you, and you—'tis long since we have met. Ah, after all, 'twas a beautiful world we once lived in—there were sights and sounds of joy in it; and even in the midst of its woes there was a clinging beauty about it, which seemed like the remains of Eden—man's last inheritance—the secret blush of that garden of God still lingered in the flowers—the air came scented with the soft perfumes that once illumined the favoured glades—but now that we all are dead, we must even make the most of the star we dwell in."

She smiled so sweetly as she spoke, and looked from the face of one to the other with such ineffable grace, that tears were in every eye. No one could speak to her for excess of emotion; and, after a slight pause, she continued,—

"There is love and there is joy here, as well as from whence we have come. How strange, too, that we should have all met again here, where we used to meet! Oh, now, what am I saying? This is an imitation of the world we have left—'tis a picture of the past, and bravely done.—Do people dream here of thunder-storms and riven trees as they do on the old earth which once we helped to people—answer me that? 'tis a subtle question, but one worth answering, because such dreams may come as will harrow up the soul, take the reason prisoner, and hold so firmly to the frenzied fancy as to require more mastery of mind than Heaven has bestowed on any of its creatures quite to overcome. Do you ever dream?"

"Alas!" said Charles, to whom this question was addressed, "I wish some things that I can never forget were dreams!"

"You wish they were? Ah, you have a vacant place among you, and here a card—the name, George Lee—George Lee—my husband. He is not dead yet then, since we are all here without him? How strange and sad—how very oddly our opinions change! In the world from whence we have all come, through the painful gates of the grave, we are taught to think death the greatest of calamities, and here we mourn, because those we love are not with us. Never mind—never mind—ha! ha! we can but laugh, and wait till the next thunder-storm, you know."



"Can you tell me your name?" said Charles Lechmere.

"Yes; Harebell is my name. Do you want to be amused? Look here—look here!"

She showed her wrist to Charles—it was torn, and had evidently been recently bleeding.

"How did that happen?" he said.

"Well, now, 'tis hard to say," she replied, passing her hand slowly across her brow, as if trying to recollect something. "It seems to me that I heard some one say last night—'To-morrow is the twelfth of August; it would be odd if any change should take place in her malady that day.' Then something came across my mind that we had all agreed to meet here—and so I strove with the fetters that bound me. I escaped—Hush—hush! say nothing, or they will force me back to the world I have left—'tis a very sad one—was that thunder?"

She clutched Charles Lechmere by the arm, and her countenance assumed a wild expression, as she again repeated in still higher tones, the question,—

"Is that thunder?"

"No—no," said Charles, "you mistake; the day is one of unequalled splendour; there is not a cloud in the sky. Thunder is not possible on such a day so suddenly; believe me, you are mistaken—there is no thunder. Be calm; I pray you to be calm."

A shriek burst from her lips, and in agonised accents she shouted, while she clung to Lechmere's arm,

"There—there—it commences. Thunder afar off, so far, that it can scarcely be pronounced to be thunder. There, it comes nearer—nearer still, till all doubt has vanished, and one bright horrifying flash of light proclaims the storm at hand. We are lost—lost in the maze of the forest. He is full of life and energy. The gayest of the gay—unnatural excitement gleams from his eyes; he will ascend a tree to note the way. As he goes he bids us all farewell; his voice sounds like a funeral-knell; it comes upon all our ears as such; sadder—sadder we grow, and the sky darkens; the storm rages; the thunder rolls from earth to Heaven; the forked lightning flashes fearfully, and the gigantic tree which had stood for ages, falls a wreck at our feet. We see it blazing; we hear the crackling of the timber: long tongues of flame shoot from the burning mass; suffocating smoke for a moment blinds the vision, and then is off again, up—up to Heaven, leaving all around defined and clear. Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha! Then what a sight greets us—a dead body rolls to our feet, and at the same moment a strange tempest of feeling sweeps through the brain; we are all lifted up—up—up, till we reach this star, and from the giddy height we look downward upon the rolling orb we have quitted. Bear with me—there is some more, but my memory does not always serve me, gentlemen, and I get a little lost at times. I can still, though, recollect some of the old familiar tunes. Ah, indeed, it would be hard to forget them."

"Violets, sweet violets,  
Beautiful blue violets,  
Sparkling with sunshine,  
Dripping with the dew.

Well—well, be it so. They clothed the rose in a wild lily for a winding-sheet, and its requiem was sung by the gentle zephyr, as at close of day it murmured among the sweet flower. Now you know the whole, and we have but to laugh and make merry, because you see, in this star, we are nearer Heaven than we were."

"This is dreadful," said Charles Lechmere; "this is dreadful. Gracious Heaven, what can be done with her?"

"Have you no wild flowers here?" said Matilda; "I am accustomed to bind them in my hair. Since my mother died, I have had no one to tell me how they look, and I have no lover either. They say a lover's eyes is the best glass. Ah me, in this star there are no fond throbbing hearts such as dwell in the world below, with all its faults. Is this the summer?"

"Yes, this is the summer," said Lechmere; "do you not see the sun illumining the west? The evening is approaching, but it is a summer's one."

She walked to the window, and looked earnestly at the glowing west. A deep sigh came from her breast, and in a voice of exquisite pathos, she commenced singing some wild melody she had heard in happier days, and which now, along with all the heterogeneous mass of images that filled her brain, floated on the surface of her memory.

The beautiful, clear, bell-like voice still remained—that voice, which had been to George Lee so dear and precious; but, alas, the mind—the intellect which gave expression to every word was gone; and yet, now, whether it arose from the tones themselves, or from the knowledge of the circumstances which had in that young and beautiful creature quenched the glorious fire of intellect, there seemed to those who heard her sing, a heart-breaking tenderness about the words, such as they had never found any convey before.

The evening was now fast approaching, and it became absolutely ne-

cessary, ere night set in, that something should be done for the safety of the poor maniac girl. Grant whispered to Lechmere.

"She must have made her escape from the asylum in which she has been placed, poor thing. The mention of the twelfth of August must have come across her mind, accompanied by a recollection of this meeting, and at some unguarded moment she has found her way here."

"Alas, poor thing, such has been the case. See, she is dusty and travel-worn. God help her, I would not have this happen for the dearest prospect I have upon earth."

At this moment the sound of carriage-wheels sounded as coming from the direction of the forest. Before any of the friends could hazard a conjecture as to who might be approaching, Matilda Rashleigh heard the sounds, and a change came over her countenance. She turned of an ashy paleness, and with a shudder, she said,—

"Save me, save me,—oh, God!—they come for me—they come for me. Save me, George—George, where are you now?—why do you linger in the lower world, when we are all dead here and awaiting your coming?—why sleep you when we are all awakened?"

She was right in her conjectures. The carriage contained some persons from the house where Matilda had been kept in gentle confinement. They had heard her muttering something about the twelfth of August and Epping Forest, and that when she was missed, they had no doubt as to where she could be found.

By some means the carriage did not come direct up to the house, possibly the driver was ordered to wait at some distance, or he might have chosen the wrong little bit of road, but as it was, the wheels went over a small wooden bridge that was thrown across an inconsiderable stream near at hand, and the sudden change of sound at once reached the ears of Matilda.

"Thunder! thunder!" she exclaimed.

Then a piercing scream, which could only be equalled by that she had uttered in the forest, and during the utterance of which her intellect appeared to have flown, came from her lips, and she dropped in a state of utter insensibility on the floor of the apartment.

In another half hour she was far on her journey to London again, but the painful incident had cast a gloom over the proceedings of the friends, and when they sat down again to the festive board, there was a settled look of sadness upon every countenance around it.

"How little," said Lechmere, "could we anticipate such an adventure as this; poor, poor Matilda—Heaven help her! Perhaps, as was remarked when the occurrence happened which destroyed her reason, it is better that such should be the case, than that she should live a prey to the terrible grief and gloom which such a circumstance was sure to cast over her future life."

"God help her indeed," cried another gentleman; "let us endeavour to forget this harrowing occurrence, which has been, with all its awful particularities, brought again so freshly to our remembrance. The wine, the wine—here is a toast for you, 'Poor Matilda Rashleigh, and when the light of reason again illumines her brain, may it bring with it philosophy to enable her to endure the grief that is past.'"

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed (post paid) to the Editor, which will meet with immediate attention.

E. H. WHITE.—"The Adventures of a Shilling" would have been inserted long since, had we seen the letter mentioned, containing the permission to curtail it. We are rather short of space at present, but it shall appear as soon as possible.

O. H. OUSTAING.—The conclusion of "The Avenger" has been received, and the tale shall appear, if possible, in the next number of the JOURNAL.

ELIZA JANE M.—"The Betrayed One's Lament" was inserted in No. 128 of the MISCELLANY. It is not our fault that our correspondent has not seen it, as she did not give the name of the magazine in which she wished it to be published.

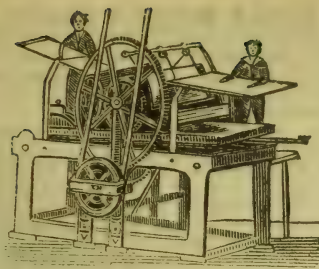
W. S.—Not at all. The pieces are hardly suitable; but we think, from the slight specimen forwarded, our correspondent would succeed in prose much better than in poetry. We shall be glad to receive any attempt he may make.

J. H. SHEPHERD (Ongar).—The MS. has not been received.

JOHN TOOMY (Edinburgh).—We like the commencement of the "Autobiography;" but if we were to publish it, it could not be commended without the whole of the MS. was first forwarded. Not having seen the communication alluded to, no answer could be given.



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



OF

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## ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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### THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.

#### A TALE OF THE GREAT FOREST.

THE morn was bright and fresh, as a goodly cavalcade set out from the Castle of Y——. The king, attended by his lords, rode foremost of the party, while at a respectful distance came a troop of huntsmen, clothed in Lincoln green, and bearing bugles at their belts.

Among their number were the king's falconers, with hawks upon their wrists, while several couples of stag-hounds were kept in proper abeyance by their whippers-in. The horses as well as riders seemed elated with the freshness of the morn, and showed the buoyancy of their animal life by caracoling in graceful curves, till checked by the rein and spur.

The dew sparkled on the grass like myriads of diamonds, and a white frost threw out in strong relief various dark branches of the trees and hedges.

"By my troth," said the king, as he reined in his steed, "this is a right pleasant morning for the chase; think you not so, my lord Cleveland?"

"It is, my liege," replied the nobleman who rode two paces in the rear; "and I doubt not but we shall have a splendid chase."

"I hope so," said the king; "my horse seems already very eager to be off."

"He's a noble animal, sire," said Cleveland.

"A present from my brother of Burgundy, and a right good fellow he is; he has served me well in war and chase; but hark, what horn is that?"

"It sounds, my liege, as if some one pursued the royal deer."

"You say right, Cleveland," rejoined the king; "and by the virgin, the knave had better make good use of his horse's heels, or we may fall foul of him. Who, think ye, would be daring enough to chase the king's deer?"

"I know of none, my liege, except Walter de Lancey, with whose house and your highness there is a feud."

"His head, then, Cleveland, sits but unsteady upon his shoulders."

"Or," suggested Cleveland, "it may be some of the band of robbers which infest the royal domains."

"I could feel it half in my heart to forgive them, Cleveland, because they have necessity; but for Walter de Lancey, I would hang him on the nearest oak."

"Forward there, Mark!" called Cleveland to the master of the hounds.

The huntsman obeyed the summons, at the same time touching the peak of his cap, which was circled by a band of gold, and surmounted with a golden tassel.

"How fare the royal deer, Mark?" demanded the nobleman; "do you find them harried much?"

"Their numbers are considerably thinned, my lord, in these parts; I fear there are many stalkers among them at night."

"Think you the bandits take them?" asked the king.

"Perchance now and then, my liege," replied the huntsman, bending low his head, "but they generally have other game on hand."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the king; "a fat bishop with a heavy purse of gold; but find a stag, Mark, 'tis time to commence a run."

In a few minutes a stag was found, and being selected from the herd, the leashes of the dogs were slipped, and away they went over hill and dale, brook and briar. Now might be heard the huntsman cheering to the chase; then again the baying of the dogs and the sound of horns, borne on the morning air, and which echoed through the woods for many a mile.

Cleveland, like a good courtier, kept near the king, and ever and anon checked his rein when he found his steed getting a little in advance, while a score of knights and grooms followed in their rear; and there a lady in a hunting habit might be seen amongst the riders, and served to give animation, by their presence, to the sport.

Scarcely had the king been in pursuit of the noble stag for half an hour, before the sound of horns again arrested his attention, and in a few seconds after a noble buck, with an arrow in his side, stopped the path in which the royal party were proceeding; its body lay bleeding on the ground.

"By the mass!" cried the king, in a fury, "but I will give a hundred marks for the head of the villain who has slain this buck. Ho! my lords, did ye ever know the like, and almost within our very presence? What think ye of it, my lords?"

"'Tis a bold and daring deed," said Cleveland, "and deserves your grace's just displeasure; I have no doubt it is De Lancey."

"Pursue the knave!" cried the king to his followers, "and at your peril return without him. I will teach him what obedience means; you, my lord of Cleveland, will remain with us."

In an instant the hunting scheme was dissolved, and all in hot pursuit of the slayer of the deer, who, but a few minutes before, hearing the cheers of the king's huntsmen, had fled at his horse's swiftest speed with one or two attendants.

We must now retrace our steps to Walter de Lancey. For some conspiracy, in which it was believed he had been concerned, his property had been sequestered; but sufficient proof had not been brought against him to convict him; however, enough had been done to cause him hatred to the king, and reduce him to a state little better than that of a brigand; he, therefore, was compelled to seek the chase as a means of life, and what deer so fit to kill, in his imagination, as his enemy's, the king's.

On the morning in question he had come from his retreat in a distant part of the forest (although it was believed he was abroad) to hunt. He had just brought down a buck of two year old, leaving the arrow in, which was stamped with his name, when the sound of the king's approach disturbed him and his attendants.

"By heavens, Gurth!" said Sir Walter, "that is the sound of the king's horn; if found here our lives are not worth a rotten branch."

"We had better to horse, then."

"Quak as thought!" replied Sir Walter, "and spare neither whip nor spur."

In an instant they were scouring at their topmost speed, while from time to time they heard the voices of their pursuers in quick pursuit.

While thus they coursed along, the rein of Gurth's horse was caught by a sturdy woodman, which immediately checked its speed.

"Ha, friend!" exclaimed the latter, "why ride you thus fast?"

"It matters nought to thee," said Gurth; "let go the bridle."

"Not so," replied the woodman. "Your master's name is De Lancey, is it not?"

"It is!" said Gurth, hastily; "but what is that to you? let go, I say!"

"You know he makes sad work with the king's deer."

"And that also he will have to answer for."

"But I can now save him," continued the woodman; "quick! lend me your bow."

"And wherefore? it yet may do me service. Hear you not the king's men are in pursuit?"

"It is then as I suspected; Sir Walter has shot a deer; lend me your bow, I say, and I will take the burden on myself; Sir Walter has rendered me a service, and now I have an opportunity of returning it."



There was no time to lose; Gurth threw the bow to the woodman and instantly galloped after his master. At the next moment the king's men drew near.

"Hallo, fellow!" said Mark, the huntsman, as he came up and checked his horse, "has any one passed you here?"

"No one."

"Thou speakest falsely, knave! but now I hear the horse's feet upon the turf!"

"If I do," replied the woodman, "you then will not have to answer for it."

"Thou art saucy, knave. Perhaps thou canst tell who shot the buck which now lies about two hundred paces yonder?"

"I shot him."

"The arrow bears the name of Walter de Lancey."

"It may do so; but nevertheless I shot him."

"You are here before us, how can that be?"

"It nevertheless is so."

"Dost thou take me for a fool," said Mark, "that I should believe you being guilty of the deed, would acknowledge it?"

"In truth I trouble not myself to think whether thou art foolish or wise."

"I deserve thy insolence for having condescended to ask a question of thee." Thus saying, he spurred his noble hunter, and galloped onward to make further search.

They had not, however, proceeded far before they discovered a knight of dark and scowling features, dragging onward, with little courtesy, a stranger.

"Pardon me, noble knight," said the huntsman, "but if I mistake not, the individual whom you now hold has been guilty of some high misdemeanor?"

"Thou art indeed right; and it tells me, but strangely, if our royal master spares his life one hour after being made acquainted with his crime."

"Ah! say you so?"

"Aye, do I; and would have your assistance to convey him to his majesty's presence."

"Traitorous coward!" said De Lancey—for it was he—"thou durst not have proceeded much further if thy request were refused."

"Silence!" roared the knight, whose name was Gilbert Montford.

"I heed not your command," returned De Lancey; "for although in your power, I defy it."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Sir Gilbert Montford; "Walter de Lancey, who owns not a rood of land, braves the power of the wealthy Gilbert Montford."

De Lancey, who, in the hope of escaping his pursuers, had taken an unfrequented road, was missed by his faithful domestic, Gurth, whom he still considered was following him, and hearing the clatter of the horse's feet behind him strengthened the supposition.

"Spur on thy steed, honest Gurth," said he; "that thou mayest be ready to assist me if overtaken." He heard no reply, but supposing his servant obeying his command, "Safe! safe!" exclaimed De Lancey, "thou hast best dismount," and turning round in the saddle, to his surprise and dismay he saw the haughty and vindictive Montford at his side in the place of his trusty Gurth.

De Lancey, thrown off his guard, had hardly time to place his hand upon his hunting sword before he was seized by Sir Gilbert Montford, and received so severe a blow from the hunting whip of the latter as caused him to fall from his saddle.

"Now is the hour for revenge!" said Montford, taking from his fallen foe his weapon, "if I did but choose to use it."

"Thou art a base mean villain," said De Lancey, "thus to take advantage of me."

"And thou wert base to take advantage of the love of the Lady Isabel."

"The Lady Isabel is as false as she is beautiful," returned De Lancey; "but what has that to do with this treachery?"

"I do not choose to bandy words with thee," said Montford; "I know thy crime and that is sufficient."

"I am not guilty of any, save those to which I am reduced by the treachery and villany of others."

"An excellent apology, truly," retorted Montford, seizing De Lancey, and was about to fasten him to a tree, when Mark, the huntsman, and his groom, came up.

Overpowered by numbers, the vanquished De Lancey was borne to the spot where they had left the king; but he had returned, and he was forthwith led to the presence chamber at the Castle of York.

Ralph the woodman was on his return to his lowly cottage (considering what would be the best method of saving the life of Walter De Lancey, who had so nobly rescued his beloved child from the jaws of the

ravenous wolf) when he was met by the king and his noble party returning from the chase.

"How fares it with the honest Ralph?" said the Lord of Cleveland, addressing him.

"But sadly, my noble lord," replied Ralph; "I am heavy at heart."

"Aye, sayest thou so—the cause, then?"

"Fear, my lord, lest the innocent should suffer for the guilty." The king now turned to address Cleveland, whose attention was now averted from the woodman to his majesty; and when he again turned to resume the conversation the woodman was out of sight.

"On their arrival at the palace the king's first inquiry was to ascertain if he who had wounded the buck had been discovered.

"He has, my liege," was the reply.

"I am right glad of it. By whom was he found?"

"By the trusty knight, Sir Gilbert Montford."

"Noble courtier," returned the king, "great shall be his reward. Heard you the name of the miscreant?"

"Walter De Lancey," replied the person addressed.

"Aye, say you so! By my crown, then, his life shall pay the forfeit of his temerity."

"Is he in safe keeping?" asked Lord Cleveland.

"He is, my lord, in the presence-chamber."

"And well guarded?"

"Yes, my liege."

"I will to the chamber, then," replied the king; "summon my ministers to pass judgment on him."

"You see, my liege," said Cleveland, "I was right in my conjectures."

"Concerning what?"

"De Lancey, my liege. I thought no other man was bold enough to do the deed."

"Why thou speakest, Cleveland, as if the deed he had done were good."

"I crave your pardon, sire, and assure you, although I like his courage, I hate his crime as himself."

"Well said, Cleveland; thou hast ever been a loyal subject, and given alternately thy hate or love as pleased my will."

To this Cleveland bowed low, and replied,—

"Such indeed, my liege, has been my aim, and ever will be."

Walter De Lancey, whose firm heart had hitherto braved every danger, now felt himself so much cowed that he trembled at the thought that the hours of his life were now numbered; he found he was too closely guarded to admit of any hope of escape. Spirit-broken, he leaned his head upon his hand, his flowing locks covering his features, prevented his excitement being seen by the guards.

"I trust," said he, mentally, "my faithful Gurth has escaped the danger into which I have fallen."

His mind occupied with these thoughts, he noticed not the entrance of the king.

"Walter De Lancey," said the latter aloud, "knowest thou that by thy lawless deeds thou hast sacrificed thy own life?"

Walter raised his head in surprise, and replied,—

"Even so, my liege; I believe you too merciful to take the life your hatred to our devoted house has rendered worthless."

"Base villain!" cried the king, enraged, "darest thou insult me thus?"

"I meant not insult, sire," replied De Lancey, "but again affirm, that I do not think you base enough to take the life of your fellow worm that you have already trodden to the dust."

"Away! away with him!" said the king, turning to the guards; "bear him to the dungeon; load him heavily with irons; that, perhaps, may serve to quell the lofty spirit of the lawless knave."

The guard instantly obeyed the mandate of the king.

"Lay not hands on me!" cried De Lancey, "I will follow you willingly."

Notwithstanding this request, he was rudely and harshly dragged onward to the dungeon.

The ministers had now met in the council chamber; the king sat on his chair of state. On his right sat the Earl of Cleveland, and on his left Sir Gilbert Montford. They were discussing among them what was the most severe punishment they should award De Lancey upon his conviction.

At the instant a page entered the chamber. "My liege," said he, "Ralph the woodman waits and craves admittance to your presence."

"Bid him wait our pleasure!" said the king; "we are now engaged in business of too great moment to grant him audience."

"I humbly crave your pardon, my liege; but he desired me to tell you that the life of one of your subjects depends upon the interview."

"Ay, this is strange," said Cleveland; "I well remember the honest woodman's downcast eye when we passed him; and his words were—"

"What?" demanded the king.



"That he feared the innocent would suffer for the guilty."

"Ay, say you so? Then it must be a matter of importance. Com-m and him hither, page."

The page departed, and shortly returned, bringing with him the wood-man Ralph. No sooner had the latter entered the presence of the king, than, throwing himself upon his knees, he exclaimed,—“Most noble and worshipful sire, I am a wretch unworthy the honour of bending in your royal presence.”

“Rise, Ralph,” said the king, “and speak what thou would tell us.”

“My liege,” said Ralph, rising, and bending low his head, “I have been guilty of a deed for which I dread thy just displeasure.”

“Be explicit, Ralph,” said Lord Cleveland, “his Majesty’s time cannot be trespassed on.”

Ralph raised his head, and then replied,—“Know, then, my liege and noble lords, that in wending my way homeward, after my fatigue at early dawn, my attention was directed to a pair of arrows lying upon the ground; eagerly I took them up, and found thereon written——”

“What?” interrupted Cleveland.

“The name of Walter de Lancey,” replied the woodman, while the king and his council gazed on each other in astonishment.

“Proceed quickly,” said the king, “I am anxious to hear the completion of thy story.”

“On the instant my mind was filled with the many brave deeds of their persecuted owner,” continued the woodman.

“What had his deeds or persecutions to do with thee?” interrupted the king, in a tone of displeasure.

“Hear me, my liege,” said Ralph.

“Confine yourself briefly to the object of your visit here,” said Cleveland.

Ralph again resumed,—“I know not, sire; but I felt an irresistible desire to try my strength, and draw the bow charged with the arrows of the brave De Lancey!”

“Beware of falsehood, Ralph!” said Cleveland, in a kind tone; “you could not aim an arrow to wound the deer without a bow.”

“True, my lord,” replied the woodman; “I have many in my possession that were formerly belonging to the famous marksman, Cedric the bold, who was my kinsman.”

“So far, well,” said the king.

“I lost not an instant,” continued Ralph, “in bringing one; I hastened to the forest and drew the bow at venture; a noble buck at the moment darted by, and received the arrow in his side; this, my liege, is the crime by which I have merited your just displeasure.”

“This is, indeed, a strange story, and yet seems true; what think you of it, Cleveland?”

“I scarcely know, my liege,” said Cleveland; “but, if his statement be true, he can produce the fellow arrow and the bow with which he shot the buck.”

“They are without, my lord; I brought them hither,” said Ralph.

“Think you, Cleveland,” said the king, “that the love of reward from some of De Lancey’s party could have induced this woodman to accuse himself of the crime of which De Lancey is guilty?”

“I should say not, my liege,” returned Cleveland; “he knowing that the crime is punishable with death.”

“Nay, merciful and royal master, you surely will not punish me with death! Spare me, for the sake of my innocent child, whose gentle heart would break were she parted from her aged father by an ignoble death.”

“Of this you should have thought before, Ralph,” said the king. “I do not punish this crime in you, I shall not have one of my reward bucks left free from the arrows of those who choose to draw their bows.”

“Allow me, royal sire,” said Cleveland, “to beg that his life be spared.”

“At thy wish, then, it is granted; but had you,” said the king, addressing Ralph, “delayed another hour, the life of an individual (whom I now believe is innocent of your crime) would have paid the forfeit.”

“But it would not have been so, my liege, had Mark, your huntsman, treated me with less harshness, and listened to the avowal of my guilt.”

“Dost thou mean to say, then, that thou hadst confessed thy crime to him?”

“I did, my liege, but he heeded me not,” said Ralph.

“I doubt thee, knave,” said the king; “but I will instantly summon him to my presence.”

On entering the chamber, Mark looked with astonishment upon seeing Ralph, the woodman.

“Stand forward, Mark,” said the king, “and answer me truly.”

“On my soul will I, my liege,” said the huntsman, standing forward.

“Met you this woodman, then, this morning, when searching for the individual who had wounded the buck?”

“I did, my liege,”

“And did he then confess himself the slayer?”

“Right truly he did, my liege; but seeing the arrow was marked with the name of De Lancey, we noticed not the words, as we believed them not.”

“Enough,” said the king; “it is now plain that Walter De Lancey has been wrongly judged; but I will make him ample recompense for the injustice done him; and, for this woodman, bear him to confinement, to await our decision on his punishment.”

“Spare me, I entreat you!” said Ralph, throwing himself upon his knees, “and allow me to remind you of the promise you long since made me.”

“Promise?—what promise? What mean you?”

“You may remember, my royal master, when I followed in the suite of your lamented queen, that I swam across the deep water, and rescued from the jaws of death your noble son, the Prince Herbert.”

“Another word is not necessary, generous Ralph,” returned the king. “Thy pardon is granted; thou art free to depart. But, now, though pardoned, beware of again incurring my displeasure by the unlawful use of the arrows.”

Ralph, well pleased with the termination of this affair, bowed low before the king, and left the presence chamber.

“Do I dream,” said Walter de Lancey, “or am I really at liberty to depart unpunished?”

“’Tis no dream, Walter de Lancey,” said the king, who at this instant had entered the chamber where the former had been conveyed from the dungeon.

“And to what or whom am I indebted, mighty monarch, for this unexpected indulgence?”

“To one who would not punish a crime with more harshness than it deserves.”

“Surely, my liege, thou has not come to mock an unhappy man?”

“Nay—nay, De Lancey, the antipathy I have so long borne thy house, has changed into good feelings for thy future welfare.”

De Lancey, though he had been guilty of so many lawless deeds, still preserved a heart filled with honour and kindness, and now felt overpowered by the generosity of the king, knelt down and embraced his knees.

“Rise, De Lancey,” said the king, “and receive again the inheritance given thee by thy forefathers.”

“My liege,” replied De Lancey, “words can but ill express the feelings of my heart!”

“It is but on one condition that I restore you to your former inheritance.”

“Name it, my liege.”

“It is, that you give up to justice those with whom you have been so long associated, and who are enemies to our person and state.”

“Pardon me, my liege! but on such conditions I would not receive a throne. No. They were the friends of my adversity; they received me when driven a wretched outcast from the home of my father!”

Awhile the king spoke not, but covered his face with his hands, and seemed lost in reflection.

“Walter de Lancey,” at length he exclaimed; “thy heart is as noble as thy person. Henceforth thou shalt enjoy my friendship, in which I shall feel more safe than in that of those who make greater protestations of it.”

“Yes, yes, my good master, be assured that by Ralph, the woodman, alone thy life was spared.”

“And can it be possible, Gurth, that the father of the lovely and gentle Bertha could have offered, unasked, to sacrifice his own life for mine?”

“However strange it may seem, good master,” replied Gurth, “it is most true. A few minutes after I had missed you, Ralph, who must have seen you draw the bow, accosted me; he desired of me my bow, saying by it he could save the life of my master. Anxiously did I wait at his cottage for his return, which was not for many hours after, and, by my word, I cannot tell the joy and pleasure I felt when he related to me that the king, in his presence, had declared you innocent.”

“Noble, generous Ralph!” said De Lancey, enthusiastically. “Never will it be in my power to reward him. Fetch him hither instantly.”

“I will, good master.”

“Nay, but stay, Gurth, I will to him this very moment.”

When De Lancey entered the cottage of the woodman, he was surprised on beholding the beautiful Bertha in tears, while the face of her father beamed with a joyous expression.

“Generous preserver of my life,” said De Lancey, “I come to offer thee my heartfelt thanks for the great interest thou hast taken in my welfare.”

“I require not thy thanks, brave De Lancey,” replied Ralph. “It



was thou who saved the life of my darling Bertha, and had I a hundred lives to sacrifice, I should consider thee deserving of them."

All the best feelings of nature, at this moment, took possession of the breast of the hitherto lawless De Lancey, and the warm tears of gratitude traced their way down his sunburnt cheek. For a moment he spoke not; and then, gazing kindly on the form of the weeping Bertha, he said,—

"Generous Ralph, the tears of this sweet maiden distress me much. May I ask the cause?"

"They are but tears of joy," replied Ralph, while the features of Bertha were suffused with a deep, glowing blush.

"Yes," said the gentle Bertha, "they are tears shed for you, brave De Lancey, at the thought of the agony you must have endured when expecting that thy beautiful head should have been severed from thy body, and held up to the gaze of the idle multitude."

Enraptured, De Lancey threw himself at the feet of the maiden, and exclaimed,—

"Receive, then, the hand and heart of him for whom thy warm tears of pity have been shed!"

Ralph, who knew not that De Lancey had again received his former honours, said,—

"Walter de Lancey, although the debt I owe thee is indeed great, I cannot give my consent to my innocent Bertha becoming the wife of a—"

"Breathe not the word," returned De Lancey. "Let the bitter past be forgotten. De Lancey is no longer the wretched outcast you imagined. All that once was mine has been restored to me by our generous monarch, who has added to that the vast estates of the deceased Baron Rumboldt, all of which I shall be proud to lay at the feet of my generous preserver and his lovely daughter."

"On your soul, De Lancey, are the words you have uttered true?" "I ask ye not to believe me," replied De Lancey. "Promise that in another month thou wilt give to me the hand of Bertha, if thou provest what I have said to be correct."

"Tis granted, De Lancey, and I trust you will pardon me for having doubted you, and remember, it is a father's love for his only child that has prompted him to doubt."

The month had now passed away, and every preparation was being made for the nuptials of Bertha and De Lancey.

The king, who had heard of the intended wedding between one so wealthy and one so poor, anxiously desired to learn the cause, feeling assured that there was something more than usual in the case. For this purpose he made the most numerous inquiries, and being informed of the true circumstances, and the generosity of the parties, he insisted upon giving away the bride, and at the same time presenting her with a handsome dower.

The handsome De Lancey now led the beautiful and simple Bertha to the altar, where the king acted as father to the bride. The utmost joy prevailed in the palace of Y— upon the occasion, and for many years after, Sir Walter de Lancey never once had to repent his having chosen the woodman's daughter for his bride.

**RURAL FUNERALS.**—Among the beautiful and simple-hearted customs of rural life which still linger in some parts of England, is that of strewing flowers before funerals, and planting them at the grave of departed friends. This, it is said, is the remains of some of the rites of the primitive church; but it is of still higher antiquity, having been observed among the Greeks and Romans, and is frequently mentioned by their writers, and was, no doubt, the spontaneous tribute of unlettered affection, originating long before art had tasked itself to modulate sorrow into song, or story it on the monument. It is now only to be met with in the most distant and retired places of the kingdom, where fashion and innovation have not been able to throng in and trample out all the curious and interesting traces of the olden time.

**ANECDOTE OF BARRY, THE PAINTER.**—While Barry was a young man, residing at Dublin, an incident occurred which strikingly illustrates the character of the man. He was brought into contact with some young men of dissipated habits, who, on several occasions, enticed him to form one of their tavern parties. As he was returning home late at night from one of these carousals, he was struck by a sudden conviction of the folly of the course he was pursuing in thus wasting the time which might so much more properly be employed in laying the foundation of his future independence and respectability. Diffident, perhaps, of his own power of foregoing the gratification which he had the means of purchasing, and certain that the most effectual preventive would be to rid himself of the means at once, he took all his money, which was, probably, at that time no great sum, and threw it into the Liffey, and afterwards shut himself up with great perseverance to his studies.

## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XXVII.

SCALVONI'S MEDITATIONS.—THE ARRIVAL OF CHARLES HARGROVE.—THE AFFECTED RECONCILIATION.

ON the morning following that on which Scalvoni had obtained so complete a triumph over Letour, he sat alone in his private room, adjoining the counting-house and old warehouses by the banks of the river, and appeared immersed in his own thoughts.

His features occasionally changed their aspect, like those of a man in earnest and interesting conversation, while now and then he would mutter a few words in an under tone of a disjunct and inarticulate character. It was evident that Scalvoni was taking deep counsel with himself, and endeavouring to resolve upon some course of action which should ensure to him the successful conducting of his various plans and projects. After about half an hour thus past, he rose and paced to and fro in the apartment. Then he looked from the window into the river, but any one who had seen his face, would have been sure his thoughts dwelt not upon the objects that met his eyes. At length he spoke, half aloud, and then muttered to the air the guilty thoughts that thronged his breast.

"My position is becoming daily more and more complicated along with its success. I have raised myself from poverty and dependance to a height far above such conditions; but as I have risen like one clambering a conical mountain, my foothold has become less and less, and my chance of a sudden and dangerous fall greater at each ascending step. Let me think—calmly and dispassionately, if I can—what is my true position—simply this: Robert Leighton was upon the point of failing in business—I was his confidential clerk, but no more. I tempted him to take part in a series of deep laid frauds, having many and complicated forgeries for their basis. He yielded and was in my power from that hour. The plan succeeded. He is wealthy, and of a consequence so am I, for all he has, including liberty and life, must of course be only at my will and pleasure. Still is he comparatively safe, for in his destruction, I should, of course, find my own. So far is he safe, and so far am I to him innocuous. Then there is this Letour. He has made a bold attempt, but I have out-generalled him, as might be expected. He is now perfectly tamed. I need have no fear of him whatever. But then comes the question. Am I, having so far succeeded in all my plans—having wealth, to a great extent, at my disposal—having the fortunes and lives of others within my grasp—am I to calmly give way where my gratifications and pleasures are concerned, and allow those who have been my victims to become my dictators? This girl, Harriet Hearnshaw, she is beautiful—she scorns and insults me—humph! Such only invest her to my eyes with new graces. Robert Leighton loves her—he would marry her, disposing first of the young fellow who is now her favoured suitor. Well, well, I must let him aid me so far as to get rid for me, even fatally, of Charles Hargrove. But then the merchant himself is in the way. He will prevent the soul subduing affliction of poverty coming upon the Hearnshaws, so that I have no chance of showing myself off to them as a benefactor, or exciting their fears as a persecutor. What is to be done—shall I let him marry her? That is the question?"

Scalvoni was now silent for some time, during which he smiled occasionally, and then he added,—

"Yes; it shall be so. At present I have not, nor can I have the shadow of a hope of success with Harriet Hearnshaw. My threats she will despise, because she is quite in a condition to do so. My proffered friendship she will hold in equal contempt; so far am I utterly foiled, because, I suppose, I am not particularly handsome."

Scalvoni here made a hideous contortion of countenance, which, however little it was needed, was nevertheless an ample justification of his last assertion; after which, he proceeded,—

"Charles Hargrove will be disposed of somehow. Robert Leighton will be tender, delicate, and affectionate to Harriet. Gratitude will speak loudly for him, and at last, when he offers his hand, she will take him from respect, if not from love—believing Charles Hargrove to be dead, a fact which she will be made to believe, whether true or false. Then I shall see my way. Having become the wife of Leighton, she will feel sufficient interest in him, probably, not to wish him being at the Old Bailey, and as I can promise her to arrange matters so as to produce an exhibition of that kind when I please, I may acquire a command over her feelings, such as I may now look for in vain. Yes, I



am clear and decided upon that course—she shall marry Robert Leighton, and then she shall sooner or later become my mistress. By Heaven, I will, I swear I will, amply repay her for the scorn with which she has treated me. I will keep my word, uttered to her on the impulse of a moment. I will yet bring this proud, haughty girl a suppliant to my feet."

Having thus decided in his own mind as to the course he intended to pursue as regarded poor Harriet Hearnshaw, Scalvoni rang the bell which communicated with the common-office, and when a clerk appeared in answer to the summons, he said,—

"Has Mr. Leighton arrived?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "he is in his own counting-house."

"Thank you—that will do."

Scalvoni rose and proceeded to the private room of the merchant, the door of which he opened without the least ceremony, and entering, he saw Leighton sitting by his desk, apparently arranging papers of moment.

"Good morning—I knew not that you were here."

"Nor I you," was the reply. "Have you heard from young Letour yet?"

"No. What of him?"

"Humph. I thought you would have known by this time. Perhaps you have not opened your letters?"

"No. Good God! what has happened?"

"Nothing particular. I presume he thought he had not money enough, and he took the liberty of helping himself with some from the pocket of a gentleman on one of the seats of the Royal Exchange."

"A robbery?"

"Something remarkably like it."

"Has he with all his pride stooped so low?"

"He has, and but that I, without saying anything to any one, took pains to save him by inducing the prosecutor not to appear against him, he would most assuredly be transported, and that I thought you would not like."

"I—no—certainly not. Good heavens! how could he be so besotted as to behave so? I cannot keep him longer in my service. In fact, without this criminal charge, his idleness formed an amply sufficient reason for getting rid of him at the first opportunity."

"Why, certainly, Letour is not addicted to work; but I do not like to do things by halves, Leighton. I have saved him from a criminal prosecution, and, therefore, I desire that he be kept."

"You desire!—why—why, Scalvoni, have you become suddenly humane and charitable?"

"I trust I was always conspicuous for those Christian virtues, Leighton. But whether or not, I have many reasons for wishing Letour kept on the establishment."

"Well—well, if you desire it."

"Exactly. That point is settled, and now I will proceed to say something of more personal interest to yourself. I withdraw all opposition to your marriage with Harriet Hearnshaw—I wish you joy of your union. Henceforth dismiss from your mind all uneasiness on my account. Harriet Hearnshaw has so unequivocally declared her aversion to me, that to prosecute my suit any further would, I am convinced, be a loss of both time and trouble—if you can win her, do so. You have a clear field as far as I am concerned."

"Scalvoni!" said Leighton, "can I believe my ears, or are they only taking in sounds which shall eventually deceive my understanding? I never knew you give up a pursuit which you once thought it worth while commencing."

"One must begin to show one's little peculiarities some time or another," said Scalvoni. "The next time you hear of me giving up a pursuit upon which I had to all appearance set my mind, you can say you are not surprised, for I had done so once before."

"Scalvoni, I know not what to think. You are a puzzle."

"Don't begin guessing then, but think that which appears on the surface the most reasonable. I have acted candidly by you, and yet you are not satisfied."

"I would be satisfied, if I dared be satisfied."

"Pho, pho! You refine in your philosophy. Go and marry the girl. What is she to me? I have other pursuits in view; and henceforward I would rather not talk about her. By-the-bye, I will, of course, be happy to assist you in any plan of getting rid of the lover—the walking gentleman—who, if you do not speedily remove him from the scene, will, upon the strength of your great kindness to him, marry the very girl you wish taken from his arms, as one of the results of such kindness."

"That I shall bear in mind," said Robert Leighton, with a conscious flush of guilt coming over his face, for he was not yet sufficiently conversant practically with crime to listen to suggestions concerning it quite unmoved. Scalvoni's lip curled with contempt as he added, upon perceiving the peculiar expression of the merchant's face,—

"Leighton, if you hesitate you are lost. This, like the other affairs in which you have been engaged, will not brook delays, or cavilling. The young man must be disposed of, as you know, or else your hopes of wedding Harriet Hearnshaw will dissolve like the melting snow."

"You seem now," said Leighton, "as anxious that this marriage should take place as you were against it. How is that to be accounted for, Scalvoni?"

"Oh, by my great interest in your happiness," sneered the villain.

Leighton shook his head, doubtfully; and at that moment a shadow was cast into the room by some one passing the window.

"There is Charles Hargrove," said Scalvoni. "No doubt he is anxious to seek you. Call him in."

"With you here?"

"And why not? It is now necessary that I should be reconciled to him, and you, as his employer, will have great weight in inducing him to listen to the voice of reason, if you will but exert yourself fairly on the occasion."

"What can I say to him?"

"Tell him that I have seen the error of my ways—am very sorry for having had any sort of row or contention with him, and desire that we should be friends."

"If you really wish me to say so much, I will; but I despair of ever making that young man regard you as other than—than——"

"Speak out. Than the greatest scoundrel he ever met with, you intended to say. Now I differ from you altogether. He is one of your hasty, high-flying people, who are easily angered and easily appeased. A proper show of humility will have all its due effect upon him. Besides, it is now absolutely necessary that there should be an understanding between us. Call him in, I beg of you."

Mr. Leighton rung his bell, and desired that Charles Hargrove, who he ascertained was in the office, should be sent to him; and in a few minutes the young man appeared in answer to the summons; but he rather started and looked confused, when he found Scalvoni in the room.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Hargrove," said the merchant, with some awkwardness in his manner, "in order to express to you, on the part of Mr. Scalvoni, his regret that there should be any misunderstanding between you."

"There is none, sir," said Charles, respectfully, but firmly.

"Indeed?"

"No, sir, I cannot misunderstand Mr. Scalvoni, and flatter myself that I understand him perfectly."

"You play upon a word, Mr. Hargrove; but I have nothing further to say in the matter than what I have promised Mr. Scalvoni I should say, and that is to the effect that he regrets having given you any cause of offence."

"Exactly," said Scalvoni. "I am very repentant, Mr. Hargrove. You have won the heart of Harriet Hearnshaw. I had hoped to possess myself of that treasure; but you are certainly the handsomer man of the two."

Here Scalvoni made one of his hideous faces, which would have been decidedly comical, had any one present been in the humour to enjoy comedy just at that moment.

"So you see," he continued, "I think it better to retire with a good grace from a hopeless pursuit. Can you look over the past, and believe me for the future, my dear sir, your very humble servant?"

There was such a strain of irony throughout this speech that Charles could scarcely decide in his own mind if it were intended for jest or earnest; and yet Scalvoni looked uncommonly grave, and it was difficult to say what was the exact expression that ever sat upon his most regular features. After a pause of some moments Charles said, "Mr. Scalvoni, I never harboured resentment against any living man, and I hope I never shall; when you talk of regretting the past, I am willing to say, amen; but still I do not see that it is at all necessary, because a man forgives an enemy he should make him a friend. I assure you, if your behaviour towards me, and to those in whom I have a sincere interest, had been perfectly immaculate, I should never have aspired to the honour even of your acquaintance."

"Very good," said Scalvoni.

The merchant looked from the one to the other as if he wondered how the curious dialogue would end, and, in fact, the last remark of Scalvoni's, if remark it could at all be called, puzzled Charles immensely. After a little hesitation, he bowed to leave the room; after bowing to Mr. Leighton, Scalvoni added,—

"How charming it is to find quarrels and misunderstandings settled so amicably and pleasantly. You may, when you marry—if you do marry—have a child; if you have one, name him, if it be a boy, Luke, after me, you know. My name is Luke; I don't mind standing godfather to the darling."

Charles made no reply, although one sprung to his lips, and, without condescending another glance, he left the apartment.



"Well," said Mr. Leighton, "what have you accomplished by this, Scalvoni?"

"As much, if not more, than I expected."

"How?"

"Why, I am really working for you. If this young chap fancied that I continued my persecutions, he would bother that girl into a marriage much sooner than otherwise will be the case; but now that he supposes, which he does, that I find it as inconvenient as useless to struggle any farther in the business, he will be more at his ease, never, of course for a moment, suspecting you."

"Hush!" said Leighton, "hush! Scalvoni, you are singularly incautious sometimes."

"Oh, I choose my time; I am really the most cautious man in the world. I want a thousand pounds, and, by the bye, the bankers had better be informed at once that, for the future, my checks are to be honoured."

Leighton gave a slight groan, and then said,—

"You will be moderate, Scalvoni?"

"Will you?" was the reply. "How can you imagine me the fool your words would indicate. You are my golden goose. Think you, I will kill you?"

"I will do as you desire; and I will not conceal from you that I am gratified we have come to so pleasant an arrangement, as regards Harriet Hearnshaw. I do wish to find, if I can, something like happiness in domestic retirement; and, from the first moment that I saw her, the wish that she should share a home with me came uppermost in my mind."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARLES AT HOME.—A REVEREND GENTLEMAN'S NEW CONVICTIONS.  
THE PROPOSED VISIT TO MR. LEIGHTON.

To say that Charles Hargrove was not rather pleased than otherwise with the change which had to all appearance taken place in the convictions of the villain Scalvoni, would be to argue him a man more in love with strife than peace, and he was not so romantic, but that he was quite willing to be left to show his affection for Harriet by the even tenor of his affection, instead of being called upon for any more vehement display of love in the way of personal quarrelling with any one.

Of course he placed no value whatever upon the professions of friendship which came from the lip of Scalvoni, and he was determined to keep him at as great a distance as he possibly could consistent with being employed in the same establishment with him.

When he reached home that evening—and his home was now under the roof which shielded his Harriet—he, of course, informed her of what had occurred at the office, concluding by saying,—

"My own belief, Harriet, is, that Mr. Leighton has made it a point with Scalvoni, who he probably finds very useful to him in his business, that he should not pursue his resentment against me, or what he calls his love to you, any further, and the villain has been compelled to patch up this hollow peace with me in consequence."

To this view of the subject she was inclined to come herself, but it by no means altered her opinion of Scalvoni's character, and she said,—

"Charles, beware of that man: I am quite sure he is one of those turbulent fiends who never are at peace with those about them. He may find it policy, or he may affect to wear a civil outside show as far as you are concerned, but again and again let me implore you to beware of Scalvoni."

"Beware of whom?" exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw, at that moment entering the room. "Did you say Screwendi? Oh, he is a man, indeed. My dear, I've been thinking that he must be rich. Majendie, I mean, you know, my dear?"

"Mother, mother," cried Harriet; "how can you be deceived for a moment by such a man?"

"Me deceived! I never was deceived in all my life. Here's the baker tried to deceive me. You know, Charles, we always take in stale loaves, and he said, says he, 'Here's a yesterday's,' and all the while it was a to-day's. I wasn't to be deceived, so I told him, and he acknowledged it was a to-day's, he did, after a little. Lord, there's a ring—who can that be at this time of the evening? Well, I declare. Never you mind, Charles, I've got my bonnet on and I'll go; you stay where you are, Harriet."

Mrs. Hearnshaw walked off to answer the bell, and all those who have been in similar circumstances to our lovers, know full well how delightful is each little stolen moment when, if there be but time to exchange one fond glance unwatched by other eyes, it is a something to dream of as the brightest part of the happiness of the day that has flown; so neither Charles nor Harriet moved, nor would they have moved had not the sound of deep groans in the passage attracted their attention and caused them both to start to their feet,

The groans had not precisely the character of groans, as really they

carried rather a ludicrous than a painful sound with them, and Charles and Harriet both looked irresolute, till suddenly the door opened, and Mrs. Hearnshaw entered, saying,—

"Again has the lamb returned to the fold, and we will not say him nay. We shall derive great spiritual consolation from the presence of the Rev. Mr. Flignuck."

"The Lord be with us all, here and evermore, alway!" said Mr. Flignuck, quietly walking in and taking a seat with all the effrontery in the world.

"Do you mean to say," cried Charles, "that you have the confounded impertinence to show your face here again?"

"Young man, young man, I am much afraid you are not on the road to grace. I have heard you have got a situation, and that a wealthy gentleman has patronised this family—amen! I shall come every Wednesday and every Friday to take tea—perchance, supper too, and we will play alway."

Mrs. Hearnshaw gave an approbative sort of snuffle, and added,—

"Oh, what holy tea drinkings will these be! I think I see 'em on Wednesdays and Fridays."

"You will see them, madam, you will see them, the Lord willing."

Charles then stepped forward, after a whispered conversation with Harriet, and, addressing the reverend gentleman, said, in a firm voice, about the earnestness of which there could be no mistake,—

"Mr. Flignuck, or whatever your name may be, allow me to tell you that I consider myself in sufficient authority here to show you the door, and prohibit your future visits here. Now, if you are a prudent man, and the man of the world I think you, you will require no further hint from me, but go at once."

"Young man, I look upon you as a vessel of wrath."

"You may look upon me as what you like, but your visits here will not be endured."

"Am I nobody here?" said Mrs. Hearnshaw. "Goodness gracious! am I to be dictated to like a pontiff!"

What Mrs. Hearnshaw understood by pontiff it is hard to say; but as Mr. Flignuck showed no inclination to leave, but only blew his nose with a loud, trumpet-like blast, Charles, to put an end to the altercation, took him by the collar, and, despite the struggles of the pious man, and the screams of Mrs. Hearnshaw, he placed him outside the room, and gave him an accelerating kick, as a reminder which way he was to go.

It would seem, then, the preacher became convinced that he must give up the Hearnshaw's connection altogether, for he walked away, after uttering some rather unchristian-like curses against Charles, who, as such things inflict no bruises, and break no bones, took no notice of them.

Fortune seemed indeed to be smiling on the lovers. Scalvoni, who appeared to be the cloud of their destiny, had voluntarily cleared himself off; Charles's salary promised a handsome competence; and the evening passed off in bright visions of the future; for Mrs. Hearnshaw retired to her own chamber, in great horror at the treatment Mr. Flignuck had received from Charles, and Harriet was too happy even to remember the dream which had so much disturbed her slumbers so short a time before.

At length, at about eleven o'clock, when the wicks of the candles had got dreadfully long, the door was flung open, and Mrs. Hearnshaw appeared with a flannel nightcap on her head, something of the shape of the helmets worn by the knight templars.

"Gracious goodness!—mercy me!" she cried, "ain't you gone to bed yet, Harriet? Here's Turks' heads on the candles. I never in all my life —"

Charles heard no more, for he precipitately darted from the room, and sought his own chamber, where he soon lapsed into forgetfulness of all but his Harriet, and her vision alone sweetly haunted his slumbers.

(To be continued in our next.)

CIBBER.—A boy, taller by the head than himself, insulted Cibber, on which he was rash enough to strike him, but was soon at the mercy of the big boy. Another lad, beloved for his supposed good nature by Cibber, being present, called out, "Beat him! beat him soundly," which so affected Cibber, he burst into tears. When the affray was over, he took the lad aside, and asked him how he came to act so? To which he gloutingly replied, "Because you are always jeering and making a jest of me to the whole school."

A STUDIOUS LIFE NOT PREJUDICIAL TO HEALTH.—It is a great mistake to imagine that the pursuit of learning is injurious to health. We see that studious men live as long as persons of any other profession. History will confirm the truth of this observation; in fact, the regular, calm, and uniform life of a student, conduces to health, and removes many inconveniences and dangers which might otherwise assault it, provided that the superfluous heat of the constitution be assuaged by moderate exercise, and the habit of the body be not overcharged with a quantity of aliment incompatible with a sedentary life.



# THE TARANTULA.

A TALE.

"WHAT'S in the wind with you now, mother? You look as black as a thunder cloud," said young Madeo, son to Gioacchino, a thriving fisherman from Cotracastro, a small town of Calabria. "Has any one affronted you? Name him, and remember that your son has a heart, and wears a stiletto."

"I am not apt to be a quarreller with my neighbours," replied Anetta, more calmly than might have been expected; "but when I do involve myself in a quarrel, it will not be for the purpose of bringing blood upon the head of my son. More especially if, as now, your father were the aggressor."

"My father!"

"Spare your conjectures, lad," said his mother; "or, by wasting your time, which is his, you may chance to come in for your share of the churlishness that has so much vexed me."

"There has been a breeze, then? But 'tis not often, mother, that he finds fault with you."

"Very true," she replied; "but as often, I take it, as there is fault to be found."

"Has he been scolding you?"

"No, but he has your sister," replied Monna Anetta. "Yonder sits my poor Malfina, in a shady corner at home, with her eyes swollen out of her head, even as I found her this morning, when I returned from market—her father having taken advantage of my absence to threaten my poor girl as never she was threatened in her life, just because she chooses to remain true to a lover who was one of his own choosing, instead of accepting the fat boor, Beppo, the grazier, for her husband."

"Beppo is a warm man," replied the young fisherman, gravely, "and so far as my opinion goes, if my pretty sister came to make up her mind to forget Carlo, and give her hand to the grazier——"

"Well," cried Anetta, impatiently.

"Why, she might go dwindle into her grave, ague-stricken, at Beppo's marsh farm, before I would demean myself to say, 'Sister, how goes it?' or, 'There blows a pure breeze at Cotracastro—Malfina, come home again, and youth and health will be restored to you.'"

"That's my own Madeo!" cried the old woman, clasping him in her arms, and bestowing a hearty kiss on his sunburnt forehead. "I have often said," she exclaimed, "that since it was your father's doings to suffer Malfina and Carlo so much and so kindly together when they were neighbours' children, it was a hard thing to drive the poor lad from our threshold the moment trouble fell upon the family. It would always have been time enough to take up with such an oaf as Beppo had Carlo proved an evil-doer."

"As well marry a beggar," exclaimed Madeo, "as a ninny like the grazier."

"And now," rejoined his mother, "poor Carlo is off, Heaven knows whither, and my girl sits pining over her distaff."

"How can one wonder that she frets," said Madeo, "such tales as they have been sending abroad concerning Carlo? Girolamo, the carrier, swears he made one of the party of brigands by whom Cardinal Ruffo's suite was stopped and plundered last March on the Abruzzi; and Barto, the pilot, protests that he was seen among the crew of an Algerine felucca, and that he will die the death of a dog. But here comes my father along the shore, and I shall have a rating in my turn for having neglected to put out the boat. So, away with you, mother, to Malfina, or you may come in for a share of the ill-humour."

And, taking her son's advice, off scrambled Anetta over the shingles towards the winding ascent in the cliff. But although the good woman had been thus energetic in her championship of her daughter, while conversing with Madeo, she was not the mother to encourage her pretty Malfina in rebellion against a parent's authority.

"How now, girl!" she exclaimed, as she entered the house, "is it your pleasure to remain fixed on yonder stool for the rest of the day? Up, child, and hasten thee. Go, fetch in the nets which I left drying on the wall."

"Mother," ejaculated Malfina, with a fresh burst of tears, "I cannot work. Bethink thee of all I have heard to-day—of the aching head I shall, this night, lay on my pillow."

"Enough of these complaints," exclaimed the old woman. "Railing at disaster never bettered the hap of man or woman. Consider, rather, how to grapple with the foe—how to defeat——"

"Defeat my father!" cried the girl—"my father, whose will is a law to all the house."

"Well," replied her mother, "it is not for me to counsel rebellion against thy parent. Go, therefore, to thy aunt—go to Signora Jeromina, who may put thee in a way of softening his determination."

Thus authorised, Malfina paced slowly and steadily along the dizzy path cut in the cliffs, towards Jeromina's dwelling. We shall not de-

scribe the interview; but the first incident from which any deduction might be gathered, was the altered aspect of Malfina, when, after a visit of a couple of hours, she bid adieu to her aunt, and the gay, though unassured step with which she took her homeward way.

The following day, some hours after the return of the fisherman and his son from their little cruise, a messenger arrived at the cottage from Rocca Bianca, requesting that Malfina might be spared for a few days to stay with her, who was ill, and had more household work than she could well perform without aid. The required consent was immediately given, and away went Carlo's true love to his ancient home of Rocca Bianca—to lie sleepless in the chamber which had ever been his—to think of him day and night. Her brother found spare time to make his way up to the vineyard; and it was on returning from one of these hurried visits, about a week after his sister's departure, that he one evening disclosed to his parents the unwelcome tidings that he had found her looking ill, and that his aunt, Jeromina, was in great anxiety concerning her.

"What has been done for the girl?" was the surly interrogation of Gioacchino; "or, do you really believe she is ill?"

"She has not touched food since she was attacked," replied Madeo.

"My aunt," replied the young man, "bade me say that she should be glad to see you in the course of the afternoon, in order that you may judge for yourselves of the invalid."

Taking this hint, Gioacchino shortly afterwards set off, staff in hand, to Rocca Bianca, eager to assure himself that Malfina's was no feigned illness, and earnestly hoping that it might not prove so serious as to interfere with the anticipated nuptials of his friend, Beppo. But, on entering the habitation, and casting his eyes on his daughter, Gioacchino's mis-trust vanished.

"The poor girl must have been bitten by a tarantula," exclaimed Bettina, the handmaiden.

"Has a tarantula been seen in your garden, sister?" asked the fisherman.

"Not that I am aware of," replied Signor Jeromina, with mysterious significance.

"But you have heard that such has been the case?"

"I have certainly heard," replied the old lady, "that more than one tarantula of prodigious size has been known to breed in the old wall betwixt the orchard and garden. Besides," she continued, on finding that she had touched the chord of her brother's most prejudiced superstition, "in what farm has the tarantula not been seen? No spot is safe from them."

"No time is to be lost," exclaimed the fisherman, "I will make my way into town ere I return home to my wife, and consult Fra Eustatio, of the Franciscans, touching the measures to be pursued."

"Well thought of," replied Jeromina, casting a sly glance towards her niece. "In a week's time comes the vintage moon. All Catracastro, for the love they bear our family, will wish to witness the ceremony, which cannot be better performed than here, at my farm. Your daughter's young companions, and their companions, must be invited. Let Anetta mention it to-morrow at market—let Madeo speak of it in the harbour; since the misfortune has occurred, let us meet it nobly."

"For my part," said Gioacchino, "I could never see the wisdom of making such a calamity an affair of feasting and junketting."

"'Tis, from time immemorial, the custom of our province," replied Jeromina. "The irritated nerves are to be soothed by dancing; that movement can be excited in the patient but by the well-measured strains of lively music. In short, brother, 'tis the custom, and we must bend to and observe it, like our neighbours."

In pursuance of this opinion were the preparations of the two families achieved. A certain day of August, when the moon would be at full, was set apart for the observances which were to restore the fisherman's daughter to the enjoyment of her health and reason, and all talk of her marriage was suspended.

News that a tarantula was to dance away her disorder at the vineyard of Rocca Bianca flew from hamlet to hamlet, Malfina was duly pitted, and if the private anticipations of Anetta and her daughter were not fulfilled—that if Carlo were lurking anywhere within thirty leagues distance, the intelligence must reach his ears, and suggest his immediate return—it was not for want of sufficient pains to circulate the report.

When the guests were assembled at the appointed time, forth came the tarantula, escorted on the left by her aunt, Jeromina, and on the right by the Franciscan friar. Stationed near the arbour, with his dull, impassive stare fixed on the proceedings of the night, Beppo evinced no interest in the scene around—even when the Podesta advanced towards the chair in which Malfina had been seated by Fra Eustatio, and while the Franciscan pronounced a brief form of prayer over her head, placed in her hands a drawn sword, on the upturned blade of which the moonlight was observed to fall; and, lo! as if responsive to the attitude of intercession with which Malfina upraised the weapon towards the sky,



a slow and solemn strain breathed mournfully upon the air—a slow, anthem-like measure, moved by whose inspirations the tarantula advanced towards the space marked out for the dancers, and, with many a graceful change of posture, waved the glittering sword successively towards the point of the sun's rising, the sun's setting, the northern and southern poles.

Every eye was upon her, till, by degrees, the music quickened, and, after a series of complicated steps, the "Tarantula-bitten," as if overcome by fatigue, suddenly dropped the point of the sword, and retreated to her chair of state, leaving the terrace free for the performance of the guests.

This done, the musicians commenced one of the favourite provincial airs of Calabria, and, as if by impulse, Malfina once more began her slow and gliding movements, till, at the close of the air, the whole orchestra burst suddenly into the wild and hurried measure of *The Pizzica*. Instantly Madeo stepped forward to join his hand to his sister, lest Beppo, in an ill-timed fit of gallantry, should present himself as a partner; and so remarkable were the beauty and agility of the pair—so well studied their movements—and so rapid their evolutions, that an involuntary burst of applause rose from the spectators. Yet even her brother's vigour of limb was no match for the excitement of the Tarantula-bitten; and, as Madeo was tired down, another and another partner succeeded, and still Malfina danced on, unwearied, and apparently unwearable.

The musicians seemed to gather inspiration from her energy. Quicker and quicker grew the notes, and wilder the rapidity of her steps, till, at length, as if smitten by a blow, she fell senseless on the earth, and was borne by her brother into the arbour, whence her father and mother had withdrawn, at Jeromina's suggestion, to refresh themselves with a cup of wine.

By degrees the object of the meeting was forgotten in universal hilarity. The old feasted and made merry, the young, hand clasped in hand, luxuriated in the geniality of the hour; nor was it till loud and repeated shrieks were heard to issue from the arbour, and Bettina was seen pushing his way through the crowd in search of her mistress, that the attention of the dancers could be diverted from their pastimes.

"What ails thee, child?" said Jeromina, as her attendant stood panting before her. "Speak!—is it my niece's turn to take part in the dance?"

"Heaven's mercy be on her!—she will dance no more!" ejaculated the gasping girl. "Oh, mistress, mistress! I feared evil would come of these mummeries. 'Tis a deriding of the mysteries of Providence to presume to act the part of a Tarantula without —"

"Silence," whispered Jeromina, sternly, "or tell me at once what ails my niece."

"She is lost, madam!—carried off by armed men;—borne away from the arbour by brigands!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Jeromina; "'tis some jest or some artifice."

"'Tis neither jest nor artifice," persisted the girl. "As she was reposing on the seat a man pushed me rudely aside, seized her, and bore her forth in his arms."

"Where is Madeo?" exclaimed Jeromina, and rushing from the house, she made off in search of the stout and active brother of the abducted damsel.

"Know you what has occurred?" was her abrupt inquiry, on encountering the person she was in search of. "Your sister is carried off by a villain, and my mind misgives me that 'tis no other than Benettone's son."

"My sister carried off!" ejaculated Madeo.

"How were the ruffians attired?" demanded the old lady of Bettina, whom she had dragged with her in pursuit of her nephew.

"After the fashion of Abuzzians," was her reply.

"Brigands, as I am a Christian woman!" cried Jeromina. "Madeo, Madeo! not a moment must be lost. Pursue them, my dear boy, and rescue your unhappy sister."

While this scene of confusion was passing at the vineyard, the plight of the pseudo tarantula was scarcely less deplorable than that of her anxious relatives. On partially recovering her senses, she found herself borne rapidly onwards, mounted on a horse, and encircled by the arms of a stranger. As her head, however, drooped over the shoulder of her mysterious companion, a well-known voice penetrated the inmost recesses of her heart.

"What dost thou fear, Malfina?" cried the voice, once so familiar and so precious. "Although thou hast proved faithless, and consented to wed another, I mean thee no harm."

"Upbraid me not, Carlo," she murmured; "I have borne much for thy sake. Others have spoken ill of thee, but I refused to believe them."

"What have they said of me?" he demanded.

"That thou hast taken to the mountains," replied Malfina, "and joined a band of marauders."

"And if it were so," cried Carlo; "if a price were set on my head—if I avowed myself in thy hearing, thief, assassin, traitor—what then? How often hast thou sworn to be mine? and now, saving the wifehood of the case, for we have at present neither priest nor monk in our band, thou mayest fulfil thy vow."

"That I should be compelled to give ear to such insults," murmured Malfina.

"So haughty!" exclaimed Carlo; "well, I have seen prouder spirits tamed into softness after a week's schooling in the forest."

Hitherto the route they had pursued traversed the open country, between vineyards and cornfields; but now they reached the confines of the forest of Monteleone, and it conveyed a sensation of anguish to the heart of the captive, to find herself an object of scorn and persecution to him, with whom, in those very words, she had breathed her earliest vows of love and tenderness.

"Carlo," she whispered, "this is the spot where we knelt together for the utterance of a hallowed vow. Profane it not by acts of cruelty and violence, or evil will surely overtake thee."

At that moment she felt herself precipitated to the ground; and as she lay, half stunned by the fall, confused sounds reached her ears; the report of fire-arms, the trampling of horses, the imprecations of angry voices, a hope of rescue lightened her heavy heart. Terrible moans revealed to her that the brigand, from whose arms she was scarcely yet disentangled, was severely, if not mortally, wounded; and on hearing orders given to bind Carlo and his comrade to two of the stoutest horses, it was a source of mingled joy and mortification to her, to perceive that the friendly hands by which she was replaced on horseback, were those of the grazier, Beppo.

"Spare your protestations of gratitude," he said, in his usual short dry tone; "they will deceive none of us. The events of the night are scarcely more satisfactory to me than to yourself. I sought you for my wife, Signora Malfina, though other damsels of the district would have brought me the dowry in which you were wanting, and faces little less comely than your own, because Gioacchino, the fisherman, is the honestest man in the province, and I believed that his blood was warm in your veins. To your father would I fain restore you unharmed; once safe under his guardianship, and, from that time you become a stranger in my sight."

Sharp as these words were, Malfina in time ceased to remember the surliness of his address, while reflecting upon his upright and honourable principles. From the period of her terrible adventure, not a cloud was ever known to shade the ingenuousness of her character. But it was not till the integrity of her character had been tried by five years unswerving probity and truth, that the bluff grazier was tempted to forswear himself by renewing his proposals to her.

Jeromina would fain have celebrated the long wished-for nuptials at Rocca Biamea; but Malfina, to whom the remembrance of the tarantula scene afforded such bitter reminiscences, would not hear of it; and Beppo, as he conveyed home his happy bride, whispered in her ear—

"I will not swear, sweet one, that thine eyes may not have lost a sparkle of their lustre, or thy cheek a tinge of youthful bloom, since first I sought thee in marriage; but this I know, that I had never been happy in gaining thine affection, or in placing confidence in thee as my wife, had it not been for the strange adventures and repentances attached to the fete of Rocca Bianca and the Tarantula of Cataastro."

## TRUE AND FALSE TESTS.

What is the smile that revels o'er the cheek,  
And gilds, or seems to gild, the joyous face,  
To tears that tell so truthfully, and speak  
What inward motions in the heart take place?

What is the voice so musical that we  
Do list with rapture to its honied charm,  
To eyes that beam the thought more faithfully,  
And rend so quick our passion's first alarm?

What is the pen that stamps the flowing mind,  
And notes with speed each fancy of the brain,  
To looks which speak divinely and refined,  
The joy we feel, or deep and unseen pain?

What is the blush that tints the fair one's brow,  
When she her lover lists to with delight,  
To gentle sighs that seal the amorous vow,  
And Cupid's flame so signally ignite?

H. J. CHURCH.



## THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE DEPARTURE FROM THE GOLDEN FLEECE.—THE FALLEN TREE.—THE RIVALS.

THE toast proposed was drank; after which, a calmer and more social feeling appeared to come over the party, and for a few moments there was a silence prevailed throughout; their thoughts were busy with the scene they had so recently been witnesses to.

"It is strange," remarked one, "that this unfortunate creature should thus have escaped from her place of confinement, and made for this place. 'Tis very strange."

"Yes," replied another, in a subdued tone of voice; "it is passing strange, but 'tis not more strange than that she should come on this very day—the day on which we should all have met him, indeed, had he lived. It is melancholy to think of it."

"She will never recover," said the first; "she appears to me to be thoroughly upset in her mind; the whole brain has received a shock that will leave its effect while she lives."

"Aye, her case is a sad one—there is no hope for her—human life under such circumstances, I should be inclined to think anything but a boon, and should feel very much disposed to think it a burthen, and treat it as such."

"It is nobler to face our troubles and misfortunes, than to sink under or shrink from them; he is the best mariner who longest keeps his vessel from sinking."

"And yet death is preferable to suffering," remarked another; "and he who suffers will often invoke death as a relief."

"She must have been at some trouble to have broken through the prison—it must have been done by cunning, and not force—for animated as she might have been by madness, yet it cannot lend her more strength than her structure would bear."

"May be not," replied one of the guests; "but you may be assured that not any but extreme force would have kept her away; it was this day twelvemonth her lover died, and this day she recollected he was to have met us all here."

"True—but how many of us will live to be here this day twelvemonth? One of us is wanting. Who shall tell which will be the next that shall have his place vacant?"

"This has been thought of," replied another; "and it only serves to make us melancholy; and the hour of parting now comes round. We shall soon take leave of each other for we know not how long."

"Before we do so," suggested a third, "let us pass through the wood and view the spot where our late companion terminated his career in so fearful a manner."

"Agreed, agreed."

"Before we go," said Lechmere, "we will call the landlord in, and charge him to be prepared for our meeting this day twelvemonths, and give him money enough to defray our expenses."

"Yes," added Grant, "and charge him also to have our seven covers preserved—seven covers, and seven seats, until the last man stands alone."

The bell was pulled, and the landlord of the Golden Fleece appeared. There was a solemn silence preserved when he entered the room, which much discomposed the worthy host, who could not understand their proceedings, and who began to feel that melancholy had made an invasion into his jolly hostel.

He looked ruefully from one to the other, and began to feel indignant that they should appear with saddened faces.

"Gentlemen," said the worthy man, "can I do anything for you?"

"No, no," replied Lechmere; "you have done your part well already, and leave us nothing to wish for more."

"Very glad to hear you are satisfied," replied the landlord, "and hopes you'll be as happy as I am about it; but I must say as how you all appear to be rather sloppy over this ere affair, and I was afeared I had given some cause of offence, or some of the wittles wasn't cooked as it ought to be; howsoever, as it's all right—why it is all right; and I hope, gentlemen, I may see you again."

"That is what we wish to speak to you about, landlord," replied Lechmere; "we are all well satisfied, and we wish to meet here again. We will be here this day twelvemonth, and wish you to be prepared for us."

"Very well, gentlemen," said the landlord, "I shall be happy to see you."

"Here then, is money for our next dinner, so that you may be sure you will not be disappointed."

"I have no fear of that," replied the landlord; "for gentlemen, as gentlemen, would not for no consideration break their words."

"Exactly; but in case we should all be dead before this day twelvemonth returns you have the payment in hand; you will be at no pecuniary risk upon the affair."

"Exactly, gentlemen—quite right—we can't be too correct and right—just the thing. Then if nobody comes to me, I am to have the dinner ready."

"Yes, quite ready, even to having the table laid—laid, mind, for seven, and seven covers."

"Why, one's dead. Oh! I see, you will fill his place up by a new election."

"No, no, landlord; we shall have no new faces, only the old ones, or such of them as remain. We will now bid you farewell till another year shall have run its course, and then we meet, I hope, as old friends."

"Good-bye gentlemen all," exclaimed the landlord, making a bend instead of a bow, "and I hopes as long as you recollect one another, you'll recollect the Golden Fleece."

The whole party now arose, and soon after quitted the old-fashioned inn, and made towards the forest, and that part of it in which the tree stood by which their companion had fallen a victim to the lightning.

The sun was just setting—his sinking rays came almost horizontally across the tops of the forest trees, and came full upon the windows of the Golden Fleece.

The evening was calm and beautiful—the serenity of the heavens was scarce disturbed by the slight breeze that fanned the parched herbage.

The sinking sun, too, was a sight well worthy the trouble of seeking such a spot to view him in; for as he sank behind the deep mass of foliage which presented a dark and well defined line of horizon, the clear blue sky showed a strong contrast.

A few light clouds crossed the heavens, and which, strongly illumined by the sun's upward rays, which gave them all the various tints, from that of bright and burnished gold, to the deep blood red that eventually loses its tint in utter blackness.

They looked back and perceived the many windows of the Golden Fleece were strongly illuminated by the golden beams, that they threw back a vivid light that pained the eyes to look long upon.

But there was the old tree; and they all paused by mutual but silent consent to look upon the spot, where, perhaps, but only a small part of their number might again meet to compare each other's progress through life with their own.

There, too, was the landlord of the Golden Fleece, standing out in the roadway before his door, with his white apron on, and his hand shading his eyes from the sun-light, looking after them, wondering much, in his own mind, what might be the exact amount of each individual's sanity, that had that day met at his house.

When he had looked after them for some time, and had dazzled his eyes till he was tired and could see them no longer, he gravely shook his head, dubiously, and slowly walked towards his own porch, and muttered to himself,

"Well, I never seed the like of this. In course, it's no matter of mine, but if they aren't mad as March hares, why, I am no landlord of the Golden Fleece. Why, instead of enjoying themselves like men, they leave off where enjoyment begins, like milksops. Oh dear, no, that is not the thing for my money! Howsumever, their money's as good as anybody's, and, as once in a way they'll be customers, why, I must wait upon 'em."

The sun had now set—the glory of his rays had departed; but yet, there was that quiet, subdued light, so pleasing and pleasant in the month of August. It was warm, yet not of that suffocating heat we sometimes feel, so enervating and destroying all life and energy in the human system.

The walk through the forest was a delightful one. A more beautiful sylvan spot can scarce be found.

The foliage of the trees assumed their most beautiful appearance; all kinds of vegetation have assumed their full growth. The lowly plant that creeps along beneath the shade, and along the roots of large plants, has now obtained its most luxurious appearance, while the woodbine, in search of air and light, and, as if it desired to feel the warm rays of the sun, had crept up the trunks of the tallest trees, and spread its foliage and now ripening berries on the surface of the forest denizen, and even there making its stem and branches subservient to its own uses.

Thick and tangled in the undergrowth of the bushes and spreading trees, many of the wild and rank weeds now exhibited the signs of approaching decay, as if the earth was full, and all it bore was ripe.

"These signs," remarked Grant, pointing them out to Lechmere, "remind me forcibly of human nature; the young plant grows up strong and vigorous—it has its period of health, vigour, and beauty; but time,



you see, in due season, sweeps it from the face of the earth; old age is the ripeness of nature, and decay is as natural to men as it is to the flowers of the forest."

"True," replied Lechmere; "we have a longer term; but there is an end even of that, and to many of us it comes round unexpectedly, and long before it would appear even to be near us."

The moon had now risen; her pale, pure rays gave the forest new charms to the observer of nature. Many new and fantastic slopes sprang up, and as they looked through the tall branches of some large tree, the moon's rays flowed through them like streams of molten silver.

They now came to the spot where the catastrophe already described took place. It was a blackened and rent trunk that remained; vitality had been as completely destroyed in the tree, as it had been in their late companion.

It was a sad sight, for it brought to mind an occurrence both sad and fearful, such as the human mind shrinks from contemplating, and when forced upon it, a train of sad images and melancholy thought seizes the mind.

"Well," said Lechmere, "this occurrence binds us to each other more than any other; we are all frail, and may at a moment be rent in fragments like yonder blackened stump."

This was true, but no one felt inclined to make a remark; a subdued feeling was experienced in the hearts of the party, and after gazing in silence upon this object, turned with a sigh and feeling of relief from the spot, and pursued their walk through the forest.

Yet there were two of the party who seemed animated by different feelings from the rest, and who followed not their companions, but remained before the trunk, and in the pale moonbeams in silence.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE ALTERCATION.—THE FIGHT.—THE RETURN OF THE FRIENDS.  
—THE RECONCILIATION.—LONDON.—THE LODGING IN CAREY-STREET.

For some minutes the two young men stood in the pale moonlight, gazing at each other in silence. Each seemed to wish that the other should begin the dialogue, which was courted and desired by both. This silence, however, could not last long. It was painful to both—perhaps more painful to him who knew himself the favoured lover, than to him whose heart was torn by the pangs of jealousy.

Meriton spoke.

"Anderson," he said, "are we really friends or foes?"

"Is that a point at issue between us?" said Anderson, with much emotion visible in his countenance. "Hear me, Meriton. Without a word having passed between us to make such an agreement, we have, as if moved by the same instinct, paused here on this sad spot, while our associates and friends have passed on, full of the painful reflections which this place has given rise to. Why have we so paused? I ask you, Meriton, if we meet here for justice?—if we meet here to sever for ever the bond of union which should bind us together or increase its force beyond all accident?"

"I really cannot understand you," replied Meriton. "I saw you had an inclination to linger by this spot, and, once or twice, I thought you cast an anxious meaning glance at me, as if you had a something on your mind to say which troubled you. Therefore have I, to indulge you, lingered behind those who will soon miss both of us, and return to seek us. What you have to say, Anderson, say quickly."

Anderson was silent for a few moments, during which he seemed contending with his feelings. At length he spoke in a low deep voice, that amply betrayed the subdued excitement of his mind.

"Is it just—is it generous, Meriton, to step between me and my only hopes of happiness in this world? We are both young men; the future is all before us; why should you be the bane of my existence? I sought no love of yours to poison with honied flattery—I sought not the spot where you had garnered up your best affections, and there attempted to turn the honey to fierce poison. Meriton—Meriton, let me not say but for you I might be happy. You may in your own mind condemn this language, and consider it beneath me to make such an appeal as I am now making, but suspend your judgment for awhile ere you accuse me of a weakness which is not mine own. In the dim future, Meriton, I can see a train of circumstances awful and terrible—circumstances which, for both of us, will prove most formidable. It is that I wish such to be avoided that I now appeal to your justice—your honour—your generosity, if you will please to consider it as such."

"You are not explicit," said Meriton; "I pray you go on, and I shall better know how to answer you."

"I will be explicit. Before you became an inmate of the house of the Delmairs, you know that my heart was set upon Marian; you know I loved her."

"Nay, my knowledge scarcely extended so far; you certainly used expressions of admiration towards her, which rather prepared me for personal homage than ensured me from any advances."

"Meriton, Meriton, could you possibly mistake my heart-felt passion for the mere passing admiration I might have for a beautiful face? I cannot conceive that such can be."

"If I clearly understand you," said Meriton, "you would charge me in this business with the treachery of making advances to one whom you are already attached to?"

"God knows the depth of my attachment."

"Ay; but, my good friend, you were certainly not at the time sufficiently explicit with me. When you knew I was looking for a lodging, because my studies called me particularly in that very neighbourhood, and you mentioned the Delmairs to me, it was certainly with no specific promise that I was not to fall in love with Maria."

"But you knew I loved her."

"I have heard you speak of her with admiration; but there is one piece of information I never acquired, and it appears to me the most important—so important, indeed, that had I acquired it, I should at once have considered myself in honour bound to keep my admiration for Maria a profound secret, and worshipped at a distance and in silence the divinity I would never have thought of approaching."

"And what piece of information is that?"

"The fact of her loving you."

Anderson was silent, but he crossed his arms upon his breast, and uttered a deep groan of anguish.

"Come now," continued Meriton, in a more serious and friendly tone; "summon to your aid your better reason, Anderson. View this subject calmly, and divest it of its extraneous circumstances, which have made it to you personally a matter of passion and excitement. I am quite convinced you will find that I have not outraged one principle of justice or friendship. It is absolutely necessary that a man should have made sufficient progress in his attack upon the gentle heart he would call his own, to have the right of warning others from attempting the acquisition. Had you said to me when I first went to the Delmairs, 'Meriton, you will find Maria Delmair a beautiful girl, and we are mutually attached,' I should have understood in a moment my position, but because you love a fair object, is that a sufficient reason why no one else should presume to kneel at the same shrine? Think better of it, Anderson, and you will get rid of these morbid fancies."

"'Tis well for such language to pass your lips," said Anderson. "You are as one on the vantage ground of a hill by the sea-coast advising some drowning wretch to have resignation, and at once plunge beneath the waves, as giving him less pain both of body and mind than resisting his immediate fate."

"But can you deny the justice of what I state? Has Maria Delmair encouraged your addresses?"

"No."

"Then surely I am free from reproach?"

"Perhaps you may be, but still, Meriton, we are rivals."

"I am sorry for it. It is one of those chances, though, which I can only regret. I had hoped the agreement made after the dinner, in presence of our mutual friends, would have been satisfactory to you."

"You knew it would not."

"Nay, Anderson, I fear, indeed, passion is now getting the better of reason and prudence."

"What mean you by prudence? Meriton, I do not blink my opinion; I do not look about for polite language to put it in. The fact comes to this. You knew I loved Maria Delmair; in full confidence that, with such a knowledge, you would not step between me and my dearest hopes, I introduced you as an inmate of the house. The result has shown that I was wrong—you have so interposed."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Can you deny it?"

"I do."

"Liar!"

In an instant the young men were in each other's grasp; the faces of both were flushed with passion, and there was a wild excitement about Anderson that promised to be dangerous and deadly. They were tolerably equally matched in point of strength, and how the contest would have ended was a matter of doubt, but, before they could make another effort, and while they were gazing into each other's eyes, and preparing themselves for a struggle, which might have ended in the most fearful consequences, the sound of footsteps upon the fallen leaves of the forest met both their ears; then came voices, and in another moment they were surrounded by the four friends who had preceded them.

"Good God!" cried Lechmere; "it is as I expected. Release your holds, for the love of Heaven, and your own consciences. Remember the oath of brotherhood you have sworn."

They let go each other at the same moment. The flush of sudden excitement faded from their cheeks, and they became deadly pale.



"I was forced to this," said Meriton. "God knows I was forced to this."

"Stand not then between me and happiness!" cried Anderson, with sudden passion. "Trample not on my heart's best, strongest feelings—leave the Delmairs as you came. Leave me to the hopes, the fears, and the anxieties of my love. Villain, why——"

"Hush! hush!" cried Grant. "Anderson, this conduct is most unworthy of you—unworthy of all of us, for, bound together as we are, I consider that the honour of one is the honour of all—the indiscretion of one, a disgrace to all."

"Then bid him act with honour," added Anderson, pointing at Meriton. "Bid him, the traitor to friendship, retrace his steps, and leave me as he found me. Curses on the fancied friendship that has made me foster in my breast a viper, till it stung me."

"You hear him—you hear him, all of you," said Meriton, in a voice of assumed calmness. "It does not require now any explanation on my part, to enable you to see the right and the wrong of this business. By his own words shall he stand condemned."

The friends stepped between the rivals, and Charles Lechmere, in a voice of solemnity, said,—

"Thank God! as this altercation, it seems, was to take place, that it has taken place here, on this spot, the recollections connected with which should have a chastening effect. Meriton and Anderson, we will none of us move from this spot until we see you reconciled."

"We will not," said the others; "be friends again."

"I am no one's enemy," said Meriton; "but, when attacked, I do not profess so much Christian meekness as not to defend myself."

"Was I not attacked?" cried Anderson; "attacked in my dearest feelings?"

"This affair must be settled," interposed Grant. "Now, Anderson, you must get rid of excitement and passion in this business, and judge of it calmly. You are rivals, unhappily. There may—indeed, I presume there must be, deep regrets, on one side, and felicitation on the other. The object of your mutual attachment can alone decide this question. You both reside in the same house with her you both love. Let her choose between you, and then, as a matter of honour, the rejected party should leave instantly."

"I am willing," said Meriton.

"You hear he is willing," cried Anderson; "can you doubt, then, that he has ample reasons for his willingness?"

"Maria Delmair would have loved me; she could not have been insensible to such devotion as mine, but he came in between us, and all was lost. Now so help me Heaven!——"

"Hold, hold," cried Lechmere, "take no rash oath. Remember, Anderson, you have one oath on your mind which you find you cannot keep—already have you raised God once against one of us."

Anderson was silent; and, after a slight pause, Meriton said,—

"If Anderson thinks the issue of the two letters, which were to be written by us to Maria Delmair, is in my hands at present, I am willing to put off that test to as long a period as he pleases."

"Will that satisfy you?" said Delmair to Anderson.

"For six months," he replied;—"for six months."

"Be it so," said Meriton, "for six months; during which do you pay what court you may to Maria Delmair. It may cost me a pang to see you; but I will assume a calmness if I feel it not."

"You will assume? Meriton—Meriton! You may well feel the calmness which would to God I could assume. But let it be so. For six months we each try our fortunes; and, mark me, no positive engagement is to be entered into by either party with Maria until the termination of that period."

"Oh! agreed—agreed," said Meriton.

"Then this affair for the present rests in peace."

"And in peace it should always remain," added Delmair. "It is frightful that so soon after our most solemn compact such a cause of contention should arise. Anderson, you should recollect that we do not live in the days when ladies' hands were to be contended for by force of arms. We must all, should they occur to us, put up with these disappointments of life as best we may."

"I desire no further conversation on the subject now," said Anderson; "let us wait six months."

"You will shake hands?"

Both the young men hesitated a moment, and then they extended their hands, which met coldly, and there was no generous pressure on either side.

"Maria is mine," thought Meriton to himself. "Not a thousand Andersons should tear her from me!"

"I will have my revenge," muttered Anderson, as he followed the party from the forest; "I will at least have my revenge, come of it what may."

*To be continued in our next.*

## AN ORPHAN'S LAMENT

World, thou hast no charms—they are all gone;  
Thou seem'st to me cold, desolate, and forlorn;  
Full of despair, grief, trouble, endless pain,  
Misery on misery to remove were vain.  
I walk abroad—gaze on the busy throng,  
Hope, hope, sweet hope's the burthen of their song;  
No hope for me, a wanderer, weary, wild,  
A blighted blossom, lonely, orphan child.

Thou once had charms, the brightest of the bright,  
This bosom hail'd them with a fond delight;  
Thy flowers were fragrant, all thy joys so sweet,  
With ecstasy untold my young heart beat.  
Oh! they were joys far dearer than to me,  
For thou wert living—all was liberty.  
Yes, father, ever lov'd, devoted, dear,  
Thou wert the source that made life happy here.

I was not then an orphan child forlorn;  
There was a smile and kiss for me each morn,  
A well known voice that thrill'd through every vein,  
Made my heart leap whene'er I caught its strain.  
There was a look of fondness and delight,  
A warm embrace, God bless you, and good night.  
That smile, that look, comes not to glad me now—  
I feel no more that kiss upon . . .

Oh, death! thou spirit; terrible and stern,  
Why single him from out the mass of men?  
Was there no Christian tired of life,  
No wretched outcast weary of it,  
No frame diseased, of suffering, pain, and tears,  
Who call'd on thee to give his woes relief?  
Why didst thou wield thy never-erring dart,  
And strike it deep in a fond father's heart?

Were we too happy on this troubled earth,  
Or wert thou envious of my youthful mirth,  
My fond affection, and my wild delight,  
To come thus stealthily in the dead of night?  
Could not my smiles, my happiness, and love,  
Avert the blow and his preserver prove?  
Could not his fondness stay the unerring dart,  
And turn its point to some less happy heart?

No; the mandate went forth—the word was said—  
"Strike there," and quick the barbed arrow sped.  
Oh, what a change from hope to dark despair,  
Oh, what a change from laughter to the tear.  
Cold as the earth, no more to wake to life,  
To guard thy child from a world's bitter strife;  
Cold as the earth, lain in thy narrow cell—  
The churchyard grave—I breathed my last farewell.

Heart-broken, crush'd, I knelt upon the sod,  
Eyes turned to Heaven, I pray'd unto my God.  
Oh! bitter, bitter were the tears I shed,  
When from that spot my tottering steps they led.  
Thou could'st not hear from thy dark, lonesome cell,  
In piteous accents how I sobbed "Farewell!"  
How in my grief I scorned the life God gave,  
And long'd to sleep within thy narrow grave.

That day is past—would it had never been,  
I had not met a loss so dear, so keen,  
Nor worn this look of sadness on my brow,  
Nor felt so lone and desolate as now.  
Life had been dear, my heart as light and free  
As in those days treasured by memory;  
And we our course through this bright world had run,  
Thou a fond father—I a dutiful son.

God's will be done—wisdom was in the stroke,  
I bend un murmuring to the heavy yoke.  
To Him I look with confidence and trust,  
Knowing one day die as all die I must.  
Yet while my memory treasures up thy love,  
Oh, let my actions that affection prove;  
And if at moments joy should hull my pain,  
'Tis the sweet hope we yet may meet again.



## THE SISTER'S CHILD; OR, THE LOVER.

ONE cold, wet, and windy afternoon, late in the autumn, a man and woman were seen to travel along the road that led through the wood of Brokenburn; a long, irregular, and thickly wooded tract, in which but few people ever penetrated.

They were seen to go into the wood by the regular beaten track, and then the man who kept the toll-bar lost sight of them. He noticed that they appeared in their conversation and manner much above the class whose dress they wore, either through necessity, or disguise, and this was the reason why the man's attention was directed to them more than it would otherwise have been. The woman was young, and remarkably beautiful; but there was an aspect of care and sorrow which clouded her youthful brow, that might be read by the most inexperienced observer; and, besides that, there was an evident fear of her companion, who was a fine, tall, well-made man, much above the class his apparel would induce the observer to think him in.

The woman had in her arms a child, which might be about two years old, small for his age, and emaciated, as if it wanted the necessary nourishment to preserve its bodily vigour and substance. They alternately carried the child to relieve each other; but there was an evident dislike to the child on the part of the man as he carried the little innocent. He looked at it now and then with a stealthy glance, which spoke of deadly hatred and diabolical purpose, and then he would look at his companion with distrust, contempt, and a mixture of feelings difficult to describe.

They entered the wood, and, after having plodded their way for some time in a solemn silence, the female was the first to break this ominous silence.

"Is it far?" she at length ventured to inquire, in a tone in which anxiety, fear, and fatigue, were strangely combined.

"Yes, it is some distance yet," he replied, in a stern tone.

"But what a fearful place this is, Albert. I had no idea that we were going to such a place as this; you told me of a very different spot, where my poor sister slept."

"I tell you we have not arrived there, as yet. Then how can you compare this spot to the one I described—this is merely the road to it—the spot is yet distant."

"I did—did not think we should have to travel such a dismal road as this," she replied, with a tremor.

They passed on without making further remark, as the man answered not; but continued in the same route.

In the meanwhile the man at the toll-bar stood looking after them while they remained in sight, and turning to his companion, he said, in a serious tone,—

"My mind misgives me, Jack; but I never saw such a cut-throat visage in my life. It would hang any man at the 'sides."

"What's the matter, Bill; are you turned melancholy and moralizing?"

"Did you see that man and woman pass just now, eh?" inquired the first speaker.

"And child?" added the other.

"Yes."

"I did; what then, they ain't the only ones that have passed to-day."

"No, Jack, they are not; but you are a countryman, and haven't got the brains of a chap bred up in London. Didn't you see that they were disguised, and that the dress they wore belonged to poor people?"

"Well, and poor people they are, else they would not tramp it on foot."

The toll-bar keeper gave a look of contempt on his companion, as if it were beneath him to show even compassion upon his inferiority, while he answered,—

"Mark me, Jack, they are not poor people; that is, common country yokels; no—no, you never saw a country girl with a complexion like hers, or so small a foot, such a delicate hand, which never knew what hard work was; and then, as for the ill-looking fellow that was with her—not so ill-looking neither, were it not for the expression of his face, which seemed to say murder—he never handled pitchfork or spade. It's all flam, Jack, all flam."

"Well, I can't help it; you have been in London, I know, and value yourself because you have been a pot-boy, and up to a thing or two in the dark line."

An indignant and angry reply was on the lips of the toll-bar keeper, but his attention was called off by the attention of two gentlemen who rode up to the gate. He turned to them to take the toll, which one of them handed to them. They had ridden fast, and through mud and mire, and as the toll-keeper was returning their change, one of them said to him,—

"Have you seen a man and woman pass by this gate, my friend?"

"I have seen a good many," replied Bill, who was always circum-

locutory in his answers, for he was partial to conversation; but, at times, cautious in his answers. "What sort of people are those you speak of?"

"A man and woman dressed as country people; but who have been better brought up, and who might assume such a dress either from necessity or disguise."

"Had they a child?"

"Yes."

"Then they entered the wood, yonder; they have not been out of sight ten minutes. The female is slight and fair; the man tall, dark, and strong—both young," said the toll-keeper, surprised into perspicuity.

"The very people—the very people, Markham!" responded one of the horsemen to his companion. "We shall overtake them yet."

"I hope so, for my mind misgives me but harm will come to the child, or —," here he faltered, and was unable to proceed.

"There is murder written in his face, sir," said Bill; "and if you are after them you had better make haste. Though, if you miss them before you leave the wood, you may be sure they are lurking about if they have any evil deed to do."

Telling him to keep the change, they both spurred their horses forward at a rapid pace, and were soon lost to the toll-keeper.

We will now return to the pedestrians, whom we left silently pursuing their way. After walking a few minutes in silence, the man turned to his companion, and said,—

"We shall not long remain in the wood. We shall take the first path to the left, which will lead us across the wood, and then we shall emerge upon the road which leads to the spot where we are going."

The woman looked up to his countenance as if to read his intentions, and followed him in silence; presently they came to a spot not so tangled as other parts, and less impervious to them. Here he entered, and she followed him, until they had penetrated some distance into the wood, and then, affecting to be fatigued, he sat down with the child, saying,

"We had better rest here and eat some food, for I, at least, stand in need of it."

It was a wild spot, surrounded on every side by tall trees, that hid the light of Heaven from them, and only a kind of twilight came down upon them; and around were numberless thickets, so tangled and interwoven with each other, that she could scarcely tell how she got there. She seated herself as he desired her, and took the child.

They ate some time in silence, and the man pulled from his pocket a flask, out of which he drank, and then gave it to the woman, who also drank, but slightly. A long pause ensued, as if neither liked to commence the conversation; but at length he said,—

"I have been thinking how we can dispose of the child, so that it shall never stand in our way."

"You would not hurt an innocent thing like this, surely. It cannot have offended you, why wreak your vengeance upon this poor babe? I have brought him thus far because you said you could place him safely, but you swore you would not harm him."

"Ay—ay, but Nell, I tell you we should never have a day's, an hour's, a moment's repose, while that child lives. I have made up my mind that he must be sacrificed."

"Do not say so—you cannot mean it. I could never more love you—never more look upon you were your hands stained by the pure blood of this helpless darling."

"Nonsense! what is it? Merely depriving it of that which, in after years, will become a burden, and, in the present case, like enough to become a curse of great magnitude."

"I tell you I will never consent to it; if you shed his blood you shed mine too.—I—"

The man cast a diabolical look upon his companion, and replied, in a low voice, but with terrible emphasis,—

"He must die, and you, too, if you resist, or do aught that will tend to injure me. You must swear to secrecy."

"I will not—I will not," said the woman, in a tone of fear and despair.

"Your motive for not doing so is to betray me; but do not think I will let you do so—no—no."

"As Heaven's my judge," exclaimed the terrified woman, "I would not do so; but I solemnly promised my dying sister that I would preserve her infant as my own, and secure his inheritance for him. If I were to swear the contrary to you, which oath would you think I should most likely keep?"

"Without that inheritance," replied the man, "we cannot live, and I must have it. It is for that purpose I would destroy him, and then, and only then, should we have peace."

"Have I not consented to forego so much of my promise that you might place him with some poor people, who would take and keep him upon being paid for by you. He would never know who his parents were, nor what were his expectations; he could know nothing, in short, that could trouble you."

"That seems plausible enough, and yet it will never do; some silly



moment of remorse, which you women are always subject to, some equally silly death-bed scene, when the consideration of your previous oaths, or my safety, would induce you to be silent, would render me again poor and penniless."

"On my soul I never will," replied the terrified female. "Spare him and spare me, as you hope for mercy at the last day, when you shall need it sorely."

"Hold your chattering tongue, woman, and give me the child."

"Never—never," shrieked the woman, as she clasped it closely to her bosom. "My poor sister in her last moments bequeathed it to me, and I will not be utterly untrue to any promise given at such a moment."

"D——n!" exclaimed the man, getting up in a fury, "give me the child, or this moment is your last. Your cries," he added, as she shrieked loudly, and called "help—help—help!" with frantic violence; "your cries will be heard by none save Heaven. I did not bring you here to be caught in my own toils, so give the child to me."

She sprang to her feet and fled, but the wood was so thick that she could make but little way, and her pursuer soon grappled with her, and struck a violent blow at her. She fell, stunned by the blow, and remained senseless.

When she came to herself she felt her faculties confused. She knew nothing, and could not think. She endeavoured to turn but could not—she was too weak. After a time spent in vain endeavour to recollect somewhat of the past, the dreadful reality burst upon her mind.

She recollected the wood—the scene—the blow—then her senses became lost, and she could recollect nothing.

"Where am I?" she mentally exclaimed; "where am I? Surely I am not an inhabitant of another world. It cannot be, and yet where am I? How long since did all this happen?"

Thus were her scarce returned thoughts employed. By degrees her senses returned to her, and she found that she was reposing in a soft bed, and in a well furnished apartment, as well as she could see through the scarcely parted curtains. She lifted her hand to her head, and felt that it was bandaged, and that the bandages were wet, a sour smell, as if vinegar had been applied to her temples, arose to her nostrils, and she began to apprehend that she was saved by some miraculous means.

After a time some one came and opened the curtains, and inquired how she felt herself that morning.

"Better," she said, feebly; "but tell me where I am, and how I came here."

"I will send for them that will tell you more about it than I know," replied the old woman; but no one came that day, and night closed in.

The next day was more successful, for a gentleman entered the room and inquired if she were conscious yet.

"Yes," replied the old woman, "and has been asking questions."

He immediately arose and advanced to the bed, he had no sooner appeared before her than she held out her hand to him, exclaiming, as she did so,—

"My dear brother, how am I saved? how came I here? I know nothing—nothing at all."

"Nor will you know, Ellen, till you are well enough to hear it all; but rest quiet and contented until you are able to get up and come down stairs, and then I will let you know all."

"But tell me one thing, at least, in charity—the child?"

"Is safe."

"Thank Heaven—I am happy. I feared to ask for it," she replied.

"Hush! be silent, and you will speedily recover. You are not fit to talk yet—you have been ill a long time."

With that he arose and left the apartment, and Ellen busied her thoughts about the flight of time; but could make nothing of it, or how she had escaped the murderous attack of her lover.

In a few days she so rapidly recovered that she was able to sit up in her bed, and in a few more she got out of it, and, by degrees, she left the sick chamber.

Ellen Massey was the daughter of a rich and retired tradesman, who dying left an ample fortune to each of his children, four in number, two daughters, and two sons, well provided for.

The eldest daughter married into a dissolute family, and they were all speedily reduced to beggary and ruin the most complete. A brother of her sister's husband made his way to the heart of Ellen, and won her most unbounded love and confidence.

The marriage was put off from time to time, until the death of her brother-in-law occurred; in great poverty, Ellen had assisted them, even to her own embarrassment. Her sister then fell ill, and, after a few weeks struggling against poverty and distress of mind, she fell a victim, leaving her only child, then in arms, to the care of her sister, who solemnly promised to do the duty of a mother to it.

Subsequently, her lover, who was the younger brother, heard that a large legacy had fallen to his brother; but, he being dead, it would go to his child, and, failing in that, it would become his. This raised his cupidity, and he thought that if he could obtain possession of the child

he would then be in a condition to receive the bequest originally his brother's.

With this view he invented a fictitious tale of his necessities, and the fear he was under of imprisonment for debt, and he was compelled to travel in disguise. He so worked upon her feelings that he induced her to consent to placing the child out at nurse in concealment for a time, so that he might have the use of its fortune, which he solemnly swore he would return, with ample usury for its use, and it was with this view that she consented to accompany him to the spot he named, but which she believed was a different kind of place—the result has been seen. He desired the full possession of what was not his, and to secure it contemplated murder.

When she recovered, her brother, for it was he and a rejected suitor who were in pursuit of her, having by accident become acquainted with their route, they came up, attracted by her cries, just in time to prevent his repeating the blow, and committing murder. He was immediately secured, but contrived on the road to commit suicide, and was buried with as little noise as the law allows, while Ellen, who still remained insensible, fell into a slow fever, which she did not recover till all was over, and she eventually became united to one of her preservers, Markham, who accompanied her brother.

## WE HAVE MET ONCE MORE.

We have met once more, and why should we part,  
Sole hope of my life, sole pride of my heart?  
Why must the farewell tear again come,  
Why not, my beloved, why not have one home?

Come listen, my dear one, that can be no sin,  
I am here, love, to woo thee, to woo and to win.  
And my heart must be telling its passionate prayer,  
It ever is boldest when nearest despair.

And I, when I see thy bright beauty's hour,  
With youth and thy own fond heart for thy dow'r,  
And think of myself—I can scarce check the tear,  
For I love thee too well to be free from all fear.

God bless thee, dear love—I would say my bride,  
I am lonely and sad without thee by my side;  
But the future is coming, and hope shall entwine  
With the dreams which to-night shall make thee all mine.

Wolverhampton.

J. H. M.

THE FROLICsome DUKE; OR, THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.—The story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and is thus related by an old English writer. The said duke, at the marriage of Eleanora, sister to the King of Portugal, at Bruges, in Flanders, which was solemnized in the depth of winter, when, as by reason of unseasonable weather, he could neither hawk nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c., and such other domestic sports; or to see ladies dance with some of his courtiers, he would, in the evening, walk disguised all about the town. It so happened, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow, a tinker, dead drunk, snoring on the ground. He caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his clothes, and attiring him after the court fashion. When he awakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuaded him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow, wondering how he came there, was served in state all day long. After supper he saw the dance, heard music, and the rest of those court-like pleasures; but late at night, when he was well tipsy, and again fast, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now, the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before as he did now. When he returned to himself, all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision—constantly believed it, and would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended.

CHEAPSIDE.—Among the antiquities of Cheapside, the church of St. Mary-le-bow, or *De Arcubus*, stands foremost. It was founded in the time of William the Conqueror. A part of the tower or steeple, which had fallen in, was re-erected about 1,400. It was, with other churches, burnt in the great fire of London, and was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren. The ancient steeple of this church is described as having been extremely light and elegant, and built in the best style of Gothic architecture. It became remarkable for the defence made in it by William Fitzosbert against his pursuers, in 1196. The modern steeple is said to be one of those emanations of genius, in which the architect has accomplished a task beyond the reach of art, and which, taken together, forms one of the most graceful and elegant edifices that the imagination can conceive.



## CLANAWLY.

## A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILES GLIN," ETC.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER III.

## THE WASSAIL.

"THESE stones, and mounds, and banks of earth were once halls and castles, and mighty fine places, alanna!"

Such were the words of an old woman, as she sat resting herself amongst the ruins which show that Castle M'Auliff once had existence, in answer to a question put to her by a stranger who visited the spot. They are the only proof now remaining of a feudal power that swayed despotic influence within its own sphere; although that despotism was almost uncertain, having been only maintained by the sword and the fortune of war. Still, they prove to mankind that barbarity could not have been so horrid, amongst the possessors of such fortresses, as that which is attributed to the Irish chieftains, in their decline, by many who style themselves chroniclers.

When, as schoolboys, we found ourselves, on a holiday, at liberty to stray over hill and dale, where did we ultimately find a resting-place? Generally amongst the ruins of an old castle, sometimes upon its ivy-mantled turrets; at other moments seated in the ruined windows. Whilst we amused ourselves pelting stones at the ivy, to drive the birds from their nests, some curious thoughts would enter our heads, which were always communicated to one another. The conversation which took place on one occasion, as well as its concurrent feelings, may be worthy of compendious notice.

"That's the way," one boy remarked, as the birds rustled through the ivy, "that Brian Boru drove the Danes out of Ireland."

"And," observed another, "that's the way, in former times, they wanted to civilize Ireland, by driving the inhabitants into the sea, or putting them to the sword."

"That's the way," said a third, "that the great lord of this castle was sent out upon the wide world, to make room for people that never built it, or laid out a penny upon it."

And so on. Gradually the place was then re-peopled by its former inhabitants, traditionally decorated in their native armour, acting their respective parts, and wofully suffering beneath their ruthless persecutors—the satire detailed in piecemeal, not by one person, but by each in turn taking up the subject when the speaker made an error, and correcting him, according to the way in which he heard the story from his grandfather.

Haply, it was upon that old projection the harp hung, when its strings ceased to pour forth melodious strains. There sat the chieftain at the head of his hospitable board, which afforded plenty and pleasure to all comers. There rested the minstrels, whilst upon their sweet, though wild instruments, they played songs, which made the souls of men soar aloft in flights of war, love, and grief.

Such were our observations, as nearly as English will carry with it Irish enthusiasm, when the words are translated; and we acted a few scenes, with feeble attempts at departed customs.

It was past midnight when Clanawly entered his castle, returning from the field of slaughter. The great hall was lit with brilliant torches, and the board was spread plentifully for his reception. He took his seat at the head of the table, which was elevated considerably above the foot thereof; having first thrown off his armour, which he hung on a hook in the wall, where it was always suspended when not in use. The other warriors followed his example, until the wall of the great room was in a blaze, from the reflection of the torches. Thus, in the midst of martial lustre, sat down the native warriors to revelry and song, headed by their illustrious chieftain.

Sparkling beverages followed the refreshment of eating, and wit and story succeeded the introduction of them. The Lord of Clanawly told many a spirit-stirring anecdote, concerning the brave actions of his ancestors, as well as the connexion which his castle had with various warlike movements in former times. The youthful warriors, who then for the first time had engaged in strife, felt themselves fully ennobled, and considered that they were fairly authorised to converse familiarly with the oldest veterans. Besides several heads of septs, who entered the hall after Clanawly, there also sat at the board a great number of his household. Hugh M'Auliff, the chieftain's eldest son, was listening attentively to the enthusiastic remarks of M'Murrough, the poet of the family. O'Deasay, the piper, and O'Neil, the harper, were at the foot of the table, eagerly canvassing some subject that interested themselves alone. Several others of minor importance were allowed to make free at the festive wassail, in honour of the victory gained over the strangers.

"To-morrow we hunt in the vallies of Glenlaura," said the chieftain whose eyes showed a tendency to slumber.

"To-day, your lordship means," observed one of the young men; "you forget that it is past midnight, and that the morning is fast creeping in—it will soon be time."

"You are right, my young man," remarked the former; "and I also perceive my frame is not so actively inclined now as it was some twenty years since, when the third night's hardship would not seal my eyes in sleep."

"It was, as I am informed," said the same young soldier, "one continued scene of slaughter and devastation then."

Clanawly said,—

"I have seen a great portion of it, and have also participated therein. I walked the heights of Knockadune many a night, begirt in armour, the moon my companion. I was sleepless without fatigue, hungered and thirsty without weakness, and reduced to extremes without cowardice. Many a time have I held forth the hand of hospitality to the stranger, and covered his body with my own garment; and often my reward for such kindness (which I never allow to steel my heart by bearing it in memory when another stranger demands admittance) from the same perfidious wretch, was an attempt during the night to assassinate me and my household, and to set fire to my castle. I remember once being so fatigued from protracted hardship and watching, that I begged my companions in arms to allow me to lie down and enjoy one hour's sleep, and at its termination, without awaking me, to put me to death."

"These times are about to assume the scarlet mantle of those which you are describing," observed M'Murrough, the chieftain's bard, who sat at a little distance from his master.

"Then," said his lordship, "these youngsters around me must only prepare for the event. The times suit the man to the emergency; and the bravest man is but a coward at the best during peace."

"Hark!" cried O'Deasay, "and listen to the chieftain's words; he is now re-entering youth. How nobly these half-grey locks become that mild and determined visage! He is a warrior in size, in visage, and in act; whilst the spirit of more active days is sobered down by the judicious temperament of experienced age."

"Now look at his smiling countenance," remarked O'Neil; "and notice how happily he enters into the feelings of the daltins, who are as proud as the sons of Conn, because they have been in a skirmish. Look, he is amused at their enthusiasm; he applauds, but does not coincide in all they say. He sits well at the head of this board; and, whoever was the great Clanawly, upon my faith, in ours, the clanship has not deteriorated."

The enthusiastic bard exclaimed, having listened for some time to the general current of conversation,—

"Can the spirit of freedom and bravery be ever extinguished in Inis-fail? Reduced to embers or ashes, it may lie dormant, but there will ever be found fire in turning up the heap. Aye, sufficient to kindle a blaze with very little additional fuel. Do we not bleed for our own? Do we go to disturb other nations? It is ours—the land, the hearth, the altar-stone. It was bequeathed to us, signed with the red signet of our forefathers; and we should keep it for posterity in the same manner as we received that birthright."

A shout of applause was thundered through the echoing hall at the termination of this appeal. The cheeks of the chieftain, though pale from the fatigue of the night, together with his advanced years, became as red as crimson; and his eyes, shaking off that drowsiness which oppressed them, darted forth inexpressible rays. Enthusiasm filled the bosoms of all, and they felt proud that there still remained to them a portion of their birthright, though it was only tenable by continual bloodshed.

"I have killed one of their ablest leaders this very night," exclaimed Clanawly, with great warmth; "and I am of opinion that he bears some relationship to this country —"

"A traitor!" cried M'Murrough, interruptingly.

"Because," continued M'Auliff, "he mentioned my name; and it is evident that he would not have known me in the dark, were he not thoroughly acquainted with my person."

"What is become of your favourite daltin, M'Murchud, my lord?" demanded the bard, looking earnestly around the table.

"He went in search of my kinsman, M'Donough," returned the other, who was made a prisoner at the end of the skirmish, and I suppose will be detained for the remainder of his days in some stronghold or dungeon of the strangers, where hideous deaths in every shape await our unfortunate countrymen."

This unexpected intelligence made a very melancholy impression on the countenances of all assembled. They were silent during the space of several minutes. At length the chieftain called upon them, reminding them that it would soon be day, and that they should prepare themselves for the pleasures of the chase.



"And we will not be the worse of being begirt with armour, lest human wolves may be prowling through the vallies with whom we may have to engage," observed the chieftain; "and if I can only make an exchange for my kinsman M'Donough, it may lay a train for his liberation."

"Would it not be prudent for me, my lord," demanded Hugh, "if I were to go over to Kanturk and inform his unhappy family of the misfortune, as they will be in miserable suspense?"

"Perhaps so, my son," answered the nobleman; "and accordingly you will have a very delicate part to act. But perhaps it is better to wait, as they are frequently accustomed to long delays on his part, until we have some intelligence about him; as then hope may accompany the tidings of his capture. Let us try and effect an exchange."

"It would be an excellent plan," remarked the bard M'Murrough, "though the blood of M'Donough is worth all the milk and water in the veins of our present enemies."

#### CHAPTER IV. THE HUNT.

THEY arose from the festive board, merry, but not intoxicated from the effects of their libations, and proceeded to the court-yard of the castle. There they stood conversing about trifling subjects, whilst horses were being brought to those who were about to ride. The wolf-dogs were let loose, and ran in all directions about the castle, baying, growling, and with up-turned snouts scenting the keen breeze of morning. It was scarcely daylight, and the air was very sharp, notwithstanding the season of the year. However, it was the moment that suited the hunters, as they could track any stragglers, that may be returning through the vallies, and chase them to their dens in the hills. They started forward in the direction of Glenlaura; the dogs, until they were silenced, awakening the echoes of the misty hollows. Clanawly rode forward upon his excellent steed, clad in complete armour, whilst his dependants rode together in a little group, at a short distance behind him; several able and swift footmen bringing up the rear, armed with weapons useful in the toil. Joyous, though not loud, was their conversation, expectation running high as to the probable success of the day's sport.

"Does not my lord look very odd, dressed in armour, for going a hunting?" demanded M'Murrough of the individual who rode beside him.

"As if he were going to hunt men instead of beasts," remarked Shehan, who walked foremost amongst the pedestrians, he having overheard the words of the poet.

"I suppose," observed Hugh M'Auliff, who was amongst the mounted party, "he would as soon fall in with one as the other, this morning—were it only to yield a little satisfaction for the loss of the brave M'Donough, my uncle."

"We could not offer any suggestion with satisfaction," remarked the poet; "as to the fellow who, amongst our enemies, singled out his lordship for a mark, the chieftain says, that the traitor knew him well, and spoke to him in perfectly intelligible language, which is sufficient to prove to us that he is a villain, who abandoned his country and sold his people."

"Or some Anglo-Irish, who quitted the pale, and became one of our bitterest enemies," said the young M'Auliff.

"No, no!" exclaimed the poet, accompanying the expression with a grimace of self-satisfaction, "the Anglo-Irish are more faithful—more truly Irish than the pure natives of our soil. There is not one trail of treachery to be found in the Anglo-Irish; and where they have acted against us, it was a dread of our probable treatment of them, deduced from our ill-cemented leagues with one another. Nor is it to be wondered at—men who will waver in their obligations towards each other, must be looked upon with a suspicious eye by those who are more remote in affinity and soil."

"Then you are of opinion that it is some recreant Irishman, who seeks for favour in the eyes of the English queen?" said Hugh M'Auliff, inquiringly.

"That is my sentiment," returned the bard; "and a slight retrospection of our affairs confirms my opinion, at least, reconciles it to my own bosom."

"Should ever an alienation of property take place in this nation, the Anglo-Irish will suffer more severely than ourselves."

"They have proved themselves worthy of the reliance placed upon them," observed the bard; "and unless we choose to make enemies of them by ill-treatment, they will ever be the most staunch opposers of English tyranny."

"The Anglo-Irish in Tyrone's army," said Hugh M'Auliff, "are the bravest supporters of Irish rights and independence. The Baron of Kelly, Randal and M'Lurly, are an honour to the cause they have engaged to support. Should our own troops act with the spirit and perse-

verance pointed out by these officers, there is at present very little dread of the English advancing one pace, in point of success. We must struggle to act in conjunction with them, whenever they come this way, to prove ourselves worthy of their enthusiasm."

Having reached the crags and ridges of Glenlaura, the party in their descent commenced beating every bush and thicket, in order to start the wolves from their coverts. Well dispersed, they kept in such order that all the rest could come up to the immediate assistance of any one, who may have been personally attacked. The chieftain and his son now rode together, and drove their long pikes into the underwood, at every suspected point, or where a recess showed that a place of retreat was concealed from the sight. Whilst they were employed at this amusement, a full-grown wolf appeared upon one of the ridges, and looked timidly down at the hunting party. Its position was pointed out by some of the dependants to their chieftain, who ordered that an indirect approach should be made to the spot. They followed him as he rode slowly up a winding ravine, unto the highest point of the ridge, next to the place upon which the wolf appeared; and having waited for some time, until the entire of their numbers had gained the ascent, and were gathered together, they set out speedily to hunt the savage down.

"He has been paying a visit to some of his disconsolate kindred," said Clanawly smiling; "and he chooses their hours for such compliments. I thought they were nearly extinct in the country; but the appearance of one, so late in the morning as this, proves that there are many more in Knockaduane. He must not be lost for the want of exertion."

The wolf now appeared at long intervals, as he emerged from an abrupt patch of underwood, or swam across a ford or hilly stream. They pursued him closely onward with much joy and pleasure, gaining ground gradually upon him. The wolf-dogs were at full stretch, and had extended their liberty to a great distance beyond the hunters, who had all the difficulties of crag, wood, and torrent to surmount.

The chieftain, his son, and the remainder of the hunters who rode, had sometimes to leap from their horses, and lead them out of the intricacies in which they were placed, by the ruggedness of the district. The only thing that rendered the hilly region pleasant to the hunters, was their being accustomed to it, as well as their knowing every point and pass, from the frequency of their field pastimes there.

The animal, now finding his passage towards Knockaduane intercepted by the hunters, left the ridges, and turned downwards towards the broad valley of Glenlaura that lay stretched beneath their feet, winding off between the heights in beautiful verdure. The sun was just rising, and the crimson of his first glance gave renewed life to those who were toiling. They continued to descend, in hopes of soon having their chase crowned with success, but were soon sadly disappointed; for the mists began to rise throughout the valley, and limited their sight to a short distance; by which unexpected obstruction, the animal was lost to every eye, and further pursuit rendered fruitless.

"Shall we have to return ingloriously?" demanded the chieftain, who was mounted upon his steed, whilst his lance rested upon the instep of his right foot.

At this moment the band of hunters were gathered around Clanawly; all dismounted, not even excepting his own son, who paid the same deference to the father, as though the former were a stranger.

"I fear so, my lord," answered the bard, "unless pronounced more lucky by fate, as it would seem that this mist is thickening, even so as to render the rays of the sun copper-colour."

"We shall have some difficulty in returning," observed the chieftain, "as I nearly forget this position."

"No, my lord," remarked Shehan, "we cannot go wrong, if we follow this valley winding on."

"Then we can move slowly forward," said the Lord of Clanawly, "as we have time enough, and we cannot be too cautious in our motion. I am not incredulous as to the probability of meeting some banditti yet; and I shall not be surprised if we fall suddenly upon some of them."

While they were moving onward slowly, all except Clanawly, who rode foremost, Shehan gave the alarm that two out of the six dogs were missing. The warrior suddenly checked his animal, and looking round upon the other dogs, said,—

"Then we had better wait until they come up; they will smell us out. That is the best pair, and I would not lose them for a precious jewel."

"They are a noble pair; bred without a blemish," said the son.

As they stood for a moment, a glistening of armour through the mist started them all, and awakened their attention from the passive position of waiting for the wolf-dogs, to the active eagerness of silently deciphering the strange warriors.



## CHAPTER V.

## THE MOURNING.

WHILST the chieftain of Clanawly was hunting the wolf through the skirts of Glenlaura, the rugged uplands of Knockaduane echoed with the plaintive tones of human grief. Thither, as soon as grey morning broke through the gloom of night, when the peasants missed their relatives, flocked an innumerable multitude, each seeking a father, a brother, or some other intimate in kindred, who did not return with the combatants from the nocturnal affray. Aged women may be seen hobbling along, notwithstanding the knowledge that they had of an enemy lying throughout the country, and bending beneath the weight of infirmity and sorrow. Young lads ran, like the wild deer of the hills before the hunter, to reach the field, before, by turning over the slain, a greater confusion of bodies may take place. Grown and growing females also moved slowly along, stifling with sobs and piteously lamenting, whilst the melancholy cadence of their half-subdued wail was calculated to draw commiseration from the most obdurate bosom. The field of death was soon filled with the afflicted and bereaved. Great contests, more of words and gestures than of violence, took place; and some were anxious to minutely examine those bodies, which others knew by the dress did not belong to themselves. As a body was claimed by some friend, it was removed aside to some vacant place, and mourned over by the other relations who were on the spot.

There were, however, a few there, who had no relationship whatever to any of the deceased; and those assisted to remove the corpses, joining in lamentation with afflicted neighbours.

In a short time a number of the dead were singled out, and placed in different parts of the field, each body surrounded by a group of mourners, who filled the air with loud lamentations and wailings. In one place may be seen a hoary-headed man sitting upon the ground, his wrinkled eyes streaming with tears. Around him a few of his grandchildren were gathered. Between them lay at full length upon the earth, his head cloven in two, the son of the aged, and the father of the young—their prop and sole dependence against hardship and famine in their helplessness.

"Stately as the fir planted beside the running stream! Handsome as the bride on the night of her rejoicing! Generous as the sun when it ripens the fruits of the earth! Oh!

"Thou didst bear thy aged father upon thy shoulders, through the inclemency of poverty, and didst press thy children to thy bosom, when danger showed its frown! Thy wife knew thy tenderness even in the pangs of death!

"No longer shall the morning sun on the heights of Knockaduane seem pleasant to my fading sight! No more shall the Daloo afford joy to my eyes when harvest crowns its banks! The fruit of our fields, the fragrance of our festive wreaths, and the plenty of our haggarts yield delight no longer! Oh!"

At this moment a general burst of grief overwhelmed all, and the aged man rent his hoary locks with extreme agony. The venerable patriarch proceeded:—

"Finola and Valsili, behold your father—how stiff and cold he is! Not an atom of his manly countenance left! He will no longer braid your tresses in the summer evenings, ere you dance with the village lads—his joy and his delight!

"Kian, he can no longer point out to you the way to honesty, truth, and virtue! My child, you have not yet reached those years at which the young know the loss of parents, though I know thy sorrow exceeds thy years!

"May the sun never illumine the path of him who brought my grey hairs to anguish! May his days be as the tempest that darkens the grave! May his children sup affliction even in their suckling! and that the light of his countenance may blight their tender years, as the lightning flash doth the unripe fruit! May he see his own doom approaching! May his nearest friend become his bitterest foe! May the torture that separates him from the earth draw a smile from spectators!"

In another place a young woman may have been noticed alone, weeping and sobbing over the corpse of her newly-married husband. Low and melancholy were her ravings; they scarcely added to the tumult that reigned around.

"Only one month allied to thee, and now to be left lonely and spiritless! How have we been thus separated? Say, Phelim, have I used thee ill? Have I not returned thy love with the ardour of pure virtue? But such constancy could not last—it was not poured into the bosom to be of earthly duration! Its fervour suited the ministers of Eden!"

"I have heard the wars of my country—ah, a heavy curse upon them who are the occasion of such; since, at every fight, there is affliction like to mine. What is all their glory when purchased at such a costly price? But let them fight away now since I have lost all. My father was killed not many paces from this spot, and I scarcely remember his

death; my brother went away upon a dark night, and never returned; and my husband! Oh, blind frenzy, it is nothing else, that could drive men thus to butcher one another! I shall lay thy body in the earth, and then prepare myself to follow thee thither, as the time of our reunion cannot be long distant."

There was yet a more melancholy spectacle amongst them, and one that sinks deeper into the heart. It was a tall, graceful female, standing nearly naked, her long tresses hanging loosely down her back, whilst, with clasped hands, she gazed in silent agony upon the lifeless remains of a beloved brother. There was no longer beauty in the rainbow for Katalen; for her no more did morning open its purple eyes, calling her forth to pastoral duties; no more did her labour seem sweet, as there was no brother to enhance its blessings. She scarcely saw his pallid and gory visage, when her mind wandered away amongst rocks, and cliffs, and precipitous crags—she seemed to gaze upon him; but she saw him not, and reason gradually became extinct. She was only a monument that breathed, lost to the knowledge of all external objects.

A nightly voice was heard at times upon the banks of the Daloo, but at length it ceased; and the wanderer found repose in the waters of that gently flowing stream.

Many of the bodies were, about this time, being moved towards the habitations of the bereaved. The scene appeared to be that of an almost endless funeral procession. However, in many instances, the tide of lamentation was arrested, and its wild spirit subdued, as they passed by a throng of minstrels, who stood at a cross road, between the field of death and the hamlet to which they were slowly moving forward. These public functionaries so mingled up their dirges with patriotism, that the former disappeared in the enthusiasm of the latter, leaving a momentary triumph to the sorrowing soul, by which the blood-stain of warlike achievements was partly blotted out. They pointed at the various honourable deaths that adorned, and in more captivating language, illumined the annals of Inisfall; and forgot not to remind their hearers, that by losing their lives, the glorious dead saved those of thousands, who would bear them in memory as the deliverers of their unfortunate country.

"They are dead, but not departed, for their names shall remain engraved on our bosoms.

"They would not be cold and sapless vassals to the Saxon monster—she, who revels in the blood of Ireland's finest sons. They chose the gallant choice, as did their forefathers, whose bodies lie strewn through the hills and valleys of our green isle.

"Bitter sorrow wrings our bosom; but we rejoice when we reflect on the cause of your deaths—this yields joy to our hearts, and affliction is buried in rejoicing.

"How pleasant could we and our children dwell in this land, could we crush the foes—the merciless foes—that gnaw out its vitals—a once happy land!

"There shall be endless sighing and weeping until our country is disenthralled; and then we shall smile at joys, though purchased by the blood of our dearest and bravest heroes—there are those yet in Erin, who consider it a blessing to be slain in her cause."

Thus chanted the minstrels to the crowds, as they bore the slain from the heights of Knockaduane.

(To be continued in our next.)

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed (post paid) to the Editor, which will meet with immediate attention.

H. B.—We do not wonder at his being "Forsaken," and are very sorry we cannot help him. The "Soldier's Lament" is also declined.

T. E.—s.—We have accepted "The Closing Day;" but can make no promise without first seeing the prose article.

J. R\*\*\*\*\*s.—The epigrams, we are sorry to say, do not come up to those already inserted, and we beg to decline them. Thanks for "Bouncing Made Easy."

F. D. COLLIS.—The MS. can be had by application at the office.

W. H. POOLE.—Old as Methuselah.

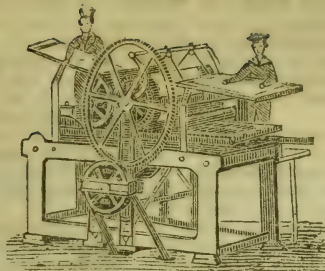
ARIEL.—The copy of "The Dream" was destroyed, when declined. We are glad to hear it received the approval of such able judges, though we did not find it suitable to our columns.

J. T.—Declined. We cannot answer his question without he first states whether he means his tale or the JOURNAL itself.

A SUBSCRIBER (Model Prison) and a SUBSCRIBER (Salisbury) we think have little cause for complaint. Such a slight accident, considering the number of tales published, is surely excusable.



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF  
ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## THE MESMERIST;

OR, THE FIRST LESSON IN PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

"It is quite impossible for me to live without that angelic being," said George Haydon, casting himself upon his sofa in a fit of despair, in his rooms in Bath—"quite impossible. I wonder who she can be." He then started up and rung the bell, which was responded to by his valet. "Martin," said George, as the other entered, "I have seen the loveliest creature imaginable, and am already over heads and ears in love with her. Can you inform me who she is?"

"Perhaps so, sir," said Martin. "I know nearly every person in Bath, and all the new-comers an hour after their arrival."

"Then you can give me the information I ask," said George.

"If you only tell me her height, and the character of her dress, sir, I shall know her in a twinkling."

"Well, then, she is rather tall, with ——"

"Blue eyes?" interrupted Martin.

"Yes; and ——"

"Auburn hair?"

"Exactly so," replied his master.

"In good condition, sir—skin fair?"

"The same—the same!" cried George.

"Speak softly. Blue ribbons on her bonnet?" continued the valet.

"That's she! How did you know her, Martin?"

"Walks with a hearty old gentleman, and speaks kindly to him?" continued the loquacious valet, needless of his master's query.

"Yes—yes. But who is she?"

"Sweet girl that, sir. Any gentleman might well fall in love with her."

"But who is she—what's her name?"

"She's a ward in Chancery, sir—a ward in Chancery, and the old gent is her guardian."

"A ward in Chancery, is she?" cried George. "What property has she?"

"They say about thirty thousand, sir."

"Humph—humph!"

"Worth looking after, sir, according to my thinking," replied the valet.

"Yes—rather a prize," said George.

"And I'd have her, too, sir, if I were you," returned the loquacious Martin, with a freedom of manner that gents of his class are apt to take.

"Would you, though?" cried his master, half inclined to follow the proffered advice.

"Indeed I would, sir. Thirty thousand is not to be sneezed at in these times."

"Quite right, Martin, although I do not comprehend your meaning fully."

"Why, sir, when we say a thing is not to be sneezed at, we mean——"

"What the devil do you mean?"

"That is, sir," continued Martin, "it is not to be coughed at. Do you comprehend, sir?"

"Not exactly. I dare say, however, it is a very expressive term."

"Very, sir. It means more than one can speak."

"No doubt. But the girl's name?"

"Beauchamp, sir. The Hon. Lady Louise Beauchamp."

"And who's the old boy, her guardian?"

"That's Buggins, the banker, sir, of the firm of Shares and Buggins, Mansion-house-street, London."

"Indeed."

"Fact, sir—quite true."

"Well, well, Martin; she's a lovely creature, and I think I shall take your advice."

"I would, sir. You know you want a new cab and wardrobe; your father's allowance, sir, is too small to allow you to do the thing handsomely."

"He certainly does not allow me too much."

"Not by no means, sir. I should say the lady's twenty thousand is the very thing you most want. In fact, it would be just the ticket."

"Humph! The ticket."

"Yes, sir—just the ticket—that is ——"

"Oh, yes! I thoroughly comprehend. But how am I to know how your information is correct?"

"Had it from their own servant, sir. He dines at the same shop as me, sir. There's one advantage in board wages, sir—one is sure to hear all the news where one gets one's dinner."

"Oh, very well, very well. Just shave me. I am going out."

"Yez zir, yez zir," said Martin; and after making the necessary preparations, his master's chin was soon enveloped in a maze of suds.

After various topics having been descanted upon, George put on his hat and gloves, and departed for the Pump-room, where, before long, his eyes were again blessed with the lovely features of Louisa Beauchamp, accompanied by her guardian, Buggins, whose rubicund features glowed with ruddy health.

Determined to be as near as possible to the enchanting beauty, George seated himself upon the same seat that he might overhear the tones of her silver voice.

"My dear sir," said Louisa, addressing her guardian, "how do you feel yourself to-day?"

"Very bad, my love," replied the hearty old man—"very bad, indeed!"

"Sorry to hear it, sir—very sorry, indeed. Perhaps the place does not agree with you?"

"Don't know, my dear."

"At least, you do not find much benefit from the waters at present, sir?"

"Gripes me infernally," said Buggins.

"If I were you, my dear sir, I would take no more of them. I do not think you stand in need of them."

"I tell you, girl, I'm very ill," said Buggins. "I did not have above eight hours' sleep the whole of last night."

"Indeed, sir, that's very bad," said Louisa, humouring her guardian's foliole.

"I assure you, these two nights I have not eaten half my usual supper."

"You may be better for it, sir."

"No, no, girl. When I'm not troubled with the night mare, I am sure I'm falling off in my appetite, and that's not a good sign."

"Perhaps so, sir."

"I am sure so, my love," returned Buggins. "Why, my love, you know very well I don't take more than a bottle and a half now, where I once took two and a fifth."

"Your improved health may be owing to that, sir," replied Louisa.

"I tell you, girl, I am very ill, miserably ill; and if I don't find some relief I must try some other course."

"Certainly—you know best, sir," returned Louisa, mildly.

During this colloquy George perceived that his person was not disagreeable to the charming Louisa, for they had kept up a perpetual cross fire with their eyes, which he was determined to improve by all



means in his power. In vain he considered a hundred schemes; but while they passed through his brain, Buggins and his lovely ward rose to depart, and as they did so the eyes of the latter met those of George with such an expression that the pen or tongue cannot possibly describe it.

Almost mechanically George rose, and bowed gracefully, and, at the same time, sighed,—

"Ah! Louisa Beauchamp, wherefore art thou Louisa Beauchamp?"

As he recovered his senses he found these near him regarding him with expressions of sympathy, and the sounds of "poor fellow!—in love!—mad!—monomania!—come to the crisis!" &c., met his ear.

George hastened after his Dulcinea directly; but he lost her in the crowd, and returned to his apartments disconsolate, and violently pulled the bell.

"I want my slippers, Martin," said he.

"Please, sir, he's not at home," replied a female voice.

"Not at home; d—n the fellow's impudence, what business has he to be out?"

"Don't know," returned the landlady, with a low curtsy.

"Don't know! you ought to know everything," cried George, wildly.

"Now, I recollect, sir; I think he said he was going to —"

"The devil, madam. I declare I will not keep the vagabond another hour."

"Perhaps so, sir; but that is not the name he called it."

"Called what, ma'am?"

"A lecture on mes—mes—. I really forget it, sir."

"Well—well, never mind. There is a devil of a mess in this room; tell him I want him, the moment he returns."

"You won't discharge him, sir?" interposed the landlady, kindly.

"Won't I. He shall know all about that. I'll discharge him on the spot. Oh, Louisa Beauchamp—Louisa Beauchamp!"

As George uttered this, he again sunk upon a chair, and burying his face within his hands, fell into a deep reverie. The landlady retired, ejaculating, as she went down stairs,— "Poor gentleman, how I pities him!"

When George revived, he found his slippers ready to put his toes into, and Martin standing near him for orders.

"How dare you be absent, fellow, when you are wanted at home?" cried George, as soon as he saw him.

"I humbly beg your pardon, sir," cried Martin, "but —"

"Here's your wages, and be off with you. I really would not be pestered with such a servant."

"Really, sir, I was not aware you would return so soon. I really hope you will overlook it this once. I'm sure, sir, you'll not find a better servant, sir."

"On one condition, that you will never be absent when you are wanted."

"I'll never offend again, sir; you may rely upon me."

"Very well."

Martin had promised the same fifty times before, and he also knew his master could not just then afford to part with the cash he had just returned to his purse; yet, nevertheless, he feared (although he sadly wanted his wages) he should be compelled to accept them, and this obliged him to feign repentance.

When he thought his master's feelings were a little mollified, in his most insinuating tone, he said,—

"Excuse my boldness, sir; but have you seen Lady Beauchamp to-day?"

"Yes, Martin," said George, whose feelings softened down at her very name; "I have seen her."

"And she looked as beautiful as ever?"

"As beautiful as an angel."

"Pity you can't get her, sir."

"It is."

"If I were you, sir, I would try to come over the old man; d—n him, I'd mesmerise him."

"Do what?"

"Mesmerise him, sir; mesmerise him."

"And, pray, what's that?"

"Send him to sleep, sir. I heard a lecture this very morning, sir, upon the subject."

"When you ought to have been here in attendance."

"Beg pardon, sir; but —"

"Well—well, never mind it now; tell me what you saw or heard."

"I saw the gentleman, sir, send the folks to sleep like winking."

"Ha! ha! by what process?"

"I don't know the dictionary word for it, sir; but I should call it pawing them down."

"How very strange," said George.

"Very, sir."

"And can't you show me the method of acting the performance?"

"Certainly, sir; just in this way," said Martin, and here he commenced the same movements he had seen the lecturer make.

Whether it was that George Haydon's temperament of body was more susceptible of the magnetic influence than ordinary, certain it is, he soon felt very drowsy under the manipulations of Martin. His eyelids closed, and his breathing became more difficult, while the latter, fearful to pursue the operation any farther, made a few transverse passes, and quickly restored the faculties of his master.

"God bless me!" cried he, as he stretched his eyelids; "how very strange!"

"You felt a sensation of great warmth, sir; did you not?"

"Very. Now, let me see the effects upon yourself; sit down."

"Rather not, sir, thank you," replied Martin, fearfully; "I don't like it."

"I insist upon it," said his master; "sit down at once, or take your wages and be off."

"Should not like to offend your honour," said Martin, sitting down, "but when I'm off, do so, and it will recover me."

"Very well."

After having shown his master the method of restoration, Martin sat down, and, in the course of a short time, was locked in sleep, and was then recovered.

"Wonderful!" cried George, "I never heard of such an operation before. I will hear the next lecture myself, and become more fully acquainted with the subject; you can leave the room, Martin."

Martin did as desired. George stretched himself along the sofa, and in a few minutes he was lost in a deep reverie, while ideas of Louisa Beauchamp, her guardian, and mesmerism, quickly chased each other through his brain.

During part of the remainder of the day he went from library to library, and from bookseller's to bookseller's, in quest of works on mesmerism; paid a visit to the lecturer in the town, and in the evening returned with a mesmeric mania upon him—practised more than once upon his valet—nearly bewildered his landlady; and, in default of all other subjects, he commenced to operate on the cat. Pussey's ears, however, were in the way; she had no inclination to be sent to sleep, and, lashing her tail, she swore terribly; then defeated the tyro mesmerator's object by leaping off the table.

George then retired to bed, but not to sleep, for a multitude of fantasies rushed through his senses, and as the first rays of the morning peered into his chamber, he exclaimed,— "Egad! I have it," and immediately leaped from his bed; but, finding it too early to carry his plan into execution, he crept again into bed and called his valet—who slept in an adjoining chamber—to mesmerise him, when the latter partially succeeded.

At the usual time, George again arose more refreshed, and hastened to the pump-room on the wings of love and expectation. Louisa and her guardian were there before him; to his imagination she looked more beautiful than ever, and saluting her slightly, he sat on the same seat as on the previous day.

"Fine morning, sir," said he, addressing Buggins in his best voice.

"Very," replied the latter, gruffly.

"A pretty place Bath, sir."

"May be; but it don't agree with me."

"Indeed, sir! I should have thought you would have found the waters beneficial; your constitution is plethoric, if I mistake not."

"Can't sleep; I can't sleep, sir, as I used. I'd give anything to the man that could procure me a good night's rest."

"You can't expect it, my dear sir," suggested Louisa, in a silvery toned voice, "after eating a lobster-supper, and drinking a bottle of port upon it."

"Nonsense, my love; a man must live."

"Certainly," interposed George; "and if you would allow me the honour, I venture to affirm I could impart to you what you so much desire."

"Eh, what?"

"I could give you a refreshing sleep."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Merely a philosophic observer of the laws of nature, which in some degree I hold within my power."

"You mean to say you can send me to sleep?" said Buggins, with a cough that nearly strangled him, and caused him to look purple in the face.

"At any time or hour."

"Come then home with me, and if you succeed I'll make your fortune; but I very much doubt it."

"I feel much honoured, sir, by the invitation."

"Well, my dear, what think you of this gentleman's pretensions?" continued Buggins to his lovely ward.



"I wish he may be successful," replied the lovely girl, in so significant a manner that the heart of George leaped within his breast.

Arrived at their residence, George Haydon was ushered into a superb drawing-room, where everything betrayed the wealth of the owner, combined with the greatest taste which the judgment of a cultivated female mind could suggest.

"And now, my dear sir," said Buggins, "I beg you will inform me of the nature of the discipline you mean to subject me to?"

"The nature is trifling, sir; you have only to shut your eyes and compose your feelings for a short time."

"I can do that without your assistance."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"Excuse me one moment," said Buggins, "and then I will be at your service."

"With pleasure, sir."

Buggins then got up and deliberately locked the room-door, and putting the key into his pocket, returned to take his seat previous to undergoing the mesmeric operation; whether this was done to secure his property or his ward, which he imagined might be carried off during his state of somnambulism, we have no means of ascertaining, but we suspect the latter.

"Now, sir," continued he, "I'll give you full liberty to try your powers."

"Close your eyes, sir," said George.

He did so, and after making a few passes over his head, the red-faced gent began to show evident signs of sleep, and soon after was locked safely in the arms of Morpheus.

"My dear lady," said George, turning to Louisa, "your guardian is now firmly locked in sleep; let us not neglect the opportunity given to us."

"What can you mean, sir?"

"That I have long and passionately loved you."

"Sir?"

"Yes, my lovely Louisa; although a stranger to you, I here declare I have long entertained the most ardent passion for you, and here I vow ever to love and cherish you."

"For Heaven's sake, sir, forbear!" exclaimed the trembling girl, looking anxiously towards her guardian, "I cannot listen to such language as this."

"Do not fear, most lovely of your sex, to acknowledge your feelings; no eye can see, nor ear hear the accents of your gentle tongue, save ourselves."

"But should he wake and detect you?"

"He cannot."

"And wherefore?"

"His senses are more firmly locked than you imagine. See," continued he, "he is completely in my power."

As George said this, he raised the arm of the sleeping guardian, and having made a few passes down it, the limb became fixed and rigid as if in death.

"Merciful God!" said the gentle girl; and she was about to cry for help.

"My lovely girl, do not distress yourself; I can restore him to consciousness in an instant."

"Do so, then."

"When you have promised to listen to my love. I am not what you imagine; I am a gentleman, by birth and education. Here is my card."

"I acknowledge I am prepossessed in your favour," returned Louisa; "but my guardian exerts the most watchful influence over me."

"Does he, indeed?"

"He is more lynx-eyed than even Argus himself. You saw him lock the door?"

"I did; but his Argus eyes are now firmly closed. The lion is tamed!"

"But, for Heaven's sake, restore him!" cried the trembling girl.

"If you will favour my suit."

"I do not mind," sighed Louisa.

"To-morrow I will call again," said George, "and give you some token of my love."

"But you must be very cautious. My guardian intends me to be his bride the moment I become of age, which will be shortly: he is extremely jealous of me, and never allows man to come near me but himself."

"Cruel monster!" ejaculated George; "but I will foil his projects." After a little more amorous conversation, George reduced the guardian's stiffened limb to its natural position, and after making a few transverse passes over the head and face of the sleeper, the latter commenced to rub his eyes; he then opened them slowly, and stared wildly about him; and after a violent fit of sneezing, he exclaimed,

"Dear me—God bless me!—well—only think—I declare I fancied I

was dining in Guildhall at the Lord Mayor's feast, and was just snacking my lips after a dish of real turtle!"

"No doubt you believe in the truth of my assertion, that the thing is possible?"

"Certainly."

"You felt very comfortable, no doubt?"

"I never felt so much so in my life, I positively assure you."

"I feel very happy," returned George, "in being able to afford relief or consolation to any of my species."

"You really delight me, sir," said Buggins. "I must beg of you to pay me another visit."

"Most willingly."

"And I further entreat of you to accept this pocket-book as a small token of my esteem for your services."

"I feel much honoured, sir."

"Don't fail to call to-morrow again," said Buggins. "I will make your fortune for you."

"I will not fail," said George; and after a little more conversation, he departed well pleased at his success.

Day after day passed away, and the old gent continued to take his mesmeric sleep, while George made love to Louisa, and he had already made a violent impression on her heart. The day now arrived on which she was to become of age, and George paid his accustomed visit to Buggins.

"I really congratulate you, sir, upon your improved health," said George. "A few more visits from me, I am convinced, will restore you to perfect convalescence."

"I hope so; I feel I am much better."

"You must be!"

"Yes, yes—I am. I ate a whole crab and drank my three bottles last night, and when I had been mesmerised after, I had not the slightest touch of the night-mare."

"Now, compose yourself, my dear sir, and in a few minutes I'll send you to heaven!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Buggins, as he seated himself in his easy chair.

"There," said George, when he had made a few passes over him, "if you can now guess what's going forward, I'll give you leave to do so."

"Eh!—what?" suddenly ejaculated Buggins, whom the former had supposed asleep; "what are you about, Louisa?"

"Laughing at you," replied George, as he completely sealed the banker's eyes. "Now, my beloved Louisa, there is no time to lose; let us hasten away; you are of age to-day, and out of the jurisdiction of the court."

"I am, dear George."

"Then let us fly on the wings of love!"

"For mercy's sake do not tempt me to take a step I may repent of."

"How can you repent when love will be your guide?"

"What will my guardian say?"

"You then think more of him than me?"

"No, dear George, but —"

"You would have him awakened, that he may become your husband?"

"Don't torture me with the idea."

"Then why not fly with the man who loves you, in preference to being wedded to age and vulgar tyranny?"

"Oh, George, how can I?"

"Must I leave you then? to-morrow you will become his bride."

"It is too true," sighed Louisa.

"Why then hesitate when youth and love invites you?"

"Oh, George, you know not the timidity of a woman's fearful heart," she returned.

"By all that's lovely, let me entreat you to accede to what I ask."

"It must be —"

"Every thing is propitious, the very servants are from home."

"Merciful Heaven, aid me!" cried Louisa.

"Here is your bonnet and shawl; let me entreat of you to assist you on with them."

Louisa's only answer was a deep sigh, while George placed the cashmere across her lovely and well-proportioned shoulders.

"Now your bonnet; there," continued he, as he tied the strings for the half fainting girl; "and don't forget to bring your jewels."

Louisa then drew a small casket from a drawer, and pulling on her gloves was ready to depart. In the meanwhile George made a few mesmeric passes over Buggins's arms and legs, which caused them to protrude forward, and present the most grotesque appearance, at which Louisa could not resist uttering a hearty laugh at the expense of her guardian.

He then took Louisa beneath his arm, and nodding familiarly to the mesmerised Buggins as they left the room, said—

"Good-bye, old blade; only stay till I come and wake you."



He closed the door, and having locked it, put the key beneath the mat outside.

"Now, my love, let me entreat of you to support your spirits for a few minutes," said George, and leading her down the staircase, they soon gained the street.

At the corner of the next turning Martin waited with the cab, and in a few minutes they were progressing at a rapid rate.

We must now return to the unconscious Buggins, who enjoyed as tranquil a sleep as ever he had experienced in his life; and towards the close of the day the domestics began to wonder they had neither heard or seen him or the Lady Louisa.

"Go up," said Thomas, to Mary, the parlour maid, "and ask if anything is wanting, something must be wrong, or they are all gone out."

Mary did as desired, and soon returned with the information that the door was locked.

"Oh, nonsense," said Thomas, "go and see again."

"Shan't! go yourself," replied Mary.

Thomas went, but was unsuccessful; he then informed the butler, who directed all to search for the key.

The Lady Louisa was not in her chamber, and it was further ascertained that Buggins was at home, for his hat and cane were in the hall. Speculation rose to its greatest height amongst the domestics, and various conjectures were afloat, when Mary felt something beneath her foot, and upon turning up the mat, lo, and behold, there lay the key before them.

The door was quickly opened, and there, to their great diversion, not unmixed with fear, they saw their master as George had left him, his arms and legs stretched out before him.

"Merciful God!" cried Mary; "he is in a swoon;" and she forthwith commenced to fan him with her apron.

This soon restored Buggins to a state of consciousness; he stared, and strained his eye-balls to an alarming extent, and demanded the cause of there being so many around him.

He was then informed; neither Louisa nor the mesmerist were to be found; the truth in a moment flashed across his brain, and stamping with rage and fury, he sent all in search of them, cursing the hour in which he imagined he could not sleep.

In the meanwhile the lovers had been married; previous to the elopement George had purchased a license, and after two hours' hard driving, the ceremony was performed by a friend of his, the curate of a small village at some distance, and at the same time that he took a bride, he became master of her twenty thousand pounds.

The news soon reached Buggins; for some time he roared like a madman, but at length resolved to have revenge, and for this purpose committed suicide, by nightly supping off crab and drinking more wine than ever.

## ROME.

Once great empress of the world,  
Kingdoms at thy feet were hurld;  
Empires owned their sway to thee,  
Thou that sat in majesty.  
Thou land of sunny skies and bowers,  
Scattered columns, ruin'd towers,  
Temples bright, and maidens fair!  
Ah! desolation now reigns there.

No more shall minstrels strike the lyre,  
Nor Cato's soul be filled with fire;  
Yet his immortal name shall burn  
With vigour on Fame's ne'er fading urn.  
And yet thy glory shall shine as bright  
As an only star in sombre night.  
Alas! no more thy power shall spread,  
Nor laurels deck a Cæsar's head.

York.

E. R. B.

**INDOLENCE.**—No other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life as indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation; he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it; he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it; he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family from starving, and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe.

## LOVE;

### OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE VISIT.—ROBERT LEIGHTON'S SELF-CONGRATULATIONS.—THE LETTER FROM THE DIAMOND MERCHANT.

THUS was Charles Hargrove rescued, to all appearance, from the difficulties which had surrounded him, and not only enabled to earn an honest livelihood for himself, but likewise to have the intense pleasure of keeping a comfortable home around the object of his dearest solicitude. No wonder his repose was pleasant and serene. No wonder that he looked back with much amusement upon the two attempts he had made unsuccessfully to procure employment through answering the newspaper advertisements. The pious greaser and the irascible button-maker he thought he should never forget, and he could not but laugh as he thought over the adventure of that weary day—weary in its tiresome progress while it lasted, but now pleasant to look upon even for its very failures.

"We never know," thought Charles, "when we are fortunate or when unfortunate; I was anxious to get something to do that day, and if I had, it is just possible Mr. Leighton would not have liked to disturb any existing arrangements, and he would have made me no offers at all. Well, well, I never could have supposed there was so much good fortune in store for me. My salary, comparatively to what I have had previously, is a very handsome one, and I may now look forward to marrying my Harriet, and enjoying as happy a home as any man could wish for. Indeed, I ought to be very thankful—and so I am. My heart speaks my gratitude to Heaven, better than any set form of words in which I could put it."

Charles Hargrove was right. One genuine gush of grateful feeling which cannot be expressed in words, is surely of more value in the sight of Heaven than all the printed forms of thanksgiving in the world, even though some of them, in order to make them more agreeable we presume, are set to music of an admirable character.

With felicitous feelings, and such a lightness of spirits as can only arise when the heart is fully at ease, did Charles Hargrove rise that morning with the hope of, ere he went to the office, enjoying a few moments of the delicious converse of his much loved Harriet.

The merry song of the lark sounds sweetly as he carols high in the air, and the sun's earliest rays shine bright and beautiful upon hill and dale, the light morning air wafts sweet odours from the gardens, and the new-mown hay can be smelt before it is seen.

A summer morning in the country is a treat that few who have enjoyed but would wish to do so again. All that is sweet and beautiful in nature, health, and cheerfulness infuse themselves into the confirmed invalid; and, like the hectic glow of the sinking patient, yet again animates his features, though it were but evanescent.

Such a morning, when the dew has not been exhaled from the herbage, from the trees, the grass, and the hedgerows—when the sun is shining brightly from among high traversing clouds, brilliantly illuminated at the edges—would induce the dead to rise, and reconcile the wretch lingering on the brink of self destruction to this world, were his portion still naught but misery.

The slopes from the distant hills, covered by dark and frowning woods, receive the earliest rays, and the moisture exhales and makes the air wholesome, because it modifies the heat and dryness of the atmosphere.

The distant but pleasing note of the cuckoo, the cawing of the rooks, and the harsh, chattering sound of the jay, are each pleasing to the ear, while the many feathered songsters fill up the space left in time, to leave no moment silent—always something to be heard—always something to be seen.

The fields, woods, and very hedge-rows, have all their peculiar beauties, and their own particular points of attraction.

The hedgerows of this country are often wild and picturesque; many of them are beautiful, being composed of the may-bush, or thorn, which throws out its spidery white blossom in early spring, making the surrounding air odouriferous for some distance.

The alder shows its white blossoms somewhat later, while many creeping plants run up and form an impervious fence, through which few could find their way, or even look through.

Of all the wild flowers, none are equal to the large white convolvulus, which creeps its way through a hedge from the bank, often appearing in blossom on the bank itself, and then appearing at the top



of the hedge, upon which may again be seen the beautiful, white, bell-shaped blossom, which nothing can equal in its intensity of colour.

Such are a few of the many lovely and joyful things that may be seen by those who love nature for herself, and who seek the open air at such times and seasons.

All this to Charles Hargrove was delightful, because he was in the proper frame of mind for the enjoyment of such pleasant scenes, and he walked to and fro in the garden waiting the appearance of Harriet; his feelings were of the pleasantest and most harmonious description.

Soon, too, she saw him from her window, and hastened to meet him. Attired in a becoming, plain, morning dress, she looked, to his eyes, lovely as Flora herself, come to gaze upon the beauties of her children, the sweet flowers that bloomed around.

The lovers met with a smile, and that soft, gentle pressure of the hand, which is so eloquent. There they walked arm in arm, and talked of love, and hope, and joy, as if the future was all their own, and they had but to choose which sweet, flowery path they would tread through life. Alas! that such delusive day dreams should so soon vanish and leave not a wreck behind.

Oh, that the romantic aspirations of the young, the good, and the beautiful, could be but half realized! What a world of romance, loveliness, and excellence, would we then have to dwell in—but such may not be. We commence life with impressions that we are all through our existence weakening, until the grave closes over a heart which has become a store-house of disappointments, tears, and passionate regrets.

When Charles Hargrove reached the office of Mr. Leighton, he found a note left for him, containing directions for what he was to do during the morning, and he set about the task imposed upon him with cheerfulness and contentment. One thing pleased him, and that was, that he was placed in a small, spare room by himself, and, consequently, if he chose, he could murmur the name of his Harriet, without exciting the astonishment or the ridicule of any one.

How many sheets of paper he spoiled by scribbling upon them the name of Harriet Hearnshaw it is hard to say; but, certainly, a heap of loose paper in the fire-grate, proclaimed some amount of damage in that way.

Towards the afternoon, Mr. Leighton came to his room, and, with a pleasant familiarity, that was flattering to the young man, asked after the Hearnshaws, and engaged him in a conversation for some time on a variety of topics, saying, at length,—

"You are aware, Mr. Hargrove, that I have some property in the neighbourhood of the cottage where you reside with your amiable relatives?"

"Yes, sir, I have so heard."

"Very well. Then, sometimes, if not disagreeable to you, I will do myself the pleasure of giving you a call, when I happen to be in that direction."

"We shall esteem your visits, sir, very highly."

"Oh, no, no. Mind, I ask for no formality. I am not so young as I once was, and, sometimes, I am glad to be able to sit down, in a homely way, with persons whom I can really consider as friends, without any ceremony. You know, Mr. Hargrove, I am quite a lone man, without wife, children, or, indeed, any family connections which can give me any pleasure to keep up; therefore, by your permission, I will do myself the pleasure, sometimes, of calling upon you, and making myself quite at home in the cottage where I was so kindly sheltered when I fell from my horse."

"I can only say, Mr. Leighton," rejoined Charles, "that you will be very welcome indeed, whenever you choose to call upon us, if you feel inclined to put up with the homely fare we can provide for you."

"Do not say a word about that, my young friend. I shall be quite contented, and shall feel the greatest pleasure in the absence of all ceremony on my account. By the bye, this evening I will drive over with you, if you please, as I wish to make some calls in the neighbourhood."

Having arranged this, Robert Leighton soon retired from the room, and sought his own office, where he sat immersed, for some time, in thought.

"What other resource have I?" he muttered. "I love the girl. She is beautiful beyond comparison; and, if she were to become the wife of this young man, what has she to expect but poverty, and such a course of difficulties as would embitter her existence? True, he could do very well if I were always willing or able to employ him as I do now; but that will not be case, and, thrown on his own resources in London, he must fall of procuring even the scantiest livelihood for himself, and much less could he be able to support a wife. The very idea is ridiculous; he could not do it, so that I think, by endeavouring to wed her myself, I am far from doing any wrong, because I can surround her with all the comforts and most of the luxuries of existence."

In such a way did Robert Leighton strive to hoodwink his own

judgment, and persuade himself that by perpetrating, what, at the bottom of his heart, he felt to be a great iniquity, he was doing a good and kindly action.

It was the weakness of his character which had first produced a series of misfortunes in his mercantile affairs; that same weakness, too, had tempted him to listen to the dangerous plans which Scalvoni proposed for his extrication from his difficulties; and now, as he had all along done, he strove, in this affair connected with the Hearnshaws, to fight against his own convictions, because he had not the courage to confess them to himself.

The evening was fast approaching, and at about five o'clock the merchant announced to Charles that he was ready, and they stepped into a barouche which Leighton had purchased since his accident from riding. Just as they were on the point of starting, Scalvoni made his appearance, and, with one of his hideous contortions of countenance, said,—

"A pleasant ride—a remarkably pleasant ride I wish you both. God bless you!—when you come here to-morrow morning, Mr. Leighton, I have some pleasant intelligence to communicate to you."

He then hastily withdrew, leaving the merchant in a fearful state of suspense, and Charles annoyed, as well as surprised, at the manner in which he had spoken.

Mr. Leighton's interview with the Hearnshaw presented no peculiar features of interest. He remained about two hours, during which time he was affable and pleasant in his discourse, paying no particular attention to Harriet, so that Charles took his visit to be, what the merchant had himself explained it to be, the effort of a weary man to make himself comfortable in a family circle, where he could say what he liked, and do what he liked. Such a course of proceeding on the part of his wealthy employer Charles could not but view pleasantly; and, when the merchant had gone, the conversation naturally turned upon how likely it was that he, Charles, would in time become high in favour and employment, if not eventually a partner in the business, which he would soon become intimately acquainted with.

"How often Mr. Leighton talked of his property at Hamburg," remarked Harriet. "He seemed extremely anxious concerning it, and to fancy it was in very bad hands as regarded its commercial management."

"He did, indeed," said Charles; "in fact, I should say it was the only subject of uneasiness in his mind, for he did keep continually recurring to it."

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Hearnshaw; "and you know, when I asked him if any missionaries were at Hamburg, he did not seem at all to comprehend me, but said that he supposed they fetched the usual price in the market. But I found out he is quite an absent man, for very often he answered quite at random."

"I noticed that myself," said Charles; "any one would think, after all, that Mr. Leighton had something on his mind. It may be that the cares of business have proved too much for him, and affected his imagination; and yet I can hardly think so, for he seems to all appearance shrewd and clever at his warehouses, as far as I am able to judge."

In these and similar reflections the remainder of the evening was passed, while Mr. Leighton drove to London, and put up at the hotel, where he had been staying for some time, in preference to the comfortable accommodation he could command at his offices and warehouses on the banks of the Thames.

When he found himself alone then recurred to him with a painful feeling the words of Scalvoni, that he had a piece of news for him in the morning when he should come to business, and he puzzled himself with endless cogitations as to what it could be, until, from sheer exhaustion towards morning, he dropped into an uneasy slumber.

### CHAPTER XXX.

THE ALARMING COMMUNICATION.—THE TERROR OF LEIGHTON.—SCALVONI'S ADVICE.—THE APPOINTMENT.

THE intimation of Scalvoni concerning the communication which was awaiting him at the office recurred painfully to the remembrance of Leighton when he awoke and found the sun glaring in upon him through the half-closed blinds of his chamber window. He rose hastily, and dressing himself with precipitation, he hurried off to the warehouses, in order to know what it was that awaited him, in the shape of news, that had taken such a hold of his imagination.

When he reached the low range of building by the river-side, where he was received by his numerous clerks and porters with the greatest respect he scarcely waited to notice any one, but hurried off to his own private office, where he expected to find the communication awaiting him.

He, with trembling eagerness, opened his letters; but they were all common place ones, referring merely to matters of business, excepting one, and that was from Letour, and to the following effect; but as it



contained nothing new, he was convinced that it was not the matter to which Scalvoni had alluded.

"Sir,—I am, at present, in prison, on a charge of which I am innocent, the particulars of which, I dare say, you have already received from Mr. Scalvoni. I regret to add, that I am deprived of many comforts and even necessities, which are to be had here for money, and only for money. I shall esteem it a special favour, if you would advance me a few pounds, as I cannot help, upon mature reflection, thinking that I have been made the victim of some plot.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"Newgate.

"FRANK LETOUR."

Without a word, the merchant enclosed a five pound note in a blank envelope, and addressed it to Letour, after which he rung for an attendant, and when one came, he desired that Mr. Scalvoni should be sent to him the moment he should arrive.

"He has been here, sir, some hours," was the reply.

The merchant could not conceal his mortification, for he knew he must have passed the window of Scalvoni's private room, and been seen by him. However, he said calmly enough,—

"Tell him I shall be happy to see him as soon as possible."

The message was duly delivered, and, in less than a minute, Scalvoni made his appearance. There was nothing to be gathered from the expression of his countenance as to the purport of the information which he had promised the merchant and when the latter said,—

"Scalvoni, what is the news you spoke to me of last night?" he merely shrugged his shoulders, and replied,—

"Why, as for the news, I have a note here which is sufficiently explicit, but how it will turn out it is hard to say—very hard to say."

As he spoke, he tossed an open note across the table to Leighton, who, with a terror that completely blanched his cheeks, and nearly stopped the current of his blood, read the following lines,—

"To Robert Leighton and Co.

"GENTLEMEN,—Upon comparison of some documents I have in my hands, and which I have come through your house with others from other quarters of a similar description, I find some discrepancies which induce me to think one or other must be forged.

"I shall be glad if you will appoint any time when I can have an interview with you on the subject, as I have to apprehend that by some means or another, I have in my possession, through your instrumentality, about thirty five thousand pounds' worth of forged documents.

"I am, gentleman, your very obedient servant,

"GOLDSMID LYONS.

"P.S. An early answer will oblige."

The letter dropped from the paralysed hands of Robert Leighton, and he uttered a deep groan. Scalvoni looked the very picture of calm indifference. Any one would have thought he had not the remotest concern in the matter, but that he was merely an unsympathising spectator of the merchant's emotion.

"Scalvoni—Scalvoni!" exclaimed Leighton; "what is to be done? The blow has fallen at last. What will become of us now? Gracious Heaven! what can we do?"

"Not waste precious time in unavailing lamentations. We must be prompt and resolute now. Let me hear what your impression on the subject is."

"My impression—why, good God! what other impression can I have, but that absolute and irretrievable ruin has overtaken us, even if we have time to escape with our lives from this country."

"Indeed you take a violently gloomy view of the subject. I cannot agree with you in giving way so easily and promptly to an adverse circumstance. The question comes to this. The Jew either believes us to be guilty of the forgeries, or he believes that they have come innocently into our hands. If the latter, we are bound to make good the amount to him. If the former, he, no doubt, fancies that in our fears he will find a protection from loss. Now, it is difficult from this letter he has sent to gather exactly what is his opinion; but in either case the inconvenience of the transaction would to us be very great, and the matter can only be met by some very prompt and energetic proceeding, such as people in ordinary life would not at all expect to ensue."

"What proceeding—what can possibly save us?"

"Probably the death of Goldsmid Lyons, the diamond merchant."

"His death?"

"Ay—why not? People die suddenly sometimes, and why not he? Come, come, Leighton, we are too far gone in various transactions now to hesitate. I assert in plain language, that the only effectual mode of extrication from this little difficulty will consist in the destruction of him who would be our accuser, or so large a creditor as to make him a very troublesome personage indeed."

Robert Leighton wrung his hands as he moaned,—

"And must it come to murder? Step by step must criminality at last reach that hideous height. Oh, God, spare me—spare me!"

"Fool!" said Scalvoni, between his clenched teeth, "are you in love with the scaffold and the rope? would you go whining from existence like a coward who had the will to be dishonest and not the courage to pursue the necessary steps to conceal his craft? Leighton, it is easier to kill a Jew than to be hanged."

"But Scalvoni—Scalvoni, have you no dread, no trembling apprehension of the world to come? Do you look forward to no future, which may be a hell or a heaven?"

"No. If you intend preaching, Leighton, you will send me from you, and I shall have to take steps for my own preservation, leaving you and Lyons to settle the matter in your own way. But a truce to this folly. Listen to reason, Leighton; the Jew must be put out of the way, and there's an end to the whole proposition. View the matter which way you please, you cannot alter. It is still for us a scaffold, or for him some quiet mode of exit from this world, which may very likely save him a deal of trouble, and I know will save us much more. You cannot, you dare not hesitate."

Leighton dropped his face upon his hands, and rocked to-and-fro in a perfect agony of painful thought for many minutes. Oh, how small at that time appeared to him to have been the evil from which he had escaped at such a fearful price. He had avoided bankruptcy at the expense of his peace of mind for ever; he had avoided a cold glance or a sarcasm from men whom he never did, never could esteem, at the expense of honour, honesty, and virtue.

As these thoughts rushed across his mind, Leighton could have found it in his heart to rush from his office and plunge into the river close by, and so end life and misery together; but when he looked up he caught the cold, sneering glance of Scalvoni fixed upon his face, and he shrunk back as if that man exercised over him a power more than could belong to any mortal.

"Well," said Scalvoni, "you have been thinking; what is the result of your cogitations?"

"Madness—despair."

"Humph! Pleasant little personal peculiarities they are certainly. You might add St. Luke's as a climax. But now, jesting apart —"

"Jesting—jesting! Scalvoni, are you man or devil?"

"I have told you once before I am a little of both, so the question is superfluous; and what I wish now to impress upon you is, that time is of the greatest importance, and an answer must be immediately sent to Goldsmid Lyons."

"What answer can I send?"

"I will dictate one to you. We must see him and ascertain if he has mentioned his suspicions to any one. Besides, we must endeavour to induce him to bring with him the forged documents."

"And—and then—and then, Scalvoni —"

"I should advise then that you do not permit him to leave again on any account, for he will be doubly dangerous. He is an old man. The river is deep. You understand me well, I am sure."

"I do, too well—too well. Oh! that it should come to this. Scalvoni, I have but one great favour to ask of you. It is, that when I am dead you will explain, from some place of safety, whither, of course, you can easily bestow yourself, that I bitterly repented of my errors—that I would have suffered any pains or penalties to have retrieved them—that I erred from weakness rather than from strong design to do evil."

"Oh! certainly—certainly. Anything in reason."

"I thank you. This is my last day of life."

"Indeed, Robert Leighton. You are attempting to deceive both me and yourself, but in your heart you feel that you can deceive neither. You wish to make me believe that you this day contemplate suicide. You do no such thing. Suicide with such a man as you would be the impulsive act of a moment. Now look you here. At this moment I will furnish you with means of blowing your brains out at your wish."

He produced a small pistol from his pocket as he spoke, and laid it down before the merchant, who for an instant placed his hand upon it, and then with a shudder recoiled, saying,—

"I dare not—I dare not."

"I knew it," said Scalvoni, "I knew it. No more of this, Robert Leighton; write to the Jew the answer that I shall dictate to you, and leave ulterior arrangements to me."

"One word more," gasped the merchant. "If—if really, Scalvoni, you find it absolutely necessary to take the life of this man—you—you will spare me—say that you will spare me, Scalvoni."

"I do not understand you."

"Yes—yes. You surely must know to what I allude. I have no nerves for a deed of blood. You will spare me any hand in the matter."



"The murder! Well done. You have pronounced the word more bravely than I could have thought you capable of. But as to murdering people for you, that is carrying friendship and compliance a long way, indeed. You shall not escape your full share of the consequences, should they arise, of any act which I may think necessary for our common preservation—on that you may depend; and let the state of your nerves be what they may, you must do your part. Now write as I dictate. Time presses."

With trembling hands the merchant took up his pen, and with the submissiveness of a child he wrote the following note to the Jew from the words of Scalvoni, whose power over him was now greater than it had ever been.

"Sir,—We have received your note, which of course is a matter of surprise; but whatever documents have come through our house that require correction, will of course be righted by us. We shall be happy to see you this evening at half-past eight o'clock, when we shall be able fully to converse, as business hours will be over. By bringing this note with you, you will procure instant admission to our private office, whether we be engaged or not.

"We are, sir, your's obediently,

"Goldemid Lyons, Esq. "ROBERT LEIGHTON & Co."

"Why is he asked to bring this note with him?" asked Leighton.

"Because," replied Scalvoni, "it had better not be found at his house when he is missed."

The merchant shuddered.

(To be continued in our next.)

## JEALOUSY.

THE wind was howling 'midst the rigging of the ships preparing to leave old England's shore, to gain far distant lands. The sun no longer cast its brilliant rays upon the earth, and there was a chilliness in the air which seemed to threaten rain—the people shivered with the cold, though 'twas a summer's day.

"You will have a wet passage, I fear, Monsieur Sestaoc," said a young man to his companion, who was a few years older than himself.

"I do not fear a little rain, Naganod," returned the other; "I have often encountered bad weather."

"But it is a long passage," said a low female voice, beside him.

"A long passage do you call it, Miss Naganod?" said Monsieur Sestaoc; "last year I went to Cognac—this time I shall only go as far as Blois."

"But, nevertheless, it is a long one," said Miss Naganod.

"Pardon me, it cannot be long, for I shall be there, and remain with my father for three weeks, or more, and here again within the month; it is not long, but you shall have forgotten me before it shall have passed away."

"Not forgotten you," exclaimed Miss Naganod; and "Not forgotten you," murmured her brother.

"I am glad to hear you say so," answered Monsieur Sestaoc; "I am glad to think there is one—there are two beings in London who will mourn my departure, and hail my return with pleasure. Adieu, mademoiselle! do not forget me."

He tenderly pressed her hand, and looked into her face with an expression of deep admiration.

He was now on deck, and the brother and sister still stood upon the wharf, that they might catch the last glimpse of him at parting. The countenance of the beautiful Matilda bore a very mournful expression, an unusual thing for her—and her young heart was very sad—she could scarcely tell why.

Henry Sestaoc was the son of a French gentleman, upon whom the blight of adversity had fallen, and his only son was forced to leave his native country, to seek a situation as French teacher in an English school; here he formed an acquaintance with his friend, Richard Naganod, who looked upon him as a brother.

Henry was not strictly handsome, but he had rich brown hair, and eyes of deep blue; he was of middle height, and had a good figure.

The vessel which was to convey him to his parents sailed at length, and Richard waved his hand, and bade his sister do the same; but the tears came rushing into her eyes, and she was forced to turn her head away lest he should see her emotion; but fearing that he would think it unkind, she turned towards him, and waved her hand, and a smile—a smile that sank deep into the heart of Henry, played upon her rosy lips.

The month soon passed away, and Henry returned. How the heart of Matilda leaped for joy when he pressed her hand once more within his own.

They had assembled in a little party on the evening when he returned.

Tom Panleau, one of Richard's old schoolfellows, was there, in high glee, with Matilda for his partner in a waltz; and what a general stare there was when Henri entered—and how Henri bowed and retreated, murmuring something about "didn't know," and "intrusion;" and Matilda, tearing herself from Tom Panleau's arms, made way through the numerous couples, scarcely remembering what she was about, until he had seized her hand; and then how she coloured, and laughed, and felt ashamed of herself, by turns; and how Mrs. Olden, who was a capital hand at carving, and was engaged to cut the tongue at supper, came up, and in her excitement shook him by both hands at once, and hoped he was very well, and felt quite sure he was thinner than when she saw him last; and then discovered, to her utter amazement, that she had never seen him before, and thought how foolish he must think her—but Henri was better engaged in talking to the lovely girl by his side.

Oh! there was a great deal to say, and many a quadrille was begun, and over, without her knowing such a thing had commenced; and many a time did Tom Panleau come behind her, and ask the honour of her hand, without her hearing. Tom Panleau became quite angry, and vowed "he'd horsewhip that fellow."

And when they sat down to supper, and he perceived Henri and Matilda side by side, his jealousy knew no bounds—he had determined to propose for her that very night, but he knew it was useless now. Even Mrs. Olden, who sat beside him, helping him to all the nice bits of fat that she didn't like herself, couldn't win his thoughts from them. Mrs. Olden, poor lady, what blunders she made too, continually mistaking her mouth for a plate, and placing all the nicest pieces of the tongue there with the carving fork, and seeming not to know it, much to the delight of Richard Naganod.

The time for parting soon arrived, and Tom saw Henri whispering soft words at parting; and, maddened, he followed Monsieur Sestaoc into the street. Henri, remarking that their road was the same, offered his arm to the indignant Tom, who refused it, with expressions which brought about a quarrel, which ended in a challenge. Yes; the challenge was given, and accepted, and Tom Panleau went home, somewhat cooler with an idea that he might be shot. Henri was dejected; for he thought of the misery which would, unavoidably, fall upon the head of her he loved, if he fell, and of the wretchedness which would attend the remaining part of his life if he shot his rival.

The dreaded morning dawned upon them, and found the duellists, with their seconds, in the field appointed. Henri was to fire first—the form of Matilda stood before him in imagination; he raised his pistol, and fired in the air—Tom Panleau sank upon the grass, with a low groan, and pressed his hand upon his side.

"Fly, fly!" he cried, extending his hand. "I forgive you; fly, and save yourself."

"Forgive me!" cried Henri; "merciful Heaven! what have I done? I fired in the air."

"Fired in the air!" cried Tom, starting to his feet, in a moment; "didn't you aim at me?"

"Where are you wounded?" asked his second. "Are you much hurt?"

"Only a little," said Tom, dreadfully embarrassed.

"More frightened than hurt," said Henri, laughing heartily, and clapping his hand.

"Well, well—I am not the greatest coward in the world," said Tom Panleau; "but I'll never fight another duel."

Six months passed on, and Henri led the beautiful Matilda to the altar, and Tom Panleau was at the wedding, none the worse for fighting the duel. F. D.

**ANIMAL SAGACITY.**—In the immense forests of North America, the moose-deer is hunted by the Indians with such relentless perseverance, that all the instincts of the quadruped are called forth for the preservation of its existence. Tanner, a white man, who lived in the woods thirty years, thus describes the extraordinary extent of the moose's vigilance:—"In the most violent storm, when the wind and the thunder and the falling timber are making the loudest and most incessant roar, if a man, either with his foot or his hand, breaks the smallest dry limb in the forest, the moose will hear it, and though he does not always run, he ceases eating, and rouses his attention to all sounds. If, in the course of an hour, or thereabouts, the man neither moves nor makes the least noise, the animal may begin to feed again, but does not forget what he has heard, and is for many hours more vigilant than before."

We all live upon the hope of pleasing somebody, and the pleasure of pleasing ought to be greatest, and always will be greatest, when our endeavours are exerted in consequence of our duty.

**HUMILITY.**—Humility ever dwells with men of noble minds—it is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils, but in a ground that is rich, it flourishes, and is beautiful.



## CLANAWLY

## A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILES GLIN," &amp;c.

*(Continued from our last.)*

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE STRANGE MINSTRELS.

SHORTLY after the departure of C anawly from his castle, on the same morning, two strange minstrels entered the bawn of the stronghold, and demanded hospitality. The watchman who walked round the fortification, having closely examined the countenances of each, and found out that they were what they pretended to be, sent them to the gate that led into the arched chambers of the lowest story in the castle. They went as directed, and knocked at the strong oaken door. The sound for admittance was promptly responded to, and the two strangers soon found themselves seated before a comfortable logwood fire, in the large kitchen, beneath the chieftain's hall. To the questions of the boy who admitted them, indirect answers were returned by the minstrels. They appeared to be much reserved; but that was attributed by the attendant to their backwardness in a strange domicile. Well, they warmed themselves, and when sufficiently so, drew back and sat upon straw mats, that served as cushions to the stone sofas formed by recesses in the massive wall.

Whilst seated in the alcoves, they began to survey the place, as is usual with all strangers on their first finding themselves in an unusual position; but this leering scrutiny was of such a cast, that it drew the attention of the boy who was busy beside the fire. Becoming uneasy in his mind, and not perfectly satisfied with his guests, he was resolved again to introduce some conversation, which may haply throw light upon their real motives of coming into these parts; because their garb was that of Ulster, or some place towards the northern part of the country.

"It is dangerous travelling now, through the country, on account of the very great number of soldiers and murderers that infest the roads," remarked the young man, at the same time looking very sharply at both, as if unintentionally. They were startled for a moment by the address and nerve of the lad; but finding that his countenance bespoke nothing suspicious, they again became cool and negligent. Their emotions were not lost upon the attendant.

"Yes," observed one; "and that is the reason we are obliged to travel all night, which is very wearisome to the frame, and gives one double the pain, for the want of the night's rest."

"But," remarked the youth, as he wheeled from over the glowing fire a huge caldron of boiling water, which was suspended to an iron rack in the chimney, "I am surprised that you would venture, at such a season of the year, upon such a tedious journey, as you appear to be north-countrymen."

"We are just as you say," observed the other stranger; "but necessity compels men to many a difficulty. Having heard that a Spanish invasion was about to take place in the southern part of the kingdom, we set out to endeavour to procure a passage to Spain, where several of our relatives are now resident."

"And," demanded the other minstrel, "is not the castle the stronghold of Clanawly?"

"Yes," returned the lad, accompanying his answer with another inquisitive glance; "it belongs to the lord who presides over the clan of M'Auliff."

"He is a great warrior—so proclaims fame," observed the latter minstrel again.

"Is there not a legend or prophecy connected with the family of Clanawly?" demanded the other minstrel, addressing himself more to his companion than to the young man.

"Yes—I believe there is," said the former.

"I have never heard of any such thing," said the lad, sharply, "and I am longer in the castle than either of you."

"But, my lad," observed the former minstrel, defending himself against any charge of ill-intention on his part, "stories find their way often to remote places, where they make a greater impression on the memory than they do at home. Moreover, it is not out of any disrespect to this family that this remark was made; on the contrary, there is a similar story about every other great family in the kingdom."

"Indeed," cried the other minstrel, in a drawing tone of voice. "he can't be huffed at anything you say that way, as it reflects more of honour than anything else upon the people for whom it is meant. But the poor young man doesn't understand you, on account of the ignorance arising out of youth—"

"You can perceive," remarked his companion, interruptingly, "they have not the education up here, as they have where we came from—they are illiterate, and think of nothing but eating and drinking; and where

you would find one learned man in our district, you would fall upon ten bores in either Con's country or Mona!"

The young man felt severely at these stigmas cast upon the literary reputation of his province—and by persons, who, of all the world beside, should hold their tongues upon such a subject. In the height of his vexation, he said,—

"I don't know how you can have the impudence, of thus abusing people from whom you are begging your living."

"You may be silent upon that point," remarked the former minstrel, "as we can go about our business now, and not be beholden to you for your dirty hospitality."

"I would rather die in a ditch," exclaimed the other bard vehemently, "than be beholden to persons for obligations, that would be cast up to me that way, by the way of no harm!"

"People are glad of our company," observed his comrade again; "and we are welcomed into every house, and made much of by the way. So we need not stop here any longer—let us be off."

"Yes," said the other bard, hesitating, "I would as soon be off; but I have some thing of importance to communicate to Lord Clanawly, and must, therefore, wait until he returns."

"Oh! aye—you are right—I forgot that," said the former, "and so we must wait until he arrives; and upon my soul, when he comes, the first thing I am resolved to do, is to inform him of the treatment which we have received, under his noble roof; and it will be sufficient for the blood of any noble lord, to think that a minstrel got such treatment, within the walls of his castle."

"You ought, my lad," said the other bard, "ask of your superiors in age and experience, how strangers, and particularly minstrels, are to be treated, according to the usual code of hospitality. By that means you will be the better enabled to act with discretion; nor bringing disgrace upon those who expect you will not injure their national characters."

"I am sure," the young man ventured at length to say, "I did not think I was breaking the rules of hospitality when I attempted to defend the character of my own people, and those to whom I stand indebted for sustenance. Should that be considered as a breach of the laws, they are laws which are never observed in this or any other land."

"But," said the bard who spoke last, "you must know, my young man, that we minstrels have a wide licence, an universal liberty everywhere. We are considered as judges in every point, allowed to pass our opinions upon every subject, and to censure or commend circumstances, according to our own judgment, without incurring the displeasure of anybody."

"As a celebrated brother of ours says," observed the other.

"The bard of Erin is not to be either assaulted or insulted; nor is he to be undervalued; and when he enters a mud edifice, or when he enters a spacious hall, it is all the same to him, he is still the laurelled minstrel; and his presence is as ornamental to good society, as fine capitals are to columns, or as painted ornaments are to polished walls."

"And when we enter a poor house," remarked the former, "it is as placing a barbaric head upon the chimney of a thatched cabin."

"But," said the other bard, "as you were making some remarks previous to your entering the bawn, I would not care if you were to finish them now."

"Oh!" exclaimed the former bard, "about Con O'Donnell, Calvarch's son, who wanted to get possession of the entire castle?"

"Yes," answered his companion; "and I am very anxious to hear the remainder of the story."

"Some other time."

"Any time; but they are a most unfortunate family for quarrelling amongst themselves—endless family-feuds; were it not for that the O'Donnells would control the northern province, and Tyrone, at the present day, have very little to say to them."

"Are there any Irish noblemen in the castle at present—that is, have any called this way lately?" asked the former minstrel, winking at the other, directing his words to the young man.

"There are none at present," simply answered the lad, who had not at the time regained composure.

"Do you expect his lordship in soon?" demanded the other.

"Indeed I cannot tell the moment he may be in," returned the boy; "for sometimes, when he goes a-hunting, he does not return before night, whilst at other times he comes back early in the day. Should he happen to fall in with any neighbouring chieftain, who compels him to spend the day with him, sometimes he remains for the day and perhaps the night also."

"Does his lordship ever entertain the peasantry around his castle with feasts and drinking, as they do in other parts that I have been in?" asked the same bard.

"No—not lately," said the boy.

"Saxon intrusion!" growled his inquirer, knitting his brows and glancing a ferocious cast of countenance upon his companion, by whom it was returned silently.



"The former lord, I am told," continued the boy, "did as you say, but the present does not. I am informed that the only instance in which he ever did so was upon the retreat of the English, after the battle of the Blackwater towards Dublin, about three years ago or better; but I was not living in the castle then."

"Oh!" exclaimed the other minstrel, "all the good old customs of Inisfail are dwindling away one by one, and with them we are losing our national spirit and integrity."

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE MEETING.

THE chieftain and his hunters remained for some time, staring at the long train of warriors that passed before them, rendered dim and indistinct by the density of the fog.

"I would take my oath, without venturing to forswear myself," cried Shehan, whose countenance underwent a visible change, whilst his voice faltered in his mouth, "my lord, that they are Irish troops from the province of Ulster, who are making a descent to meet the Iberians in their threatened invasion."

"Be not precipitate, dear Shehan," said Clanawly, softly, "for fear we may make a sad mistake. Have you never heard of our enemies being arrayed in Irish habiliments and armour, to pass the more easily through the country?"

"Yes, my lord," answered the dependant; "but not in such numbers as those we now see. A few stragglers may sometimes, in order to elude pursuit, put on Irish dresses, but such a long array as that, composed of horse and foot in thousands, could never become possessed of sufficient Irish dresses to disguise themselves, nor would there seem any necessity for their so doing."

"Your words bear with them ample sense, Shehan," said Clanawly; "I concur in the justice of your remarks, and begin already to think that you are correct in your former opinion also. As the day is beginning to clear up and the fog is partly dissipated, we will soon see them quite distinctly. But perhaps we are not safe in standing here; would it not be safer to keep retreating, until we get safely under some covert, whence we can see without being seen?"

All agreed to their chieftain's words, and were about to move from their position, when an Irish warrior, fully armed in the northern style, rode closely by, without perceiving them.

"Now, my lord," cried Shehan, looking up at Clanawly, whilst his face blushed equal to crimson, "do you see I am correct? I fancied that I knew the armour."

"Truly," answered Clanawly, noticing the flush on his servant's countenance, which he, doubtlessly, then attributed to a little self-approbation on the part of the latter, for being correct in his opinion, "and we need not, therefore, leave this place. I must find out who they are, make myself known to them, invite the chieftain and principal officers to my castle, and make preparations for sending a strong party with them in aid, as well as affording them a contribution towards their support in the present terrible campaign. Should we stand firmly in this onset, receiving ample assistance from the Spaniards, the English will return in the same manner as did Robin Devereux, the queen's pimp, the year before last, when he came to work those miracles that were only dreamed of in the councils of a woman. I believe he learned a lesson by which it is discovered that Ireland is not to be reduced by mere thousands, whilst we have our gallantry and our fastnesses."

"And his submission to the Earl of Tyrone subsequently, in the northern province," said Shehan, "showed that he had neither the valour of a warrior nor the sense of a tactician."

Clanawly looked for a moment amazed at his dependant, who never before spoke so boldly in his master's presence. It only served to confirm his long-entertained opinion that Shehan was of noble extraction—at least, not of the common origin to which he pretended; and the glance of the chieftain caused great agitation in the dependant's looks. The latter allowed the sensation to subside, and said no more upon events in which he should seem to have no further than a common degree of patriotic feeling.

"Father," said Hugh M'Auliff, mounting his charger, "with your permission I shall go into the midst of this body of men; and finding out their leader, present him with health and congratulation from you. Any other commands you wish to give I shall not forget."

"Yes," said the chieftain, eagerly and hastily; "Hugh, direct him to where I stand, as I wish not to pass amongst the men myself; and as a proof of the truth of your words, present him with this sword—giving it into the hands of the commander—informing him of my name. Should there be any doubt remaining on his mind, ride over to me, and I shall go thither without the least hesitation. Be not presumptuous in your manner, nor hasty in your expressions; speak low, softly, and articulately, using as few words as possible, always, in the presence of a great superior when a stranger to you—when giving any explanation,

speak as though you were bound to do so, and not as if you were making him a present of your language."

The young man bowed, and darting speedily from his father's side, was soon lost sight of by those he left, nor did he find the individuals for whom he sought. They had all passed on; he therefore rested for a moment, fancying that all must have been a delusion.

"It cannot be fancy," said he to himself; "though I have heard of such vague sights having been beheld in mists and fogs. But we could not all have seen them were they imaginary; besides, there were sounds of the human voice, trampling of horses, and jingling and rattling of heavy armour."

He thought thus, half articulately pronouncing the words to himself, whilst his animal pawed the ground, and became ungovernable through a desire to proceed. His doubts were soon dispelled by the noise again increasing on his ears. He rode onward in the direction thereof, and was soon in the midst of a phalanx of horsemen, who had halted to take rest, upon the border of an underwood. They looked fiercely at him; but he gave them secret signs, by which they knew at once that he was not a spy, who threw himself amongst them as a friend, whilst their destruction was his sole aim. Without interruption, in this manner, he moved forward until he was in the very centre of the immense army.

"Tell me, if you condescend," he asked of a superior description of horseman who rode about preserving order, "who is the commander of this army, and where may I find him?"

"His name," returned the horseman, "is the Earl of Tyrone; but as to where he is, in order that you may easily find him, that is a point upon which I cannot answer you; he may not be within a mile of you, and he may be within calling, should you dare to seek him in that manner, which I would dissuade you from," and he laughed rather seriously, sharply watching the countenance of his inquirer, to see if he could detect any sinister lineament therein.

"Depend upon it, gentleman," said Hugh M'Auliff, "I shall not risk myself, by calling in such a manner upon the great Earl of Tyrone; but I beg to inform you that I am the son of Lord Clanawly, from whom I bear grace to the great general; and on that account I am very anxious to meet him."

"Then accompany me, young nobleman," said the officer, "and I shall endeavour to find him for you, if that be possible—to be candid with you, I believe he is gone to a tent erected at the head of the army, in company with General O'Donnell, to partake of some refreshments."

They rode on slowly together, passing great crowds of soldiers who were stretched in all directions upon the ground, some eating, more playing games, and others sleeping. The noise was so great amongst these, that they could not hear one another were they inclined for further conversation. Shortly afterwards the sun began to scatter the mist that covered the hills, rendering the position of the tent discernible; and without much delay, young M'Auliff was introduced unceremoniously into the great earl's presence.

Recovering from the confusion which at first affects young persons, when introduced into the presence of very great men, Hugh M'Auliff said—

"Health and grace to the Earl of Tyrone, from the Chieftain of Clanawly, I, his son, bear."

"Thou art his son then?" hoarsely spoke the earl, by which he startled the youthful messenger, who was not prepared for such a commanding tone of voice; "where now is his lordship?"

"Not far from hence, my lord," answered M'Auliff; "and in proof of my words and his honour, here is his sword."

The young man reached the handle of the sword to the earl, but the latter rejected it, saying—

"Oh, no! the word of any descendant of Clanawly is sufficient for me; would I could ever find such supporters! O'Donnell, we are in the neighbourhood of one of the noblest patriots that ever Ireland produced."

O'Donnell, who was a powerful man, with red hair, instantly sprang from his seat, at hearing mention of Clanawly's name, and grasping Hugh by the hand, shook it lustily.

"We shall accompany you to where your father awaits us," said the Earl of Tyrone.

"And we shall embrace true valour and hospitality," observed O'Donnell, putting on his helmet.

They moved forward slowly through the thick masses of armed men, who were silent as they passed, towards the place where the chieftain of Clanawly stood. Hugh M'Auliff led his horse, walking before the generals, who proceeded on foot, attended by a retinue of pages and dalmatians.

When his lordship saw them approaching he dismounted, and delivering his small casque into the hands of Shehan, stood uncovered to receive them. As they drew nearer, an ashy paleness bespread the dependant's countenance, whilst his limbs were seized with a violent tremor. His agitation did not escape his noble master, who notwith-



standing the approach of such an illustrious character as the person whom he now recognised, exclaimed—

"Shehan, I'm afraid you are ill."

"No, my lord," exclaimed Shehan, accusing himself from his weakness with much exertion; by which rallying of spirits the colour gradually returned to his cheeks.

The generals had at length come up to the spot upon which Clanawly stood, when the chieftain received them with a low bow. The dependants around M'Auliff were quite astonished to see him uncovered, in the presence of any one, fancying their head, if not superior, at least equal to any individual in the world.

Labouring under this fancy, one of the daltins belonging to the neighbourhood, who followed the army, in order to make inquiries as to their destination, having noticed the movements of the generals, came up behind them; and when he saw the submission of his lordship, demanded of M'Murrough,—

"Who is that cheek to cheek with Clanawly, and his cap on his head, while his lordship is uncovered?"

"That," answered the bard, "is the great Earl of Tyrone, and he whom you see two paces behind him, Red Hugh O'Donnell—General O'Donnell, the Earl of Tirconnell."

The word O'Donnell so fell upon the ears of Shehan that he started and looked around upon the poet's face with an air of mingled wildness and stupidity, exclaiming,—

"O'Donnell—O'Donnell!" and again gazing for a moment upon the countenance of the personage alluded to, he murmured over to himself, "And so it is O'Donnell—and so it is O'Donnell—how changed—how unlike!"

Shehan delivered up his chieftain's casque into the hands of M'Murrough, and withdrew behind a hedge of stunted trees. The bard noticed the agitation of his frame, and observed,—

"If there be nothing in your mind, Shehan, that rankles into a wound, there is something in your face that makes me fancy you allied to a noble clan."

"To assist the Iberians?" demanded Clanawly.

"Yes," remarked Tyrone, "even should we fail in rendering ourselves any benefit thereby."

"And, should we fail," said O'Donnell, "go with them to Spain, and wreath the shamrock with Iberian olives."

"But first," said Clanawly, taking his casque from the bard, and assuming his lordly erectness of position, "to make every struggle to shake off the burden from this country. That will be every one's endeavour who has a single drop of pure blood in his veins; much more those who are placed in a position that requires the utmost zeal and perseverance."

"We have nothing now left," said O'Donnell, his eyes staring on the ground, "but the sword or exile; and he that eschews the one must take the other, ending his days a wanderer in foreign lands. The days of Ireland are being numbered; and at every shock she sustains, she becomes weaker and more enervated—her chieftains more humble and circumscribed—her warriors more feeble and reduced. Now, that an opportunity is at hand, our only remaining hope is to make a grand struggle, concentrating all our forces under the Spanish general; and to take up a good military position in the country, by which we will enjoy all the advantages of a victorious army, until time gives us conquest."

*(To be continued in our next.)*

**FEMALE CHIRURGEONS**—The art of healing being practised by young princesses and others, is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners, it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations for women even of the highest rank to exercise the art of surgery. In the northern chronicles we always find the young damsels staunching the wound of their lovers, and their wives those of their husbands. And so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the eldest of them are skilful in surgery.

**CLIMATE OF EGYPT**.—It might naturally be imagined that Egypt, from the heat and marshy condition for three months, must be an unhealthy country; but experience proves the fallacy of this supposition; the vapours of the stagnant waters, so fatal in Cyprus and Alexandria, have not the same effect in Egypt. This appears to be owing to the natural dryness of the air to the proximity of the deserts, which incessantly draws off the humidity and the perpetual currents of air, which meet with no obstacle. This aridity is such, that raw meat, exposed even in summer to the north wind, does not putrify, but dries up, and becomes hard as wood. In the deserts, dead carcasses are found dried in this manner, which are so light, that a person may easily lift with one hand the entire body of a camel. It must, however, be remarked, that the air near the sea is infinitely less dry than higher up the country. Thus at Alexandria and Koretta, iron cannot be exposed twenty-four hours to the air without rusting.

## THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST. A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADA, THE BETRAYED," "MIRANDA," "JANE BRIGHTWELL," "LOVE," &c. &c.

*(Continued from our last.)*

### CHAPTER IX.

A PEEP AT CAREY-STREET.—MARIA AND HER MOTHER.—THE RETURN OF THE FRIENDS.—THE RECEPTION.

SINCE Maria Delmair has become of some importance to our story, and as unhappily she seems destined to be one of the causes of dissension among those friends who had sworn so solemn an oath of attachment to each other, we will at once conduct the reader to her home, and enable all persons, from a due description of her, to judge for themselves, concerning her claims to causing so much disquietude, when peace, amity, and good-will, had been so confidently looked forward to.

Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn, is well known to London residents, but our country friends might pay many a visit to the metropolis, without at all noticing the place. It is a strange mongrel-sort of street—it is neither a street of shops, nor private residences, nor lawyers chambers—but a curious collection of the whole, huddled together, in all shapes and sizes. Numerous small thoroughfares lead from Fleet-street and the Strand, and at one end of it stands an old gate of Lincoln's-inn. About half way down this street, then, on the left-hand side of the way, as the adventurous traveller comes from Chancery lane, was the house of the Delmaires—we say adventurous traveller, because the wisdom and forethought of our ancestors is peculiarly shown in the construction of such streets as Carey-street; and, accordingly, the entrance from Chancery-lane is made as narrow as possible, and the footway as dangerous as possible.

Mrs. Delmair was a widow, as the reader is aware; her only child was Maria. They had a small—a very small income indeed, and to eke it out, they took the house in Carey-street, where they lived free, and had a trifle over by letting lodgings, their principal inmates being young men, eating their commons, and walking through certain qualities of the good things of this life to the bar.

Mrs. Delmair was a good kindly sort of woman; if not highly intellectual she was very amiable—if she had no shining qualities, she had no glaring faults, and her principal worldly failing was a fondness for her daughter, amounting almost to a species of adoration, for to her eyes, no one could be at all equal, in any respect, to her Maria.

With many persons, such a course of adulation as Maria received from her mother, would have produced calamitous results, and terminated in the ingrafting of much undue pride and vanity on the disposition; but as there are persons who in the midst of thieves will be scrupulously honest, and others who will steal in defiance of all the morality in the world, so Maria's natural gentleness and excellence of disposition, seized the good which was to be found in her mother's affection, overweening, as it was, and became neither proud nor vain at her praises.

In truth, she was a kind, loveable, soft-spoken, gentle creature. Her age was nineteen, at the period we feel called upon to introduce her to the reader; but she looked younger, because there was so very little of the acquired worldly look about her that is so early found besetting the appearance, the habits, and the manners of young people brought up in large cities.

She seemed to have lived in the midst of the world, and surrounded by all its passions, and turmoils, and prejudices, without the smallest connection with any of them. The armour of her own abundant virtues, and kindness of disposition, protected her. She made no effort against uncharitableness, envy, or vanity, for they were feelings she did not understand. Any one who could have looked upon her gentle face, and quiet smile, so serene, so beautiful, so holy, would have thought her some creature that must have been brought up in some sequestered spot of sylvan beauty, where she had listened to the murmur of gently flowing streams, and dreamt away a happy life amid birds and flowers.

She was beautiful, most beautiful—although there was the slightest possible tinge upon her cheek sometimes, of that delicate hectic, which proclaims that all is not well with the bodily fabric, and that even some of the tender beauty arises from the very fact, that disease is making a slow, but certain progress, on the beautiful form.

Her hair was of that glossy blackness that is so beautiful and so incomparable. Her eyes, strange to say, were blue, presenting a rare contrast to the raven tresses that floated near them, full of grace and waving beauty. And those eyes, so gentle, yet so full of glorious intellect, so tender, so eloquent—they were eyes to dream of—eyes for



he god of love himself to nestle in, could he have passed the barrier of the long silken lashes that hung upon the fair cheek.

Her mouth was not the little pouting feature which we see so often fancifully portrayed, but it was full of energy as well as girl-like beauty, and when she smiled and shook back the long tresses of her hair, it was as if a sudden gleam of sunlight had fallen on every heart, accompanied with gentle music.

There were people though, we must own, who did not agree with us in our admiration of Maria Delmair. There are people still who will shake their heads and think us more eccentric than wise, but that we are well content to be, and thank God for it. Mrs. Delmair had visitors—she knew a Mrs. Thompson, a Mrs. Smith, and a Mrs. Brown, and several other mistresses besides, who, strange to say, all agreed in a condemnation of Maria, although they quarrelled about everything else.

First of all, they said, it was all very fine, but wait a bit. Then they said, for their parts they didn't like such delicate looking pieces of goods, not they, and they hated airs and graces. Then they couldn't see anything in Maria's baby face, not they, and considered she dressed so abominably out of fashion, and according to some fancy of her own, instead of like other people. Then she did not laugh at all at what caused them, and laughed sometimes at what they thought very serious matters indeed. Oh, she was a sly thing, that she was. She was exceedingly artful, or else how could she look so simple and innocent, eh?

Such were Maria's detractors, but they never disturbed her, for, as Mrs. Brown remarked, "she won't argue with you; and you can't put her in a passion for love or money." When I spoke to her nearly one hour about the new style of bonnets, she looked at me as if I was telling some amusing story all the while, and then began talking about some fashions in the East, and such rubbish. Oh, she's a slut, you may depend upon it, and her foolish mother spoils her. Now look at my daughter, Georgina; she'd make three of Maria Delmair; and it she marries young Singleton, the public-house man's son, she'll manage him ill warrant.

"No doubt," said Mrs. Thompson.

"Ah, to be sure," said Mrs. Smith.

And now comes the question of all questions. Had Maria ever seen one for whom her gentle heart felt a sensation approaching to love? Did her mother, her pet canary, and the little King Charles dog, somebody had given her, engross all her affections? Did she know that Mr. Anderson loved her? Did she know that he adored her? No; emphatically no. And yet, if any one had said, Maria, is Mr. Anderson a favourite of yours? she would have replied, oh, yes! and so he was, for since his residence with the Delmairs, he had been studiously kind to Maria, while she little imagined the effect each gentle word from her produced upon his heart.

If ever man loved woman with a soul-engrossing, world-forgetting passion, Anderson loved Maria Delmair.

And then came Meriton, a young man of a livelier and more romantic frame of mind than Anderson. He was handsome, too, and about his countenance there was that earnest expression of candour which is so great a letter of recommendation to any one so happy as to possess it.

For the first time Maria felt when Meriton was present, an unusual flutter of pleasure in her heart; when he was away, there seemed something the matter—a sort of vacancy in the room; the house appeared to have lost some of its accustomed cheerfulness, and the piano, where she passed each day some happy hours, seemed not so tuneful as it had been. When Meriton came home, somehow all these defects were of a sudden remedied. Maria began to love.

It is said a lover's eye is quick to catch the least sign of reciprocal affection, but when that lover's eye is sharpened by jealousy, it is quick indeed to find food for the most terrible of human passions.

Anderson, too, soon began to perceive the soft emotion of Maria in the presence of Meriton, and his bosom became torn by a conflict of feelings too terrible to be long endured. Then he began to watch them, and of course every word, every little trivial action was translated by his jealous mind into confirmation strong as proof of holy writ, that Meriton loved Maria Delmair, and that he was far, very far from indifferent to her.

This was just before the eventful twelfth of August, and what occurred as a consequence of such a state of things at the dinner, and subsequently, we are aware of.

But had Meriton made any declaration of his attachment to Maria, or had he only implied his love by a thousand words and looks which there could be no mistaking? He certainly had not made any specific declaration, and we rather hold an opinion, that when a declaration is necessary at all, the attachment must be a very doubtful matter indeed on the part of the lady.

Nevertheless, although in his conversation with Maria, the word had never passed his lip, Meriton could not mistake the smile of pleasure which irradiated the countenance of Maria when he approached.

She was too candid and ingenious to conceal the emotion that had found a home in her heart, and Meriton knew he was beloved. Hence it was, that while Anderson was furious he was calm; while Anderson's anger knew no bounds and overthrew all reason and justice, he was considerate and argumentative.

It is easy indeed for those who had stood as Meriton had stood, on the high vantage ground of success, to preach moderation and philosophy to those battling with the cares of adversity; which was most to blame of the two we will leave our readers to form their own judgment. Love is not the growth of human will, and it would have been hard to say that Meriton should have flown from Maria, whom he felt he could love so intensely, because Anderson had for her a really hopeless passion.

On the other hand, he did know, perhaps, much better than he felt inclined to confess it, before he went to reside with the Delmairs, that he found that his friend Anderson was deeply enamoured of his landlady's daughter; so, as in most cases, there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question.

The friendship between the two young men, of course suffered a severe check in consequence of these matters, and although they resided in the same house there was not that free interchange of thought or companionship which they had both with so much pleasure really looked forward to. They spoke not up to the very morning of the twelfth day of August, concerning Maria Delmair, but then it seemed to have come over them both that there was an absolute necessity to say something about it, unless they made up their minds to meet at the compact dinner, to pass through the day with a hypocritical feeling which was aversive to the nature of both of them.

A partial explanation then did ensue, during which Meriton avowed the impression which Maria had made upon him, and Anderson used much the same class of reproaches that we have heard him utter in the forest upon the subject. He was urgent upon Meriton to leave the Delmairs, but Meriton thought such a request unreasonable, and they came to the dinner with feelings only subdued by the peculiar circumstances under which they were that day to meet.

Maria knew nothing of the solemn compact which had been entered into by the young men, for, by common consent, after the death of George Lee, the six surviving friends had agreed to keep the oath and its obligations as secret as possible, for many reasons.

As for Mrs. Delmair, during all this, she was as quiet a spectator of the homage that was paid to her daughter as any stranger could possibly have been; and that indifference, or at all events, calmness, arose solely from her great affection of Maria, so that, poor soul, she did not wonder a bit at Mr. Anderson paying her much attention; and when Mr. Meriton came, she would have been surprised had he not done so likewise. Maria's piano groaned with the weight of music brought by both, her vases were crowded with choice flowers, books surrounded her, and she could not hint at the slightest wish for anything, but one or other of her admirers was sure to place it at her disposal.

"But, then," as Mrs. Delmair said to Mrs. Brown, "it's no wonder, for everybody pets and quite spoils Maria. I never knew a child made such a fuss with by everybody. I can't think why they do so, but it's been always the case, Mrs. Brown."

"It's because people have nothing better to do," said Mrs. Brown; "my daughter was treated just the same."

"Indeed!"

"To be sure. You look surprised, Mrs. Delmair, but I was treated in that manner myself, when I was a little younger than I am now."

"And not so stout, perhaps?"

Mrs. Brown's usual red face became a palish kind of purple, but she governed her rage, and added,—

"I was never a match, nor did I ever pride myself upon a complexion like a boiled turnip, as some young ladies do. But, Mrs. Delmair, I needn't tell you, surely, that your daughter Maria is no longer a child."

"Oh, I call her a child."

"But she ain't a child, Mrs. Delmair; and these young men you let march in and out of this house make too free—oh, dear! a good deal too free."

"You are quite mistaken, Mrs. Brown; they are uncommonly respectful, and Maria herself would be the first to repress any freedom inconsistent with good manners."

"I can tell you, Mrs. Delmair, and I hope it won't go any farther, that my daughter Georgiana used to be quite kissed on the staircase by our young men lodgers, and couldn't at all help it."

"But, then, Mrs. Brown, Maria, you know, is not dying for a husband."

"Do you mean to insinuate, Mrs. Delmair, that my Georgiana was expiring for a husband?"

"Oh, dear, no! Only, you know, she did have so many young men always after her, and none of them would have her."



"Not have her!—not have her! Oh, gracious divinities! Not have her! You mean she wouldn't have them! Oh, gracious! Good day to you, mem. It will be a long time before I do myself the honour of calling upon you, mem, or your little baby-faced toad of a daughter."

So saying, Mrs. Brown departed on her way, to relate to the frequently disappointed Georgiana, who was a heavy, awkward, brazen-faced young woman, what grievous insults had been heaped upon them by Mrs. Delmair.

Maria was not present at this interview, or she would have been much hurt even at her mother's championship of her. She was at her music, and wondering the while when Mr. Meriton would come home that evening.

The friends had been accustomed to take tea with Mrs. Delmair, and Maria, but tea-time came and went—and no Andersen—no Meriton arrived. It was past ten o'clock at night when Meriton reached home. As for Andersen, he had not the heart to come to Carey-street; but plunging into the dark parlour of a dark public house, he dropped his head upon his hands, and gave way to the current of his wretched thoughts.

## CHAPTER X.

THE BITTER REFLECTIONS OF THE RIVALS.—THE DETERMINATION.—  
BREAKFAST AT THE DELMAIRS'.—THE SONG.

ALAS! poor Mark Anderson! Who can feel aught but pity for one loving so fondly as he, and yet doomed to reap but the bitterest fruits, of that passion, which wears so many changing aspects to its infatuated votaries.

In the gloom and darkness of the wretched room in which he sat, what a terrible picture of the future came before his mental vision. In those moments of agonised reflection he gave no credit to time for its healing properties. He would not admit to himself, that however seared his heart might then be, time would heal the wound, and when he be a more older and more conversed in the cars of life, he might still remember his youthful love, and how his warmest heart's feelings were aroused in vain; but the remembrance would be chastened, and the effect weak, in comparison to what it then was upon him.

No; he looked but upon the gloomy present, and that he spread out in all its heart-breaking horror, until he covered all the future with it, and left himself not one ray of comfort in the despair of his lost, lost love. He told himself, that without Maria Delmair he would know no joy—no peace—not one shadow of happiness, while mortal feelings were his; and what, then, did existence offer to him, other than a desolate blank, without aim or object?

It seemed to him as if a curse had fallen upon him since he had made one in that compact of the friends to meet year after year, and league themselves, as it were, against the rest of society, for purposes of defence against the calamities of life, which many are forced to endure, unaided. And what to him was pecuniary success—what was it to him that he had five other persons to call upon who were sworn to strain every nerve to assist him in his worldly career, and, at the same time, the brightest and sweetest vision of happiness that had crossed his brain was to be dashed from his contemplation, and leave in its stead nothing but despair.

Anderson was so much immersed in these thoughts and imaginings that he did not notice another person who had entered the public-house, and sat nearly opposite to him in the little parlour, regarding him with attention, and now and then nodding his head complacently, as some more than ordinarily uncomfortable thought brought a groan from the distracted breast of the young man.

This person who had so intruded himself was one of those men who, at a glance, one is inclined to think too clever and knowing by half to warrant any intimacy with. He was past the middle age, and there was nothing particularly remarkable in his dress and general appearance—it was only in the face that the world of worldly experience and cunning seemed to have taken up its abode; and a physiognomist, who had made his science applicable to the experience of every-day existence, would have decided that the stranger was one of those men who abound in a great city, and pick up a mysterious living, of an uncertain and trifling character, in some desultory way which has something very like swindling for its basis—men who, if they would bring to bear one-half the energy, the patience, the talent, and the perseverance they use in the pursuit of wrong into the channels of honest industry and enterprise, would reap large fortunes as their reward, but it is contrary to their nature so to do. They will work hard to cheat you of sixpence, when half the labour would earn a shilling.

Half an hour or more elapsed before Anderson became aware that any one was present, and then it was only by the stranger himself calling his attention to the fact that he was made sensible he was not alone; in fact Anderson had uttered sufficient aloud during his mental rumination

to possess the stranger with the groundwork of his unhappiness, and now all he wished was to ascertain the particulars, with the hope of turning them to profitable account.

He adopted a mode of intruding himself which is a resource of many people: he pushed a snuff box across the table till it touched Anderson's elbow, and then, with a preliminary hem, he said,—

"Do you do anything in that way, sir?"

The young man started, and looked up, confused, as he replied,—

"No—no; I thank you."

"It's a fine day—a remarkably fine day."

"Yes—no—of course."

"Exactly. You are unhappy. I am a man of the world—I have been pushed about for many years—you are young; I am not. If from the records of my past experience I can fish up anything that will be of service to you, pray command me. We are strangers, to be sure; but one touch of nature, you know, makes the whole world kin. I have suffered—you are suffering. Will you accept the sympathy of a stranger?"

There was an offhanded carelessness in the mode of uttering these words, as well as a dash of feeling, that was skilfully thrown in, which put Anderson off his guard, and he replied,—

"Excuse me, sir, if it seems rude to me, to say that I have had enough of friendship, even from those who knew me well, and I thought bound to me by many ties."

"No doubt—no doubt—so have I. Thank God, I have no friends, and never mean to have any. I think if people get as far as a well meaning acquaintanceship, it's far enough. You see in me a man as lonely in the world as any man can be. I might have been happy. I have a small income, but enough for my wants—by application at any time. I could treble it. I loved one who—but no matter—a dear friend stepped between me and my dearest, fondest hopes."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—no matter—it was fifteen years ago, now."

Anderson was struck with the apparent similarity between his own case and that of the affable and insinuating stranger, being totally ignorant that he, by his gloomy mutterings, indistinct as they were, had given the data for the statement which had just been made.

"I will not deny, sir," he said, "but you have interested me. You are, however, a stranger to me, and as a man of the world, you must be aware of the imprudence of making stray acquaintances."

"Exactly. My name is John Meadows. I reside at No. 4, Lincoln's-inn-fields. I regret I have intruded myself upon you, sir, and have the honour of bidding you good night."

"Yet stay a moment," said Anderson. "Excuse my rudeness—what—what did you do in the circumstances you mention?"

The stranger turned to Anderson as he said with energy,—

"What did I do, sir? I scorned the villain who had made himself my foe; but I did not scorn him sufficiently to induce that feeling to screen him from the punishment his treachery deserved."

"No—no."

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE SAVOYARD'S SONG.

Kind lady, oh, list to my prayer,  
And gaze with compassion on me;  
Of troubles—ah! many I share,  
Unknown, gentle lady, to thee.

Friendless and uncared for, I roam,  
Am spurn'd by the haughty and high,  
No parents to guide me, no home;  
"Twere happier surely to die.

Then pity the Savoyard's woe,  
And turn not with coldness away,  
But on me a trifle bestow,  
To lighten this sad heart, I pray.

I am hungry, and weary, and cold,  
Nor pleasure, nor comfort enjoy;  
Thy kindness then, lady, unfold,  
And relieve the poor wand'ring boy.

H. J. CHURCH.

KING THEODORIC when advised by his courtiers to debase the coin, declared that nothing which bore his image should be. Happy would it be for the interests of society, if, having as much proper self-respect as this good monarch had, we would resolve never to allow our looks or our words to bear any impress but that of strict truth.



## THE EXILES.

No one is ignorant of the terrible reactions that took place in the south of France, after the overthrow of the reign of terror. The fall of Robespierre gave the first signal for the reprisal, which, putting vengeance in the place of justice, answered to the forced emigrations by massacres, and substituted the dagger for the guillotine.

The Jacobins then fled before the sanguinary company of Jehu, the same as the royalist; had fled before the committee of public safety, and the ultra-republican emigrants were seen following the same road as the first victims of the revolution. The exiles of each party, the persecutors and the persecuted, thus met together more than once in foreign lands, far away from a country which had equally rejected both.

This was what happened in a small house at Wurtzbourg, on the right bank of the Mein, in Germany; where, in 1796, a French family, consisting of the husband, wife, and one daughter twelve years old, had come to reside. M. Mauduit, a distinguished engineer, had figured amongst the most ardent revolutionists; his ultra-republicanism had made him one of the most violent orators of the Jacobin club, and invested with municipal functions, he displayed the greatest severity against the nobles and all the partisans of the ancient order of things, until the excesses and crimes of the monsters who held France under their yoke, had opened his eyes to the fearful extent of his maxims, when he halted in his march, terrified at its increasing velocity, disappeared from the clubs, resigned his functions, and retired to Lyons, his native town, where he only sought to make himself be forgotten—but political parties have long memories. When the day of vengeance arrived, he was confounded with those whose tyranny he had secretly condemned; pursued by the popular outcry, threatened by a band of assassins, he found himself forced to fly, and his wife and daughter being exposed like himself to the fury of the multitude, he took them with him, passed the frontier, and believed it best to conceal his name, for fear of an odious celebrity. Then only they breathed, and endeavoured to find an asylum where they might be able, without going too far from their dear France, to wait for happier days. The house they had chosen at Wurtzbourg, belonged to an avaricious old woman who occupied the ground floor, while they had the apartments on the first; the rooms on the second and third were let to mechanics and others of the working class.

However, M. Mauduit, who expected a remittance from Lyons, received, in a few days after his arrival, notice of an unexpected delay in the payment of the money, and fearing his resources would soon be exhausted, he left almost all he had brought from France with his family, and undertook a journey to Munich, to endeavour to procure employment as professor of mathematics. Madame Mauduit and her daughter Virginia remained alone at Wurtzbourg, where they lived in absolute seclusion, having no other recreation than their needle work, a few books, and the letters they received from the traveller.

This seclusion, instead of displeasing Virginia, was to her a source of happiness; her naturally reserved disposition took pleasure in the silence of those long days. If she, however, was silent, it was not because she had any reason to conceal a single one of her thoughts, which were divided between her absent father and that France she, still so young, was banished from, and at times, tears would fall from her eyes. Virginia had that paleness and delicacy of complexion, which denote the development of precocious sensibility; her blue eyes expressed mildness; and her physiognomy, without being regularly handsome, borrowed its principal charms from the kindness and gentleness of her mind, and the enlightened affection of her mother partook somewhat of admiration. They were both one evening seated by their solitary lamp; Madame Mauduit was looking at her daughter, who was finishing a blue embroidered silk purse she meant for her father, when they were startled by a loud noise—they listened, and heard exclamations of reproach and anger, answered by entreaties and stifled lamentations. Their first impression was fear; but when they heard the shrill voice of their landlady, in seeming violent contention, they opened the door, and hastened up stairs, where a mournful sight awaited them. The door of one of the garrets was open, and behind the landlady, whose features were distorted with rage, which she was giving vent to in imprecations, they distinguished a kind of trundle bed, where a pale and almost exhausted young man was lying, whose life seemed on the point of exhaling with every sigh. An old man poorly clad was kneeling by his side, and endeavouring to calm the landlady's anger, all the while watching the least motion of the sick man.

Madame Mauduit immediately demanded an explanation of the scene before them.

"Would you believe, madame," cried the landlady, "that the man you see there, has lived in my house for more than four months without my ever seeing the colour of his money, or ever getting anything from him but fine promises? And he dares to complain, and he accuses me

of inhumanity, after all the patience I have shown him! Am I then obliged to lodge vagrants gratis from every country? Show me the law! if it is in his favour, I'll hold my tongue; if not, let him troop at once; we are not without justice at Wurtzbourg, and this adventurer sha'n't remain another day under my roof."

The old man, who was leaning over the bed, rose up on hearing those words, and fixing his sparkling eyes on the old woman.

"An adventurer, madame! what's that you say! He, my master, an adventurer!—Ah! if I dared to pronounce his name; if the name were reduced to did not forbid my revealing it, you would blush at behaving in this manner to the descendant of one of the noblest families in France."

"A Frenchman! a fellow countryman!" exclaimed Madame Mauduit.

"Alas! madam," resumed the old servant, "it is now three years since my master has left Provence, where I have many times nursed him on my knee; he stood his ground as long as he was able to remain in France, but at length, proscribed, like so many others, he had no choice left him, but death or flight; I dragged him beyond the Rhine, without well knowing where to go; his property was confiscated down there, and having been taken quite unawares, he brought nothing with him but his courage, and some useless talents. What was to become of him? He at first got some writing in a merchant's counting-house, and did very well while that lasted, which was only a few months, and then he did nothing but run about—first after one place, then after another—I assisted him as much as I could; but he wasn't used to that life, and what with vexation, fretting after our country, and fatigue, he fell ill, when he was forced to content himself with this garret, scarcely provided with necessary furniture. I still hoped that something better would turn out for him; but I also got thrown out of work. As I am a foreigner, people set their faces against me, and no one employs me; but for that my poor master, such a good and honest young man, would not be exposed to be driven out like a vagrant; and then again, if he was able to leave this! but you see, madame, he has not strength left him to crawl out of his bed."

"He shall be carried out!" replied the landlady, with a sardonic grin.

Virginia, on hearing that frightful word, trembled; the young man clasped his hands, unable to express himself, but by inarticulate sounds, and the old servant, surmounting his indignation, continued in a supplicating tone:—

"Ah! you will not do that, madame, for your own sake, no, you won't do it; have pity on him! it perhaps is not a long delay I demand of you; don't you see the state he's in? Do you know," he added in an under-tone, "do you know if he'll be alive to-morrow?"

"A reason the more for him to go," replied the inflexible old woman; "if he dies here, must I also pay the expences of his funeral, to get rid of him?"

That was too much; the old man turned pale, and trembled from head to foot; he again fell on his knees by his master's bed-side, and an imprecation burst from his compressed lips.

Madame Mauduit was chilled with horror, and was considering how she should address the inhuman woman.

As for Virginia, she had disappeared, but she returned in a few minutes, her cheeks glowing with emotion:—

"Here, madame," she said, in a tremulous voice, and throwing a purse at her feet; "here, take yourself what is due to you, and deliver the remainder to this worthy servant, that he may employ it for the benefit of his master, and I hope, to save him. That money belongs to me, my father had given it me, on leaving us, for pocket money; but I want for nothing, and, thank God, I have health and strength to work. I know that my father would not be this young gentleman's friend, in France, they belong, I believe, to opposite parties; but here, in a foreign country, all Frenchmen are members of the same family, and persons like you, madame, render us at least, the service of reminding us that God has prescribed to all his children, to unite and assist each other."

So saying, the young girl threw herself on her mother's bosom, who with tears in her eyes embraced her.

The old servant, penetrated with admiration, bent his white head to that consoling angel, while the sick man, half comprehending the scene that was passing by his side, stammered forth a few words of grateful acknowledgment.

The confused hostess returned down stairs with the ladies, attempting a few excuses they disdained to listen to, and went below to count the money she had picked up.

M. Mauduit returned home the next day, and when told of the yesterday evening's event, he hastened up stairs to the young man's garret, whence he returned in a few instants quite pale and agitated. The ladies were quite alarmed, but in order to remove their apprehensions he said to them:—

"I have seen the young gentleman, and the physician who is now



with him, gives me the most favourable hopes of his ultimate recovery." After that short explanation, M. Mauduit desired his wife and daughter to prepare to leave Wurtzbourg with him, for Munich, early next morning, as he had there procured an honourable employment. While on the road he acquainted them with the real motive of his agitation.

"Learn," he said, "that the young man, now at Wurtzbourg, denounced at our club as suspected of royalism, was accused on my motion. I then believed I was performing a duty to my country; at present I reproach myself for having caused his exile, and but for your charity and feeling, my dear daughter, I should perhaps have to reproach myself with his death; you have spared your father a pang the more."

So saying, he embraced Virginia, whose cheeks were suffused with the blush of happiness and modesty.

Some days after he desired an acquaintance, who was going to Wurtzbourg, to make inquiries after the sick man, but on no account to mention his name or place of residence; when he learnt that the young gentleman having recovered a little strength, had left his lodgings under the care of his faithful servant, and he had gone, no one knew where. The exiled family thought of him for some time, then other events obliterated that recollection from their memories.

#### THE RECOMPENSE.

EIGHT years had passed away since the scene at Wurtzbourg. The emperor had signalized his elevation to supreme power, by rallying round him all the wrecks of the ancient parties; the emigrants returned from every side; but while some of them again found a family, honour and opulence, others saw themselves poor and forgotten in the very places where they had been rich and happy. Virginia Mauduit returned alone; her father and mother had died in the land of exile; the one, the prey of grief, and perhaps of remorse, the other carried off shortly after by an epidemic disorder. The orphan wished to die; but she was only twenty, and the idea of again beholding her native country gave her courage to support life.

When she re-entered France, she at once proceeded to Lyons in search of some old friends of her family, but they had all disappeared, with the exception of an infirm aunt, who had fallen into distress and lived at Paris. Virginia undertook the journey from Lyons on foot, to spare as much as possible the little money left her by her parents. That first trial seemed rude to her. It was less the fatigue of the road, than her unprotected loneliness, she had to dread; sometimes insulted by unfeeling men, she nevertheless knew how to defend herself by the simple dignity of her innocence, and then her melancholy looks were sufficient to interest the most indifferent. After a fortnight's traveling, she at length reached Paris, and found her relation, Madame Vauteaux, living on the fifth floor of a house, in Grenelle Saint Germain-street. The recognition was most affecting; they spoke of the relations and the friends they had lost; they again wept over them, and then Madame Vauteaux thought of the young orphan's future prospects.

It was agreed that the latter should look for needle-work, and in the meantime live with the poor aunt, who, almost always bedridden, had great need of her care. Virginia was not long in perceiving that her relation's destitution was much greater than she had supposed. Some charitable persons came occasionally to assist her, and a servant from a magnificent hotel facing the house brought her provisions every Monday.

It was not always the same servant who climbed up to the fifth floor; sometimes it was a foot-boy, sometimes also the house-steward, a white-headed old man, of venerable aspect. The latter had visited Madame Vauteaux on the day preceding her niece's arrival, and had told her of his master, the Count of Cessanne's, approaching departure for an estate he possessed in the Gevandun, for the purpose of concluding a marriage with a wealthy heiress he had not yet seen. That was the cause of the visits to the hotel, in noisy carriages, that for some days past had succeeded each other, and which had greatly increased the fever of the poor ailing woman.

"What, then, will it be to-morrow evening," she said to her young friend, "when the count is to give all his friends a grand ball?"

The much-dreaded *soiree* arrived, and no noise was heard—yet the hotel was illuminated, and the street was crowded; but it had been covered with a thick bed of straw, which deadened the trampling of the horses and the sound of the carriage-wheels.

So much attention on the part of a nobleman towards a poor old paralytic woman affected both Madame Vauteaux and Virginia even to tears; and the former was impatiently awaiting the usual Monday's visit to express her gratitude; but a stranger next day entered her room, and announced himself as coming from the hotel. It was neither the footboy nor the steward, but a man Madame Vauteaux had not yet seen.

Young, and of prepossessing appearance, he presented himself with so much ease, and had such an air of distinction in his whole person, that the good lady hesitated, and was almost confused, not knowing in what manner to address him.

The unknown smiled, and named himself. It was the Count of Cessanne in person. He replied with kindness to the thanks of the poor woman, and explained the purport of his visit.

As he was to leave Paris next day, for the completion of his marriage, he had wished to assure himself, with his own eyes, of the state of his *protege*, and offer her all the assistance she might need during his long absence.

As she was going to refuse, through, perhaps, false shame, he interrupted her by saying, that his benefits were not alms, but, in point of fact, an old debt he acquitted whenever Heaven made him discover any one in misfortune.

Madame Vauteaux asked him to explain that phrase.

He also read the expression of lively curiosity in the eyes of the niece, whom he was attentively considering, and he replied by the following narrative:—

"I was scarcely eighteen, when, under the republic, the name I bore occasioned me to be persecuted by the committee of public safety, to which I had been denounced by a furious jacobin. I emigrated. I did not yet know what it was to work for my living, and my apprenticeship was cruel. Soon worn out by fatigue and privations, I fell ill. I remember that my servant, old Philip, then took me to lodge in a wretched garret, a still too expensive asylum for me, for I was unable to pay for it.

"What's the matter, miss?" he exclaimed, for Virginia had given a sudden start.

"Nothing, sir—nothing," she replied, looking earnestly at the count, as if endeavouring to refresh her memory. "Your story interests us greatly—I beg of you to continue it."

"I was between life and death," pursued the count, "when the landlady of the house, a wicked creature, if ever there was one, demanded my rent, and threatened, not to detain my furniture, for I had none, but to turn me out of doors, at the risk of killing me. I should certainly have died there, at Wurtzbourg, and have been buried there, without ceremony, eight years ago, if an angel—yes! it was really an angel—had not appeared at my bedside, and, in the sweetest voice, spoke words of hope and charity. She allayed the fury of the merciless landlady by a full purse she let fall at her feet, and then the celestial vision disappeared. Charming young girl! I have never been able to know her name, who she was, or to discover where she went—perhaps to Heaven, whence she came. It is to her I owed my life—why have I not been able to devote it to her?"

"I made the landlady restore me this pretty blue purse. Again become rich, I have kept it, and all the gold that goes into it is only taken out to relieve the unfortunate. On seeing it I remember what I myself have suffered—that it has saved me; and I then think of saving those who are suffering. You now see that I am acquitting a sacred debt."

Virginia scarcely breathed while listening to him. Was this really the young gentleman of Wurtzbourg who was thus testifying his gratitude? What a contrast between their former and their present situations—between the two scenes in the two garrets! How did Virginia's heart beat! But resolved not to betray herself—for a double sentiment imposed that reserve upon her—in the first place her father's name next her own modesty—she withdrew to the farthest corner of the room, to hide her emotion from the eyes of the count.

He had succeeded in making Madame Vauteaux accept the small sum contained in the embroidered blue purse, and was going to take leave, when a knock was heard at the door. It was Philip, the old steward, who was come to ask his master for some pressing orders relative to his journey. Virginia knew him again the moment he came in.

Philip, on his side, all at once remained motionless; his eyes well fixed upon her, and he was unable to utter a word; then, showing her with his finger to his master, he said—

"The young lady—it's the young lady! There she is—it's herself!"

"Who, then?" inquired the count.

"The angel who saved you."

"Ah! how is it I have not sooner recognised her?" cried the count, who had already thrown himself at Virginia's feet.

"She!" cried Madame Vauteaux, in her turn—"your unknown was Madame Mauduit."

At that name, which caused the count an involuntary shudder, Virginia turned pale, and was near fainting, when the count withdrew to adjourn his departure from Paris.

The following days saw him in the garret, expressing his sentiments of admiration and gratitude to the orphan. He was continually speaking to her of the past, forgetting only the injury inflicted on him by the man who no longer existed. Thus was verified the words of the father to the daughter—"My faults will be effaced by thy virtues."



The count's visits succeeded each other without intermission, and Virginia perceived they gave her more pleasure than they ought to do in her situation, and no sooner was she aware of the danger than she resolved to fly from it. On the day when she determined to tell the count she could no longer receive him, the latter informed her that his brilliant marriage was broken off. The poor girl felt her heart beat with inward joy, as if she had foreseen what the count was going to add. It was a formal demand he addressed to Virginia's aunt; but when she knew that this rich, noble, and distinguished man, wished to marry her, a poor orphan, without friends, and without a name, she refused. "Must not the count be preserved from the consequences of his inconsiderate enthusiasm? He would some day repent his misalliance; he would reproach her whom he had raised from so low a rank, with the loss of the credit and the fortune another union would have brought him. She, the cause of his ruined expectations, would see him suffer, and would herself suffer more than he: such an union could not be happy."

To these reasons the count could only reply by saying—"I love you, and I will never have any other wife."

Virginia still resisted, but every day less and less; at length, as a determination could no longer be delayed, he said—

"I have an invalid sister; she will soon be with me. I can only confide her to the care of a tender and affectionate woman, who will preserve her life to render us both happy. It is a favour I demand of you, Virginia; it is a fresh benefit your kindness will confer upon me."

In a fortnight after Virginia was the Countess of Cesanne, to the great joy of the old aunt, and of Philip the steward.

She was seen for a long time in the world beloved and admired by all, obtaining the most brilliant success, and attributing it all to her husband, who has always showed himself proud of his choice. Blessings everywhere followed their footsteps, for they passed the blue purse from the one to the other—that purse of the unfortunate which has never changed its destination.

## ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE LARK.

Nae mair wi' warblin' notes o' glee  
Ye'll in the morning waken me.  
Death's dart had surely slapt aje

Frae another mark,  
When wi' the dust it levelled thee,  
My bonny lark.

Nae mair ye'll hap about the cage,  
An' war wi' a' the fice tribe wae;  
Nae mair wi' weel affected rage

Ye'll dab my flinger;  
Nae mair on life's weel trampit stage  
Ye'll be a singer.

Nae mair wi' dresome noise an' clatter  
Ye'll flounder in your cupfu' water,  
An' everything that's near bespatter  
In ilka part;

Nae mair, when dune, your thanks ye'll chatter,  
Wi' gratefu' heart.

Nae mair ye'll tak' your dally dose  
O' guld, substantial-made peas brose;  
F' th' auld kirk-yard ye noo repose

Amang the dead,  
Where sleep in quietness frien's and foes  
In death agreed.

Yes, there, 'mang mankind's honoured deid,  
I, mournin', laid your little heid!  
Alike o'er both the noxious weed

Will noiseless grow;  
Alike on both the worm will reed  
In earth below.

An' tho' nae coffin hands your banes,  
Tho' o'er ye rise nae storied stanes,  
Recordin' what your powers were ance,  
Ye sleep as aoun'

As they whose monuments an' fanes  
Adorn each ilka toun.

Most men abuse courtiers and affect to despise courts, yet most men are proud of the acquaintance of the one and would be glad to live with the other.

## THE NIGHTMARE.

It was a cloudless evening; the moon shone brightly, casting its brilliant reflection on the trees as they waved their branches to and fro in the calm night air; the stars twinkled in the Heavens, and the flowers shed their sweet perfume around. I sat by the casement windows. Everything around breathed peace and joy, and yet my heart was sad, indeed, and I leaned my head on my hand and wept. Oh, 'tis on such an evening as this—I know not why—'tis on such an evening as this that old sorrows will rise up before one; that while everything looks calm and peaceful, the heart will find its greatest source of sorrow; each twinkling star seems to bring up thoughts of happier days, when we were young, when we were happy. The moon will make the heart—made me—think of those days when we have looked on its bright surface together; the very flowers reminded me of those he gathered for me long ago, and which I prized and tended as my choicest care. "Why do I mourn?" I exclaimed, wiping away my tears; "if he is happy, it is all I should desire; and the girl he has chosen for his bride, is a sweet creature, and will make him very happy—should I not be so, too?"

I tried to raise my spirits once again, and hummed a tune, but no song could I remember, save one he had often sang to me; one to which I could have listened for ever, and never have grown tired or weary; so, having cried a little more, I began to reflect that all in the house must, ere this, be wrapt in peaceful slumber; therefore, I wept a little time longer, just by way of a finale, and then retired to rest. I had not been in bed long, however, before I thought I saw the curtains move, and, after looking intently at the side of the bed, I perceived a figure standing. I trembled with terror. "Who are you?" I asked, my teeth chattering with affright.

"I am thy guardian angel," it replied.

"Thank Heaven, you are nothing worse," I mentally ejaculated.

"I am thy guardian angel," said the figure; "one who has watched over you from your childhood, and learned the secrets of thine heart; you love?"

"Devotedly," I answered; "with all a woman's truth and devotion, for years."

"I know it," replied the angel; "but, beware that you love no longer; ere many weeks have passed, your love will be a sinful one; you must endeavour to shake off a love unworthy of you."

"I cannot," I replied; "he is the object of my heart's first affection, and when a woman once loves, she cannot shake it off at pleasure."

"You must!" exclaimed the angel; "your duty towards yourself, towards him, and towards your God, demand it; turn your mind to other things, seek some employment to divert your thoughts from him."

"'Tis in vain," I replied; "I have striven hard to conquer this fatal passion, but in vain."

"I fear it is," said the angel, in a low voice; "but I have come to perform two missions; the first has been a vain one, the second is to fulfil a wish expressed by you; you have often wished to know the fate of him you love, of her whose happiness you envy."

"Not envy!" I exclaimed.

"Of her you envy," answered the angel, in a solemn voice; "mortal, you do envy her, or, why the tears which you have shed to-night—why this breaking heart, this sorrowing look, this sadness, this indifference to life? you love, and you envy this fair girl, the affection he bestows upon her."

I could make no answer; I felt the truth of what the angel said; I could not, dared not reply.

"I am come to fulfil your wish," he continued; "follow me."

I felt myself raised from my bed; and, the next moment, I was flying in the air with the angel before me; he alighted in a garden, and, to my astonishment, it turned to broad daylight; there, walking in the path before me, was he I loved. He had a beautiful rose in his hand, which he had just gathered; we did not wait a minute before a young maiden came bounding from amidst the trees; and he caught her in his arms, and put back the shining ringlets from her face, and pressed his lips to her forehead. "Jesse, beloved," I heard him say, as he placed the rose in her bosom, and kissed her blushing cheek; she looked so lovely, that I wondered not at his loving her; who could look upon that beaming face without loving it? The angel motioned me away—"We must not tarry," he said, "for morning will soon be here." I could have tarried there for a long, long time, but I dared not murmur, and I followed him through the cool air as contentedly as I could. We arrived, in time, at the door of a neat-looking little cottage; the door flew open at our approach, and we entered a nicely furnished room, where sat a young girl, who, raising her head, disclosed the features of Jesse; there was an anxious look upon her gentle brow, as she sat hard at work at a child's frock.

"I shall complete it now," she cried, "and my little one shall wear it on papa's birth-day."



A footstep in the garden brought the glow of pleasure to her cheek, and the door opened, and a figure entered—a figure I knew too well—and clasped her to his breast.

"Do not scold me, Jesse, for being so late," he said, "I could not help it, love."

"Scold you," cried Jesse, with a merry laugh; "see here," and she pointed to the cot in one corner; "'tis for you to scold me; but I could not help it, as you say, for our boy would not go to sleep without seeing papa, and I had not the heart to leave him crying in his little bed, and so I brought him to his little cot, and —"

"Papa come home!" cried a little voice, and a beautiful boy leaped from the cot, and clapped his little hands with joy. The father took him in his arms, and stroked back the chestnut ringlets that floated over his face, and kissed his rosy lips.

"I knew papa would not be long," he cried, "and I am right."

The angel turned away.

"Not yet," I cried; but the angel waved his hand. Ah, what would I have given to have held that beautiful child in my arms—but we were once more floating in the air. The clouds were gathering around us, and seemed to threaten a dreadful storm—still on we went.

The thunder now began to roll, the lightning flashed most brilliantly; the rain descended in huge drops upon the earth. We had no umbrella, I am sure, but I saw the rain fall around me, yet it touched me not, nor did it affect the transparent wings of that beautiful angel. The Heavens seemed one flame of fire—a strange kind of horror crept across me, and I pressed my hands upon my bosom, and murmured one short prayer; still, on we went. The clouds above and beneath seemed like one body of massive fire, and I felt that my senses were leaving me—still on we went. I know not what followed, but I found myself in a solemn churchyard, and the angel by my side. A funeral procession was approaching; the mourners were drenched with the rain, which still poured heavily. They held their handkerchiefs before their faces. The coffin was small, indeed, and I knew that it must be a very young child. The funeral service commenced, and the poor father was obliged to be supported. How awfully solemn it seemed. I sobbed aloud, in pity for the father's grief. The service was over, and they turned to move away. The father's hand fell powerless by his side. I saw his face. I tried in vain to utter one loud cry, and sank upon the ground; it was him! it was his only, his darling child! The angel caught me in his arms, and bore me from the scene to one of far greater wretchedness. A man was sitting over a hearth where glowed no fire, whilst a woman hung over him. Despair was on the countenance of each, and everything around spoke of misery and poverty. The room was barely furnished, and the air was close and confined. The woman spoke:—

"Why do you mourn?" she said; "'twas but four years ago, you told your Jesse that you could bear poverty in its worst shape, if shared by me."

"I was young and happy then," he answered.

"And you are young still, and would be happy, if you fulfilled what then you said," she replied in her meek and gentle voice.

"How can I be happy," he cried, "when I see my still dear wife sharing with me the poverty —"

"Oh think not for me," she cried; "what is poverty to me if I possess the affection of the only being I ever loved on earth, my husband, my dear, dear husband?"

She twined her slender arms around his neck, and he clasped her to his heart.

"My dear, dear Jesse, you have loved me, indeed! I should be happy; but look around us—and our child, too —" and he buried his face in his hands.

"We should look towards Heaven, and thank the God above who has taken our boy to himself, and spared him from a life like this," said Jesse. "We should not mourn his loss, dear husband, but bless Him for the mercy He has shown our child and us."

"You are right, dearest," said the father, and his head dropped upon his breast; "but it is hard, very, very hard."

I could not look upon that scene. I shut my eyes, as if I thought I did not see aright, and when I opened them once more, the scene had changed, yet scarcely changed; for it was the same room, and had the same occupant. There was a figure lying on the bed of straw, and by his side knelt a woman—it was Jesse. She looked much older, and her cheek was very pale and thin, and told how much she had endured.

"It will soon be over, loved one," said a hollow voice from the bed. "You will not have me long now, dearest; when I am gone —" and he drew her long slender hand towards him, and laid it on his breast, with his own clasped upon it—"when I am gone, you will not mourn for me—promise me that. You have been a good and faithful wife, dear Jesse, and I will pray to Heaven to bless you, as I do. Midst happiness and prosperity you were the kind and gentle being I ever thought you were! adversity has not changed you, love. When I

am gone, dearest, let it be a source of consolation to you to think you never spoke a harsh or unkind word—bless you, Jesse!"

The night drew in—one by one the lamps were lighted in the street—the boys and men returned home from the toils of the day, whistling a merry tune, as if in welcome of the coming darkness—the carts went rattling past, and seemed to make more noise because it was night—here and there a wretched band struck up some doleful tune. Now and then a miserable woman, with her starving family, sung out some merry song, as if in mockery of their wretched state. The church clocks chimed forth the quarters, as they passed slowly by—but still she sat with her hand clasped in his—a silent, tearless watcher—a broken-hearted wife.

The hands relaxed their grasp, grew cold and stiff, and the dread consciousness that he was dead stole over her. She started from her chair, uttering one fearful scream, and throwing her hands wildly above her head, then sunk upon the bed motionless—senseless.

The numerous inhabitants of the miserable house came rushing in, and applied restoratives. The truth that animation had returned was announced by a loud vacant laugh, more fearful than that scream. Yes, life had returned, but reason was lost for ever!

"Heaven knows," I cried, as the angel, bidding me follow, led the way through the dark streets, "a blighted heart is better far than misery like this. Why have I mourned the fate which separated me from him I loved? I will learn in future to own the decrees of Heaven wise, and bend my knees in thankfulness to God, who has shown his mercy towards an erring mortal like myself."

"So, so," said the angel, with a beaming smile, as we entered a churchyard together. "Look there," said the angel, pointing downwards; and I perceived a coffin at my feet, and read the names of Jesse and her husband.

I sank upon my knees with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

The angel laughed, and that laugh re-echoed through my nerves.

"This is the end of every mortal who dwells upon the earth," he cried. "Read there a lesson."

I answered not, but wrung my hands wildly, and called on him to return and bless my sight once more.

"Vain, wicked mortal," said the angel, with a frown; "is, then, my lesson so lost upon thee, that thou wouldst have him return to life?"

I felt the angel's hand upon me. He tried to force me down upon the coffin. I endeavoured to rise from my knees, but he pressed me down. My chest was on the coffin, and he pressed as though he would have killed me. I gasped for breath—I tried to scream—I fought and struggled; but with what?—a being of another world. My heart was gradually failing me. With one last struggle for my life I awoke to find myself, not clutching the bed post, but with my head hanging over the side of the bed, in very close contact with the floor, and with the consciousness hovering around my disordered senses of having had the nightmare.

FANNY DONAGAN.

"Whether I am praised or blamed," says a Chinese sage, "I make it up to my advancement in virtue. Those who commend me, I conceive to point out the way I ought to go—those who blame me, as telling me the dangers I have run."

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the Editor, at the office, which will meet with immediate attention.

R. C. BARTON.—52.

E. J. M. (Windsor).—If the young lady has written several notes, we have answered her at least six times, which she will perceive by referring to the MISCELLANY. No particular journal was specified in her first, and "The Betrayed One's Lament," appeared in No. 28 of the above-mentioned periodical.

T. MORRIS.—Declined. Not original.

C. M.—d.—Accepted. Your note shall receive attention.

Accepted.—"A Trip to Margate;" "The Fair Land of Britain;" "To Beauty;" and "Remember Thee," &c.

A. B. (Maidstone).—The novel shall be commenced immediately after the conclusion of "Clanawry."

W. J. HURLESTONE.—It is proper, in courtesy, to ask permission, but our play-wrights do not stand very nice in that respect. We can have no objection to your request.

G. B. COULCHER.—5s. 6d.

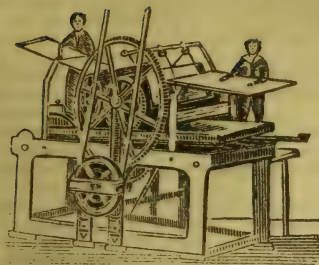
QUID.—Out of print at present. We should be glad to receive any contributions of the nature mentioned.

Declined with Thanks.—"A Father's Thanks;" and "Beer."

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF  
ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## BERTHA; OR, THE FATAL GIFT.

"You may go, sir!" said Bertha to Von Rutten. "I have no more to say. You cannot in reason expect I should marry a beggar—offend my friends and ruin myself beyond redemption, to unite myself with one who has no one thing that would in any way compensate me for such a sacrifice. I do not say it to insult you, but your poverty is a bar to our future acquaintance."

Thus spoke the haughty and beautiful Bertha. Born to affluence, she could not brook the most distant idea of embracing indigence; it could never be entertained for the smallest possible space of time. Neither could she endure the presence of a poor person. Her disposition was naturally proud and haughty, and she had been taught by a worthy-minded mother to disregard all things, save those connected with wealth and station. She was fickle, and a coquet by nature, and very hard to please.

However, she had nothing else to study but her own pleasures. She became acquainted with Rutten at an aunt's, where he was introduced as a rising and wealthy young man of good family connection. This, added to his personal graces and accomplishments, caused him to be received with much pleasure wherever he went. He and Bertha danced together, and were mutually struck with each others appearance and manners. They conversed together, and they believed that each was amiable and highly cultivated.

This was true, to a certain extent; but all this involved not the heart. It shared not even its existence, for the outside might be highly adorned, and yet the temple within be empty and bare.

Rutten, on the contrary, though he had faults, was in truth an amiable and intellectual young man. The acquaintance thus began, ripened as acquaintances often do into love. Both vowed eternal constancy, and both believed in the sacredness of each other's vows, and both really believed they would be kept. But in less than eighteen months, a change came over the spirit of the dream, for Von Rutten became penniless, and without the means of obtaining any more, for the bubble had burst, and he was compelled to quit the society he had hitherto kept.

The reason of this was that his father, an immensely rich man, deemed so by the public, but unknown he gambled to a great extent, and hence he gradually became a victim of what he knew too well would be his fate, and what is the merited fate of the gambler. He brought entire and unmitigated ruin upon himself and sons.

He was unable to face the loss of his rank and station, and the marks of respect which assured to be offered to wealth. He left this life by violent hands—and self murder was added to his crimes. Thus was young Rutten suddenly bereft of home and the means of obtaining what were now to him the necessities of life. His utter rejection by Bertha added to the other heavy misfortunes which afflicted him.

Diagnose and heartless conduct he met with on all hands;—no one would countenance him because he had not the wealth—the means of commanding respect. Did he turn to his relations for consolation, he found it not, for they deplored his father's vices, and hoped he would reform in time; and not follow his father's line of conduct. Others would not, it would injure their reputation to be seen in the company of the son of a suicide—and he a poor man.

Thus he found himself deserted on all sides, and no hope left him. He grove up one afternoon, after he had considered his present situation

with all the calmness he was master of, but which was nearer frenzy than calmness, before he concluded his meditations, and packed up the few articles he possessed, taking with him a small sum of money, the last he had, and set out from his scenes of happiness and misfortune.

"I will leave this place," he murmured, as he left the gates behind him, "and seek a refuge in some place where I am not known, and where my misfortunes will not be urged as a motive for refusing me the means of life, and the countenance necessary to earn it honestly."

Saying this, he took the high road, and travelled some miles without halting; but at length fatigue overtook him, and he stopped at a small house of entertainment, where he ate a frugal meal, and then soon started forward. After pursuing his way yet further, he turned out of the main road, and entered a path, which led towards a distant town, but through a long and dangerous wood.

"Heaven I shall at least be free from heartless ingratitude and deliberate insult; if new misfortunes overtake me I care not, for no other evils can be so great as those which I have already endured."

He continued to walk on as if he were insensible to fatigue, and now entered the forest which he had to pass through before he could reach the desired spot. But he forgot that this was a day's journey alone; and yet he did not begin his task till noon, and sunset was now at hand. He saw it not. His mind was preoccupied by schemes of vengeance, and now by scenes of splendour and greatness. The shadows of night were coming up fast, and the dense mass of foliage was now almost impervious to the rays of the fast sinking luminary.

Rutten became suddenly aware of the unpleasant predicament he was in. He now came to a sudden halt, but how to dispose of himself he knew not. To sit down by the road-side was dangerous, and to go on was not less so. At length he determined to climb one of the trees, and there rest for the night; and at sunrise to resume his journey and seek there a better habitation.

He immediately began to look out for one that would best suit his purpose; but before he could satisfy himself, for he was very particular, and it was not every tree that would serve his purpose, for he had a wholesome dread of falling, he became sensible that he was not alone.

Footsteps were heard, but he could perceive no one. He believed that it was merely the effects of his diseased imagination, and began at once to ascend a tree which promised safe harbourage till the morn. Having got about three parts of the way up, he came to a part in which the branches were so disposed that he could lay extended in perfect safety.

He nevertheless secured himself by means of some handkerchiefs which he had with him. He then lay down and endeavoured to banish his sorrows and court-leap. But sleep came not, and he lay thinking of his unhappy and forlorn destiny, when he heard a gentle cough by his side.

Poor Rutten's blood curdled; but he was convinced that it must be his own imagination, when it was repeated. A cold sweat broke out on him. What could the meaning of this be? He knew no one had followed him, certainly not up the tree, for he must have heard them; but he remembered to have heard foot steps below, but no one had ascended the tree besides himself.

After a few moments' consideration, he was about to speak, when his blood was chilled by the same sound being again repeated. He was unable to speak, and put out his hand, but immediately withdrew it in haste, as it came in contact with a human being. Paralyzed for a moment, he said nothing, but at length, he exclaimed—

"In the name of Heaven who are you? and what do you want?"

"Who I am," replied a bold voice close beside him, "it matters



not telling. Think what we will; and as to what I want, I tell you that I mean to ask the same question of you, my good friend."

"I—I—what do I want?" stammered out the horror-stricken Rutten. "I want to be rid of your presence."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the mysterious individual in loud shouts, and he laughed long as if the idea was so facetious that he could not restrain his mirth.

"Yes, what do you want?" exclaimed Rutten, rather angry at such unseasonable mirth; but he said no more.

"Wait till the moon rises and then I will talk about business; but I cannot do without the moonlight."

So saying, he rummaged about his pockets, and taking from them a cigar, breathed upon it, and began smoking with a vengeance. Rutten looked at the cigar; it burned brightly, and threw a glimmering light upon the smoker's lips and the tip of his nose. They were all very prominent, and gave no promise of beauty in the owner.

"Will you smoke a cigar?" said the man; "it will not harm you," he added, seeing that Rutten appeared afraid.

Rutten, however, took the cigar, but was unable to light it, and looked inquiringly towards the stranger.

"Breathe upon it," he said.

Rutten did so, and found to his astonishment that it was alight. He smoked—it was marvellously good, the flavour excellent, and the effect exhilarating.

His spirits rose, and he felt desirous to learn something of his mysterious companion, whom he now felt sure was not of this world; but as he had suffered so much, he was reckless of all consequences. He was about to put some question to his companion, when he was prevented by the other remarking,—

"It is a very pleasant night, and not too cold; but what makes you choose so strange a resting-place? Not mere caprice, I should imagine."

"I was benighted," replied Rutten, "and could go no farther."

"But what made you travel at this unseasonable hour?"

"Necessity—or rather, I thought not of it when I left home."

"Do you intend returning there again?" said the stranger, after a pause.

"Never, unless I could do so in a manner that would enable me to take revenge upon those who have treated me ill."

"That may be accomplished, you know, if your desires and endeavours accord with each other."

"How could such a thing happen? I would undertake anything to accomplish my purpose," he replied.

"Well, I see the moon's rising, and will tell you that it may be accomplished, and I have the means."

"Aye, but will you not impart them to me?" inquired Rutten.

"Yes, for a consideration," replied the stranger.

"What are they, and what is the consideration you require?"

"Why you know something about gambling, do you not?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well then, I have the means of insuring success at cards or dice by the simplest means imaginable. It is but an eye-glass; when you are paying put the eye-glass up to your eye, and retain it there a second; express to yourself the name of the card or the number of the dice you wish for, and it will be yours; and thus you may win back your lost honour and station."

"The conditions—what are they?"

"That you never let the ribbon which holds it, and which you will wear round your neck, be worn by a woman."

"Why not?"

"I do not intend to explain it; but act with it as I tell you, and all you desire will be speedily accomplished: only keep the conditions, and you will prosper."

"And is this all that you require in return?" exclaimed young Rutten.

"Yes; I only require a strict adherence to my conditions, and no evil result can happen by your having it."

Rutten considered a few moments in silence. He had no doubt but that his companion was the evil one, and all that came from such a source was to be viewed with much suspicion; but yet he knew not how to act: no improper promise had been exacted.

"Do you have it?" inquired the stranger, "because I have no time to waste."

"Yes, I will accept of it, and keep the condition; but what will be the consequence of acting contrary to them?"

"Misfortunes greater than you have ever yet endured, and the speedy death of the woman who has worn it."

Rutten stretched out his hand and grasped the glass. It was small and of beautiful workmanship, as far as he could guess by the light of the moon. After he had surveyed it for some moments, he turned to his companion to make some remark, when he was astonished to find that he was alone. The stranger was gone, and there was no help for

it, now the glass was his, and he must abide by the consequences, be they what they would.

"He did not stop to be thanked at all events,—perhaps there was no such —"

As he said this he put the ribbon over his peck.

It often happens that we wish for things and ardently desire that some circumstance should happen; and yet when our wishes are fulfilled, and our desires accomplished, we are dissatisfied; nay, we would have them undone, if possible: that which was wished for beforehand, now startles us from its existence. Rutten turned over the affair in his own mind, and could not tell what to think of it. At one moment he was inclined to think that it was a mere imposition; but the mysterious manner of the strange appearance and disappearance; all forbid that notion,—even lighting of the cigars; alas, he could form too true a guess as to whom he had been dealing with.

Fatigue, however, would let him think no longer, and he fell fast asleep. The events of the last few weeks, and the occurrence just described, caused such a stupefaction of his faculties, that he slept soundly till the sun had risen some time. He got up and unbound himself. He next descended the tree, and was about to set forward on his journey, when the gold eye-glass caught his attention. He started as if he had been stung by an adder. It was the first time he thought of the ceremonies of the previous evening, but he now knew all at a single glance.

After a few moments' consideration, he persevered in his journey, determined, if possible, to make a trial of the virtue of his new acquisition at the first town he came to. This was easily done, for towards noon he had emerged from the forest, and in two hours more he came to a large city. He halted before he entered it, and sat down at a small inn, where he refreshed himself and made inquiries as to the various inhabitants, and those with whom he more particularly desired to become acquainted with, so that by the evening he was well instructed how to proceed.

He took his lodging and strolled into the town, and was not long before he entered one of these places where the vice of gambling is carried on in its greatest excess. He very soon tested the efficacy of his glass, and found it answered beyond his most sanguine expectation; and he left off a considerable gainer by his evening's amusement; and he felt himself considerably elated by his good fortune.

Thus he went on day after day, when he found that his continued luck was the theme of conversation, and he was looked upon with suspicion; but he played so openly, and on every occasion so fairly, that no one could breathe a word against his honour; yet he felt that there was a coldness in the behaviour of his companions, and few would play with him, for he had such a reputation.

Finding he was gaining nothing, he determined to journey to another city, and thus make a tour of the whole of Europe, and finally return to his native city, when he should have realized a large fortune, and then he would show those who had treated him harshly that they could not do it with impunity.

Thus buoyed up he travelled onwards, and at each city he stopped at he added to his wealth, which speedily accumulated to an enormous amount. After he had been absent three or four years, he determined to revisit his native city. He had travelled much, and had seen all that was worthy of note in his route, and he determined to return in style. For that purpose he purchased a splendid equipage and cattle, hired servants, bought jewellery, and many other extravagant things, until he considered that there were none who could vie with him in the costliness and splendour of his appearance.

He returned, and all who before had known him could not fail to do so now; they courted him and fawned upon him. But no, he shook them off with contempt, and would not even exchange salutations with them.

Bertha he saw; he met her again. She was still the same haughty beauty, and, despite his resolution to the contrary, he felt that he could not treat her as he had treated others, besides he was determined to let her see what he was, and what wealth he possessed, if it were only to vex her to her heart to think she had rejected him. Alas! all this failed, and he once more became a slave to his former mistress. His known wealth, and his splendid house, his servants, and carriages, together with the liberal table he kept, drew crowds to him, who lavished their praises on so liberal a host. Bertha was not insensible to all this, and readily gave her consent to the marriage which Rutten proposed, and they were married in very great splendour, so that the whole city rung with it.

The first three months passed without anything remarkable, save that Bertha felt a great desire to wear his glass, which his constant and peremptory refusal served to increase, that she determined to possess it by any means she could. They were both addicted to gambling, Bertha because it was a fashionable vice, and Rutten from habit; but he was invariably fortunate, while she was the reverse. She found means to get another glass like her husband had made, but not to wear herself, but to exchange with his. This she did unknown to him, and the con-



sequences soon manifested themselves; they were speedily reduced to beggary. All went in gambling.

It was some time ere he found out the cause, for he knew not of the exchange; and could not account for it until he saw the two together; he then guessed all. He was now utterly ruined, and after upbraiding his wife with her folly, blew his brains out in her presence. Bertha, unable to part with her finery, to keep which she descended to the lowest depth of vice, after a few years brief career, fell a victim to disease and want. Both were formed for better things, but their minds were turned too much upon the vices and vanities of life, and on unlawful means to obtain them. They fell victims to their own weakness and sin.

## THE DISAPPOINTED BRIDE.

Listen, ye single ladies,  
Listen, ye married too;  
Old maids, young maids, widows,  
Pray pay attention, do.  
If ever maid'n, young and fair,  
Was doom'd to pine and sigh,  
A victim to sly Cupid's snare,  
Sure, then, that maid am I.  
Oh, such a figure—such a man,  
Such elegance, such grace,  
And such a pair of black moustache,  
To show off such a face.  
That woman's heart was made of stone  
Who could such graces scan,  
And say, "I'm proof against them all!"  
I'm sure mine never can.

We met, 'twas in St. James's Park,  
Upon a summer's day,  
At three o'clock past morning,  
The 21st of May.  
He whispered lots of pretty things  
While walking by my side,  
And vow'd he was a marrying man,  
If I would be his bride.

Bride—oh, what sweet sensations  
Pervade a maiden's frame;  
What joy, what bliss, what happiness,  
Is mingled with that name!  
I long'd to solve its mysteries,  
So thought I did quite right  
To whisper, "Yes—provided ma'  
Agreed—to-morrow night."

It came, and with it also came  
My spouse that was to be.  
Mamma was all in ecstasies,  
And quite agreed with me,  
Provided he was worth the cash,  
'Twere better to decide  
That night, in case of accidents,  
For me to be his bride.

He call'd himself a happy man,  
His love was quite sincere;  
His income also pretty good—  
Eight hundred pounds a-year.  
A house well stock'd with furniture,  
Two thousand in hard cash,  
And an elegant equipage:  
What prospects for a dash!

Why do I dwell upon that night?  
'Twas bliss then, now 'tis sorrow.  
Mamma agreed that I should be  
His wife upon the morrow.  
'Twas rather quick, she, smiling, said.  
He urged his tender passion,  
And added, that quick marriages  
Were now grown quite the fashion.  
Next morning saw me haste to church,  
Blushing, pleased, yet shy.  
Alas! how soon may all our joys  
Be turned to misery.  
We reached the porch, he was not there;  
Dear, dear, where could he be?  
He had arranged to meet us there  
At ten most punctually.

The clock struck eleven, twelve, and one,  
It might have struck till eight;  
He came not. Oh! imagine, then,  
Ye maidens, what my state.  
I wept, I sighed, I call'd on him,  
Alas! I called in vain;  
He never came to glad my sight,  
So home we trudg'd again.

But here my woes were not at end.  
On reaching home, ma' found  
Her servant Sue in first-floor back  
Unto the bed-post bound;  
Her drawers ransack'd, her jewels gone,  
And various gems untold,  
Besides two hundred pounds in notes,  
And fifty more in gold.

Wao was the thief? Alack! alas!  
The case it was too clear,  
The tale too true—my marrying man  
Had laid a wicked snare.  
Source had we left the house at morn,  
When in he popp'd his head,  
Coaxed Sue into the first-floor back,  
Then tied her to the bed;  
And robbed us, like the thief he was,  
The villain, rogue, and cheat,  
The hypocrite, the callous wretch,  
Made up of base deceit.  
Alas! 'tis hard to judge the world;  
But it was past belief,  
One nature formed so elegant  
Should prove a rogue and thief.  
Our west-end gossips laugh to think  
I've been so nicely done,  
Our young maids jeer me as they pass,  
And call the act good fun.  
The unfeeling set, they little know  
What 'tis to go to church,  
Wife expectant, and be left  
So cruelly in the lurch.

### MORAL.

You of my sex, who long and sigh  
To change the single state  
For married—pause one moment  
And profit by my fate.  
Should you, when strolling in the park,  
Behold some smart young don,  
Don't let his manners captivate,  
But quietly walk on.  
Should he attempt to follow you,  
As generally he will  
Whisper soft words in your ear,  
Don't notice,—walk on still,  
Nor heed whate'er the tempter says.  
The love that prompts confession,  
Takes other means than flattery  
To prove its first impression.  
The sparkling gem must tested be  
Before the bargain's made,  
And so the steel that's fashioned  
Into the good sword blade.  
Thus ere you give away your heart,  
Let man's true worth be tried,  
And you will not turn out like me,  
A disappointed bride.

SELIA.

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.—During a recent flood in the Edett, some boys from the village of Crosby, were fishing with worms for eels and flounders, when suddenly one of their rods, which was lying on the bank, shot into the river and disappeared, and rose in the middle of the stream. The boys had a dog with them, which they directed towards the floating rod, when the animal plunged in and seized hold of it. A violent struggle now commenced, the dog seeking to regain the bank he had left, and some powerful opponent under the water endeavouring to escape with the rod up the stream. After a contest which lasted for upwards of a quarter of an hour, the dog succeeded in bringing the rod ashore, and attached to the hook was a fine salmon, weighing some seven or eight pounds, which was thoroughly exhausted in striving against its four-footed antagonist.



## THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

"My brain was on fire. My blood rushed like boiling lava through my veins. A hundred demons seemed tugging at my very heart."

"Yes, precisely—yes."

"I struggled long with my feelings; but the battle was an unequal one. We met—we fought."

"And the issue—the issue of the conflict?"

"We both lay wounded on the green sward, till some chance passer described us. He is no more. I have still on my breast a scar where a sword blade penetrated and narrowly missed my heart. But these are themes I seldom talk of—I know not why I have to-night. Excuse me, sir, but when I saw you, some secret sympathy seemed to draw me towards you, and, like the man in 'Coleridge's Ancient Mariner,' I felt that I could say anything to you, for in you I had no ridicule to dread. I beg your pardon, sir, for I feel that I must have intruded on you."

Anderson was fairly taken in. The plausible manners of the stranger; the excellent intonation of his voice; the strange similarity between the events of his life, and those which seemed like a dark cloud to be hanging over him, Anderson, all conspired to induce an urgent wish on his part that the stranger should remain with him, and continue imparting his experiences upon a theme which was of so much importance, and which Anderson felt was the one great centre upon which all his future happiness, fortunes, and prospects, would now turn. He rose from his chair, and before Mr. Meadows could reach the door, to which he affected to be hastening, he cried,—

"Stop, sir; I should, indeed, be sorry if you left me with an impression that I was so churlish as to treat with disregard the generous expression of your sympathy, or the confidence you have placed in me. If it is not asking too much, allow me now to solicit the favour of your acquaintance."

Mr. Meadows graciously relented. He retired a few steps, and with a winning smile he said,—

"My dear sir, good wine needs no bush. Honesty of purpose requires no excuses. If I can be of any service to you command me. I am afraid I am not a business-like personage; but still I am sufficiently a citizen of the world to know a something of almost everything, and I may be able to serve you more effectually than I think. This, however, is not exactly the place for anything like a private or a confidential discourse. You have come into this house, I am sure, by accident, like myself. Let us repair to some hotel where we can really feel at our ease."

"I am quite at your service," said Anderson, "and can only thank you for your kindness."

"Oh, pho—pho—never mention that."

Thus was an acquaintance made which Anderson had to lament with tears of blood, and the pair left the low public-house arm-in-arm, as if they had known each other for years.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### THE BREAKFAST AT THE DELMAIRS'.

MERITON, in his own room in Carey-street, was scarcely less unhappy than Anderson, as regarded his meditations. Over and over again he considered and reconsidered all the circumstances which had placed him in his present position. He continually asked himself, was he acting with the treachery imputed to him by Anderson, or was he only following the dictates of an honest affection, which no one had a right to restrain or dictate to.

"Why," he said, "should I not love Maria Delmair, for the same treasures of mind and person which have proved so very attractive to Anderson? Does it follow that because he has an accurate and just appreciation of the beautiful, that no one else is to presume so far. The very thought is absurd, and cannot stand the test of his own cooler reflection, when his mind becomes cool enough to consider it. True, I was aware that he loved Maria Delmair; on my conscience I believe that not to be the proper point of view in which this affair is to be looked at. Did she love him is the question, and have I stepped between him and a successful wooing, to attempt to seduce from him the heart that otherwise would have been all his own? No—I have done no such thing. He loved Maria Delmair, but she had no such feelings towards him. Is it, therefore, just or reasonable that I am to prevent myself from being a successful suitor because another man is an unsuccessful one?"

By arguments such as these, and no one will feel inclined to deny their force, Meriton sought to remove the disagreeable feelings from his mind, which were continually present whenever he thought of Anderson. Under any other circumstances than those which had bound the friends together in such close bonds, the matter would scarcely have cost him a second thought, so far as Anderson was concerned; but the solemn oath he had taken at the Golden Fleece, had produced a great effect upon his mind, as indeed it had done upon the minds of all the young men who had taken part in it, and his uneasiness arose from an anxiety not to break any of its stipulations, either in the letter or the spirit.

The whole fault of the matter lay in making such a compact, because they should have been aware that human nature was so constituted as to possess feelings and passions, which no feeling of friendship, if cemented by a thousand oaths, can battle against.

Moreover in such cases—where friendship in its most romantic sense is carried so far as to induce sacrifices, the very principle upon which such romantic friendships' existence be put an end to—namely, the reciprocity of feelings—must be destroyed. The sacrifice must be made by one, and accepted by another—why should not the reverse be the case, and he who accepts the real or doubtful benefit conferred on him by his friend's generous remuneration of some great object, himself renounce it, and thus be the sacrificer to friendship. View the matter in which way we will, such romantic notions of friendship are incompatible with reason, as well as with human nature.

The truest most rational friendship should require nothing in the shape of a sacrifice, and it should never be asked to make one.

Perhaps by this time our friends all, in their secret hearts, would have been glad to have given up the solemn compact they had entered into, and fairly striven to fight their way through the world as men, without separating themselves into a little phalanx of defence and offence against the rest of society, but no one of the number liked to moot such a proposition—the fearful circumstances which had immediately followed the oath they had taken, had tended to rivet it in their minds, with an additional awe and solemnity. They all thought it must be kept, although it began to press heavily upon their minds as a source of disquietude and deep regret.

For the present it will be our province to follow the fortunes of those two, out of the six, whose feelings and interests clashed upon one of the great subjects of human antagonism—namely, love.

The morning after the dinner we have recorded, found both Anderson and Meriton at the breakfast table of Mrs. Delmair. They strove to greet each other as if nothing had happened—as if there was no jealousy or disquietude between them, but a close observer might have seen that the greeting was constrained on both sides, and that some cause of watchfulness, perchance of anger, lay at the bottom of their hearts.

The Delmairs, however, had no such idea. Not anticipating any cause of disagreement, they saw none of the minute symptoms that such had taken place. The mother officiated at the morning meal with her usual placidity, and if she detected a stolen glance of admiration from either of her lodgers at Maria, she was not discomfited at it, for she considered it but her due.

Maria herself was happy, because Meriton was there. We do not mean to say she knew that such was the cause of her serenity, because she had not asked herself the question; but had she done so she would have found it a coincidence of circumstances that she was always well and happy when he was in the room—tolerable when he was in the house, and restless and melancholy when he was from home.

A remarkable change seemed to have come over Anderson's mind; for some months a deep-seated melancholy had evidently preyed upon his spirits; the hopelessness of his attachment to Maria Delmair had preyed constantly upon his heart, and the words he had spoken were few, and of an uncheerful tenor. But now, on that morning when any one would have supposed fresh fuel had been added to the fire of his discontent, a boisterous cheerfulness seemed to have come over him. He talked louder and faster than was his wont, and seemed to have shaken off altogether the dark cloud that had hung upon his mind.

As Meriton, however, marked this change of demeanour, and watched the smiles that were upon the lips of Anderson, he told himself that all was forced—that a moral ten-pest lay beneath the sunny cloak of laughter, and he trembled as he asked himself,—

"What purpose is all this affected mirth and resignation cheerfully to circumstances intended to hide?"

That was a rational question—one which may be well asked fearfully when any man is detected acting such a part as that which Mark Anderson thought proper to assume on the occasion to which we refer. It had a great effect upon Meriton. The friends, if such they can now be called, appeared altogether to have changed aspects and temper, and Meriton, who had been full of life and pleasant vivacity, was taciturn and silent, while Anderson appeared to have adopted all his mirthfulness and flow of animal spirits.



Anderson was acting a part—Meriton was reflecting upon what could be the reasons for its assumption.

"Maria," said Anderson, "you are looking amazingly well to-day. You have the colour of a new blown rose just mantling your cheeks, and your eyes sparkle like gems in a shower. Fancy a diamond with dew drops pendant to it, borrowing a charm from the rich jewel, and lending it a thousand in return, while a glancing pencil of sunlight shining through both, bathes them in a flood of glorious tints."

"Well," cried Mrs. Delmair, "that's beyond me altogether. Did you ever hear the like, Maria?"

"Perhaps it would be better put into prose," laughed Maria. "What say you, Mr. Meriton?"

"Oh, I—why—I—oh, yes—what is it?"

"About the diamond, and the dew, and the tints of sunlight. It was all very pretty, but it came to nothing."

"Nothing!" said Anderson. "Was I not talking of your eyes, now, and are they nothing?"

"Truly to me they are of most importance."

"And to other people."

"I don't know that."

She glanced at Meriton, and Anderson saw the look with such a pang, that in the midst of all his assumed hilarity he uttered a groan, which caused Mrs. Delmair to start, and exclaim,—

"Gracious goodness, somebody groaned!"

"Imagination, madam," said Anderson; "or perhaps our friend Meriton, who seems dreadfully melancholy, and out of sorts, gave us a groan as a prelude to some disastrous explanation of his disastrous state of mind."

"No, Anderson," replied Meriton, "I have no explanation to give. I should be glad to receive some."

"Oh, indeed! Well—well, our friend's grief lies too deep for utterance."

"Are you well, Mr. Meriton?" asked Maria, timidly.

A smile broke over the face of Meriton as glancing into the sweet eyes that were bent anxiously upon him, he replied,—

"Quite well—quite well—now."

Anderson had risen, and to conceal his anger and agitation, he opened the piano, and struck some dreadful discords, then turning suddenly to Meriton, he said,—

"What is the time? We are, I am afraid, detaining Mrs. Delmair."

"I study at home to-day," said Meriton.

"Study?"

"Yes, study. You do not doubt it, do you?"

"Oh, no—no. It's strange enough, but I study at home to-day, likewise, with the exception of having to meet a friend in the afternoon. Mrs. Delmair, will you all w me to sit in the back parlour to-day?"

"Certainly, if you please, Mr. Anderson."

"Thank you. There is a Venetian blind there. I like a subdued light, and there is not one in my room up stairs; but don't let me intrude upon you in any way."

"Oh, not at all. You can sit there you know, Mr. Anderson, whenever you like."

"Thank you—thank you. I shall not devour your canary, Maria, nor disturb him much."

"He is more likely to disturb you," said Maria.

"Not at all—not at all."

Affecting then to hum a lively air, Anderson walked into the next apartment, leaving Meriton in a state of great wonder as to what it all meant, and what scheme he had in his head. Still he had no resource but to retire to his own apartment, which he did eventually, and in no very pleasant frame of mind.

When Anderson was alone in the little back parlour, he stood for a moment as still as a statue. Then, with a deep groan, he clasped his head with both his hands, and sunk upon a chair with an expression of such anguish upon his countenance as would have alarmed any one to behold.

"Oh, God—oh, God!" he groaned. "Dare I—dare I commence this work that I am set upon? Dare I follow the advice that has been given me, and traduce the fair fame of him whom I have called my friend in the sight of Heaven—him whom I have sworn to aid and assist through life, and be even as a brother to him? And yet has he kept holy the conditions of that solemn compact—has he behaved to me like friend to friend? No—no. Has he not attempted to sear my heart by rudely tearing from it all lingering hope of calling her my own, the love of whom is Heaven—the loss of whom would be a hell of despair?"

His countenance assumed an expression that was perfectly diabolic, and he paced the room twice or thrice without speaking. Then, in a low muttered tone, he resumed,—

"The villain! he knew I loved her. I told him what a bright, particular divinity she was to me. He saw it in every glance I cast upon

her—in every word I addressed to her he heard it, and yet he would condemn me to the horrors of her loss. She might have loved me but for him. By gentleness, kindness, years of tender and affectionate devotion, I surely should have won upon her; she would have loved me, not perchance with the short-lived, feverish passion called love at first sight, but with a love sanctioned by judgment and reflection she would have loved me, and I should have been happy; but for him—but for him—curses—"

He started, for a light footstep passed the door. His heart told him it belonged to Maria. All her beauty, all her exquisite gentleness, and many loveable qualities rushed across his brain, and sinking his head upon his hand he exclaimed,—

"That I should love hopelessly so much perfection!"

Then he burst into tears. The well-springs of his heart were opened, and hot scalding tears rolled down his cheeks—it was a very tempest of passion. Short-lived and awful, it left traces on his countenance that never were effaced. With a sudden bound he rose, and clenching his hands wildly above his head, he said,—

"Revenge—revenge! I swear it. Maria Delmair never shall be Meriton's; never—I swear it. He and I shall both see the grave first. She shall never be his—by Heaven!"

He rung the bell, and when the servant girl entered room, she started back in affright at the remarkable change that had taken place in his countenance during the short time he had been there.

"You—you are ill, sir?" she gasped.

"No, I never was better in my life—ha! ha! Ill, indeed—nonsense! Ill, indeed!"

"You rung?"

"Yes; fetch me my writing-desk from my room. I never was better in my life—never."

The girl left the room and soon entered with the desk, which she placed before the young man, at whose frightfully pallid countenance she could not help gazing with feelings of terror.

"There—there, that will do," said Anderson. "Don't let me be disturbed for an hour—about an hour. I have letters of importance to write—of great importance."

Once again he was alone. He opened the desk with great deliberation, and selecting some paper, he commenced writing a letter hurriedly, as if his mind was full of the subject matter, and it was a great relief to put it down in writing.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FORGED LETTER.—JEALOUSY.

ANDERSON paused not until he had finished the letter, and then he threw down his pen with a deep sigh.

"Craft must be met by craft," he said—"fraud by fraud. The weapons of honour and honesty are of no avail against persons who are unscrupulous in their modes of attack and defence. I must and will conquer Meriton by his own weapons. He has come here and in a dastardly manner deprived me of my hopes of happiness, insolently setting up his own instead. I will not endure it. This letter which my new sympathising acquaintance, Mr. Meadows, has advised me to write, must have a very strong impression upon the mind of any one who reads it. Meadows, upon a mere payment of his expenses, will be kind enough to copy it, so that my hand-writing will not be known, and then himself convey it to York, where he will post it. Good—good. The plan must have some practical results which will tell in my favour immensely."

He then glanced over the draft of the letter he had written, reading it half aloud, and here and there making a verbal alteration as it proceeded. It ran as follows:—

"York, August 14, 17—.

"MERITON,—God of Heaven! can it be indeed true that you have forgotten her to whom, with such vows that no one dared to doubt, you plighted your truth and honour? Oh, Meriton, think of what I was, and contrast that proud, because eminent, position with what I am now—what you have made me. Till I saw you I was happy in gentleness and innocence; now I am an outcast, and my name a reproach. I appeal to you now for the last time. Have mercy, Meriton, upon her you have reduced to misery and shame, and thus abandoned. Your child, too—have you no human feelings for that? Does your heart not yearn to look upon the face of that little thing that some day must call you father? Meriton, Meriton, you cannot be the fiend in human guise your last letter would proclaim you.

"You there tell me our marriage was a mockery, and that the ceremony I thought made me your wife was performed by one of your abandoned associates. Oh, God! Meriton, may you never, in your hour of greatest bitterness, feel the amount of anguish you have given to me by such a declaration!

"You call my appeals to you persecutions. God help me! To



whom am I to appeal but to you? Oh! Meriton, think better of it. I have heard noble, generous sentiments flow from your lips in eloquent language. Could such be only acting? and have I taken to my bosom a fiend? Meriton, why write to me such a cruel letter as that you last sent? You say you love another, that you have met with a girl, whom you are determined to call your own by fair means or foul—in London. You insult me even by mentioning her name—Maria!

"Alas! would I knew her! I would warn her of the horrible fate that awaited her, if she listened to any vows of yours."

"Be merciful, Meriton, and leave not her who is your wife in the eyes of Heaven to starve. Leave not your infant to perish of hunger. Meriton, Meriton, have mercy upon those you have brought to destruction, disgrace, ruin, and degradation."

"Answer me more gently. Oh! it was awful to read the words you addressed to me in your last note. Meriton, be kinder, or God help me and my poor child."

"From your wretched victim, ELIZA."

There was a flush of guilty colour upon Anderson's cheek, as he finished reading this epistle, and he was for some moments silent, as if his better nature had been awakened by the very words he had written, and he yet hesitated at the deliberate forgery he was about to commit, for the purpose of blackening his rival's name, and turning against him with horror the hearts that now thought so well of him.

This pause was but transitory. All his jealous feelings came in a few moments back to him, and he exclaimed,—

"Yes; it shall be done. The principal difficulty, perhaps, will consist in preventing the letter from really reaching the hands of Meriton; but that must be my special care. It must be opened, and appear as if worn in his pocket for some time. Then I will show it to Mrs. Delmair, and she is either more or less than woman if it does not make the necessary impression upon her."

At this moment the door was opened, and Maria entered the parlour. Anderson started, as if he had been detected stealing something, and looked so confused, as he slowly slid the draft of the letter into his desk, that Maria paused a few steps in the room, saying,—

"I am interrupting you, Mr. Anderson! My errand here was to feed the canary; but I can take it away with me if you like."

"No, no, Miss Delmair—Maria—no. Pray, do not let me be in your way. I have done writing."

Maria commenced attending to the bird, and Anderson sat gazing at her with unfeigned admiration.

"Oh!" he thought to himself, "if I could now get one nod, one look of encouragement from her, this letter should be consigned to the flames. Shall I venture? Dare I hint at a declaration of my love? God knows what might be the result. I have promised to wait six months—but what of that?—a promise to one who has behaved so traitorously is not binding. I—I think I will say something. Yes, one attempt, to save me the necessity of sending this epistle."

His heart beat violently, and there was much agitation in his tone, as he said,—

"Maria."

She turned, and calmly replied,—

"Yes, Mr. Anderson. Did you speak to me?"

"I—did—I was thinking, Maria, how very beautiful you are."

"Oh, you have told me that before," said Maria, laughing; "and you know the only reply I can possibly make is, how very gallant you are."

"But, Maria, what if I loved you?"

"Indeed, I hope you do."

"You hope—you—you hope, Maria? What, what mean you? Oh, keep me not on the rack."

"The rack, Mr. Anderson! I may well ask what mean you? I hope I have done nothing to be hated by any one, and you know with such enthusiasts as I am it must be hate or love."

"But, Maria, my heart's best devotion—Oh, if I could do something to convince you how I love you!"

"Hold that canary cease a moment, then, and I shall be quite convinced. Don't spill it, pray."

"But, Maria, since Mr. Meriton has been here—"

"We have taken down the bill in the window," said Maria. "Thank you, that will do. If the bird disturbs you, I can hang it in the front parlour."

"Stay yet a moment. I am serious."

"So am I, Mr. Anderson; very serious, indeed."

"Then hear me, while I declare to you, matchless perfection as you are—"

"There, I will hear no more. Anything else's sure to detract from what you have said already. Besides, Mr. Anderson, I must say that even good-tempered rallery, in the shape of gallant speeches, may be carried too far."

So saying, she glided from the room before he could say a word in answer, leaving him in a frame of mind of a perplexed character, and not knowing whether to felicitate himself upon any hopes, or take the indifference of Maria as conclusive evidence against his chance of ever calling her his own.

"I am resolved," he said at length. "The letter shall go. It can do me no harm, and must do Meriton injury. It shall go, I am resolved. Yes, I am resolved. Oh, Maria, you might, by half a word, have spared the evil and recrimination that may arise from the step I am about to take, but it is my fate, and I dare not now retreat. Yes; the letter shall be used. Meriton, beware! you have raised a spirit you cannot quell again."

He put on his coat and prepared to leave the house. As he passed along the passage, he caught the sound of Maria's voice—she was singing and accompanying her song faintly on the piano. Oh, how those tones went to Anderson's heart, raising emotions of tenderness, despair, love, jealousy, and all the warring elements of mind that were within him. The very words of the song, too, seemed to reproach him for the act he was about to commit, and, as he listened, sighs came from his bosom, and he trembled excessively.

AWAY, AWAY, THOU RECREANT HEART.

Away, away, thou recreant heart,  
Love binds not wreaths for thee,  
The boy-god in his magic power  
Is beautiful and free.

It may be that he little heeds  
The lover's envious sigh,  
It may be that he smiles to see  
The tear-drop in the eye.

But, oh! in all his airy flights,  
And extacy of youth,  
He ever sends his fairest shafts  
Where dwells the fairest truth.

Away, away, thou recreant heart,  
Love binds not wreaths for thee,  
The boy-god in his magic power  
Has ne'er a shaft for thee.

She ceased, and then Anderson crept along the passage, like a guilty man as he then was, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should be heard, and feeling the very air around him stifling and hot, as if infected with the presence of one about to execute such an act of treachery as that he meditated, and the materials for which he was armed with.

It was a relief to him when he reached the open street. The cold air revived him a little, and he hastened towards the Temple, where he was, by appointment, to meet his new friend, although it wanted some hours still of the specified time.

The letter was in his coat pocket, and often he felt to be sure that it was safe. Oh, what a curse was that letter now even to him, and yet he had not the courage to retrace his steps and relieve his heart by destroying it at once. He was not in a state of mind to take the warning of the present, and deduce from it what might be the consequence of the future. No, he still hugged that sheet of paper, which, by the few lines he had written on with fatal ingenuity, he had converted into so dangerous a foe to the peace and the happiness of the innocent and the virtuous.

But when once that most dreadful of all passions—jealousy, takes possession of the soul, who shall tell where the mind will wander to in its wild and feverish hallucinations—who shall say what frightful stores of unhappiness will the wretched victim to the passion lay up for himself. Alas! 'tis sad, but all too true, as human experience has proved it—that our best and holiest passions are our greatest miseries. There is but one step between the very exultation of joy in the love of one who reciprocates the passion, and the profoundest depths of human misery, where the keen feelings become alive to the real or supposed fact that we love and are not beloved—that some other one, without toil—without devotion—without, perhaps, the capacity to comprehend love in its noblest, grandest manifestations, has succeeded at a word in winning the heart another has sighed for in vain. Then the soul takes up arms, and casting aside alike morality and social love, sees all things and all persons through the frightful media of its outraged passions.

(To be continued in our next.)

Horse-racing was established in the reign of James I., with nearly all the rules for training, physicing, carrying weights, and running for prizes as at present. A silver bell was the usual prize, hence the proverb, "bear the bell."



## THEODORE;

## OR, THE MYSTERIES OF DI PORTICI.

It was a calm and lovely evening in the month of June. The pale, brilliant moon played in a thousand fantastic forms on the bosom of the Adriatic; a hundred gondolas glided on its surface, and the hum of the boatmen's song was borne upon the ear in warm, dying cadence, when the form of a lovely female was seen pacing the shore with agitated looks and heaving bosom.

It was evident she was with anxiety waiting the return of some object dear to her. In a few minutes a gondola was seen hastening in the direction of the troubled fair one. The gondola now reached the shore, and a youth of surpassing beauty joyfully leaped from beneath its silken canopy.

He started back with surprise on perceiving the form before him.

"I marvel not you are surprised, my dear Theodore," said the lady, smiling sadly.

"Why do I meet you here, dear mother," replied the youth; "and why do those traces of sadness appear upon your features?"

"That I fear will be but too soon explained, my son."

"No, no, not too soon, dear mother. Fain would I know the cause that I might remove them from you."

"For awhile, at least, the cause must be hid from you. I come now to seek you, that I might impress upon your youthful heart the folly of the extravagance you are now falling into."

"Pardon me, mother, I know not to what you allude."

"Hear me, then, dear Theodore, and judge if thy mother had not cause to admonish thee."

"Willingly."

"Count Laufen, the individual for whom you seem to feel so deep and warm a friendship, is a man whose past life has been a continued scene of shame and infamy."

"Nay, nay, my dear mother; I beg of you to retract the words you have spoken. Be assured Laufen is all a man can wish for in a friend or brother."

"Would to Heaven, my dear child, I was not too well assured of the contrary."

"From whom or whence gained you such heartless falsehoods?"

"Shall I dare to acknowledge to thee, Theodore, that I, your mother have been greatly, deeply injured by Reidznew, the famed Count Laufen!"

"Ah! what sayest thou, dear mother? thou speakest in mystery."

"And in mystery must my words still continue, dear Theodore."

"Surely, my dear parent, you would not act so unjustly as to speak against my only friend without giving me some proofs of his treachery."

"Theodore," said his mother, passionately, "is my happiness, my peace of mind, dear to you?"

"Dear as my own, on my life."

"Then grant to me the request I would require of thee, even on my knees."

"Nay, nay, my dear mother, kneel not," replied Theodore, raising her half prostrate form. "Thy request, be it what it may, shall be granted."

"Bless thee—bless thee, my child!"

"Thy wish, mother?"

"That thou wilt from this hour promise to shun the society of the treacherous Reidznew."

"Methinks, dear mother, thou surely must be mistaken. Laufen is not—cannot be Reidznew; for often has he repeated to me the story of his birth and childhood."

They had now reached the steps of the chateau, and the Countess di Portici entreated of her son Theodore to follow her to her own apartment. Having assured herself that no prying ear was near to listen to her converse, she seated herself upon a couch, and addressing Theodore, begged that he would give her an outline of the story of the early life of his friend.

"His story, dear mother, has been told at such various times, and under such various circumstances, that I fear I can form but little connexion of what he has narrated to me."

"I wish but to hear what information he gave you concerning his life before he came to Venice."

"That I can give you in a few words, for it was but yesternight that he spoke of the very circumstances."

"Repeat it, my dear child; it will convince me, if my fears are justly founded."

Theodore then commenced in the words of his friend:—

"After the great injustice I had suffered," said Laufen, "I at length determined to leave for ever the parent and brother who had so vilely treated me."

"Wretch!" interrupted the countess; "he alone it was who acted the unjust and guilty part."

"Thou wert never before rash to condemn, dear mother," said Theodore. "Why be so now? Thou hast no proof he is the party you suppose him to be."

"Resume your narrative, Theodore. I will not again interrupt you."

"Knowing that they would, if possible, prevent my leaving Florence, I made every arrangement for leaving, unattended by a single domestic. I had disposed of the greater part of my jewels, and carried their produce on my person. On the evening previous to my departure, my brother Antonio joined me in the library, and broke out into invectives against me—swore I was the cause of his being rejected by his soul's adored; but I answered not to his unjust accusation. I felt that on the morrow I should be free, and I therefore determined to bear calmly the taunts he would inflict upon me. The morrow came. With joyful steps I hastened from the home in which I had suffered so much cruelty. I had wandered miles distant. Evening had shrouded the heavens in gloom. I now anxiously sought where I could obtain refreshments without exciting notice, for I was well aware every search would be made for me. While buried in these thoughts, I felt my arms suddenly pinioned. A severe blow felled me to the ground, which nearly deprived me of my senses, and I felt my vestments rudely torn open. I was deprived of what cash I had about me, which was indeed considerable, for I had converted every valuable into money; and, not content with this, several blows were struck at me, and lastly, a wound was inflicted in my side. In this moment of agony I recovered from my state of insensibility. Maddened with rage, I sprang forward, and seized with a lion's grasp the being before me. Long and severe was the struggle. At length my opponent vanquished me. He was armed—I unarmed; and I therefore entreated of him to spare my life. He refused, and was about to strike me with his uplifted poniard, when suddenly a horseman appeared, and leaping from his charger, with a well-directed blow struck my assailant to the earth."

"Curse thee!" cried my antagonist; "I am disappointed of my revenge; but it shall yet be satisfied."

"The voice struck astonishment upon my ear, for I knew it to be that of my brother Antonio. But ere I could recover from my surprise, both he and my generous deliverer had disappeared."

Theodore was about to continue Laufen's narrative, when a loud shriek from the countess filled him with alarm. Seizing the bell-rope, he rang violently for assistance. In a minute a domestic entered, and lost no time in procuring restoratives, which were applied with effect, as the countess began to revive. Dismissing the attendant, she spoke as follows:—

"Too plainly, my dear Theodore, have you convinced me my suspicions are true."

"Say you so?"

"Yes, my son; the whole story is but one base tissue of falsehood. It was he, the recreant, who deprived a worthy brother of his right, laydail him, struck him a treacherous blow, and then, coward-like, left him to welter in his gore."

"Have you proof of what you speak, dear mother?"

"I have; and I thank Heaven that his brother still lives, a witness of his perfidy."

"Can it be possible that he, in whom I have placed the most unbounded confidence, is a villain?"

"Truly, he is, my son, and one of the blackest dye."

"Enough, dear mother. From this hour I swear to shun his company."

"Noble-minded boy!" said the countess, embracing him; "I am indeed happy in being the mother of such a son."

At this instant a slight knock was given at the chamber door.

"Who knocks?" demanded the countess.

"I would speak to you alone, lady," said a voice outside, "and will await you in the adjoining chamber."

"Merciful Heavens!" said the countess, "'tis the voice of —"

"Of whom?" asked Theodore, hastening towards the chamber door.

"Stay, stay, dear Theodore!" cried the countess, clinging to him; "if you would not kill me, stir not from the spot."

"What mean you, mother?"

"Wait even for one moment, my son, and I will explain all to you."

"What need of this secrecy, dear mother?" asked the surprised Theodore. "Surely you cannot —"

Here again the knock at the door was repeated, and interrupted the sentence.

"I command you, Theodore," said his mother, in a decisive tone, "to remain here till I return." Thus saying, she left the chamber.

"There is mystery here," said Theodore; "and where there is mystery, there is mostly —" Guilt he would have added, but the many bright virtues of his mother rose before his mind, and the thought



died away. "No—no," he exclaimed, "her soul is the shrine of purity and truth! By whom am I commanded not to leave this chamber? Surely it cannot be that the words of old Meg are about to be realized? 'A day will come,' said she, 'when thou wilt curse the fond parent that gave thee birth!' No—no—it cannot be! Fool that I am to dwell on words of an exasperated hag!"

Now were heard the footsteps of his mother, and immediately the countess re-entered her chamber; throwing her snowy arm across the shoulder of her son, she exclaimed, bursting into tears,—

"Theodore! Theodore! in this short lapse of time I have suffered an age of misery and suspense; but the worst is past."

Theodore, filled with astonishment, gazed upon his parent, but spoke not.

"My dear son," continued the countess, "ere long all must be known; but for the present all must remain in mystery."

"Mother," said Theodore, "I have no right to seek an explanation of your conduct; but there is one promise I would require you to make."

"Name it," said the countess, who seemed labouring under a load of anxiety.

"That I may inform Laufen—for so I must continue to call him—that it is by your desire I shun his company."

"I will not bind you, my son: if you have not strength of mind to shun the society of so vile a man without giving him a reason for so doing, act as thou wilt."

A domestic now entered, and put an end to their present conversation, by informing the countess, that her husband, the Count di Portici required her presence in the dining-hall.

"I will to him instantly," replied the countess, and turning aside to Theodore, she said, "by a mother's love I abjure you to let the scene of this morning be sacred in silence."

"It shall, dear mother," returned her son, distressed by her unhappiness.

"Curse on my foolish chicken-heart, why did I not revenge myself by striking her to the heart as I did the wretch who rivalled me in her affection—my brother?"

"Because," replied a voice, "that brother's spirit guarded her from thy unholy touch!"

Reidznew stood aghast.

"Oh! God!" he exclaimed "can the dead have risen from the grave?"

"Why dost thou call on the name of him, whose every law thou hast broken?" said the voice.

"Fool that I am," continued Reidznew, "to allow my imagination to scare me thus! It is but the murmur of the wind."

"Hear me, fool-hardy villain!" said the voice, "and tremble when I tell thee that wherever thou goest the spirit of thine injured brother will follow thee!"

Reidznew covered his face with his hands.

"There is no illusion!" said he; "that voice is——"

"Thy brother Alberto's!"

"Spare me! spare me!" cried the conscience-stricken Reidznew; "let thy spirit rest in peace! and from this hour I will cease to importune Cecilia di Portici!"

"Never!" replied the voice, "until my spirit is revenged, or it can know no peace!"

"Then I defy thy powers, be they of Heaven or hell!" cried Reidznew, stamping in defiance.

"Do you brave me?" said the voice, and at the instant the form of the noble Alberto appeared before him.

A shriek which seemed to mock the raging thunder, burst from Reidznew, and he fell senseless on the ground.

"Thus far have I succeeded," said Alberto; "now will I work farther on his guilty conscience! unprincipled villain! He is not contented with having, as he supposed, sent me to eternity, but he now plans the destruction of her whom I myself have injured! but thank Heaven I hear he has not the knowledge that I am the parent of the noble Theodore. Curses were vain," continued he, "else would I spend my life in venting them upon the inhuman father, who by cruel, long suffering to my beloved, obliged her to become the bride of the old and haughty Count di Portici; but the hour will not yet come when I may dare to call her mine."

Lifting the senseless form of Reidznew to the farther end of the half lighted chamber, he, with cautious steps, descended by the silken ladder at the window, and by that means left the precincts of the house unobserved.

"What mean those downcast looks? that absence of all by which you were wont to charm me?" asked the count, as pale and trembling the countess appeared before him in answer to his summons.

"I scarce know how to answer you, my lord. My health is much impaired, and——"

"Beware how you answer my questions! I will not be trifled with," said the count.

"Such is not my intention," said the countess, firmly.

"Perchance," continued her husband, "you sigh to mix again in the busy throng of admirers by whom you were once surrounded."

"My lord, count, you are too severe."

"How so?"

"You must know I have no inclination to leave the solitude which I myself have sought."

"Perhaps I am severe; but I cannot form any other opinion of your cause for grief."

"Will you then oblige me to confess that sorrow has been mine, even from the hour of our nuptials?"

"For which you could have no cause, although I could scarcely conceive one possessing so many charms would entirely devote herself to the love of a husband who was not the first choice of her heart."

"Tis true, my lord, it is not love that has bound me to you, but it is of a higher feeling."

"What mean you?"

"That duty alone has guided my actions, and obliged me to hide that grief I can now no longer conceal."

"How, do you then acknowledge that your heart beats not in unison with mine?"

"That, my lord, I cannot answer thee; I only know that mine is bound to you by the strictest tie of gratitude."

"Gratitude!" said the count; "it is a name too poor—too cold for the love and wealth I've lavished on thee!"

"Which thou hast given unasked, my lord. Thou mayest remember that when you sought my heart and hand, I told you the former was already given to another."

"And that villain was——"

"Alberto Reidznew," said the countess.

"But of him I have no fear," replied the count. "Thanks to the steady arm of some unknown, his body has long become the food of worms!"

"Thou art deceived," replied the countess, for an instant thrown off her guard.

"Or rather thou art," rejoined the count, sarcastically. "If he lives 'tis but in thy imagination!"

"Why did ye summon me hither, my lord?"

"To inform thee it is my intention that Theodore should enter the service of his king."

"Nay, nay, my lord, you surely would not be so cruel as to rob me of my only means of happiness."

"And cannot a fond and faithful husband supply his place?"

"Nay, my lord, I will not dissemble; there lives not one whose love would repay me for his loss."

"And yet you love not his parent," said the count.

Here a crimson blush overspread the features of the countess, who, hiding her confusion beneath a smile, replied,— "My lord, if such is really thy will, I submit to it."

"I know not why you could refuse; but it is no answer to my question."

"My lips cannot answer thee, my lord."

"Then, shall I take thy silence as an acknowledgment that thy duty is not unmingled with love?"

"Ay, if thou canst, my lord; but it was surely treachery on the part of my parent to wed me with thee."

"Art thou, then, determined to fill my mind with doubts?"

"My lord, I would retire from thy presence; another meeting I will speak more freely to thee."

"Be it so," replied the count. The countess then bent her steps to her chamber, where, throwing herself upon her couch, she burst into an impassioned flood of tears.

"Oh, Alberto!" she exclaimed; "would that we had never met, or never parted; but thy wretched Theresa would rather suffer death than yield to the embrace of that foul monster, Reidznew; but to-morrow—tomorrow have I promised to meet the fiend at the eastern gate. Oh! Alberto, would to Heaven thou wouldst return, that I, beneath thy protection, might brave his perfidy. I dare not break my promise, else for ever will he ruin my peace; nay, my very life will fall a sacrifice, should he inform the count that Theodore is not——" But here the words died upon her lips, and she sank senseless upon her couch.

"Thank Heaven the light of day again shines upon me: sure it was not a dream! No—no; well do I remember 'twas on yon spot he stood; and, as my soul cowered beneath his piercing glance, I fell to the earth; and yet it cannot be,—he could not gain admittance without the knowledge of my domestics—I will summon them."



Scarcely had Reidznew applied his hand to the rich embroidered belt, than, starting, he exclaimed,—"Fool that I am; I speak of him as a being possessing life and blood, and not as one who has risen from the grave! What wantest thou, knave!" continued he to the servant who now entered.

"I answered to the summons of thy bell, my lord."

"Ay, thou art right; know'st thou where I supped last night?"

"Thy tables were spread, my lord, and the Count Benevento waited long thy presence; but thou didst not leave this chamber."

"Came any one here to seek me?"

"Yes, my lord; surprised at thy long delay, the count, and thy attendant, Ralph, entered this chamber, but found thee sleeping on thy couch."

"Enough—enough; get thee hence!" said Reidznew.

The domestic knew too well the hasty disposition of his master to tarry an instant, and immediately departed.

"What strange intuition," continued Reidznew, "induces me to visit this gloomy chamber? The chateau elsewhere is well adorned, and yet I venture not a road, or return without coming hither; 'tis a mystery I cannot fathom, but I am determined again I will not visit it." So saying, he left the chamber, and proceeded to the spacious hall, where go-leets of rich spiced wines awaited his acceptance.

At length the hour drew nigh at which he was to meet the countess, which promise he had wrung from her by the threat of informing her child and husband of her passion for Alberto; and, as he was about to leave his chamber, he exclaimed,—"These fears are, indeed, childish; whoever has proved that the dead have risen? No, no; 'tis but busy fancy that works upon the brain, and pictures to us beings that have long been number'd with the dead; and now I do remember," continued he, "in the momentary struggle, a bracelet fell from her arm. I brought it with me, but now I have it not; surely I must have left it in that cursed chamber when under the influence of my foolish fears last night."

Again he bent his steps thither, but vain was his search. "Surely none of my domestics would have dared to have taken possession of it? Why, then, do I fear to interrogate them? 'Tis true I discovered in the deep likeness of my brother—I will summon Ralph: he only has access to the apartment in my absence—he knows not that I have —"

"Committed murder," said a sepulchral voice.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Reidznew. "My own foolish brain is again playing its pranks with me!" thus saying, he applied his hand to the bell with such violence, that, apprehending danger, several of the servants hastened to the chamber.

Spite of his bravado, Reidznew was so overcome by fear, that he gazed upon the attendants, but spoke not.

"What wouldst thou, my lord?" asked Ralph.

For many minutes Reidznew continued silent, but pointed to the window. At length his tongue found utterance, and he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder,—

"Some treacherous being has gained entrance here, and sports with the tears of his master."

The domestics gazed at each other with surprise, and each feared the reason of his master was leaving him.

"My lord," replied Ralph, "none can gain entrance here without my knowledge."

Another domestic now entered, saying,—

"Good master; the young Count Theodore di Portici waits your presence in the hall."

"Ha!" exclaimed he. "Does then the countess dare my revenge, that she has sent him hither at the very time appointed for my meeting her at the eastern gate of the chateau?"

This but confirmed the opinion of the attendants that their master was losing his senses.

With hasty strides Reidznew sought the hall, where Theodore awaited him.

"Nay, frown not thus on me!" said he. "I care not for it. I first will be revenged!"

Theodore gazed in surprise at the suppressed Count Laufen, while the latter continued,—

"Hear, then, the blasting tidings that thou art the son of —"

"A being of pure and spotless virtue, whom thou wouldst have dishonoured, had not the spirit of thy brother guarded her from harm," said a voice.

"Save me—save me!" cried the assumed Laufen. "In mercy strike his dagger to my heart. I cannot bear that voice; it harrows my very soul!"

"What mean you?" asked Theodore. "What means this mystery? surely it proves the truth of my dear mother's words."

To the surprise of Theodore, he perceived that the count had fallen to the earth; so true it is, that the arm which is strongest in guilt, trembles most when under the influence of a stricken conscience.

A being, enveloped in a mantle, approached Theodore.

"Beloved youth," said he; "how plainly do I trace the features of the wronged and lovely Theresa de Portici!"

"Who art thou?" demanded Theodore.

"Brother to the fallen and guilty Reidznew, who basely endeavoured to rob me of my life."

"Ha! is it possible? Then thou art the being of whom my mother spoke, when she warned me to shun this treacherous man, whom I have hitherto known only as the injured relative of a haughty brother and cruel father, the Count Laufen."

"This," said Alberto, opening his vest, and displaying a large scar upon his breast, "will speak loudly of the falsehoods of my treacherous brother, whom God knows I have never injured."

Reidznew now started from the ground, and drawing forth a dagger, would have plunged it into the breast of Theodore had not the strong arm of Alberto dashed him with violence to the earth.

"Fiends of hell, I dare your vengeance!" cried Reidznew. "Ye may tear me limb from limb—ye may drink my life's blood—but ye shall not prevent me taking my revenge on her who has slighted my passion; the hateful Theresa, who now awaits my coming at the eastern gate!"

"God of mercy!" exclaimed Theodore; "it was, then, my mother's form which darted by me, as I passed the eastern gate of the chateau."

Again had Reidznew gained his feet, and, rushing wildly from the hall, he exclaimed,—

"Revenge!—revenge!"

With the lightness of a deer, the wretched maniac (for such was Reidznew now) hastened onwards, closely followed by Theodore and Alberto. Suddenly the flowing robe of a female met their view.

"My mother—my mother!" cried Theodore, and, with a swiftness almost supernatural he overtook the frenzied count, who had seized the countess, and, with uplifted dagger, was in the act of striking. Fear gave strength to the young arm of Theodore, who, wresting the glittering blade from the hand of the madman, thrust it with force into the breast of the latter, who fell with a groan and expired.

In a short time the aged count died, and the countess became the wife of her loved Alberto.

## AN EVENING PRAYER.

Oh, 'tis a sweet and loving scene to see

At eve, when daily toil is laid aside,

The thankful parent bend his humble knee

To Him who doth his every want provide,

And raise a fervent prayer in guileless tone,

That soars high upward to the heavenly throne.

The wife so gentle, and his children, too,

Around him bow their modest heads in prayer:

Oh, who a sight more pleasing e'er can view,

Or dwell upon a subject half so fair,

Than these dear children, and their parents fond,

Whose voices with their heart-felt thanks respond?

And he pours, in accents fraught with love,

His thanks to God for what he has received;

Each daily mercy from that home above,

Where hearts unite of every pain relieved:

And oh, the joy depicted in his face,

As thus he kneels before the throne of grace.

H. J. CHURCH.

BARON, THE AUTHOR AND ACTOR.—The famous Baron was both an author and an actor; he wrote a comedy in five acts, called *Les Adelphe*, taken from the *Adelphi* of Terence, and, a few days before it was performed, the Duke de Roquelaure, addressing him, said,—"Will you show me your piece, Baron? You know, I am a connoisseur. I have promised three women of wit, who are to dine with me, the feast of hearing it. Come and dine with us; bring it in your pocket, and read it yourself. I am desirous to know whether you are less dull than Terence." Baron accepted the invitation, and found two countesses and a marchioness at the table, who testified the most impatient desire to hear the piece. They were, however, in no haste to rise from table; and, when their long repast was ended, instead of thinking of Baron, they called for,—"*Cards—cards!*" Cried the duke,—"*Surely, had es, you have no such intention; you forget that Baron is here to read to you his new comedy?*"—"Oh, no, we have not forgot, sir, that," replied one of them, "he may read while we are at play, and we shall have two pleasures instead of one." Baron immediately rose, walked to the door, and with great indignation replied,—his comedy should not be read to card-players. This incident was brought upon the stage by Poincnet in his comedy of the *Cercle*.



## CLANAWLY.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILES GLIN," &amp;c.

(Continued from our last.)

"I shall proceed towards Berhaven," said the Earl of Tyrone, "and there meet Don Alonzo Ocampo, the Spanish leader, who is to land there. Meanwhile, you and O'Donnell, with a portion of the army (including whatever assistance you can give us), allowing me a few days to precede you, will slowly advance in the rear of Mountjoy's army. I have followed them up from the northern province, day after day, so cautiously, that we were never once suspected of being so near at hand. From the Spanish general, Ocampo, I shall learn when and where the next invasion is to take place; and then I shall despatch a messenger to you, to inform you that the English army is to be kept in check, whilst we hurry to the spot where the Iberians intend to land, and thus cover their descent. Mountjoy is a very clever leader, and a sly, shrewd fellow."

"Accordingly, then," said Clanawly, "I will have a little time to make preparation to give you succours. At present, in a hurry, I could yield you no positive help, except a few gallowglasses and kerns, as we had a very severe skirmish in the neighbourhood last night, which will require some time to elapse before the people are perfectly collected from its paralyzing effects. When you depart, the Earl of Tircconnell can remain in my castle, until I raise my forces to something of strength, when you can depend upon our executing your commands with promptitude and energy."

"Yes," echoed the Earl of Tircconnell; "we shall keep a watchful eye upon the movements of the Saxon plunderers."

"Certainly well am I convinced of that," observed Tyrone; "and, though Tircconnell struggled against me in petty private feuds, he is still an O'Donnell in soul; and, as a descendant of that noble clan, he forgets all that, and joins in the mass, to subdue the common foe of our kindred and our country."

"But," said Clanawly, sighing, "my lords, you have lost an able supporter now. My kinsman, M'Donough, of Kanturk, was taken by the English in last night's affray; and, I suppose, he will be led away captive to their great city, where, after provoking mirth in savage hearts, by his unconstitutional raiment, he will be shut up in a dungeon, there to die of hunger; or else be put to an ignominious death, such as they put their great men to when they fall out with them, or when any parader becomes jealous of their greatness."

"That gives much sorrow to my bosom," exclaimed Tyrone.

"I am heartily sorry for the circumstance," echoed Tircconnell.

"Because," continued the former general, "he was faithful to the Irish interests in many respects, and was also unflinching in point of integrity."

"You will do me the satisfaction of spending the afternoon in my castle," said Clanawly; "invite the principal chiefs of septa also, as well as your superior officers and minstrels—that is, if the army is about to prolong its halt till to-morrow. You shall have every entertainment that I can order in preparation; and you shall have the heart of welcome and the hand of hospitality."

"Under no other circumstances would I come," said Tyrone, loudly. "I am aware of the welcome that is in your castle for all your friends. Clanawly, there are few of the purely noble clans now remaining; they are mixed up and bastardized; and know you, between ourselves"—here he lowered his voice—"that being withdrawn one pace from original Irish in point of blood creates an implacable hatred in the heart of the mongrel for the untainted Irish."

"That I have very good reason to be aware of," said M'Auliff.

"That has reduced our noble family to ashes," exclaimed Tircconnell, sighing, but recovering double nerve.

"But, O'Donnell," declared Clanawly, looking earnestly in the visage of the former, "we shall either gain all again, or lose all. I have ample confidence in the valour of our noble Tyrone; and, should the Iberians prove faithful—"

"Oh!" roared Tyrone interrupting; "the Iberians are truly faithful. Spaniard and faithful give me the same meaning."

M'Auliff continued,—

"Should the Spaniards prove faithful, victory is certain. Your conquest last year gives me hope. The English are only dependent for success upon their former greatness; and when they once experience an overthrow, its recollection haunts their ensuing progress. I would like to hear correctly the terms of the treaty which you made with Devereux. I heard them before, but so indistinctly, that I wish a recapitulation of them."

"My treaty with the boy, Devereux," said Tyrone, with much indignation; "yes, indeed, it was a treaty made by him, until he would re-

cover strength enough to fall upon us again. But I was too well aware of that, and was determined to keep only as much of it as suited myself. I granted him all he demanded, because I knew upon what terms; and I took whatever he promised, with a seeming good countenance, as I was aware that it would be granted as little by the queen as what he refused to concede."

"We are better able now to meet them than ever we were, because there is a firmer unity within the kingdom, to resist their growing influence and rising authority," said Hugh O'Donnell.

"I shall not detain you here," said Clanawly; "but as soon as we arrive at the castle, I would like much to hear a short account of that wonderful treaty."

"Few words suffice to explain that subject," observed Tyrone; "but amongst the rest, his remarks upon religion show what little regard they pay it under the new reform."

"Shehan," cried Clanawly.

"Here, my lord," returned the former, summing up resolution, and presenting himself before the chieftain.

"Repair to the castle," commanded M'Auliff, "and bid the servants to place everything in order, for the reception of the Earls of Tyrone and Tircconnell, who are to be my noble guests to-day."

During this mandate the eyes of Shehan stared firmly upon the visage of the Earl of Tyrone, once, at the same time, taking a hasty glance at O'Donnell's. As soon as he had received the order, and was hurrying away to put it in execution, Tyrone remarked, "The face of that man is familiar to me."

O'Donnell's eyes were bent upon the ground in deep thoughtfulness, but he made no remark. Clanawly responded to Tyrone's observation, by saying,—

"Shehan is in my castle as a dependant these many years, having come to me as a distressed man, some time ago. I gave him employment, and I am not sorry for it; because with fidelity and attachment he combines utility in divers departments. I am also convinced that he is of respectable origin; but of that or any account of his former life I have heard nothing, and therefore remain in total ignorance on that point."

"I had a person in my custody once very like that man," remarked Tyrone.

"But with regard to the observations made by the Earl of Essex," said Clanawly.

"When I declared to him," observed Tyrone; "that my principal motive for demanding such broad terms, in the negotiation betwixt us, was not merely on account of my country, but more on account of religion, to prevent it from coalescing with the heresy spreading through the land, he answered:—'With regard to your private interests, I believe you are unbiased on that score; but as to religion, you have a little regard for that as my horse.' I went up to my saddle-girths in the river, to show him that I was not in dread of him, giving him to understand that I had confidence in his honour, whilst he showed that timidity which characterized his generalship."

"Favourites do not make good generals," observed M'Auliff, smiling; "they may answer to skip about the court, but they can do nothing when called to action."

"Favourites will ever find their way to power as long as human nature is such, and it is happy for mankind that it so falls out; for were it otherwise the mighty would become too powerful, whereas by their blind-sightedness they check their own growth and impede the progress of ambition."

"Would to God," exclaimed O'Donnell, raising up his hands, "that I were sure of ever meeting favourites in the field of battle, and I would secure every contest to myself."

"At the same time," said the Earl of Essex, who occasionally called provoked at the language of the Earl of Essex, who occasionally called me such epithets as traitor, rebel, &c. I informed him that we were no more traitors than any other people in the world, who were distinct in language, creed, and birth from others. I told him that he may as well lay violent hands upon France, and call the inhabitants of that land 'traitors and rebels,' because they resisted his authority, or endeavoured to shake off a yoke that rendered them aliens in the country of their birth. I told him also that the English nation went a very wrong way to secure to themselves the conquests which they made; and that if they deal by every other conquered nation as they do by the Irish, their subjects will take all possible opportunities of separating from them. At the same time, I let him know that the words 'traitor and rebel' were only used by the stronger party to the weaker; and that those who are loyal in one reign, though adhering honestly to the same cause, may become rebellious in the next, by a change of power."

"I would rather be a traitor in the cause of villany," said O'Donnell, "than bear a sting on my conscience."

"And I," observed M'Auliff, "prefer rebellious poverty to treacherous independence."



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE RECEPTION.

SHEHAN hurried away as fast as he could walk, and pursued the glen mentioned before, as the shortest way to the castle. He did not think the journey half so long as it really was, in consequence of the thousand thoughts that flitted through his brain at the same time. His mind was occupied with the penetrating glance of the Earl of Tyrone, as also the downcast countenance of Hugh O'Donnell.

"Tyrone scarcely remembers me," said Shehan to himself; "it is too long ago. Oh, aye; but he seems to have a faint recollection of my features, at the same time unable to bring the thought fully and collectively home to his memory. Tirconnell kept his eyes firmly upon the ground, and never took them up whilst I remained, after he saw me looking at him. He well remembers me—well knows who I am; and should he, it may be all right yet. But, lo! how changed he is from what I knew him once. He is only the shadow of the great Red Hugh, the pride remaining as a spirit,—his independent bearing wasted away. I am greatly in dread that some accident has befallen the house, as he seems to be wandering in thought, unsettled in gesture. I must endeavour to trace out the entire story."

Having spoken this soliloquy, when at about a half mile distant from the castle, he was quickening his pace when he received a salutation from a gentle voice by the roadside, and he stood to find out who the person was that addressed him. It was a weak-looking individual, dressed in the garb of a pilgrim, who appeared to be begging relief.

"Can we get any assistance at the castle, for the Lord's sake?" demanded the pilgrim.

"I cannot tell you that, unless you come over and see," answered Shehan.

"Would you lend us your help in our bending years, my love?" asked the pilgrim.

"I would willingly, but cannot delay," returned Shehan; "but if you manage to get to the castle I will endeavour to procure you something."

Saying these words, he hurried on, resuming his pace, and made no delay until he was in the kitchen of the castle, where the two minstrels were seated before him. He spoke softly to the boy, demanding who they were; but the latter told him they had only arrived a short while previously.

"You are minstrel-bards?" said Shehan.

"Yea," said one of them, "we are of that profession; wolf-hunted and priced as monsters. Will it be long before Lord Clanawly comes home?"

"Let it be long or short," returned Shehan, "you will scarcely see him this day."

"Why?" demanded the other bard.

"Because he is too highly engaged," answered Shehan, sharply.

"Then if he were as highly engaged again," said the former minstrel, "relieving his companion in the conversation, 'I will both see him, and speak with him, in virtue of my profession.'"

"Where are you from?" asked Shehan, gazing upon each alternately with sterance.

"From Uolouch," answered the same bard.

"Eoghan," said Shehan, addressing himself softly to the boy, whilst he ascended the narrow flight of steps, which led through the wall into the court-yard within the battlements of the castle, "follow me, Eoghan, as I want to speak to you particularly."

The young man went up stairs after Shehan, and when they had arrived at the top of them, the latter said, in an under tone,—

"They are no more minstrels than you or I."

"I thought so," observed Eoghan; "but they are most certainly strangers, not merely by appearance."

"They are strangers, and from Ulster, too," said Shehan; "but they are schemers into the bargain; and if there be not a watchful eye kept upon them, are likely to play some very deceitful trick, because I fancy that they are only spies, intent upon the destruction of some of the generals of our army."

"Therefore shall we watch them very closely," said Eoghan; "and I would recommend that they be treated as minstrels, as also used with every degree of kindness, in order that they may throw off that guile which often prevents detection."

"They shall be attended to," said Shehan; "but we must first devote ourselves to a subject of greater importance."

"Of what importance, Shehan?" demanded Eoghan, looking earnestly in the face of the other.

"Why a visit from no less a personage than the great Earl of Tyrone, accompanied by a general named—O'Donnell—I think," observed Shehan, pronouncing the last words with hesitation and rather trepidously.

"The earl of who?" asked the boy again.

"The Earl of Tyrone," said the other; "but, come on, my boy, we have no time to lose—come with me into the hall, until we put everything into its proper place."

"Yes," said Eoghan, "I shall do all I can to be of service at such a hurried time."

Having entered the great hall, Shehan and the boy commenced preparations by regulating and dusting the armour appended to the walls; after which they strewed the stone floor with fresh straw, laying over it close together a number of finely-woven straw mats. They next brought the huge oak tables from their recesses, and laid them in the middle of the apartment.

From various receptacles were then produced a large quantity of crimson cloth, part of which was laid upon the floor around the tables, and part fastened to hooks in the wall about four feet high. The banner of the clan was hung over the fire-place, and the arms of Clanawly, upon the mantel-piece, were polished to brilliancy.

The seats were placed in due order, according to the ranks of those who were to occupy them, and in accordance to the custom of the age. The elevation was fixed for the minstrels, and cushions placed in the saloons for such as were only to be spectators, or deemed not sufficiently noble to be seated at the table. Torch-lamps were charged with oil and wicks, and placed in their proper positions.

To crown the work, a number of laurel branches were procured, which were set up throughout the hall, in harmony with other appearances.

"To work outside, now," said Shehan, nearly breathless from his great exertions; "and you, Eoghan, go down to the lower chambers, and bid whoever you can find there unemployed to come up here and give us some assistance."

The young man hurried out of the hall and proceeded through the inner court-yard, down the same stairs he had ascended. Whilst passing through the large kitchen, he could not help casting a glance at the strangers, who still occupied the places in which they first sat down.

"Is not his lordship returned yet?" demanded one of them, rather impatiently.

"Not yet," answered the young man; "but if you only wait for a few minutes until we get this hurry over, you shall be provided with a comfortable breakfast, and made otherwise as happy as in any castle."

Proceeding through the kitchen, Eoghan forced in a door that led to the vaulted rooms beneath the court-yard. In two of those he found no person; but in the third two of the domestics were asleep, in an arched recess that served as a dormitory. He awakened them, and they quickly responded to his call, having no time to lose, as they were already dressed; because they lay down so, on account of the lateness of the hour when they retired to rest. They followed Eoghan to where Shehan was standing uneasily waiting for them. The latter bid them to give him every help they could at the work in which he was then engaged.

"I want these cannons run out through the loops," said Shehan, pointing to the two only engines of that description in the fortification, "after I have them charged with gunpowder and clay sods—a heavy charge."

They went to the small store upon the right side of the grand gate: it was a heptagonal tower, corresponding to the one on the other side, that was used as a watch-tower or guard-house. From this they procured a barrel of powder and some balls of clay, shaped for the purpose of wads; bringing with them two iron bars, as levers, for sliding the carriages of the guns backwards and forwards. When they came up to Shehan, he took the cover from the barrel, and with a long-handled ladle put a certain quantity into each, forcing the combustible preparation into the chamber of each by a sod.

"Run them into the loops now," said Shehan.

"But we want all the attendants at the castle, to bring whatever may be necessary; for empty tables are a poor welcome for such a great man as the great O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone," said Eoghan.

"Well, then," said Shehan, "let you go, Eoghan, and ring the bell upon the upper watch-tower."

Eoghan entered the small arch-way over the dungeon, in the tall tower, and running up the winding stairs that led round it, soon reached the summit; from this he looked around him, and having seen the crowd advancing, exclaimed to Shehan, who had ascended the battlements looking down upon the lawn:—

"Shehan," cried Eoghan, "they are coming."

"Then ring the bell," said the other, looking up at him, "and I will attend to my business."

The boy rung the bell, when several individuals whose business it was to attend upon the chieftain, came hurrying onward from their respective habitations at some little distance towards the castle. These were soon upon their posts within the great hall, furnishing the tables with all descriptions of viands and beverages, such as were then in use amongst the Irish. The minstrels and musicians who played upon great occasions at the castle, were also there in very good time.



At the turn of the thoroughfare leading to the hold, at length appeared a multitude, some mounted, others on foot, who moved forward slowly, but in state y order. Shehan waited upon the battlements until he could distinguish the Earl of Tyrone from his noble bearing; and as soon as he was able to discern the movements of his person, admiring the fine appearance of the castle, he descended, and seizing the red stake, discharged one of the pieces. Soon afterwards the second was fired off, and the sound of these (then) tremendous pieces brought fear and admiration to the inmates of the castle as well as to the spectators without.

As soon as the second gun was discharged, and its reverberating echo was rolled away from hill to hill, losing itself in infinity, Clanawly darted from the midst of the crowd, and at a galloping pace entered the bawn of the stronghold. The gates of the inner court-yard having been previously thrown open, he rose up to the portico of the great hall, where he dismounted, delivering up his steed to O'Loghlin, the chief of the horse, who gave the reins to an under servant, to conduct the animal to its stall. He then entered the hall, and took his stand at the table. His officers stood in equal number on each side of him: amongst whom were O'Quinn, his physician; O'Loghlin, the chief of the horse; O'Hanly, his standard-bearer; O'Madder, his chief brehon; O'Driscoll, the master of the feast; and M'Kenna, his grand steward. O'Deacy, his principal piper, and O'Neill, the celebrated harper, were seated upon the orchestra, conducting the musical department; and M'Murrough entering shortly afterwards ascended to their seat, to give directions as to the poetical compositions which were suited for the occasion.

The sound of footsteps were soon heard in the bawn, and the noise that accompanied them convinced the chieftain that his guests were near at hand. His face was not at this moment that of pride and self-satisfaction at beholding such a display of luxury beneath his roof, rarely paralleled in his country. He hung his head with a gentle inclination, whilst a slight tinge of melancholy bespread his features; his noble figure and illustrious appearance suffering nothing by the inroad of pathetic feelings upon ideas replete with joy and exultation.

When the generals appeared at the portico, Hugh M'Auliff took the Earl of Tyrone by the left hand, and led him forward to the foot of the table. O'Donnell advanced beside the earl. Clanawly and his officers at this moment placed their open right hands upon their breasts, and bowed down to the level of the table. The Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnell returned the honour by a bow equally low. M'Auliff then went from the head of the table to the other end, and grasping Tyrone by his right hand and Tirconnell with his left, led them on to his own seat, where he compelled them to be seated. O'Hanly went from his place and took down the banner of Clanawly, whilst Hugh M'Auliff took that of O'Neill, the red hand, and planted it in the position of the former, floating or rather pendant over the head of the Earl of Tyrone.

"My lords, my officers shall pay you those honours due to our family; and be pleased to accept of them," said Clanawly.

"Too much, too much," exclaimed Tyrone, whose words were echoed by O'Donnell.

"By no means," observed M'Auliff, who sat down amongst his officers, and made himself an equal with the humblest for the purpose of exalting his noble guests.

"This is the style of our ancestors," remarked Tyrone, "but so little followed up at present, that it appears quite novel to us."

"We are fallen again amongst our ancestors," said O'Donnell; "and I hope the day will arise when this spirit will awaken again throughout the land."

"We must now," observed M'Auliff, rising up, "do personal honour to the noble guests within our walls. Fill your goblets and stand up."

At this moment the drinking cups were all filled by waiters with a beverage which was then rarely used in the country, except upon extraordinary occasions. This was wine and brandy mixed together, a favourite drink amongst the Irish chieftains.

"Drink to the illustrious guests at the head of the table, who honour us this day by their presence," said Clanawly, raising his goblet high and draining it, in which he was followed by all the officers, both domestic and strange, who were assembled in the hall facing the generals.

The earls arose and returned the great compliment by drinking to all below them. Tyrone attempted to express his gratitude; but in that he was prevented by the acclamations of all, which was succeeded by a burst of melody, that filled the vaulted ceiling of the great hall. His frequent endeavours to render himself audible were in vain; and he had to speak aloud to O'Donnell the opinion which he entertained of his reception in the house of M'Auliff.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

Languages are useful to men of all conditions, and they equally open to them the entrance either to the most profound or the most easy and entertaining parts of learning.

## THE CONFESSION; OR, THE PARRICIDE.

"TALK not to me, venerable father, of forgiveness!" exclaimed a wretched criminal to his confessor, who, on the eve of his execution, was exhorting him to repentance, "the crimes, the atrocious crimes which I have committed completely shut me out from that mercy which a just God, as you term him, may feel disposed to exhibit towards me."

"My son," replied the confessor, "God is merciful to those who turn to him even at the eleventh hour. Do not, therefore, despair."

"Father, his mercy can never be displayed towards me."

"Why not, my son?"

"Because, from my earliest boyhood to the present moment, my life has been one continued scene of wickedness. But how could it be otherwise? Offspring of an illicit passion—child of the most squalid wretchedness—born in a miserable hovel, through the roof of which the rains of Heaven poured in torrents, and deluged the very bed upon which my almost famished mother was lying,—nurtured upon the refuse of the streets, which the very dogs had turned from with disgust, and sometimes even whole days have elapsed without my tasting a morsel of food,—spurned with contempt in my infancy, and beaten in my childhood, till my body has been one mass of bruises, is it wonderful that the miserable privations and treatment which I have endured should have laid the foundation of that hatred to my species which has induced me to pursue them with the most determined vengeance, and should have called forth these atrocious features of my character at which humanity herself must shudder?"

"What were the sufferings, my son, to which you allude, which have made you so reckless?"

"I will endeavour to explain them. Before I was ten years of age, I found myself an isolated, friendless being, in a wide and heartless world."

"You said you had a mother."

"True; but she was torn from my arms to undergo upon a scaffold the same ignominious death which I am about to suffer."

"What was her crime?"

"Poverty."

"There must have been some other cause."

"In the world's opinion her sentence was just. Listen—I will detail her crime. We had not tasted food for two days, and were almost dying of hunger. Her own sufferings she would probably have borne with patience, but the agony of her starving boy was too much for the maternal heart. Unable to relieve my wants, and anxious to preserve my life, she committed a petty theft, which was proved against her. She was poor—miserably poor—and being unable to give a satisfactory account of how she gained her living, her previous habits were represented as depraved; consequently justice would show no mercy to the wretched outcast, and she died ignominiously upon the scaffold."

"So terrible a death for so paltry a crime was surely a judicial murder."

"It was, indeed. Young as I was I felt the sad bereavement; for bad as the world esteemed her, she had always been to me most kind and gentle. Though her bitter injuries would sometimes cause her to return the world's frown with the scorn it merited, yet for me a sweet and heavenly smile would light up her care-worn features, and her every action proved her love. God of Heaven! what has she not suffered for my sake? For days and nights no food of any kind had passed her lips, because what little she had been able to procure should be reserved for me. Yet she was taken from me. I mingled with the crowd who went to see her execution, and when she died, I was so near the scaffold, that I was sprinkled with the blood which gushed from her headless body. She had seen me, and had blessed me, and that blessing was all she uttered. In another instant her soul was in eternity."

"Unfortunate woman!"

"She was, indeed, and died unpitied. Amid the vast assemblage who came to witness my poor mother's death, not a single tear was shed in pity for her fate. Her orphan son was her only mourner."

"But were you not made an object of compassion?"

"No! I sat weeping on the steps of the scaffold, from which my mother's blood was flowing, but no pitying eye regarded me, and the brutal executioner, professing to be annoyed at my grief, thrust me away, with blows and curses."

"Inhuman man!"

"Oh, I could have stabbed the villain to the heart; but I was helpless. But from that instant the most unmitigated hatred of my species took possession of my soul, and with my mother's blood upon my brow, I silently vowed never more to show mercy to living mortal."

"That was an unholy vow, my son; I hope you have not kept it."

"Most sacredly."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"It is not in my nature to forgive."



"Now, then, can you expect forgiveness from above?"

"I do not expect it. But, father, hear me out, and you will then better be able to judge what chance I have of obtaining the Divine mercy."

"Alas, I fear but little. But what did you do upon your mother's death?"

"I hurried to the mountains of the Abruzzi, where I knew that reckless men abided, and in their society I lived till years of manhood gave me strength to revenge my wrongs. Many a murder and many an act of sacrifice have I assisted to perpetrate. Beauty has wept unheeded before me, and innocence has solicited in vain my mercy. Upon the craggy rocks, and in the face of Heaven, have I helped to despoil the beauteous maiden of that treasure which virtue prizes more than life; and when each member of our troop had satiated his brutal lust upon the young and gentle creature, we have remorselessly hurled her from the steep crag into the abyss below, and left her there a prey to vultures."

"Inhuman monsters!"

"Even the prayer of childhood has been passed unheeded by, and when the trembling innocent has held aloft his little arms to sue for mercy, with my dagger I have pierced the infant's heart, and left his mangled body to blanch upon the rocks."

"Savage barbarians!" exclaimed the indignant confessor.

"I hate mankind," was the stern rejoinder. "Travellers have died by my hand, and holy monks have not been spared. Reckless of human life, and thirsting for blood, had you, venerable father, crossed my path, you would not have been here to receive my last confession. And yet you have whispered to me words of mercy and forgiveness. Mercy to me whose trade was blood! Forgiveness to him who delighted in murder! Mercy, indeed! Go preach it to the blustering winds; and if, when in their wildest fury, they pause to listen, and at your command cease their destroying power, then will I begin to hope that my hellish crimes may yet be pardoned by Him whose chief attribute is justice. Mercy and forgiveness! Yes, such as I displayed when, with my brave band, I stormed the Castle of Berlindo,—you must have heard of it—every soul within it—man, woman, and child, I put to the sword, and burned the castle to the ground."

"Was that indeed your hellish work?"

"It was, and I glory in the deed. But listen, old man, I have yet another incident to mention, which will further damn my soul."

"Misguided man, proceed."

"The mercy which I expect from Heaven," continued the criminal, "will be such as the monks of St. Bertrand experienced from me when, having set the thick forest around the monastery on fire, I ordered my companions to cast each trembling monk into the vivid flames, and when the wretched, tortured creatures attempted to escape, we fiercely pushed them back again with our pointed pikes."

"Horrible!" ejaculated the confessor.

"And yet," replied the criminal, "you bid me hope for mercy. Can a just God pardon a wretch like me? Impossible! It is mere mockery to think he will. The mercy that I have shown to my species is what Heaven has reserved for me, and I neither sue for nor wish for any other."

"Pierce and abandoned man," rejoined the holy father, "I pity your past misfortunes, and must compassionate the fate of your wretched parent. But even these provocations do not excuse your numerous atrocities. Why did you treat the devout inmates of St. Bertrand with such barbarous cruelty?"

"Because they inveigled one of my comrades into their monastery, and delivered him up to the officers of justice."

"But he was a murderer."

"Which made him the more valued by our fraternity."

"This is indeed horrible."

"Among murderers, holy father, the most atrocious are the most respected."

"And infamy is allowed to assume the place of virtue?"

"Exactly so."

"Dreadful! What induced your ferocious attack upon the Castle of Berlindo?"

"That was my proposal."

"For what reason?"

"I had vowed to take the life of the proud baron."

"Why did you make such an unholy vow?"

"He was my greatest enemy."

"Your greatest enemy?"

"Yes; to him I attribute my misfortunes."

"Explain yourself."

"By his vile arts my mother was seduced from virtue."

"Your mother?"

"Yes; and by him abandoned to infamy."

"What was her name?"

"Charlotte di Venay. But why do you question me so strictly on these points?"

"I have a reason. Were you the offspring of that intimacy?"

"I was."

"Merciful Heaven! then you are my son."

"Your son?"

"Yes, I am the Baron Berlindo."

"You?—impossible."

"It is, alas! too true. Your mother lived as a domestic in my family, and I seduced her."

"And turned her penniless upon a wide and heartless world."

"I did, indeed; but bitterly have I repented of the act."

"Your repentance is but a poor compensation for my poor mother's ignominious death. Pray, how did you escape at the destruction of your castle?"

"By a secret passage."

"You, then, escaped me?"

"I did."

"And how have you borne your troubles?"

"For a time the loss of my dear wife and children made me almost mad; but, by degrees, my grief subsiding, I became disgusted with the world, and retired from its cares into a monastery."

"Then you have experienced anguish?"

"Most intense, and at this moment more particularly. Alas! little did I imagine that my own son was made by God his instrument of punishment."

"It must seem strange to you; but my poor mother having early informed me of your affinity to me, I determined to punish your infamous treachery, or perish in the attempt. Her dreadful sufferings and cruel death had thoroughly aroused my vengeance, and I registered an oath in Heaven sooner or later to take your life."

"But such an oath you surely never mean to keep?"

"My oath shall be fulfilled, though all hell should rise in your defence."

"What mean you?"

"Hark! My mother's voice comes rising on the breeze, and urges me to revenge her death. Priest, you escaped me once, but now it is impossible. With your blood upon my soul, and you in my company, my every wish has been accomplished, and I can enter hell in triumph."

With a furious bound the criminal leaped upon the trembling confessor, and clutching his hands tightly round his neck, and bearing him to the earth with his weight, ere the gaolers who had been alarmed by the scuffle could arrive to the rescue, the priest was strangled by the hands of his fierce and bloodthirsty son.

Every person in the city was filled with horror at this atrocious and unheard-of crime, (for the most hardened criminals respect the priestly office) and on its being announced to the authorities, a scaffold was instantly ordered to be erected, and within an hour from the commission of his new crime, the murderer was brought out amid the hoosings and revellings of the assembled spectators, and fearlessly placing his neck upon the fatal block, in an instant he was a decapitated corpse.

The wretch died as he had lived, glorying in his crimes, and cursing and execrating his species, and even when the discoloured head rolled upon the scaffold, the passions of scorn and hatred were so strongly marked upon his features, as to make his countenance appear truly hideous.

**A FAITHFUL PORTRAIT.**—A French actor, accustomed to perform the part of Achilles, wished to have his portrait taken, and desiring it might be in that character, stipulating to give the painter forty crowns for his work. This son of Melpomene had been a journeyman carpenter, and the painter, who was informed he was a bad payer, after, thought proper to devise a mode of being revenged, should Achilles play him any trick; he, therefore, painted the figure in oil, the shield executed, which was in distemper. The likeness was acknowledged to be great; but the actor, that he might pay as little as possible, pretended to find many faults, and declared he would pay only half the sum agreed upon.—"Well," said the painter, "I must be content; however, I will give you a secret for making the colours more brilliant. Take a sponge, dip it in vinegar, and pass it over the picture several times." The actor thanked him for this advice, applied the sponge, washed away the shield of Achilles, and, instead of that hero, beheld a carpenter holding a saw.

Pause before you so low example. A mule laden with salt and an ass laden with wool, went over a brook together. By chance the mule's pack became wetted, the salt melted, and his burden became lighter. After they had passed the mule told his good fortune to the ass, who thinking to speed as well, wetted his pack at the next water, but his load became the heavier, and he broke down under it. That which helps one man may hinder another.



## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XXXI.

THE EVENING.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE DIAMOND-MERCHANT.

If ever poor Robert Leighton—for poor he was, indeed—felt the horrors of dependence upon a villain who, having once induced him to commence the downward career of crime, compelled him to advance still farther, it was now. All that had hitherto taken place appeared faint and light in comparison to what was now proposed. His former acts of iniquity, his crimes against property were a very different aspect when contrasted with the more awful act which had been so deliberately proposed by Scalvoni, and from the dreadful commission of which the wretched Leighton saw no means of escape.

Terror took possession of all his faculties, and when Scalvoni had left him, and he felt himself alone, a deathlike paleness came over him, and he trembled like one at the point of death, and suffering all the pangs of a gradual suspension of the powers of existence.

Oh, how fatally—how awfully came the dreadful truth across his agonised mind, now that one step in crime was but the precursor of a thousand others, each one of which led the shrinking soul deeper and deeper into that horrible abyss from whence there was, alas! no redemption.

"Has it come to this?" he groaned—"oh, God! has it come to this? Have I commenced by attacking merely man's gold—that shining heap which they can well spare—the loss of which may give them a temporary pang, but no more—to end by attacking human life, that gift of God which when once by man taken can never be restored? And yet what means of escape have I? What awful pictures present themselves to my imagination: on the one hand I see a scaffold, and see the crowd assembled to amuse themselves with my dying agonies; to make comments upon the convulsive throes which precede my death by a means as horrible as it is full of degradation and disgrace. To be hanged like a dog! to make a holiday for the thousands who gloat over such exhibitions; with all the cold, hideous formality of law, to be brought out to die—and such a death! yes, I see it all in my mind's eye—'tis horribly depicted with frightful accuracy!"

He groaned aloud as he gave utterance to these fevered imaginings, and a cold perspiration bedewed his frame, standing in heavy drops upon his brow, while a change came over his countenance during those awful moments of agonised reflection, which never wholly left him; such a change as ten years of calm living, with the mind in a state of serenity, could scarcely have effected upon any human being. Alas! it is the mind which wears out the human frame more than the bodily wear and tear, and Robert Leighton, in consequence of the anxieties he had gone through for the last three years, had added to his appearance at least twenty.

He had not the courage to face the dreadful consequences of a refusal to coincide with Scalvoni in his view of the necessities of the case. Suspicion once awakened with regard to the forgeries which had been carried into execution, he had always known must lead to such inquiry as would involve detection. Then, of course, would come the anger which moneyed people always have at being over-reached in such a way, and then the police—the committal—the trial—and an execution!

"And is there no escape from all this but by murder!" he muttered. "Oh, horror! horror! Must I be haunted for ever by the recollection of a deed which will be with all its revolting details ever present to my imagination? What resources have I? what can I do to escape? I may, perchance, be able so fly from here, and to leave Scalvoni to bear the brunt of all this matter by himself—but where are my resources? True, I might draw a check upon the banker for a large sum; but, doubtless, by this time, Scalvoni has taken care that he shall have early information of any such fact, and he would then interfere to prevent me from availing myself of the money so obtained. I am convinced he watches me—I am quite sure that my minutest actions are objects of his jealous scrutiny."

The merchant was quite right in this supposition, for Scalvoni had adopted a system of espionage as regarded Leighton, which had been manifest on more than one occasion. There was not a single chance of extrication from his embarrassing and dependent position, which Scalvoni had not calculated as well as he, Leighton, could possibly do, and which he had not effectually guarded against.

Then there was another resource—a resource which had often presented itself to the mind of the unhappy man—a resource which he had shuddered to think of, but which often in his hours of privacy he

thought he should be compelled to adopt—that was suicide. He always hugged himself in the opinion that he could escape the evils of existence by taking his own life, and now he held a horrible debate with himself whether it was not a much less crime in the eyes of Heaven to take his own life than that of another person.

Such persons though, as Robert Leighton, seldom or ever commit suicide. He had not energy of character for such an act, and he was one of those men who were much more likely to commit a hundred crimes of the blackest dye to save themselves from the consequences of one, than at once put an end to the accumulation of mental horrors they were enduring by removing from the stage of life by the instrumentality of their own hands.

It is strange that we should find the greatest clinging to life among those persons who have embittered existence by their crimes. We find it too among persons who have no serious or proper notions of a hereafter whatever. Those who have committed murders attended with painful and atrocious circumstances, are always the most tenacious of existence, and the most terrified at any personal pain. We sometimes have found suicides among innocent people, unjustly condemned to suffer death, but very rarely is such a thing attempted by the real criminal, whose acknowledged undoubted guilt has made him amenable to his country's laws.

Robert Leighton, as may be supposed, was totally unfit the whole of that day for business. He could see no one; and, indeed, Scalvoni, when he saw the state of dreadful nervous agitation he was in, advised him not to attempt the transaction of any business, although he accompanied the advice by some terrible oaths with regard to his weakness and folly.

"Leighton," he said, "you are one of those men who are ready and willing enough to reap all the advantages of guilty and criminal actions, but you have not courage to sow the seed from which you expect the harvest. 'Tis time that you should take a more active part in the career we have commenced, and from which now we cannot finish."

"Oh! would we could—would we could," groaned Leighton. "So say not I," responded Scalvoni. "There is something amusing in making these clever moneyed men around us our dupes. I enjoy the affair in progress as much as I do its ultimate results."

"But reflect, Scalvoni—what a horrible ultimate result we are coming to."

"What do you mean?"

"Can you ask me?"

"Ay, surely."

"Then you are a man among millions. Since you made the suggestion to me, which I have never been able to banish one moment from my memory, I have been enduring torments equal to those of the damned. Oh! Scalvoni, Scalvoni—think again. You are fertile in expedients. Think again, and suggest some mode less horrible than murder to rescue us from the difficulties that now surround us."

"Pshaw! You ever allow your imagination to get the better of you reason."

"Reason! gracious Heaven! can you talk to me of imaginary evil when so many real ones oppress me? Is it a mere matter of imagination to be called upon to commit a deliberate murder?"

"Robert Leighton, once for all, hear me," said Scalvoni, "there is no other resource. The suspicions—ay, more than the suspicions of this Jew diamond merchant are aroused, or he never would have written to us upon the subject. Either you or he must become the victim of the circumstances that have arisen."

"You do not mention yourself, Scalvoni."

"No. Because I have taken measures to save myself. Do you think I have been so foolish as entirely to involve myself in any destruction that might overtake you? No, Leighton, I should escape harmless. It is for your sake the Jew must die."

Leighton wrung his hands, and made no reply, and before Scalvoni could add anything to his last remarks, a clerk brought in a letter. Leighton trembled too much to be able to open it, although it was addressed to him, and he handed it to Scalvoni, saying—

"Read it for me—I have no secrets from you."

"And if you had," said Scalvoni, with one of his hideous contortions of countenance, "I would soon find them out, you may depend."

The note was opened, and Scalvoni read aloud—

"Mr. Goldsmid Lyons presents his compliments to Mr. Leighton, and will attend to the appointment he has had the kindness to make, and the hour named, when he hopes that some arrangement will be entered into, that will prevent unpleasant consequences, as Goldsmid is determined he will not be a loser by the transactions mentioned in his former note."

"There, you see," remarked Scalvoni, upon reading this epistle, "you quite understand the threatening character of this epistle. The Jew willing to compromise the matter upon being paid in full."

"But we cannot do it."



"Yes, we can."

"Indeed!"

"Ay, indeed, and he shall give us a receipt in his own blood."

Leighton shuddered, for now he understood the meaning of his diabolical associate, and he said no more.

There was a pause of some seconds, during which Scalvoni regarded him with a fiend-like smile, and then he said,—

"Leighton, have you thought of the means by which the Jew can be silenced, and name the particular mode of operation to ensure such a result?"

"No, no—good God no!"

"Then I have."

Leighton looked at him inquiringly, and Scalvoni, after going to the door to ascertain that no one was listening, continued in a low voice,—

"He shall be poisoned. It is easy and safe. We will first ascertain from him all that he suspects by an affectation of candour on our parts, which we can well afford to assume, inasmuch he will never have an opportunity of taking any advantage of it; and then, having made an arrangement with him, in which, with a fear of consequences, we will consent to every extortion he chooses to practise upon us, we will offer him refreshments."

"Yes, yes," gasped Leighton; "go on."

"We will give him wine, and he will doubtless drink. If he take but one glass he is a dead man."

"What—what poison do you intend to get?"

"Something to kill rats," said Scalvoni, with a smile.

"Can you laugh?"

"Yes, to be sure. But I should really not have troubled you with these details about the poison, were it not that I require your assistance in procuring it."

"My assistance? surely I may be spared that?"

"Not at all—chemists are always suspicious about selling arsenic, and we shall have to go to a number of shops in order to get a sufficient quantity. The way to do is to ask for a small quantity at each—be most particular in having very little, because so many sad accidents have happened by its being laid incautiously about. But these numerous small quantities will make a good sized packet."

Leighton groaned, and Scalvoni continued quite composedly,—

"You must take one part of the town and I another you know, and in the course of a few hours we shall be able to collect a tolerable quantity. There is now no time to be lost, so let us be off about it at once."

"But—"

"Robert Leighton, I will listen to no excuse."

"I cannot—I cannot—"

"You must and shall—if you refuse I will leave you to your fate."

"You hector over me, Scalvoni," said Leighton, roused to something like anger; "but you must be aware that I could, by compromising myself, likewise compromise you, and cause your instant apprehension."

"I know it, but there is a reason why you will do no such thing."

"What reason?"

"Why, in fact, there are several. In the first place you have not courage to submit to being hung yourself, in order to have the chance of hanging me. In the second place, you suspect, and you may do so with good reason, that I should get off, while you alone as the principal of the firm, would undergo the last penalty of the law. You have no evidence against me as you know, and there is ample against you. Remember how I managed my letters, and believe that the same tact which got the better of you there, could in all other matters."

"Scalvoni, you are more a devil than a man."

"Why, I flatter myself that I am. So now come on, and let us be active and stirring about this poison. What a thousand pities it would be, were our friend, the diamond merchant, to come and we unable to give him a proper reception. Remember you must be cool and calm when you ask for the arsenic, and I think if you manage to get about four packages, you may consider you have done enough. Come—come at once."

With trembling steps the miserable man followed his arch tempter into the city, where they separated to go on different routes in pursuit of the poison.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE EVENING.—THE ARRIVAL.—THE STRANGE CONFERENCE.

THE job which Scalvoni had given Robert Leighton to do, namely, the procuring the poison, would at first sight appear an unjudicious step on the part of that consummate villain, because Leighton's extreme nervousness and terrified looks, were amply sufficient to create suspicions with regard to his purpose. Scalvoni fully considered all that, but then he could not make up his mind to forego the opportunity of committing Leighton as deeply as possible in the murder, so he wished to have it in his power, at any time he chose, to taunt him with the fact

of how much evidence there was against him, and how little against him, Scalvoni.

When he left Robert Leighton in the city, he only walked on until he was sure that he was out of sight of his victim, and then he turned to retrace his steps, for he meant not to trouble himself about procuring arsenic to poison the Jew. In fact, he had poison sufficient already in his possession for such a purpose in case Leighton should fail, therefore he stole back again to the warehouses, leaving his wretched dupe to proceed on his nervous and uncomfortable errand.

It was some time before Leighton could gather courage to enter a chemist's shop to ask for the poison, but the strong necessity of doing so stared him in the face, and he had so great a dread of Scalvoni, that he dared not disobey his orders. At length, with a feeling of desperation, he walked into a large respectable druggist's, and addressing a young man behind the counter, he said—

"Do you sell arsenic?"

"Very rarely," was the reply; "and then only to people we know."

"Oh, indeed, I have a house infested with rats, and want a very small quantity."

"We cannot serve you, sir."

Leighton left the shop, but he did not feel so nervous as he had been. The ice was broken now, and he thought to himself as he paused opposite to the window of another chemist,—

"They can but refuse me—it is no penal action to attempt the purchase of arsenic. They can but refuse me."

He, however, having more courage, adopted on his second application a different plan. He walked more boldly into the shop and at once said—

"Can you let me have so small a portion of arsenic, that after I have used some to destroy rats, there will be so little left as to be scarcely dangerous? My house is quite infested with vermin, and, with great reluctance, I have brought myself to think of poisoning them with arsenic."

The chemist hesitated for a moment, and then said,—

"We are not usually in the habit of selling arsenic even in the smallest quantities to strangers."

"You may do so to me with safety, I assure you. I have too great a dread of any accident arising, to be at all careless of my use of it."

"Well, I don't know, sir, that I need refuse you a small quantity."

"Thank you."

The chemist made up a little packet, on which he carefully pasted a label, with the word Poison on it.

So far, then, was Leighton successful; but among twelve or fourteen chemists, upon whom he called, he only succeeded in getting three small parcels of arsenic. Weary and exhausted, then, in both body and mind, he returned, just as the evening began to close in, to the warehouses, hoping to evade any reproaches from Scalvoni, by recounting to him the great difficulty he had had in procuring even so much poison as he had brought with him.

To add to his discomfort, too, as he neared his warehouses, a most tempestuous night set in, and he found it difficult to contend against the tremendous gale of wind that blew fiercely from the north east. The river presented an universal scene of commotion and bustle; the quiet water being by the storm that raged around lashed into a complete foam, while scarcely any objects could be discerned from one bank to the other, in consequence of the frequent deluges of heavy rain.

The wind blew steadily, but with great strength, and unlike the gusts we meet with in town it scarce ever left off, but continued to blow in one stream; the rain which fell heavily came in diagonal lines to the earth, through the agency of the wind, which made it so much the more uncomfortable.

The scene was one of extreme discomfort; nothing could be seen but rain and an occasional fall of sleet, which came with great severity; then again the sleet would be seconded by snow, and then again that would disappear, and all would sink into a quiet but heavy rain.

The appearance of the heavens was heavy, and obscured by dark and leaden coloured clouds that met the eye, turn which way you would; and then was heard the dull pattering of the rain, as it came down against the sides and fronts of the half wooden tenements that are built by the water side.

The river presented, where it could be seen, but a dull mass of heavy rain, which raised upon the surface of the water innumerable specks and bubbles, almost rendering any one dizzy who gazed on it.

The boats that were moored at various parts of the river, the ships, and other craft, presented but a melancholy spectacle, the water running over the decks, while they presented a most miserable and deserted appearance.

Many were moored, and their tarpaulins stretched over their decks to preserve their cargoes from the effects of the weather; and, in some of the smaller boats, the crews had quitted them, and were ashore; and those which were compelled to remain, were below the decks, snug, and avoided the weather as much as possible.



Now that darkness was fast spreading over the earth, all objects became more and more indistinct; objects gradually faded from the sight, and all that could be heard was the howling of the wind, with the rushing of the water, the splash, and the sullen roar of the mingled sound of the various elements in commotion, made the vicinity dismal and melancholy.

No souls could be discerned on the banks of the Thames; the river appeared deserted; Heaven and earth were one dull and hurried spectacle.

Such an evening had not been witnessed for a long time; and few remembered the howling of the wind to have been so intense, the rain so heavy, and the night so dark.

Few indeed could have weathered such a night. An open boat would have had no chance on the Thames that night. The water leaped and rushed onwards in tumultuous eddies, while the heavy waves beat against the shore, sending a long ridge of white foam curling along its extreme edge, as it met with the resistance to its progress.

The bosom of the river appeared to be one mass of white foam and angry waves; the water meeting the wind, which blowing from the north-east, met the water across its course, as it flowed towards the sea, while ever and anon a sudden gust of wind would sweep the white crests off the waves, filling the air with a still heavier atmosphere.

Indeed, it was such a night as is seldom witnessed. Earth, sky, and water were alike agitated; and Leighton could not help tracing some affinity between the elemental strife and the war of feelings in his own breast.

It was in the midst of this terrible commotion of the elements that, wet and weary, Robert Leighton, the much-envied, wealthy merchant, succeeded in inducing a waterman to row him across the river—a feat which was accomplished at great personal risk. Happy would it have been for Leighton had he that night found a grave in the bed of the Thames. But a much more fearful destiny awaited him, and he had to struggle through many fearful difficulties, heart-rending disappointments, and to feel all the agony of a disturbed conscience for some years, before the portals of the grave opened to receive him.

Still he trembled, while in the boat, like a child, lest he should be lost in the rapid stream that flowed by in stormy haste. He was not prepared to die. No—not even had he been assured that the grave was a place of oblivion of all sorrows, could he have said, "Let me seek peace in its cold embrace."

Darkness had now fairly set in, and a deep silence reigned within the warehouses and on the wharfs, which belonged nominally to Robert Leighton. There was but one light visible, and that was from the window of Scalvoni's private office. Thither Leighton immediately repaired, and making his way as well as he could through the rain, which still descended in torrents, he got under shelter of the building by opening a door with a key which he always carried about him.

The door of Scalvoni's room was only upon the latch, and Leighton entered it without being observed by its vicious occupant.

The raging of the wind prevented Scalvoni hearing him, but scarcely had Leighton advanced two steps, when he became conscious of his presence, and turning with the rapidity of a tiger's spring, he confronted him, exclaiming loudly,—

"Who's there?—who's there? Oh, it is you! I did not hear you, Leighton. You are late."

"The storm detained me."

"Ay, truly, there is something of a storm here, to be sure. Well, have you been successful?"

"To some extent. I have three packages."

"Only three!"

"I could get no more."

"Well, well; no doubt you did the best you could, and we must be content. What is that?"

"I—I thought I heard a knocking."

"Yes; some one is at the outer door. It must be the Jew. He is punctual. Do you admit him while I manage the wine. I will be with you in a few moments. There, again—how loud he knocks! He would not be so impatient, Leighton, if he knew the fate that awaited him."

(To be continued in our next.)

**CHARLES II.**—There is a curious trait in the personal character of Charles II. "He took delight," says Mr. Evelyn, "in having a number of little spaniels follow him, and lie down in the bedchamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy, and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole court nasty and stinking."

**A CHEERFUL GLASS.**—On the proclamation of James II., in the market-place of Bromley, by the Sheriff of Kent, the Commander of the Kentish Troop, two of the King's trumpeters, and other officers, they drank the King's health in a pint glass of a yard long.

## THE CLOSING DAY.

Fast sinks the glorious orb behind the hill,  
Blue top'd, and fringed with ruddy threads of gold;  
Each nodding tree, and shrub, and purling rill,  
Seem dropping off to rest, since day hath roll'd  
His sparkling mantle o'er his ruddy breast,  
That night her secret curtain may unfold  
To shroud the ruby temple of the west  
With her cloud pageant in the ether cold.  
Sweet breathes the vesper tune along the grove,  
The warblers hymn to lull the day to rest,  
While answering burns the mirror'd fire above,  
Like heaven's serene and angel-burnish'd crest.  
The shadows deepen still—light's last faint ray hath flown,  
And Night, star-spangled queen, upmounts her sable throne.

T. E.—s.

**A DUELLIST.**—The remembrance of some acts of our life may be obliterated by time; but the feeling of remorse which accompanies the recollection of having deprived a fellow-creature of existence remains as an indelible stain on the conscience. Much of this sort of feeling seems to have overshadowed the well-known Captain Best, the antagonist of Lord Camelford. The duel was forced upon him. An abandoned woman promoted it, and Lord Camelford, before he went to the ground, told his second that he was conscious he himself was in the wrong, that Best was a man of honour, but he could not bring himself to retract words which he had once used. He fell at once the aggressor, and the sufferer; but Captain Best was never his own man afterwards; he died at the early age of forty-eight, at a boarding-house called "The Blanquets," near Worcester. Sorrow and remorse had done on him the work of years. In his closing hours he is said to have told those who were in his confidence, that the recollection of that duel, and its results, had embittered every moment of his life; that the whole scene was as fresh in his memory as if it had happened yesterday, and that there were times when Lord Camelford seemed to stand before him and gaze on him with an earnestness and tenacity that rendered life a burden. In consequence of some embarrassment, he was for some time within the rules of the King's Bench. In his domestic arrangements, too, he was unfortunate. His marriage proved disastrous, and was dissolved by act of Parliament; but he once and again declared that every sorrow would have sat lightly on him, could he but have succeeded in wiping the stain of homicide from his brow.

**ALBERT CUYP, THE PAINTER.**—Though Cuyp, or Kuyp, is reckoned among the cattle painters, all kinds of which he represented with equal truth and felicity, he likewise painted landscape, properly so called, and sea pieces. He excelled in everything that he attempted; and yet it is remarkable that he has been comparatively little known abroad. Scarcely anything is known of the circumstances of his life—even of the year of his death we can find no record. Kuyp's works are so low in value, that a beautiful picture of his, for which Sir R. Peel paid 350 guineas, was bought at Horn, in Holland, some years ago, for one shilling English. He is a great favourite in England, and it is here that his works are found—chiefly in the National, Bridgewater, Grosvenor, and Dulwich galleries; in the collection of Sir R. Peel, Lord Yarborough, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Bute, his late Majesty George IV., and the late Sir Abraham Hume.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed (post-paid) to the Editor will meet with immediate attention.

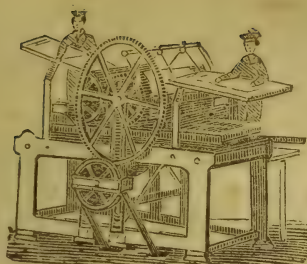
**H. J. CHURCH.**—We are obliged by your remittances. Would that all our correspondents were as reasonable, patient, and accommodating. J. B. Gogos shall be indulged in his whim, if such he will persist in calling it. "The Governors" shall appear in No. 26 of the JOURNAL. "Jarvey Cocktail," though rather a hackneyed subject, is very fair, and shall receive insertion when we know the author's intention, and the extent to which he means to carry it.

"Turkish Revenge" is accepted. As the author has not directed it to any particular journal, we shall take the liberty of using it for this MISCELLANY.

Declined with thanks.—"The Pilgrim's Curse;" "I'll Pray for Thee;" "Haste to the Mountain Side;" and "Ode to Death" Accepted.—"Address to the Ocean;" "Ade a;" "Agnes D'Almain;" "Bill White's Courtship;" "Ernest Unknown;" Various Pieces, by W. A. B.; and "The Deserted One."



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF  
ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## AGATHE THORNTON; OR, THE DESERTED ONE.

THE night was dark; the rain, driven by the wind, beat with violence against the window of a small back room of a mean house in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden. Near a small table, on which was a miserable light, sat a pale and delicate female. Sorrow was traced deeply in every lineament of her features, and from time to time she started with nervous fear as the fitful gusts of wind and sleet beat against the casement.

The flickering light before her now began to expire in the socket, and as it did so, her needle moved with threefold rapidity to complete the task she was about by a given time. At length the flame expired, leaving her in total darkness, and at the same time the sound of footsteps on the stairs terrified her beyond her power to combat with.

"Open the door," said a coarse voice upon the landing.

"Coming," replied the female, in a small, trembling voice, and immediately unlocked the door, the handle of which she could not find for some time, being in the dark.

Again the knuckles of a man beat hastily against the door, and the next moment entered, followed by a female, who bore a candlestick surmounted by a small lamp.

"Now, young woman," said the landlord, in a harsh tone, "are you ready with the money?"

"I am not, sir," replied the trembling Agathe. "I should have finished my work by eight to-night, but my light suddenly expired, and I have been unable to complete my task. To-morrow morning, however, I will pay you a portion of what I owe you."

"A portion, indeed!" said Rawlings, the landlord. "I must have all or none."

"Yes, to be sure we must," joined in his wife; "or else how are we to keep a home over us?"

"I cannot pay you all," replied Agathe, trembling from head to foot.

"Then you'll just please to walk into the street and find a lodging."

"As a better woman than she has done," rejoined Mrs. Rawlings.

"No—no," said Agathe; "surely you will not —"

"Be played the fool with," continued Rawlings. "No—no."

"I cannot, indeed I cannot pay you," said Agathe. "Wait but till to-morrow."

"Oh, we've heard that story afore. Will you, or won't you pay?"

"Allow me to remain here but till the morning," said the agonized girl, "and I will give you every penny it is in my power."

"Why don't you try your friends, young woman? I am sure such a good-looking one as you would get some one to lend it you."

"Friends—friends!" exclaimed Agathe, distressed; but here a burst of tears choked her utterance.

"Don't stand there snivelling," said the diabolical Mrs. Rawlings; "but go and try them."

"It is useless—quite useless," sobbed Agathe; "and at this late hour, too."

"Bless us!" said Mrs. Rawlings; "I wonder how people that cannot afford to pay their rent can afford to be so very modest."

"Oh, she's none too modest, I'll be bound," replied the landlord.

"It is useless thus to torment me," stammered Agathe. "There is but one individual in the world to whom I could apply, who is many miles distant."

"Oh, a walk will only do you good, and raise your spirits," rejoined the brutalized Rawlings, who seemed dead to every feeling of humanity.

Scarcely knowing what she did, Agathe wrapped around her the remnant of a cloak, and with a heavy heart descended the stairs.

"Now I believe you have something of a principle," said the landlord; "and if you only bring us five shillings, we'll not turn you out."

Agathe spoke not, but hastily descended the narrow stairs. In a few minutes the door of the humble dwelling was closed upon her.

"God of goodness and mercy! what a change," cried she, as she turned the corner of a street—"what a change is this. To what misery have I driven myself by my own thoughtlessness. A few months since I was happy and virtuous, the pride of my parents; now—now I am lost and degraded."

Here the poor girl again wept loudly, and as a host of sad and pleasing recollections mingled in her mind, unconsciously she stood still buried in reflection.

"Poor thing," said a person, in a kindly voice; "are you not well?" For the moment startled, Agathe turned to ascertain from whence the voice proceeded.

"And in tears, too. I hope nothing has happened?" said the speaker, a woman of matronly appearance.

"Oh, I am sad—very sad," said Agathe, in a piteous tone.

"Poor young thing," replied the stranger. "I regret I have not time to listen to your woes; but is it the want of money that occasions your distress?"

"Much indeed is it heightened by it," replied Agathe.

"Well—well, do not weep. I can render you assistance."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Agathe.

"Follow me quickly to the end of this street," said the female.

"The prayers of this sorrowing heart shall bless you for your kindness," replied Agathe, as she followed the footsteps of the stranger.

The latter now stopped beneath the dark portico of a noble mansion.

"My dear young woman," said she to Agathe, "I am housekeeper to Lady Lovel, who has just returned unexpectedly from the continent. I have many purchases to make, and as you appear to be distressed, I have no objection to pay you handsomely if you will step into the haberdasher's and purchase for me eleven yards of Valenciennes lace at two shillings per yard."

The thought of reward drowned every other in the mind of the unsuspecting Agathe.

"This pattern, child," said the stranger, "or anything near to it."

As she said this, she put into the hand of Agathe a ten pound note. Agathe knew not why, but upon taking it she felt an indescribable sensation.

"Will they not object to give change for so large a sum to one so poorly clad as me?"

"Oh, no, don't be alarmed, child; you can easily manage that."

"I do not understand," said Agathe, in surprise.

"Poor thing; you do not seem to know much of the world."

"Alas! I know too much," sighed Agathe.

"Poor thing; but we will talk over your troubles another time," said the stranger.

"How, then, am I to act?" demanded Agathe, gazing at the note.

"If they question you, my dear, you need only tell them you are Lady Lovel's charwoman's daughter; that the lady's-maid has been taken suddenly ill; that she has been a great friend to you, and that you fear she will die."

"Oh, I—I," stammered Agathe, "cannot —"

"Oh, very well," said the female, in an altered tone; "I must give the half-a-guinea to some one else."

"Half-a-guinea!" said Agathe, in surprise; "surely you would not give me half-a-guinea?"



"I should have done so," said the woman, coolly; "my time is worth twice the sum."

Thus saying, she extended her hand for the note.

"Oh, I will endeavour to remember," said Agathe, clutching the note convulsively as she thought of the threats of Rawlings.

"Very well, my dear," said the woman. "After you have made the purchase, you can take a walk and return here to me by the time the clock strikes ten."

Agathe was about to depart, when her companion exclaimed,—

"Be sure to remember that Lady Lovel lives at St. James's square."

Filled with amazement, Agathe promised to comply with her request. She had now entered the shop, and was about to make the purchase, but when she thought of the many falsehoods she should have to utter, it filled her with such terror that it was with much difficulty she could ask for the article she required.

"I fear," said the shopman, "we have not the exact pattern."

"Near it will do," said Agathe; "it is for the lady—the lady —"

"Oh, indeed; then I have an article that will suit her ladyship, I know," said the shopman, who gazed earnestly in the face of Agathe.

"That will do, I have no doubt," said the latter, as she slightly inspected the goods offered her.

The length she required having been cut off, Agathe handed the note in payment.

"I fear you have lost your lover, my dear," said the shopman, softly, as he took the note without inspecting it.

"No," said Agathe, while the crimson blush of conscience rouged her pallid cheek, and continued,— "The lady's-maid, my only friend, I fear is dying."

The shopman was about to make some reply, when he was interrupted by another, termed a gentleman shop-walker, saying,—

"Business—business, Mr. Brown."

"The young woman is served," replied Mr. Brown, as he hastened with the note to the cashier's desk.

"From whom is this ten pound note?" asked the cashier of the shopman.

"Ten—ten!" returned the latter—"oh, it's from—it's from—I have really forgotten; I must inquire."

During his absence, the heart of Agathe swelled high with fear, though she knew not why.

"Lady who, my dear?" said Mr. Brown, returning, and in a familiar tone.

"Lady Lovel," replied Agathe, trembling.

Again Mr. Brown departed, but immediately returned and informed Agathe that she must sign her name at the back.

With trembling hand Agathe took the proffered pen and wrote, "Miss Agathe Thornton."

"Will that do?" said the agitated girl, handing back the note.

"It will be as well if you add the name of your mistress," said the shopman.

Here Agathe was involved in a double difficulty, for the name had entirely left her memory; but while endeavouring to recall it, the shopman, bending forward, said,—

"Have you lived long with Lady Lovel?"

Agathe answered not; but a gleam of joy shot across her features as she traced the last-mentioned name upon the note. Handing it back, she said,—

"Let me intreat of you not to detain me any longer than you can help."

"Why, my dear," said he; "have you any one waiting for you?"

The spirit of the gentle Agathe felt hurt, and she replied,—

"That, sir, cannot concern you."

The shopman, as if electrified by the firmness of her manner, instantly departed, and in a few minutes returned, bringing with him the full change, which Agathe had no sooner obtained than with quick step she sought the spot where she had left the stranger.

"What—what will become of me?" she exclaimed, as she reached the spot. "It is now long past ten, and I have missed the generous being who has trusted me with this money."

"Oh, you are come at last," said a voice

Agathe turned, and, to her surprise, saw the figure of the stranger standing in a doorway.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting long?" said she.

"No—no. I feared, kind stranger, I had detained you."

"I have a letter to deliver here, my dear," said she; "walk on to the end of the street, and I will overtake you."

Agathe did as desired, and in a few minutes was again joined by the female.

"I could not get the exact —"

"Never mind, my dear, it will be sure to suit. Did you obtain the change?"

"I did," said Agathe, handing the change to her companion.

The eyes of the old woman glistened as she exclaimed,—

"Better than I expected"

"What can she mean?" thought Agathe.

The old woman continued,—

"I have no doubt the change is correct. Here is the reward I promised you."

Agathe could scarce credit her senses as the old woman counted into her hand ten shillings.

"Bless you—bless you!" she cried; "this will —"

"Never mind, my dear, you are deserving of it; and this," said she, taking from beneath her cloak a large shawl, "this will keep you from the inclemency of the weather."

"Can this be reality, or do I dream?" thought Agathe.

"Poor girl," said the old woman; "meet me to-morrow, and I will listen to your story."

"Benevolent being!"

"And if money will relieve your trouble, you shall know no more."

Tears of unfeigned joy ran down the face of Agathe, as she replied,

"In return for this, my future life and services are devoted to you."

"Ah, you have been cruelly used, my dear, I see."

"I have—indeed I have," sighed Agathe.

"I can stay no longer, my dear; meet me to-morrow morning at twelve beneath the piazza at Covent-garden." Thus saying, she walked hastily away.

So full of gratitude was the heart of the poor girl, that she could have thrown herself upon the cold ground to breathe a prayer of thanks; but onward she hastened, and breathless she reached the abode of the worthless Rawlings, her landlord.

"Oh, you are honest enough to return," said the latter, as he opened the door to her tremulous knock.

"I have brought you—I have brought you —"

"Money, I hope."

"Yes, money," said the sorrowing girl, throwing the silver on the table.

"Look here, love," said he, turning to his wife, "I told you she was modest only in the daylight."

"Insulting wretch!" cried the injured girl; "do you dare accuse me?"

"Oh, no, my dear; I have no fault to find with you."

"What, then, do you insinuate?"

"Only that I hope you will take another walk in the morning, and fetch the remainder of my rent."

"Mercenary, cruel man!" said Agathe; "I trust I shall be enabled to pay thee for the miserable shelter you afford me."

"Do you hear this, my dear?" said the brute.

"Oh, yes," replied the wife; "she do well to *hact* at Bartelmy fair."

With a bursting heart Agathe again ascended the narrow stairs; and, as she reached the miserable apartment, she threw herself upon the pallet, and, giving vent to her grief in tears, sobbed until the balm restorer had closed her weary lids.

In the morning she rose refreshed, and with a lightened heart finished the task of the preceding night.

"How shall I ever repay the generosity of the being I am about to meet this morning?" said she, folding the three shirts in a small wrapper. "Never—never!" said she; "thirty of these must I have finished before I could have received the sum that generous woman paid me. Oh! what cold and flinty hearts are there in the world! Who would think that the proud, boasting being, man, would bend to live in luxury upon the labour of the poor and oppressed, drink, as it were, their very blood; but yet I am unjust. Are there not beings whose kindness and benevolence in the scale of humanity, whose generous actions far outweigh the hard-heartedness of others? The morning is bitter," continued she; "I will wrap around me the shawl given me by my kind friend, for such I will ever call her." Gazing around, to her surprise she saw it not. "I must have dropped it," said she, "for I well remember I had it when I entered." She then descended, for the purpose of inquiring, when the voice of the landlord met her ear, saying,—

"She must have stolen it!" while the wife replied,—

"Never mind; nobody will think we have it; it will make a capital Sunday shawl for me."

"Mercy—mercy!" ejaculated Agathe; "it must be to me they allude; but, though lost and degraded as I am, God knows I am innocent;" and here, overcome by her feelings, she fell upon the stairs.

"Hollo! what's that?" said the landlord, opening the door to ascertain the noise, while his wife, who always endeavoured to be first in every thing, rushed past him, and exclaimed,—

"Why, if that ain't Miss Thornton; she must have been taking a little too much."

Rawlings advanced, but, seeing the pale features of the fallen girl, said,—



"I tell you she hasn't, fool—she is ill,"

"Well, well, we shall see that," said the wife, as Agathe heaved a deep moan.

"Lift her up!" said Rawlings; "she looks as if she were dying."

"I shouldn't wonder but you're the cause of it; she has heard you say she stole the shawl."

"Curse your long tongue!" replied the husband; "I did not say so."

Here Agatha opened her dim blue eye, and faintly murmured,—  
"You have wronged me, cruelly wronged me!"

Even the flinty heart of Rawlings was moved by this appeal. "Well, well," said he; "don't take on so—perhaps I have—you shall have it back when you pay me."

"Water—a little water!" articulated Agathe, in a faint tone.

"Bring some, Mary," said Rawlings to his wife, "and some gin in it." Agathe, though almost unconscious, shook her head.

"Well, well, water will do," continued Rawlings; "quick—quick!"

Agathe drank feebly of the refreshing liquid, and in a great measure revived; then briefly related the circumstances of the past evening, which were little credited by either Rawlings or his wife, though they did not express their minds.

The only part of the occurrence which Agathe concealed was her intended meeting with the stranger that morning.

Agathe, having proceeded to the warehouse with the shirts, laid them on the counter, saying,—  
"Here are three, sir, making up the dozen."

"What class are they?"

"Second, sir," said Agatha, meekly.

"Oo, very well; but, before I pay you the four shillings, I must examine them."

"You will find them perfect, sir," said Agathe, trembling.

"I don't know that," said the master of the shop; "the last were shamefully made."

Agathe sighed deeply as she thought upon the meanness of the remark, uttered without the slightest regard to truth.

"Call this perfect?" continued the master, as, pulling with all his force, he severed a button from the wristband.

"The work was perfect, sir," said Agathe, trembling.

"And this is perfect, I suppose?" continued he, giving a sudden jerk to the gathers beneath the neck, by which the stitches were broken.

"Such force," said Agathe, "would separate the strongest work hands could perform."

"Don't be saucy as well as negligent," said the spirited proprietor, "or I will not pay at all."

Agathe remained silent, as the man surlily laid down the money, saying,—  
"You need not come again."

"What new sorrow will follow this?" thought Agathe; "but I will not despair, I am but suffering justly for my folly."

"Ah! I am indeed glad to see you again, my pretty blue-eyed girl," said the stranger, as she approached Agathe, who had been waiting some time beneath the piazza, that refuge for the destitute in bad weather.

"I do not know how to express my feelings towards you," said Agathe.

"Do not let that give you any concern, my girl," replied the stranger, "for the present we must seem as strangers. Follow me at a distance, until you see me turn towards you." And, before Agathe could make any reply, she had proceeded onwards.

After walking for nearly an hour the stranger gave the signal agreed upon; and, when Agathe reached the doorway of the house at which the female stopped, the latter said,—

"This, my dear, is the house of my sister; she is in much better circumstances than myself, but you must not make yourself strange—she is a kind creature."

Well pleased did Agathe follow the footsteps of her conductress; but she was filled with surprise on being led into a splendidly-furnished apartment.

"Do not be dismayed, my dear," said a female, of prepossessing manners, rising from a sofa, and extending her hand to Agatha, who, casting an eye upon her mean attire, was about to reply, but was interrupted by the female who had introduced her, saying,—

"There is no need for ceremony, my dear girl, we are anxious to hear the cause of your present distress, which it is our intention to relieve."

Despite of her endeavours to refrain, Agatha burst into a flood of tears.

"Poor thing," said the first companion, whom we shall now call Mrs. Collins, "a little wine will revive her." Thus saying, she handed her a glassful from a decanter on the sideboard.

Hesitatingly, Agatha swallowed its contents, which did, indeed, seem to revive her. "Ladies," said she, "to such benevolent beings as you it would be sinful to use deception."

"There is certainly no cause for it; you have already enlisted our kindest feelings towards you."

"Which, I fear, I am undeserving of," replied the agitated Agathe.

"I like thee better for thy humility, child," rejoined the youngest of the ladies; "but, be assured, we shall not judge too harshly of you."

"But I am —"

"Compose yourself, my dear girl," interrupted Mrs. Collins. "Come with me, I will give you a few things in which you may appear more comfortable. Speaking of that, my dear, why did you not put on the shawl I gave you yesternight?"

"The owner of the wretched room I occupy has detained it until I pay the few remaining shillings I owe him."

"Hard-hearted villain!" said Mrs. Collins.

"Hard-hearted, indeed," returned Agathe.

"Well, well, my dear, let us forget it—at least, for the present—another shall be given you."

"But what return can I make for such unexampled kindness?"

"We do not need any return, excepting your acting in unison with our will."

"You cannot ask aught of me which I will not willingly agree to!"

"More we cannot desire of you," said Mrs. Collins, taking from a drawer a purple silk dress, and handing it to Agathe.

"What is your wish that I do with this?" asked Agathe.

"I mean it for thy wear; but, stay, you will require under clothing also."

Agathe felt more than her tongue could utter; while Mrs. Collins, with all the seeming attention of a fond mother to a beloved child, attired her in a complete change of raiment.

"Ay, ay, my dear," said she, "good clothing is not new to you."

"No," replied Agathe, sighing deeply, "my dear mother was wont to apparel me in the best."

"And we will do for thee even as thy mother," said Mrs. Collins.

"My future actions shall speak my thanks," sighed Agathe.

"Thou art too generous a disposition to deal with this wicked world," said Mrs. Collins, adjusting a splendid lace pelerine across her shoulders.

"Your kindness will but awaken the envy of that bad woman, Mrs. Rawlings."

"And who is Mrs. Rawlings, my dear?"

"The wife of the individual who has taken possession of —"

"Yes, yes, your landlady, that is; but we do not intend you to return to such wretches."

Here they were joined by the female from the drawing-room, whom Mrs. Collins called by the name of Madeline.

"Come, come," said she, "I am anxious to hear the story of this interesting girl."

"Interesting, indeed, sister," replied Mrs. Collins; "I declare she almost rivals you."

"Why, she is indeed a charming creature," said the former, laying her hand affectionately on the shoulder of Agathe.

The latter blushing deeply, replied—

"No, no, I am far short of being as beautiful as your lady sister."

"If such is really your thought," said Madeline Oxley, "I am indeed much flattered; but we will to the drawing-room;" thus saying, she led the way, followed by Agathe and Mrs. Collins.

On reaching it, Madeline addressed Agathe, saying—

"We will now listen to your tale."

"It is a short but sad one," said Agathe; "but I will hide nothing from you."

"From my earliest infancy till the age of sixteen, I was in the enjoyment of all that man being could wish for; happy in the love of my parents, my dear brothers, and a sister."

"And do they still live?" interrupted Madeline, anxiously.

"Would to Heaven, dear lady, I could answer that question," said Agathe.

"Proceed with thy story," said Mrs. Collins, "as I soon shall have to leave you here."

Agathe then continued—

"The fifty-second regiment of foot were quartered near our residence, and I, in the society of my dear brothers, often went forth to view the parade of the well-disciplined troop."

"Pardon me, my dear," said Madeline, "have you any objection to mention where that regiment was quartered?"

"None," replied Agathe, frankly.

"Your candour charms me."

"Chester Park."

"Are you, then, a native of that place?"

"I am," replied Agathe; "and am the first of the family on whose character has fallen the blight of shame."

Here Madeline raised her kerchief of exquisite texture, which applied to her eyes, she bent forward her head as if dissolved in tears.

"My poor sister is already affected," said Mrs. Collins.

"Kind-hearted Christian," said Agathe.

(To be concluded in our next.)



## SIR ORMOND VERNON;

## OR, THE MYSTIC SCROLL.

THE sun had just set in the western sky, when a horseman, attired in a coat of mail, stopped before the lofty gates of the Castle of Salardo; thrice he wound his bugle horn before any answered his summons.

At length an aged man appeared at the portal, and demanded who was there.

"I am the nephew of the Count Salardo," said the horseman.

"Your name?"

"Ormond de Vernon."

"You can enter," said the aged porter. "I have had orders to admit you."

"And where shall I find my uncle?"

"He has not been seen of late, Sir Ormond," replied the man; "he confines himself wholly to his studies."

"And he has not yet discontinued them?" asked the knight.

"Sir Ormond," returned the porter, "too sorry am I to say it is reported that he deals in witchcraft, and deeds of darkness; not one of the domestics, except myself, has remained within the walls."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Ormond, "to what a state has this love of abstract science reduced everything; the castle seems as if it had been uninhabited for years."

For a long time Sir Ormond wandered through the dark and intricate passages, then searched the numerous and deserted chambers, but without success; at last he remembered an old staircase that led to an upper story of the castle, where he thought it most possible the Count Salardo might have chosen to secrete himself.

Hoping to find him there, Ormond ascended the creaking stairs, and upon reaching the top, a deep groan was heard to issue from the chamber above.

A tremor seized Sir Ormond as he gazed through the half-opened door, and beheld, what he could scarcely believe to be the form of a human being, huddled on a bed composed of rushes, over which was laid a rough mat.

Another groan, more deep, now reached his ear; struck with astonishment, he stood like one petrified; suddenly the form of the mass changed, and a voice, which he well knew to be that of his uncle, exclaimed,—

"Why stay thy steps? Come hither, I know thee; thou art my nephew, Ormond."

Instinctively did the knight obey the summons.

"Look around thee," said the aged count; "thou art now in a sanctuary, which for the first time has been opened to any."

Scarce had these words escaped his lips, when the pale twinkling light, which served but to render the gloom more deep, suddenly became a light as splendid as the noonday sun, and Ormond saw before him likenesses of his ancestors, and immense masses of gold, silver, and precious stones.

Again all was changed to dreary twilight.

"Ormond de Vernon," said Salardo, "thou hast now proved thyself worthy of the lineage from whence you have sprung."

"Which I trust," replied Ormond, "I have never disgraced."

"Be it as it may," replied the old man, "the past is forgotten; but still I have much to expect from thee."

"What, then, shall I do? what wouldst thou have of me?"

"That thou wouldst give thy heart and soul to the deep mysteries in which the brightest days of my existence have been spent."

"I will leave nought undone thou shalt advise."

"Fool," said the count, "thou speakest without thought, and know not the energy of heart and mind it requires."

"Even so," said Ormond, firmly; "I trust my mind is equal to the task."

"Please the fates," rejoined the aged count, "thou wilt find spirit to follow so good and great a resolution."

"I fear not that I shall, dear uncle; but why do you shut yourself up, debarred from every happiness?"

"Happiness belongs not to man on earth," replied Salardo

"But thou deniest thyself even common comfort."

"Nay; comfort is not for the guilty," replied Salardo.

"But thy life has passed unmarked by guilt or evil."

"Alas! dear nephew, you judge but as the world; few know the inward workings of a man's degenerate soul."

"Is it then report speaks true?"

"What saith report?" demanded the aged man, feebly.

"That thou dealest with evil spirits," returned Ormond.

"Evil spirits ever deal with the heart of man," rejoined Salardo.

"Tis true."

"And he that would know good must learn to conquer evil."

"A task, indeed difficult, dear uncle."

"There is wisdom in thy words, nephew. Come hither."

Ormond drew nigh.

"The hour of my dissolution is nigh," continued the old man, "and ere my spirit departs, I would unfold to thee a mystery."

Despite the brave bearing of Ormond, he felt an indescribable sensation of horror, as he drew the worm-eaten chair beside the rug, on which the form of the count reclined; on perceiving the old man's eyes become more dim and filmy, and that he breathed with difficulty, he was about to leave the chamber, to summon the old porter to his assistance.

The count seemed to be aware of his attention, for he said, "Nay, leave me not; for ere the remaining sand shall have passed, I shall have cast off this mortal coil."

Ormond again seated himself, and the count resumed:—

"Thou believest that the husband of thy mother, Isabella Vernon, fell in the wars?"

"I do."

"Tis true he fell in war; but 'twas the war of raging passion."

"Ah!"

"Hear me now confess to thee, that my incestuous soul harboured a passion for thy mother."

"Nay, nay, dear uncle; the deep attention thou hast given to the occult sciences has weakened thy mind."

"Nay, nay, 'tis sin and misery have brought me to this wretched end, and my soul to everlasting torment."

"No, no, thou art not—canst not be a—a—"

"Yes—yes—I am a murderer! and the unatoned spirit of thy father still wanders, crying for the revenge fate denies."

"Can I dare credit thy assertion?" asked Ormond, with emotion.

"Thou mayest believe my dying words; thy father fell the victim of his love and affection for the worthiest of women."

"But why—why did you injure him, who would have scorned to have injured his meanest scion?"

"Thou art not my judge, therefore I need not account to thee for my actions—if thou art as noble and virtuous as the being who gave thee birth, it is in thy power to save my soul from torment, and to give the spirit of thy father rest."

"If such power is given to man, pray tell me by what means?"

"I will; but must be brief—for, see, two thousand grains of sand are not remaining in the glass; the minutes of my life are numbered!"

"Speak, speak, then," said Ormond, "and by all that is sacred, I will do all in my power to fulfil whatever is required of me."

"Beware!" cried the old man, in a voice which startled Ormond;

"beware how ye promise by the most sacred, for the direst curses, and the deepest sorrow, will follow you for the breach thereof."

"I again affirm, by all that is sacred, that if thou requir'st not of me more than mortal man can give or do, I will fulfil thy bidding."

"Enough; then will my spirit depart in peace; now list to me."

"I am all attention."

"Mark me well."

"I will."

"After the eleventh hour has passed from the time this worthless lump of clay shall become a lifeless mass, betake thyself to the chamber in which I was wont to study."

"I obey."

"There wilt thou find much that will surprise thee; much that will bring thee sorrow and tribulation. On the fourth day, a scroll, written in sacred characters, will become visible to your eyes; from that hour you must forget every worldly pleasure—day and night must thou apply thyself to the interpretation thereof, which, when thou hast accomplished, the spirit of thy father will appear before thee, and bless thee for thy task. Pleasure, in all her most inviting forms, will assail thee, to allure thee from thy good work; but beware of breaking thy sacred pledge—beware, I say!" and as the sound died upon his lips, a pale blue flickering flame illumined the chamber, and the count expired.

Stedfastly had Ormond kept his promise; the fourth day had arrived, and, in accordance with the dying words of his uncle, he beheld a scroll of magic writing lying before him.

Ormond, in his youthful hours, had sought sedulously to become acquainted with branches of science which were then attended to but by those of maturer years; and this in some manner rendered his task less difficult; but no sooner had he endeavoured to apply himself to the arduous, and seemingly impracticable task, than his ears were assailed with the sounds of the sweetest melody.

Vainly did he endeavour to shut his ears against its magic influence, and so great was the intensity of the excitement occasioned by the struggle, that large drops of perspiration found their way from his aching brow.

Another, and another, passed away, and yet the harmony ceased not



"Further," said he, "I cannot combat; for awhile I must leave my task."

"Nay, nay," said a voice; "flag not in the good work you have begun."

Again Ormond applied himself to the deciphering of the mystic characters. Now were the notes more ravishingly sweet; it seemed as though a thousand seraph tongues breathed forth their tales of love—again Ormond relinquished his task, when a low deep voice sounded amid the harmony, saying,—

"Beware, heed not those syren strains,  
Though music hath its charm;  
Or thy young heart they will ensnare,  
And lead thy soul to harm."

"Thy warning, mysterious being," said Ormond, "shall not be neglected. Powers of goodness and of strength, assist me!" and again he fixed his eye firmly on the scroll.

To his pleasure and astonishment, he plainly read as follows:—

"He who would inherit the land of the blest, must learn to subdue the passions of the outward man, and bring them in subjection to the spirit."

A thrill of joy and delight ran through the frame of Ormond, hitherto unexperienced by him; but so brilliant was the light which illuminated the sacred scroll, that his eyes became dazzled by its brightness, and turning an instant to avoid it, his eyes met the form of a female, whose beauty defied all description.

"Can it be possible," said Ormond, aloud, "that a being, other than a soul of purity, could wear a form so fair?"

"Ormond de Vernon," replied the figure, "if thou canst resist the power of him who now holds thy spirit in bondage, follow me."

"Whither; oh, whither, sweet spirit of light?" asked Ormond, rapturously.

"Ask not, but follow me."

"Nay, nay, fly me not; for my soul's sake I dare not follow thee."

"Then art thou a coward knight, unworthy of the love I would offer thee."

"Stay! stay but an instant; thou knowest not the fiery battle to which I am exposed."

"No; thou art unworthy of my love, if thou wouldst not sacrifice even thy very soul to obtain it."

"Well did the Count Salardo warn me of my danger, when he told me evil is ever attendant on the heart of man. Sweet spirit, I follow thee;" and irresistibly Ormond moved from the spot on which he was standing; but ere he had proceeded many paces the chamber became filled with a dark and murky cloud—then issued forth, as if from chaos, a thousandimps and monsters of unearthly shape, breathing sounds too terrific to imagine.

Ormond cast himself to the earth, and would gladly have buried himself in the yawning chasm which seemed beneath his feet; but he was chained to the spot by an irresistible power.

Suddenly the scene changed, and the couplets he had before heard were repeated, while, to his astonished sight, were presented a group of virgins, bearing in their hands chaplets of evergreens; and as he continued gazing, insensibility stole over his senses, and he became as dead to all around.

Ormond had so far conquered the feelings of his nature, as to listen, undisturbed, to the syren notes, which daily filled his apartment; but vain were his endeavours again to transcribe the sacred characters of the scroll; and as time passed on he grew weary of his task, and in this mood stood gazing from the window of the chamber with the spacious court-yard beneath.

Suddenly he found himself transported to a spacious saloon, where everything that could please the senses of the worldly-minded, waited his acceptance. The same bright being who had before entranced his senses was seated on a couch of crimson velvet; she was attired in a robe of azure blue, and had on her majestic brow a diadem of amethysts and pearls, whose very lustre was outvied only by the radiant beauty of her sparkling eyes.

Ormond gazed in rapture on all he saw.

"Thou art welcome, brave knight. Art thou willing to share with me my joy and sorrow?"

"I am undeserving so much loveliness and beauty, fair being," said Sir Ormond.

"Nay; were I mistress of a hundred worlds, I would willingly lay them at thy feet."

Thus saying, she advanced towards Ormond, and presented to him her hand of snowy whiteness.

"In thy presence, sweet enchantress," said he, "I feel secure from every evil; but wilt thou swear to love me ever, as now?"

"I swear by every bond which holds o'er me a tie, that though this form becomes fleshless, and nought remain of the eyes which now rest upon thee so fondly, save the sockets, I will love and embrace thee, even in death."

"Then I defy all powers of evil, and of good," said Sir Ormond, passing his arm around her waist; and as he bent his head to impress upon her ruby lips a sealing kiss, she said,—

"First swear that thou art mine."

"Thine, even in the compact you have named," said Ormond.

A loud and rude "Ha! ha!" now burst upon his astonished ear.

"Do I dream?" said he, starting wildly.

"You do; to awake to a reality more sad than this," replied a voice.

Every object around now seemed to assume a living form, while thunder, more loud and terrific than ever met the ear of man, seemed to shake the castle to its very foundation—horrid serpents sent forth their hissings—monsters, with a hundred arms, danced round the bewildered Ormond, exclaiming,—

"Thou art ours—thou art ours!"

"Spirit of my father, if thou hast power, dispel those hideous monsters which surround me," cried the agitated Ormond.

Instead of decreasing, fresh horrors seemed to surround him, while at a distance the fairy form of his beloved beckoned him onward.

"Beauteous spirit," cried Ormond, "would to Heaven I could follow thee; but my feet are chained, my limbs grow stiff."

"Ormond! Ormond!" said a deep sepulchral voice, "did I not warn you with my dying breath?" and on the instant the spirit of the departed Salardo appeared before him.

"What evil have I committed," asked Ormond, "that I am thus persecuted?"

"Thou hast broken the vow made to the sacred arbiter of fate."

"The power of man," replied Ormond, "could not withstand the temptations which assailed me."

"Thou mightest have conquered all," replied the voice, "hadst thou given thy soul and mind to the task, as when thou commenced; one other struggle and thy task had been complete."

Hideous serpents and adders entwined themselves around the form of Ormond.

"Why, why," cried he, "am I thus tormented for the sins thou hast committed, thou evil spirit?"

"Tis involved in a mystery thou mayest have discovered, hadst thou not broken thy vow; but even now thou mayest be saved."

"Surely thou wilt not leave me," said a soft clear voice, which Ormond knew to be that of his soul's enchantress; and on the instant a cloud of radiant colour seemed to divide her from the horrible scene—there tables spread with the richest luxuries, and vases of flowers, breathing forth a rich perfume, added to the beauty of the scene.

"If thou wouldst save thy soul from perdition," said the voice, "let not the snare of the syren prevail—happiness and glory still await thee, if thou shunnest the path of destruction;" but Ormond needed not the warning voice.

"My limbs are free, angelic being," said he; "I come! I come!" so saying, he advanced towards the sylph-like form; in an excess of joy he sought to embrace her; but, horror of horrors! he found he had clasped a fleshless skeleton—a triumphant laugh of fiends now rang through the chamber, while a voice, as if issuing from the bowels of the earth, exclaimed,—

"I have kept my word, and though my form is fleshless, even in death I embrace thee;" while other voices, still more loud and hideous, were heard saying,—

"Ye have defied the powers of evil; why do ye not escape from them?"

Vainly did Ormond endeavour to reply, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth.

"Ormond! Ormond! thou art the last of the race of Salardo," said the voice of his departed father; "and by thy perjury thou hast doomed thy spirit to wander a restless and unquiet shade, still enduring torments, until thou shalt have finished that which is required of thee."

Then appeared before his agonized sight the figure of his father, clothed in the habiliments of the grave; with a look of displeasure he approached Ormond, and cast around him the folds of his winding sheet—again loud thunder shook the roof, and amid the yells of the infernal fiends, he sank beneath the yawning chasm, a victim to the infatuating charms of woman.

The bright beams of the morning sun now burst, in all their glory, through the painted window of the old grey turret, in the Castle of Salardo, when, the old porter entering, suddenly started from the suffocating smell that was suffused around.

Upon leaving open the door it quickly dispelled, when he perceived Sir Ormond stretched near the pallet of his uncle: after shaking him violently, he recovered, when he informed him that he had been



overcome by the fumes of the chafing dish of charcoal, which the weak nerves of the aged Salardo had not been able to resist.

There, however, was no male heir to the estate, beside Sir Omond, for Salardo had never married, and he now, with all expedition, set about restoring the hitherto dilapidated castle to its former splendour.

Everything was at length established to his satisfaction; but there yet wanted one to make him happy—that was a wife, which he quickly found in the youngest daughter of the neighbouring baron; his joy was now complete.

## NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.

The day declin'd, and one by one  
The men lay down; the setting sun  
Shed from the clouds his fading ray,  
Then vanished, and the closing day  
Was veil'd in night. The gentle breeze,  
Murmuring an echo through the trees,  
As if in sport—a plaintive tune;  
And from the clouds the silv'ry moon  
Crept in and out; and her pale light,  
As if to scorn the lurid sight,  
She hid behind a gathering cloud;  
Then grew the wind more fierce and loud,  
The black'ning clouds seem'd to foretel  
A coming storm; the sentinel  
Gather'd more close his coat around,  
And faster trod the blood-dyed ground,  
Stept o'er the corpses as they lay,  
Look'd at the clouds, and wish'd for day.

J. M'CAUSLAND.

**REARING BEES IN EGYPT.**—Their manner of raising bees is not a little extraordinary, and betrays of a little ingenuity. Upper Egypt preserving its verdure only four or five months, the flowers and harvests being seen no longer, the people of Lower Egypt profit from this circumstance by assembling on board large boats the bees of different villages. Each proprietor confides his hives with his own mark to the boatman, who, when loaded, gently proceeds up the river, and stops at every place where he finds verdure and flowers. The bees swarm from their cells at break of day, and collect their nectar, returning several times loaded with booty, and in the even re-enter their hives, without ever mistaking their abode. Thus sojourning three months on the Nile, the bees having extracted the perfumes of the orange flowers of the Said, the essence of the roses of Fayoon, the sweets of the Arabian jasmine, and every flower, are brought to their homes, where they find new riches. The proprietors pay the boatmen on their return according to the number of hives they have taken from one end of Egypt to the other.

**IMPORTANCE OF ACCURACY IN ACCOUNTS.**—It is to be hoped that there are not many characters cast in the same mould as a tradesman in a provincial town, whose real name we shall suppress under the descriptive sobriquet of "*Jamie Posthume*." Whenever a person of any consideration in his neighbourhood happened to die, Jamie was in the constant habit of sending a bill to the executor for groceries, linen, candles, or other articles in which he dealt. For want of accurate accounts among the gentry, this source of income was found so abundant that half-uttered suspicions of some and the open reproaches of others, were unable to put a stop to Jamie's favourite fraud, by which he taxed the whole vicinity, offering them the alternative of a law-suit, if they refused to pay him tribute. At length he was effectually arrested in his career by a gentleman, who, after commencing his will with the customary invocation, proceeded to state *Imprimis*, "I owe Jamie Posthume nothing!"

**MORSELS FOR THE INGENIOUS.**—If you take a tumbler, and turn it completely upside down in a vessel of water, the water will rise only to a small height in the glass, because, though the air contained in it may be made to occupy a smaller space than it naturally does, yet it is a solid substance, and therefore requires room; also, if you tie up a quantity of air in a bladder, you will have as much resistance from that as you would from a block of stone; and while the air remains in the bladder, it is as impossible to bring the sides together as it would be to bring together opposite sides of the hardest body. Fill a wine-glass to the brim with water, and cover it with a piece of writing-paper, then place the palm of the hand over the paper, so as to hold it even, and turn up the glass, when, although the hand be removed, the water will not run out. This effect is wholly produced by the upward pressure of the external air upon the surface of the paper.

Assure yourself that employment is one of the best remedies for the disappointments of life. Let even your calamity have the liberal effect of occupying you in some active virtue; so shall you, in a manner, remember others, till you forget yourself.

## THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE MEETING IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

THE reader is well able to form a judgment with regard to Mr. Meadows, and the sudden friendship that gentleman exhibited towards Anderson. Unhappily, it so turns out in this world, that he who professes the most, is the most to be suspected; and, of all professions in the world, that of friendship, to excess, without long standing intimacy, or amply sufficient cause, is the most to be dreaded as a mask for some awful treachery, which will sooner or later shew itself in all its hideous reality.

The dupes of such designing men as Meadows, are amazingly lucky when nothing is attacked but their pockets; if they only suffer in money from the ill-advised acquaintanceship they have made, they ought to congratulate themselves; but it too often happens that character and peace of mind are likewise involved, and the unhappy individual, when he becomes aware of the gross selfishness of his dear friend, awakens to that sad truth, with a seared heart and blighted prospects.

Mr. Meadows wanted money—how he obtained it he cared not, with one exception—it must not be had by any course of honest industry. Oh, no. That would be contrary to his principle, if we may go so far as to call a principle any course of conduct adopted by such a vagabond.

Mark Anderson would, under any other circumstances than those which at present oppressed him, have risen far superior to any intimacy with such a man as Meadows; but now he was not master of himself—his brain was certainly not diseased, but a strong passion acting upon his imagination, had enabled it to contort the judgment, instead of being controlled by it, so that he saw all objects through a false medium, and was just in a condition to fall into the clutches of a bad adviser. Hence, in defiance of common honour and integrity of purpose, he had been brought to write the atrocious letter we have laid before the reader, with the hope that it would advance his happiness in proportion as it destroyed that of another person, and that person, too, one whom he had always felt the warmest regard for, and a friendship with whom he had not scrupled to cement with an oath.

There was now no one to whom Anderson could talk on those subjects, which were uppermost in his mind, but his new friend Meadows. He dared not make a confidence with any of his ordinary associates, because, along with that confidence, he must have confessed his own abject criminality, in forging the letter which was calculated to produce so much mischief. By that one act, he felt convinced that he was at once placing a barrier between himself and all decent society. For the first time he hung his head, and slunk along, like a self-convicted assassin, as he was—an assassin in a worse sense, probably, than he who takes a human life, for Mark Anderson was about to make a deadly stab at what is dearer still, an honest reputation.

Oh, how he dreaded to meet any casual acquaintance, as he took his way stealthily through the courts of the Temple, which he was wont to tread with a free and unembarrassed air, happy to hail a friend if he saw him on his route—how the very echo of his own footsteps alarmed him, as he walked through some of the silent little paved courtyards of that ancient pile of buildings; and, more than once, he crept into a door-way, because he heard an approaching passenger who might possibly know him, and insist upon some friendly salutation.

Yet, with all these distressful feelings—feeling and knowing that he was creating a chasm between himself, honour, and happiness, which he could never hope to leap—he had not the moral courage, while yet it was in his power, to draw back; but, like a man who is forced onwards by some irresistible decree of a malignant destiny, he relied to the place of assignation with his diabolical adviser, and, with a thousand conflicting sensations and emotions rushing through his brain, he waited his arrival.

The place of assignation was the Temple Gardens—that quiet and serene spot in the midst of so much bustle—that ground so full of associations connected with the learning and the chivalry of our country. There were the trees which had sheltered, in olden times, the *Knights Hospitallers of the Temple*, one of the most powerful military and ecclesiastical bodies, which were a product of the fanaticism and craft of the middle ages.

But, alas! what was the past to Mark Anderson—he could draw no wholesome conclusions. His eyes were only bent upon the present. But one great, and to him terrible, fact, was for ever present to his imagination, and that was that he loved Maria Delmar, and was



rejected on Meriton's account. He fully believed that, but for his rival, he would have been successful—what rejected lover ever acknowledges the rejection to arise from his own demerits?

How the long tedious time passed until the hour appointed for the meeting was at length slowly and solemnly proclaimed by the Temple clock, Anderson would have found it difficult to say. His mind was in a moral mist. He was certainly thinking, but in that confused manner which never permitted him to arrive at any just conclusions.

The only action that he made during the whole period that he sat in the gardens awaiting the hour of appointment was now and then to feel in the breast-pocket of his coat for the letter. He seemed nervously apprehensive that it would be lost. Oh, what a terror was that simple sheet of paper now to him.

The striking of the clock roused him, and he started to his feet, looking anxiously round for his confidant—he had not come; five—ten minutes elapsed, and he came not; a feeling of dreadful impatience beset Anderson, and he walked hurriedly towards the gate. Some one was descending the steps. Yes; it was Meadows—in another moment they met. Meadows saw at a glance how anxiously he had been expected, and he congratulated himself upon the cleverness of being ten minutes beyond his time, inasmuch as it made him of more importance; and so it did—the commonest manoeuvre was sufficient then to have its effect upon Mark Anderson.

Meadows alid his arm familiarly beneath that of our friend, as he said,—

"My dear fellow, I dare say I have kept you waiting. The fact was, I met in the Strand an acquaintance of mine, the Honourable George St. George Mandrake, and I could not get away from him till I had promised to give him an early visit at Mandrake Park."

"Yes—ye—exactly."

"So you see that took ten minutes, although as a usual thing I am the most punctual man alive. Lord Huntingtower, my intimate friend, always says, 'If you want a man of punctuality, go to Meadows. If he says he won't pay a bill, why he won't, and there's an end of it.'"

"Yes—but—let the letter?"

"Ay, t e letter. Well, my dear fellow, I have considered, and reconsidered the question in all its various lights and shadows, you see. The whole case lies in an inconceivably small nutshell. Here is a girl—hand some—accomplished—young."

"Oh, she is more than earthly! her beauty—but this is idle. Go on—go on."

"Exactly. Well, here is such a girl.—You love her?"

"Afore her!"

"Precisely, and by this time very likely she would have been your wife, but for this damned meddling fellow poking him self in the way."

"Curses on him!—Curses!—May fiends eat his heart!—Curses, the bitterest hell can invent, light on him!"

"Hush—hush; be calm. Now there is nothing like calmness, my good fellow. Don't you see how that nursery-maid is staring at you? She will let one of her precious charges tumble in the river in amazement at you presently. Come, come, be calm. It's of no use cursing a fellow. Do something that will set him cursing and raving, then you can laugh you know—ha! ha! ha! You can then laugh while he is cursing, you see."

"Yes, I see—I see. I will laugh—a good joke. While he is cursing and raving as you say. I heard her singing this morning before I came here—each note went to my heart. She is my fate—yes my fate. For good or for evil: she is my fate."

"Well, we must take fate by the forelock, as we would a bull by the horns, and make it go the way we wish." As I was saying, having reconsidered the matter in every point of view, as I told you I would, I am still of opinion that the letter I advised you to write is the thing."

"You still—think—so?"

"I do."

"Then it is written."

"That's proper, now; I commend your spirit, Anderson. You will find that nothing is so doubly provoking—so awfully annoying and vexations as the dreadful up hill work of struggling against a false charge. If a man does anything really wrong, and it is thrown in his face afterwards, it is no more than what he expected, and he is prepared accordingly; moreover, he has all the chances of defective evidences—little odd accidents in favour, and so on; besides nobody probably is very much interested in proving him guilty, and taking everything into consideration, he generally gets off better than he deserves. But how different is it when a false charge is cleverly got up; then there are no loop-holes left—everything is nicely arranged with a view to catch the victim. He has no cause—he is quite unprepared—his mind becomes confused—his aggravation is excessive—because let him get off as favourably as he can, if declared guilty, he is still dreadfully ill-used. You see what a fine thing a false charge, well arranged, is."

Anderson shuddered as Mr. Meadows, rather unguardedly, we think,

made so ingenious an exposition of his philosophy. The frightful truth of his words no one could for a moment deny; and, for a second, they produced a cold, dreadful feeling, at Anderson's heart.

"I hear," he said, "I hear—it is terrible."

"Precisely; you see how we shall nail him. You say you have written the letter?"

"Yes—yes—let me think. God of Heaven! what a picture you have painted of the consequences of that which we are about to do."

Meadows saw he had gone too far in his practical wisdom, and that Anderson must have first committed himself past retreat, before he was ready to listen to such statements of the philosophy which he, Meadows, had gathered in the course of his experience. He hastened, therefore, to change the current of his thoughts, and, in a low tone of voice, he said,—

"Is Maria Delmair fair or dark?"

Anderson started, and replied,—

"She is an angel, sent to bless or to curse, I know not which—Heaven help me, I know not which."

"Has she dark eyes?"

"No, blue," said Anderson, glancing up at the sky as if seeking there for some kindred tint to that which sparkled in the orbs of her eyes.

"Well, no doubt she is beautiful, and, if Meriton marries her, he will be the envy of thousands. Just fancy her lounging upon his arm! Then imagine him caressing her, and she hanging round his neck and smiling in his face as well as she can, for the rain of kisses he pours upon her pouting lips. Then imagine —"

"Imagine hell!"

"Yes, a pleasant piece of fancy."

"Do you want to drive me mad? Do you wish me to take one plunge, making that one the passage to eternity, that you speak to me of such things?"

"No, no."

"I tell you he shall not have her—she shall not be his. Blood shall flow like water—I will tear his heart out, before he shall call Maria Delmair his. He caress her—he! She hang upon his neck!—not while a knife—a pistol—any weapon could be had to cut him to pieces—to dash his brains out. D—n! Why did you say such things to me, sir, unless you really wished to drive me mad?"

Meadows was himself alarmed at the vehemence of the manner in which Anderson spoke. However satisfactory it might be to him to see the real extent of the unfortunate young man's passion, he was yet startled at the wild manner in which he expressed himself, and he adopted a more soothing style of conversation than that he had been indulging, and which had wrought up his victim to such a pitch of excitement.

"Well, well," he said, "we have only been imagining the worst. There is another side to the picture, which will represent Meriton removed with disgrace from the house of the Delmairs; and Maria, turning her attention to you with a feeling of happiness at her escape from him who was endeavouring to entrap her affection."

Anderson drew a long breath, as he replied,—

"Aye, it should be so—we shall see. I will have love, or I will have revenge. She shall never be his; that I have sworn to myself; and, as here is a God above, I will keep my oath. You killed your rival, did you not, Meadows?"

"Why, I don't mind confessing to you that I did."

"Right, right—you were quite right. There is the letter; you can read it at once."

He handed the letter to Meadows, who rapidly read it, and then expressed his warm approval of it, saying,—

"It is the very thing. A bomb-shell falling amongst a tea party could not produce one half the confusion than this will at the Delmairs. You must properly manage, though, about the post."

"Yes—yes."

"I tell you what will be the best way. Let it be left at the post-office till called for. It will have the York post-mark, and you can represent yourself as Mr. Meriton, and get it at the post-office on application. Then all you have to do is to wear it in your pocket about two days, after which you can drop it in the way of Maria Delmair, or her mother."

"Yes, I understand—I quite understand."

"Well, I don't mind going to York for you to post the letter, in the least; I am only happy that I have sufficient leisure to enable me to oblige a friend."

"I am much beholden to you."

"Oh, never mind that, I only wish my means were sufficient to pay all my expenses."

"Well thought of. What sum shall I give you?"

"Why, let me see. I shall be away—one—two—three—over three days, go as quickly as I may. Upon my soul it's awkward indeed."



"What?—what?"

"Why, it so happens that I have a bill coming due to-morrow, and likewise, the money is for the fetching to pay it. How can I manage? Let me consider—why, of course, I can go to the holder and take the bill up to-day, so as to leave myself at liberty to-morrow. Ah, but the money—that I have not got, and cannot get till to-morrow morning, and I wish to start by the mail to-night. Humph—that's awkward. Besides, nobody but myself can get the money, as I must give an attested receipt for it. Oh, I have it. I'll tell you how we will manage it, Mr. Anderson."

"How?" said Anderson, who was so much immersed in his own thoughts, that one half of Mr. Anderson's clever speech was lost upon him.

"Why, you can advance me thirty-two pounds ten shillings and fourpence, the amount of the bill, and when I come back I can pay you again, y-u see."

"Very well."

"And—and—as for the journey, I should say five pounds would be amply sufficient, so that if you lend me thirty-seven pounds odd—say thirty-eight, to make even money, there will not be a single obstacle, I hope, in the way of your happiness."

Anderson allowed himself to be thus coolly swindled, and having advanced the sum required to Meadows, who only regretted he had not mentioned more—he left that worthy to repair to York, in order to post the letter which was to separate Maria Delmair and Meriton for ever.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE DECLARATION OF MERITON TO MARIA.

ALTHOUGH Maria Delmair had repelled the advances of Anderson in the manner we have said, and although it appeared that she did not attach much serious importance to the circumstance; yet, the more she reflected upon it the more she became convinced that Anderson's words were serious, and the more annoyed she became that ever he should have uttered them.

Perhaps, in the half-hour's reflection that Maria gave to the subject, she discovered more accurately the state of her own heart, than she had ever done before, for she could not help falling into a train of thinking as to what she could have said, or what she could have done, had the same words, expressive of admiration and love, come from Meriton as had escaped the lips of Anderson; but somehow or another she could not come to any satisfactory conclusion, with regard to such an inquiry, except so far as she felt assured it would have been a very difficult matter indeed. She felt rather sad after making this discovery, and the cheerful notes of her piano failed in rousing her spirits—a gloomy foreboding of evil came over her mind. It seemed to her as if she was at the commencement of some train of misfortunes that were set in action by the words Anderson had uttered to her.

So strangely did this melancholy feeling come over Maria, that after attempting to shake it off for some time in vain, she fairly gave way to it, and leaning her head upon her hands she permitted her tears to flow freely, hoping that her mother would not come into the room until she had recovered her serenity again, for she would have found it very difficult indeed to explain the cause of her sudden emotion.

As good luck would have it, Mrs. Delmair was busy in the lower regions of the house, concerning some complex preserves, which were being concocted there, so that Maria, but for another interruption, might have had her cry out undisturbed, and nobody have been a bit the wiser.

To account for that interruption, we will conduct the reader to Meriton's room, above stairs, where, quite in a fever at Anderson's occupation of the back parlour, he sat fidgeting and tormenting himself, instead of studying as he ought to have done.

"What the deuce," he said, "does he mean by getting into the back parlour?—oh, of course it's to be near Maria,—confound him! after bargaining too, to be quiet for six months. There's some move in that which I am not aware of; but I'll stay at home as long as he does,—hang him. The back parlour, indeed! and she is in the front. Her canary too hanging there, which she is sure to go to visit; and then Anderson can look at her, and say what he likes. It is not fair—not at all. And yet she does not love him—I'm sure she does not, or he wouldn't be so angry. Now, he's not angry because I have a delicious hope that I am not altogether looked upon by her with indifferent eyes—bless her! She is beautiful—most beautiful! and so gentle, so kind, so affectionate! Maria, Maria! you will make or mar my happiness in this world, that's quite clear. Heigho! Well, I can't study, so I'll prop open my door, and I may hear then if the back parlour door opens. Hang the fellow!—to stick himself in there so coolly."

Meriton did prop open his door, and there he sat listening with all his might, until he heard some one coming up the stairs, and then he

shut his door, and only looked through the keyhole to see who it was. He never imagined it to be Maria, of course, because the party was whistling the Death of Nelson as he came; in fact, it was no other than an odd boy—we presume, as there are odd men, there may be odd boys—who was employed by Mrs. Delmair, to come every morning and clean boots, shoes, knives, forks, mats, windows, &c., and make himself generally useful.

He came up to Meriton's door, at which he knocked, and when desired to come in, he said,—

"Which is the caper this morning, Mr. Merrytone, the Welleytuna or the Blueceers?"

"Tom!—oh, it's you. Either you like."

"Werry good. Misses is still a making a row among them ore galle pots, as he makes the preserves in. My 'pinion is, as she's put her good temper into one on 'em and fastened it up tight, for she's out-and-out cross, she is."

"Oh, indeed, Tom. By the bye, Tom, where's Maria?"

"Front parlour."

"Oh! And Mr. Anderson?"

"Back parlour. I say, have you twigged—eh? Tow, row, row—la lie!"

"What do you mean, Tom? Don't make that noise. What do you mean?"

"Muster Anderson is sweet on our Maria, I thinks, don't you? My eye, I sees him sometimes a looking at her as if he'd eat her up,—and she is a nice gal. I've made up my mind to live single; I can't bear the idea of a family myself. There was fourteen on us, and I know the walley o' quietness after a year or two o' that."

"Very good, Tom. Now, my good fellow, if you will be so good as to tell me if Anderson speaks to Maria this morning, or moves out of the parlour, I don't mind a shilling."

"Give us the shillin'; I take—mum's the word; down as thirteen hammers. Lor' bless you, I'm a Indian chief at watching of anybody. Didn't I watch where missus put the cold pie, t'other day; and didn't the cat get a walloping in consekense, cos she was respected o' the petty larncey o' eating of it."

"Exactly. There, now go—go at once."

Tom took up the tune exactly at the note he had left off, and went down stairs again with Meriton's boots in his hand, whistling very elaborately.

"So," said Meriton, when he was once more alone,—“so his admiration for Maria is marked by every one. Even the servants knew of it, and no doubt it is a popular subject of conversation in the kitchen. One thing is very clear—this six months' truce will never last. Either he or I will be out of the house in less than that number of weeks, or I am very much mistaken, indeed—very much.”

"He's a groanin' to hisself," said Tom, just popping his head into the room, "and she's a punchin' the hemp seed to make it softerer for the canhairry."

Having made this report, Tom rushed down stairs again, instead of waiting for any reply, leaving Meriton to repent the indiscretion of employing him, which he now began to do most heartily.

"Well, well—it cannot be helped now," he said. "I wish the fellow would go out; occupying the back parlour—confound him! I'll ask Mrs. Delmair how much a-week she will take for the back parlour, and rent it of her; that will put a stop to his manoeuvring, I rather think. It's a good idea, and one I will put into execution before this day is over; then I can sit in the back parlour myself, and I shall have the happiness of hearing the voice of Maria."

"She's mizzled into the back parler," repeated Tom, again making his face visible at the door.

"The devil she has!"

"Fact—I seed her go. He begun a admiring of her, and I rather think as she's a queering him."

"What?"

"Making game on him, as if I was to say, 'How generous you is, Muster Meriton, for that extra shillin' you guved me, couldn't you make it eighteen pence?' and that 'ere sort o' thing, you know."

"Be off with you. Be off."

"Very good. I'll come back agin in a minute, and tell you what's a going on."

"How provoking," soliloquized Meriton, "to be pestered with this boy. So she has gone into the back parlour. Oh, of course, that was what he looked forward to, and planned sitting there for. This is a piece of meanness, after all, for we had made a contract not for one to take an advantage of the other. But why should I disturb myself? Maria does not love him; and, after all, perhaps the sooner he makes an actual declaration of his passion for her the better. She will unceremoniously dismiss him; and then, surely, if he has one spark of gentlemanly feeling, he will leave the house."

Meriton remained in abstraction for some time, till he suddenly



heard the piano sounding. It was quite a relief; and a moment after Tom came to say,

"Muster Mereytone, she's a teasing the *pianny* now, and he's a talking to himself as if he didn't half like it."

"Well, well, that will do, Tom. Don't come to me any more. I have heard quite enough."

"Very good."

Some time after that, Meriton heard the street door, and rushing to his window, he was just in time to see Anderson leave the house, which we are aware he did after listening to Maria's song.

Then Meriton crept on to the staircase, and listened to her playing for some time, until the tune abruptly ceased, with a discord, and then all was still.

Alarmed at the sudden cessation of the music, and the aimless crash of the keys, he hastened down stairs, and saw through the half-open parlour door Maria weeping as if her heart would break.

(To be continued in our next.)

## CALM AND STORM.

A FRAGMENT.

'Twas summer, and the gorgeous sun  
Pour'd forth his glories clear and bright,  
Gilding all nature in its course,  
In one resplendent flood of light;  
When, rising from the bed of pain,  
I sought my once-loved haunts again.

And months had passed since last I trod  
The shingly beach, the grass-clad hill,  
And heard the dashing of the waves,  
Or rippling of the mountain rills;  
For pain and sickness laid me low,  
With fever'd brain and burning brow.  
Oh! sweet is nature's balmy breath,  
That floats upon the passing breeze,  
That mingles with the song of birds,  
And murmurs through the waving trees;  
But sweeter far when it doth seek  
The burning brow and tintless cheek.

And sweet to mark the tranquil sea,  
When not a wave disturbs its rest,  
And see the bright cerulean sky,  
Reflected from its azure breast;  
All looks so calm, so pure, and fair,  
That man might wish his home were there.

Oh! let me live near scenes like these;  
Near scenes like these, oh, let me die;  
Far from the false mortal's revelries,  
Its hollow wiles and treachery;  
So here I find a calm retreat,  
I'd envy kings nor heroes great.

No! let them toil to build a name  
Upon the pedestal of pride,  
Unsteady as a fitful flame,  
And changing as the restless tide;  
One moment stands in glare of day,  
The next in darkness melts away.

And such is fame! so should it be,  
Whose base is reared on human woe,  
Whose summit's crowned with misery  
Too deep for words. Man cannot know  
The desolation, famine, pain,  
That follow in the hero's train.

And can it be, that man alone  
The image of his Maker, dare  
To crush the hearts and hopes of men,  
And doom to torture and despair,  
And call it glory? If this is true,  
Why fiends can boast of glory too.

Thus stood I, wrapt in thoughtful mood,  
And musing on man's hapless lot,  
Till started by the thunder's roar,  
I turned to gain my humble cot;  
'Twas evening, and too deep was I  
In thought, to heed the dark'ning sky.

But late, how beautiful the scene,  
The sky robed in its loveliest blue,  
The hills clad in their brightest green,  
Now shadowed by a sombre hue;  
And birds whose music filled the air,  
Now lightnings played fantastic there.

At length the thunder louder grew,  
The lightning still more brighter gleamed,  
Above, the sea-bird wildly flew;  
The rain in fiercer torrents streamed.  
In sooth, it was a noble sight,  
The terrors of that awful night.

'Twas good to gaze upon that scene,  
And see the mighty power of Him,  
Who rules the world in calm and storm,  
In heaven and earth, the all Supreme.  
Oh! then I felt in that dread hour,  
How poor is man—how weak his power.

Hark! 'bove the foaming ocean's roar  
The booming of the signal gun;  
A sea-tost bark amid the war  
Of elements doth madly run:  
And hark! those wild yells hurrying past,  
Borne fiercely on the howling blast.

Again! again! those piercing cries  
Thrill through my heart and fire my brain;  
I hear them in their agonies,  
And feel all human power is vain.  
God of the tempest! hear the prayer  
And snatch them from their black despair.  
That dreadful flash! I see them now  
A sinking wreck, and none to save;  
The shout—the prayer—the stifled cry  
Are hushed 'neath the engulfing wave.  
That fatal bark hath passed away,  
And hapless crew, oh! where are they?

Beneath thy waters, mighty sea,  
They take their last and silent rest;  
Yet deemed they not that treachery  
Was hid within thy placid breast,  
Or that thy wavelets sparkling bright,  
Thus soon would close their eyes in night.

As if appeased the storm abates,  
The winds back to their caverns hie,  
The floods of Heaven have closed their gates,  
The waves in gentle murmurs die;  
The sea again is sunk to rest,  
To tempt fresh victims to its breast.

Now one by one the clouds disperse,  
The stars in bright array are seen,  
The struggling moon bursts forth at last  
And throws enchantment round the scene;  
I felt its influence o'er me creep  
And bowed in adoration deep.

I knelt and wept—the strong outgush  
Of feeling I could not control;  
Oh! there are times when tears will rush  
And calm the sad and troubled soul.  
I wept to think what hearts would yearn  
In vain to see that ship return.

At length I rose and left the spot  
Where sheltered from the storm I lay,  
And reached once more my happy cot;  
An emblem of that changeable day,  
Has been my life in every form—  
Its shine and gloom, its calm and storm.

Shoreditch.

M. E. BERRY.

**A BIG BOTTLE.**—In January 1751, a globular bottle was blown at Leith, capable of holding two hogheads. Its dimensions were forty inches by forty-two. This immense vessel was the largest ever produced at any glass-works.

The sea tortoise can render itself specifically heavier or lighter than the water, therefore can either sleep securely on the surface of the water or sink to the bottom.



## CLANAWLY.

## A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER IX.

## GOOD HOSPITALITY.

THE music of the harpers and minstrel ceased at length, and silence was restored in the hall.

The chieftain ordered the viands to be cut up, and handed around to those who were of higher rank first, and afterwards to all the others. As soon as the table was cleared away, and the wines and other liquors were placed in the room thereof, M Auliff called Shehan, and told him to divide the fragments amongst the poor.

"And," said Clanawly, "Shehan, let there not be a morsel of that put aside—let it be all distributed, procuring more if necessary, to satisfy all, and let not an individual feel himself sorrowful or distressed in or around my castle this day."

Shehan, by the assistance of three or four menials, got the fragments removed from the hall to the great kitchen. There sat a motley group, awaiting the usual allowance upon such occasions; amongst whom were the minstrel, and to the astonishment of Shehan, the pilgrim who sought relief from him by the roadside. Looks were exchanged between him and these three alternate y, bearing a suspicious confusion in the breast of the first. However, he cut up the fragments as equally as he could, and putting them upon wooden platters placed them before the guests; sitting down himself at the head of the board. When the repast was about half over, Shehan arose quickly, and procured a quantity of malt liquor, into which he put some dried laurel leaves; and filling the wooden mugs, bid each to drink and be merry. He then placed the large vessel beside his own chair, and sat down again.

"I am lord of the castle underneath," said Shehan, laughing loudly and jocosely.

"And I don't know but you may make a good lord enough," observed one of the servants.

"We have a good lord enough," said Eoghlan, "and I would not wish to see another in his place."

"Nor I either, Eoghlan," remarked Shehan.

"You may make as good a lord as anybody else, with the Lord's help," drawled the pilgrim, sighing.

"You are right in saying, with the Lord's help," remarked the former, laughing; "for we all know that it would require some powerful assistance of a superior description in order to make me fit for a lord."

"We are not sure of that, from your language," said one of the strange minstrels, who pronounced the words with such marked emphasis, that it brought silence to all.

The stillness was again broken in upon by the other minstrel getting up from his seat, and exclaiming aloud,—

"May plenty fill the halls of him who gives freely, and that he may never want for milk, meal, beer, salt, or flummery."

This toast was responded to by all standing up, and they emptied their mugs in accord dance.

"Hospitable alike with this," said the minstrel, "was the castle where we were wont to receive plenty."

"Which was that?" demanded Shehan; "if I may be allowed to make such a query."

"That," responded the same individual, "was the famous edifice of O'Donnell, the great Earl of Tirconnell—he, who suffered so much beneath the savage tyranny of strange gaoilers, and found at length the means of becoming powerful. He was powerful indeed; but his power has nearly passed away, and his castle, the idol of his heart, is in ruins."

"In ruins!" exclaimed Shehan, loudly, with an earnestness that drew the attention of all at the board upon him; which, when he perceived, rendered him more cool, and brought back by imperceptible degrees his wonted manner.

"In ruins, indeed," echoed the minstrel, not pretending to notice Shehan's surprise, though he cast a few short and hasty glances at the changing countenance of the former.

"Have you seen it in ruins?" inquired Shehan, speaking rather tremulously.

"I have, indeed," returned the other; "and it looks as splendid in its ruins as it appeared before in its unrivalled perfection."

"Was its destruction caused by the English?" asked the former, with apparent uninterested coolness.

"No," answered the same minstrel again, "it was brought to ruins by its own lord—dismantled and gutted—lest the stranger should make it a habitation."

"Then he must be tired of defending it?" said Shehan, inquiringly.

"He saw no chance in defending it," said the minstrel, "and when

he found that the Earl of Tyrone was bent upon treating with the English, he took no more pleasure in his castle, lands, and tenantry."

"And so Red Hugh O'Donnell demolished the noble residence of his ancestors," exclaimed Shehan, very mournfully.

"The family is transplanted from this soil," said the minstrel, whilst a tear stood in Shehan's eye.

The pilgrim now found words. "I have wandered through the desolate land, from north to south, and from sunrise to sunset, and I know all that you are now dis-couraging about. Tirconnell castle is in lordly ruins—the habitation of the midnight screamer, and the den of monster-man—where ivy creeps up to protect those towers too formidable to perish."

"Perhaps," observed Shehan, "you could give us a short detail of its misfortune."

"That I can, indeed," rejoined the pilgrim; "accompanying it with a poem of my own composition."

"But, previous to your observations," said Shehan, "I want to ask you a few questions."

"What are they?" asked the pilgrim.

"Have you ever heard of what has become of Con O'Donnell, Calvach's son?" demanded Shehan.

"Him who wanted to get possession of the castle of Dun-ne-gall, some time past, over the head of the present earl?" asked the pilgrim, looking sharply in his visage.

"The very same," returned Shehan.

"Well, then," observed the pilgrim, "he effected his escape from Tyrone's custody, and nobody there ever heard anything concerning him since."

"Is he supposed to have passed out of the country—into Spain?"

"Spain, or France, or somewhere or other far away from this," returned the pilgrim.

"Then let us have the narrative," said Shehan.

"The narrative is merely simple," said the pilgrim, "and the entire story consists of a few words. After so many defeats in Ulster, O'Donnell, finding that all his hopes of success were lost in his own province, made preparations to set out for this part of the country, to join the Iberians in the present invasion. When everything was ready, and he at the head of his troops, a thought struck him that he might never return; and fancying that his castle might become what the derivation of its name imports, (Dun-ne-gall, or the fortress of the stranger) a fortress for some of his enemies, he went back again, and with his own hand set fire to the wood-work of the castle, by which means it was soon reduced to ruins."

"We saw it blazing through the darkness of the night; and our eyes poured forth scalding tears for its downfall."

Shehan's countenance underwent a change at this part of the narrative, which made the pilgrim start from his seat with sudden emotions of surprise.

"Thou art he!" exclaimed the latter, with agonizing accents, as he strode towards where the other sat; "thou art he—he—and no other, I am sure."

The pilgrim threw his arms with wildness around Shehan's neck, and sobbed aloud.

The latter becoming rather calm, exclaimed,—

"What do you mean, man?—I fancy you are much mistaken, or labour under mental aberration. I cannot be the person whom you mean, whatever may be the resemblance which I bear to him, in your recollection. Reflect again; for I never remember myself having seen your visage before. Think of what you are about to urge; and speak out your thoughts, that I may correct my errors, under which you are at present labouring."

This scene drew the attention of all present again upon Shehan. The pilgrim sought his seat again, looking so oddly three or four times in the other's face as he withdrew. It was evident that the contour of what weighed upon his memory was only visible to the stranger, whilst the dependant was labouring under excitement, all having vanished as soon as the latter resumed composure.

"Drink and be merry," said Shehan, "in order that we may be the better prepared to hear the pilgrim's ballad; and let no person depart, saying that he had not received plenty beneath the arches of Clanawly's castle. Drink all around."

They finished their vessels of ale, which were as quickly refilled by the speaker, whilst he urged them all to deeper draughts. During the merriment in the kitchen, the hall presented a scene of unrivalled grandeur. Thither Shehan went, for the space of a few minutes, to see whether his presence was in anywise necessary. Having satisfied himself upon that subject, he returned to his place in the kitchen; and, resuming his seat at the head of the hospitable board, he begged the pilgrim to recite the ballad for the gratification of all present.

The pilgrim drank his ale, and pulling out a roll of parchment, carefully unrolled it, saying,—



"It is at present very rough, having been written whilst I was labouring under great excitement, and not yet corrected."

"So much the better," observed Shehan, "as we shall have the intrinsic spirit which moved you to your subject."

Silence having been obtained, the pilgrim began to read.

THE BALLAD.

O SOLITARY edifice that standest in view, how desolate now thou appearest! How is thy loveliness departed; thou, whose halls resounded with melodious songs.

Thy lofty towers are dilapidated, thy highly polished stones are mingling with the earth, and thou art embraced in solitude and in ruin, which rise up around thee.

And this is thy end, potent beauty, crumbling to the earth?—thy talismanic aspect is gone, and thy handsome stones lie scattered throughout the lawn.

The cold blue current of the firmament now gives lustre to that hall, where rich wine-flasks abounded; the rays penetrate thee on all sides—thou who didst rival the golden Emania.

Thy portals are already choked with rubbish; thou, whose polished gates once proudly shone! the ornamental stones that crowded thy battlements, now lie around thy walls at the base.

What sound is that which issues through thy broken windows?—music!—The music of birds, and the stormy sounds of elemental wrath that chimes thy doom all.

What spell of slumber came over thee, thou fortress of many gates? O'Donagall, whose hospitable board was crowned with overflowing goblets, say how came this change upon thy greatness?

Within thy bright walls, O happy fortress, Clan Connell met in their strength, and the children of Conn held their powerful assemblies—O splendid reflection of nobility!

At this moment an involuntary sigh was drawn from the bottom of Shehan's breast, and for a moment his eyes stood motionless and sightless. The minstrel who, having kept a watchful eye upon him whilst he proceeded, observed this thoughtfulness again, suspended his voice for a few seconds. The pause startled Shehan, who, recovering from peevishness, cried out,—

"Proceed!"

Thou didst rival the golden Emania, wert equal to the stately Cruachan in Connaught, superior to that splendid mansion which crowns the Boyne—thou, who wert as Rome in Erin, for beauty and transport.

Though thy fair capacious hall is tenantless to-night, into it were poured the treasures of Ulster and Connaught, which were hospitably distributed upon thy tables.

We have stood upon thy towers—upon thy purple turrets; and, O happy sight, we have beheld the ships of the strangers, in snow-white sails, approach our coast in the month of May.

Upon those lofty pinnacles have we stood, and beheld the fleet huntsman, the bounding hounds, the joyful chase—from thy white gleagh have we gazed upon the many plains over which thou rulest.

The strong legions of Gael feasted within thee, at thy festive board, and proceeded to sports upon thy verdant green, after the banquet rendered each happy.

O'Donagall—O'Donagall! this is a woful trance that overcame thee—sorrowful lethargy that left thee without chieftain, without nobles, without joy, this night!

There are men of the race of Connell, who, if they knew of thy downfall, would come from the north and from the south, and even from foreign countries, to shed tears over thy ruins, thou fair castle of bright-mailed chieftains.

The noble-minded Manus O'Donnell would suffer indescribable anguish for thee, O fortress of regal strength, had he but heard of the disaster which overwhelm thee.

How bitter would be the grief of Hugh, the son of Hugh, could he behold thy declension and desolation, O regal palace, whose walls were once as white as snow.

Even if Red Hugh now saw thee, who laid thee in ruins, O noble mansion of the illustrious house of Fertas! his triumph and delight would cease.

Oh! was it ever thought that one of the Tirconnells could reduce his own bright-streamed fortress with embellished walls, to such a state of desolation?

And was it thy own monarch, Hugh M'Donnell, O thou forsaken fortress on the Easty, who has given to thee this melancholy blow, and demolished thy walls and towers?

"I am sorry for interrupting you," said one of the strange minstrels; "but I have a remark to make. The O'Donnells never strove together like any other clan, to support their honour and dignity."

"My companion is right there," said the other minstrel, rather warmly, "as you may observe; for whilst other clans were fighting against clans, nothing was heard in that quarter but O'Donnell against

O'Donnell, from the first time that the family began to spread itself to the present day."

"I pity the wreck of their greatness, which your poem finely illustrates," observe the former again, "but the pity is lessened when we reflect in how much the family has been accessory to its own premature downfall."

Shehan, casting a glance of rebuke at both, caused silence, whilst he cried out to the pilgrim,—

"Go on with the ballad."

However, it was not out of hatred, nor that he wished thee ill, that the king of the conquering tribe of Dalach left thee thus void and desolate.

But mark his reason, O beautiful-proportioned mansion! it was lest the black ferocious strangers should become possessed of thee, and thus make a dwelling within thy walls.

Lest the ferocious strangers should dwell within thee, and that we should call thee in earnest the Dun-ne-gall, O proud fortress of the Gaels!—that was the reason why thy handsome turrets were overthrown.

"They were the Gaels themselves, that first lived in it," said one of the minstrels, waxing rather angry and red with the enthusiasm of his declaration.

"Silence, man!" roared Shehan; "wait until the ballad is concluded, and then make remarks."

Yet better is it that thou should lie in the dust, by the hand of thine own king, than that the truculent Gaels should raise mounds and circles of stones around thee and thy running waters, O fortress with the glossy walls.

"That is an end to my poem," said the pilgrim.

All present spoke loudly in praise of the pilgrim, except the minstrels: one of whom cried out as soon as the subject was concluded,—

"Now I suppose we can make our comments?"

"Comment away now," said Shehan.

"And don't you agree with me in my remark?" asked he of the dependant—the minstrel who interrupted the poem, and was silenced for so doing.

"No, I do not agree with you, indeed," firmly responded Shehan, "for you may just as well call the Milesian families by the name of Galls."

"Then what gave rise to the name?—do you know?" asked the same speaker again.

"I can't say," returned Shehan, "but I am fully confident and convinced that it does not arise from the O'Donnells having *Gallish* blood in them, whatever else may have given rise to it."

"But man, the O'Donnells are *Galls*," loudly said the other minstrel; "do you know the family?"

"Ay," said Shehan, "and better by far than any one present at this table. I—but it is no use for the present; and I wish, in plain god earnest that you would explain your reason for calling the O'Donnells *Galls*?"

"Just," returned the other. "as I have heard others before me say, that they were all strangers, but they were far more honourable in the cause of Irish than many of our chieftains; who, to their eternal shame be it spoken, have acted towards their country in such a manner as not to merit the name of Irishmen."

"If," observed the former, turning the argument a little off by gentle words, "the castle of O'Donnell were to be called Dun-ne-gall, from any circumstance connected with the family, it arose from their hospitality—entertaining strangers continually at their table—in good truth, to my knowledge, it deserved well to be called *Dun-ne-gall*, from the very lavish hospitality there shown to all indiscriminately."

"I certainly agree with you there," said the minstrel.

"You are correct in that respect," observed the other bard.

"Nobody can deny that," sighed the pilgrim.

Shehan beckoned silently to the pilgrim, who attended the summons. They left the kitchen and entered the dark archway leading to the dormitories, where they conversed for a few moments. At their return to the outward place, Shehan's eyes seemed red as from the effect of tears; whilst the pilgrim with much difficulty attempted to conceal his sobbing emotions.

"Eoghan!" exclaimed Shehan.

The boy ran from his seat.

"Pay particular attention to the ale whilst I am away. I am going up to the hall, for I know that I will be wanted there. And do not let any of their throats get dry, for the want of good ale and lentils of it." Lowering his voice he continued, "Keep a watchful eye over these two rogues, and notice their conversation after they retire to rest, because I am afraid they are bent upon some scheme, and determined by some artifice, God forbid! to turn our banquet into a scene of carnage, and our happy and illuminated hall into a slaughter-house."

"I will have a sharp eye upon them, you may depend upon me," de-



clared the boy, "and if I hear them utter anything of that description, I will come up to the hall, and acquaint you therewith privately."

"We shall by that means," said Shehan, quite softly, "anticipate all their dark designs;" and having concluded his remark, he hastened to the narrow winding staircase, and soon gained the pavement of the brilliant hall.

(To be continued in our next.)

## HELEN RIPLEY;

### OR, THE PROMISE.

THE village bell had just tolled the evening hour, as two individuals entered the churchyard of Merriion, a pretty village in the west of England. The one, a youth of about eighteen or nineteen, was habited in deep black; while the dress of the young lady was, perhaps, a shade less gloomy and sad, just what is termed mourning out of respect. She was not quite so old as the youth who accompanied her, but her form, though slim and fairy-like, promised, at a future time, greater fulness. Her hazel tresses fell in something like disorder on either side of her face, while some escaped beneath the gipsy bonnet.

They wandered through the churchyard for some time, apparently engaged in earnest conversation.

The twilight was fast merging into darkness, yet there was sufficient light to enable them to pick their way through the tombs. At length they seated themselves opposite to a grave, which they both looked at with earnestness, for some minutes. At length the lady broke silence by saying,—

"You have made up your mind to leave us then, Henry?"

"Yes, I must do so; fortune is no friend of mine. Here I cannot live without earning the means, and I am not received among my friends as I used to be when my father lived, and while I was considered to be the heir of considerable property."

"I am sorry that so much has arisen to anger you; but you must not judge over harshly, for you are not deserted by all, indeed there are few but what wish you well; but they are desirous of seeing you throw off this melancholy and seek your fortune in the world."

"And you among the rest, Helen," replied the youth, passionately.

"I do, Henry, though you ask it in an unkind spirit; but, believe me, it is the best for us both."

"Well, I will do my utmost, and, if I succeed, you will, within five years, see me back again; but, should I fail, in Merriion you will never see me again."

"Success or no success, Henry, will make no difference in my love. The knowledge that you have done your best, will convince me that you deserved it. Five years is a long time; but you have named it, and at the end of that time you will find me the same that you now leave me," she said, firmly.

"Such is the time I shall be gone. I cannot go so far and be back earlier. But, believe me, Helen, not one of the many days that I am absent from thee, can I ever forget you; and here, by my father's grave, I swear that I will never think of any other!"

"And I, Henry, will do the same by you. We are both very young, and this time will enable us both to obtain a more just estimate of things than we now possess."

"It will, Helen; but, should ought happen, and you see me not, believe me, I will release you from your promise, and you are free to choose another; for I shall then be either dead, or I shall never revisit these tombs again, being unsuccessful in the pursuit of fortune."

"Successful or not," replied Helen, "I shall expect to meet you here, among these very tombs, when the day arrives."

Henry smiled, but mournfully shook his head, and said,—

"If successful."

The lovers embraced, and, after a long and tender farewell, separated, casting many a lingering look behind.

Henry Powis was the son of a gentleman of the same name, and who lived in a liberal style—gave his son a good education, and kept his curicle. It was believed that he possessed large property in the funds and other securities.

He became acquainted with many of the gentry in and about Merriion, and, among others, with Mr. Ripley, a man possessed of considerable fortune.

They were constant visitors and warm friends. It was thus Henry and Helen Ripley became acquainted. Their parents had kindred tastes and felt pleasure in the same pursuits; it was no wonder, then, that they were united by the bonds of firm friendship.

The young people had much time upon their hands, which was spent almost wholly in each others society. Thus commenced that friendship which speedily ripened into love, and that attachment became stronger each succeeding day.

It happened in this, as in many other cases; the course of true love never does run smooth, for what, in many cases, would have been the removal of a barrier to the union of the happy lovers, was to create one—namely, the death of Mr. Powis. It was then found, to the astonishment of all, that he had but a life annuity.

This was his whole and sole property, and out of it he had saved but little; so that when he was buried and all expenses paid, there was not more than about two hundred pounds left for his son.

Great was Henry's consternation when he found that he was reduced to almost beggary, and that such would indeed be the case, if he could not obtain some honourable employment.

He was long irresolute, and unable to fix upon any plan. Indeed, he was not calculated for any kind of business, his education had not been such as to fit him for it, and he was at a loss how to proceed. While he was thus considering his lamentable situation, and mourning for the demise of his parent, he found that his friends became insensibly cool, and no longer welcomed him with the cordiality with which they were formerly wont to do.

The fact was, they thought he was idling away his time, and was very likely to become a burden upon them. He communicated his thoughts only to Helen, who informed him of the true state of the case.

Thus, then, they parted, and Henry quitted England, to seek in foreign climes the means of returning and claiming successfully the hand of Helen Ripley.

Time passed on, and Helen heard not from her lover. This she did not expect, as it would have been dangerous to correspond, as the fact of her engagement would have been divulged, and thus prohibited by her parents. Neither had any arrangements been made to do so; therefore, not to hear from him was no cause of disappointment to her, nor created any greater uneasiness than would naturally result from the entire separation of two lovers for such a stated period.

Often, in the hours of solitude, would Helen pore over the recollection of interviews long gone by, but which were sweet from the fact of their being so. She would often picture to herself the situation of her lover, exposed to hardships and danger, from which her imagination would always relieve him, to return home safe and successful at last. These sweet moments of stolen pleasure seemed to help time along on his rugged path, and even to smooth the road and shorten the way.

Two years and half of the third fled by; thus one half of the allotted period of probation had passed. Her face beamed with smiles, and earnestly did she hope that her lover had mended his prospects. She felt there was a secret sympathy between them, even at the great distance they were asunder.

Mr. Ripley's acquaintance was enlarged by the arrival of another proprietor to one of the neighbouring estates, which had been sold in consequence of the death of its owner, and the produce was divided among his children, who happened to be girls.

This proprietor was a very old man, and with him came an only son. This was his only companion—his only immediate relation; of course, he was to be his heir.

At first he was considered a worthy young gentleman; but those who had frequent opportunities of seeing him, thought he was a personification of Joseph Surface—a sensualist and a hypocrite. This, however, was only believed by a few, and known by a still much smaller number of his acquaintances.

This gentleman was introduced to Mr. Ripley and his daughter, and his conduct pleased them both; but it soon happened that his attentions became more particular than was consistent with mere friendship, and she determined to put a check upon any attempt at courtship, which, unlike most young ladies, she dreaded. She would often draw unfavourable comparisons between her present lover—for such he evinced himself—and her absent swain.

Though she was averse to any connection with young Whiteby Allen, yet her parents could see no reasonable objection; and when they saw the drift of his attentions, they offered no opposition, but, when there was an opportunity of doing so, favoured his views. This gave much pain to Helen, who could foresee much unpleasantness that would arise from the circumstance.

Allen, perceiving that he should meet with encouragement from the parents, became bolder, which gave the greater disgust to Helen, and she was at little pains to conceal it. But he was not one to suffer a rebuff very easily, and, having gained Mr. Ripley's consent to his visiting his daughter as her lover, he seized the first opportunity that presented itself to declare his love for her.

"I feel much honoured," she replied, "at your preference; but, I am sorry to say, that I cannot return it. I have no desire to be otherwise than as I am, and would wish that you discontinued a pursuit that can only end in disappointment."

"But," argued her lover, "I have your father's consent, and, if you do not feel any ill-will towards me, you will, perhaps, in time, look upon my suit with a more favourable eye than you do now."



"No, no," she replied. "It is not necessary that I should utterly dislike you to make me decline your offered love, quite the contrary; but, in plain language, I cannot love you sufficiently to enable me to accept you as a lover, much less as a husband."

"Permit me, however, to see you. Do not deny me that pleasure. Time and assiduity may do more than you imagine."

As he asked only what she was not entitled to refuse, he was permitted to see her at all times, and dismissed from his manner much of that obvious deference which lovers pay to their mistresses. On this account his presence was borne with less manifest dislike than it otherwise would have been.

Eighteen months had now elapsed since their first acquaintance, and the parents of both began to consider that it was time there was an end of the courtship.

Whiteby informed Mr. Ripley what had passed on a former occasion, and requested his advice and countenance. He wished him to question his daughter, before he essayed to make a final attempt to obtain her consent to be his wife.

Mr. Ripley accordingly called his daughter to him one day, and plainly informed her of his wishes, and begged she would urge no unnecessary delay to the fulfilment of his desire of seeing her married.

"Indeed, papa," she replied, "I cannot have Mr. Allan for my husband. I can never love him, and I could die sooner than consent to be his wife."

Much was said upon the absurdity of such a refusal, and he inquired her motive, but could not obtain any information. At length he inquired if her affections were already placed upon any one.

After much hesitation, she confessed her engagement with Henry Powis.

"Did you agree to await any time for him?" inquired her father.

"Yes; if he were successful, he would return in five years; and, if not, I should be released from my engagement."

"Well, Helen, I will not do unnecessary violence to your feelings; but if I consent to your waiting till the term has expired, and if he does not return successful by that time, you must consent to be Mr. Whiteby Allan's bride. You clearly understand this?"

Helen considered for some moments. She saw no help but to accept the offer, and gave the promise, though much against her inclination. She closed with her father's condition, and agreed, in the event of Henry's not returning successful, to wed Allan.

She had no doubt of her lover's return, and this would, of course, make certain of her father's consent to her union with him. However, time wore on, and but a few short weeks remained unexpired of the appointed time.

Helen, whose beauty had greatly increased, was now about two-and-twenty, and health bloomed on her cheeks; but as the time approached, the roses fled from her face, and her lips were bloodless and compressed. Her eye, once quick and sparkling, became fixed and dimmed with the secret tear.

The day passed; a week more passed. It was then her father reminded her of her promise, and demanded the fulfilment of it. She could answer nothing, but allowed the preparations to proceed without comment, and suffered the caresses of Whiteby.

The day was fixed, and it arrived. She entered the churchyard in company with her friends and bridegroom—she expressed no unwillingness—she was as if they had been leading her to an execution—she went meekly, mildly, and uncomplaining.

The churchyard was filled with spectators, and they all marked her sallow paleness; but they thought it was caused by the novelty of her situation, and the feelings naturally awakened in the breast of a young and timid maiden who was about to go through so solemn a ceremony. But they saw not the quivering lip, the lustreless eye, nor knew they the tremendous effort she had made to keep herself up amongst the gay group that surrounded her.

It chanced that their way led them near the spot where she and Henry had so often spent a few hours; where, indeed they last parted. There stood his father's grave—that grave by which he swore to be true and faithful to her.

She was about to pass it—she could not look at it—it would remind her too strongly of him she loved. But, no, she could not without turning her head when she had nearly passed the spot, and casting a lingering look behind.

She did so and started. She looked again, and clasped her hands—uttering a wild shriek, she rushed through her friends, and flew towards the grave. There was a man enveloped in a large cloak leaning on the grave. He bore marks of travel upon his person, and even something approaching to indigence. As she approached he lifted his eyes off the grave, they were wet with tears. It was Henry Powis.

He extended his arms towards Helen, who, overcome by her emotions, fainted upon the breast of her lover.

So instantaneous was all this done, that no one had time to interfere.

They now, however, gathered round the stranger, and took the inanimate burden from his arms, and conveyed her into the vestry, where she recovered from her swoon.

The marriage could not be performed on that day, and the parties returned to their respective homes. Whiteby's chagrin was great at the turn circumstances had taken. He thought that by not hurrying her on he should obtain a willing consent, and he now blamed himself for his delay. But one circumstance gave him hope yet, and that was the stranger bore no marks of wealth about him, and his want of success would be a barrier to his union with Helen.

That evening Helen stole out and sought the grave, and there found her lover. They remained in conversation for several hours. He had returned unsuccessful, but he could not keep away. He had determined to do so, yet his resolution failed, and he found himself at his father's grave but a few moments before she entered the churchyard.

They again swore eternal fidelity, and Helen consented to meet poverty and distress in the company of the man she loved, in preference to splendour in the arms of one she despised.

A few days afterwards she left her home to meet her lover, and they were immediately married by license. He conveyed her to the inn where he had taken up a temporary abode, and where everything was genteel but not luxurious.

About a fortnight after their marriage they sought her parents, to ask their forgiveness. Though greatly irritated at their conduct, Mr. Ripley agreed to receive them, and do what he could for their welfare. Hearing this, Henry Powis said,—

"I will now confess my real prospects. My wife loves me, and prefers poverty with me to riches with another; and you have overlooked our faults. I now tell you in return, I have an ample fortune. All things have succeeded to my wishes, and this among the rest. May we all live happily and united to the end of our lives."

## LOVE;

### OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE POISON DRAUGHT.

WITH a slow and tottering step, Robert Leighton proceeded to the outer door of the warehouses, and finding that the knocking had ceased, he called as loudly as he could, in order that he might be heard above the roaring of the wind,—

"Who is there?"

"Goldsmid Lyons," was the brief reply.

Leighton opened the door, and, attired in a large cloak, he saw the diamond merchant on the threshold. In his hand he carried a lantern, the reflector of which he turned fully on the face of Leighton, as he said,—

"Good evening, sir. I am, as you see, despite wind and weather, punctual to the appointment you did me the honour to make with me."

"I thank you," stammered Leighton; "will you be so good as to walk in. What a night this is!"

"It is, indeed. I never saw but one like it, and then my father died, which made some people say, 'it's an ill wind that blows no one good,' for, against his inclination, I came in for all his property. He never could bear to make a will, you see."

The diamond merchant laughed as he spoke, and appeared, taking all things into consideration, to be on very excellent terms with himself indeed. The fact was, he had really no apprehensions whatever with regard to the forged documents he held, for he fully believed that Leighton would compensate him completely, to prevent the exposure he could bring about. Moreover, Goldsmid Lyons had no objection to have a wealthy and generally respectable commercial house under his thumb, as the firm of Leighton and Co. he considered would be now. So he was pleased rather than angry at the circumstances, and, in the interview which is about to take place, we shall see the value which the Jew placed upon his own forbearance in the matter.

Leighton requested him to follow to the counting-house, which the Jew did without manifesting the least reluctance; but he rather started when he saw Scalvoni standing by a table, on which were two lights and various papers and documents.

He drew back, as he said,—

"Mr. Leighton, you have a visitor."

"No, no," said Leighton. "This is Mr. Scalvoni, for some years my confidential clerk, and recently my partner, although his name has not yet been added to the firm."



"Oh, indeed," said the diamond merchant; "then he is, of course, aware of the little business which brings us together this evening."

"He is."

"Perfectly," said Scalvoni; "of course, we have no secrets or reserve with you, Mr. Lyons. Pray be seated, and we will at once enter into this matter."

"Well, well," said the Jew; "I am pleased, gentlemen, to see that you view the business with such composed feelings. Always compromise everything, is my maxim, if possible. I have no wish to make use of the law against any one, unless I can make more by so doing than by compromising."

"Precisely," said Scalvoni. "That is the way to transact real business. Perhaps, now, Mr. Lyons, you will oblige us with the particulars, briefly, of your complaint."

"Yes—yes," said Leighton, nervously, as he attempted to snuff the candles, but failed in doing so—"yes—we shall be most happy to hear your complaint."

"Then, gentlemen," said the Jew, glancing from one to the other of them suspiciously, "my complaint is that I have been taken in to the tune of thirty-five thousand pounds, nearly."

"So much?" said Scalvoni.

"Ay, fully as much," replied the Jew, striking the table with his clenched hand. "True, I hold documents bearing all the outward appearance of securities. True it is, that these documents bear certain rates of interest which have been duly paid through your house, from whence those documents came, but I am convinced they are all forged. Yes, gentlemen, you may look—they are forgeries—well executed forgeries, and by whom, perhaps, you can assist me in forming a good guess?"

"Indeed," said Leighton, trembling, "we deeply regret——"

"Oh, pho! pho!" said Scalvoni. "The whole affair lies in a very small compass. We did forge the documents you allude to, Mr. Lyons."

"Good God, Scalvoni!" exclaimed Leighton.

"The devil you did!" said the Jew, who was taken completely by surprise at the sudden, unexpected, and unblushing avowal of the fact he suspected.

"Yes, we did. They are well done, are they not?"

The diamond merchant looked astonished, and took a prolonged pinch of snuff before he spoke.

"Well," he said, "I was certainly unprepared for so much candour; but it is very delightful, nevertheless."

Leighton groaned aloud, and looked the picture of despair; for he could not divest himself of the idea that it was an act of great temerity to make such a free confession to Lyons of their guilt.

"I admire candour above all things," remarked Scalvoni. "What I have said simplifies our proceedings wonderfully. The fact was, we were in difficulties, Mr. Lyons. Our means were decreasing, our credit falling, so we bolstered up both by about a hundred thousand pounds' worth of forged foreign bonds and securities of all kinds and descriptions, of which you have been kind enough to take thirty-five thousand pounds' worth. That is the whole case, just as it stands, and now there is no mystification or trouble about it whatever."

"Well," said the Jew, drawing a long breath, "of all the cool fellows that ever I met with or heard of, you are certainly the coolest and most audacious. I—I—don't it, I hardly know what to say to you. You look as calmly upon your situation as if you had not the scaffold in perspective, and had no dread at all of the Old Bailey."

"Exactly," said Scalvoni. "But you are a man of business, Mr. Lyons, and from you we have nothing to fear."

"Oh! but I beg your pardon."

"Nay—hear me. We have nothing to fear from you, provided we settle with you in full, which increased successes in business enables us to do."

"Oh, then, indeed——"

"And, besides, I consider we owe you a per centage for your kind forbearance. Many men in your situation would have run to the Lord Mayor, and we should have been hung—eh, Leighton—don't you think we should have been hung?"

Leighton said "Yes," in a tone of voice which implied that he considered there was still a very tolerable chance of such a catastrophe, and the Jew, who stared so at Scalvoni that his eyes seemed starting out of his head, remarked,—

"On my soul, Mr. Scalvoni, you are the cleverest man I ever met with. I very seldom compliment anybody; but of all the rogues—I mean of all the clever, business-like men I ever encountered—you are the greatest to my mind."

"Thank you. I fully appreciate your kind compliments, I assure you, and I hope the proposal I have made is acceptable."

"How do you mean to carry it into effect?"

"By a check at once for the whole amount on our banker's, where we have a balance of treble that sum."

The Jew's countenance brightened as he said,—

"Well, well; I certainly feel myself much indebted to you; and give me leave to say, that no word of mine shall ever give rise to the least suspicion respecting your transactions. I consider your conduct very handsome, indeed. What amount of per centage was that you talked of?"

"I think if we give you a check for forty thousand pounds, we can consider that it will cover all the securities, besides leaving some complimentary balance in your favour."

"Agreed—agreed. My dear sir, you are a perfect gentleman. I hope we shall continue good friends, and that prosperity will crown always your praiseworthy business exertions. I never was so pleased in my life—never. Mr. Leighton, you have an admirable partner—a most clever man; perhaps you will write the check at once, gentlemen."

"Certainly. It is, as you say, pleasant to transact business in so agreeable a spirit. Leighton, have you your check-book here?"

"Yes—yes."

"Then draw a check for forty thousand in favour of Mr. Goldsmid Lyons, and we can congratulate ourselves upon this affair being over."

The diamond merchant could hardly believe his own eyes when he had handed to him a check for the larger amount which had been named. Oh, how thankful he felt that he had been prudent enough not to make any fuss or disturbance about the affair, but had kept himself quiet till he saw Leighton, and ascertained if the matter would be compromised or not. How he hugged himself upon his exceeding cleverness in the transaction—a cleverness which put a bonus of five thousand pounds into his pocket; then ensued a slight pang of regret that he had not held out for more; but as the check was drawn, and carefully deposited in his pocket-book, he gave up the idea.

"We shall, of course, rely upon you," remarked Scalvoni, "to destroy the documents this check is to cover."

"Exactly. Come to my house to-morrow, and see them committed to the flames. Within one hour after this check is cashed there shall be nothing remaining of them but their white ashes."

"Then by eleven o'clock to-morrow suppose, Leighton, we pay Mr. Lyons a visit?"

"Yes, I am willing," said Leighton; and at the same moment the Jew rose from his seat as if to go.

"Believe me, gentlemen," he said, "I shall always look upon you both with great respect and admiration. I sincerely hope that no one else who may be in possession of any of your forgeries will find them out so as to harass you about them; and I assure you if my opinion is ever asked about any of them, as it often is, concerning foreign bonds and documents, I shall pronounce in favour of their validity and correctness."

"We are much obliged. But do you not hear how hard the rain still continues to beat upon the river. You had better wait till the storm has blown over."

The wind and the dashing rain could be distinctly heard; the storm seemed not in the least to have abated, and the diamond merchant hesitated, as if in doubt whether to face its fury, or wait where he was, until it should in some measure have abated.

Scalvoni seized the opportunity to open a window near which they were standing, and there came in such a dashing gust of rain, wind, and sleet, that the Jew stepped back apace, saying,—

"It is, indeed, a terrible night!"

"It is," remarked Scalvoni; "but such a tempest cannot last very long. You had better wait till its violence is over, which must be soon."

"I want to reach home," muttered the Jew. "I feel as if somehow something would happen to me to-night. I would rather reach home at once."

"Something is very likely to happen to you if you go out in such a storm."

"Yes; but—but I think I would rather venture."

"As you please; but I advise you to remain. We have some good wine here; a glass or two will cheer you, and enable you to face the tempest better."

Scalvoni closed the window as he spoke, and the Jew said,—

"Well, well; I will stay a little. As you say, the wind and rain is too violent to last very long."

He happened as he said these words to glance at Leighton; and he might well, as he did, utter an exclamation of surprise at his appearance. The wretched man was standing by the back of a chair, with a countenance on which sat an expression of so much agony, that it was terrible to look upon. The conversation between the Jew and Scalvoni had been listened to by him with fearful interest; and now he knew that the diamond merchant's fate was sealed, such a cold chill crept through his veins, that he thought he should have died upon the spot.

"You are ill, Mr. Leighton?" said Lyons.

"Yes—yes—a passing spasm, to which I am subject. I am much better now."



"On, I often see him similarly affected," said Scalvoni. "A mouthful of fresh air will revive him. Come with me, a moment, Leighton. You will find the air in the passage cooler."

He took Leighton by the arm, and led him just outside the door, when he whispered to him,—

"Fool—idiot! Would you ruin all?"

"I—I cannot help it."

"Cannot help it! D—n! Are you mad?"

"Nearly so—God help me—nearly so."

"Now, by all the fiends! I could find in my heart to kill you."

"Do so—do so. It would be the greatest favour you could do me now, Scalvoni."

"Pshaw. Attend to me. It is the Jew's cup that I have poisoned, not the wine. You understand me? He shall have the silver cup I generally use myself. It has poison in it, so that we can drink from the same bottle of wine without fear."

"Yes—yes. I hear."

"Come in, then, and assume some sort of composure, if you can, or you will ruin all."

He then led Leighton back, saying to Goldsmid Lyons,—

"He is better now."

"Yes, much better," added Leighton, in a hollow voice, and with one of the ghastliest attempts at a smile that could sit upon a human face.

"And now for the wine," said Scalvoni. "I flatter myself, Mr Lyons, we can offer you as fine a glass of champagne as ever passed your lips."

"Champagne!" said the Jew. "Truly it is a wine I drink little of, on account of its high price."

"It is costly; but this is some we had brought to us in one of our own vessels; so we have it at the cheapest price, of course. Moreover, between you and I, it paid no duty. You see we make quite a confidant of you."

The diamond merchant laughed as he replied,—

"Why, I know enough already to make quite enough mischief."

"To be sure; and now tell us, if we had not compromised this matter with you, what would you have done?"

"Oh, never mind that now."

"Nay, but candidly speaking now, what course would you have adopted?"

"Then, candidly speaking, a most vigorous prosecution would have ensued."

"I thought so; and quite right too. Now, Mr Lyons, you shall drink champagne as it ought to be drunk—namely, out of a pint silver cup."

"Indeed."

"Yes; it is the only way to enjoy it. Leighton, you will find a bottle, glasses, and my silver cup on that side-table. Let us enjoy ourselves. Draw nearer to the table, Mr Lyons. By heavens! how the wind howls and the rain beats against the window, to be sure. I never saw such a sight near London. The wine, Leighton—the wine."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE MURDER OF THE DIAMOND MERCHANT.

The affected hilarity of Scalvoni appeared to infect the Jew; for he laughed heartily as he drew near to the table, and seemed to be in a most pleasant frame of mind, and quite determined to enjoy himself upon the expensive wine that was placed before him. So desirable an end to his dealings with the house of Leighton and Co. he had never ventured to anticipate, and he felt quite delighted at the whole proceedings. The very howling of the wind without added to his feelings of in-door enjoyment; and what a scene did the Thames indeed present on that awful night! It would seem as if all the elements of nature had been freed from their natural restraints, because man was about to shed man's blood.

Occasionally a faint cry of distress could be heard from the river, arising from some unhappy boatman, who found it impossible to withstand the fury of the wind and the turbulence of the water.

But towards the mouth of the river was the greatest scene of mischief and devastation. There vessels of some size and value were fighting against wind and tide.

The loud roar of the ocean, and the hoarse bellowing of the wind, with the heavy rain, made it difficult for the mariner to tell where he was, and many of the smaller craft could scarcely ride out the storm. Vessels that had been moored now gave way, and were seen at the mercy of the angry elements, tossed to and fro without hope—being now thrown against the shore, and then against some other vessel, the collision being marked by a tremendous crash, that threw every soul down who was on board.

Those vessels that did not break away from their moorings were rocked about and heaved up and down in a fearful manner to behold, and those who were aboard expected that every moment would be their last; for the ropes and cordage were strained to the utmost, and the vessels creaked and groaned beneath the pressure of the waves.

And withal, it was so dark and so bitterly cold that the men were scarce able to do their accustomed duty.

The waves rose high and were crested with white foam, which it dashed upon all objects that opposed their progress. A drear and dismal night it was, full of danger and dread.

There was something abominably selfish in the glee with which the Jew suddenly remarked,—

"What mischief will be done to-night. The underwriters at Lloyd's will be shaking in their beds to-night, and many a gay fellow will not live to see the dawn of another day."

"Ay," said Scalvoni, "death comes often when least expected. Leighton, will you, or shall I, liberate the glorious liquid in this bottle?"

"You—you," said Leighton; "I am very nervous to-night."

"This is a handsome cup," remarked Lyons, stretching out his hand to examine the silver cup, at the bottom of which lay the deadly poison.

"Yes," said Scalvoni, snatching it up before him, and holding it up at arm's length, as if to enable him to view it well. "The chasing is considered excellent. Leighton, hold it while I fill it to the brim."

The champagne cork was liberated, and flew with a sharp report to the ceiling. In another instant the deadly draught was singing and effervescing in the silver cup.

"Now, Mr Lyons," said Scalvoni, handing it to him, "drink to our better acquaintance."

"Nay, after you."

"No—no; we have glasses. You, as a guest, must have the cup all to yourself."

"I cannot think of doing so. Really now——"

"Pho—pho, man—no apologies. We should not have offered you the silver cup unless we had meant you to have all the advantages of it. There, you see we have filled our glasses. A toast—a toast, Leighton—give us a toast, which I am sure our friend will honour with a bumper."

"Well," said the Jew, drawing the goblet towards him, "if I must, I must."

"Of course you must; it's your fate, man, and there is no haggling against it. Come, Leighton, the toast."

"I have none—I have none."

"Then I will give you one. 'May the evening's amusement bear the morning's reflection.'"

"Good God!" said Leighton.

"Yes, he is good to us all," added Scalvoni—"amen! I feel rather religious to-night; but never mind me, Mr Lyons; drink—drink."

"Well, gentlemen," said Goldsmid Lyons, holding the goblet in his hands, and gently turning it round and round as he watched the bubbles rise to the surface of the wine, and burst with a hissing sound, "I feel that I am very much indebted to you."

"No—no," cried Scalvoni.

"Yes, but I am, though, however you may be kind enough to say to the contrary, and in drinking the toast which has been so well proposed, I am quite sure that my evening's amusement will bear quite well the morning's reflection—of that I am certain."

"Hear—hear."

"And further I must be allowed to say, that I feel myself peculiarly indebted for the very gentlemanly manner in which I have been received, coming, too, as I did upon an unpleasant errand. Of course every man must look after himself, and my duty to myself would have involved me in the necessity of having you both hung at the Old Bailey."

"Certainly," said Scalvoni.

"And then I should never have known what remarkably social, pleasant gentlemen you were, and what a delightful evening it was possible to pass in your admirable society."

"Champagne spoils by keeping," said Scalvoni; "it should be drunk at once after being tapped."

"Should it? Then I will only say briefly, that we shall continue acquaintances long; and, as far as I am concerned, you may swindle all the world with impunity. Here goes, gentlemen. May the morning's reflection sanction the evening's amusement, and I must say I am very much amused."

"Amen!" groaned Leighton.

The Jew emptied the goblet at a draught, and then smacking his lips, he said,—

"What a delicious flavour. Ha!—delightful. Upon my word this is something like champagne."

(To be continued in our next.)



## A TRIP TO MARGATE.

It was a bright day in August—the sun was shining gloriously when Alfred Moserton placed his foot on the deck of the Margate steam-packet. Alfred Moserton was the eldest son of a merchant in the city—he was of short stature, but had sparkling black eyes, and dark curling hair; his countenance, if not regularly handsome, was open and expressive. He had long looked forward to this little trip to Margate, and the only thing he now desired was a companion, for old Mr. Moserton never left his home or his office, therefore Alfred came quite alone. The steam-packet was not crowded. There was a lady who owned a suspicious bottle, which she kept concealed in a capacious pocket; and two religious gentlemen, who sang psalms. There was another, who brought with her a bason of hard boiled eggs, which she kept devouring from the time of starting until their arrival. Alfred being of a happy turn of mind found plenty of amusement in the persons before him.

They had started, and the old Tower of London, with its grey walls, was soon far behind, and Alfred sat down to watch the lady with the "suspicious bottle." There was another watching her with equal delight, and Alfred's attention became in time directed more towards her than the bottle. This was a beautiful girl of seventeen: her eyes were dark and sparkling, and her hair was of a rich brown; her cheek was pale, and there was a smile upon her rosy lip, as she regarded the lady who took such pains to ward off the evils of sea-sickness. Her brother, a tall, handsome youth, approached her, and away they went together to see something new. Alfred couldn't help following too. "I'll get into talk with this brother," he thought, and so he did, for finding him standing alone, he spoke to him; a long conversation ensued, and Alfred resumed his seat.

"See, here is the Nore-light you were speaking about," said the brother approaching, with his sister on his arm.

"So I see," answered Alfred, who had been looking in a different direction.

"Alice has been declaring that she could see Margate in the distance. I fear she has been creating a vision, or my eyes are not so good as her's."

"Her eyes are very bright," said Alfred, laughing, "but I think they are deceiving their fair owner;" and as Alice smiled, he thought he had never seen such a bewitching creature.

"I wish they were right," she said, in a musical voice, "for I am heartily tired of this day."

"Are you?" exclaimed Alfred; "I should not mind if it were to last for ever."

Alice was amazed; she supposed he would like to go for a long voyage.

"Not at all," he said.

Alice was still more astonished.

"Then, why did he wish that day to last for ever?"

"See, there is Herne-bay Pier," cried the brother of Alice, and then a long confab upon Herne-bay ensued, which lasted until it was time to look out the luggage, and there they parted.

Alfred had a friend in Margate, who had engaged a lodging for him on the Marine-parade, so he went there directly, and having had his tea, he sauntered out to try and meet the lovely Alice—but in vain.

The next day soon came, and found Alfred Moserton on the jetty, and he seated himself so that he could command a view of all that came on. She came laughing gaily. The wind was very high, and as she struggled to keep down her dress, her foot gave way, and she fell through one of the gaps in the jetty, and in a moment she was struggling with the waves. Moserton's coat was off in an instant, and he was in the water, and she in his arms. He bore her head above the water, and nothing but his exertions saved her life. A boat was put off immediately and received the fainting girl, and the almost exhausted Alfred. She was conveyed home by Moserton, who was received with many expressions of gratitude, and he sought his lodging and changed his dripping clothes, tried to compose his mind to something, but in vain—he had done that which would bind him to her for life—he had made a tie which none could sever—he had saved her life. She would remember it all her life, and whilst remembering the accident which had nearly shortened her days, must she not think of him.

They met again—she seized his hand and poured forth her gratitude in terms which sank deeply into Alfred's heart.

"Perhaps," thought he, "she may learn to love me, and then how happy I shall be." But, alas! for human hopes, how soon are they crushed.

One day as he stood upon the jetty, he espied the form of Alice on the sands, and she was writing something on the sand, with the top of her parasol—how his heart beat; perhaps she was writing his name—he could not move, however, but stood gazing on her. She moved away, and began writing somewhere else, and her former place was occupied

by a young man of short stature, but strictly handsome; he began writing too, and soon after she passed the spot and read what he had written. Then he saw him writing where she had just left, and Alfred became dreadfully jealous. The young man left the sands soon after, and ascending the steps which afforded a view of that part, looked down upon the love y being he had left behind. She gazed around her as though she had missed something, and then her eyes rested on the cliff, where stood the half hidden form of the stranger, and she turned away, and mounting on the jetty, went in search of her brother.

Now it was that Alfred stole from his position, and gazed upon the writing; there he saw written the name of "Alice," and beneath it, "beautiful and dear." Almost distracted with jealousy, he found the other spot, and saw the same words written. He sought his home with hurried steps, and found upon the table a note from his father, desiring him to return to London immediately, a request he was quite ready to grant; and he packed up his clothes, determined never to see Alice again—but, alas! how easy it is to determine, but how difficult to put such resolutions into effect.

Alfred was once more on the jetty, and after waiting for a short time she appeared, and he told her he was going to leave Margate, and she seemed concerned; then he told her he loved her—she answered not, and hope reanimated his heart. She spoke at length, and told him, that "she loved another!"

Alas, for human hopes, how easily are they crushed. Alfred was once more on board—the band struck up a merry tune—how dolefully each note fell upon the ears of Alfred Moserton. There were many with merry faces and joyous hearts in that steam-boat, but Alfred was sad, indeed. How strange it is that one short week, or month, may cast a blight or shed a ray of light upon a whole existence.

Years passed on—Alfred was still unmarried; he had never again paid a visit to Margate, but somehow he felt an inexpressible desire to go there one summer, and so he started, and took his apartments in the same house where he had lodged before. The house was very quiet, for there was only a lady and gentleman in the drawing-room, and the lady had been very ill—they feared, for some time, dying; but she was better now, and was to take a short walk by the seaside.

As he looked from his parlour window he saw her pass out, leaning on the arm of her husband; her face was turned towards him, and in those pale but lovely features he recognised his much loved Alice—he flew from his room, and without his hat, found himself in the street. She knew him, and uttered his name in a tone that told he was no unwelcome guest; she called him the preserver of her life, and bade her husband thank him for rescuing his wife from a watery grave. The husband took his hand and pressed it fervently, and asked him to be their friend.

"Granted," cried Alfred; "and let me ask you, in return, if you ever write upon the sands, beneath the name of Alice, the words beautiful and dear?"

Alfred had recognised, in the husband of Alice, he of whom (and with good cause) he had been so jealous.

From this moment Alfred became the friend and constant companion of Alice and her husband, and often, when he grew old, and Alice's children hung around him and called him uncle, would he tell them that they owed their friend and new relation to a trip to Margate.

FANNY DONOGAN.

**THEOPHILUS CIBBER.**—When Theophilus Cibber was requested to contribute to the relief of Mrs. Willis, once an excellent actress, but then old and poor, he urged that he had too large a family. "Dear, sir, how can that be? you have neither wife nor child." "That may be, but I have a large family of vices."

**GARRICK** was once sent to an uncle at Lisbon, a wine-merchant, where he made himself particularly agreeable to the English, with whom he often dined. After dinner they usually diverted themselves by placing him on the table, and hearing him deliver speeches from plays, and repeat verses highly to the gratification of the hearers.

He is rich who saves a penny a year, and he poor who loses a penny in a year.

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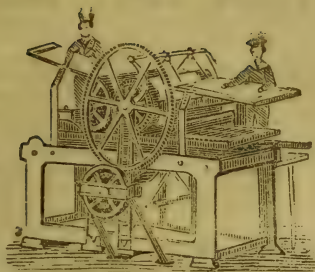
B. V. C. (Fenchurch-street).—Most certainly.

**JACK RATLEN.**—We are certainly much afraid our correspondent has had but lately a very intimate acquaintance with Hanwell.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## AGNES D'ALMAIN; OR, THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

In a pavilion at the extremity of a garden, belonging to a villa situate a few miles from Paris, sat Agnes d'Almain. The sun was casting his richest hues, mellowing the glowing heat of day with the mild tints of evening. Her figure, as she sat pensively gazing on the beautiful landscape before her, partly hid by the rich foliage that covered her bower, and partly lighted by the glowing sunbeams, was a perfect study. She was tall—her form finely moulded—her movements those of elegance—her features beautiful and expressive, and seen as she then sat, the observer would scarcely have thought in that fair form were passions fierce and evil. From the former she had severely suffered long ere this tale commenced; of the latter it is my painful task to narrate.

Agnes d'Almain, at the period this tale commences, had been married to Monsieur d'Almain some few years, which time she had passed in comparative happiness; as a husband, he had been all she could have wished; her thoughts were almost anticipated; her wishes were sure to be gratified, and the means were in his power; it seemed, then, and perhaps it was so, her heart was filled with one, and only one feeling—namely, love for her husband; but Monsieur d'Almain had formed this alliance not so much from the love he bore her, yet love he did, and that passionately, as from a sense of justice he owed her. He had moved in the most dissipated circles in Paris; the tavern, saloon, and theatre, were his daily resort, and contamination seated herself upon a heart, otherwise formed by nature for purer motives. Tainted with the profligacy of his companions, he ran headlong through his wild career; but he had friends who were anxiously watching his course, and would occasionally try to wean him from such associates: excursions in the country, select parties were tried, and it was at one of these he first saw the fair Agnes. From that hour D'Almain became an altered man: feelings rose in his breast that hitherto had been strangers; a multitude of thoughts crowded on his brain in a confused mass. The next day and night found him in his usual haunts; but play had lost its excitement—mistresses had lost their beauty, and it was not until he felt the refreshing coolness of the morning breeze, as he strolled towards his home, that he could bring his mind to bear upon any one subject, and the first was Agnes.

"She is beautiful!" he exclaimed, "so mild, so gentle; she is love itself."

With expressions such as these he amused himself, until gentle sleep threw around him her fairy web, and opened to his view visions of brightness, of which Agnes was the queen. Time rolled on; the bantering of his old associates—the frowns and tears of his former mistresses, although they served to divide his thoughts, did not weigh a feather in the scale of his love for Agnes. But, as I said, time rolled on, and it was not until after a gentle hint from a friend, that he thought of marrying. He at once bade adieu to his former life—married, and was happy.

I will now return to Agnes, as she then sat in the pavilion, watching the childish playfulness of her boy, the first and only fruits of their union. She was gently chiding him for distributing the contents of a note-case (belonging to his father, and with which he had been playing) about the garden, and rising to gather the scattered papers together, her eye fell upon a letter directed, "Monsieur d'Almain, Rue de —"

A thousand conjectures ran through her as she read over and over again, "Monsieur d'Almain, Rue de —"

"'Tis strange!" she inwardly expressed; "his hotel is not there; but why should this letter be addressed to him there? Oh!" and smiling to herself—"no doubt something connected with this business he's upon; I'll pick it up, and put it with the others."

She was in the act of stooping for it, when the child, with infant playfulness, ran to snatch it from her, and, in endeavouring to gain his prize, the letter came unfolded, and there fell from it a beautiful lock of hair.

Agnes stood petrified—her whole frame was changed—the blood rushed into her brain, and for a few seconds, everything was as nothing to her. Recovering her senses upon the impulse of the moment, she snatched up the child, and rushing to her sitting-room, violently rang the bell; the servant entered quickly, and, struck with the altered appearance of his lady, was about to speak, when she said in a hurried tone,—

"Take away that child, and do not let me be disturbed."

The manner it was spoken, so different from the usual kindness with which she addressed her servants, completely astonished the domestic, who retired as quickly as possible. When left to herself, she gave one burst of agonized feeling, and prepared her self for her task. She still clutched the fatal lock within her grasp, and by slow—very slow degrees, moved her hand to gaze on the doom of her future happiness. It was but a look, when, with fury, she dashed it beneath her feet, and hurriedly spreading forth the letter, read as follows:—

"DEAREST D'ALMAIN,—Why do you leave me so long pining with regret for your absence? For three whole days I have not beheld you; but, on Thursday next, cruel one, I must positively insist upon your being at the Hotel Clareville; there is to be a masked ball. Now, I shall take no denial. You will know me by a yellow domino, striped down the front, with black velvet. My head-dress will be a plain wreath of Forget-me-not. Till then, adieu.

"Yours most devotedly,

"OLIVIA.

"P.S.—I have sent you the lock of hair you so playfully begged when last I saw you; it is hard to part with it; but I can deny you nothing."

"Deny you nothing!" mentally exclaimed Agnes—"lock of hair—base deceiver—this was your anxiety to be in Paris to-night; regardless of the affections of a wife and child, you go to meet the smiles of a common —"

She clasped her head in agony, and sank upon the sofa; but it was for only a moment, when, starting up, she exclaimed,—

"Thursday next—Thursday!—'tis this very night—to-night he meets her!"

She violently rang the bell—the servant entered—in a wild, hysterical voice, she screamed rather than spoke,—

"The carriage—the carriage directly!"

"My lady," said the man, with astonishment.

"My lady," she answered in the same tone; "yes—did you not hear me? I said the carriage—the carriage directly!"

"My lady, I am afraid you are not well. I do not know the cause; but —"

"But what?" she quickly replied. "Am I, with my own hands, to lead the animals from their stables, or are my orders to be obeyed?"

"Certainly, my lady," the man quickly answered and retired.

A short time elapsed, when she was dressed and waiting. The man entered to say the carriage was at the door. She quickly passed through the passages, and entered it.

"Where to, my lady?" said the servant



"To the Hotel Clareville," and burying her face in her hands, threw herself back in the coach.

Some few months before the foregoing occurrence, Monsieur d'Almain was quietly strolling along one of the public walks in Paris, when he was accosted by a very fashionably-dressed man.

"Why, D'Almain, where, on earth, have you hid yourself so long? Paris has been quite dull without you. F——'s has lost half its attractions; and as to the ladies, pretty dears, they have been in mourning (at least, you may judge so, from the gloom on their countenances ever since you left); but I am right glad to meet you. Will you dine with me to-morrow?"

"I am obliged to you," returned D'Almain; "but I expect the business I have here will terminate to-morrow, in which I shall return home; the comfort I——"

"Oh, yes—yes—I see," replied the other; "connubial felicity—matrimonial rustication; but for once you can spend half an hour with an old acquaintance. I am still in the old quarters. You will come—will you not?"

"I—I—" stammered D'Almain.

"Yes—yes—I know. Adieu—adieu! I shall expect you at seven."

And with the careless gay air of the man of fashion, he nodded and pursued his way. Passing through several streets to a quiet, half-gentle part of the town, he rapped at one of the most respectable-looking houses in the place.

"Is your master at home?" he inquired of the servant, and without waiting for an answer ran up stairs; the door was opened to receive him.

"Ah, Dupret," said the person; "I thought it was your foot on the stairs. Well, what news?"

"Oh, the best of all possible news, my boy," returned Dupret; "I've found a gold mine; I've picked up a prize—made all the haste here I could—was going to F——'s, but wouldn't go, till I came to tell you; but I shall want your assistance. Who do you think I've just seen?—started with him not ten minutes since."

"Can't think," replied the other, as he arranged his cravat in the looking-glass.

"No, nor I did not think," said Dupret; "but I can tell you our fortunes are made."

"Ah, what! Another flat?"

"No; not exactly a flat; but he's game worth the hunting."

"Well, tell me who he is."

"Why, D'Almain. He's to dine with me to-morrow—at least, I have a half-and-half sort of promise. Now, you must find him out, and let me know where I can pitch upon him. I will take care to have Olivia there. She is a bewitching little devil; and what between our arts and her smiles, it will be hard if we do not make him dub up pretty smartly."

"By Jove, 'tis good!" returned his friend.

And in a few minutes they left the house—the one to give Olivia notice, the other to find out D'Almain.

Suffice to say, they got him entirely into their power, and, until the accident of Agnes finding the curl, he had been in the habit of framing excuses of business for going to Paris so often, and for the lengthened stay he made there.

The saloon of the Hotel Clareville presented an animated appearance. The dresses of the masquers were in all possible variety; the Turk and Christian—the Mussulman and Jew were on the most friendly terms. There a timid Persian would be seen listlessly hanging on the arm of a fierce looking Tartar; or here an Italian brigand in social converse with an officer of justice. The soft but brilliant light sent forth from the chandeliers spread a hue of splendour on the richly decorated walls, and in good taste were the various bouquets and festoons that adorned the rooms.

If the scene to a beholder looked gay then, the effect was like magic when the first chord was struck; and as the lively waltz floated through the air, the animation of the scene increased. All was life, mirth, and excitement.

But there was one among the joyous crowd who heeded not the gaiety of the scene she witnessed! The splendour passed unnoticed—the soul-stirring music unheard! Deep, deep in her heart sat revenge. She glided amongst the dancers, from room to room, with hurried footsteps; then rested—then would she renew her search with vigour, and for hours would she continue thus. But at last, wearied, she sunk upon a couch.

"Can I have missed him?" she thought.

She had not sat very long when she gave a faint scream. Her eyes seemed to flash fire through her mask as she uttered, almost aloud;—

"'Tis he—the black domino!"

This attracted the attention of one or two, but they were quickly recalled by the amusement of the room.

"Yes, 'tis she! Oh, God! See with what attention he regards her

—see how playfully she receives his flattery—how eagerly she turns to catch his words. Villain! Oh, my heart will burst!"

As they moved she followed, with the eyes of a tiger fixed upon its prey, and step by step she tracked them. At length the pair, unconscious of who was watching them, stood amidst the dancers for the forthcoming waltz, the constant round of which soon overpowered his partner, who, requesting to be handed to a seat, said,—

"You can leave me for awhile. I will be better directly, and will join you down below."

"Now!" inwardly exclaimed Agnes—the reader will, no doubt, have discovered her ere this—"now my time for revenge is come."

And, darting across the room, she sat down on the same couch, and said, with as much calmness as she could assume,—

"Olivia, I presume?"

She started at hearing herself addressed, and looked round. A strange sensation ran through her as she caught the fierce and scornful gaze of Agnes's eyes.

"Yes," she replied, "my name is Olivia. What would you with me?—by whom am I thus addressed?"

"What?" returned Agnes, "I would with you must not be told here. Who I am you will know ere we part; but, come, I would be alone with you. I have words for thine ear that must reach no other's—I have that to do which must have no witness but thee. Come, come."

Olivia rose and followed. She trembled she knew not why—she was fearful of she knew not what, and wished to return, but dared not. There was an all-powerful attraction in those eyes that led her forward.

They shortly reached the garden, where Agnes sought the darkest and most distant part, which, having reached, she said,—

"'Tis here thou shalt learn who I am, base woman," said Agnes—her voice was nearly choked—" 'tis here thou shalt suffer for the pangs thou hast caused me."

"I do not know you," replied Olivia, in the greatest agony. "I have never harmed thee."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Agnes—"vile worm! Thou hast harmed me—thou hast planted desolation in my heart—thou hast caused madness in my brain, and 'tis for revenge I have called thee here."

She made a sudden spring, and in an instant Olivia was within her grasp. With a giant's strength she held her. Her victim's struggles were powerless—she tried in vain to call.

"Ha! ha! ha!" wildly laughed Agnes. "I have thee now. Yes; strive thy hardest, and thou canst not break the bonds that hold thee; shriek thy loudest, and it will not save thee. Dost want to know me?—dost want to know me? Now I will tell thee—I am Agnes d'Almain!"

The sound of a heavy fall was followed by a piercing shriek. All was soon consternation within the hotel. Amongst the first to arrive where Olivia lay was D'Almain. He was horror-struck.

"Who has done this?" he exclaimed, and gently raising her up, he said again, "who has done this?"

Olivia, laying her head upon his breast, faintly articulated,—

"Agnes d'Almain," and expired.

She was carried into the house.

Upon the impulse of the moment D'Almain sprang into his carriage. Upon his arriving at the home he had so lately left in peace and happiness, he found nothing but confusion, and Agnes d'Almain a maniac.

## WHAT IT IS TO LOVE.

Stranger, didst thou ever prove,  
Ever, what it is to love?  
Stranger, didst thou ever feel  
What thou tremblest to reveal?  
I have prov'd, and I have felt,  
What a heart of stone would melt.

Stranger, didst thou ever sigh,  
Knowing not the reason why?  
Didst thou ever blush, if one lov'd name  
E'er in conversation came?  
Stranger, ne'er my cause deride,  
Though I own I've blushed and sighed.

If his eye thine eye have met,  
Blushes did it not beget?  
If his praises reached thine ear,  
Seemed there not enchantment near?  
Him I've met, his praise I've prov'd;  
Where is now my best lov'd?

Man is a thinking being, whether he will or not; all he can do is to turn his thoughts the best way.



## THE INCONSTANT ONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY MELVIN," "GAMBLER'S FATE," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER I.

" 'Tis hard to part from those we love,  
 Though sure to meet to-morrow;  
 The heart, a kind of anguish proves—  
 We feel a touch of sorrow.  
 But, oh! what words can paint the tears  
 We shed when thus we sever;  
 If doomed to part for months—for years,  
 To part, and perhaps for ever!"

## THE PARTING.—THE PROMISE.

It was towards the close of a beautiful summer's day, that two figures might be seen walking in the spacious grounds attached to the noble edifice of Sir Cecil Morland. The setting sun cast a lurid light on all around, and the wide-spreading beech trees served greatly to increase the beauty of the scene.

The park into which the figures proceeded was very extensive, with a noble avenue of trees running completely across it, and the distant spires of the mansion formed altogether a very picturesque scene. The individuals consisted of a young man of about twenty-two years of age, and a lady who seemed scarcely to have numbered eighteen summers; but we will describe them to the reader.

The youth was habited in the garb of a soldier; he was of very prepossessing appearance: not that he could be called exceedingly handsome; but there was something in his looks, which could not fail to create an impression in his favour; his hair was of dark brown, and his eyes of a deep hazel; but there was an expression of uneasiness, if not of regret, on his finely formed mouth.

His companion was altogether of another style of beauty, her hair was of jet black, which she wore plain; her eyes were also dark, and of such a character that whosoever she turned them upon, if he were not composed of stone, must feel their influence; her complexion was beautiful, which the ruddy glow of health situated on her cheek served greatly to increase—in fact, the most punctilious observer must confess she was truly handsome. She was leaning on the arm of the young man, and he had her hand fastly locked within his own.

"I leave you to-morrow, Clara," said he; "our regiment is ordered out on foreign service; but I hope to gain promotion, and thereby render myself worthy of your hand. It is a parting that I long have expected, and long have dreaded; but it will not do for me to remain in inactivity, as I shall then never be able to exalt myself; but now there is a wide field open for me, which, if I only make a good use of, will no doubt render me honour and advantage. I am sure, dearest Clara, you will continue faithful to me,—you will not desert me when I am far away,—you will remember your vows of constancy; and even though seas may divide us, we shall be near to each other in memory—though we may be absent from each other's sight, our hearts will still beat responsive. It may be a long time before I meet you again," resumed Edward, after a pause, "perhaps some years. It is, indeed, a painful thing to part from so endearing a creature as yourself—to think that we shall never meet again upon earth; but we must put our trust in an all-wise Providence, who watcheth and overlooketh all things; and if not destined to meet again here, let us hope we shall meet in the blissful regions above, to part no more."

"Nay, nay, Edward, you must not be so melancholy. Not but I honour your feelings; it is evident they proceed from a sincere heart, and one that would abhor hypocrisy in any shape; but you must not take too dark a view of the future. Be you absent or near, you will ever remain the same to me; neither riches, nor poverty, sickness, nor health, will have any effect in changing my love for you."

"Thanks, dearest, thanks for your protestations. If I understand rightly, you promise never to unite yourself with another whilst I exist. Is this the case?"

"I promise faithfully that I will never wed another whilst you live. I have no doubt that you are sincere at this present moment; but when you get into a foreign country, and see fresh faces, you will quite forget poor Clara Morland."

"No, no, Clara, you wrong me; indeed you do. It is a matter of impossibility my forgetting you. Your image is indelibly fixed on my heart; nothing on earth can erase it. You will ever be before my eyes; but I will detain you no longer. Farewell, dearest Clara, may the God of all blessings grant you a full share of them, and protect you from all dangers. My last prayer is that you may be happy, and enjoy good health. Adieu, dearest! You will think of me sometimes, and remember your promise."

Having given her a last embrace, he departed.

Sir Cecil Morland was a baronet of large fortune, and could trace his ancestry to the time of William the Conqueror. He prided himself very much on the dignity of his family, and the idea of uniting his daughter Clara (the only child he possessed) to any one beneath his rank, would be such a one he could not brook.

Sir Cecil Morland had wished to unite his daughter with the son of a neighbouring nobleman, whose estate was contiguous to his own.

Lord Estledale was a frequent visitor at his house, and being struck with the beauty and strength of mind of Clara, he declared it his intention of making her his wife; but he reckoned without his host. On the part of the father he experienced no difficulty; but when he came to sound the feelings of the daughter on the subject, he was astounded by the information that he must dismiss all hope from his mind, as her affections were engaged; in vain he tried to learn who was the happy individual, but to no purpose. Finding himself unable to get on with Clara, he sought the presence of Sir Cecil, who was no less astonished than himself.

With angry feelings he called his daughter to him, and thus addressed her:—

"What is this I hear, Clara? You have refused Lord Estledale, although you know my wishes on that head. The excuse you make is, that another individual is possessed of your affections. I command you, as your parent, to let me know who this person is."

"My dear father," exclaimed Clara, tears forcing themselves into her beautiful eyes; "it has ever been my endeavour to be a dutiful child to you, and I think in no action have you found me deficient in it; but for Heaven's sake do not attempt to unite me with Lord Estledale, unless you wish to see your child miserable. I assure you I can never regard him with anything like love; besides, I will not attempt to deny that my affections are engaged to Captain Clifford."

"What!" exclaimed Sir Cecil, his lips trembling with passion; "does the base dependant dare to aspire to the hand of my only child? Never shall it be! I am surprised and vexed, Clara, that you should encourage the pretensions of the presumptuous idiot; but I will soon put a stop to this. It is my command, that from this time you see him no more."

"Father, dear father," answered Clara; "you are too harsh. Edward Clifford is well worthy of all the love I can give him; it is true, he may be lower in rank than ourselves; but the goodness of his character and his exemplary virtue more than make up for the deficiency. Now, father dear, do consent to our acquaintance; I freely tell you I can never love another."

"Nonsense, girl; it is a mere romantic piece of foolishness. It is my firm intention that you wed Lord Estledale, so you may prepare for the ceremony. A month hence it will take place."

"Dear, dear father, pity me; do not consign me to misery the rest of my days, which I am sure will be the case if I marry Lord Estledale."

"Clara, you have heard my firm resolve, I leave you to ponder on it; but remember, nothing can be compared to a father's anger."

So saying he quitted her presence.

It would be a difficult task to define the feelings of Clara after the interview with her father; but they were not of the most enviable description. We know, ourselves, when we have received a check to our fondest hopes, despair takes possession of our souls; even external objects are viewed with a different feeling. The things which before assumed a pleasant shape, we now look upon with disgust, and appear unseemly to the eye. Those pursuits which before we took a pleasure in following, are now thrown aside. Clara had harboured the thought that she should be united to the individual to whom she had fancied she had given her heart, and she was wholly unprepared for the antipathy manifested by her father, and on that account felt more acutely the nature of his commands.

We must now endeavour to make the reader acquainted with the previous history of Edward Clifford. His father was a personal friend of Sir Cecil Morland; at one time of his life he was the receiver of a considerable income, but a tendency to speculation reduced him to poverty; and during the last few years of his life, he subsisted entirely on the bounty of the worthy baronet. At his demise, he left an only child (the hero of our tale), whom Sir Cecil Morland took under his care, and educated him as his own son. The baronet's daughter was the playmate of this child, and living as they did together, it is but natural that when they were old enough to feel "the tender flame," an attachment should bring up between them. The more so, when it is considered they were similar in temper and disposition, and delighted in the same pursuits.

The first feelings of Sir Cecil, on being made acquainted with his daughter's passion, were those of anger; but they eventually gave way to those of a more fixed character. He resolved, in his own mind, the best way to get out of the difficulty; at length, he bethought himself of buying a commission for Edward in a regiment which he knew would



soon be ordered out for foreign service. Having done this, he felt more at ease.

It now devolves upon us to give the true character of Clara, without any reserve. To say that she was all perfection would be untrue; she was certainly possessed of a good temper, an amiable disposition, and extreme affability; but with all these good qualities she had some drawbacks, which were serious ones. She was fickle, and we may add, where is there a woman who is not? Do not frown upon us, gentle readers,—but to return to our tale. It is true, she loved Edward Clifford, but it was not that love which would remain unchanged by any circumstances. She was flattered by his attention and extreme devotion for her, and whilst he was present it was all well. Another bad trait in her character was obstinacy; and it was certainly more the development of this passion that caused her to refuse Lord Estledale than love for Edward.

The next morning after the conversation commencing our chapter, with sad feelings Edward entered the chaise, which was to bear him from the being on whom he had bestowed his heart. He knew more of the character of Clara than perhaps she knew herself, and being of a melancholy temperament, felt acutely his separation. In the evening of the same day he arrived at the sea-port, where the vessel was moored, and the following morning embarked for his foreign destination.

## CHAPTER II.

"Woman! thou worst of all church-plagues, farewell!  
Bad at the best; at worst, a hell.  
Thou apple-eating traitress, who first began  
The wrath of Heaven and misery of man.  
Farewell! if ere thou art my guest again,  
Satan shall be priest, and say, Amen."

### THE PROMISE BROKEN.

Two years have elapsed since the events narrated in the last chapter: during that time Lord Estledale has broken his neck in a steeple chase. Edward Clifford still continues abroad, and has been promoted to the rank of colonel. Clara Morland has now attained her seventeenth year, and, if possible, is more beautiful than before. It is true she sometimes casts a lingering thought after her absent lover; but his image every day grows fainter to her memory.

Woman, what a riddle art thou! How difficult to be fathomed. Thou knowest not thine own mind two hours together, vain, fickle, and obstinate; but hold—we are, perhaps, going too far; we must not condemn thee altogether; we must remember thou possessest some good qualities which, perhaps, more than compensate for thy bad ones, and we are forced to exclaim, with the old song,—

"With all thy faults I love thee still."

The shadows of night were fast drawing around, and the sun had set some time, leaving a twilight, which just served to render objects distinct. The air was wafted in soft breezes, which, after the heat of the day, rendered it very pleasant. Here you might see the peasant returning from his daily labour to his home, where his faithful partner and dear children awaited him with feelings of pleasure. How quiet and calm is the enjoyment he experiences compared with that of the man who, revelling in riches, knows not what to do to amuse himself. How much more does he enjoy the homely meal that is prepared for him, than the rich man, who is fed at the table of luxury. Ye sons of pleasure, can you not take a page from the book of this man's life, and apply it to yourselves? Ye members of the aristocracy, who would wish to debar the poor man of his daily bread, that ye may spend a little more at the gaming table, why do you not become useful members of society, and, instead of spending the means which are given you from above in drunkenness and debauchery, relieve the distresses of your fellow-creatures?

It was on the evening we have been describing, that Clara Morland quitted her father's mansion to inhale the fresh breezes of the evening, it having been extremely hot during the day.

By the side of Sir Cecil Morland's grounds, and running parallel with his house, was a noble sheet of water, on which the owner was accustomed to spend many hours in fishing, it being a delightful stream for that purpose; and, moreover, it was the scene of many aquatic excursions, to which amusement he was very partial. By the side of this stream Clara proceeded; the water was undisturbed, save by the flies, as they danced merrily along its surface.

It must be acknowledged that Clara now experienced some qualms of conscience when she reflected that, comparatively speaking, a short time before she had promised to be faithful to one individual, never to desert him; and yet she knew herself that his image was every day growing fainter to her memory. She was aware she did not now take that interest in his fate she was bound to do. There was a kind of listlessness regarding him which augured very unfavourable results.

Young ladies are apt to make solemn protestations which they are never able to fulfil. They are carried away by the excitement of the moment, and even persuade themselves that they can never forget the objects of their regard; but the first circumstance which occurs to turn their thoughts from this channel, proves how fallacious were their expectations.

Clara continued her way silently, and being wrapt in deep thought, did not observe a sudden bend of the stream; but, with her eyes fixed on the ground, advanced onward. For a moment she was precipitated into the water, and with a scream of terror immediately sunk to the bottom.

The exclamation had scarcely passed her lips, when a young man darted forward and plunged into the stream; he was an expert swimmer, and soon reached the place where she had disappeared. For some minutes he continued looking without anything meeting his gaze, and he was preparing to quit the place, when he caught sight of a white garment floating near him; quicker than thought he seized upon it and conveyed his beautiful burden to the opposite bank. The features of Clara were dull and fixed, and a film had come over her eyes; her hair was matted by the water, and hung in confusion about her beautiful features.

For a long time the gentleman's efforts to restore life were unattended with success; but, at length, a deep drawn sigh betrayed a returning existence, and, in a short time, she was conscious of her situation. A deep blush overspread her face and bosom, when she found herself in the arms of a stranger; but she was relieved from her embarrassing situation by some of her father's domestics, who happened at that moment to be passing. She was then conveyed to her own home, where we will leave her, and give some account of her preserver.

William Harroldine was the son of a merchant of eminence, who, having been fortunate in some speculations, amassed a large fortune, and being tired of business, retired into the country to live at his ease. William was his only child; and, therefore, was indulged to a great extent, every wish was gratified, and the result of this indulgence was to make him ill-tempered and vain. He was certainly possessed of a good figure, handsome features, and an insinuating address; if nothing occurred to disturb his temper, he was a very passable companion; but if, on the other hand, anything transpired in opposition to his wishes, his whole features changed, his eye assumed an unnatural brilliancy, and glared terribly on the object of his disgust; and, indeed, he became more like a demon incarnate than a human being.

He had never been what is called earnestly in love; it is true, he used to flirt about with many females, but nothing further. It is certain that the evening he rescued Clara Morland from a watery grave, he experienced a feeling that he had never known before. A thrill of delight ran through his whole system when he clasped the beautiful form to his breast, and heretofore from her presence as deep in love as it is possible for any one to be. Indeed, his love was of such a character that it must soon expend itself; moreover, it was apparent that it was not a pure and holy flame, which would remain for ever; but a mere sensual gratification; when it puts on this form it is fearfully to be dreaded, generally bringing the victims of it into misery. How different were the sentiments of Edward Clifford and William Harroldine. The former loved Clara more for the charms of her mind than her person; in her he beheld a companion for the remainder of his life—one whom he should ever revere and protect; his very existence was bound up in hers, and nothing on earth could turn his affection. The latter regarded her as a mere plaything, and as for the beauties of her mind, it was a subject on which he did not trouble himself; in the least; he was not gifted with a very first-rate intellect himself; and, therefore, could not appreciate it in any one else.

The morning after the accident referred to, William Harroldine wended his way towards the residence of the baronet; being shown into the presence of Sir Cecil, he thus addressed him:—

"I trust, sir, you will excuse the liberty I take in calling upon you, being personally unacquainted; but the anxiety I felt for the health of the young lady I was the happy means of saving yesterday, must be the apology for my unseemly want of decorum."

"I beg, sir," answered Sir Cecil, "you will on no account deem an apology necessary. I should, indeed, think myself wanting in gratitude were I to expect one from the individual who has saved my dear child from a watery grave." I consider the claims you have upon me to be such that I can never repay them. Have the kindness to make me acquainted with the means wherein I can in some measure cancel the debt I shall always consider myself owing you."

"I beg, sir, you will not mention it for an instant. I only did my duty as a fellow-creature, and —"

He was here interrupted by the entrance of Clara herself, who, even if possible, looked more beautiful. She immediately held out her hand to William, and thus addressed him:—

"I know not sufficiently how to thank you for your noble behaviour



yesterday. I shall ever remember it with feelings of the sincerest gratitude."

"I assure you, madam," answered William, "nothing can exceed the gratification I feel in having been the means of rescuing so beautiful a creature as yourself, and your thanks are much more than an equivalent for so trifling an action."

"Nay—nay, sir," answered Clara, smiling, "you are like the rest of your sex, I perceive—mere flatterers."

After a long conversation, unimportant in itself; but, taken as a whole, the precursor of great events, William Harroldine departed to his home. His visit now regular; and, indeed, himself and Clara were considered by all around as engaged to each other.

Poor Clara! what a snare had she fallen into. The wily net thrown around her, had encompassed her head, and in vain she endeavoured to break the meshes. William, by his natural powers of conversation, and fulsome flattery, had gained her affections. It is true she did not regard him with the same devotion she formerly had for Edward Clifford; but he, poor youth, was now totally obliterated in her memory; she was so taken up with her new lover that she could not afford a thought for the absent one; nevertheless, could she have read the thoughts of Edward—could she have seen how fondly he continued to adore her, she would have thought him more worthy than to be thus summarily dismissed from her remembrance.

Three months after these occurrences the mansion of Sir Cecil Morland, was the scene of bustle and confusion; domestics might be seen running backwards and forwards in extreme haste—it was the marriage of Clara Morland to William Harroldine.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE RETURN.—THE DUEL.—CONCLUSION.

They say that she is happy now,

The gayest of the gay;

They hint that she forgets me now—

But heed not what they say.

Perhaps she, like me, now struggles with

Each feeling of regret;

But if she lov'd as I have loved,

She never can forget.—BALLAD.

We must now refer our readers to an apartment, situated in a handsome edifice, in the vicinity of Hyde Park. In this room there are two individuals, consisting of a male and female; or, perhaps, we shall be speaking more correctly, if we style them lady and gentleman, as the elegance of their habiliments would auger them to be such.

The lady is in tears, whereas, her companion is loling on the sofa in extreme listlessness, disregarding alike both the prayers and tears of his partner. These individuals are Clara and William Harroldine; they have been married but eight months, yet what a change has come over them during that short time. William is completely tired of his wife; he treats her with unkindness, and despises her remonstrances. On the other hand, she has found out what a wretch is her husband, and this causes her extreme misery; her very life has become hateful to her. When she remembered those halcyon days, when she was free and unfettered, now deeply does she mourn her hard fate in being united to the object before her. There was no similitude of disposition between them; therefore, they could not enter into each others thoughts and pursuits. Oh! how did she almost curse herself for having proved unfaithful to the being with whom she could have been happy. Her husband's brutality had forcibly recalled Edward's kindness to her, and this led her to compare the two. What a difference did she find there! The one selfish, overbearing, and tyrannical; the other kindness, gentleness, and devotedness.

Such was the state of things at the time our present chapter commences. Clara, after struggling in vain to suppress her tears, thus addressed her loving husband,—

"Shall I go and see Mrs. Elvin to day, William?"

"You may go and see the devil himself if you please, my dear," answered William, with great nonchalance.

"Really, William, you are unbearable, I cannot put up with such language. You treat me as though I were a slave instead of your wife. What must be the principles of that man who will wed a female for the mere purpose of treating her with contempt and unkindness? Why did you deceive both yourself and me, when you assured me you would ever love me? Oh! what a wretched state is mine! Can you, sir," continued she, with more earnestness, "justify your conduct on any reasonable ground? Have I not always obliged you in everything, anticipated every wish, and the only return I get, is abuse and contempt."

"Have you finished?" answered William, yawning. "I suppose you took all that fine language from Bulwer's last novel?—very sentimental and pretty, upon my word; but as I have more weighty concerns to attend to than listen to sentiment, I must beg you will reserve it until a more fitting opportunity."

He deliberately put on his gloves, smoothed his coat, and made his exit. Poor Clara! we must, indeed, pity her.

It was towards the evening of the day, that a single traveller might be seen wending his way towards the residence of Sir Cecil Morland. He appeared to be about twenty-four or five years of age; his complexion was rendered dark by constant exposure, and his garb was that of an officer in the army. The steed he rode upon had evidently travelled a long distance, and seemed much fatigued. The expression of the stranger's countenance was extreme thought, if not melancholy. After proceeding some way, he gave vent to his feelings in the following soliloquy:—

"Can she have remained true to me? I fear, yet I hope. God grant that my fears may be unfounded! I am aware, with all her excellences, she is possessed of a fluctuating disposition, and my absence would tend to erase me from her memory; but, however, I shall soon know—this suspense is terrible. I do not know how it is she did not answer my letters. I trust no ill has befallen her; it is of no use conjecturing."

He had now arrived at the village inn, and having committed his steed to the care of the ostler, adjourned to the parlour, where, having summoned the host into his presence, awaited with intense anxiety the answers he should make to his various questions. He first ordered wine, and then asked the landlord of the house to partake of some with him.

"What families have you living near here?" asked the stranger, with as much calmness as he could command.

"Let me see—there's the Estledale family, Sir Cecil Morland's, and Mr. Marroldine's."

"Whereabouts does Sir Cecil Morland live?"

"That path to the right, sir," answered the landlord, pointing to the one in question, "leads directly to his house."

"Indeed! Has Sir Cha les any family?"

"He has only one daughter."

"His daughter resides with him, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir, she is living in London."

"Visiting some relation, I imagine," answered the stranger, tremulously.

"God bless you, no, sir; she is living with her husband, though between you and me, I do not think it is a very happy one. You see—Lord bless me, what's the matter with you, sir; how ill you look. I'll go and fetch assistance immediately."

"'Tis nothing, my good friend; a mere passing spasm, to which I am very subject," answered Edward Clifford, for as our readers may have conjectured it was he who spoke.

Edward now sought a place where he might indulge his feelings without fear of interruption, and with this idea, made a precipitate retreat from his worthy host. Having reached the open air, he gave free vent to his grief, which was now complete. In one moment he perceived how vain had been his hopes. He was now like a ship without ballast, driven at the mercy of every blast. The being whom he had thought was all perfection, had proved unfaithful to him—the thought was madness. Could it be true? We must leave it to the reader's imagination to picture the feelings of Edward after this disclosure. At first grief, indignation, and even revenge, obtruded themselves into his mind; but they were immediately discarded as being unworthy of him. We will not linger longer on the picture, but proceed with the more moving incidents of our tale.

After Edward's emotions had somewhat subsided, he proceeded back to the inn he had so unceremoniously left, and ordering a post-chaise, departed immediately for the metropolis.

He arrived there in the space of twelve hours without any accident, and determined on immediately paying a visit to his "unfaithful one;" and with that intention made for her residence, having previously to his setting out, learnt the whole particulars concerning her marriage. When he arrived at the street containing the object of his search, he was instantly struck with the extreme magnificence of the edifice, and then the thought regarding his reception for the first time, crossed his mind.

"How will she receive me?" thought he. "I may be driven with scorn from the door. They may deem me presumptuous in daring to wait upon them; but, nevertheless, be that as it may, I am determined to see her. She shall know that at least I continue faithful to her. Would to God she had continued faithful to me; but, perhaps, I am unreasonable in expecting it. What was a poor dependant to do when



he had men with endless riches to contend with? Well, well, now for the trial."

So saying, he applied his hand to the knocker, which was answered by a footman.

"Is Mrs. Harroldine within?" inquired Edward.

"I will see, sir. May I ask your name?"

Edward hereupon delivered his card, and was immediately shown into her presence.

The moment he entered the room, Clara rushed into his arms, no doubt forgetting herself in the pleasure of again beholding the once-loved object of her soul.

"Edward, dear Edward!" exclaimed she; "is it possible I again behold you? Oh, forgive me—pardon me! Say you will forgive me, and I will ever love you!"

"My dearest Clara, I do, indeed, forgive you, though, Heaven knows, you have nigh broke my heart. I trust you are happy, Clara, and that your husband fully appreciates the love of so beautiful a creature as yourself."

Her only answer was a deep sigh.

"Why that sigh, Clara? You are, surely, comfortable and happy?"

"Oh, I beseech you, speak no more on that subject, for I assure you it renders me truly miserable."

The conversation now took a serious turn, especially for a wife to indulge in. We must draw a curtain over it; suffice it to say, that they so far forgot their dignity of character, as to agree to an elopement the following morning.

It is now our duty to soften, if possible, the crime of these two individuals. Let us look at the plain circumstances of the case. Here is a female of tender feelings and natural kindness of heart, made a slave to the unkindness and brutality of her husband. All her fine sensibilities wrecked by the sarcasm of his unkindness—all her young hopes destroyed—her expectations annulled—her home rendered desolate—her life miserable, by a being she can no longer love and respect; by one, who, by his brutality, has rendered himself hateful to her sight. Is it, then, we ask, a matter of wonder, that this hitherto pure creature should fly to the arms of the being whom she has ever loved with sincere devotion for protection?

On the other hand, how could Edward withstand the temptation of a young, confiding girl seeks his support? 'Tis true she is a wife; but the wife of whom?—a mere brute. He must have been possessed of the virtue of an angel to have withstood this, especially when it is considered how deeply, how sincerely he loved her; but do not imagine, gentle reader, we are justifying the conduct those two have pursued—far from it. A woman should never forget the duty she owes her husband; be he bad or good to her, she is still his wife, and nothing earthly can dissolve that obligation. Has she not sworn before God's throne to honour and obey him in sickness or in poverty?—to take him for better or worse? There is no crime that will meet with more signal punishment on the day of retribution, than a wife departing from the paths of virtue.

The morning sun shone brightly, revealing a chaise and four horses, as they advanced with a rapid race towards Dover. Within the chaise are the guilty couple. We will not make any comment, but state that in due time they arrived at Paris, where they imagined they were free from pursuit.

It would be impossible to describe the rage and anger of William Harroldine, on learning the frailty of his wife. He directly started in pursuit, and so much with the idea of regaining her, as to take vengeance on her pursuer. His conscience was not comprised of very sensitive materials, or it must severely have reproved him for his continued cruelty to her; but as it was it was far otherwise: he now imagined he had a tangible excuse, and resolved to assert it to the utmost.

Of all the scenes which occur in this vast globe, none is more humiliating or debasing, than a man treating a female with unkindness, especially when that female is his wife. He must, indeed, be possessed of a hard heart, who is call us to the cries of misery. When we see one of the male sex take a woman under his protection, and abuse the confidence which is placed in him, by treating her with unkindness and cruelty, which the natural delicacy of her constitution renders her unable to bear, we must, indeed, despise him; he is unworthy of the name of man, and deserves to be scouted from society. Yet that there are such persons exist is a well-known truth, and such a person was William Harroldine.

It will be unnecessary to trace his pursuit; suffice it to say, that he arrived in Paris nearly at the same time as Clara and her companion, and having proceeded to his hotel, penned the following challenge to Edward:—

"Sir,—After the injury you have done me, you cannot be surprised at my demanding satisfaction, and I have no doubt you will feel dis-

posed to grant it me. I will meet you with a friend this evening in the garden adjoining the Rue de ———.

"I am, sir, yours, &c.,

"WILLIAM HARROLDINE."

This letter certainly caused Edward some uneasiness; not that he felt afraid of meeting him, for fear was a stranger in his breast; but the thought, if he should fall, what would become of poor Clara: for, after the crime she had committed, both her father and the world would shun her. Notwithstanding this, he determined to meet him.

The day is gone, and the moon in her full renders every object distinct and visible. Two individuals are standing in the spacious gardens attached to the Rue de ———. They have certainly come for some fixed purpose, for they seem to wait the arrival of other individuals with considerable anxiety. Two other persons approach—they are now measuring the ground—two out of the four take their places at either end of the measured space. They each hold a weapon—it is a pistol—they raise it—the word is given, and they both fire, and are both at the same moment hurried into the presence of their Maker, having received a mortal wound from the ball of each others weapons. These two are Edward Clifford and William Harroldine.

Eighteen months after these circumstances, an alarm was occasioned in a small village near the metropolis by the discovery of a female, who had evidently drowned herself. Great inquiry was made concerning her; but no information could be obtained. A coroner was summoned, and a verdict of "Found drowned" was returned. She was buried at the expense of the parish, and in a few weeks was totally forgotten. It was Clara, the inconstant one. J. B. GOGGS.

## AN ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

All hail thou mirror'd crystal shrine,  
The mountain wave, the dashing brine,  
That mocks the storm or lightning's ray,  
And in the elements affray

Take thy imperial seat.

'Neath Night's pale regent's glowing breast,  
Thy spangled waves in silver drest;  
E'en kingly power thou hast defied,  
When, Canute seated by thy side,  
Thou mock'd the monarch's feet.

Why wooest thou the morning star,  
That radiates Neptune's crystal car;  
Or dolphins bounding from thy breast,  
And in the bright sun's dazzling crest  
Display their backs of gold?  
Surpassing glory crowns thy head,  
That raves at the rock o' mountain's bed;  
For ever and ever shalt thou be  
The dreaded, boundless, foaming sea  
So beauteous to behold.

Who ting'd thy crest with blue sublime,  
That dares the iron hand of time,  
And mocks the bright sky's varied hue,  
Bright as morn's bespangled dew,  
When sips the humming bee?  
Who stretch'd thy wings from pole to pole,  
And bid thy mighty waves to roll?  
Sing praises to Him that mountains piled,  
And call'd thee out of chaos wild,  
Thou everlasting sea! E. R. B.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.—On Good Friday the passion of our Saviour is solemnized in this church. All the most material circumstances of this great event are then represented—such as nailing him to the cross, crowning him with thorns, and then taking the body down, and wrapping it in a sheet. The monks have, first, a sermon, and then every one takes a lighted taper in his hand, with a crucifix as big as life, exceedingly well done, and besmeared with blood. They visit, first, the pillar of flagellation, next the prison, and afterwards the altar of the division, and from thence to Mount Calvary, leaving their shoes at the bottom of the stairs. There are two altars—one where our Saviour was supposed to be nailed to the cross, and another where it was erected, and where they set up the crucified image. Near this spot is the memorable cleft in the rock, which is said to have been made by an earthquake when our Saviour suffered.



## CLANAWLY.

## A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER X.

## THE HALL.

LOUD conversation at this time filled the hall, which was occasionally relieved by musical pieces, repeated and sung with a soft accompaniment of the harp. During these melodious pauses, the chieftains listened, intent as to their hearts upon the minstrel's theme—if war, fired with enthusiastic patriotism, and casting glances at one another, by which they knew that the internal glow was mutual—if love, resting their cheeks upon their hands sometimes, and betraying the power of woman over the martial bosom; and, if wine, borrowing rapture from the goblet, to which music gave additional charms.

Besides the warriors mentioned already, there arrived in the afternoon, the Baron of Kelly, and the chieftains Randal and M'Lurley. They entered into the spirit of the rest, and found much comfort and enjoyment beneath the ample roof of Clanawly.

The hall was accordingly crowded with strange officers when Shehan came up the second time, principally by the arrival of those who postponed their visit till the termination of the day.

"Shehan," said Clanawly, when he saw him the second time, "cast an eye around the table, and see if every officer here be properly accommodated."

The other did accordingly, and returned to his master, declaring that he saw no deficiency. He then sat down in one of the recesses, and waited upon the call of his lordship; at the same time listening to the conversation, and observing the enjoyment of that august assemblage.

"M'Murrough," cried Clanawly, with a strong and harmonious voice, that reached the lofty ceiling of the hall, "perform with O'Neill, the harper, some of your own composition."

"Have I got a namesake beneath your noble roof?" demanded the Earl of Tyrone.

"My principal harper's name is O'Neill, my lord," answered M'Auliff. "It was he who has pleased you so well already; and I am ready to affirm, that, in point of music, he suits the noble name by which he is styled."

"Far superior to the music of our province, is what we have heard to-night," declared O'Donnell; "much more melodious, with a tinge of pathos which borders a little on melancholy. Do you consider, my Lord of Clanawly, that the pathetic inclination of our music is originally Irish, or do you fancy that it arises from the long train of evils which have from time to time visited this unfortunate country? I have often debated the subject with myself, and came to a conclusion, which I would like to be correct, it agreed to by superior opinions."

M'Auliff returned—"In my opinion it is truly Irish, and may be even styled national——"

"My exact opinion, also," interrupted O'Donnell, smiling happily.

"Because," continued M'Auliff, "on turning back to the pages of our earliest bards, before even a single mixture of foreign nations took place, we find that melancholy tendency displayed in all their poems. Their songs were pathetic and solemn, without the least inclination to mirth. It does not appear, that even in their bacchanalian pieces, they showed any symptoms of levity. Having given the subject due consideration from time to time, I am forced to consider, as a simple opinion of my own, that it may arise from the endless wars in which they were engaged—the number of noble heroes therefore slain—which being of such frequent occurrence, gave innumerable subjects to the Irish bards; and that thus a pathetic tendency gradually won its way over all the passions, which being extremely pleasing to a martial and musical race, displayed itself in all their subsequent compositions."

"Conquered nations have generally melancholy music, that is, among the native population," remarked O'Donnell. "The Spanish infidels, for example, have sublimely plaintive music; and on that account, I was endeavouring to reconcile to myself how the Irish could have reason to become plaintive also. At the same time, I must acknowledge, that I fancy you have explained the subject much to my satisfaction."

"Moreover," observed Tyrone, "what leads me to consider Clanawly's opinion correct, is, that in former times, before the national pathos became ultimately fixed, bards were in constant attendance upon kings, princes, and warriors, and in close connexion with them—much more so than even at present with the humbler class of chieftains. Thus the poet bewailed his slain warrior as he would a brother, and the excellent style of those poems rendered them immortal. Others, copying in the same harmony and numbers, have, by degrees, fixed a melody that is inseparable from our nation."

"Have we got any poems of the olden style, in the light and burlesque vein?" demanded the Earl of Tirconnell.

"None of any antiquity, I believe," answered M'Auliff.

"I suppose," observed Tyrone, "they have had their's in this country, as well as in all other countries; but none of it lived to reach the present age."

"As is the case with all ribaldry," said the Earl of Clanawly; "let it be ever so excellent, it hardly outlives the age in which it is produced."

"And that which is pointed out to us, as the native Irish burlesque, is not genuine," said O'Donnell.

"I really fancy not," remarked Clanawly; "because the style in which they are written does not suit the manners of the people to which they are purported to allude."

The conversation having ceased, the harper struck a few lofty notes upon his full-toned instrument, as a prelude to the piece which M'Murrough was about to sing.

The bard waited till every sound was completely hushed, and then commenced, relieved by the music of O'Neill.

## SONG.

As the stag rests by the crystal flood, when the hunters have ceased to pursue, enjoying quiet, thus we rested from the affray with the strangers, and found tranquillity.

The morning sun shone happily upon our castles and cottages—the fields yielded abundance of crops—plenty was again restored to a famished and skeleton race.

Why does the sun grow dim?—why do the crops fail?—why have we no joy in our abundance, no plenty in our harvests, no happiness in the blessings bestowed upon us?

Because the spirit of jealousy has found its way amongst us, and in that rivalry we aim at one another's destruction—to command we strive, and not to support one another.

The chieftain of Carrig is rich in cattle, in dependants, in arms, and in household—he is the head of a mighty clan, who are gathered around him, and fostered by his riches.

They know the support they receive from him, and they foresee the desolation of the race in his downfall—they have no dependence save on his prosperity.

Yet, one sayeth unto himself many things, whilst another and another are revolving similar plans of dispossessing their chieftain, and each of placing himself up in his stead.

The fire of rebellion breaketh out in the hold of Carrig, and slaughter and midnight assassination visit the arched chambers, sprinkling the walls and floors with blood at midnight.

But lo! on the morrow they behold, from the gleagh, the snow-white sails of strange navies bending in upon the coast, and hastening to the possession of the fortress.

The prisoners are brought to light, the dungeons being thrown open—all are united again, for the defence of the blood-stained hold of Carrig.

But their weakness is shown in their defence, how they wasted against one another that strength which should have been reserved for the stranger.

And Carrig yields to the power of infidels, and no longer knows its own clan, who are dispersed over the face of the earth, without chieftain or without leader.

What mighty hold is that which stands dilapidated and crumbling, upon its throne of rocks, through whose loop-holes the blue stream of day-light flows?

That is the once impregnable fortalice of Carrig, the beautiful—the plentiful; but its portals knew the sound of internal war, and its chambers streamed nightly with kindred blood!

At the termination of this song, Clanawly looked around him for that applause consequent on all good music and composition; but there was no such manifestation to be seen, even in the countenances of any. The silence which was observed during the melody, still reigned after its close, as if the well-filled hall were inhabited by the dead. Tyrone's gaze was yet fully bent upon the elevation, where sat the minstrel waiting for the remarks, which ever followed their performances. Tirconnell's staring eyes rested upon Tyrone's; and all the rest looked at each other, with that wonderment which betokened inward emotion to a great degree. Shehan was intently watching the gestures of O'Donnell's countenance, at the same time; but a sigh passed from the depth of his heart, when he recollected that the allusion referred as much to the noble family of Tirconnell as to any other of the unhappy chieftains of his country. The other officers were fully astonished, when they perceived that the Castle of Carrig bore a lesson to each, that showed the errors under which they laboured, when aiming at ill-timed rivalry; and that such was the real cause of their failure, when acting against the strangers, who were continually waging war against them.



At length M'Auliff broke the silence by a remark that tended to restore good feeling.

"We find ourselves," quoth he, "fully depicted in thousands of similes; and it is no wonder that they are made use of by poets, when they point so steadily at the human heart."

"We feel it poignantly," said Tyrone.

O'Donnell was as yet unable to speak.

"The poet is determined to make us feel our errors," observed the Baron of Kelly.

"And tangibly so," said M'Lurley.

"It is thus," remarked M'Auliff, "that the bards, in the ancient days of Ireland, twined their music round the hearts of their kings and chieftains, by expressions that won the soul to sympathy, or roused it to fury, in vengeance for a just cause. It was no wonder, therefore, if they were made companions meet for the greatest, when their minds were superior to power, and their songs commanded giantening legions."

"Yes—yes, M'Auliff," cried Tyrone, breaking, as it were, from the bondage of a trance, "it is the case; they know the human soul, they search the vitals, and goad upon the wounded part. They appeal to all separately, and convince us powerfully by incontrovertible arguments—the simple reasoning of truth clothed with allegory."

"My bard will afford you another specimen of his power," said Clanawly, "if your lordships will be pleased to attend to him whilst he performs."

Silence followed, attended with tremulous expectation, and M'Murrough toned his voice to the harp.

#### SONG.

The bard is gone to distant shores, to sing the plaintive songs of his native land—upon the plains of foreign countries does the harp of Erin pour forth its melody.

By the waters of strange woods, upon the verdant margin, whilst murmurs the playful river at his feet, does he pour forth his lays to silence and solitude.

"Why walkest thou, O bard of Erin, upon the strange banks? Why does thy music enchant the groves of other countries? Why are thy numbers heard in the wilderness?"

Thou who wast the companion of royalty, why art thou outcast? Indeed thy music is sweet; but it sounds no longer with that sweetness which the echo of thy country gave to thy themes.

My solitary harp!—thou canst answer the question of the strange spirit; and instead of resting thee upon the shining walls of my native home, thou shalt hang to the bough of a tree.

Thou shalt sleep beneath the branch of some evergreen, that the wind of Heaven may never again awaken thee to song, since thy country is forsaken by thee.

My harp! thou art all that is left to the bard; but with thee he is rich; and whilst he wanders in exile, thy voice calls up again in his soul the valleys of his nation.

Shall we forget the woes of our country, the evergreen isle? Whilst one string is left to thee, thy sound shall be melancholy, and thy tone full of grief.

O, sweet-toned companion of my youth! O, soft comforter of my grey hairs! thou wert tuned in the hours of darkness—thy music was gathered from the flowers of the grave.

Didst thy music not ravish the ears of the great? Did not nobles sigh in sympathy with thy lovely sorrows? Did not warriors rest upon their spears, whilst thy strains were poured forth?

The bard wanders on distant shores—his voice is by the waters of foreign climes—his music is echoed in the valleys of the stranger, and enlivens his evenings.

The shrine, the castle, and the fortress are gone, crumbling into fragments; there is not an atom of grandeur left, not one vestige of greatness remaining.

And when the bard sleeps in death, thou wilt be found upon that willow; and the stranger, when he sees thee, will sigh for the land of the departed brave.

"Here is the soul of bardism," said Clanawly; "and by the greatness of the theme, every word of it will come to pass, if we do not adhere firmly to one another in this cause."

"Very prophetic!" exclaimed O'Donnell. "O, my sweet soul! I feel the fullness of the poet's truth bearing upon the minstrel; give the chieftains a specimen of thy martial verses."

#### SONG.

The song of death.—They shout beside the stream that washes the castle of Carrig—there is death in the breeze of morning—there is slaughter upon the wind.

Mount the steeds—rasp the spears—point the stakes! The strangers are in the glen, and carry fire and the sword into the habitations of widows and orphans.

The chieftain of Carrig mounts his steed. Who is that riding down triumphantly proud from the gates of Carrig, at whose sight the warriors and the people are all inspired with courage?

That is the chieftain of Carrig: lo! he rideth nobly before them; he is the father of his clan, and they follow him, borne along by a strange impetuosity that fills their veins.

By the woes of your country, O chieftain, return not from the field until your wrongs are avenged, and the widows and orphans of your clan are repaid with blood.

By the love of your fathers, who bled for your independence, be not content with trifles, lest your satisfaction may be incomplete, and your altars wronged.

By the ashes of the brave who sleep in the mounds of your verdant plains, let your life be staked for the insults and the injuries offered to your kindred!

At this moment an universal burst of applause was thundered from all mouths, and the noble assembly stood up, and raising their goblets on high, with upcast eyes, they drained them, and sat down again. Clanawly looked at the minstrels, who understood his meaning, and ceasing until the sensation passed away, again proceeded.

There is hot striving in the glen, and the stream is tinged with blood, its crystal waters bearing the tidings of slaughter through the valleys, announcing war.

There is gathering upon the hills; hotly they pour in, multitudes upon multitudes, until the entire plain is covered with warriors, who will not live and be vanquished.

Rush upon them—bear them down—hew them to pieces—trample them to the earth—single out the chieftains—aim at the head, and the body quickly yields!

What sounds are those which fill the evening air? The crash of armour, the din of assailing thousands, the trampling of steeds, the roars and shrieks of the fallen!

Pursue, pursue—lose not a moment, and spare none. They fly to the fortress of the stranger; but intercept their flight, and let none of them return to tell the direful tidings.

There is melancholy upon the banks of the river, but there is also joy; for by the death of a few brave, freedom is restored; and the chieftain of Carrig returns with victory.

"That is the song of war," observed Clanawly; "and when accompanied with suitable music, as now you have heard it, does it not produce a powerful effect?"

"Admirable!" exclaimed Tyrone, loudly.

"Is it his own composition?" demanded the Baron of Kelly.

"Yes," returned M'Auliff, "and one that does him infinite credit."

"It does," remarked O'Donnell; "the spirit of Irish bardism has declined in this country, as it is still dormant in many a heart; and I am confident that we find it in its purity beneath the hospitable roof of Clanawly."

#### CHAPTER II.

##### THE SUSPICION.

THE boy Eoghan stole along quietly into the brilliant hall, and finding his way beside the attendant, Shehan, informed him by whispering that he wished to communicate something important. Shehan followed the boy to the inner court-yard, and there attended to his information.

"These are two traitors, two villains, or two murderers!" exclaimed the boy, his under jaw having fallen considerably with fear.

"That was my opinion at first," declared Shehan, aloud.

"They were told to go into the little vaulted rooms besides ours," said the boy; "but one of them declared, that as minstrels they should have superior beds to domestics."

"They did?" demanded Shehan, with a loud laugh of scorn.

"Yes, indeed," returned the lad; "and when at length they consented to go thither, the pilgrim overheard the conversation between them, because they did not know that he was in the room, and on that account spoke out. As soon as the pilgrim knew as much as he thought sufficient, he slipped out and informed me all about it, bidding me hasten to you with the news."

"New, indeed!" exclaimed the other. "Where is the pilgrim now, my lad?"

"Below in the large kitchen, reading a paper of hard writing by the lamp," answered Eoghan.

"Is anybody else there?" inquired the former.

"No," responded the boy; "for all are dispersed and gone homewards long since."

The attendant went down to the kitchen, followed by the boy. As soon as he entered, the pilgrim looked at him, then towards the vaulted dormitory, and made a sign of silence. The former sat down close to



the latter, in order to speak more privately with him. Eoghan took up his position upon a straw arm-chair, before the fire, and was soon in a nodding mood, notwithstanding the fear exhibited by him a little before.

"Will you drink, Malmurphy, if I procure some brandy and wine?" demanded Shehan.

"No, Con," answered the other; "but I can partake of your laurelled ale again."

"Do not call me Con, for the world. Hush, man!" cried Shehan, smothering his voice; "I am known here by the name of Suchan these twenty years."

"Shehan, my dear!" exclaimed Malmurphy.

"Yes," returned the other, softly; "and no one ever found out yet my real title."

"And you are twenty years here?"

"I am every day of it, and more."

"Shehan, I thought Calvarch's son, my noble patron, was dead—ay, long ago."

"So did many more beside you; but you see he is living, and thankful to God for it."

"Who would have ever thought, Shehan, that Calvarch's son would have come to that—to be a menial to a humbler chieftain than himself—to subject himself to censure—to turn himself upside down?"

"It is certainly a great difficulty; but from the moment that Calvarch's son became a prisoner under Tyrene, who sits now beneath the roof of this castle, and found that he was to remain unaided by his own clan, all pride forsook him. From that moment, I say, he thought of nothing but his liberty and fortune therewith in the vale of life. He has been much blamed for endeavouring to place himself at the head of the family; but that thought never entered his mind, until he found the present earl yielding to Tyrene day by day, who was at that very time forming odious plans to bring himself under the government of the English tyrant."

"Right, Con—or Shehan I should have said," returned the pilgrim, warmly.

"Don't speak so loud, Malmurphy."

"I will be more cautious."

"I will go and procure the ale, and then we can talk over it," said Shehan.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## AGATHE THORNTON; OR, THE DESERTED ONE.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

Madeline then raised her head, her eyes seeming inflamed by the intensity of her feeling, as Agathe continued—

"As returning one morning from viewing the parade of the regiment, an individual approached me, and unseen by my brothers, presented me with a small note; judge my surprise, dear madam, on perusing it, to find it was from the lieutenant of the regiment."

"Rude in the extreme," said Madeline.

"It was, dear lady, but my pride prevented me seeing it as such; therein he had entreated me to give him a clandestine meeting."

"And you acquiesced, I fear?" interrupted the interesting Madeline.

"To my shame, madam, I acknowledge I did so," sighed Agathe.

"The most virtuous have fallen, my dear girl; you are not alone; as, doubtless, your innocence fell a sacrifice."

"Too truly hast thou judged," replied Agathe, with deep emotion, "and God seeth I have suffered dearly for the crime."

"And the false man induced thee to leave your parents?"

"He did—he did," sobbed Agathe, "and swore when I reached this great city, I should become his bride."

"Which promise he has broken?"

"Alas, dear lady, it is so!"

"And hast thou not told thy tale before?"

"No, dear lady; the dread acknowledgment has never passed my lips. Oh, I have suffered more than tongue can utter."

"Forget thy sorrow, sweet girl," said Madeline; "thou shalt stay with me and be a sister, and when my dear husband, Sir Charles Oxley, returns, he will be well pleased at the part I have acted."

"On my knees, dear lady, let me thank you," said Agathe, sobbing loudly.

"Nay, nay—rise, child; but I would ask of you one question, which thou must answer candidly."

"Doubt me not, dear lady."

"Hast thou given thy society to any other than thy betrayer?"

"From my soul I have not, dear lady."

"Enough, dear girl, I believe thee; you must now cast off remembrance of the past, and live in the remembrance of the present."

"Would to Heaven, dear lady, I could; but the remembrance of my shame will ever haunt me."

"But it shall be my task to learn thee to forget," said Madeline, kindly; "you must promise to join in the pleasures I will provide you."

The only response given by Agathe was the pressure of her taper hand, which Madeline had extended kindly to her.

"You must not object, dear sister," said Mrs. Collins, "to allow our new companion to render me a trifling service."

"Certainly I shall not, dear Mary," replied Mrs. Oxley, "our interests are one."

"For this evening, then, my dear sister, I shall bid you adieu; I shall see you on the morrow;" she then departed.

"You no doubt think it strange, my dear," said Mrs. Madeline, "that my sister should be living in the capacity of housekeeper to Lady Lovel."

"I have thought only of her generosity, madam," returned Agathe.

"Good, my dear girl; but upon reflection, it will seem strange to you.

I will inform you that Lady Lovel is a distant relation; but her excessive pride prevents her from acknowledging it to us, her wealth being treble to ours; my sister having made an unfortunate match, she was induced to accept the offer of two hundred per annum as conductress of our relation's establishment. But, poor creature," she continued, "her life is far from happy, as Lady Lovel insists upon Mrs. Collins attending to everything; but I will not trouble your young mind with such an uninteresting theme, you shall inspect my wardrobe and jewels;" thus saying, she brought forward a casket, and displayed to the admiring eyes of Agathe various suits of rare gems; taking up a bracelet, she exclaimed—"In the morning I will get you to match this bracelet for me; you have no objection I suppose?"

"I know but little of London, dear lady, but am willing to do anything in my power to serve or please you."

"You are a kind creature," said Madeline, "and there must not be this formality between us; remember, you are henceforth the sister of Lady Madeline Oxley."

Agathe gazed on the speaker with astonishment, and seemed as if doubting her very existence, which Madeline observing, said in a tone of slight reproach—

"Do you then refuse to acknowledge me as sister?"

"No, I cannot; but this more than generosity overpowers me," said Agathe.

Madeline immediately changed the conversation, and leading the way into another apartment, amused the mind of Agathe, by relating to her various circumstances, which the former described as having taken place in her family.

The evening ended, Agathe was conducted by a waiting maid to an apartment, which she was desired to consider as devoted to her use; on the following morning she was received with smiles by the gracious Madeline, and breakfast concluded, the latter began the conversation of the previous evening.

"My dear sister Agathe," said she, "the maid shall accompany you to my jeweller's, for the purpose of matching my bracelet, as it is my intention to have a suit of the same."

"I will obey thy bidding, lady," replied Agathe.

"Have I not desired thee to use no formality towards me—am I not thy sister Madeline?"

"Forgive me," said Agathe, "I will endeavour to throw off the restraint which now binds me."

"Yes, yes, it will be requisite to do so, as I shall introduce you to all I know as one of the family."

The maid now entered and inquired of Mrs. Oxley if she should now proceed to Bridge and Rundell's.

"Yes, Martha," replied Madeline, "and see that you treat this, my sister, with the same respect you would show myself."

"Certainly, my lady."

In a few minutes Agathe was equipped in a splendid apparel—a massive gold chain, from which hung a handsome watch of great value, was carelessly thrown around her neck: she had received the bracelet and was about to depart, but remembering she was not supplied with cash, asked, in a mild submissive tone,

"Is it your wish, sister, that I make the purchase?"

"Certainly, certainly; but it will not be necessary to pay till I have approved of your choice; it will only be necessary to mention that it is for Lady Madeline Oxley, your sister, and they will be forwarded by you."

Agathe, with the maid, had now reached the jeweller's, where, on representing herself to be the sister of the Lady Oxley, the greatest attention was shown her, and having selected the nearest match to the bracelet she had brought, departed, promising to return with an order in a few hours.

"I trust you have succeeded, Agathe," said Mrs. Oxley, as the former entered.



"I have, and hope you will be pleased with the selection I have made." On inspecting it, Madeline expressed her approbation of it, and said, "If you are not too tired you shall return and order the set to be made."

"Most cheerfully," replied Agathe, well pleased at the commission given her.

On her return to the jewellers' and expressing her wish to have the set completed, she was much confused by the shopman asking if she was prepared to pay cash for the same.

"Lady Oxley has not supplied me with the cash," said Agathe.

"You must pardon me, then, miss," returned the shopman, "for not sending the required articles, until we know whether or not cash will be paid for them."

"But, as the order is not completed," said Agathe, "you can surely have no objection to furnish it."

The shopman made no reply, but, turning to an individual seated at a desk, asked,—

"Is Lady Oxley known as one of our customers?"

"Oh yes," replied the individual, "we last week furnished a set of brilliants for her."

Here the shopman whispered something not audible to Agathe, and returning, replied,—

"They shall be ready, madam, in the evening. Is there any other article I can serve you with?"

"No, I thank you," replied Agathe, at the same time wondering she had not heard of the brilliants from her benefactress.

"We have just received a case of splendid Geneva watches," said the shopman; "you will, perhaps, allow us to send some for her ladyship's inspection?"

"That will be unnecessary," replied Agathe.

"But they are really beautiful," returned the shopman. "I am sure her ladyship will be pleased with them."

"They really are!" said Agathe; "and I will take one myself for her approval."

"I thank you for your condescension," returned the shopman, as he delivered the watch to Agathe, in a neat morocco case.

Madeline was highly pleased, and assured Agathe "that the money should be sent as soon as the order was completed!" and she now endeavoured, by every means in her power, to make Agathe forget her former self; and wonderfully did she succeed, for, ere the evening sun had set, the merry laugh of Agathe was heard, as joyfully as when her heart was free from sorrow.

The evening passed cheerfully: several individuals of fashionable exterior were introduced to her, most of them bearing titles; and when Agathe retired to rest, she felt herself the happiest in the world—thus proving that the young heart can be soon made to forget its sorrows.

"Hark! hark!" said Agathe, starting from her sleep; "surely I must dream. I thought an individual of scowling aspect stood by my side and placed in the bed a packet."

Again she endeavoured to compose herself, but the breathing of some one near her, too plainly to be mistaken, filled her with terror.

"Merciful Heaven!" she exclaimed. "Who are you? What are you?"

"Silence! silence!" said the individual; "or you have not another instant to live!"

Breathless with fright, Agathe hid her face beneath the clothing.

"Hark!" said the hoarse voice of a man; "if you do not swear that not a being has entered here, a trap shall be laid for thy life—thou shalt not escape my vengeance!"

At this moment Agathe felt the bed-clothes pulled forcibly aside; now a rustling was heard in the apartment, and the voice of Madeline was heard by Agathe, exclaiming,—

"If you would save your life, you must swear that you know not the name of Oxley—that my name and your's is Smith!" Agathe groaned audibly with terror.

"Ah! that story will not do for us!" said a voice.

"I should think not; we're not to be come over by such talk as that," returned a second voice.

"The fellow must be in the room, that's certain," said the first.

"No, no, on my word," cried Madeline; "no being, save my sister, has gained access to this room."

"Oh! you have a sister here, have you?" said the voices.

Here Agathe felt the bed clothes dragged forcibly off her, and an individual, in the uniform of a Bow-street officer, exclaimed,—

"Don't be alarmed, pretty one; but where is the fellow that has just come in here?"

"No," said Agathe, while she thought of the threat of the former speaker.

"It's no use to say 'No,' my dear!" replied the officer; "we must have him!"

"Come, come, jump out!" said the second; "if he won't come out, we must fetch him."

"What, what is the meaning of this?" cried the bewildered Agathe, shrinking from their rude gaze.

"How verdant you are!" said the officer behind; "I dare say you know nothing of Lady Gordon's jewels?"

"What mean you?" cried Agathe; "I am——"

"Up to——, but the rest I need not tell you," returned the officer.

"Leave the room, I intreat of you—if but for an instant," cried Agathe.

"While you lets your flash man out of the winder—eh, my darling?" said the officer.

"Was I snatched from misery and wretchedness but to be plunged deeper into sorrow?" cried Agathe, imploringly.

"Quite pathetic, I declare!" said the officer; "but it's all no use with us—will you turn out, or must we make you?"

Half dead with shame, Agathe left the bed, and hid beneath the folds of the curtains, while the officers, seeing the bed vacant, proceeded to search every corner of the room.

"Now tell me," said the officer, "didn't the fellow come into this room a few minutes before us?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Agatha; "No, no! not one—that is——"

"Thank ye," replied the officer, "we know the first is true!" while the second, proceeding to the window, exclaimed,—

"He couldn't have gone through here—it's too well secured," said the second officer.

"Then he must be under the bed," replied his companion; and immediately they commenced further search.

"He's not here—that's plain—now, we must have these drawers and boxes opened."

"The keys, ma'am!" demanded the second, of Madeline.

"They are lost—indeed they are."

"Then we'll soon settle that affair;" and so saying, with a small iron crowbar, the officers commenced to force open the chests of drawers.

"I say, look here, Thompson," said one officer to the other, "here's a brilliant light!"

"What see you, Williams, eh?"

"The werry identical article that's described as having been got from Bridge's for Lady Oxley!"

"Capital!" replied Thompson; "now, what's your name, my pretty one?" turning to Agathe.

"Agathe Thornton!" returned the trembling girl.

"Thornton, eh? I thought you were sister to pretty Miss Smith here."

Now, for the first time, suspicion was awakened in the mind of Agathe, and, as she tremblingly clung to the bed-post for support, the strangeness of the whole circumstances nearly overwhelmed her.

"There's a pretty haul here, any how!" said the officer, as he brought forth various articles of jewellery, as gold watches, chains, bracelets, &c.

"Now, off with the bed!" continued Williams.

The man, Thompson, did as ordered, and lifting the bed from off the mattress, so nothing fell heavily on the floor.

"What's that?" asked Williams.

Thompson stooped down, and picked up a morocco case.

"Hulloa!—what do you say to this, my pretty bird?" said he to Agathe.

"I cannot—cannot answer you," cried Agathe, faintly.

"And the wisest way too," said the officer. "Come, on with your baggage—you must come with us."

"And you, too," said Williams, turning to address Madeline; but, to the surprise of both, she had slipped, unseen, from the apartment.

"Why did you not keep a sharper look-out," said Thompson, "after her? she cannot be gone far."

"Wasn't I engaged looking after the wallables?" demanded Williams.

"After her, I tell ye," roared Thompson. "If you let her slip, you will have to get another lodging, I guess."

The former sulkily left the apartment, while Thompson addressed Agathe, saying,—

"It ain't no business of mine; but if you'd save your own neck, you'd tell where Dick Bowling is to be found."

"I know him not," said Agathe; "you are mistaken—indeed you are—save me—save me!"

"I have no objection to save ye; but that Dick of yours is such a devil of a fellow, that I should be expecting a bullet through my brains if——"

The latter words were lost to Agathe, for she now sunk senseless to the ground, and in this state was removed by the officers, Madeline having left the house.



Upon Agathe recovering, she found herself seated on a low stone step in a dreary apartment, to which light was admitted through a grained window. She gazed around her in astonishment, and beheld several persons seated round, some laughing, others weeping, and groaning.

"For mercy's sake, where am I?" ejaculated Agathe.

"In the waiting-room of Bow-street," replied a person near her. "I thought every person knew this crib."

Uttering a loud shriek, Agathe again fell into a state of unconsciousness, from which she was aroused by the loud curses of an individual, who was resisting the efforts of an officer to take him before the bench.

Thompson, the before-mentioned officer, now entered, and addressing Agathe, desired she would follow him.

"Can it be possible," said she, wringing her hands in agony, "that I am the inmate of a prison?"

"Not exactly that, my dear," replied the officer, in a familiar tone; "but only a few steps from it—you will hear all about it shortly, so follow me."

Agathe, tremblingly, obeyed.

"What's the charge against this prisoner?" asked the magistrate.

"Being concerned in the robbery at Lady Gordon's, your worship."

"What witness have you against her?"

"I'll tell your worship in a minute. You see, by the description of the man, who was seen leaving Lady Gordon's house, I directly concluded that it must be Dick Bowling."

"But your charge against the prisoner?"

"I am coming to it now, yer worship."

"Be brief, then; there are many cases to be heard."

"Well, your worship, I went to the place where I know'd Dick was to be found; but he was beforehand with me, so I get a warrant and goes in scent of him, along with Williams."

"Well, proceed."

"And sure enough we at last saw him going along a narrow court."

"Keep to the charge."

"I am, yer worship. We followed him for a good long mile; at length we saw him enter a flash house, and bolted after him."

"At what hour was this?"

"At three, your worship."

"Take it down," said the magistrate to the clerk, who was seated below him.

Thompson proceeded,—

"Just as we were rushing up the stairs, a young woman came suddenly from the parlour, and in spite of our endeavours for some minutes, prevented our further progress."

"And was that young woman the prisoner?" asked the magistrate.

"Not at all, yer worship; we found her in bed in the room which Dick Bowling had entered."

"And have you secured him?"

"No, yer honour; we found what's almost as good."

"And what was that?"

"These articles of jewellery, part of which answers the description of those obtained from Russell and Bridge's, by a lady who represented herself as a sister of Lady Oxley's, and I think, from the description, this is the very woman."

"Is this the whole of the charge against her?" asked the magistrate.

"No, yer worship, on searching the bed, in which she was lying, we discovered the case of jewels, and found them to be the property of Lady Gordon."

"Indeed; this is the grave charge. Have you anything more to state?"

"Yes, sir; the female who stopped us in the passage is known in the neighbourhood by the name of Kitty Williams; but she declared her name to be Phoebe Smith, and that the prisoner was her sister. This young woman, however, states her name is Agathe Thornton."

"Thornton—Thornton—Agathe Thornton?" said the magistrate, thoughtfully; "stand forward," continued he, addressing the half-fainting girl.

Agathe, who had listened to the charge preferred against her, now stepped forward, and, in a firm voice, said,—“Sir, I am innocent of the charge against me.”

Here the worthy magistrate seemed engaged in deep thought.

"Agathe Thornton!" said he, again gazing attentively at her.

"Yes, sir, Agathe Thornton," replied the latter, with a curtsy.

"And your parents were natives of —"

"Chester," interrupted Agathe.

"Can it be possible," said the magistrate, "that the individual who now stands before me is accessory to an extensive robbery?"

"No, no; on my soul I am innocent," said Agathe.

"Answer me candidly," said the worthy magistrate.

"I will, sir."

"Are you, then, the missing daughter of the much respected 'Squire Thornton, of Chester?"

"I am—I am," replied Agathe, bursting into tears.

"How, then, came you in league with those well-known dissolute characters?"

"Circumstances so strange as to appear impossible," said Agathe, sobbing, "brought me in the society of the being whom I looked up to as a pattern of virtue and humanity to society."

"Name?"

"Lady Madeline Oxley," replied Agathe, "sister to Mrs. Collins, housekeeper to Lady Lovell, of St. James-square."

"You must explain yourself more fully."

Here Agathe related her short, affecting story with so much simplicity as to draw the tear of sympathy from the eye of the worthy magistrate.

"Agathe Thornton," said he, in a kind, but firm voice, "though there seems much of truth in your story, it is my painful duty to commit you to prison until your innocence is fully established."

"No, no, not to prison," cried Agathe, frantically clinging to the bar, with a frenzied grasp.

"Bear her hence, but kindly," said the magistrate. She was then removed fainting from the bar.

Oh! 'twas a sad and fearful sight to see the father of that lost and fallen girl weeping in agony over his child. She, whose young years he had watched over with the hope that she would be the brightest blossom that adorned his happy hearth,—she, for whose loss his beloved wife had pined until she had become the victim of an untimely grave, now met his view the inmate of a dungeon, branded deep with shame and infamy.

"My father—my father!" cried Agathe; "art thou come, in pity, to save me, or in anger to crush thy fallen child?"

"To save thee—to save thee!" cried the sorrowing parent, while tears of grief ran down his furrowed cheek.

"Bless thee—bless thee, dear father!" cried the agonised girl, wringing her hands; "had the heartless wretches, who employed thy child when first she erred from the paths of virtue, rewarded her even with common justice, thy child had not now met thee in this lonesome dungeon."

"Peace, peace, my child; thou wilt yet be restored to the arms of thy fond father."

"Nay—nay—I am unworthy of so great a blessing!" sobbed Agathe, upon the neck of her father.

Here the gaoler entered, exclaiming,—“Mr. Thornton, your child is free to depart.”

"How!—do I hear aright?" cried the aged man, clasping his hands for joy.

"Yes, sir," replied the gaoler; "the woman, Kitty Williams, to save herself from transportation, has acknowledged that your child was decoyed by an accessory to the many robberies of one Martha Collins. Here, sir, is her freedom to depart." Thus was the fallen girl once more restored to her happy family, to weep in silence over her past errors.

## THE COMPACT;

OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XV.

THE LOVERS.—SMILES AND TEARS.—TRUE HAPPINESS.

IN an instant Meriton was by the side of her he loved, and, in a voice tremulous from emotion, he cried,—

"Maria, Maria, why these tears? Good God! what has happened? Maria, Maria, you are weeping. Has any one dared —"

"Oh, leave me—leave me, Mr. Meriton; I was not aware that you were here. Leave me, for Heaven's sake. Should my mother come, what could I say?"

Her tears flowed more freely, and she did not attempt to withdraw her hand from that of Meriton's, although she so fervently implored him not to stay. The young man felt quite bewildered for a moment, and knew not what to do or say, or how to offer assistance or consolation to the weeping girl. The only distinct idea he had just then was, that he would not leave her in her grief for worlds; and in low tones, but yet such as betrayed the deep sincerity of his words, he said,—

"Maria, Maria, hear me; you are not one to shed tears without a cause. Something has occurred to wring from your eyes those drops which I would not see fall for the worth of kingdoms. I am your



friend, Maria—a sincere and true one, believe me. Confide in me; trust me with the cause of this emotion, and believe that with all zeal, all temper, all discretion, I will protect you from a repetition of such a cause of sorrow, if it be in the power of mortal man to do so. Maria, Maria, speak to me, I implore you."

"Hush! hush! Mr. Meriton; it is nothing—believe me, it is nothing worth the telling. I am weak and foolish, but tears would come, despite all my efforts to repress them. I—I—am much better, now."

"Can you tell me, Maria, that you wept without a cause? No, no; but the cause should not have made me shed tears." There was a silence of a few minutes duration, and then Meriton added, in tones of emotion,—

"I have no right, Maria, to press you to disclose to me the secret of your grief, and I can only excuse my importunity by the honesty and sincerity of my sympathy. I hope you are not offended with me for intruding upon you?"

"Offended with you, Mr. Meriton!" said Maria; "oh, no—oh, no."

There was something in the manner of pronouncing these words which created in the bosom of the young man a perfect tumult of delightful emotions. In a moment he forgot how much he had in his mind censured Anderson on the mere suspicion of breaking the agreement they had entered into; and a declaration of his own attachment to the beautiful girl, whose tears made her, to his eyes, yet more lovely, trembled on his lips.

He pressed her small soft hand in his; he played with the delicate taper fingers for a moment, and then he raised them to his lips, and rained kisses upon them, as, with choking accents, he said,—

"Maria, Maria, forgive me; but, when I cease to love you, I must first cease to live."

The agitated girl turned very pale, and for a moment she seemed as if she must have fainted; but by a great effort she rallied, and, attempting to rise, she said,—

"Oh, Mr. Meriton, Mr. Meriton, do not speak thus; you cannot mean—"

"Nay, Maria," he said, gently detaining her, "I have said too much or too little, but, having used the words I have, I owe it to you, dearest and best—I owe it to myself, to say more. And yet, Maria, were I to exhaust all the powers of language—were I to heap comparison upon comparison, to acquire an eloquence I may not hope for—I could but say—dear, dear Maria, I love you—I love you!"

She trembled, and hid her face in her hands, but she did not attempt to go; and her lover stood by her, gently whispering to her with all the honest fervour of first, and only love, the long-cherished secret of his heart.

"Dear, dear Maria," he said, "since first my eyes were blessed by resting on your face—since first I heard that name which, in its magic sweetness, is so full of Heavenly music to me—I loved you; I felt that you, and you alone, were born to be the guide-star of my fate. That you could bestow upon me such happiness in this world as none but those who truly, fondly love, as I do, can appreciate, or that my future life must be tinged by the remembrance of a joy that might have been, but which, like a glimpse of Heaven to some wandering spirit, was closed for ever against me. This is no planned declaration, Maria, of my heart's fond passion—ah, no, the secret has rushed from my heart to my lips ere I was aware. Upon your words, Maria, now hangs my future destiny. I love you—will ever love you. You shall be to me all that is beautiful—all that is good. For your happiness I will strive—no harm shall approach you. Still in my inmost heart I will hold you sacred, Maria; I love you, and would make you my happy wife. Speak to me, dearest—speak to me, if it be but a word."

Maria was silent—she would fain have spoken, but she could not; her lips moved, but no sound came from them. She, however, looked up in Meriton's face. To him there was heaven in that look—a smile just parted the coral lips—tears were still glistening in her eyes, but yet they looked dancing in a sea of joy.

"My Maria—my own dear Maria," he cried. He clasped her to his heart—she shrunk not from him, but with a child-like confidence, pillowed her head upon his breast; then he pressed his lips gently on her mouth—oh what a moment of exquisite bliss was that! The world forgetting, they cared not if by the world forgotten. Never—never again, in this world, could either of these young hearts feel such another throbbing of joy!

The boy, Tom, who made himself so generally useful at the Delmairs, should have been one of the honorary committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for he was fond of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; and, like Lord Brougham, found himself often in the predicament of being too clever by half, and making a tolerable hash of what he supposed he did know.

Meriton would have had a disagreeable damper thrown upon his rap-

tures, had he known that Tom was stooping outside the parlour door with his eye to the keyhole during the whole of his fond confessions, and that at its practical conclusions, the aforesaid Tom wiped his own lips, and muttered to himself,—

"My eye—there's a lummy kiss—well, I never; and she's a-grinning too, like a old violin; if she'd let me give her just such another kiss as that, I'd agree to clean her shoes, and scrub her knives and forks for a whole year, free, gracious, and for nothink, I would. Some people has luck, and some people has none! I wishes as I was that chap Meriton, and oh won't there be a remarkable lark when the taller fellow, Anderson, finds it all out. Won't I be there all for to see it?"

So saying, Mr. Tom rolled down into the kitchen again, where, under pretence of assisting Mrs. Delmair in potting certain preserves, he continued to eat about as much as he could forcibly stuff into his stomach.

How long the lovers required for their mutual explanations, it is hard to say, but about an hour afterwards, when Mrs. Delmair went up stairs to the parlour, Maria was playing the piano, and Mr. Meriton standing near her, and listening with great delight to "Home Sweet Home," which she was likewise singing, as she accompanied herself.

Maria looked so happy and comfortable, and so did Meriton, that Mrs. Delmair quite innocently said,—

"Well, I am sure you are enjoying yourselves nicely now, I think—upon my word, this is studying, I suppose, Mr. Meriton?"

"Oh, Mrs. Delmair," said Meriton, "I am entitled to a little relaxation, for, quite unexpectedly, this morning, in the course of my studies, I found something out which has been a perplexing subject of anxiety to me ever since I came to live here."

"Well, I am very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Delmair; "I always like young people to be industrious, and make the most of their time."

"So do I, madam; don't you, Maria?"

Maria could not answer, but commenced playing, "Oh! no, we never mention her," with great emphasis.

Oh! could Anderson have but foreseen what was going to occur in his absence, as a direct consequence, too, of his own imprudent conduct towards Maria, he would have gone nearly mad from vexation, and some desperate act would have been the result of his frightfully excited state of mind.

Of course Maria had duly informed Meriton of what had passed between her and Anderson that same morning, and if anything was wanting to complete the felicity of the favoured lover, he found it now in the consciousness that Anderson had been the first to break the contract they had entered into, and consequently he could not blame himself, although he had acted upon impulse, for taking any advantages from his rival.

Thus was Meriton as happy and contented as any human being could be by any possibility be. 'Tis true he now and then thought of Anderson, and conjectured what he would say and do when he found out how completely he was ousted from any further claim, even of interesting the heart of Maria in his favour; but he did not at all alarm himself by any such conjectures; and in the love of Maria he had an overwhelming fund of happiness as a set-off against any temporary inconveniences or disagreeables to which Anderson might subject him.

Thus the day passed on; and as we know that Anderson, after giving the forged letter to his new acquaintance, Meadows, was in no frame of mind to return soon to the Delmairs, the lovers, with the exception of occasional interruptions from Mrs. Delmair, had many hours to themselves; during which so much eloquence was expended, and the chains that bound heart to heart so fairly riveted, that Meriton believed—and believed in this case truly—that no ordinary human casualties could ever separate them again.

A feeling of perfect contentment came over him; and as for Maria, she looked the picture of health in comparison to what she had been before, so powerful an effect had the serenity and happiness of her mind upon her beautiful countenance. When the evening approached, Meriton was compelled to go out for about an hour to make a call upon a friend, whom he had promised to transact some business for on the morrow.

"I shall be back by supper-time, dearest," he said to Maria, as he kissed her affectionately. She shook hands with him, and he hurried off to keep his engagement.

When Meriton reached the open air, it was with difficulty he could suppress the exultation of his spirits. A sort of wild delirium of pleasure came over him, and he could have shouted aloud in the very exuberance of his joy at the thought that Maria Delmair was now all his own. The day was near its close, and as he walked he noted pleasantly the changing aspect of all things as the light slowly waned away.

Sunset in town is not the delightful moment that it is in the open country, where there is no hindrance to the sight, and where nature reigns instead of bricks and mortar, and the same may be said of the moonlight; but towards the evening, as the sun's rays are fast departing, the town becomes a scene of busy excitement, and people seemed



to have suddenly awakened up, and become aware that the day was fast fleeting, and that increased exertion became necessary.

Carriages fly about, crossing and passing each other with rapidity, pedestrians hurrying to and fro as if life and death were dependant upon their speed of foot: but this lasts but a short time; for, as the lamps are lighted, so this affected bustle diminishes or subsides, for those who caused it are now better employed, being the wealthy, who sit down to late dinners.

The moon now rises in all her maiden majesty; her beautiful chaste light, dimly at first, illuminating the streets, and struggling with the lamps for a mastery; but the lights of the different shop fronts come to the aid of the street lamps, and the light of nature is fairly beaten.

The view over the town from an elevated spot is very interesting, and even beautiful. The moon as it rises, when seen through the darkened atmosphere of a large city looks larger and darker than it is in fact, for the smoke from thousands upon thousands of chimnies must form an immense mass of vapour, that in some way affects the range of vision.

The light clouds that flit across the moon scarcely for a moment dim the light of her beams; then look across, on any side of the sea of houses, and a sight will meet your gaze that you little dream of.

There are countless thousands of chimnies of all imaginable shapes and sizes, and not a few perfectly unimaginable; and it is quite clear that such conceptions never entered into the mind of man. They are the beings of mere chance; they were concocted without any particular design, and were of no particular shape. A chimney was evidently wanted, and the builder raised a mass of bricks and mortar without any clear notion of what he intended to do, whether it was an odd kind of staircase—a bridge, or a pedestal; but this not being sufficient, though a hole had been left in the middle, some other oddities were eventually added, that caused the queer looking nondescript apparatus at the top of many houses.

The extent of these, and the tops of houses, some tiled and some with slated roofs, was great; while from distant windows the moon's beams were reflected, and came to the eye of the observer with a sickly hue.

The spires of the distant churches, which are situated in all spots and quarters; some elevated, and some in lower spots; some with tall, elevated steeples and weather vanes, looked like gigantic masts, standing among an ocean of rocks and billows in a clear moonlight night.

The clocks of the different churches chime the hours, and their many different tones come upon the ear from many quarters, and several minutes have elapsed ere the last is heard.

Now the evening has set in, the various places of amusement are now opening, and people are crowding to their doors, while many are yet hurrying onward in the full tide of business. The shops are still open, though some are about closing the shutters, and giving over toil for the day; and, as these close one by one, the moon's pale beam sheds a soft and subdued light where, but a few moments before, all was glitter and blaze of light.

Most of the streets are but partially illuminated, for the moon sheds her light but upon one side, save in a few, and the other side enveloped in darkness, save the dim light of some lamp, which sheds its light but to show that a lamp there is. Yet, the contrast between the white light on one side and deep shadow on the other is particularly striking.

Meriton hurried on, paid his friendly visit, and then turned his steps again towards Carey-street, where was now all he loved on earth.

His step was light and elastic, and he scarce felt the ground he walked over. The pleasure he felt was extatic; it was a new feeling that came over the mind of Meriton; he had entered a new existence, and, so new was it to him, that he was scarce able to account for the sweet flow of thoughts that passed through his mind.

No life like that when love first enters the scene—pure and successful love—such as can only be felt before man's first surfeit.

While Meriton was urging his way to Maria, filled with pleasing reflections, she, on her part, was not less busy in mind; for her thoughts were fully employed. The past interview was ever present to her imagination; the pleasures of the present, and the hopes of the future, were strong and vivid. To her mind happiness had never appeared so real and so secure.

What accident could happen to disturb the course of true love? She loved and was beloved in return; what more could be desired? and then, in a few moments more, she would see Meriton, and be again folded in his arms.

Often did she pace up and down the room, and as often did she find something to arrange and disarrange, not being to her fancy.

At this moment Meriton's step was heard on the steps, and then another; for Meriton had scarce been there time to knock, when Anderson arrived. Neither spoke, but turned away, and then, after a perceptible pause, as if suddenly animated by the same thoughts, they both turned and shook each other by the hand, amid many expressions of civility, and then entered the house together.

## CHAPTER XVI.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.—THE SUPPER AT THE DELMAIRS.—THE QUARREL.  
—MARIA'S INTERPOSITION.—THE SECOND DECLARATION.

WE are informed, on no doubt, competent authority, that Love rules the camp, the court, the grove; and, if such be the fact, we see no reason why the jurisdiction of the boy god should not likewise extend to the kitchen.

Tom, Mrs. Delmair's boy of all work, was, therefore, assuming the above hypothesis to be correct, as much entitled to fall in love with Sarah, the maid of all work in the aforesaid Mrs. Delmair's kitchen, as Meriton had to fall in love with Maria Delmair in the parlour; and whether he, Tom, acted from reason or from passion, he certainly did fall in love, and very desperately in love too, with Sarah.

Now Tom had been to a national school, and one of his copies, written in an extremely legible large hand, had inculcated the piece of wisdom that example was better than precept, and so Tom took example by Meriton, and made up his mind thoroughly, entirely, and irrevocably, to make a declaration to Sarah in as nearly the same words as Meriton had used in conveying his passion to Maria, as possible.

"And in order," said Tom to himself, "as I mayn't forget 'em, the sooner I sets about the blessed skrimmage the better; and so here goes."

Tom then descended to the kitchen, where Sarah was engaged in the humble occupation of rubbing up a brass candlestick with some powdered Flanders brick. She paid no attention at all to Tom on his entrance, and, in order to waken her up to the idea that he meditated something unusual, he leaned his elbows on the table exactly opposite to her, and allowing his chin then to repose upon his hands, he winked a great many times, and then made a singular noise with the corner of his mouth, which certainly had the effect of astonishing Sarah, for she said,—

"What, the vengeance! do you mean by that?"

"Sal, Sal," said Tom, "when first I seed you, I says to myself says I, here's the gal for my money. When I heard you a-speaking, I *purterred* it to a hurdy-gurdy, and I thinks here's a go! Either I is to be somebody, or I is to be like a black cloud, with the pleasures of memory only. Just let anybody touch you, and see if I won't give him a oner, that's all. If you won't have me, I can't help it; and all I can say is, as I've had a peep at the pantry, and then the door's banged in my face. Don't take it into your head as I'm come red hot bang into the kitchen to make this ere speechment. No, Sarah, it's sticking in my throat like a hot tater, and I can't help it. I havn't no *languidge* to speak; but I loves yer. Say the word, and it's a bargain. You lies in my bosom. Come and be married. Speak—oh!—oh!—speak—only a word, Sarah—Sarah!"

"He's mad as a March air," cried Sarah; "quite mad."

"No I ain't; I tells yer what yer ought to do now, yer ought to come and *embarrass* me."

"What?"

"*Embarrass* me; lay yer blessed head on my waistcoat, and then I ought to begin kissing of you like blazes, while yer looks up with a grin, as much as to say, *Tummas*, do it agin, I likes it."

Sarah certainly believed that *Tummas*, as he had named himself, had become suddenly deranged, and as she now looked for was an opportunity of escaping from the kitchen before some fit of desperation should seize him. As she slowly moved towards the door, she adopted the soothing system, of which she had read something in the *Morning Advertiser*; and, keeping her eyes fixed upon his, she said,—

"Poor fellow—poor Tommy. Poor fellow—be quiet, poor Tommy."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Hush! hush! poor Tommy—poor fellow."

"D—n it! do you take me for a Tom cat?"

By this time Sarah reached the kitchen-door, and then, with a loud scream, she made a rush for the staircase, nor stopped in her headlong flight till she reached the parlour, when she threw herself upon the protection of Maria, as she exclaimed,—

"Oh, save us—save us from Tom! Oh, miss—miss—he's getting outrageous. Save us—save us!"

"What is the matter, Sarah?" inquired Maria Delmair, who was not a little alarmed at the desperation with which Sarah had effected her entrance into the parlour.

"Oh, miss, miss, allow me to *incommode* myself with a *cheer*."

Sarah then sat down with a lump, that shook the whole parlour, and, fanning herself with her apron, she continued,—*"Oh, Miss Maria, I've had 'sich a gettin' up stairs' as never was seed. Tummas is a insanity."*

"A what?"

"Ma, miss—stark staring mad—uncommon. I never shall get the better on it; what do you think he wanted me to commit the impropriety of doing? Why, to put my head in his waistcoat, while he kissed



me like blazes. Oh, dear—oh, dear; it gave me quite a turn; I never was kissed like blazes, and I never will be if I knows on it."

"Gammon," said Tom, putting his head into the parlour-door, while his sudden appearance elicited a scream from Sarah. "Gammon; I didn't want no such thing. Miss Maria, don't you believe a word as she says; if you please, I'll explain it all to you another time; you'll understand me, and all my feelings. I'm a going now to soothe myself at the Turnp-ke-gate and Toad-stool, at the bottom of the street. Oh—oh—oh, Sarah; you ought to have learned better. Come to my agitated *busum*."

"I shan't, you wretch."

"Very good."

So saying, Tom, whose feelings may not be supposed to be greatly affected by his disappointment in the tender passion, departed to seek the consolation he had described, like some more romantic heroes, who seek the solace of the wine-cup when smitten by disappointment in their fond hopes and dashing expectations.

When Sarah, more at leisure, and more calmly narrated to her young mistress what had occurred in the kitchen, a disagreeable suspicion came across Maria's mind that the affair below stairs very much resembled a parody upon what had occurred in the parlour, and of course she felt proportionably indignant at the idea that Tom had played the spy upon herself and Meriton, a fact which she resolved to take some early opportunity of ascertaining.

The rivals reached the parlour at the same moment, where supper was laid, but Anderson at once saw that either he or Meriton was not expected, for plates were laid for but three persons.

No notice was, however, taken of this circumstance, and they both seated themselves without anything further occurring. Another plate was called for, and things arranged in order. Anderson looked suspiciously around to notice every little circumstance, but it needed not any petty little circumstances to raise the jealousy of Anderson—it was by far too great and active to need any aid to spur it on.

There were many little things passed during the meal, that made Anderson remark that Maria accepted of many attentions from Meriton which she coldly declined from him.

The supper passed over in quietness, and without any quarrel between the rivals, but soon after Anderson requested Maria to oblige them by sitting down to the piano, and at the same time he arranged the music, and stood for her; but this she declined.

Her mother for some time engaged her in conversation, and then a short time elapsed, when music became the topic of conversation, and Meriton said,—

"Will you oblige me, Maria, by indulging us with the song you sang an evening or two since—it was a very pretty one."

"I will try, as you wish it," she replied, and immediately seated herself at the piano, and began turning over some music in search of the one required, and Anderson, who saw the preference, was galled to find his request had been unattended to, while his rival's met with immediate compliance, and instantly said,—

"I think young ladies might be less liberal and marked in their favours; it would be more becoming, and less invidious."

"And I," replied Meriton, who saw the drift of the remark, "think it would be better taste if gentlemen were to make fewer remarks, and those of a less personal character."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" exclaimed Anderson, hastily;

"I can't see the justice of your remark."

"Perhaps not," replied Meriton, "but you saw its object, and that is a proof of its applicability—but disappointment sharpens men's wit, and they see a difference where there's no distinction."

"This is not to be borne," cried Anderson; "I will not have this language used to me."

"When it is," said Meriton, "how can it be altered, and by whom?"

"Come, gentlemen," said Mrs. Delmair, "let us have no unfriendliness. I hope you will not make us lose good friends, for on my honour, if anything was to happen, I should faint. Maria, my love, see if you cannot reconcile these gentlemen."

"If I have any influence, mother," replied Maria, "I should be too happy to exert it."

"Then you have but to speak, Maria, and I for one will be dumb," replied Meriton, as he stood by Maria's side.

"And I," said Anderson, coldly, "can attend to a request, though mine may be slighted."

Maria affected not to hear the last, and said,—

"I know not if I have given any offence to Mr. Anderson—if so, I am sincerely sorry for it, and hope he will forget; and now I have a request to make, that both he and Mr. Meriton will shake hands, and be friends."

Meriton advanced, and Anderson, unwilling to be behind, did the like, and for the present the quarrel terminated.

(To be continued in our next.)

## LOVE;

### OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DEATH.—A SCENE OF TERROR.—THE DISPOSAL OF THE BODY.—

THE anxious pause that followed the remark of the diamond merchant after he had partaken of the fatal draught, was sufficient in itself to have excited in his mind some sort of suspicion that all was not quite right, and it would have done so had he not been so abundantly satisfied by the cheque he had in his pocket for so large an amount, and his great feeling of self-gratulation at his own cleverness in managing so delicate, and at the first blush so losing and troublesome an affair with such consummate tact and discretion.

Little, however; now as Scalvoni cared what Goldsmid Lyons thought or said, he did not allow the pause to continue very long, but lifting his own glass to his lips, he quaffed off the contents, saying,—

"I rejoice that our wine is palatable to you, Mr. Lyons. Some people don't like it."

"Not like it!—It is splendid."

"Allow me then again to fill your glass. Good wine, Mr. Lyons, is a detriment to nobody, and we will among us surely succeed in cracking a bottle or two."

He filled the silver goblet again, and the merchant raised it to his lips. He was about to drink when he cast his eyes upon Leighton, who was attempting with both hands to raise the glass to his mouth, and yet trembled so excessively that he could scarcely succeed in doing so, while his face assumed an ashy paleness. Well might Goldsmid Lyons exclaim,—

"Mr. Leighton, you seem far from well."

Leighton made a desperate effort, and gulped down the wine, after which he dropped the glass on to the table, and cried, in forced and unnatural tones,—

"Quite well—quite well. Most wonderfully well! I—I do not look ill, do I?"

"Indeed but you do. I have no desire to alarm you, but you certainly do look very unwell indeed, Mr. Leighton!—I would not insure your life if you are subject to such dreadful changes of countenance, I can assure you. But I don't wish to alarm you."

"Who," said Scalvoni, "would venture to insure any one's life, considering the uncertainties of human existence. It could not pay except on an enormous scale. Is your life insured, Mr. Lyons, may I ask?"

The Jew laughed as he replied,—

"No, I am too good a life to insure. I have the stomach of an ostrich, and the constitution of a horse. Any insurance office would gain by me, and what I should pay would just go on towards paying other people's policies. Ha! ha! ha! No—no—no life assurances for me. It's perhaps arrogance to say so, but I consider myself good for five-and-twenty years yet, putting accidents out of the question."

"And those you are careful of," said Scalvoni.

"Oh, very—very."

"So I thought. Well, Mr. Lyons, may you live long, and die happy."

"Thank you, thank you, sir. The same to you."

The diamond merchant again emptied the silver goblet, and while he was so doing Scalvoni had the audacity to whisper to Leighton,—

"He will get it all now, even to the drags. Is he not a fine fellow to deal with?"

"Hush! hush! for God's sake! He will hear you, Scalvoni!"

"Eh," said Lyons, "what was that? You were whispering, I am sure; what was it?"

"Yes," said Scalvoni, quite calmly, "we were whispering. You must know that our friend Leighton is very happy at toasts and sentiments, but somehow or another to-night I cannot get him to utter one. He has, however, whispered to me what he would have said, and I will give it for him."

"Hear, hear," cried the diamond merchant. "I am afraid you are a wag, Mr. Scalvoni."

"Nay, my dear sir," cried Scalvoni, deprecatingly, "far from it; and the toast I am about to propose is one which I trust will convince you that Mr. Leighton and myself, even in our lighter moments of conviviality, have a proper appreciation of serious things. He wishes me to propose as a sentiment, 'religion, morality, and humanity.'"

Leighton lifted up his hands in perfect amazement at the unparalleled effrontery of Scalvoni, and even Goldsmid Lyons rather shook his head as he said,—

"Well I can have no objection, of-course. I always considered religion and morality as very good things in their way, and most particu-



largely applicable to poor people, who cannot have too much, to my mind, of such things. It's a very good toast in its way. 'Here's religion, morality, and humanity, gentlemen!'"

The Jew took another goblet of champagne, and by his heightened colour, it was evident the wine was beginning to have an effect upon him. He laughed louder than before, and looked very happy indeed, as he cried,—

"Gentlemen, I feel myself exceedingly comfortable in your society. If I can be of any service to you, always command me. Did you ever hear how I cheated everybody about the tallow? Really, Mr. Scalvoni, I regret that I had not earlier the pleasure of your acquaintance. Did you ever hear how I got the better of the city authorities in my last ship building transaction? Religion and morality! Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha! you are a wag, Mr. Scalvoni."

"No, indeed, sir; I assure you 'tis you are the wag, not I; and all I can say is, that I quite share in your regret, that we were not sooner acquainted. Then here is Mr. Leighton, too; he is quite a wag in his way, I assure you. I cannot account for why he is rather dull to-night, because it is so very contrary to his disposition. Drink, Leighton—drink, and you will recover your spirits."

"Oh, I am in good spirits," said Leighton, prefacing the declaration by a groan, that effectually contradicted his words.

"Are you," said the Jew—"you will excuse me for being so rude, Mr. Leighton, as to differ from you."

"Well, sir, I feel in good spirits if I do not look so. The fact is, I am deeply interested in your conversation with Mr. Scalvoni."

"Oh, indeed—very good. Well, gentlemen, now that we are quite confidential and by ourselves, as there can be, after what has occurred, no secrets between us, do just tell me how you got up those very clever forgeries, for they are clever—wonderfully clever. Among friends, now, as, of course, hereafter we consider ourselves, how did you get them executed?"

"Of course we don't mind telling you," said Scalvoni; "but we really had a great deal of trouble, and run some risks. We carefully copied the various bonds and documents from real originals, and our great success principally consisted in the appearance of wear and tear and age, which we contrived that all our forgeries should exhibit."

"And they did exhibit such appearances well. Mr. Scalvoni, you are a man of talent."

"You are very kind, sir, to say so—very kind indeed, I assure you. Allow me to transfer part of your compliment to my partner, Mr. Robert Leighton, and to return it to you, by saying that it was only talent and tact like your own that I think could have found us out."

What with the champagne and the compliment, the Jew was amazingly pleased, and he replied,—

"Well—well, I respect and honour you, sir. You should have been one of my people, and then you would have attained the highest dignities our ancient nation could, in its scattered and fallen condition, bestow upon you."

"Or I should have been an American," said Scalvoni; "and as roguesy is there paramount, I should have had a good chance of becoming president of the most dishonest and tricky nation on the face of the earth."

"So you would," said Lyons—"so you would. Ha! ha! ha! And you confess it so coolly, too. There's the fun. You don't at all attempt to gloss it over in any way."

"Among friends, certainly not."

"Ho—ho—ho! Really, Mr. Scalvoni, you make me laugh. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ha!—ha!—ha!—ha!—eh!"

"What is the matter, Mr. Lyons?"

"I—I feel a little—sickish."

Leighton rose from his chair, as if with an intention to leave the room, but a ferocious glance from Scalvoni caused him to be seated again, with a deep groan.

"You don't feel quite well, Mr. Lyons," said Scalvoni. "Pho! pho!—a man like you, with the stomach of an ostrich, and the constitution of a horse. You will be better directly. Take another glass of champagne."

"Yes—I—I think I will, if you please, Mr. Scalvoni. Did champagne ever make you feel a disagreeable kind of burning sensation at the pit of your stomach, eh?"

"Often, and, as a remedy, I used to drink more. Where, I have filled your goblet—you will soon be better."

Goldsmid Lyons once more raised the fatal cup to his lips, and drank off the contents. Then he clasped his hands, and uttered a long drawn sigh. Drops of perspiration started out upon his brow; his lips changed colour, and such a remarkable change came over his countenance, that no one would have believed, who had not seen the process of the change, that he was the same man who a few minutes before was talking and laughing in all the jollity of incipient intoxication from the spirit-stirring, mirth-inspiring wine that ever passed human lips.

"Are you better?" said Scalvoni.

The wretched man's lips moved, but no sound came from them. Scalvoni, with demoniac perseverance, repeated his question, and then in a voice which was fearful to hear, the diamond merchant spoke.

"Pain—pain," he gasped. "Oh, God! such pain. I—I am ill—so ill—dying surely. Oh, God—oh, God!"

"Why, to tell the truth," said Scalvoni, snuffing the candle, "you don't look very blooming."

The Jew groaned and clasped his hands convulsively.

"Water—water—water!" he shrieked. "I burn—I burn. Oh, for a cup of water to quench the horrible, awful fire within me; water—water—water!"

"Pho—pho! you mean wine," said Scalvoni.

The poisoned man's voice sunk to a low, husky whisper; his face bore the pallid, dreadful hue of death, and his hands shook fearfully as he still repeated the words,—

"Water—water; oh, God! water—water!"

"Scalvoni," cried Leighton, rising in a state of excitement that bore a strong resemblance to a sudden accession of insanity—"Scalvoni, are you a devil—have you no human feeling—no mercy? Look at the man, and ask yourself if you can ever be forgiven. Scalvoni, I say, have mercy upon him even now. Can you, like a tiger, thus play with your victim? Sudden and immediate death would now be mercy. Scalvoni, in all your composition is there not one spark of human feeling?"

"You are a fool," said Scalvoni. "Sit down, if you please."

The diamond merchant, bewildered as he was, and nearly maddened with pain, heard Leighton's words, and he tried to rise, saying, as he did so,—

"Oh, God—oh, God! Help—help! What does all this mean? Help—help! Have mercy, Heaven!"

"It cannot matter to you," cried Scalvoni, "what it means now. You may as well sit down and be as quiet as you can, Mr. Lyons. You are poisoned, and cannot escape, so make a virtue of necessity, and bear it with what philosophy you may."

As he spoke, he forced the unhappy man back into his seat, Scalvoni's words appeared to make the most terrible and dreadful impression upon him. He did not speak, but he began shrieking so frightfully, that Leighton involuntarily echoed the first cry, and he then held his hands over his ears, in order to shut out, if possible, the remainder of the awful sounds. Scalvoni, with the most horrible oaths, struck the dying man in the face, to induce him to stop his cries; but it was in vain, although in a moment he covered him with blood. He would shriek—such shrieks as can only arise from mental and bodily agony of the most terrific description combined.

"Kill him—oh, kill him—in mercy kill him!" cried Leighton, who found it quite in vain to attempt to shut out those awful cries.

"D—n!" said Scalvoni, as he crammed by main force into the Jew's mouth a portion of his own clothing. "Curses on you! Who would have imagined such an uproar from merely giving a little arsenic to a Jew?"

The dying man then struggled fearfully with Scalvoni. He twined his arms around him, and fought with a frantic desperation, that made the issue of the contest almost doubtful; but the poison was having its effect, and a fearful debility crept over the system of the dying man. Scalvoni shook him off, and he fell heavily to the floor, where he lay writhing in mortal agony.

Beyond the fact that the Jew was already dying from the consequence of the poison which had been administered to him, and he, Leighton, was not, the merchant looked in as bad a situation as he who was thus ruthlessly murdered. He, too, had slipped from his chair, and was kneeling on the floor with his hands over his face. He might have been praying, for he was in the attitude of prayer; but what words, at such a moment, and with such a crime on his conscience, he could address Heaven in, it would be very hard to say.

A few short minutes now sufficed to finish the earthly career of the diamond merchant. He was already quite insensible, and only moaning faintly as he lay in the last sad agonies of the terrible death that had come over him in the height of his career. Soon those moans became fainter and fainter, until at last they ceased altogether. With a spasmodic motion the unhappy man rolled on to his back; the eyes became fixed and glazed—all was over. God have mercy on his soul!

"He is dead," said Scalvoni—"he is dead."

"Kill me, too—kill me, too!" cried Leighton; "for life now will be a perpetual terror."

"It is not worth my while killing you," said Scalvoni, as he lit a cigar, and began smoking. "Get up. We have yet something to do, Robert Leighton. This lumbering, troublesome witness of our night's work, in the shape of a dead body, must be somehow disposed of. Will you have a cigar, Leighton? These are prime ones—not too strong in the mouth—draw easy, and of a delicious flavour."



"Scalvoni—Scalvoni! You are not mortal—you are not human! I am in the power of a fiend—I can no longer mistake! God help and deliver me!"

"As I said before, Leighton, you are a fool. If you won't drink and smoke, I will. But, come, think on what is to be done with this carrion."

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### THE LONELY BOAT OF THE THAMES.—THE SINKING OF THE DEAD BODY.—THE DESPAIR OF THE MERCHANT.

It became evident to Scalvoni that Leighton was quite incapable of suggesting any course to be adopted with the deceased merchant's body, and, indeed, scarcely capable of assisting him in any mode he should adopt for its safe disposal. Under any other circumstance he would not have encumbered himself with Leighton's presence; but so determined was he to commit him in every particular of the transaction, that he seized him by the arm, saying, in determined tones,—

"Robert Leighton, think not that your cowardice shall exempt you from your share in this transaction. No; for, tremble and think as you may, and even be worse than useless to me in the disposal of the body, yet you shall have a full share in all that is done. You shall assist me in, and be present at, the disposal of the body."

Leighton was, indeed, sick at heart, and his very blood appeared to have left his body, so ashy and deadly pale did he appear; and he trembled like one in an ague fit—scarcely able to stand. After a moment's thought Scalvoni said,—

"I know of but one mode of disposing of the body, but, in doing so, you must assist me, and for once be a man. It is a time of need—think not, for you are already too far committed for you to escape with your neck out of a halter. You see that corpse?" continued Scalvoni, pointing to the diamond merchant's body, with a smile that shot through the veins of Leighton like a firebrand.

"I do," murmured Leighton, wringing his hands—"I do—yes, yes!"

"Well, then, you must help me to carry him out to a boat, and you must help me to row down the river."

"Carry—carry it!" said Leighton, in terror. "No, no! I cannot—I cannot touch it. Oh, for mercy's sake, Scalvoni! dispose of it how you will, but let—let me escape the horror of touching that corpse!"

"You must," replied Scalvoni, with a tone and expression of countenance that made Leighton shudder. "You must, though it were to turn your blood to water, and wither the limb that touched it. But this is mere childishness—mere affectation. Not touch a dead man! and that, too, when you know the disorder he died of. Pho! pho! Robert Leighton, you are mocking. If he had died of the plague, then you might have some fear of the consequence, and now our only fear is while it remains above the waters of the Thames."

"The night," urged Leighton, not knowing well what to say, "is so inclement, that none can venture on the bosom of the Thames at such a moment; indeed, you had better not."

"But we will go," said Scalvoni, with a peculiar glance; "we will at least go, and we do not desire more company, or one of two things must happen, Robert Leighton."

"W—w—what one thing?" said Leighton, in an apprehensive manner.

"Either they must become as cold as this man, or we shall be, beyond all doubt or dispute, hanged up by the neck."

Leighton shrunk back at the mention of the word; and Scalvoni, with a malicious smile, adjusted his neckerchief with his hand in an expressive manner.

There was a pause of some moments, and Leighton continued gazing alternately at the dead body, and Luke Scalvoni, who, at length, said to Leighton,—

"You must go down to the wharf, and unmoor one of the boats, and bring it round to the stairs, so that we can place the body in it with the least disturbance and chance of being seen."

"I—I—can't do it; and y—yet I will try," said Leighton, trembling excessively. "It is too horrible to remain here; but, can't you, w—w—when I have done that, row it down the river by yourself, and I could remain here till you came back again?"

"Are you an idiot, Robert Leighton? have I not said you shall take part in all that is done—that you shall be committed to the same extent in this matter as myself; and more than that, I have need of you; but waste no more words in idle excuses; here is the body, and should it remain here, you know the consequences."

"Yes; but—I—I—didn't—that is—y—you—gave the poison."

"No," replied Scalvoni; "you gave it."

"I—I? why, Scalvoni, you know you mixed it, and gave it."

"I know nothing of the kind, Robert Leighton; or, at least, to be confident with you, I would swear to that or anything else if it was needed for my purposes, and, therefore, trouble not yourself, but do as I have desired."

Robert Leighton turned from Luke Scalvoni with a feeling of the most intense horror and fear of the man to whom he had so fearfully committed himself, and, with great exertion, he contrived to leave the room, and then the house.

The night, even cold and bleak as it was, gave a slight relief to his parched and heated body, and he contrived to stagger across the yard, and with much difficulty, he clambered over the miscellaneous matters that were always lying about in endless variety and confusion.

Not far above the house were a number of boats moored, and to obtain one of these was Leighton's object; and, but for the danger of scrambling from boat to boat, he would never have contrived to release one, for the very danger so occupied and fixed his mind upon what he was doing that he accomplished his object.

A few moments more, and he was alongside the little jetty belonging to their own premises, and having moored the boat, he landed, and went towards the house.

"Is it ready?" inquired Scalvoni, as Leighton entered the room in which he had left him.

"It is," said Leighton. "I have moored it off the jetty; it is very dark and cold."

"So much the better," replied Scalvoni, "it will answer our purpose the better; we shall have less chance of meeting any one. You had better take some brandy," and he helped himself, and offered some to Leighton, who took it with a trembling hand, and split half of it before it reached his lips.

"You must now help me down with the body," said Scalvoni, "and then we can place it down at the bottom of the boat, and then take a pleasant trip down the Thames; and depositing our freight in his bosom, and come back to enjoy a social hour, eh?"

Leighton shrunk from the wild and horrible mirth of Scalvoni, and merely nodded his head, and, with a trembling step, he walked to the corpse with Scalvoni.

The Jew's hand had been raised to his face during his last agony, and as they approached it, the hand fell off his face to the floor.

The movement, though slight, was enough to scare Leighton, who started back as though the dead had risen. Scalvoni saw the act, and a sardonic smile crossed his features, as he remarked,—

"What, can't you see the involuntary movement of a corpse with calmness and equanimity? It is well we are not accused of it, else we were sure to die like dogs for it; but come, you must help me to carry him down to the boat."

As Scalvoni said this, he stooped and turned the body over, and then the ghastly and agonizing expression on the Jew's face, expressive of all the horrors of such a death, met the view of the terrified Robert Leighton, and with a smothered cry of fear, he sunk into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, he said,—

"I can't—I can't look at him—cover him over—do not let me see his face."

Luke Scalvoni looked at the merchant, and seeing that his feelings were wrought to such a degree of excitement, that he would be incapable of even the smallest assistance, or even accessible to the feelings of fear, he immediately wrapped an old cloak round the body, and then bade Leighton, in a stern voice, help him to carry the body out of the house.

Leighton arose and took hold of the body at one end, while Scalvoni took the other, and though trembling as though he were affected with an ague, yet he continued to help carry the body across the room to the stairs; and when they had got down to the last step, Scalvoni, who was at the bottom, placed the Jew's feet against a part of a wall to prevent its slipping, and said to Leighton,—

"Hold it in this position, while I open the door, and light the lantern."

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications (post-paid) addressed to the Editor, at the office, will meet with immediate attention.

J. B. Goggs will perceive that we received his communication too late to comply with his request.

G. Suffield.—We have the same article, if not in words, at least in subject, in one of our early numbers.

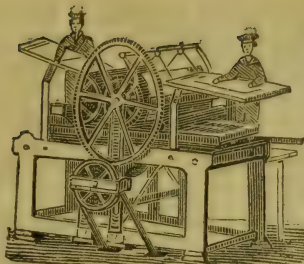
J. W. (Westminster)—"The Pride of Melanzines," and "My Susan was the Fairest Flower," are accepted; but we beg to decline the "Lines."

Accepted.—"Resignation."

Funnibones.—We shall be glad to receive your promised article. The "Fancy Nancykeens" is not suited to our columns.



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## LOVE'S TREACHERY; OR, THE DESERTED.

"When woman sinks from virtue's height,  
Her lamp is quenched in endless night.  
The ray that gilds her path is o'er,  
She falls, like Lucifer, to rise no more."

"I TELL you it is useless, I'll hear no more in her defence," was the reply of Mr. Newton to his daughter, as she knelt at his feet, earnestly imploring him to pardon and receive her absent, deeply erring, though now repentant sister. "She has disgraced a name that for generations past has maintained its character for unsullied respectability; she has set at naught the lessons of piety and virtue that had been so carefully instilled into her youthful mind, both by precept and example; she has brought desolation to her father's heart, and misery to his hearth, by her abandoned, unprincipled conduct, and my heart is steeled against her. I will not curse her; but I will hear no more in her behalf. So rise, Sophia; I do not blame you for advocating the cause of your guilty sister, neither am I angry with you; but it is in vain, I cannot forgive her." And Mr. Newton was turning away from the still kneeling girl, who clasped his hand in both hers to detain him.

"Nay, but father, dearest father, remember she is still your daughter, and my sister; however faulty her past conduct may have been, she is now a sincere penitent, and if you cannot see her yourself, you will not deny me the privilege of administering to her wants, and soothing her misery. She is now at Mrs. Goodwin's; you will pardon her; you will not, you cannot, cast her off to perish, to die before your eyes, without one word of forgiveness, to smooth her passage to another world; for oh, father, she is dying; she cannot live much longer; the thread of life is nearly broken. And think—think, dearest father, what will be your feelings, should you persist in withholding one little word of mercy from your dying, your penitent child. Father, as you hope for future happiness, both here, and hereafter—as you hope for mercy yourself at the bar of Heaven, you will not, you cannot refuse, to grant her your forgiveness, if you refuse to admit her beneath your roof? I will not leave this spot, I will not rise from my knees, until I am the bearer of a pardon to my dying sister."

Mr. Newton turned from his supplicating daughter, while suppressed sobs of agony and grief convulsed his stern soul, as he buried his face in his hands, and sunk on a seat. Sophia, still clinging to his knees, turned her beseeching gaze upon him, the tears coursing each other rapidly down her pale cheeks.

"Lost, wretched girl," at length said Mr. Newton; "is she then so near? have you seen her? Oh, God—oh, God, that I should live to see this day. My Agnes, once the pride of my doating heart, to return to her home disgraced, and in misery. I thank Heaven's mercy that her poor mother has been spared the knowledge of so much wretchedness by her early removal to a better world. It would have been her death; she could not have survived the wreck of all her hopes, and the overthrow of her happiness. Oh, Agnes—Agnes, into what a gulf of misery hast thou plunged us all by thy guilty conduct? Tell me, Sophia, have you seen her?"

"Yes, dearest father, I have. Mrs. Goodwin came last night, after you were gone to bed, and told me that my sister Agnes had arrived in a dying state, and, fearing to encounter your wrath, by appearing abruptly at her once happy home, had ventured to call at Mrs. Goodwin's first, and besought her to make known her return and situation to me, that I would forgive, and come to her, as she felt herself dying, and wished me to intercede for her, with you, dear father, in beseeching your pardon for her transgressions. She desired to throw herself at

your feet, but dared not; and had come all the way from London on foot, in the hope of receiving a word of mercy before she died."

The unhappy father remained for some little time silent after this painful recital of his fallen daughter's return, Sophia not venturing to interrupt his reflections by any remark. At length he raised her from the ground, and, as he parted the glossy hair from her forehead, told her, in a broken tone of voice,—

"That he would talk farther with her on the subject the following day; meantime, to see that the wretched Agnes wanted for nothing that could render her melancholy situation more comfortable, and that Mrs. Goodwin should be no loser by any attention she might afford her."

The now grateful Sophia then threw her arms round her father's neck, as she poured forth her thanks in a torrent of tears; but this was more than he could support, and, gently extricating her hands, he rushed from the apartment, to give vent, in private, to his own overwrought feelings. As soon as Sophia could compose her agitated mind, she filled a basket with every article she thought might be useful and acceptable to her sister, with a bundle of her own wearing apparel for her comfort (they were both one height), and tying on her hat and cloak with a lightened heart, and quick step, set off for the dwelling of Mrs. Goodwin, about two miles distant from Woodlands, the name of Mr. Newton's farm, which had descended from father to son for several generations, and had, as he observed, been remarkable for the unblemished honour and integrity of every individual member, until the unhappy circumstance of his eldest daughter's elopement with an officer, whose regiment had been quartered at the neighbouring market-town, about four miles from the farm, and who, having seen Agnes Newton as she occasionally went there with her sister to make some purchase, had left no means untried to get her into his power, which, most unfortunately for her, he found means at last to accomplish; and, under a promise of marriage, induced her to quit her home, and proceed with him to London, whither the regiment had been ordered.

No words could possibly paint the horror, consternation, and grief of Mr. Newton's mind, when the intelligence reached him of his daughter's flight,—the daughter, in whose beauty he had so much prided himself. He was, at all times, a man of few words, and as soon as the first outburst of dismay and anguish had in some measure subsided, her name was never again mentioned beneath his roof; until her return to her native place, a wretched, deserted, and penitent outcast, had revived in his mind, with renewed force, the remembrance of her former conduct, and the resolution he had then formed, of never receiving her again.

Her heartless seducer, from time to time, continued to evade the fulfilment of that promise under which he had betrayed his unhappy victim, and they lived in the greatest splendour and extravagance for nearly a year and a half, when the first intimation of the fate reserved for the deluded girl burst with terrific force upon her. Captain Sandford's regiment was ordered to the West Indies; he could not take Agnes with him, and offered to place her under the protection of a friend of his, who greatly admired her. Nothing could exceed the rage and the agony with which this base proposal was received by Agnes. She commanded Sandford to leave her presence, and shut herself up for three days, resisting every attempt he made to see her again, and returned all his notes unopened. On the morning of the fourth day the intelligence reached her that he had left England with his regiment.

She was now deserted—abandoned. Sandford was gone, had left, without one line of farewell, or a single message to inform her of his departure, and the sudden shock, base as he had proved himself, was at first overwhelming. She sunk beneath it, for she now beheld herself forlorn, and totally friendless. He for whose sake she had abandoned her home, her father, her sister, her fair fame, and braved the world's



scorn, to follow, with the understanding that she was to become his wife; he had now abandoned her to that world's cruel taunts, without one friend on whom she might rely for assistance or advice.

She was naturally a very proud girl, highly sensitive, and reserved in disposition, and, fallen though she was, yet she would never reconcile her mind to associate with the profligate persons of both sexes that Sandford introduced to her acquaintance; therefore, she had never made a friend, as it was only with such persons that she could expect to associate with. The virtuous would, of course, shun her, and view her character with abhorrence. Neither was it the least of those pangs of guilty remorse which now inflicted their undying pangs upon her heart, that her own pride and folly had been the means of bringing this accumulation of misery and wretchedness over her.

She was now at a loss how to proceed. Her first place was nearly expended, and what was to be done. In the first place, she discharged her present splendid lodgings, and took a cheaper one in the suburbs of the metropolis, where she was not known, and hoped to escape being traced by any of her former gay acquaintance; and there she subsisted for some time on the sale of her jewels and plate, which Sandford had lavished on her during the first months of their intimacy; but when this resource failed, her money nearly exhausted, and her health and spirits broken by the unceasing reflection of her past conduct embittering every moment of her wretched existence, she resolved, at all hazards, to return home, seek an interview with her sister, and endeavour to obtain her father's pardon; but before she could put this plan into execution, she was seized with an alarming illness, which brought her to the brink of the grave.

It was a long time before she recovered, and was then informed by her landlady, that she must settle the long arrears of rent now due, and seek another lodging in a few days. This intimation of the unfeeling woman was another shock to her wounded feelings, and after satisfying her demands, she had still a heavy doctor's bill to pay, which could not be defrayed without parting with the best of her clothes; and when all was gone, and she had nothing more left, the mercenary landlady turned her out of doors.

Then broken-hearted, still suffering from the effects of her long illness, she formed the resolution of turning her faltering steps towards her native place, that she might throw herself at her father's feet, beseech him to forgive her, and then die.

For days she could only crawl a few miles, and then some barn or outhouse would receive her for the night; but sometimes a charitable person, feeling interested from her feeble looks, would relieve her, and give her a night's shelter, or some kind-hearted waggoner would offer her a lift in his waggon.

Thus, she at last arrived in an almost dying state within sight of her native hills. Then the rush of feelings at contrasting her former happy state of innocence and virtue, with her present fallen, degraded, and forlorn condition, was overwhelming in its force, and she sunk insensible on a bank that skirted the road leading to her father's farm, just as the bells of the adjoining village church rung out a joyous peal that echoed through the neighbouring dells with clear and sweet distinctness; but the sound fell with mournful sadness on the failing ear of the heart-broken wanderer.

The sun had long sunk to his evening rest, and the lingering shadows of twilight were fast stealing into the gloom of night, when Agnes once more opened her eyes, with a cold shiver as she gazed around her. She tried to raise herself, but her limbs felt chilled and refused their support; she clasped her hands in an agony of despair—she would never be able to reach her father's house, she should die without receiving his forgiveness; die, too, by the roadside—the thought was horrid.

She made a desperate effort to rise, and at length succeeded in dragging her trembling footstep down the path, when she felt, as each step drew her nearer home, that it would be impossible for her to encounter the terror of her father's awakened wrath; she could never meet his look; how would she quail before it; perhaps he might spurn her with a curse. She gasped with affright and apprehension at the picture her imagination presented to her view, and could proceed no further.

A house was in view, partly visible through the surrounding gloom, as it stood a short distance from the road, nearly embowered in trees, which she remembered as belonging to a Mrs. Goodwin, the widow of a farmer, who had always been a kind neighbour, and particularly attached to both herself and sister, never omitting an opportunity of performing any little act of kindness and attention since they had the misfortune to lose their excellent mother; therefore, to this kind-hearted woman Agnes determined to make herself known, before she went any further, though she shrank back as the thought passed through her mind, that perhaps she might be repulsed, and turned from the door; yet she resolved on making the attempt; but as her hand rested on the gate leading to the dwelling, her heart failed her, and she turned away. Then the feeling that all depended on this moment, and her remaining strength was fast diminishing, gave her fresh resolution, and

she treaded up the path, again hesitating, and again proceeding, until she stood before the ancient doorway. A light was burning in a lower apartment, and she was on the point of raising her hand to knock, when unable to sustain herself any longer, she fell heavily against it with a deep groan.

"Mercy on us," exclaimed Mrs. Goodwin, from within; "what in Heaven's name is that? Here, William, William, make haste; something has just fallen against the door, and gave such a groan. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

But before her son, who was retiring for the night, could reach the entrance, Mrs. Goodwin had seized the candle from the table, and hastened out to ascertain the cause of alarm. When, to her infinite horror and astonishment, she beheld, what she really believed to be the case, a dead woman, on the step of the door. William Goodwin had now joined his terrified mother, and raising the prostrate Agnes in his arms, the light fell on her face, and the well-remembered, the worn and altered features of his former playmate and companion met his astonished view; with an exclamation of surprise, he mentioned her name, and bore her into the house, where he placed her on an old-fashioned sofa, removing the bonnet and faded cloak, that enveloped her once faultless though now attenuated figure.

"Great God! can it be possible," exclaimed Mrs. Goodwin, as she bent over her, "that Agnes Newton, the beauty of the glen, the pride of Woodlands, as she was called, and proud enough she used to be, in all conscience, should now return, after leaving her home as she did, and almost breaking her father's heart—for he has never been the same man since,—should after all, come back in this sad plight? Poor thing, how altered she is, how different she looks now to what she once did. Dear, dear! to see the effects of pride and misconduct. Well, who could have thought it; I can mind—"

"Never mind, now, mother, anything about it," interrupted her son; "but use some means to restore this poor girl to life, if, indeed, she be not dead already, which I greatly fear."

But Agnes had not yet breathed her last sigh, and the benevolent though somewhat garrulous Mrs. Goodwin bustled about and applied all the means she could think of to revive her, but for some time without any success. At last Agnes once more opened her languid eyes, and beholding the kind anxious faces of mother and son bending over her, watching her return to life, flung herself at their feet, beseeching them to pardon her for venturing to intrude, but she dared not meet her father without some previous preparation, and she thought—she hoped Mrs. Goodwin would not withhold her kind offices in seeking her sister, and begging she would forgive her and come to her.

William raised her from the ground, and his mother assured her that she would do all that lay in her power to induce Sophia to see her, doubting not that she would rejoice to welcome her back again. Agnes shook her head mournfully, and appeared again relapsing into insensibility, when Mrs. Goodwin had her removed to a comfortable bed, and giving her a soothing cordial, begged her to compose herself, and she would hasten to Woodlands, and hoped to bring back Sophia with her.

It was a long dreary walk of two miles, but Mrs. Goodwin miked it not; her errand was one of mercy, and she hastened onwards, hoping that Sophia had not yet retired to rest. To her infinite satisfaction, as she looked through a small casement, she beheld her seated alone at some needlework. She tapped cautiously, fearful of alarming her; but Sophia could not restrain an expression of wonder, not unmixed with alarm, on beholding Mrs. Goodwin at that late hour, who sunk out of breath on a chair, and as soon as she recovered herself she unfolded her message. Sophia stood speechless for a moment, and then burst into tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Goodwin, my poor father must not be disturbed to-night, it would be his death. Wait for a moment, while I put on my cloak; I will return with you. Be as careful as possible not to make a noise; and now let us go. I long to behold, to embrace my poor lost sister. And Heaven bless you, dear, dear Mrs. Goodwin, for your kindness in giving a shelter to the unhappy wanderer, and coming all this long and dreary way to-night, to bring the intelligence of her sad return to me, and the prospect of relief to her. A blessing will follow you for the charitable deed. But, oh, my father; how will he be able to bear the knowledge that she is so near? He will not permit her name to be mentioned in his presence, and I dread the terrible effects of his wrath, when I shall venture to plead for her; but no fear shall withhold me from performing to the utmost an act of love and duty, and I will kneel at his feet until I move him to send her his forgiveness and receive her again."

They had by this time reached Mrs. Goodwin's dwelling. A light streamed from the lower window on the path beneath, and a figure stood within the low ancient doorway.

Sophia flew up the path, and sunk into the arms of her betrothed, Will am Goodwin, who had been anxiously looking out for his mother's return. She wept on his shoulder, as he supported her into the house, and entreated Mrs. Goodwin to lead her to her unhappy sister.



Agnes was awake, and listening with a feverish anxiety for the sound of footsteps that might announce the approach of her sister. At length she heard them. A light figure stood within the chamber, and Agnes, throwing herself out of the bed, sunk at the feet of Sophia, who raised her in her arms, embraced her fervently, and mingled her tears with the wretched penitent for some time without speaking—her heart was too full—too much overpowered for utterance.

"Oh! Sophia," at length murmured Agnes, "do you—can you forgive your guilty, your miserable sister, for the wrong, the injury she has inflicted on you by her past misconduct, the injury of a blighted name, that, but for me, had stood so proudly, so honoured; and my father—I dare not mention him—but tell me, sister, has he pronounced a curse upon his guilty child, or may I—can I hope for pardon from him for my offences. Oh, Sophia, if you knew all I have endured, I think your gentle heart would pity me."

"It does pity, and forgive you too, my Agnes. All the past shall be forgiven—buried in oblivion; it cannot be recalled; therefore, compose yourself. I will endeavour, to-morrow, to obtain my father's forgiveness, and —"

"Oh, bless you—bless you, Sophia, for that kind intention," interrupted Agnes. "Tell him I sincerely repent of my past sins. I deeply deplore my transgressions, and I hope for pardon and mercy before I die; for, oh, Sophia, I feel that I am dying. I shall not live many days, perhaps not many hours. My glass is nearly run out; the sand is almost at the last grain, and all will be at rest; but I cannot die happy unless I receive one word of mercy from my offended father. Tell him —"

"Oh, in mercy, Agnes, say no more; you will break my heart. I will kneel at the feet of our father, nor will I rise until I shall have succeeded in obtaining his forgiveness for you; and now, dearest, compose yourself, and take this draught that kind Mrs. Goodwin is bringing to you."

Agnes did take it, and as soon as the effects began to be visible, and her heavy eyelids closed over the sunken orbs, she fell into a deep slumber.

Sophia, committing her to the care of Mrs. Goodwin, imprinted a kiss on the pallid brow of the unhappy sleeper, and stole out of the room.

William Goodwin stood ready to escort her home; his mother promised she would let her know immediately if any change should take place for the worse in her sister, and Sophia, throwing herself into her arms, as she thanked her in the most grateful terms for her kindness to the unfortunate Agnes, told her she should return the instant she could succeed in making an impression on her father's heart in favour of her poor sister, and, attended by her lover, re-traced the path to her home, where she arrived without her absence having been observed.

We have seen the effect of her affectionate pleadings on behalf of her wretched sister, and how far she succeeded in moving the hitherto obdurate, inflexible heart of her stern father towards his erring child, and the serene look that beamed on her countenance, as she entered Mrs. Goodwin's house on the following day, plainly indicated the success of her mission.

Placing the basket and bundle on the table, she anxiously inquired for her sister.

Mrs. Goodwin mournfully shook her head, as she proceeded with her to the chamber where Agnes lay.

"She is fast sinking," said she, in a whisper; "I have scarcely been able to keep life within her for these last two hours. Thank God, you are come; she has been anxiously inquiring for you, in the intervals of the convulsive fits that have seized her. But she persists in not seeing a doctor. She says she knows she cannot recover, and it would be useless. Her malady is beyond all earthly means. It makes my heart ache to see her."

Here poor Mrs. Goodwin sobbed aloud, while suppressed agony oppressed the heart of Sophia, as she entered the chamber of her sister. She extended her arms to meet her embrace.

"My father," she faltered out, in scarcely audible accents, "forgives you; I am the bearer of his pardon."

"Thank God—thank God, I shall now die happy. Bless you—bless you, my sister."

She clasped her hands, and endeavoured to raise herself on her knees to pray, but the effort was too much, and she fell back exhausted on the pillow.

"She is gone," exclaimed Sophia; "I have been too precipitate in telling her. She is dead. Oh, my sister!"

And Sophia raised the drooping head on her bosom, while the tears fell thick and fast on the death-like countenance of the sufferer, who had only fainted, and revived after a short time, but was unable to speak. Anxiously did Sophia watch the remaining part of that day by the bedside of her dying sister, expecting each fluttering breath would be her last. She lay perfectly composed until the shadows of the evening's sun were slowly retreating from the chamber, when she raised herself

on her elbow, and taking her sister's hand in her's, fixed her fast glazing eye on her countenance, bathed, as it was, in tears; her voice was so faint that the accents were almost inaudible at first, but she rallied as she proceeded.

"Weep not for me, dearest sister," she said, "but rather rejoice that my weary pilgrimage is so near an end—that I shall be spared the taunts, the scorn of those who, having known me in my days of innocence and pride, would rejoice to triumph over my fall. I do not ask to see my father—the interview would be too much for both; he has sent me his forgiveness, and I die content. May Heaven bless him for the mercy he has shown to me, and bless you, my sister, and shower its choicest favours on your head for the affection you have displayed towards an unhappy outcast. Mrs. Goodwin's kindness, too, has sunk deep into my heart; for had she spurned me from her, I must have died in the road—my strength was nearly exhausted. I have one last request to make, and I think it will be granted me. In the western corner of the village churchyard, stands a large old tree, the growth of centuries, whose branches extend some distance. As they receive the last ray of the setting sun before he sinks to his evening rest, beneath the shelter of that tree have we both, in the happy days of our childhood and youth, frequently sat listening to the birds, and watching the last faint shadows disappear, until I have trembled at repassing the churchyard in the dim twilight, for which silly fears, though younger than myself, you use to chide me. Promise me, Sophia, that I shall rest beneath the shade of that tree; there is no grave near it, it stands alone. I do not ask to be buried beside the sacred remains of our sainted mother,—I am not worthy, no, let the sunbeams play on my humble grave, and let it be marked by no name—let the initials alone be carved above me. You will promise me?"

Sophia could not speak; tears choked her utterance,—she could only press her sister's hand.

"Enough, I shall now die in peace. Heaven bless you, Sophia; I hear from Mrs. Goodwin, that you expect shortly to be united to William Goodwin. May happiness and prosperity crown your days; and now, farewell; my eyes grow dim. Would that I might hope, when the grave closes over me, that my faults, my sins may be forgotten, but ah! they will live for ever. May Heaven in its mercy pardon me—farewell!"

She sunk back on the pillow, the last sunbeam had darted aslant the window, as it yet lingered for a moment, before it melted away in the twilight, when the film of death gathered over the once brilliant eyes of the dying Agnes. She turned them with a look of love and hope on her sister as she pressed her hand—it was the last; the eyes closed, the hand relaxed its faint pressure, the spirit had fled for ever, the weary was at rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

(To be concluded in our next.)

## ON THE BIRTH OF A PRINCE.

AUGUST 6TH, 1844.

Hail! fair Star of Brunswick's line!  
Son of her whose virtues shine;  
Future liege! we greet with love  
Thee, who'st sent from Him above.  
May thy little heart beat free  
While a tender babe you be;  
And with boyhood's joys may you,  
'Neath the sunny sky so blue,  
Laugh thy youthful hours away,  
As ye glide through childhood's day.  
And when manhood fills thy veins,  
Follow'd by thy flatt'ring trains,  
May you spurn the courtier's wiles,  
And the harlot's luring smiles;  
Let not vice entice thee, nor  
Enter thou the gambler's door;  
But thy leisure hours employ  
In prayer to Him whose home is joy.  
Succour e'er the sad and poor;  
And when millions do implore  
That thou wilt their troubles hear,  
O do not from them turn thine ear;  
But rule ever with a hand  
That will grace a Christian land.  
Use that power with a care,  
Which thy Maker in the air  
Doth so kindly, hourly, share.

H. J. CHURCH.



## EXPERIENCE MAKES FOOLS WISE;

## OR, THE BROKEN VOW.

RICHARD HANLON was the eldest son of a deceased tradesman in the city of Dublin, who, by great frugality and strict attention to business, had amassed a considerable fortune, which, at his death, was divided between his two sons, Richard and Michael.

The former was a wild, thoughtless, good-tempered fellow, who freely shared his patrimony amongst his companions; the latter possessed all the saving propensities of his father, but none of his better qualities; for he was not only penurious in the extreme, but ill tempered and vicious. It will be, therefore, no matter of surprise that the two brothers were at variance with each other; but their father having stated in his will, that unless Richard continued under the same roof as Michael, he should not be entitled to receive certain sums of money at a stated period, therefore Richard, rather than forfeit the same, chose to live with Michael despite their differences.

A circumstance, however, occurred, which induced Richard to forego the benefit, rather than longer submit to the ill-nature of his brother. For some months the former had been paying his attention to a bright-eyed maiden, one Norah O'Neale, and to speak the truth of our hero, his attentions to her were those of love and honour.

As he one evening approached the threshold of his brother's house, to his surprise he heard the well-known voice of his beloved Norah.

"Heaven shower blessings on thy young head," he mentally exclaimed, as he drew more near, and delighted, he listened a moment to hear the theme of her conversation.

"No, no!" said she, "it is useless for you or any other to endeavour to make me believe it."

"I tell ye, Norah!" said Michael, "sorrow will sit heavy at y'er heart, if you persist in throwing away your affections upon so worthless a profligate."

"I could wish," returned Norah, "he was here at this moment to hear you speak in this disrespeful manner."

"And what care I if he did hear?" returned Michael.

"But that you are his brother," rejoined Norah, "I would advise him to make you care by the strength of his well formed arm."

"He dare not," replied Michael, "for although he is my elder brother, I would soon take the line of the law of him."

"Well, well, I will hold you no farther discourse, than to tell you there is not a mother's son in all the city, whom I would prefer before him!"

"Then my curse upon you for a young fool, and I hope you will feel the poverty to which his profligacy will be sure to bring you."

"And may the curse fall back on those who gave it," replied Norah, springing towards the door, when to her astonishment and joy she was received into the arms of him whose love she so well merited. It is unnecessary to add, that from that hour Norah became more dear to him; and that very evening Richard left the roof which he had hitherto occupied in conjunction with his brother.

Month after month flew by, and the companions of Richard began to care less for his society, as they found that little now remained to be spent among them; and now indeed did Richard lament at his not possessing the saving spirit of his father; and Norah, although she endeavoured to be blind to it, knew from the society in which he had lately mixed, that he was squandering away much of that she had hoped would have been saved for their united benefits.

As she one evening sat musing upon the words of the ill-tempered Michael, she exclaimed, "Sure it is that curses do not fall upon sticks or stones, for poor Richard has surely the heavy one uttered by that ill-starred Michael!"

"Richard cares not though all the world may curse him," said the latter, as he entered, "so as he possesses your affections!"

"Which will be yours while I have life!" said Norah; "but why have ye neglected me for that idle Shawn and Patrick Rooney?"

"Forget it, dear Norah, and let us beg a blessing from Father Laffin, and let our hands and our hearts be made one."

"No, no, Richard, you must wait until the green turf has covered my grandmother, Kattie; for while she lives she will require my whole attention."

"Bless thy young heart, Norah; thou art indeed a jewel too good, too pure, for the thoughtless Richard."

"No, no; not too good for thee, Richard, though I were one of the daughters of Munster's famed king."

This was the first serious thought our hero had ever had of his past conduct, and he now resolved on relinquishing his former associates, and embarking the trifle he had left in some manner likely to return him profit; and it seems that good follows good resolutions, for on the following week Richard received letters from London, informing him

that the only brother of his late father had lately died, and being without issue, had left the principal part of his money and his effects to him.

With what pleasure did he then hasten to the only object of his affections, to inform her of his unexpected good fortune; but to his surprise Norah uttered not one word of joy.

"My good fortune," said he, "does not seem to have given you the pleasure I had hoped it would."

"No," said she, "you are going to London, where the maidens have hair and eyes as black as sloes, and skin like snow; and like to my father, in their company you will forget your Norah."

"But your father was a villain, and undeserving of so fair a flower as your poor dead mother; but come, come, dry up your tears, and smile on me, while I swear to the virgin that you shall never be absent from my thought; and if any other maiden should take your place in my heart, I wish that evil may that minute overtake me."

"Bless your brave vow, Richard; you have given me your troth, and Norah will not doubt its truth."

Richard had now arrived in London, and was already in possession of much of the property of his uncle, who for many years had been living a bachelor's life, and though possessing a competency, he had but one domestic, who acted in the capacity of housekeeper, chambermaid, cook, &c.; the last mentioned individual seemed much pleased with the appearance of our hero, who, like many of his sex, was quite of the opinion of the bard of Erin, in one of the national ballads, which runs as follows:—

"'Tis a pity, when flowers around us are springing,  
To make light of the rest if the rose be not there;  
For the world is so full of resplendent dark eyes,  
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair."

And again,

"When far from the lips that we love,  
We make love to the lips that are near."

And as the housekeeper seemed so far from averse to him, he saw no harm in impressing a few kisses upon the not unwilling lip of the unfriended, unhappy widow, as the lady chose to term herself, although, by the will of her late master, she was the possessor of 52*l.* per annum for life.

"Great evils have small beginnings," saith the proverb, the truth of which Richard was soon doomed to acknowledge.

One evening as Richard sat enjoying a cup of rich Bohea, in company of the above named lady, she suddenly put a stop to a subject on which he was about to converse, by saying,

"What a wretched life is that of a woman mourning a beloved husband?"

"How long have you been in this state of withering sorrow?" asked Richard, in a thin, sarcastic tone.

"A time seeming to me an eternity," replied Widow Wilkins.

"Indeed," said Richard, in a tone of kindness; "how many years?"

"A long continued round of two long, wearisome years!" sighed the widow, as something representing large dew-drops fell upon her hands, which were folded as if in intense sorrow.

"Shall I be loved and mourned like this by Norah?" sighed Richard, as he gazed upon the poor, affectionate widow in tears, until he fancied himself the object of them.

"Ah, me!" said she, "it is useless to sigh, for I shall never find another to love me as he did."

"You will—you shall!" cried Richard, in ecstasy; "for I will love you as I love my country, with all the veins of my heart."

"Ah, but my dear Wilkins bought me watches, rings, and everything I sighed for."

"As will I," said Richard; "I will leave no wish of your heart ungratified."

"Ah, so many have promised," said the widow, "but —"

"But I will perform, dearest," said Richard, impressing upon her lips such kisses as none but an Irishman can give.

"But consider, sir," said Widow Wilkins, putting on a look of grave morality, "I am older than you by many years; and —"

"You will, therefore, be better able to guide my erring steps," urged Richard.

"I feel assured you are an amiable young man; but there is one question you must answer me."

"A thousand, if you please, dearest."

"Have you any other love than me?" asked the widow.

This brought some not very pleasant thoughts to the mind of Richard, who felt rather an unpleasant sensation about his throat as he stammered out,

"No—no!"

"Then I cannot refuse the love you offer," said she;



"Thanks, charming creature," replied Richard, as he threw upon the table a well filled purse; "you cannot please me better than by purchasing some trifles which may take your fancy."

As the widow took possession of the money, she smiled a smile in which her hero saw a thousand graces, as she replied,

"I will not hurt your generosity by a refusal of it."

The evening passed in rather an agreeable *tele-a-tete*; but when he retired to his bed-chamber, conscience, which makes cowards of us all, informed him that he had not kept as strictly as he should have done the troth he had plighted to his Norah, and in his dreams he thought of her as being acquainted with the circumstances of the evening, and saw the bright tears flowing from her mild bright eye of blue, and as he wiped them from her cheek, he awoke—he awoke to the recollection that he was the avowed lover of Widow Wilkins. He, therefore, determined on treating her for the future only as the housekeeper of his his uncle; but we all know it is much easier to make a determination than to keep it, and on the following morning when he entered the little breakfast parlour, he was met by Mrs. Wilkins, whose face was dressed in her most engaging smiles, and handing him his slippers, warmed by the blazing fire, she exclaimed, in a voice of tenderness,

"You look so much like my own dear Wilkins, that all the love I felt for him has now become yours."

This was too much for the warm-hearted Hibernian, who, taking her hand, replied,

"Then, sure, I ought to consider myself the most happy of men."

Breakfast ended, Mrs. Wilkins begged that she might accompany him to view the exhibitions, public buildings, &c., with which London was stored.

To this Richard readily agreed. They were prepared to set out, but their departure was delayed by the entrance of Mr. Mackenzie, the executor of his late uncle.

"I have come to surprise you," said he.

"Pardon me for interrupting you," rejoined Richard, "but I am particularly engaged this morning; I must beg of you to call on me this evening."

"But it is on business of importance I am come, sir," replied Mackenzie.

"And so it is on which I am engaged," replied Richard; "you must therefore defer your information."

"Willingly, sir; it is your interest, and not mine," said Mackenzie, as he departed.

"Come, my dear Mrs. Wilkins," said Richard, "I am now ready to depart."

"Do not call me Wilkins," said the widow; "I would forget that I had ever loved another."

"By what name, then, dearest, would you wish that I should call you?"

"Sophy—your own Sophy!" she returned, with a smile.

"And my own Sophy you are, and ever shall be," cried Richard, taking her hand.

This compliment was received with a look that defies all expression. They had now reached that thronged part of the city so well known as Ludgate-hill, where now every purchaser of an article must pay two-and-a-half per cent. more than its real value, to enable the shopkeeper to pay for the gilding of the Corinthian columns and immense sheets of plate-glass, which ornament his house.

The first of those splendid establishments was just then opened, and numbers of gaping admirers stood before the windows, looking with astonishment at the superb scarfs and shawls which decorated the place.

Richard's attention was drawn to the spot by his own dear Sophy,—

"See, see," said she, pointing to a crimson and dead yellow shawl, which hung on the aforesaid window, "should I not look elegant in that sweet delicious shawl?"

"You always look elegant," whispered Richard, gallantly.

"Ah! so poor Wilkins used to tell me; but he always gratified my utmost wish."

"Not another word, dearest; it shall be yours, cost what it may."

"No, no; you are too kind, too indulgent."

"Not more than you deserve, dearest," said Richard, gazing on her fondly, and in a few minutes he stood on the richly carpeted floor of Messrs. — and Co.

"What shall I have the honour of bringing for your inspection?" said a tall gentleman in black who seemed dressed for the drawing-room.

But this was not heard by Richard till again repeated, for his attention was fixed on the magnificent ormolu and lustre branches, which, with the oriental jars and bowls remind one of being in the chambers of a nabob.

The said crimson shawl, together with many others, were quickly shown them.

"Thank you," said Sophy, "I prefer this."

"What is the price?" asked Richard.

"Only ten guineas, sir."

"Ten guineas?" exclaimed Richard, in surprise.

"Yes, sir, a very low price; Lady Godolphin paid us fifteen for one of the very same quality and pattern."

"It's certainly a very great sum of money," said Mrs. Wilkins; "but then it will become me so."

"Let me see," said Richard, somewhat confusedly. "I think you have part of that sum which I gave you last night."

"Why—yes," replied the former; "you did, but I have not brought it with me."

Richard found he had not the sum required, but having with him the check-book of his late uncle, he immediately gave one for the sum demanded.

To prevent the inconvenience of hand-carriage, the shawl was placed upon the shoulders of Mrs. Wilkins; as she with Richard entered St. Paul's, she felt, as well she might, that that was the proudest day of her life.

After having visited many of the public buildings and exhibitions, they went to Drury-lane theatre; and when the executor, Mr. Mackenzie, called, he was rather surprised to find Mr. Hanlon was not there to receive him, which was to Richard a considerable loss, as certain sums of money became forfeited by the latter not having sent in his claim on that day; and although this was a source of great disappointment to Richard, the society of the charming widow in a great measure repaid him.

Thus day after day passed on, and it was not until Richard received communications from Dublin, stating that his brother Michael had suddenly died, that he thought of returning.

Upon this news reaching the ears of Mrs. Wilkins, she went into violent hysterics, and declared, that if he went she must go also.

To this, for more reasons than one, Richard did not dare to give his consent. The widow's grief now became clamorous; to calm which, Richard told her, that the house of his late uncle, in which they now were, should become hers.

"Tis not the house I value," said Sophy, sobbing hysterically.

"Bless you for your disinterestedness, Sophy; but for reasons I cannot explain to you, I cannot take you with me."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Wilkins, seeming somewhat pacified; "if you make me the possessor of this, the house of my dear late lamented master, I will endeavour to live without you, at least, for a time."

"That's my own Sophy," said Richard, kissing her affectionately; "be sure I will soon come back to you."

"But how shall I know that you will keep your promise and not send some one to reclaim the house you have just given me?"

"Do not fear it, dearest; dry up your tears and I will send for my solicitor and quiet all your fears."

This was more than Mrs. Wilkins in all her wildest flights of imagination had conceived; while Richard, true to his promise, penned a note to his solicitor, and ere four had passed, Mrs. Wilkins found herself the bona fide mistress of a good mansion and various effects to the value of 8000*l*.

The day following was fixed for Richard's departure, and to his great surprise, Mrs. Wilkins now seemed anxious to bid him farewell.

"I see too plainly," said Richard, addressing the widow, "that some alteration has taken place in your feelings towards me."

"You wrong me, indeed you do," said Mrs. Wilkins.

"Then what is the cause of your coolness?"

"I would tell you, but I fear you will be displeased with me."

"I shall be more than displeased if you do not," replied Richard.

"Know then," said Mrs. Wilkins, "that this morning I have been informed that a cousin of mine is coming from Suffolk to remain with me a short time."

"But how can that displease me?" asked Richard, in surprise.

"I feared you would be displeased to think that my thoughts should be divided."

"Has he then any pretensions to you?"

"My cousin is a female; one Martha Grant," returned the widow.

"Then, my dear Sophy, you cannot think me so selfish as to wish she should sacrifice all her happiness for mine."

Richard's former state of mind was now restored, and he determined to delay his departure till evening in spite of the remonstrances of Mrs. Wilkins.

"We will drink together," said he, "a bottle of the good old port which has been so many years stored in the cellar."

Quickly the wine was forthcoming, and as our hero tossed off glass after glass he felt his heart throb much more fiercely with love than hitherto.

"Bless you, my dear Sophy," said he, throwing his arms around her waist; "the best and the bravest of my countrymen would envy me my happiness; but words are weak to speak the feelings of my heart," say.



ing this he impressed upon the lip of his lady love a fond and impassioned kiss.

Thus engaged he had not perceived the entrance of a stout, thickset individual in the garb of a seaman, carrying in his hand a stick of as unsightly dimensions as himself.

"Have you not one word to offer in return for my love?" asked Richard.

"Your love," replied Mrs. Wilkins, in a tone which almost petrified her enamoured swain, "is detestable to me."

"How so?" demanded Richard, withdrawing his hand from her waist; "do I dream, or—"

"If ye do, you lubber," said the sailor, in an uncouth tone, "this little friend of mine will soon awaken ye." Thus saying, he struck Richard so severe a blow that he nearly felled him to the earth.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Richard, in a tone of rage and amazement.

"It means this," said the sailor; "that you are a pirate, and have no right alongside my trim-built craft;" hereupon he struck poor Dick a second blow, but more severe.

"Oh, my dear, dear husband; my Wilkins," said the pretended widow, "how happy am I that you are again returned to me."

Richard, gaining his feet, stood as one petrified.

"Clear the decks, ye lubber," cried the sailor to him; "who and what are ye?" and before Richard could make any answer, Mrs. Wilkins replied,—

"Don't harm the poor fool; I think he is slightly deranged; he is the nephew of my deceased master."

"He don't look much like a madman, anyhow," said the seaman, who was no other than the husband of Mrs. Wilkins, and had just returned, after a two years voyage.

"But he is, my dear," said the spouse; "to prove which, I need only tell you that he considers me to be a young lady to whom he has for many years been paying his addresses, and has given me property to the amount of 800*l*."

"That changes the wind a little," replied the tar; "but I would advise him to steer clear of my course."

Strange to say that Richard, instead of returning the words or blows of the sailor, hastily left the house, heartily cursing his folly for having played so deeply the fool.

"But I will have redress," said he; "be the consequence what it may, I will not leave London for a day or two."

Filled with these thoughts, he walked on, he scarce knew whither; having at length arrived at the late well known fields at Chelsea, he sat down upon a stile, and gave way to the most melancholy thoughts; and his mind reverted to the situation of the unfortunate Fauntleroy, who, on the following morning, for forgery, was to pay the last penalty of the law.

"That poor fellow," thought he, "who has been led on to crime by the treachery of others, is less deserving punishment than many whose actions are now screened by the wealthy in office."

At this moment a low deep sob reached his ear, and turning to ascertain from whence it came, he discovered a respectably attired female coming from an opposite direction.

We have before described our hero as a good-natured fellow; and here, indeed, was proof of it; for in an instant he was at her side, and in a kind manner, asked "if there was any possibility of his being of assistance to her."

"I thank you," returned the stranger; "but I am in so melancholy a mood, that conversation with me would but ill repay your kind attention."

"Not so," said Richard; "I myself have been just indulging in a strain of sad and melancholy thought."

"Pardon me, sir," replied the stranger; "but may I ask on what your thoughts were bent?"

"A subject which is not very likely to cheer the heart of a sensitive female."

"But I am sad, and sadness will best suit the nature of my mind."

"To be brief, then: I have been dwelling on the melancholy circumstances, that the life of a man, who has hitherto possessed all the better feelings of our nature, is about to be sacrificed by the imperfect code of our present laws."

"Bless you," returned the female, "be ye who you may, for speaking so kindly of that being whose fate is so closely linked with mine."

"Can it be possible, fair stranger," asked Richard, in a tone of deep feeling, "that you are a relative of the unfortunate being to whom I have just alluded?"

"It is too true, sir," said she, "I am his—"

"So young," interrupted Richard, "surely you are not his wife?"

"I am not," replied the stranger, with mournful simplicity, "I am his daughter."

Never was the heart of an Irishman shut against the misery of the

young and unprotected; and Richard, as he looked with sorrow on the young creature before him, sighed deeply with the intensity of unfeigned feeling, which was not unperceived by his companion.

"I see," said she, "you are one of those few beings who can sympathise with another's woe."

"The virgin forbid that I should ever cease to do so," returned Richard; "but it may be in my power to serve you with more than mere sympathy."

"This kindness overwhelms me," replied the stranger.

"Tis but our duty to assist our fellow-creatures," rejoined our hero, "and if I can serve you I will do so, willingly."

"Since you are so kind, I will then acknowledge to you that I am in great distress, although I have with me property of my poor father's to the value of eighty guineas."

"Then you need not pecuniary assistance," said Richard, in a kind tone.

"I will relate to you how I am situated; I am now about to undertake a journey of many miles to the residence of a sister of my dear father's; and although I have in my possession a locket and a gold repeater, I have not a single coin, nor do I know how I can procure it; yet I would part with the watch for one-fourth of its value."

"Then do not give yourself further distress on that account, for I will willingly become a purchaser."

Richard had now the satisfaction of seeing the stranger take his advice, for now not one trace of past sorrow remained upon her features. Taking from her bosom a watch of brilliant appearance, to which was attached a richly chased seal, she said,—

"I fear its time is at present wrong, for in my grief I have failed to pay proper attention to it."

"That may be easily rectified," replied Richard; "what is the sum you wish in exchange for it?"

"Ten or fifteen guineas will well provide me for the journey."

"But you may possibly find use for twenty," replied Richard; at the same time believing the sum to be but half the value of the article. So saying, he placed within her hands the required amount of gold and notes.

"My lasting gratitude is due to you," replied the female, about to depart.

"Surely you will not thus leave me?" said Richard; "my heart already feels deeply interested in you."

"Three hours hence and I will meet you," replied the stranger; "but as I have now an engagement, and it concerns the welfare of my family, I am in duty bound to keep it."

"Nor will I persuade you to break it," said Richard, "although, at three hours' hence, I had determined to be on my road to my native city."

"Adieu, then, generous being—at least, for a time," said she.

Richard, unwillingly, was about to depart, when she continued,—

"Upon second thoughts, I will delay my journey for a day or two, for the purpose of enjoying your society."

"Which," said Richard, "will give me infinite pleasure."

"And will, therefore," rejoined she, "postpone our meeting until to-morrow, at twelve." "Till then, I will beg of you to keep our meeting a secret from all."

"I will—I will," replied Richard; "you may depend on me."

Thus saying, our hero, well pleased with his evening's adventure, bent his steps homeward; but determined on not again visiting the treacherous Mrs. Wilkins, until accompanied by the proper authority. He, therefore, took up his abode at an hotel.

During the night he slept but little. Many a time and oft he gazed upon the watch; and longed for the hour to arrive when he should again meet the interesting being from whom he had purchased it.

At length the wished-for hour arrived, and Richard, with anxious heart, bent his footsteps to the appointed spot; but minute after minute, hour after hour passed by, and still she came not.

"Poor thing," said he; "I will wait a little longer; the occurrence of this morning has no doubt had so great an effect upon her, that she is not able to keep her appointment."

Another and another hour passed and she came not. A man of respectable exterior was lingering near the spot, and a thought entered his mind that he might have been sent there by his female companion of the preceding day. Walking up to him, he addressed him with,—

"I hope you will pardon me my intrusions on your society; but I cannot avoid thinking that you are come from a party whom I am now waiting to meet."

"A lady," replied the stranger.

"Exactly so," said Richard.

"I am, sir; but a foolish delicacy prevented me making myself known."

"And what message have you brought?" Here the stranger for a few minutes seemed confused. "You need not fear to deliver any mes-



sage you have brought," continued Richard. "I am willing to render assistance if it is required."

"Well, then," replied the stranger, modestly, "I am desired to inform you, that unforeseen circumstances have occurred, which have prevented the lady keeping her appointment; unless you can forward her a few pounds by me, which she will return with gratitude this evening at seven."

"I fear I have not many in my possession," returned Richard, drawing out his purse; "here are five, if they are any service, I shall be well repaid by her society this evening."

The instant the stranger had received the money, he hastened across the field with the swiftness of a deer.

"Ah!" exclaimed Richard, "he is some dear friend, I'll be bound, who feels as much pleasure in assisting her as myself."

Richard now again returned to the hotel to wait the coming of evening, while Mrs. Wilkins and her spouse laughed heartily at the clever manner in which they had possessed themselves of the house, &c.

Again the evening came, and Richard visited the appointed spot where he anxiously waited until the bell of old Chelsea church tolled the hour of ten, when, despite his better feeling, he began to think that some deception must be in the case; "but," said he, "I cannot be much the loser, as I have in my possession the gold repeater, which must, at least, be worth three five-and-twenty pounds I have given."

This, in some manner, satisfied him, when, as he arrived near his hotel, his attention was called to a vast number of persons, many of whom exclaimed, "Well, who would think it to look at her."

This excited the curiosity of our hero, who endeavoured to gain a glimpse of the party alluded to. Judge his surprise, then, on seeing the being for whom he had so long and anxiously waited, kicking violently the legs of an officer, who was taking her to a place of security for the night, to appear on the following morning before a magistrate, to answer, for having obtained from a gentleman five guineas and a diamond ring, under similar circumstances, she having heard him express his regret that the life of the before-mentioned individual had been forfeited.

This enraged Richard even more than the duplicity of the assumed Widow Wilkie, as drawing from his fob the watch, the truth immediately flashed across his mind, that it was of the same value as that given to the above gentleman, which was one of Birmingham manufacture, of gilded copper, the real worth of which was about five shillings.

Now, indeed, too late, did Richard see how unwisely he had acted, and conscience whispered to him that the prayer to the Virgin expressed to Norah, had indeed been verified, and that *he had fallen into evil as soon as he had forgotten his simple-hearted, affectionate Norah*; and from that hour he made an oath, which, until his death, he steadfastly kept—viz., that he would never allow foolish passion or idle gratification to take the place of reason or common sense.

Experience had now made Richard an altered man, and upon returning to Dublin, he became possessed of the effects of the vicious-minded Michael, and he well repaid Norah for his past unfaithfulness, by continuing a true and loving husband.

**MATRIMONIAL FORBEARANCES.**—Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation: every little thing can blast an infant blossom, and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun, and the kisses of Heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an unfixed marriage watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word; for infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society, and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded, and that which appears ill at first usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness.

**DRESS.**—Why do women array themselves in such fantastical and strange devices—with gold, with silver, coronets, pendants, bracelets, ear-rings, chains, guaules, wigs, painted faces, bodkins, setting sticks, cork, whalebone, and whatsoever else Africa, Asia, and America can produce—flaying their faces to produce the fresher complexion of a new skin, and using more time in dressing than Caesar took in marshalling his army—but that, like cunning falconers, they wish to spread false lures, to catch unwary larks, and lead, by their gaudy baits and meretricious charms, the minds of inexperienced youth into the traps of love!—BURTON.

## CLANAWLY.

## A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

Having placed a quantity of that liquor upon the table, he filled two wooden vessels with it, and then proceeded,—

"We forget the subject that most concerns us," remarked Shehan. "What have you heard those vile fellows saying?"

"They spoke to one another about wishing to be allowed to sleep in one of the tower chambers; but as that did not succeed, they said they should make an attempt about midnight."

"We must keep watch, then," said Shehan; "and I think you could not do more towards the frustration of their designs than to go in and tell them that a chamber will be provided for them in one of the towers near the entrance."

"I don't know whether that would be of any use," returned the other, "as they are now contented to remain where they are."

"I have not had any conversation intimately with either of them yet," said Shehan; "and I fancy that I might discover something, by going into the vault, and entering into a short discourse —"

"As it were out of friendship," interrupted the pilgrim.

"I shall do that in a short while," said Shehan, "lest by going in too soon, they may become suspicious and reserved."

"You are right," observed the former.

"Does O'Donnell know that you are in this castle?" inquired Shehan.

"No, nor Tyrone either," returned the pilgrim.

"How did you come up, then?"

"I followed the army. I could not rest in my own province after the destruction of our castle. I put on the habit of a religious traveller, which is now a dangerous habit in this country; but as I keep pretty near the Irish army in their march, I am not so much afraid. I do not want to make myself known to them, as there would be a constant dispute between me and Tyrone's minstrels, who are perpetually lauding their chieftain to the stars, and that I could not brook. But my ultimate object is, to procure a passage in one of the Spanish vessels to that country; and when disguised as a pilgrim, I can the better effect my purpose without much opposition."

"And has there been any rivalry in spirit of taking charge of the army as a commander between O'Neill and O'Donnell, each of whom considers himself superior to the other in generalship?" demanded Shehan, whilst his eyes glistened.

"Indeed, I believe there has," answered Malmurphy; "but it has been conducted so secretly between them, that such is not understood by the army, the majority of whom are in favour of Tyrone."

"I am sure that Tyrone is a general favourite among the Kerna," remarked Shehan, "though not a whit superior to Red Hugh in attack or command. I know O'Donnell has both the spirit and the courage of an independent chieftain; and were it not for the feeling that pervades the bosoms of the soldiers, he would take the command from him, in spite of his teeth."

"Did Red Hugh see you?" demanded the pilgrim.

"Yes," answered the other.

"Do you think he recollects your countenance?" demanded Malmurphy again.

"I am sure he recollects something of me," returned Shehan, "but not that I am what you know; and although I endeavoured as well as I could to avoid his penetrating glance, he kept gazing upon me. I had to attend on Clanawly, and could not keep out of his sight. The second time I encountered his look with a full visage, O'Donnell's eyes fell to the ground, a blush at the same time mantling his cheeks. By that I am certain he must remember something. I am fully determined to have an interview with him this very night. Old grievances should be forgotten, old sores healed up, petty jealousies smothered, and all those bitter rancours which once existed between us allayed, now that we are equally unfortunate and homeless."

"Certainly," declared the pilgrim, "But what's that?" he cried, softly, raising his arm, and pointing towards the vaulted dormitory, where the minstrels lay.

"What did you hear?" demanded Shehan, alarmed, looking in the direction of the pointing hand. "I heard nothing; I have been so attentive to my story, and so taken up with my own affairs."

"I thought I heard a sword unsheathed," said Malmurphy, tremblingly.

At this moment the boy, who was dozing before the fire, started out of his sleep, and screamed shrilly, adding to Shehan's alarm.

"Get up, Eoghan," said Shehan to the boy, "and do not be terrifying us out of our reason that way. Get up, and bring me my skenes, as I may have to accompany some of the chiefs towards the encampment. Get up, now, and make no delay."



Eoghan, who was now fully awakened, roused himself up; and extending his bent elbows, began to knuckle both his eyes.

"I thought," said he, yawning, whilst he extended both arms to full length—"I thought somebody was going to murder me, and ——"

"You thought," interrupted Shehan, hastily, "go at once, and do as I tell you—get me my—you know my meaning."

Eoghan obeyed without further hesitation.

"A strange coincidence of thought!" declared Shehan, casting an inquisitive glance at the pilgrim.

"Very, indeed," exclaimed Malmurphy; "all cannot be right."

At this moment the boy returned, and gave Shehan two skenes, one of which he delivered to Malmurphy, whispering,

"Know your strength."

"We know our adherence to one another," said the pilgrim; "and we know the motto of our heraldry."

"I think I shall go now and make inquiry of my friends to see how they like their beds, as also to make what discovery I can," said Shehan; "and to tell the truth, I do not like those prognostics, though I am not very superstitious."

"Eoghan, go and stand breathlessly without the door, whilst Shehan is inside," said the pilgrim.

The boy was ready to do as he was bid, and Shehan preceded him to the vaulted chamber, with a wick in a small cresset. When he entered he found both stretched upon a straw pallet that lay upon the floor, with their clothes on, instead of getting into the recess, where a proper bed was laid out and well covered.

"You seem," said Shehan, lowering the cresset by its swing-chain, to have a distinct view of their countenances, "not to be inclined to take advantage of a comfortable bed, which, it would seem, you need, unless you are great liars as to the journey you have performed."

"Indeed," said one of them, "we are not liars as to the journey which we performed; but we prefer even this humble pallet to any inferior description of bed."

"What do you mean by an inferior description of bed?" demanded Shehan, laughing.

"One—the same as that," returned he who spoke before, pointing with his bent elbow towards the recess. "One the very same as that which has been prepared for us to-night in this great castle of Clanawly."

"You do not think the bed good enough for you, then?" said Shehan, half interrogatively.

"No, indeed, not near good enough," said the other minstrel, assuming provocation.

"Then in what part of the castle would you like to sleep, my friends?" asked the dependant.

"In the more elevated apartments—chambers suited to our dignity and the loftiness of our souls and minds—who do not grovel—for we have fallen from our great estate, by the decline of our patron in Ulster," said the same minstrel.

"Who was that, pray?" demanded Shehan.

"The Earl of Tircconnell—the O'Donnell, Red Hugh," said the other minstrel.

"Then you must be acquainted with everything about the family," observed Shehan, softly.

"Every one of them," returned the same, "unless you may except such of them as are gone from the land previous to our recollection."

"I have been myself in the service of O'Donnell for a long time, and I do not recollect the countenance of either of you—do you know me?" inquired Shehan.

Both responded in the negative, and the one who spoke last continued,

"There might be many and many a vassal in the service of great men whom we could not recollect; for, you see, we minstrels, except upon such an occasion as this to-night, associate with none but chieftains and nobles, from whose society we have been very improperly debarred this evening ——"

"And," interrupted the other minstrel, raising his voice to a very angry pitch, "that is the reason why we will not sleep in that bed, but we shall lie this way to-night, and be off in the morning early."

"And be off in the morning," echoed his brother.

Shehan was about to give them a suitable reply, when the bell of the great hall tolled, and he had to attend the summons.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE COUNCIL.

WHEN Shehan reached the hall, the assembly was just being broken up, and Clanawly was busily engaged paying his respects to all previous to their departure.

"You need not go, Shehan," said the chieftain to his dependant, "for

here are sufficient beside you to escort the officers, and lead them in a direct line of road towards their encampment. You can proceed to the tower on the left without the hall, and light a cresset in it, laying such accommodations therein as will be sufficient for four persons. Bring down the roll of papers from the safe, in the second story of the tower, and place it upon the table."

The dependant hastily obeyed the mandate, and, in a short space of time, had the place which stood upon the verge of the battlements, overlooking the ditch, prepared according to directions.

As soon as the company finally separated, thither repaired the Earls of Tyrone, Tircconnell, Clanawly, and the Baron of Kelly, who sat down and deliberated on the parts to be taken by each, in the approaching campaign.

Clanawly commenced by opening his papers, and laying before their lordships several improved plans of engagements, in which he was concerned and signalled himself. He then explained to them what further improvements should be made in the attack and defence of castles and smaller forts, to meet the progress of the times.

After a lengthened dissertation, in which they seemed highly interested, he read for them a few propositions for the better holding of the army under their command in discipline and subjection.

"But, by an extraordinary stretch of discipline," observed Tyrone, "you destroy the feudal fire of our kerns; and I have noticed that those who were longest under me in the field, fought with more success, but became equally disinterested."

"The attachment of such men is easily bought—they are only bound in a mercenary way; and are prepared to fight any point towards which wealth may entice them. Such warriors are therefore dangerous, in a country like ours, where so much poverty generally prevails, and where much inducement is held out to make our men abandon their leaders."

"I am consequently not a little alarmed at the coolness and reserve of our old kerns, and only wish they have not had such practice in fighting. They are excellent in one point, but they fail us in another, whereby we can have no dependence at the end of a combat or the failure of an enterprise."

"On such occasions as the present, the ruder you can procure men the better; because such have not the foresight—they are precipitate—warm above their physical strength—fixed with an attachment that renders every secret committed to their care safe in their custody."

"Were the country properly defended by a regular armed force, then it would be prudent to have them disciplined in the manner you say, for the purpose of rendering them disposable."

"I am of the Earl of Tyrone's opinion," remarked the Baron of Kelly; "although I am an ardent desirer of discipline. But I really fancy that thorough discipline would actually enfeeble the Irish kern. By that means you destroy the only martial vein in his body, and that is daring precipitation; by which many a victory has been obtained, where few have to contend against many."

"When that martial disposition in him has been destroyed, with what can you supply the defect? He has no resource within himself—badly clothed—armed inferiorly to his enemy—ignorant of evolutions. He becomes a mere bastard, neither the one disposition nor the other urging him. In fine, his spirit departs—in the straitness, which you suggest as an improvement."

"Moreover, what would men armed principally with pikes and skenes avail against guns and engines, whilst we have not a gun for one out of twenty to the entire army, were they to balance the movements of the assailants?"

"Their coolness and discipline avail them, who have such ponderous means of backing up such calculating courage. The Irish army would suffer considerably by calculation, and, on the contrary, every chance would be for as without it."

"Now, instil into the Irish kerns that spirit, and you have immediately a band of cowards—an army of dastards—who would see the advantages against them with triple enumeration. The soul of the Irishman would then be actually changed: and nothing would remain but the skeleton of his former greatness."

"Well am I aware," remarked Tircconnell, "that I was a great sufferer by the eagerness of my troops, in my last engagements. They rushed upon many advantages, which if slowly gained upon would be assuredly won; whereas they were lost through rash precipitation. They were then unable to follow up their acquirements, being fatigued from the fury which spent their strength and courage; as a fever when it burns itself into reaction."

"I was, therefore, changed in my opinion, by observations made on those occasions; and consider that every man requires more or less exercise previous to his encountering the enemy, were it only for the purpose of giving action to his frame."

"On that account, during any term of repose, or after our march is concluded, I would hint at the necessity of having the troops exercised



daily, in mock skirmishes; which, besides the benefits they confer on the men personally with regard to health, give them some idea of how they are to act when really engaged.

"It is quite improbable that men taken from the plough, can stand the shock of assailing thousands, in well-trained masses, with any degree of deliberation; whilst, by a little previous instruction, they may be rendered impervious to an onslaught, one of the most decisive overthrows of military attack.

"This brings to my recollection an attack which was made upon a party of English troops, about two years ago; wherein, were it not for the stand which a few old kerns made, a rout would have followed, and the termination thereof would have assuredly been destruction to every man.

"I say, they made the attack from choice, fancying that we were superior to the enemy in strength, because we outnumbered them. But the opposing party quickly turned the edge of the battle, and we were compelled to assume a defensive position; and when it became our turn to be attacked, the inexperienced gave way beneath the shock, leaving the points most exposed to danger in the keeping of some old kerns. Their coolness gave them spirit to hold their position, until the heat of the attack had abated; when the sinking portion resumed their courage, and made such resistance as saved their lives.

"Now, were we dependent on mere enthusiasm for success, we would have failed miserably. Enthusiasm is an excellent promoter of courage; but it will not make strength—the latter being a combination of efforts well directed, which, the more they are produced in unity of movement, will be the more effectual.

"Let me, therefore, beg of your lordships, to have the army more perfectly disciplined, whilst there is time and opportunity; and throw to the winds those antiquated notions of carrying an engagement by blustering zeal and impetuosity."

"I must yield to your address," observed Clanawly, looking smilingly upon O'Donnell, proving that he was proud of being convinced by such sound reasoning. "Moreover, I am sorry to add, that the assistance which you will receive from me is of that rude, impetuous, and blustering description now mentioned; but it is also capable of being well trained. Mona's warriors were ever tractable, and required little difficulty either to make them fight well, or to inure them to hardships. A fighting country requires scarcely any preparation; but we have been silent or dormant now during some years, and necessarily must look to instruction, until continued fighting renders the soldiery superior to all which may be acquired by discipline."

"Now," said Tyrone, standing up to free himself from stiffness, and showing his imposing stature to the others, with proud and admirable effect; "let us determine as to the positions to be occupied by us upon the present occasion; and, by Heavens! let us not swerve, under any circumstances, from the agreement which we make here to-night."

M'Auliff and the Baron of Kelly took no notice of this exclamation, further than they considered it enthusiastic on the part of Tyrone; but O'Donnell could not help allowing a mixture of jealousy to darken his countenance, although he kept his face somewhat averted from the former.

He saw the generalissimo still domineering in Tyrone's character, and considering himself equal to the other in manoeuvring and military tactics, he fancied, at least, that the command should be divided between them.

Gravely did the idea of being anywise inferior hang upon his breast, and lower his brows, notwithstanding many efforts to resist the envious impulse. Twice he cast his eyes upon Clanawly, who interpreted nothing from their heaviness, beyond the weight of deep reflection; and, consequently, had he to become a seconder in Tyrone's resolutions, where he imagined that he should coequally rule.

The terrific glance of the Earl of Tyrone arrested the cool and in trepid gaze of M'Auliff, and caused the latter, momentarily to shudder. Silence reigned in the chamber, save the breathing of the barons; whilst Tyrone still maintained his position, his visage, like the angry flood, reflecting a tempest from its surface, and his body in that erectness betokening determination to hold superiorty.

M'Auliff and the Baron of Kelly gradually felt the power of his command, and perceived their inferiority; but they had no reason to feel the envy and jealousy which actuated O'Donnell, and were therefore proud of Tyrone's transcendent appeal.

"Let you, my lord," said Clanawly, looking up with some degree of humility at the erect baron, "give your opinion, or say what you consider the best movement, and we shall acquiesce therein, confident of your trustworthiness."

This was followed by a heavy scowl from O'Donnell, which M'Auliff perceived, and he muttered to himself,—

"Ha! does that damnable rivalry still exist between us?"

"Before we arrive at the neighbourhood of Cork," said Tyrone, "I will separate from the army, and take about one-half with me into the

western part of the country; about which time, I expect that Ocampo will have landed. He must have both countenance and support; and nothing less than one-half will give such effect."

"A noble idea," repeated Clanawly.

"And," continued the former, "my noble friend, O'Donnell, will be commander of the portion which I leave behind—"

At this moment a light shone on Tirconnell's countenance, and he seemed to revive.

Tyrone continued, "I have ample confidence in him and his skill, and should ever consider myself safe beneath the flash of his sword, or the shadow of his banner."

"Indeed," returned the Baron of Kelly, "we are sadly off for commanders, unless it has so pleased Heaven, that in you, my lord, and O'Donnell, are concentrated the intelligence of fifty; and may you be preserved to us and to Ireland, for the lives and liberties of thousands hinge upon your security."

"We have never been bereaved altogether," said Clanawly, "of commanders—there always remains, or springs up, one to lead, counsel, or guide us. Providence may order it so; but it has been the case long, to my knowledge; and by reference to the writings and traditions of others, it was such long before my time. When they are so few, they are eminently illustrious; as it were, combining all the excellencies and qualifications of many great men, and making up for numbers by abilities supreme."

"Ay!" exclaimed Tyrone, "but see the danger consequent on fewness of commanders. Should any accident happen to the principal one, the rest are undone, unless the emergency of the moment instil the spirit into the bosom of some survivor."

"We have many—very many capable of leading and commanding; but they are diverted from patriotic zeal in many ways, besides the hundreds of traitors, and (worse than traitors) the hundreds of neutral men. They will not fight in our behalf, and, since we cannot reckon on their assistance, they become a dead weight against us.

"And, gracious Heaven! there are men who talk loudly and vehemently as far as speaking is of weight, but who will not accompany us to the field; and such also are our enemies—put them down on the side of the enemy, as an unarmed opposition."

"We have others, who are divided among their own clans, and will not come forward, lest in their absence their possessions may be seized upon by the wretches remaining at home."

"Such is the present state of Ireland; and, as such, I am not astonished at the easy manner in which it came under the English dominion; nor will I feel surprised if all our efforts terminate in securing us to their possession the more firmly, through want of that universal interest which should bind us in unity."

"We are sadly—sadly divided," cried O'Donnell, forgetful of every other feeling; "and it ever has been a misfortune to this nation, to be so situated. I could ask them—why divided, in the face of the enemy? but, oh! I fear, it is an unalienable misfortune! I may add—a combination of misfortunes, arising from the utter blindness of malcontents, traitors, and backsliders!"

"But the Irish are not naturally cowards," said the Baron of Kelly, whilst a deep flush tinged his cheek, and his eyes beamed enthusiasm; "and I, an Anglo-Irishman, declare so. There is not one stain of cowardice in his character. Let him (the worst of Irishmen) be ever so treacherous or deceitful, he is no coward; and it is a pity that his valour should have such a wrong inclination, whilst there is such an ample field to display it honourably."

"Excuse me, my lords," cried Tyrone, wrought up to the pitch of anger, by the allusion of the latter nobleman; "but, of what use is it that the Irish are no cowards?—of what avail? They may be brave to perdition, ardent to the very edge of ruin, Irish to the very noblest signification of the great word; but they are mad—lost to their own interest—see only the partial glimpse afforded them by petty personal jealousy and rivalry; whilst a few here and there build up hopes of aggrandisement, by leaning towards, and giving assistance to, our very enemies. To the lowest depth of darkness with such bravery! But the day will come, and I fear I am too prophetically correct in my words, when the Irish will find out their sad mistake too late—when nothing will be left to them but galling bondage, save the power of cursing their progenitors for the cruel dissensions which brought such dreadful evils on the country."

"That is very true—painfully true," said Clanawly; "but we must not be downcast on account of that—we must be as zealous as if all were unanimous, and discharge our duty to our country faithfully, even to the forfeiture of our lives; and thus will we have nothing to answer for. I am now an old man," he continued, rising up, and lifting his hands with upcast countenance towards Heaven, "in the decline of life; but I shall throw that away cheerfully, and, by the light of truth, there shall be no deception in Clanawly, nor shall he make a compact with any, save Death, in the deliverance of his nation!"



"Will you proceed with me, Clanawly!" demanded the Earl of Tyrone; "or will you remain with O'Donnell?"  
 "I shall remain with O'Donnell," returned M'Auliff, "because there is more need of assistance where he will be situated."

"And so will I," added the Baron of Kelly.

"Follow in my rear, for a few days, Kelly," said Tyrone.

"Very well, my lord, such will be necessary," remarked the former.  
 "It is no use in making reference to the result," hinted Tyrone, whilst his voice fell tremulously, and he cast a side-long glance at O'Donnell, unperceived by the latter.

"Indeed, I think not," observed Clanawly, interrupting him, when he discovered the painful effort with which he struggled for explanation; "therein we trust to Providence."

They all rose up, and, joining hands across, bound themselves by the bond of mutual adherence—Tyrone concluding the affirmation by remarking,—"Under such circumstances I could swear, that's Ireland's best days are yet to come!"

(To be continued in our next.)

## HARRIET HEARNshaw's DREAM.

I have had a dream, Charles, horrible and drear,  
 To think upon it chills my soul with fear;  
 'Twas with thee 'tis true, and all around  
 Was as Elysium,—flowers were there, the ground  
 Was rife of beauties, balmy was the air;  
 The rose in all its sweetness wanted there;  
 Shed its perfume, gave its delicious bloom,  
 Alas! it heralded thee to the silent tomb.  
 Aye, Charles, the rose we saw was wondrous bright,  
 You said you'd gather it for me; the gay delight,  
 'Twill separate us, dearest,—not for ever;  
 No, no; again we'll meet, and then no more do sever.  
 You left me Charles,—and though I saw you still,  
 I felt presentiment of coming ill;  
 Wide yawned the opening earth, the ground was riven,  
 I tried to shriek,—alas! no sound was given.  
 And he, the horrible Scalvoni came,  
 With fiendish malice whispered thy loved name;  
 Pointed unto the fearful opening there. "You sever,  
 Maiden, you must part for ever;  
 Aye, gentle beauty, you will meet no more,  
 He's gone, the idol you so much adore.  
 Thou wilt be mine, fair maiden, 'tis thy fate;  
 Weep bitter tears, I know I am thy hate,  
 And he the cherished of thy daily dream,  
 Thy fondly loved, thy glorious sunbeam;  
 He's lost. List to the sullen roaring of the wave,  
 The sea engulphs him,—not e'en thou canst save;"  
 And then I saw the deep and varying sea,—  
 But oh! my Charles, it parted thee from me.  
 No more I saw Scalvoni's hated form,  
 But roaring dashing waves, as in a storm;  
 Oh, how my soul was stricken by wild grief,  
 And yet no sound would come to give relief.  
 Then changed the vision—changed indeed to me,  
 And in an ancient room I seemed to be;  
 Ancient indeed,—Time had been busy there,  
 And had despoiled it of its beauty rare;  
 Spiders and other noisome things you'd see,  
 They hid them there in joyous revelry;  
 But oh! that room seemed like a charnel-house,  
 Damp, loathsome; and there seemed full many a voice  
 From hide us faces, which of murder spoke,  
 And oh! methought my sad heart almost broke.  
 One said—oh, frightful dream—I should shed blood,  
 Aye, be a murderess even of Him once wooed;  
 Then laughed that gibbering face, and all engulphed was I  
 In a deep crimson flood of sanguine dye;  
 Even to my mouth came the overwhelming tide,  
 Oh, Charles! I felt 'twere mercy to have died;  
 And I awoke. Oh, horror! I awoke,  
 And 'twas my scream that, on the silence broke.

JANE.

The miseries of indolence are known only to those who have no regular pursuit—nothing in view—however eager and arduous—nothing by which time may be shortened by occupation, and occupation rendered easy by habit.

## LOVE;

### OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

He had scarcely completed the latter act, when the cloak came open, and displayed the Jew's features, ghastly and horrible as he had before seen them; and with an involuntary motion, he let go his hold of the body—slipped, and rolled with it to the bottom of the stairs. The first thing he was conscious of, was the cold face of the corpse resting upon his own; then with a strength only possessed under such a circumstance, he sprung to his feet horrified.

Scalvoni, who had watched the accident, burst into one of his chuckling fits of laughter, and bade Leighton beware how he amused himself with the corpse. Leighton made no answer—he could not; but half dead and terrified, he seized the legs, and with Scalvoni's assistance, it was placed at the bottom of the boat.

"Get in," said Scalvoni, "he will not hurt you, and keep these cords and weights at the bottom; they will serve as an anchor for him, and keep him comfortably secured at the bottom, without troubling anybody."

They were soon out on the bosom of the river. A cold miserable night it was—the storm had scarce subsided—the water was still rough, and the waves rose and dashed against the little bark as though they would overwhelm it, and all it contained.

They both applied themselves to the oars, and there was no room for words; had they spoken, it was almost certain they could not hear each other. The action of rowing served to circulate their blood, and in some measure restored Robert Leighton to some use of his senses, for he was almost unconscious of what he did before he assisted at the oars.

It was hard work, and it was near an hour ere they arrived at a spot they thought adapted for their purpose. It was a lonely spot, just above the spot where now the Ordnance-office has a board placed to warn vessels not to anchor, save at their own risk.

Here they stood a few moments, and then Scalvoni spoke in slow accents.

"I think, Robert Leighton," said he, "that this will do; here we can drop our burden, and leave it till it floats away bit by bit, and so become fit food for the inhabitants of these waters."

Leighton shrunk at this speech; but he made no opposition, nor did he shrink from his part so violently as before; perhaps his knowledge that a few moments more would place the horrible burden they bore, beyond the power of further annoyance, where, indeed, it could be no longer an object of horror and dread, infused some slight courage into him.

"Keep the boat's head to the stream," said Luke Scalvoni, "while I tie the weights to the body, when you can assist me to throw it over, and then we will speed readily back again."

Robert Leighton shrunk back at the words of Scalvoni; but he answered not; for he knew that to do so, was only to provoke a more fearful reply. He, however, kept the boat's head against the stream, and silently awaited the word from Scalvoni.

"Now," exclaimed Scalvoni, "all is ready; slip the oars, and lend a hand."

He did as he was desired, and with a convulsive effort on the part of Leighton, and a mere voluntary one by Scalvoni, the body gave one splash in the water, and all was silent.

"It is gone, now," said Scalvoni. "Now for the oars—we must return as quickly as we can."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

LEIGHTON'S MORNING REFLECTIONS.—THE RE-APPEARANCE OF THE BODY.—THE FLIGHT OF LEIGHTON.—CHARLES HARGROVE AT THE HEARNSHAW'S.

THE toil of rowing up the river was very great, and yet Robert Leighton pulled as wiling an oar as could be imagined, for he believed that every stroke of the oar placed a greater distance between him and the corpse of the defunct diamond merchant.

The water was still rough, and the weather wet and cold, yet Leighton felt himself in a perspiration by the time they neared the spot where he had taken the boat from.

"Well," said Scalvoni, "you certainly pulled well. You appear to enjoy a row on the river at night—it is healthy and vigorous work, such as you don't often indulge in."

Leighton shuddered at Scalvoni's words, and made fast the boat, and then, with some difficulty, they made their way to their own premises; and by the aid of the lantern, which Scalvoni carried with him, they contrived to cross the yard, and were once more within their own walls.



"Sweet, sweet home!" said Scalvoni, as he locked the door; "there's no place like home, there is such a sense of comfort in it, is there not, Robert Leighton?"

"I know not nor ever shall know comfort again, out, or at home," said Leighton, with a groan. "My peace is destroyed for ever!"

"Don't take it so much to heart," said Scalvoni, soothingly, at the same time a malicious smile crossed his features, as if he really felt a secret pleasure in witnessing the fears of Leighton. "Don't take it so much to heart—it's only an episode in life, such as will happen, you know, and is calculated to make one enjoy life the more, and set a higher value on it, since we see others part with it so unwillingly—it makes one think it's worth something."

"Say no more on that subject. I would I had never seen the man—do you stay here this evening?"

"I shall certainly sleep here till morning. I don't wish any one to see me going backwards or forwards—won't you stay and sleep?"

"Yes," replied Leighton; "I shall stay, but as to sleep, I know not if ever I shall sleep again."

"Nature will do much on these occasions," replied Scalvoni, in a pleasant tone; "very much indeed—though you fight against it; but you had better take some wine with me before you retire for the night."

At the mention of wine, Leighton shuddered, and a cold chill ran through his body, as he replied,—

"No, no—I shall take nothing more—nothing more. No wine—no wine!"

Scalvoni smiled as he witnessed the horror of Robert Leighton, who, to escape the remarks of the former, quitted the apartment, and sought the little chamber that was fitted up for his own accommodation, and having carefully locked and secured the door and all the fastenings, he approached the bed, and sank down upon it in an agony of terror. He now gave full vent to his feelings, and the passion he suffered was intense.

This extreme expression of excited feelings could not last long, and a reaction took place, and his memory seemed to recall all the little incidents that had happened from the first to the last in the transaction recorded.

He dwelt minutely on every point, and everything that occurred was presented to his imagination with terrible distinctness, and indeed it was a vivid picture of the reality.

He was some time in this state, until at length nature could no longer hold out against the fatigue and want of rest—but fell into a sudden and troubled sleep.

He passed a few short hours in a disturbed slumber, and at length awoke, thinking he was lying at the bottom of the stairs, with the cold face of the corpse on his own.

He started up, but saw he was alone—he was just as he had thrown himself on the bed the previous night, without divesting himself of his clothes. It was some time ere he so far recovered the full use of his senses as to pay any attention to himself.

For some time he lay listening to any sound that might indicate the presence of any one in the premises, and soon became convinced that the work people were about and had been so for some time.

Rising up he endeavoured to erase some of the marks of the fracas, by the use of cold water, and endeavoured to make himself look as much like what he usually was, as under the circumstances he could be.

He came down stairs with a tottering gait, and walked about his office, and in a little while so far reassured himself that he felt nerve enough to see some of his own people, among whom he mixed, and after a time, he gave orders, and began to feel pretty well, and much as usual.

Breakfast, indeed, he could scarcely eat, but, by the aid of some brandy in his coffee, he did eat a little, and then he went to the yard, leaving the clerks to transact all office business, as he had to superintend the unloading of a vessel that was anchored off the wharf, and where many men were employed.

The tide was coming up, and the vessel had come up with it, and the men were all in confusion. This was some employment to his mind, and the excitement incident to the occasion was of the utmost service to him in quieting the agitation of his mind, and restoring him, in some measure, to equanimity and ease.

He had been thus employed, perhaps, an hour or two, when he observed some of the men collect about the jetty, and look very carefully at the water.

A man in such a state as Robert Leighton takes alarm at anything. Any accidental circumstance is likely, at any moment, to throw him off his guard, and to cause him to fear what would never happen. Thus it was with Leighton; he fancied something was discovered, and yet he knew not what; he feared to go and see, and yet did not like to remain away. He walked about eyeing the men, askance.

The workmen, one by one, slowly collected around this spot, and after

the others came and stopped there, until, at length, the whole works suddenly stopped, and all the men came, intent upon watching something in the water. Leighton longed to see what was there, and yet he trembled more from the knowledge of what had happened, than that he believed or feared it possible anything could rise out of the water to scare him.

At length one of the workmen beckoned him to them, and, on going to the water's edge, he could see a body floating in the water. It was being gradually floated up the river by the action of the tide.

It was some moments before Leighton could discover what it was, and then, suddenly, it turned over, and he saw, to his horror, that it was the body of Goldsmid Lyons, the Jew diamond merchant.

For some moments Leighton could scarce breathe, he was paralyzed, and before he could utter a word several boats put off towards the body, which was now carried out further into the stream.

"Not here—not here," exclaimed Leighton, as he saw the men put off with the intention of bringing the body to the shore. "Bring it not here, carry it ashore on the other side—do not bring it here."

The men who stood on the jetty were amazed at the excitement produced in Leighton by the appearance of the floating body. The men came near the body, and Leighton watched them with eager eyes, and muttered to himself,—

"Yes, it must have got from the cords that Scalvoni had bound the weights to the body with;" and when he saw they had hold of it, his excitement became more intense, until, at length, he became unable to contain his fears any longer; but called out, in a loud voice, "Take it away—take it away—bring it not here. I will not have it here; take it to the other side—you must not bring it here."

His excitement was very great and remarkable, and some of his men were inclined to think he was mad, and stood round him ready to lay hands upon him should he fall, or attempt any mischief to any one, or to himself.

"Do not bring it—take it away—take it away again," Leighton screamed out to the man in the boat, and with actions he motioned them back; "take it to the other shore. Take it away—take it away."

Leighton's mind was much relieved when he saw he had induced the boatmen to turn the boat's head towards the other shore. He watched them with intense anxiety, and every yard the boat made appeared to him to lessen the danger as the distance decreased between them and the boat, and its horrible burden.

At length it reached the opposite shore, and the body was lifted out and carried on shore by some men; then Leighton, whose nerves had been strung to their utmost pitch of tension, felt a strange sensation come over him, and reeling, he would have fallen into the water, but that the men who watched him saved him, and assisted him into his counting-house.

Here he was left to himself for some time; a kind of stupor came over him, and, for some time, he was unable to think, but remained silent, and seated on a chair, with his head propped up against the wall.

At length his mind resumed something of its equanimity, and he recovered from the shock that it at first received; he began to consider the matter over, and to ask himself questions.

What danger was there? If there were any, he had acted extremely foolish—he was sensible of that. Might he not have compromised himself in the excitement of the moment? he thought not; but the bare uncertainty was enough to deprive him of his serenity for ever.

Then, again, he was one of those who saw the body, and being a responsible man, his testimony would be required. He would be asked questions, confusion would follow, no doubt, and his confusion would have to be accounted for, and he would run very great danger in doing so."

Filled with these thoughts, he arose hastily and put on his hat and coat, and immediately quitted the office with all imaginable haste, and then made for the nearest boat, and he ordered the boatman to put him across the river, which he did, and Leighton no sooner got on the stairs, than he hastily ran up and disappeared into the city.

While this was being done, Luke Scalvoni walked leisurely out of the counting-house to the water's edge, and crossing his arms, he watched the progress of Robert Leighton as he crossed the Thames; and no sooner had he crossed the Thames than Scalvoni laughed, and for a few moments remained silent.

"Circumstances work well," said he thoughtfully, and in an under tone to himself; "all goes on well, and in time I shall gain my object and run no risk,—time works many events; I cannot immediately do all I want, but by the aid of such men I make my way—their fears and wants are my means, for without them I could do but little."

He paused a few moments, and then muttering he again spoke,—

"Come along—I must go into the city, too, but for a very different purpose; yes—yes, 'twill be a good day's work."

Saying this, he returned to the house and ordered a boat to be brought for him to the jetty, which being done, he crossed the Thames



and landed at the same stairs at which, but a few minutes before, Robert Leighton had landed, and disappeared.

Scalvoni made a more orderly retreat from the river to the city; his object, however, was a very different one to that which caused Leighton to come hither.

Scalvoni made his way to Lombard-street, and after some walking and pushing, he contrived to reach the banker's at which Leighton had a heavy balance; before he entered the place, he felt in his pocket and pulled out a cheque.

It was the same that Robert Leighton had signed and given to Goldsmid Lyons as the price of his silence, and which Scalvoni had taken from the body before it was placed in the boat, previous to its being thrown into the water.

Walking up to the desk he presented the cheque to the cashier, who looked at Scalvoni and then at the cheque, and then carried it backwards; after a short time the money was given in exchange for the paper.

No sooner possessed of this sum, than Scalvoni, with a chuckling laugh, proceeded to another house in the neighbourhood, and there lodged the whole sum in his own name, and then, with something like a smile of satisfaction, he quitted the banker's.

In the midst of all these scenes of confusion and disorder, of terror and crime, resulting in so much misery and distress, it was singular how much happiness and joy were diffused through the family of the Hearnshaws, through the instrumentality of Charles Hargrove.

Here at least was peace and contentment, and gratitude was felt and expressed for the change that had been wrought in their condition.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SUPPER AT THE HEARNSHAWS.—THE HINTED PROPOSAL TO MRS. HEARNSHAW.—THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

WHAT would Robert Leighton, the wealthy merchant, not have given could he have changed places with his poor but happy clerk, Charles Hargrove. It was strange that he should have the power of bestowing happiness, and peace, and joy, upon others, and yet be utterly destitute of those feelings himself. But so it was—he could confer happiness, but feel none.

And yet it would seem as if from a polluted source there could come no lasting purity or goodness. It would appear as if the anomalous nature of the circumstances which made the happiness of the Hearnshaws, through the medium of Robert Leighton, the murderer, was not to last long, but their eyes were eventually to be opened to the fallacious nature of the sunshine of prosperity and peace that shone upon them.

Still, while it lasted, it was bliss indeed to Charles and to Harriet, for in the present circumstances they saw every promise of their speedy union—an union from which they both fondly and truly anticipated nothing but happiness and unalloyed contentment.

When Charles returned from his office of an evening, he was always welcomed by smiles from Harriet that spoke more eloquently to his heart than any words could have done, and in the ardent pressure of the hand with which she greeted him, he felt how truly he was beloved. Mrs. Hearnshaw, who, like all your very religious people, was desperately selfish as she saw the comforts of this world thickening around her, began to think all matters were getting on very agreeably, even without the evangelical and holy company of Mr. Fligsnuck, against whom Charles and Harriet both wished the doors should be closed.

Never, perhaps, were Harriet and Charles happier than on that very evening, when such a fearful scene was being enacted at the offices he had so recently left, by the banks of the Thames. Harriet and Mrs. Hearnshaw had busied themselves in preparing a supper, which they thought would please Charles, and, in fact, as far as Harriet was concerned, that was the only meal during the four-and-twenty hours, to which she looked forward with any pleasure, inasmuch as it was the only meal during which Charles could sit down with any kind of comfort or feeling of leisure. At breakfast he was generally in a hurry to be off to the office, and of course the distance was too great for him to think of going home to dinner at all, so all that remained for him to enjoy at home was the supper, and that, together with the half-hour or hour's whispered discourse, while Mrs. Hearnshaw was half asleep, constructed the largest portion of Harriet's daily happiness.

In defiance of all expressed medical opinions, ancient and modern, a hot comfortable supper was always spread at the Hearnshaws', and nobody felt a whit the worse for it; but, on the contrary, it was enjoyed amazingly, and would have been very much missed by the little party who were wont to enjoy it.

Charles would recount to Harriet on these occasions anything which had occurred during the day to please or to annoy him, and she would in her turn, talk to him of the cottage and the garden, and how dull it

was all day somehow, and how cheerful it got after he came home; and then they would subside into a long whispered conference which, however deeply interesting to the parties concerned, we are afraid might, if set down, be not very intelligible, but very aggravating to the reader, who, no doubt, knows all about such circumstances, or at all events, will in due time know all about them.

Mrs. Hearnshaw, then, after snuffing the candles a great many times and yawning dreadfully, and making some very cutting remarks about some people's politeness and good manners, and how entertaining it was to be sent to Coventry while other people whispered nonsense, or a nap in a basket, in a manner of speaking, would compose herself to a put which lasted till ten o'clock sounded from the kitchen clock, when she would start up suddenly with a—"Gracious powers! it's very late. Come, now, Harriet, really it's time to go to bed"—and then there might still be an opportunity for a few whispered words and a stolen caress perchance, ere the happy lovers parted for the night.

Ah, these were indeed happy days—who does not look back to such reminiscences of the joys that are gone with a sigh? You who have passed through that blissful period when

"Beauty bright the heart's chain wove,

And the dream of joy from morn to night was love, still love," will agree with us that never again can such true felicity light up the heart; because, never again can it be restored to its young freshness—its romance, in which it mirrored life as a garden of beauty—woman as an angel—which, of course, she is. If we had our choice of a heaven we would not, like the gentleman who had seen everything, like to be always half asleep, and not be bothered to get up; nor would we be like the other gentleman, who thought the greatest felicity would be in always being just a little the worse for champagne, and no headache the next morning. No, we would be always declaring some true heart's passion—always, with beaming, gentle smiles, and tearful eyes, being accepted; and always for the first time pressing our lips to those of the dear divinity, who had awakened such blissful feelings. A change then should come o'er the spirit of our dream. Oblivion should wrap the past in its murky embraces—we would have another love—another pursuit—other difficulties and dangers—another success—the trembling soft confession in some moonlit bower—the acceptance—the first kiss—the first embrace—ah! that would indeed be a heaven!"

When Charles reached the cottage on the evening succeeding that on which the murder had been committed by Scalvoni and Leighton, he recounted to Harriet and Mrs. Hearnshaw how shocked he had been by the sight of a dead body in the Thames, and what a remarkable effect its appearance had had upon Mr. Leighton, ending by saying,—

"I never knew or heard of a more nervous, excitable man than the merchant. The least thing appears to throw him into the most pitiable state of nervous agitation, and he trembles till it is absolutely painful to see him in such a condition."

"It's very strange," remarked Mrs. Hearnshaw; "I'm afraid he don't attend sufficiently to his everlasting soul."

"Alas!" said Harriet, "he is very much to be pitied; but I have often heard of people similarly afflicted by imaginary evils."

"And I too," said Charles. "It is quite a disease."

"Oh, well," added Mrs. Hearnshaw, "all I can say is, that if people would not pay so much attention as they do to the vanities of this world, they would be all the better for it. We should subdue our worldly desires—by-the-bye, do you like mushrooms, Charles? I do, and I made up my mind to have some to-night. The only danger, you know, is in being poisoned by toads, or what-do-you call 'ems, instead."

"Then, aunt," said Charles, "you should subdue your worldly desires, and go without mushrooms altogether."

"Ah, there you go again—always endeavouring to scoff and mock at what you don't understand; but sooner or later I live in hope of both you and Harriet joining the Small Ebenezers. Oh! what a godly man Mr. Fricklebank is."

"Why, aunt, you don't mean to say you have got a new preacher?"

"Yes, but I have thought, and why not?"

"Oh, I have no objection, certainly, and as I do like mushrooms, we will have supper."

Charles and Harriet sat side by side always, which Mrs. Hearnshaw declared to be very inconvenient, as, somehow or another, it made her sit in the draught of the door, she declared, and feel absolutely lonely; she, therefore, on this occasion, had her usual grumble on that score, and then the supper was laid, and proceeded comfortably enough.

Half an hour or more might have elapsed, and Charles and Harriet were about commencing their evening whispers, when a loud ring at the garden-gate caused them both to start, and Mrs. Hearnshaw to exclaim,—

"Whoever can that be at this time of night, I wonder?"

"It is not very late," said Charles, "for a visitor; but we have so few that I wonder who it can be. I will go, aunt."

Harriet looked a little vexed, because she had come to consider the



evenings as quite sacred to herself and Charles, and was almost disposed to be decidedly angry with any chance visitor who might obtrude him or herself upon them. Nevertheless, she could not help returning the smile of Charles as he walked to answer the bell, saying,—

"I dare say it is no one for us; some mistake, doubtless."

He was not gone many minutes, and as he returned, Harriet said,—

"I hear the footsteps of another person accompanying his."

She arose, and kept her eyes fixed on the door, when, to her vexation, she saw Mr. Leighton enter, closely followed by Charles.

The merchant bowed, and advancing to Harriet, he said,—

"I hope my visit is no disturbance. I was in the neighbourhood, and have ventured upon calling to see how you all were."

Of course Harriet was compelled to make a suitable and courteous reply, even if it had not in it a great deal of suavity; and then Leighton, turning to Mrs. Hearnshaw, was very kind in his inquiries after her health, and appeared much pleased to hear that she was "pretty well, considering she thought worldly healths a very inferior consideration compared with one's latter end."

Charles handed the merchant a chair, and then Mrs. Hearnshaw wanted to know what he would have, and regretted that the mushrooms were all gone; but he declared he did not require anything, and stated that he had left his horse at the little inn at the commencement of the lane.

"Well, Mr. Hargrove," he said, "you seem very comfortable here."

"I am so, sir," said Charles, "and very happy."

"I rejoice to hear it, and trust it may long continue. You see I am your visitor sometimes in pursuance of the threat I held out to you some time since."

"I am sure, sir," interposed Mrs. Hearnshaw, "you are very welcome. Did you see the new building a little to the left as you came through the village?"

"I did see some place with a new white front to it. There was a dreadful howling from the inside."

"Gracious! you don't say so? What's to day?"

"Wednesday, madam."

"Heavenly powers! there's a prayer-meeting; I thought it was Tuesday. Now, Harriet, that's all through you; how could you let me go on thinking it was Tuesday?"

"Indeed I cannot help your mistaking Wednesday for Tuesday," said Harriet.

"Ah, that's always the way; you cannot help anything—of course you cannot. Mr. Leighton, that building you saw is Small Ebenezer, sir."

"Indeed, madam. Is it a lunatic asylum?"

"Lord, no! It's a chapel, sir. Harriet, you saw the prospectus of it? Oh, it's a heavenly document. Just step this way, sir, and I'll shew you how I've had it framed and glazed, and stuck in the best parlour. This way, Mr. Leighton; mind the step."

"If Mr. Leighton wishes to see it," said Charles, "I think we may fetch it for him, instead of troubling him to go into the other room, or perhaps he will take your word, aunt, for its merits without seeing it at all."

"Oh, it's no trouble," said Leighton, as he followed Mrs. Hearnshaw, "no trouble at all."

"There it is," said she, when they reached the other room, which was at the further end of a small passage; "there, sir—did you ever read such a pious idea?"

"Madam," said Leighton, as he closed the door, "I am glad of this opportunity to be able to converse with you alone for a few moments."

"Lor!" exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw, as she placed the candle she had brought with her on the table. "What's it about, Mr. Leighton?"

"It's about a subject, madam, which I hope and trust will be as deeply interesting to you as to me. But first I must secure your secrecy; you must promise me that by word nor action will you allow the subject matter of our discourse to become known just yet to your daughter or to Mr. Hargrove."

"Oh, dear, yes! I won't mention it. Bless my heart, what is it? Mr. Leighton, you quite curdle my blood and make me nervous;—just tell me at once what's the matter. Pray sit down, sir, if you please."

"There is no one within hearing?"

"Oh, dear, no; not a mouse. As for Harriet and Charles, they are too much engaged with their own love nonsense to hear anything or anybody but themselves, that you may depend upon, Mr. Leighton."

"Ah!" said the merchant, with a deep sigh, "my dear Mrs. Hearnshaw, you have hit upon the subject of my discourse."

"I—I—Mr. Leighton!"

"Yes, madam, you. I came here, Mrs. Hearnshaw, to talk to you of love."

Mrs. Hearnshaw nearly slid off the chair in the height of her amazement at what she at once concluded to be a delicate offer to herself of the rich merchant's hand and heart.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE POLITE ART OF BOUNCING

RENDERED PLAIN AND EASY.

THE greater bulk of the family of mankind are generally divided into two distinct portions, and classified under the head of rogues or fools. But with deference to the general opinion, we submit that there is a third class, consisting of a perfect amalgamation of both the former, and usually comprehended under the term "Professor of Bounce;" and as bouncing has become so popular an accomplishment in these days of mesmerism and polkaism, we give to the world the following theory of the art, deducted from personal observation of the prevailing practice. Method is the soul of business, and, therefore, we digest the whole theory in a few lucid and instructive rules.

Young people are particularly recommended to perfect themselves in this delightful accomplishment, as it may materially affect their future prospects; therefore, lads should carefully avoid short jackets, and Byron collars, and aspire at once to the dignities of the walking stick and cigar.

Choose one particular sphere to bounce in, and whether you display your imprudence in a church, theatre, or twopenny concert-room, settle yourself therein, in order that you may become better known and appreciated.

If you go to church, take special care to be always behind time. Rush in when the assembly are at their devotions, and put your nose in your hat; sing loudly, and drop your umbrella frequently during the service. This will cause you to become an object of attention, and a succession of loud hems, accompanied by a reckless swagger on your exit, will procure admiration.

If you choose to bounce in a theatre, sit in the centre of the pit, and kiss your hand, or bow to some lady in the boxes, with whom you are unacquainted. Be careful to condemn whenever the vulgar applaud, lest you should be considered one of them, and in so doing you will prove yourself one of the discerning few, and likewise exhibit a refined taste and clear judgment in dramatic matters. If you are an amateur pugilist, get up a fight—if not, insult some one, and shelter yourself under the protecting wing of a policeman. You may also bounce as a critic, and make a great show of writing something in your hat. Swagger, as advised before, on your exit, and yell a popular air as you proceed to your den.

The minor concert-room affords little scope for a display of the polite art—except to the vulgar—who generally overdo it, and procure themselves an introduction to the police-station. A few hints, however, may prove serviceable to such individuals, and render their bouncing a trifle more aristocratic. Purchase a cheap cigar previous to entering, for the proprietors of these establishments are generally finished bouncers, and display it admirably in the coolness with which they demand fourpence for a cabbage-leaf. On seating yourself, raise your hat, and pass your fingers through your hair, cough, and roar lustily for the waiter. If you are an economist, and unable to afford more than one glass of grog—look another way when he approaches; if he accosts you, point to the other end of the saloon, and tell him he is mistaken.

When served with "a go," flourish your purse, and ask him if he can change a sovereign, if he says no, give him sixpence, and tell him to keep the change, which, of course, amounts to *nil*. Puff your cigar in the face of every female, and volunteer a selection from a favourite opera. Desire the conductor to announce you as Signor Somebody, (and, by-the-bye, on all occasions, wear moustaches). If you get laughed at, lay the blame on the pianist, and, after a few preliminary smiles, shake hands with the conductor, and a few of the most popular vocalists, and exit. Swagger, as before.

Many more wholesome instructions might be given on this interesting subject, both as regard public and private practice, only the former is more agreeable, as in private life a man may "bounce unseen, and waste his sweetness on the desert air," or his suffering family. We shall not dwell upon political and legal bouncers, as those individuals practice it more as a trade than an accomplishment.

In conclusion, we tell the reader plainly, that if he has no soul, and aspires to nothing more than simple honesty, our hopes of his becoming an accomplished bouncer "melt into thin air,"—if he be the contrary, follow the excellent advice herein given; add practice to precept, and you will soon, to your own infinite satisfaction, become a proficient in this elegant accomplishment.

J. R\*\*\*\*s.

The greatest friend of truth is time, her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.



## THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER XVII.

MARIA DELMAIR'S HAPPINESS.—THE LETTERS BETWEEN THE RIVALS.  
—THE DIPLOMATIC CHARACTER OF TOM.

It was but a hollow truce that was made between the rivals at the intervention of the beautiful girl who was the innocent cause of the disavowment of those hearts, which otherwise might through life have been bound together in the fast bonds of friendship. They each felt it was but a hollow truce, although at the same time each had in his own heart what he considered ample reason to induce him to act peacefully, because each hugged himself upon success—Meriton upon the success which he knew of, and Anderson upon the success which he anticipated.

"Maria loves me," thought Meriton, "and what need I care for anything else?"

"The letter is on its route," thought Anderson, "which will in its consequence confound Meriton, and cause him to leave the house of the Delmairs, therefore he is not worth the quarrelling with now."

Thus each of them was felicitating himself—the one justly, the other most unjustly; and when they retired for the night, it was with a mutual feeling of how very absurd it had been to quarrel about a matter which was virtually quite settled.

As for Maria, she in her conscience thought she had effected a peace between the friends. She had never felt the pangs of jealousy which burned so fiercely in the heart of the unhappy Anderson, and she could not be conceive that he could be brought to adopt any unworthy means of injuring Meriton, because she, Maria, preferred his attentions.

"I might," she reasoned with herself, "have given the preference to Anderson, and then Meriton would have been in his situation. Common sense must assure him that to but one can I give my heart, and he must feel that no violence of conduct can transfer my affections to him. He is not so absurd as to wish to quarrel with Meriton, or carry out any of his threatening looks or gestures. I will not believe but that reason will come to his aid, and he will be the first to see the full absurdity of his conduct, and hasten to make as ample reparation as in his power. If I cannot love him, I am not to blame. If I can and do love Meriton, is it the fault of Meriton?—oh, no. Anderson will reason upon this far more forcibly than I can, and all will end happily, I feel assured; and I, oh! what a prospect of true joy is opening to me. I feel as if some new existence had dawned upon me. I am no longer the same being I was yesterday. What a wondrous feeling is this love, which in a few short hours can so transform the mind—and yet I am much happier. Meriton loves me—he will always love me, and Anderson will see his error, and be friendly with us, and all will be happiness—happiness."

The gentle, innocent girl smiled as she dropped into a calm unbroken slumber, with these words just lingering upon her lips; and sleep wrapped her in its calm embrace, while fancy with faint images painted to the imagination the future in all the radiant colours which youthful hope and joy could lend to it.

Oh! little did Maria Delmair in the innocence of her imagining dream of the effects of the fell passion jealousy upon such a mind as Anderson. How little did she know of the overwhelming nature of those feelings which sweep before them every barrier of reason, justice, or humanity, and convert the characters of the brain into storehouses for the most violent and awful passions of human nature.

Anderson was, to all intents and purposes, on that one subject, mad; that is to say, when he began to think of it, it exercised so powerful an influence upon his feelings and his imagination, that the judgment became powerless, and, like a ship without a rudder, his mind became "tempest-toss'd" in a stormy sea of howling despair.

Love, or revenge, or both, he looked forward to; and he could see no consequences beyond. One by one his scruples with respect to the unworthy course of action he was adopting with regard to Meriton, were swallowed in the wild violence of his jealous feelings. He became familiar with the thought of the effect which the forged letter was calculated to produce, and as he exulted over them, his sensations of horror at the dishonourable nature of the transaction slowly, but surely, diminished. He came to look upon Meriton as a bitter enemy—a kind of loathsome disease, besetting him and destroying his happiness; to relieve himself from which any means whatever were right and justifiable so long as they accomplished the end.

"I will crush him—I will crush him," he repeated to himself, "and then I shall be happy."

In his madness he ever seemed, for a moment, to fancy that it by no means followed that Maria Delmair must love either him or Meriton. No, he was possessed with the strange notion that Meriton only stood in his way, in securing the affections of Maria; and that if he were removed the only difficulty was removed with him. He never, at any time, appeared to think it possible enough that Maria might have refused him, had she never seen Meriton at all, which really would have been the case, for although among his friends he had made no secret of his attachment, he had never been able to tell himself that he had the least grounds for supposing the feeling was reciprocal.

This is a common event when persons are afflicted with that demagogue passion, jealousy. People will not examine their own pretensions, and their own chances of success. No; they bend all their energies to a consideration of their rival's position, and, with a singular idiosyncrasy, appear to imagine that by acting against him, they advance themselves in the same proportion. False mistake; love is more an impulsive feeling, and more independent of the judgment, than any other of the mental phenomena. It scarcely, even in men, depends for its first existence or continuance upon the merits or demerits of the party loved—in women it rarely, or ever, takes so reasonable a guise as to be at all influenced by personal conduct. The efforts and plans of a rival may involve the loved one in trouble and vexation, but it is ten to one that ultimately they only awaken for him sympathy, and secure him more firmly in the affections of her, from whose heart he is attempted to be severed.

Violence and opposition but produce greater tension in the chains of love, which else might hang but loosely over the hearts they bind together in such sweet bondage.

Perchance had Meriton been placed in Anderson's circumstances, he might have acted as inconsistently with reason as Anderson had done—in fact, we find him making a declaration to Maria of his attachment, without due consideration of the conditions that had been entered into between him and his rival, but then love laughs at laws and conditions of all sorts, and although it was a great relief to Meriton to find, after he had been accepted, that Anderson had been beforehand with him in a declaration, had such not been the case the successful wooer would doubtless have found some excuses for retaining all his advantages.

As it was, however, Meriton, whose mind was freed from all aggravation, in consequence of the ameliorating effects of success, was anxious to be as friendly with Anderson as possible, and that night he lay for some hours awake, planning in his own mind some means of awaking Anderson to the folly of opposition, and the propriety of, with as good a grace as possible, giving in to the march of events, which he could not, by any means, stay more effectually than could Canute stem the advancing waves of the ocean.

After long and anxious consideration, he resolved in the morning, instead of seeking an interview with Anderson, during which one angry word was so likely to beget another, to write a letter to him, in which he would calmly and rationally put it to his sober serious judgment, whether it was just or reasonable in him to persevere; after his declaration had met with the fate it had, in what could now go by no other name than a persecution.

Having made this resolve, he dismissed, for a time, the subject from his mind—not that he had any very sanguine hopes that Anderson would, on receipt of such a communication, pack up and be gone; but still he felt it was the only quiet, considerate, and gentlemanly course he could pursue on the subject.

The nature of Anderson's meditations during that, to him, terrible night, too strongly resembled the delirium of a fevered brain to follow. He slept not at all until the first beams of a morning sun came streaming in at his bed-room window, and then, as is frequently the case with those who have watched all the night, he dropped into a deep, unbroken slumber of some hours' duration, from which he was only awakened by the noises in the house, incidental to its inhabitants moving about from room to room.

Anderson did not make his appearance at breakfast time, a circumstance which we may well suppose was not deeply regretted by either Meriton or Maria, who, during the morning meal, had many of those little pleasant opportunities so much prized by lovers, of uttering a word or two of affection, or exchanging a smile, without its being remarked.

Meriton still preserved his overnight's resolution to write to Anderson, and when the breakfast was over, after a few whispered gentle words to Maria, he repaired to his own room, in order to write the epistle he considered necessary, and yet from which he scarcely dared to hope any favourable or satisfactory result.

After some consideration as to whether he should show the letter to Maria or not, he resolved that he would not, inasmuch as it might disturb her mind to think that such an epistle was at all necessary; and



he considered that if Anderson chose to take the matter in the right light, and leave the house in consequence, it was more generous on his (Meriton's) part to have shown the letter to no one at all than to have even exhibited it to Maria. Besides, if he showed her his letter, such a proceeding would involve a necessity of showing her Anderson's reply, if he made one, and, as Meriton remarked to himself, as he mended a pen,—

"God knows what singular reply he may send. The fellow seems half mad, and he might write something I would not choose Maria to see at all, and the refusal, then, would place me in an embarrassing situation; so let the letters be between us solely, and Heaven send all may end peaceably and rationally."

He then wrote the following letter, which he addressed to Anderson, and which, calm and reasonable as it was, produced about as sedative an effect upon the party receiving it, as would the blast of a trumpet in the ears of one half asleep:—

"DEAR ANDERSON.—The friendship which has hitherto subsisted between us, as well as the sacred obligation under which we both lie, by virtue of the oath we have taken, to befriend each other through life to the utmost of our powers so to do, encourages me to hope that a better spirit will actuate you, and that the present unhappy difference between us will be but as a passing cloud over the clear sky of our kindly intimacy."

"Believe me, Anderson, that in writing this letter to you, I am dictated by those friendly feelings which the proposal of poor George Lee cemented between us in so sacred a manner, and I wish you to read what I here state in a similar spirit, placing a friendly interpretation upon my words, and seeking for the good that may lie in them, rather than for any measure of aggravation you, in your anger, might suppose them to contain."

"Having, then, prefaced thus much, I shall, with the added brief expression of a fervent hope that we may continue as dear friends as ever we were, proceed to detail to you circumstances which should successfully appeal to your reason and your acknowledged ingenious intellect against any petty disagreements now pending between us."

"We both love Maria Delmair. She might not—she is not at all necessarily obliged to reciprocate either of our passions, and, most certainly, we cannot both be successful. Were she to reject both, we could not quarrel; why, therefore, should we quarrel if she accept one? I would as soon see Maria Delmair. Mrs. Anderson as I would see her Mrs. Anybody else, provided I was convinced I had no chance of making her Mrs. Meriton; and, surely, you can have no other feeling. Why, then, I repeat, should we quarrel, because Maria may, instead of rejecting both of us, prefer one of us?"

"We do not, Anderson, live in those days when maidens gave their hands, if not their hearts, to the strongest fellow who thought proper to make the application, and I do not think Maria is at all a likely person to get up an affection for any one on account of his quarrelsomeness, or willingness to knock down anybody else who may have the temerity to aspire to her good opinion."

"Violence, Anderson, will do nothing for either of us."

"And now for another question at issue between us. There was a kind of agreement, perhaps a foolish one, entered into between us, that for six months we should neither of us make a positive declaration of attachment to Maria Delmair, so that she should have during that time an opportunity of testing our characters."

"Anderson, that agreement has been broken,—first by you, and then by me; so that as regards that, we may exclaim with the man in the play:—

"'Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong.'"

"There is one difference, however; you made your declaration, and were unsuccessful. I made mine; and when I say that I would not barter my answer for kingdoms, you may guess the result."

"Now, Anderson, let me beg of you to be calm, and view this matter as a thing gone past. Be rational, and become the dear friend of Maria and myself. We cannot both marry, and I declare to my God that had you been successful I would have taken you by the hand, though my heart were at the same moment to break."

"Believe me, dear Anderson, still your friend,

"ASHLEY SCOTT MERITON."

Meriton thought this letter amazingly reasonable, and when he had directed and sealed it he rung his bell, which was promptly answered by Tom, to whom he said:—

"Is Mr. Anderson up, Tom?"

"I believe he is," said Tom, "and out and out lively too, like a kitten in fits. He flung his boots all the way down stairs, like two bomb-shells."

"Indeed! Well, Tom, just go to him with that note."

"Very good. You didn't hear nothin', did yer, of a skirmish as I had with Sally down below?"

"Why, Tom, I did hear something of it."

"Oh, did yer; very good. I wish as you'd tell us how you come it. I likes a little cuddling myself now and then; but, lor bless you, she wouldn't come it no how."

"What do you mean, you infernal scoundrel?"

"Front parlour—young missus; who'd a thought it! Looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth; and then lays her head on people's *vestibulates*, and gets kissed like a house o' fire. Oh, my eye!"

A flush of colour came over Meriton's face, and he made a demonstration to lay hold of Tom, whom he felt convinced must have been a hidden spectator of his interview with Maria; but Tom eluded him, and bolted off to Anderson's room,—whither, of course, under existing circumstances, Meriton felt no sort of disposition to follow him.

"Hang the fellow," muttered Meriton; "I shall have to pay him now to hold his d—d tongue, instead of horsewhipping him for playing the spy upon me. Should he take it into his head to tell Mrs. Delmair, I know not what she might say or do. There would seem to be some troublesome disturbance, and I am far too happy here just now to wish any change to take place."

Tom thought it very hard that Meriton should get into a passion on the subject; but he delivered the letter to Anderson, who was trying to shave himself; and of course, in his nervous excited state, cutting himself every moment, which by no means is a soothing incident.

"Here's a letter," said Tom.

"Lay it down," said Anderson. "Be off with you; what do you stand looking at me for, eh?"

"Oh, a cat may look at a king," said Tom; "but I ain't so partikler struck with you as not to be able to tear myself away. Good mornin'."

"Insolent rascal," muttered Anderson; and then his eyes fell on the letter, the direction of which he at once knew to be in the hand-waiting of Meriton. Hastily putting an end to his toilette operations, he with trembling hands broke the seal; and while such a whirl of conflicting feelings passed through his brain as to make it no easy matter for him to understand what he read, he perused the letter till he came to the paragraph:—

"There is one difference, however. You made your declaration, and were unsuccessful—I made mine, and when I say that I would not barter my answer for a kingdom's, you may guess the result."

Then he paused—for a moment or two he was motionless—a mist seemed to be spreading itself over his eyes, and then, as he tore the letter into fragments, he burst into such a torrent of invective against Meriton as would have terrified any one to hear. He stamped, swore, raged, and then again an unnatural calmness appeared to come over him, and sitting down he wiped the perspiration from his brow, while a dreadful smile came across his features, and he said,—

"So—so it has come to this at last—well, well. There will be blood—blood—yes, blood. Meriton, look to it. You are a doomed man. I may be mad, but there shall be sufficient method in my madness to enable me to kill you. Blood—blood—blood."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LONELY WALK.—THE POST OFFICE.—THE FORGED LETTER.—GUILTY EXULTATION.—THE ANSWER TO MERITON'S EPISTLE.

ANDERSON dressed himself hurriedly, with a feeling that he must go to Meriton, and bid him defiance in answer to his letter, but before he was ready to do so a calmer judgment came over him, and he resolved to take long and earnest counsel with himself before he adopted any course of action which might personally interfere with the objects the forged letter had in view to accomplish.

The house was hateful to him, and hastily attiring himself for the street, he crept down the staircase, wishing to meet no one, and he was gratified, for he reached the street door without one of the household crossing his path. Then he walked quickly, as if pursued by demons, until he cleared the town and dived into the open country, where, seeking a lonely spot, he sat himself down, beneath the overspreading branches of a lordly tree, to think. It was the sweet and beautiful autumnal season, and but that his mind was such a chaos of wild and troubled thoughts, he must have gazed with admiration on the scene before him.

The fall of the leaf, as autumn is sometimes called, is a time of the year that possesses many beauties and attractions.

The corn fields, with the gentle undulating heads of grain, which so lately stood on the stubble fields, is now for the most part gone, cut and carted to the barn. The homestead is the depository for all that but recently graced the earth, and made the heart glad to view its ripening beauties.

The hedges, which in the earlier seasons looked fresh and green, in many places wear the richer hues of the declining year, the many rank weeds and creeping plants crouch through the bushes, and throw out



their simple, and often beautiful flowers, many again are in the wane. They are daily wasting and assuming the hue of decay; but yet, in that decay appearing beautiful and adding new and everlasting shades to nature.

The grass has long since been cut, and yet, in many places is long, fresh, and green; the tall umbrageous trees bear a delightful appearance in the setting sun—their various tints, the deep russet colour of many contrast with the fresher green of some, or the nearly burned and browned appearance of some others.

It is the season of harvest home, a time when all hearts are gay and glad. If there be one time in the year that diffuses more general joy in the country than another, it is harvest home, particularly when the season has been fine, and the crops both good and abundant.

At this season of the year the sportsman ranges the fields in search after the prey; he experiences more pleasure in the pursuit than he does in the capture; and which, when captured, is not, perhaps, any equivalent or intrinsic value to the exertions bestowed upon it.

The leaves of many trees begin to fall early in the year, many a heap of dried foliage becomes scattered over the roads by the light autumnal winds, and many gardens are disfigured in the eyes of their owners by these drifting remnants of the summer's beauty.

This is now the moment of greatest glory in the orchard, when the trees are laden with the ripened fruit. It is a busy time now with country people, who are employed in cider-making in some counties, and in others in making various home-made wines, to gladden the heart at feast and holiday times.

The termination of summer is a circumstance that suggests many mournful reflections—it points to the death and decay of all things. Death and re-production seems to be the necessary order of events, of which the whole phenomena of nature is formed; nothing is exempted—this law is, indeed, universal.

As the autumn advances, the brown tinge of the foliage forms a many and beautiful combination of tints, and renders those spots which, earlier in the year, were but masses of undistinguishable green foliage, spots of great beauty, and strong contrasts.

The autumn winds now begin; the trees bend to the gale—the rushing sound that ensues as the air passes through the branches and parched leaves, can be heard like the sound of rushing waters. The sun now rises later and sets earlier—the days shorten, and the nights lengthen; people are thus gradually prepared for the approach of winter, and with it the usual accompaniments of inclemency, and almost total cessation of all field labour.

But, alas! what to Anderson were all these sights and sounds of rural beauty? The very face of Heaven itself to him, as well as all that was lovely upon earth, were an aspect of blood. He thought but how he could murder securely him whom he accused of the slaughter of his peace and dearest hopes of happiness for ever.

A distant clock striking twelve at length warned him how long he had there sat; and what had he determined? Nothing. Visions of blood still floated across his imagination, but as yet he had not succeeded in reducing one of them to a tangible form or shape.

"No matter—no matter," he muttered, as he turned his steps towards London again; "no matter. There is a will to do the deed, and circumstances will point out a sure and safe way."

Anderson had got half way back to Carey-street, when some one, as he crossed a crowded thoroughfare, suddenly touched him on the shoulder. He started as if he had already done some desperate guilty deed that made him amenable to the laws, and it was a great relief to him, upon turning, to encounter his new friend, Meadows, who exclaimed:—

"Upon my soul, Anderson, well met. I was going to try to find you out."

"Meadows?" cried Anderson. "You are soon returned."

"I am. I went to York, posted the letter—got into the mail that brought it to London—and drew up at St. Martin's-le-Grand at the same time. That's what I call doing business, Anderson."

"You have, indeed, been prompt."

"Of course I have. That's one of my virtues. You have the letter, of course?"

"No, indeed."

"Not got it? Why, you are in the city now, and I guessed you must have come for it."

"Indeed I have not. The fact is, my mind is so distracted by what has happened since I saw you, that I was unable to calculate that the letter would be due this morning, otherwise, of course I should have called for it."

"Oh, well, there's time enough; you could not have got it till this morning, as it only came in last night, so scarcely an hour has been lost. Come along to the post-office, and as we go, my dear fellow, you can tell me what has occurred to be a source of vexation to you."

Mr. Meadows slid his arm familiarly and pleasantly within that of

Anderson, and they walked together to the post-office for the forged letter, during which walk Anderson recounted to his acquaintance all that had occurred at the DeMairs, ending by giving him as distinct an account of Meriton's letter as he possibly could, considering the disturbed state of his feelings when he read it, and the nature of his indignation when he came to that part which at one blow destroyed all his lingering hopes of ever calling Maria Delmair his.

It was a great relief to Anderson to have somebody to tell all this to, especially when that somebody was one who, for the basest and most self-interested motives, would agree with him in all his hair-brained and fanciful conclusions. When he had finished, Meadows assumed an aspect of the greatest horror and indignation, as he said,—

"Well, Mr. Anderson, I don't know how you may feel upon this occasion (the villain knew full well); but, as far as I am concerned, I have no words sufficiently strong to express my indignation at the unparalleled baseness and treachery of the conduct of your mock friend, Mr. Meriton."

"Can I be of a different opinion?" said Anderson. "You do but give expression to my own sentiments, Meadows. As for that letter of his —"

"It was sent on purpose to insult you."

"You think so?"

"On my soul I do."

"Then it cannot be prejudice, or the violence of my passions, that makes me put such a construction upon it."

"Indeed, no, my dear friend. Such unexampled treachery, added to so much cold-blooded insult, I never heard of. No—no—never."

Mr. Meadows paused, as if ransacking his memory for any similar instance, and then, with still greater emphasis, he added,— "No, never—never."

"What, then, would you have me do?" said Anderson.

"Do? Why, first of all, I would see what effect the letter we are going for will have. If that succeed, leave him to the digestion of the disgrace it will heap upon him."

"And if it fail —"

"Why, then, my dear friend, we will think on what is to be done. You have not dined, of course, nor have I. We will get the letter from the post-office, and then go to some hotel, where we can talk over the affair quite at leisure. Oh, Anderson—Anderson, what rascals there are in the world under the disguise of friendship."

"There are, indeed," said poor Anderson, never suspecting how very truly the remark applied to him who made it.

"Our best feelings," continued Meadows, "come into the field against us. We do not meditate wrong ourselves, so we have no suspicion of it in others."

"True—true."

"And thus we get deceived where most we trusted."

"Precisely; but I will make him render yet a fearful account to me for his conduct."

"Oh, you may depend he is one who will lie as fast as a horse can gallop."

"I will quench some of his lies, then, in his blood," said Anderson, with vehemence. "Meadows, I swear, so help me Heaven, that man shall never live to be the husband of Maria Delmair, unless he succeed in killing me first, so that, virtually, he shall step over my dead body into the arms of his bride."

"Well—well, we will talk more of that. At present let us confine all our attention to the letter, from which, I assure you, I expect something of a most satisfactory nature. Come on. Here we are now at the post restant. No doubt an inquiry will at once produce the epistle."

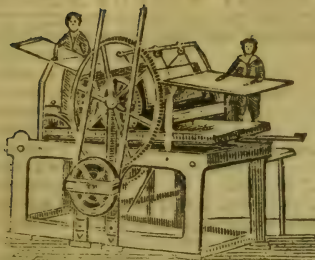
The inquiry was made for a letter addressed to Mr. Meriton, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn, which was to be left till called for, and it was at once produced. The postage was handed over, and Anderson, with a palpitating heart, and a bewildered brain, found himself in possession of the document, which was calculated, by its diabolical art, to produce so much confusion at the Delmairs.

Meadows then induced Anderson to accompany him to a hotel, where a costly dinner was prepared, and paid for, of course, by the wretched dupe of the designing man who was nourishing the bad passions which were leading Anderson to destruction. Wine was then produced, and Meadows found that it was easy, so long as he made no attempt to stem the current of his passion, to lead poor Anderson to any conclusions he wished, or fill his excited mind with any opinions. It was evening when they separated, and then it was with an understanding to meet on the morrow, when Anderson could report what success he had had with the forged letter.

(To be continued in our next.)



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



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## BILL WHITE'S COURTSHIP.

BY BARNABY BRODIE.

A lover's torments give her spiteful joy.—*Spectator*.

BILL WHITE was a great man, a very great man was Bill. Where was there to be found such a merry, cheerful, hearty, happy, good-humoured soul as Bill White? Then for knowledge—where such a learned man as he? How he could talk of the ancient gods and goddesses, and all the family of the Muses and these outlandish creatures, till you thought you saw them cutting and slashing away before your eyes. Then for arts and sciences, a perfect encyclopædia was Bill White; he could describe every wheel and crank of the perpetual motion, with every pile of sand that composed the philosopher's stone. A very great man Bill was!

Such was the preface with which Jack Dovetail began an account of the courtship of the said Bill White the other night, seated by our chimney nook, with a glass of warm punch in his hand, which several times found its way to his mouth, during the narration, which we shall give in his own words:—

Well, I said Bill was a great man; he was likewise a bachelor, and thirty-four years of age at the time I speak of. Now, though Bill might have had as many wives as Solomon, or I forget what's the name in "Don Juan," had he wanted them,—for he was a mighty favourite with the ladies,—yet herein Bill's weak point lay; it was posing the question: for all his eloquence and learning, that was beyond his reach; and though you may think it strange, that he could chat with the ladies, walk with them, hand them out of their carriages, and all such things as that, and not go the whole length, yet it is perfectly true.

There was one maiden lady, aged thirty, named Rebecca Snifter, who took Bill's fancy more than all the rest of his female acquaintances; she was a merry-eyed, tidy, boxom little woman, of good to tune, without father or brothers to control her. She was just what would suit Bill exactly, but then she was the most mischievous little monkey in the world. Many had proposed to her, but she had turned all their addresses to ridicule; she had put the most unblushing gallants of the town to the blush. Some of their most eloquent love epistles she would lay open, on her sitting-room table, for every visitor's perusal—some she would ask if their mother had taught them how to proceed, and what to say, ere they left home; every admirer she rendered so ridiculous that scarce one durst look at her as she walked through the streets.

What now was to become of poor Bill? How could he hope to succeed that never could take the very best advantages; where so many had failed the thought was madness. And yet Bill couldn't help loving her; his love even increased in proportion as the probability of success decreased. The merry-hearted Bill grew gloomy and silent; he forsook his friends and deserted the club, where for many years his laugh had been the loudest and his speech the most humorous. Great was the sorrow of Bill's friends at this alteration in his behaviour, and many were the schemes that they projected to drive him from his melancholy; but all without effect. He wandered about day after day in lonely places, amid shady woods and other unfrequented places; he would tell his grievance to no one, and he being such a merry-hearted, devil-may-care sort of fellow, and such a favourite with every one, man or woman, the cause couldn't be devised.

Many were the speculations upon it, but all were unsatisfactory; some said he had seen a ghost,—some said he had met with a heavy loss of property,—some that he had married in secret; but the true cause was never guessed at or thought of.

Well, Bill was walking one day in a shaded alley, enclosed by trees on all sides near the sea-shore; he was very dejected and melancholy, for the more he thought of the handsome merry-eyed Rebecca Snifter, the more he felt the impossibility of ever obtaining her, yet the more he loved her. Well, as I said before, he was walking backward and forward in the alley, his hands thrust beneath his coat-tails (this was a very common practice of Bill's when in a studious mood), he was not a little surprised, when, turning at the end of the alley to walk back, to observe a little man come from the other end to meet him.

Now, although it was a very retired and unfrequented spot, yet a man's presence, besides Bill, was nothing surprising, but what rendered it so, was the oddlike figure of the person in question. He was a very little man, scarcely three feet in height, with a very large face and thick body, the largest face Bill thought he had ever seen in his life; his back was rather diminutive, and his legs were perfect spindles, but of all the rest, what struck Bill most were his feet, which were so very broad and large, that Bill to this day, for all his learning, has never found a simile to liken them to. He thought of the Piets, who tradition says, when it rained they lay on their backs, and held up their feet which served them in place of umbrella. Could he have wandered there ever since the race had been expelled? but Bill had not long time to think, for the little odd-looking man approached with a sly knowing look, as Bill thought, and pulled off his head an immensely broad brimmed low-crowned hat, nearly as broad as a small sized table, and opened the conversation thus:—

"You are unhappy, Bill White?" said the little man.

"I am," said Bill.

"You are in love?" said the little man.

"I am," said Bill, who, though he couldn't account for it, could not deny him whatever he asked.

"You love Miss Rebecca Snifter?" said the little man.

"I do," replied Bill.

"And would marry her?" continued the little man.

"I would with all my heart," said Bill.

"Why don't you do so then?" asked the little man.

"Because I'm afraid she wouldn't have me," said Bill.

"Did you try her?" said the little man.

"I did not," said Bill, "but others did, more likely than me, and without success."

"Would you like to be put into a plan by which you would get her?" said the little man.

"Above all things on earth," said Bill.

"Then shut your eyes," said the little man.

Bill did so, but what was his surprise, when opening them to find the scene completely changed. In place of the shaded alley and the surrounding trees, which he had seen the minute before, he was in a beautiful country, surrounded with the most delightful scenery he had ever witnessed; birds were singing all around, everything looked gay and lively.

"Now," said the little man, who stood by his side, "look to the right."

Bill looked in the direction pointed out, and there, at a few yards distance from him, was a clear fountain, the water thereof was as clear as amber, and around it were crowded a great many ladies and gentlemen, especially ladies, who were intently looking in.

"What means this?" said Bill, very much surprised, and very curious to know the reason of their looking so intently into the stream.

"Come and see," said the little man, as he drew Bill forward and pointed into the water; "dost thou see anything strange there?"

"I do," said Bill; "I see as if it were the hearts of all this multitude laid bare, and a great many fibres hanging from them."



"You are right," said the little man; "now know you what that means?"

"Not exactly," said Bill.

"Then pay attention to me," said the little man, "and I will instruct thee; take this glass and see what thou makest out."

Bill took it; it was a small eyeglass.

"Now," said the little man, "dost thou see anything stamped on these fibres?"

"I see love, hope, and a great many other words," said Bill.

"These," said the little man, "are the handles of the human mind; learn but to guide these aright, and you may turn mankind, or woman-kind either, though they be ever so perverse, whatever way you choose. Crowds of ladies and gentlemen come here daily, particularly ladies; here they learn the disposition of the young gentleman they love, and know how to manage them. Now look directly below where you stand, and see if there is any face you know."

Bill started and ejaculated—

"By Heaven! 'tis Miss Rebecca Snifter."

"Don't be rash," said the little man, "calm yourself, and tell me if you see anything particular about her."

"I see," said Bill, who was looking anxiously through the glass, "I see two very long fibres, and I think there is stamped on one contempt, and on the other ridicule."

"You are right," said the little man, "now touch love."

Bill reached in his hand and gave it a pull.

"You see," said the little man, "that ridicule and contempt lengthen in proportion as it lengthens."

"So they do," said Bill.

"Now the difficulty is to find out which one to draw, for did you pull the wrong one too tight on trial, you are undone—you understand me?"

"I think I have your meaning," said Bill.

"Touch reflection," then said the little man; "see what that does."

Bill grappled in the water a considerable time ere he could catch a hold of it, it being so very short, but at length getting it between his finger and thumb, he pulled slowly at first, for it was very stiff, but when once fairly set a going, it became still easier and easier; but what surprised Bill was, that in proportion as it extended, so did love, whilst ridicule and contempt in proportion decreased.

"You see," said the little man, "she can love, though ridicule and contempt overpower it; you now know what to do."

Bill, who had been looking eagerly at a coquette, who had no less than half a dozen hearts under her guidance, and managed the whole with very little trouble, turned round to his instructor to inquire the name of the fountain, and how they could call up the faces and hearts of whoever they choosed; but he was gone. He turned to the fountain, but instead of its clear water and crowds that surrounded it, there was he, snugly lying beneath the shade of a large oak tree, at the end of the alley he had left with the little man on the morning.

But Bill didn't forget his instructions, for getting up and stretching his joints, he walked home a more happy man than he had ever been since he had first seen Miss Rebecca Snifter; his friends rallied him on his good looks and his returning happiness. But Bill kept the secret to himself, and determined to put in practice the lesson he had learned from the little man the next day.

Off he sets the next morning to the dwelling of the fair Rebecca Snifter, who lived by herself at a short distance from Bill's residence, pondering all the way on the sight he had seen the day before. At length he reached the door; he knocked and it was opened by a servant girl. Bill felt his legs tremble under him; as he ascended the stairs, his heart began to fail him, and his courage was fast giving way, when the voice of the little man, though his body was invisible, whispered in his ear—

"Now's your time, pull up confidence; remember the lessons."

Bill plucked up a spirit and tapped at the room-door.

"Come in," said the voice of Miss Rebecca Snifter; "dear me," she continued, "Mr. White, is this you? why, I was told you were grown mopish and melancholy of late, but you look better. May I congratulate you on the happy change?"

"But I contemplate another change yet," said Bill.

"Indeed," said Miss Rebecca Snifter, "changes are lightsome; what's in the wind now, may I ask?"

"Only that I am about to get married," said Bill, reciprocating her smiles.

"Married," echoed Miss Rebecca Snifter, "then that explains your melancholy."

"'Tis a serious ordinance, ma'am, and should not be entered on without reflection," replied Bill, gravely.

"It is indeed," said Miss Rebecca Snifter; "were I sceptical on the subject, one glance of your countenance would show me my error."

"And I feel," continued Bill, not pretending to take any notice of the irony contained in the last clause of her remark, "I feel 'tis time now

to come to a decision; I have now arrived at the age that ought to decide whether or not I should remain single for life."

"That's very true indeed," said Miss Rebecca Snifter, with less irony than before, for, in truth, she felt that her time for decision was also come, and despite the treatment she had given her admirers, to gratify her love of ridicule, the thought of remaining single for life had never so much as once crossed her fancy.

Bill noticed the formidable change in her manner, and continued—

"How much more happy is it for a man in the prime and vigour of his days to have his children clustered round him, when in the strength and bloom of manhood, he can almost bid defiance to want—than the man who brings a family about his ears, when he is old, helpless, and peevish; who, should reverses come, has no reliance, no prospect, but misery and wretchedness both for himself and his children. After a careful consideration of these things, I have made my choice."

"And may I ask who is your choice?" said Miss Rebecca Snifter, raising her eyes from the seam she had been sewing, while the tears dropped from her chin.

"One whom I can love, whom I do love sincerely," replied Bill.

"You excite my curiosity," said she; "do tell me who she is, I would like to know her."

Bill saw that now was the time; he had gradually wrought her mind up to that pitch of reflection which, should she refuse him, would at least preserve him from the keen shafts of her ridicule; he looked her tenderly in the face for a few moments, during which he observed her change colour several times, and then said—

"Since you wish to know, you shall know—'tis yourself, my dear, whom I love; yes, my dear Rebecca, I adore thee above all other women on earth; and I sincerely hope, though I know not why, you will grant me a consummation of my blessedness, by enabling me to call you mine for ever."

As Bill said so, he threw himself on his knees, and clasping her hand tenderly in his, looked earnestly, though tenderly, in her face for an answer.

Confusion and surprise at the suddenness and unexpectedness of the avowal, for awhile completely stunned the fair Rebecca Snifter; as that passed away, her features lighted suddenly up, which caused Bill's to lour in proportion, for her eyes gleamed with the contemptuous smile which had put so many to the blush; but it seemed not the effect of habit than circumstances, for no sooner did her eyes meet Bill's, than it passed away; a deep blush succeeded it, while she turned round her head, and Bill heard a soft escape her lips. He waited for no more; he saw his plan had succeeded, so clasping her in his arms, and imprinting a warm kiss on her glowing cheek, he poured into her ears the sweet words of love and consolation, and was blessed with a confession from her own sweet lips that he had gained the day, and that she reciprocated his passion with all its ardour and warmth.

"And did he ever hear afterwards of the little man?" inquired I.

"Never," said Jack.

Some people who envied him the happiness of the possession of the handsome Rebecca Snifter (who made an excellent wife), and her equally handsome fortune, gave out that he only dreamed all that he saw; but Bill knew well enough that he did in reality witness all we have described, laughed at their spiteful envy, and continued to grow more and more attached to his handsome little wife, who, by her love and obedience (for she now only vents her vein of ridicule on the affection of her fashionable neighbours), has proved herself well worthy of his highest love and esteem.

They have now four or five children, the most mischievous little imps in the whole creation; so now, with your leave, I will drain this bumper to the health of Bill White, the knowing Bill, and his pretty little wife, once the mischievous Rebecca Snifter.

**THE ALPHABET OF REQUISITES FOR A WIFE.**—A wife should be amiable, affectionate, affable, accomplished; beautiful, benign, benevolent; charming, candid, cheerful, complaisant, civil, constant; dutiful, dignified; elegant, easy, entertaining; faithful, fond; faultless, free; good, graceful, governable; handsome, harmless, healthy; intelligent, industrious, ingenious; just, kind, lively, lovely; modest, merciful; neat, obedient, pretty, righteous, submissive, temperate, virtuous, well-formed, and young. When I meet with a woman possessed of all these requisites, said an elderly bachelor, I will marry.

**A CLOTHIER OF THE OLDEN TIME.**—Cobbett says that John Winscombe, commonly called Jack of Newbury, was the most considerable clothier England ever had. He kept one hundred looms in his house, each managed by a man and a boy. He feasted King Henry VIII. and his first Queen, Katherine, at his own house, in Newbury, now divided into sixteen clothiers' houses. He built the Church of Newbury from the pulpit westward to the tower. His biography was chronicled by Thomas Deloney, in 1633.



## CLANAWLY.

## A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILES GLIN," &amp;c.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE DISCOVERY.

THEY retired for the night, from the council-room, to their respective bed-chambers, situated in different stories of the great tower; but we shall follow none in his seclusion, save the Earl of Tircconnell. Various feelings filled his bosom, and conflicting thoughts haunted his brain, rendering it quite impossible for him to enjoy sleep. Foreseeing this, he did not undress himself, but sat down in a large oaken chair, beside a loop-hole, endeavouring to decipher the appearance of the country, as it lay outstretched beneath the light of the waning moon. Nothing was plainly discernible, except the deep shades, and the faint prominences of the rugged land beyond; but he had a prospect of the numerous fires, which showed where the army were stationed. He got up from his chair, and commenced pacing the apartment up and down—stopping occasionally, and gazing vacantly at the wick which burned dimly in his lamp. At length he became more calm, and stood for a moment in cool reflection.

"There is something strange upon my mind," said he, looking cautiously towards where the winding steps abruptly led to his chamber, "and I cannot unravel the mystery to my satisfaction. When I dwell upon it, the subject disappears; but, when I become regardless thereof, the uneasiness returns. Am I safe? Certainly; there is nobody here who can have any design upon me. Clanawly's castle, I fancy, is not a stronghold for assassination; and, otherwise, there can be no individual so interested now in me as to seek my life when there is no property at issue."

At this moment a step in the chamber sounded on his ears, and he sprung round sharply to discover the cause, drawing his short sword during that movement. A man stood silently in the apartment, just within the door, who seemed anxious to speak to him. O'Donnell moved up boldly to the person; and, whilst he examined him from head to foot, was satisfied when he discovered the intruder to be one of his servants, whose countenance he recollected.

"What is your will now, friend?" demanded O'Donnell, in a mild and pleasing tone of voice.

"Your lordship does not recollect me—recognise my features?" returned the man, who was none other than Shehan.

"No," paused O'Donnell, looking sternly at him, then on the ground, and again at the stranger, when a significant shake of the head silently declared his absence of mind on that point.

"Wonderful, my lord; how time changes all things!—even the reminiscence of what is nearest and dearest to us. How we lose the knowledge of our early days, by the intrusion of maturer cares!" exclaimed Shehan, looking interestingly upon Tircconnell's countenance.

"It is even so," said the latter.

"Then," thought Shehan to himself, "I must have been mistaken to-day, in fancying myself discovered. What simplicity fills the heart, at the moment of ardent retrospection!" he continued, aloud; "you are not aware, my lord, of what has happened to Con, the son of Calvarch, during the last twenty years?"

"I am not, indeed," returned O'Donnell, astonished, but suspecting nothing; "were you acquainted with him?"

"Yes, my lord, intimately, both before and after his imprisonment; and I wondered why he never returned to yield assistance to his friends in their last necessities."

"If he be living," remarked O'Donnell.

At this expression Shehan's visage brightened up, producing unusual lineaments, and awakening the other's interest in him, but on what account he knew not immediately.

"I believe his person is safe yet," said Shehan, "and he is anxious to converse with you, before further separation, perhaps, may remove him for ever."

"Can I converse with him?"

"Yes; certainly, my lord. Shall I acquaint him with your pleasure in that respect?"

"Most happy on my part; I would that no delay take place."

Shehan went away, and in about twenty minutes afterwards returned clad in his native armour, which he never destroyed, but kept carefully concealed in the castle. When the earl beheld him thus arrayed, he recollected his person; and, though his features were worn and altered, they instantly became familiar to him. Overcome with joy, he threw his arms around Shehan's neck, and embraced him cordially; whilst

his heart was free from those suspicions which darkened his prosperous days.

"Most certainly," he exclaimed, "do I embrace Con, Calvarch's son! a momentous juncture, affording joy and grief so interwoven, that I know not which actuates my bosom."

"Dismiss the grief," said Shehan, as soon as he was freed from the earl's ardent grasp, "and trust in the bravery of your soul. There is freedom wherever that beats, and your sword is sufficient to support the dignity of our title."

"Have you remained in the capacity of a menial since?"

"Yes, my lord; but it is a service in which I live and breathe with more freedom than the proudest chieftain of the hills."

"There is no degradation in Clanawly's house."

"There is nothing slavish beneath the roof of M'Auliff," echoed Shehan, with much warmth.

"Malmurry Mac an Ward is here," continued Shehan.

"My bard?" cried the other, with astonishment.

"Yes, my lord, he followed you up in rear, and would not mingle in the throng, lest his songs may awaken ill-timed rivalry in the hearts of Tyrone's minstrels."

"Very judicious."

"He informed me of a sad occurrence."

"A very sad occurrence. Oh! what was that?" asked O'Donnell, afraid to guess at the import of the sentence, although his heart told him, by dreadful throbbings, what his cousin meant.

"The destruction of our castle—our home," said Shehan; "and, to render my anguish the more acute, he read a very fine ballad of his purest composition on the melancholy catastrophe."

"You say Mac an Ward is below stairs?"

"Yes, my lord," observed Shehan, moved at the emotion of his noble relative, which seemed to render him forgetful.

"Ah! Con," Tircconnell exclaimed, "it is but too true—the castle is destroyed." Here his eyes wandered for a short time, as if he were at a loss for rational guidance; "it is destroyed; I burned it down with my own hand, lest the stranger may make it his fortress."

"Ominous interpretation of the name!" interrupted the other.

Resumed the former,—"But it was not sufficiently ominous to evade my destructive arm, and I carried conflagration to its very summit! I could weep over the ruin that I made, of that stronghold of our family; but, on the contrary, I consider it now as one of the proudest conquests ever I achieved."

"A tremendous victory over every endearment, in order to render the signification of *Dun-ne-gall* void; and I agree with you, my good lord and cousin, since it is very improbable that you may return again."

"There is not the slightest chance of it," said O'Donnell.

"I am afraid not," observed his cousin.

"Can we be overheard in this place?"

"No, no."

"The Spaniards are not faithful, between ourselves, Con."

"I am in doubt of them."

"We are not sufficiently united, and the domineering spirit of Tyrone is only fit for a conquering army, not for an army that looks for conquest in the eye-glance of defeat."

"He must lead, and that will divide."

"The Irish also place great dependence on the Iberians—very foolish. Their assistance may be good, and is good; but, removing all imputations of a sinister stamp, and I very much doubt my last free-will accommodation, as the Spaniards are direful enemies to the English, we should not consider ourselves firm because of their alliance. Tyrone lays too much stress on Spanish disinterestedness, and he is certainly mistaken."

"It would not answer to have such language mentioned abroad," interrupted the other, smiling.

"No—no," exclaimed Tircconnell, "that between ourselves in secret; for if it were known that I held such opinions in my bosom, with regard to the Spanish nation, I would be considered as a traitor, and, at least, spurned as a *gall*. However, there arose sufficient reason, from time to time, and my knowledge is sterling, for me to consider the Spanish alliance with less enthusiasm than my countrymen."

"There are two persons, calling themselves minstrels, also in the castle, who say they were acquainted with our residence in Ulster. I am seriously mistaken if they have not some sinister design in view."

"They must be closely observed," remarked the earl, laying great stress upon the intelligence; "because, of late, pretended minstrels have multiplied in this country. They know the dependence usually placed in their vocation, and take advantage of the reliance, to make themselves acquainted with our movements, and communicate the same to the enemy."

"That must be their intention, indeed, my lord," cried Shehan, aroused by this unexpected interpretation of his doubts; "and I venture to assert, that they shall gain no advantage whilst I am at hand."



"Clanawly has no idea of your origin?"

"No; save that he has hinted, since I became more intimate with him, lately, that I am of greater descent than I pretend; but as to my lineage, he knows nothing."

"Let it remain so."

"Yes, my lord; it were no advantage otherwise."

"He would gain nothing by being acquainted with your descent, and you should have to leave his service; a change which I would not desire, until some more favourable opportunity occurs."

"I must go now, and make some inquiry concerning my friends below, whom I shall dismiss from our hospitality."

"Do not allow them to communicate with the tower, for fear of their making signals of approach to those abroad."

"I will watch that, my lord."

"Can I see you again in the morning?"

"I will join the army, proceeding southward, and thus our communication will be unbroken."

"Then I shall take the advantage of good repose, as it is seldom that it falls in my way now to be so well accommodated; and, moreover, my mind is at rest, promising unbroken sleep."

Another short embrace of renewed intimacy followed, and Shehan went down stairs, happy in the steps he had taken towards disclosing his real circumstances. O'Donnell, without extinguishing the lamp, partly undressed himself, and lay down upon the rude bedstead, to him a couch of superior luxury. The night air blew through the apartment, and it was otherwise uncomfortable to a nobleman of Tirconnell's grade; but a succession of hardships, a protracted march, an occasional bivouac, several sleepless nights before, and an intervening sharp skirmish, removed from his mind all nervous reflections upon comfort and choice, and closed his eyes in dreamless sleep till day-break.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE STRANGE MINSTRELS AGAIN.

WHEN Shehan reached the kitchen, after his conversation with his cousin, O'Donnell, he found the place in darkness, save the dull glow of embers in the grate. As he approached the fire-place, he was not astonished to find Mac an Ward, and the boy, seated within the arch, upon the benches in the recess: they sat facing one another, and seemed to be inclining to sleep, by the silence both observed.

"Have you heard any noise since?" demanded he, sitting down beside the bard, and elbowing him to silent attention.

"None," returned the other, who was perfectly awake.

"Suppose I was to go and put the chains upon the stair-passage, do you think I could do so without making any great noise?"

"Do it at all risks, and keep the villains out of that direction."

"Then we will let the fire die out," said Shehan.

"Yes," interrupted the bard, "and should there be any intention of wickedness on their part, silence and darkness will disclose the plot, whilst we can be prepared to meet them in the vestibule of death."

"Are the chains hard to be procured?" asked Mac an Ward.

"They hang to steeplets at one side of the passage, and have corresponding hooks on the other side. There are five, and I think I can hook and secure them in the dark."

"But how can we manage to escape if they become too powerful for us, and use lustier weapons?"

"There is the doorway to the yard; and, besides, we have a subterranean landing, where I can find security, if necessary."

"That is very good, indeed, and we may rest."

"But before I would take refuge there, the death of a dog shall await any body on these stones."

"The O'Donnell again, even in rags—noble, even in —."

The bard put his hand out in the dark, to accompany his language with a familiar touch, and was instantly startled to confusion by feeling the coat of mail on Shehan.

"What!" he cried, in a half-choked strain, "am I speaking to my old friend, Con? Who is this?"

"You are speaking to Con; but wait until I put up the chains, and then I will explain the entire circumstance."

He stole away slyly in the dark, and though he used every precaution, he could not avoid jingling the chains, as he separated them to place each upon its proper hook. But the worst of the affair came at last—he fancied it was on the receiver, and removed his hand with seeming triumph, when it fell down with a sudden clank, and sounded loudly against the hollow wall. The noise made him quake, and roused up the minstrels, one of whom addressed the other loudly, in order that he might be heard.

"By the powers above, they are chaining us in, as though we were prisoners in a dungeon!—what next?"

"Death, and torturing death, at least," responded his companion, equally loud and raging.

Notwithstanding these vociferous exclamations, Shehan persevered in regaining the end of the chain, and securing it; when he stole softly away, and resumed his seat near the decaying embers, beside his old friend and bard, Mac an Ward.

"Did you hear these infidels?" he asked, laughing.

"They made me hear them," returned the other; "but why this coat of mail, as I want to know all about it, during the silence?"

"I was speaking to O'Donnell."

"You were?—how happy."

"He did not know me at first; although I brought the name and circumstance to his recollection, he did not recognise me."

"He did not? Then, how well I did."

"But so soon as I put on the armour—my own armour—which I always kept concealed, and safely, he knew me in an instant, and showed every feeling of genuine love."

"And you spoke of many matters—did he allude to his destruction of the castle during your conversation?"

"Not until I drew his attention to it; but he seemed, after a little struggle to overcome momentary sorrow, to rejoice in the devastation which he caused to that stronghold."

"It is hard to move the soul of O'Donnell; and he foresaw the consequences of the present disasters with that accurate foresight which characterised all his movements."

"Is there any person without there?" roared one of the minstrels.

"Any living being abroad?" echoed the other.

"Now for something important," whispered Shehan.

The bard tremulously pressed his elbow against the other, acknowledging the remark as if fearful to make any answer.

"We are in darkness," exclaimed the former minstrel.

"And in the shadow of death, if we be not on our guard," chimed his companion; "keep diligent watch by hearing."

"The first footfall is a signal of destruction to us," remarked the other, "and we must be ready."

"But there is no use lying down here until danger comes," said his comrade, "unless we intend to meet death with resignation; and that I do not, whilst I have a skene in my coat-sleeve. Let us leave this dungeon, and move out into the dungeon abroad, which you think is chained up; as, at worst events, we will be better able to defend ourselves there than here."

A shuffling now ensued, and a jingling of steel weapons; and soon afterwards the door of the dormitory grated outwards heavily, with a harsh creaking noise. Their voices then became quite audible; and their steps distinctly sounded through the kitchen. The fire was completely out, rendering the place dimly dark; whilst Shehan at the time he totally extinguished it, awakened up the boy, who was sleeping comfortably in an erect position, lest his heavy breathing may break the silence necessary to the development of the plot.

"Here it is!—look here, man—look at this villany and compound of dark deceit," cried one of the minstrels, whilst he shook the chains that secured the passage.

"Where?—what! how can I see in the dark?—where are you at all, my friend?" exclaimed and demanded the other.

"Can't you detect and find me, by the sound of my voice?"

"Oh! yes—I know where you are."

"Then come hither, and make yourself acquainted with the nature of your imprisonment, as well as the suspicions which we have created against us, because we are Ulster-men."

A few steps announced the motion of the minstrel, and a renewed jingling of the chains, as he swung and counted them in the dark, proved that he reached the discovery, and that his feeling well supplied all defects caused in the senses by absence of sight.

"We are buried alive, man!" he exclaimed.

"Buried alive!" echoed the other, "and in a Christian country."

"May the hands that did so, dig their own grave, for his body!" swore one of the minstrels.

"Even may such be the case," responded the other; "but curses or oaths will not open a dungeon, nor will imprecations knock the bolts off doors; so we had better see what personal application will do towards setting us free."

"And then how much the better will be our lot!"

"Infinitely—then we will have a chance, now we have none; and chance often leads the way to success."

"There surely can be no person here—these dormitories are generally crammed at night with villains and vermin; but I suppose they are all on the watch to-night, in consequence of the enemy."

"Let us try these chains—we cannot worse than fall."

Shehan and the bard listened very attentively, and heard their repeated attempts in vain to undo the fastenings, which, though very simple, required a hand used to them, or open day-light. They fought long and earnestly against ill luck, cursing, and swearing, and pouring maledictions on their gaoler's head at every unsuccessful issue. The



others knew that they could hear any one fastening undone, by the falling of the chain; and were, therefore, content that they could not pass out, without due notice being given of such escape.

"We may as well let the business drop," said one.

"I am heartily tired of the attempt," remarked the other, whilst Shehan was ready to burst out laughing with joy, at their discomfiture.

"One thing is evident," returned the former, "and that is, he or they would not think of fastening themselves in; and so we may conclude that we are alone, unless we esteem the rats as companions."

"Then we had better seek the inner dungeon again, and lie down quietly there, until we are released in some way or the other."

"You had no communication with M'Mahon, lately?" asked one of the minstrels, whilst they poked out the entrance to the dormitory which they left.

"No," said the other; "oh! curse o' God!" when a hollow sound seemed to show that he knocked his head against the open door.

"I found the door," he continued, "but, misfortune! I found it at the cost of my head, which I hope is not split."

"No fear of that, or you would not have your voice so clear," returned the other; "for a cracked bell won't ring clear—it whizzes."

"This is no time for jokes," observed his companion, "particularly when our jokes may crack our doom."

"There are two sides of the question; and if steel defends from steel, ours is as genuine as any brought on trial."

"Brian was in the skirmishing party last night—that is I heard he was to be; and I suppose he was concerned in the contest between them and the gathering at this castle. You see, we had no opportunity of falling in with them again, on account of the Irish army passing up; and how could I have any conversation with M'Mahon, then? Moreover I had not any news for them, more than they knew already."

"And the villainous treatment in this castle prevents us from having any now either—what do we know of what passed in the hall? and this is the most particular time, when all we could gather together would be wanting, as to their mode of going up the country."

"Brian M'Mahon's son is well off, I heard."

"Oh! indeed, 'tis better for him to be a page to Sir George Carew, as he is, not to be a daltin, (a cow-boy) under any Irish churl. He will come to greatness, and be respected by the English officers; whilst he won't have anything to lose, by separating from the dregs of Irish bigotry and madness."

"How well we managed our point in the north!"

"Right well, indeed; but I fear we shall not be so successful here, as the people, though more illiterate, are more crafty."

"We were never taken off our pretence there, and always passed well for minstrels, without suspicion."

"Is Phelim M'Mahon, Brian's brother, still in the confidence of Sir George Carew?"

"Yes, indeed; and he contrived several points of information for him, right cunningly—and now he is contriving out all the Spanish intentions, as regard their invasion."

"Sir George will know every movement as soon as the Irish leaders themselves, by Brian's brother's sharpness."

"Every bit as soon, and will be able to match them upon their own ground, inch for inch beforehand."

At this point of the conversation they were settled down comfortably in the sleeping-crib again, almost forgetful of their incarceration; and fancying that no person was within hearing, gave vent to every expression which came uppermost, without the least restraint.

"Now!" whispered Shehan, treading on Mac an Ward's foot.

"Oh! oh! the traitors!" whispered the other, returning the impression.

"We may as well leave this in the morning," said one of the minstrels. "No doubt," said the other, "nothing is to be gained here, where we have not the free use of our limbs."

"Less than you imagine, even," whispered Shehan.

"We shall move directly for the south," observed the former again.

"Or fall in with that party of Brian's," said his comrade, "for fear of creating any further suspicion, as I am not at all satisfied with this our first southern reception."

"You may be correct, and therefore we will see how far their discovery may be practicable."

Shehan now whispered into Mac an Ward's ear,—"I wish I could manage to steal up stairs, and pretend to come down, as if I came into the kitchen for the first time, and knew nothing of their conversation."

"That can be done by your undoing the chains inside, and making the pretence that you were getting in."

"But for a light?"

"You can get that after you enter the kitchen."

Shehan took the hint, and softly moving out, began to twist the chains off their screw hooks, exclaiming, "What will I do for a light when I get in?"

He then pretended to walk, as for the first time about the kitchen, and stamped louder than usual to draw the attention of the minstrels to the scheme. They instantly ceased speaking. Shehan then approached the fire-place, and turning over the bank of embers, found a mass of red rubbish and dust in the heap; and applying his mouth close to one part, he blew it up to a flame. A wick was now lit, and he went to the centre of the floor, as if about to do something necessary, when he was cited to the dormitory by one of the minstrels.

"Here, here," cried the speaker.

"Wherefore?" demanded Shehan, hastening to his call.

"We are incarcerated here this night——?" and he was about to make a lengthened question, when he started into silence, by remarking the armour on Shehan.

The latter perceived the cause, and returned, "We are all on guard to-night—the watch houses, and not lazy beds, are our places of occupation—therefore, we had to secure the premises everywhere, as is customary when the country is marauded, and we compelled to put every point in proper defence."

"You don't call that a kern's coat of mail?"

"Nor am I a kern," said Shehan.

"And you a menial servant?" said the same again, laughing loudly to his companion, who joined in the glee.

"Mind your language," said Shehan, coolly.

"I understand you," observed the other; "but, mind you, though we are minstrels, the wreath freedom and bardism conceals the weapons which we can use."

"This is all I want," said Shehan; "and you now have unveiled yourself and companion, and stand in that light which I suspected from the commencement—faces of friends and faces of foes are easily discernible by me; but it ever requires patience and care to distinguish the face of a traitor."

The minstrel who last spoke, looked at his friend, when both sprung on their feet suddenly. Shehan drew back quickly, made a firm stand, and quivered his glaive from its scabbard. There was a pause nearly similar to that into which a tempest momentarily lulls itself, previous to renewed violence. The minstrels perceived their strength, but felt inferiority, and both agreed on the necessity of quitting the castle, rather than "cause bloodshed beneath its roof."

"You look to your own safety, gentlemen traitors," exclaimed Shehan, his blood mounting up to his very brain.

"Let us depart," said one contemptuously.

"The first time we ever left a castle in the night," observed the other, taking up his companion's words.

"I am sorry," said Shehan, "that you cannot wait for breakfast,—you should be accommodated."

"We will breakfast more commodiously."

"In an English tent or garrison," said Shehan, laughing.

"Let us go—let us go!"

"No, gentlemen traitors, stay; for Clanawly's house is hospitable to such gentlemen, particularly our own countrymen—traitors," said Shehan, leading the way towards the stairs.

They now followed him step by step, until they gained the upper court-yard; when Shehan led them round to a back entrance of the castle, that reached it from the wet part of the moat. This gate passed through a small tower, which also communicated with the hall; and when he opened the heavy door, the rush of cold air announced to them that they were on the verge of the castle. They instantly stood without upon the threshold, and Shehan bolted the door upon them; but listened at the ear hole to find what would follow. Two heavy splashes succeeded to a short silence, and this was followed by the awful screams and shrieks of persons, as if fighting against death in the convulsions of drowning. The shrieks became fewer and fainter, till at last they withdrew away to a gurgling noise; and soon the silence of night reigned again, as if nothing had happened to call forth an echo from its depths.

(To be continued in our next.)

TRAFALGAR.—Huge fragments of wreck still frequently emerge from the watery gulf whose billows chase the rocky sides of Trafalgar; they are relics of the enormous ships which were burnt and sunk on that terrible day, when the heroic champion of Britain concluded his work, and died. I never heard of but one individual venturing to say a word in disparagement of Nelson's glory; it was a pert American, who observed that the British admiral was much overrated. "Can that individual be overrated," replied a stranger, "whose every thought was bent on his country's honour; who scarcely ever fought without leaving a piece of his body in the fray; and who, not to speak of minor triumphs, was victorious in two such actions as Aboukir and Trafalgar?"

The spirit of pride, petulance, and prejudice, is the spirit not of wisdom, but of folly; to the progress of knowledge, whether human or divine, it is ever fatal.



## LOVE'S TREACHERY; OR, THE DESERTED.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

Mr. Newton received the intelligence of his daughter's death with the same apparent stoical indifference that usually characterised his reception of any event. He made no comment, but he shut himself up in the solitude of his own chamber, where he poured out his whole soul before his Maker. He again appeared, his mien was calm and collected, though if possible more stern and unbending than ever.

The remains of Agnes were laid where she expressed a wish—beneath the shadow of the old tree. The sunbeams rested on her narrow bed, and the scented violet, and the early flowers of spring adorned the sod above her, while roses shed their blushing leaves around, planted by the affectionate care of her sister Sophia, who every evening repaired there to weep fresh tears of grief, and mourn over the sad occurrence that had so fearfully hastened her to an early grave. Thus a twelvemonth passed away, and William Goodwin besought her to fulfil her promise of becoming his wife; there was no further cause for delay, and Sophia Newton became the mistress of another home,—her husband's mother still residing with them; but Mr. Newton, declining in health, could not bear to be separated from his daughter, neither could he be induced to leave Woodlands; therefore, at his urgent request, they let the Goodwin Farm, and removed there altogether.

Years now passed away unmarked by any event, except the death of Mr. Newton, and the successive births of three children to Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin. Nothing happened to disturb the peaceful serenity of their lives; they prospered in their affairs, and were respected and beloved by all who knew them. Sophia still continued her daily visits to her sister's grave, planting fresh flowers as the others died away, and cultivating them with the greatest care and attention. One evening as she was approaching the sacred spot, accompanied by her daughter, who had been named Agnes, she beheld the figure of a man attired in mourning, leaning in a pensive attitude over the grave. Such an unusual occurrence excited her surprise, and occasioned an exclamation, which caused the stranger to turn round; his face was pale, and expressed the utmost anguish; and on perceiving himself observed, moved away as if about to quit the churchyard, when Sophia called her little girl, who was running about in all the joyous gaiety and thoughtlessness of childhood, to return to her. Suddenly the stranger paused.

"Pardon me, madam," he said; "but did I not hear you mention the name of Agnes? That once familiar name, with the features of this child, have touched a painful chord in my bosom, and awakened the remembrance of events long since passed away, but never to be forgotten. Tell me, is she yours, and do I not speak to her who was once Sophia Newton? I think I cannot be mistaken, for time has marked his course but lightly over those features since last I saw them!"

"My name was Sophia Newton, certainly, and is now Goodwin; but how such a circumstance can have connexion with occurrences relating to an entire stranger, I am at a loss to imagine!"

"Gracious Heaven! is it then possible? You do not remember one whom you have so much reason to curse the day you ever beheld? Must I name him, or can you any longer doubt who it is that now stands before you?"

Sophia staggered against a tomb for support, as her lips faltered the name of Sandford.

"Aye, madam! you now behold that unhappy man, who has never known one moment of peace or happiness since he parted from your sister, so basely, so cruelly deserted her, and left her to misery and shame. She confided in my honour, and I wantonly abused the trust! I went abroad, and endeavoured to drown my feelings in reckless gaiety and dissipation; but in vain,—remorse preyed on my guilty heart, and poisoned my existence,—the pale sinking form of Agnes was for ever present to my imagination, fixing upon me a look of despairing, dying agony. I would awake in the night from my troubled sleep, and dash myself on the floor in horror of mind unutterable. I could not exist thus, and determined to write to England in the hope of gaining some intelligence respecting her. I wrote to the place where I had left her—like a villain left her—and also to a friend in London, desiring him to spare no trouble or expense, to find her present residence, where ever it might be, enclosing a written promise of marriage, that I would make her every reparation in my power when I returned, which I expected would now take place in the course of a few months. An answer was forwarded after some delay, that no trace of her could be obtained, not even in her native village, and it was supposed she had either gone abroad, or had died. I cursed myself in despair, and was more miserable than ever. An account of my elder brother's death soon after arrived, which summoned me to England, and I then caused numerous inquiries to be made again, sending down here to ascertain whether she had returned to her home, when the fatal truth was made known to me. She was dead! For some time the sudden shock, joined to the shattered

state of my health, deprived me of my senses; the extent of my villainy was made manifest, and a long and serious illness was the consequence, from which I had no sooner in some measure recovered, than I resolved to visit her last resting-place, and have only just arrived; it was pointed out to me by a passing villager, with a severe comment on the unfeeling villain who had been the means of bringing ruin and disgrace into an honest family, and a young creature to an early grave! He little knew that very villain stood before him! And now, although I dare scarcely make so sad a trial of your feelings, yet, if you would but give me an account of every circumstance connected with your unfortunate sister, from the time she was so cruelly abandoned to the period of her death, it would confer on me an everlasting obligation, for which I shall not be ungrateful. I have an object in view, and it is necessary that I should be made acquainted with all particulars."

Sophia could not refuse this request, however painful to her feelings, to recount the sufferings of her unhappy sister; but she compelled herself to the task, and there, by the grave of the poor deserted one, did her betrayer listen to the recital of all her wrongs inflicted by his hand! He spoke not during the mournful history, but remained rigid and motionless, with his eyes fixed on the sod that covered her remains; but when Sophia had concluded, he took her hand, and placing on her finger a diamond ring of great value, told her she would shortly hear from him again, and before she could recover from her astonishment, he had left the churchyard, and was out of sight.

Sophia hastened home to inform her husband of the strange, unexpected meeting with Sandford, and the subsequent occurrences. He listened in mute surprise, and then advised her to put away the ring very carefully, until a time should arrive, when it might be returned to him, as it was far too splendid for one in her humble sphere to think of wearing; besides which, they could not wish to retain any gift from such a source. Sophia thought the same; and the ring was, accordingly, put carefully away.

About a week after these events had taken place, to the great surprise of Sophia, who thought it must be some mistake, as she had no correspondents whatever, a letter was put into her hands, directed to her, and sealed with black. She gave it to her husband to open, and a draft for the sum of five thousand pounds met their astonished view; it was accompanied by a few words, but without any signature, merely stating, that the enclosed sum had been sent them by a sincere friend, who had the interest of their family much at heart, and they were at liberty to make what use they thought proper with it, but to take no steps towards any inquiries respecting the donor, as it would be equally vain and useless; perhaps they might know at some future day.

That Sandford was the donor, instantly suggested itself to the mind of Sophia, and she was resolved to make no use of the money so mysteriously presented to her, until she could ascertain further particulars respecting it. Although she could not deny that it would be of essential service to them in the purchase of some valuable land near Woodlands, still she determined to resist all temptation towards touching it, and the draft was also placed in security along with the ring.

Thus affairs seemed to walk on in the same quiet way as usual, for something more than six months after the above occurrence, when a greater surprise was destined to be in reserve for the family at the farm.

One morning, a man on horseback rode up at full speed to the door, inquiring for Mrs. William Goodwin, and when she presented herself, placed a large packet in her hands, and instantly rode off again without exchanging another word.

Sophia opened the packet in the presence of her husband, and found that it gave an account of the death of the Right Honourable Henry Sandford, Earl of Linwood, who had bequeathed to her the sum of fifteen thousand pounds, five thousand to each of her sons, and ten thousand to her daughter Agnes; also, five thousand to old Mrs. Goodwin, for her humane conduct towards the late Agnes Newton, in her distress.

The astonishment of the worthy couple may be better imagined than described. The latter further purported that it was written by the attorney of the late Earl of Linwood, who had given him copious instructions about the property; and concluded, by desiring they would do him the favour of calling upon him in London, at their earliest convenience, for further particulars.

Sophia felt perfectly bewildered; the Sandford they had known, was then an earl; and this, then, must have been the object he told Sophia he had in view, when she so unexpectedly encountered him in the churchyard, and, of course, it was to him they were indebted for the previous draft for five thousand pounds.

No time was now lost in setting out on their journey, an event in the life of both Sophia and her husband, who had never been thirty miles from home before in all their lives.

In due time they reached their destination, and waited instantly on the man of law, who put them into immediate possession of their unexpected wealth, in informing them, that the death of the earl had taken place under the most melancholy circumstances.



He had lately caused to be erected in a retired part of his grounds, a superb monument, for which the sculptor, a Florentine, had received an enormous sum, it being considered a masterpiece of art. To this monument, the earl was daily in the habit of repairing; and one evening, on returning from some little distance, he was about to dismount from his horse, with the intention of walking home through the park, whose gates were in view, when the horse took fright at something in the road, plunged and reared, becoming perfectly unmanageable, and, finally, cleared the park-gate at a bound, nor stopped in his mad career until near the monument, when he made a sudden start, and threw the earl, now completely exhausted, on the steps of the cenotaph, where he was discovered by his servants, quite helpless. He never spoke again.

Sophia wept as she listened to the melancholy end of a man who had caused so much distress to her family. Retributive justice would not be cheated of its due; the betrayed and the betrayer, were now both low—both at rest. That monument had been erected to the memory of the unfortunate Agnes, and the temple of the earl striking against the corner of the steps on being thrown from his horse, was the cause of his death.

Sophia and her family were now in the possession of great wealth, but it made no alteration in their manners, and but little in their way of living. Woodlands was still the home which pleased them best, and it underwent much enlarging and improving, until it became a handsome residence.

Sophia had the happiness of beholding her sons received everywhere with respect and consideration, and her daughter Agnes married to a gentleman of large fortune, whose estate joined Woodlands. Old Mrs. Goodwin lived to embrace her great grand children, and Sophia, the excellent Sophia, with her worthy husband, gradually descended into a serene old age, surrounded by the blessings of all around them, while her daughter Agnes walked in her mother's footsteps, and continued the same devotion and respect towards preserving the freshness, and cultivating the flowers that adorned the lowly grave of the Deserted One.

E. S.

## REVENGE, JUSTICE, AND MERCY.

AN ALLEGORY.

With flaming torch and naked steel arose  
The fiend Revenge; and his attendant woes  
Followed him closely in a frightful crowd,  
With curses, howls, and imprecations loud,  
Dark'ning the lucid air with pitchy cloud.  
They paused, and hovered o'er a desert place,  
And converse held with one of mortal race.  
"Man—lord of earth—image of God above!  
Give me your ears—creation's master prove;  
Weep not—oh, shame! scorn thou the briny tear,  
'Tis but the vile precursor of pale fear.  
E'en grovelling brutes arouse themselves and lash  
Their quivering sides, and fierce with fury dash  
Upon th' assailants' steel, and bite in vain  
The glittering barb, to them the source of pain.  
In soulless beasts, Revenge can find a place;  
Is't then unworthy of the human race?  
Shall noble man, creation's lord, forbear—  
Shall he inactive weep, when lions tear?  
Shall he, more tame than those who call him lord,  
Brood on his wrongs, and fear to view his sword?  
By smivelling Mercy shall his hand be stayed?  
No; rather let him kiss the murdering blade  
With vengeful fervour, panting for the strife,  
Nor rest content but with the wronger's life.  
Call up thy murder'd infant's bleeding ghost,  
And ponder o'er the treasure thou hast lost.  
Picture thy burning cot and wife despoil'd  
By him—thy enemy—hast thou not boil'd  
With fury uncontrol'd—thy heartstrings stretched  
Almost to breaking? Yet thou hast not flesh'd  
Thy useless sword—thy enemy still lives  
To slay again! thy weak forbearance gives  
A further impetus to such as he;  
We know not—his next victim might be—thee.  
Prove thee a man, then; murder, burn, destroy,  
Appease the shades of thy dead wife and boy!  
Revenge! Revenge! be that thy drink and food,  
Until thou slak'st thee with the murderer's blood!"

The fiend was silent, when a form appear'd  
Less stern of mien, and as the spot she near'd,

The demon, fell Revenge, in triumph roar'd.  
"She comes! she comes! with her avenging sword,  
My foster sister Justice—softer, she  
Disowns her near relationship to me;  
By modern manners more demure,  
Repudiates Revenge, and terms impure  
The same unholy passions she dispays,  
And in a milder form her victim slays.  
Ha! ha! good sister Justice—well the flush  
Of shame covers your cheek with crimson blush;  
Too oft your vice original you show  
As suffering mortal victims well do know.  
I fear you not—hypocrite! hence, begone!  
Nor think to call my proselyte your own."  
She felt the truth of every cutting word,  
And Justice sheath'd awash'd her glittering sword.  
"Now," cried Revenge, and urged the mortal on,  
"Arouse! arouse! here, and the deed is done!"  
The yielding mortal took the proffer'd knife,  
Muttering "Blood for blood, and life for life."  
The sage inspired, proclaims the doctrine right,  
"Give good for good, and ill for ill requite."  
He grasp'd the blade, and on his mission foul  
Prepared to start, when suddenly his soul  
Repented, and a beauteous form appear'd;  
She smiled benignant, and her presence cheer'd  
The troubled mortal, whose whole soul was rent  
With passion's conflict, and whose mind was bent  
On deeds of blood, till she, the goddess, came,  
And by her soothing influence quench'd the flame.  
"Mortal," she cried, while back the demons hung,  
"Art thou all just—say, didst thou never wrong?  
Is thy soul purity itself—thy heart  
Teeming alone with every better part?  
Offended Heaven looks down and loud denies  
The self-defending lie about to rise  
Upon thy lips. Cast down the murderous knife,  
Abandon every thought of fiendish strife,  
Tell me, rash man—is justice all men want?  
Mercy ye crave, and mercy Heav'n will grant,  
As thou forgiveness freely yield'st to those  
Who have offended thee and prov'd thy foes.  
Fell fiend," she cried, "down to thy native Hell!"  
Down sunk the demons with a frantic yell.  
"Oh, from thy mind be this truth ne'er effaced,  
In Heaven's mercy all thy hopes are placed;  
Leave to Almighty hands the vengeful rod—  
Forgive—and, more than man, resemble God!"

J. R\*\*\*\*.

REMARKABLE [YEW TREES.—The dimensions of the yew tree at Fountain's Abbey, near Ripon, are as follows:—height, fifty feet; girth at three feet from the ground, twenty-two feet eight inches; at five feet, twenty-six feet five inches. It is the largest of the now remaining five, and forms the end of the row. In the list of recorded trees of this species given in Mr. Loudon's "Arboretum," we find one mentioned still larger. It stands in Darley Dale Churchyard, Derbyshire, and though the height is not greater, yet at the base the girth is twenty-seven feet; at two feet from the ground, twenty-seven feet seven inches; at four feet there are protuberances which swell the girth to thirty-one feet eight inches. The trunk is forked at seven feet from the base. The tallest yew tree in England is in the churchyard of Arlington, near Hounslow, which is fifty-eight feet high. A famous yew tree at Ankerwyte, near Staines, is thirty-two feet five inches in girth at eight feet from the ground, and the diameter of its head is sixty-nine feet. At Tisbury, Dorsetshire, there is a yew whose circumference is thirty-seven feet; it is perfectly hollow, and a few years ago a party of seventeen persons breakfasted within its capacious bole. In many churchyards in Scotland and Wales, as well as in England, there are yew trees of great antiquity. At Queenwood, near Tytherley, Wilts, there are some fine avenues of this tree. One avenue consists of one hundred and sixty two trees, averaging a height of thirty-four feet, planted about two hundred years since. The other comprises one hundred and twenty trees, average height twenty-four feet, and it is believed they were planted about one hundred and seventy years ago. The usual growth of a seedling is six or eight feet in ten years and about fifteen feet in twenty years.

There is at present in the orangery of Versailles an orange tree planted by one of the female ancestors of Jeanne d'Albret. Its age is 82 years. It was brought to France in 1560, and was the first of the kind that was seen. Francis I. and Henry IV. kept it at Fontainebleau.



## MATTEO; OR, THE ITALIAN'S REVENGE.

DURING my travels in Italy, a few years back, I met with many adventures that do not usually obtrude themselves upon travellers, because I did not do as travellers usually do. My motive for roaming was pleasure and improvement, and neither time nor money was an object, so that I did what I pleased, and went where I chose.

I went from place to place, from town to town, and city to city, as best suited my humour or convenience, and thus I saw more than most of those who return to their own country and write books of travel, describing what little they have seen, and much that they have not.

The incident I am about to relate did not occur to myself, though I was an actor in it.

At the foot of the central chain of mountains that run nearly through the whole of Italy, was a small town, at which I intended to stay for a few days.

The views from these mountains, and the picturesque appearance of the country, I was told would amply repay me for the trouble of seeking them. Here, therefore, I determined to stay for a time, and put up at a good inn in the town.

Good, I say, because it was good considering two important drawbacks: that is, it was a continental inn, and, moreover, the town a poor one, and innkeepers did not thrive. In England, much of what I there called good would have been deemed excruciating.

The bedstead was low and crazy, and not long enough; but that was no matter, the fault was in my length.

The fare was not rich; but I could have most things that could be obtained for money; but I cared not for that, for I intended to spend a few days among the mountains, and therefore I should fare much worse occasionally, for I could expect no aid, save from some mountain shepherd or hunter.

I started for the mountains, taking with me a stout guide, who was to act as my servant, for a consideration, of course. The day proved to be one of exceeding beauty and heat also, and the promise in either case was not broken, for a day of the most intense heat and brightness was the consequence.

We had not travelled many hours, ere I found that but a small amount of exercise would suffice, and I accordingly began to look out for some cool, sheltered spot, where I could enjoy both the prospect and my own thoughts.

My guide seemed to divine my intention, and at once said,—

"Not far hence, signor, lives Matteo, the goatherd. His cottage is situated on the edge of a precipice, and there you can rest, watching the progress of the day and the beauty of the scenery."

"That will do," replied I. "Lead on, so that it be not too far, for my skin will not bear being peeled off, without pain."

"It is not far; but let me caution you," he added, "not to take any notice of Matteo's wife, for he is very jealous."

"Ha! ha! ha!" I laughed. "What, is she so very pretty and frail, that Matteo must always stand sentinel over her?"

"No; but he is a very quick and revengeful man, and when once excited, it would be dangerous to be in his way. Indeed, I believe, that if he thought himself injured by you, were it but by thought or word, he would have his revenge, were it years ere he could accomplish his purpose."

"Upon my word," said I, "this Matteo is a very dangerous man."

"You may say that, and many people say so; but 'tis reported he has connections with certain lawless people who will do his bidding in good as well as evil."

"You inflame my curiosity," I replied, "to see this redoubtable Matteo and his wife."

"That you can speedily do, signor," replied my guide, "for we shall be in sight of his abode in another minute."

This was, indeed, the fact, and the sight was one that filled one's mind with astonishment and admiration.

At the corner of a cliff was placed a small cottage, low, but rambling, and bore the appearance of being built with some regard to the situation, so that it might escape the danger of the flood and storms, the latter being exceedingly furious in these latitudes, sweeping along like tornadoes.

The view beyond it was wild and sublime in an extreme, and I can yet distinctly recollect the features of the landscape, they made such a strong impression upon my mind. This, however, was broken in upon by my guide saying,—

"You will see as much, signor, from Matteo's dwelling, and not be exposed to the heat of the sun."

I immediately took the hint, and entered the abode of the goatherd. I had scarcely done so, when I could at once see that Matteo and his wife were with a stranger, ministering to his wants, though there was

an air of sullenness and hatred that sat plainly upon Matteo's features. He glanced stealthily towards the stranger and his wife. There was no mistaking the man's expression—it was one of hatred and revenge.

The stranger was conversing carelessly with the pretty brunette; for certainly Matteo's wife was pretty—I may say, exquisitely so; and he evidently cared not for dark Matteo's looks. There seemed a degree of intelligence between the stranger and the wife, much greater than was necessary.

This, no doubt, escaped not the eye of Matteo, ever jealous and suspicious; and I thought I could at once divine the purpose of his soul, and this was, to put some plan into execution that would at once satisfy his revenge, and deprive his rival of his life, a thing easily done.

I now entered, and my guide explained what I wanted, which was courteously granted us, and I was invited to seat myself at the same board at which the stranger sat.

We had no sooner met face to face than we both recognized one another. The meeting was one of those unexpected events, that, when they do happen, always bring pleasure with them. He was an old schoolfellow of mine, of whom I had lost sight for some years.

He had been some time on the continent, and was about to return to England; but became tempted, by the beauty of the place, to spend a few days among the mountains.

"Have you been long here?" I inquired of him.

"Yes, for a day or two. When I first came, our landlord was, or appeared to be, a good-humoured man; but now he is as miserable as you could find a man all over Italy; but I am compensated by the attention and charming good humour of his wife."

"Be careful what you are about!" I exclaimed. "Matteo is a revengeful man, and cares not about spilling blood, I am told."

"Never trouble yourself about him," he replied; "I care not for his ill humours, I have something better to do; I come to enjoy myself, and shall do so."

"Can't you do so without paying too much attention to that pretty brunette?" said I.

"Upon my life," replied my companion, "I can't, that's the truth of it; I never can pass so sweet a creature without offering her that devotion that beauty is entitled to; and, besides that, there is so much real pleasure in tormenting such an ill-favoured hound as Matteo—he looks as if he could cut one's throat when fast asleep, or stab one in the back."

"And one or the other he will certainly do, I am sure, if the character I have heard of him be true; and, to judge by his appearance, I should say it was."

"No doubt of it; every word of it is true, if it says he is a cut-throat and evil-minded man," replied my friend, with much gaiety and good humour, and then he turned to speak to Matteo's wife.

"I could see the working of Matteo's countenance; I could see the flashing of his dark eye as he watched the heedlessness and frankness of my friend, who did no more than many others would have done, but Matteo thought otherwise."

At length, however, I arose, and said I should journey onwards; the sun was declining, and such a sunset I would not miss seeing for the whole world. Having satisfied Matteo for his hospitality, we arose, and quitted the hut.

I turned round for a moment to witness the grandeur of the scene before me; the poet nor the painter ever portrayed such a scene as that which now lay in peace and grandeur before me. I was wrapped in contemplation.

From my reverie I was awakened by my guide, who recalled me to myself by saying,—

"You have a long road before you, signor, and, if night overtakes you here, it will be no safe travelling; besides, I would have you look after your friend, if he be such, and, if he go with you, it will be as well he does so at once, seeing that old Matteo looks upon him with no kindly eye, as I can swear."

This at once recalled me to my senses; I was alone, save that my guide was with me—my friend was gone.

"Where is he?" I inquired.

"In the house," was the short reply; "he went back, and Matteo after him."

I now understood him, and instantly made, towards the house, and, on arriving there, I found that he had stepped back for something he had left behind, and then saluted the wife of Matteo, who saw the act, and, stepping up stealthily behind him, he would have buried his stiletto in his heart had I not stayed his hand.

"In the name of Heaven, how could you be so imprudent?" I exclaimed, half angry at his heedlessness; "this had nearly cost you your life."

He now became aware of the state of things, and endeavoured to make Matteo aware of the fact that nothing uncivil or improper had been meant towards him or his wife; but Matteo's answer was characteristic of himself.



"I will have my revenge! Matteo knows how to revenge himself, and may I die in extremity but I will have it!"

Saying this much, he dashed out of the house at a furious rate, and was soon lost among the rocks.

"Come, come," said I; "we shall hear more of this before many days."

"Yes; you had better go, signor," said Matteo's wife; "he is a desperate man, and will not hesitate at inflicting death upon you."

"Will he inflict any ill-usage upon you?" inquired my friend, disregarding all remonstrances; "if so, you shall leave him."

"No—no—he will not; and, besides, I could not leave my children. Go—go, generous signor—stay no longer, and fear not for me."

We both quitted the place, and hurried on our journey. The evening was calm and beautiful—the sun was in its downward progress; and its latest rays, while the valleys were buried in shadows, illuminated the lofty and rugged rocks, among which we were wandering.

Often would I turn round and enjoy the contemplation of such a scene that is seldom met with during the course of many a long life; my companion also enjoyed the scene, and often remarked that in all his travels he never witnessed anything he could look upon with so much real pleasure.

"Signor," said the guide to me, "I would not leave you out in the open air after night-fall; you must remember that your friend has seriously offended Matteo, and you ought at least to be cautious."

"Good Heaven!" said my friend, "what can you mean? You cannot believe that that infernal-looking scoundrel has taken deadly offence at my having spoken to his wife, in the same manner I would have done in my country?"

"Yes, signor, I do, and you will find my words true; Matteo will have his revenge, or else perish in the attempt."

"Well," replied my friend; "well, then, let us get under shelter, and to-morrow I will be better armed, and then, if we meet, I shall at least be as formidable as he will."

"Ay, signor; but Matteo is silent in his revenge, and you know not when the blow may be struck."

No more was said on this subject, and we followed the footsteps of our guide in silence, and with some feeling of dread on my own part certainly, to think he had incurred the deepest hatred of a revengeful man.

We were now among a rugged mass of broken rocks, and within sight of the spot where we were to remain during the night. Our guide was in advance, and then came my friend, who brought up the rear. A sudden cry startled me and my guide; I looked back, expecting my friend had fallen down the precipice, when what was our horror to see him struggling with Matteo.

He was bleeding from several wounds, and the ground was covered with blood. I rushed towards him, and Matteo cried, as he again plunged his dagger in his heart,—

"Die! die! Matteo is avenged!"

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed I, "you die by the hand of the executioner for this," and was about to seize him, when the unfortunate object of his passion, with a sudden spring, struck him a desperate blow, that caused him to reel; and, coming to the edge of the precipice, he fell over, and his body was dashed to pieces as it came in contact with the various rocks that projected out, ere it reached the bottom.

My unfortunate friend smiled feebly as he gave me his hand, and then breathed his last. His body was interred in the nearest churchyard, and a cross erected upon the spot of the sad event. This was an occurrence that never escaped my memory; and, when I recollect my travels, I recollect also the Italian's revenge.

## THE PRIDE OF MELANZUIES; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF THE HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THAMES," ETC.

IN one of the many villages which entwine around the lofty brow of the Tyrol, there dwelt a maiden, whose innocent beauty was as clear as the blue skies when unruined by a mist or cloud. The poet's eye, when roaming over the wide domain of fancy, could not have rested on a spot more fertilizing for the mind than her face and her form; whilst the hand of the sculptor must have chiselled for the angels to give to her that angelic smile, and that heavenly grace, which ever rested on the freshened cheek and on the soul-inspiring frame. Such was Elizette de Fols—the Pride of Melanzues.

It was early in the autumn of the by-gone year that a fete, which annually had taken place from time immemorial, was again about to ensue. It was a scene which awakened in the old the most pleasurable sensations, because association recalled to their fading memories never-dying scenes; and as the lofty sycamores stretched far and wide to

caress each ray from the brilliant sun, the hearts that were merry led up with spirit string music the dance beneath their shade, whilst the gay ribbons of the young floated gaily in the air, and none looked more joyous than Elizette—the festive queen, and the Pride of Melanzues.

Merriment had been life indeed that day, and numerous groups had spread themselves over the fair landscape. It was beautiful to hear the sweet melodies which occasionally rung from each spot, whilst the fading echoes, borne over the far distant valley, seemed softly and sweetly to linger ere sadly they receded among the far distant hills tops. But there was one voice so pre-eminent, so euphonious, that one so vowed to think it would soon fly away, whilst, after each verse, a kind of chant arose from the many voices, and sped on the wings of gossamer far high in the sweet, balmy air, whilst the same voice awoke with the ever blithe melody which had previously whistled along.

In a neighbouring canon there dwelt two brothers, whose only similarity was in the slight difference between their ages; they were both of a commanding stature, and were as well formed for the field as the fight. Ardent and impassioned, which the wiliness of their native hills tended well to foster, they had both admired and loved the dark-eyed Elizette.

Alphonse, who was somewhat the elder, was esteemed by the Melanzues' Pride, rather more than Mantois, the younger; but it was thought that time as it onward flew would quiet their hearts for awhile.

It was early one morning that the brothers, whilst enjoying the chase, spoke of her again; whilst if they had gazed on a cloud, which lowering, frowned down about them, they would have seen that it said,—

"Let the tongue be still that the heart may experience peace."

Alphonse offered to decide the result by chance, but this generous offer the younger refused, saying, that the Melanzues' Pride should decide her choice in whatever manner she chose.

It was on the day after the fete that the brothers, with Elizette, roamed down a chasm which opened into a spot overgrown with flowers, how they came to bloom there no one knew, since the sun never smiled on them; but that delicious coolness swept thereby, that a paradise could not possibly bring home to the eye a more endearing spot, or a more enchanting scene.

Seated on a mound of green turf, with Heaven for her wisdom, and love for her guide, she listened to the soft impeachment of the hearts of the two. Equally passioned, equally fervid, they both admired, the one to madness, the other merely to foster the heart with vanity if it triumphed.

Elizette, after musing awhile, with an eye eloquently beaming, pointed to a flower which shot forth from the ground on a slender stalk, whilst the brightness of its hues dulled apparently the colours of the rainbow.

"See you that flower," said she, "which blooms triumphantly on yonder rock? Let that be your mark. The one who plucks that with his weapon here, shall have me for his bride."

With that, Alphonse raised his arm; a loud report, and the flower waved to and fro from the velocity of the passing ball, yet it triumphed as beautifully as before.

Mantois then looked at the flower which bloomed so sweetly. A few moments elapsed—they seemed like ages. A sudden noise, and the beautiful flower was seen descending the rock down into the valley, plucked with becoming gallantry to the furthestmost point of the slender stem itself.

Alphonse for a moment looked bewildered, and, with a maniac's force, felled Mantois to the ground with that self-same weapon which took for once an erring aim. He smiled; but, Heavens! ye can record my tale—it was the ghastly smile of death.

Elizette swooned away, when some shepherds on the surrounding heights came to the spot, whilst the neighbouring convent bells tolled for vespers prayer. Just as her eyes opened, a shadow swept across the portion of that rock where the ill-fated flower once bloomed. A convulsive shriek arose, and Alphonse, with a miraculous spring, jumped from the dizzy height above down into the ravine below; and when they lifted his mangled remains, he pointed to his heart, and, with a violent struggle, died.

It was months ere the once gay Elizette recovered from the effects of the scene she had witnessed; and though many offered to recompense her for her loss, to bless her and make her happy, she would shewer on them a smile, whilst a world of happiness she fain would lay before them; so that the fair Elizette spoke of her first love as that which alone triumphed in her heart.

Westminster.

STERNE AND GARRICK.—Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was talking to Garrick, in an exuberance of sentimentality, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said he, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burned over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."



## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE PROPOSAL.—THE SURPRISE AND INCREULITY OF HARRIET  
AND CHARLES.—THE QUESTION AND ANSWER.

THERE was a pause of some moments, during which both Mrs. Hearnshaw and the merchant were immersed in thought, and then the latter continued by saying,

"You will clearly understand me, madam, when I say that our present conference is, of course, of the most confidential nature!"

"Oh, dear me, yes," replied the lady; "of course, Mr. Leighton; I've come to a time of life now when, I thank God, I have become quite confidential."

"I have no doubt, madam, of your admirable discretion. The subject upon which I wish to speak with you is of that extremely delicate nature that I fully assured myself beforehand of the great discretion and admirable forethought of your character."

Mrs. Hearnshaw's eyes opened to an unusual width; and could she have found breath at that moment to speak, she would, doubtless, in her own peculiar and forcible language, have said,

"Lor! What next, I wonder?"

Mr. Leighton, in a still lower and more mysterious voice, then continued—

"Mrs. Hearnshaw, you know I am a lone man. You know that I have ample means, but no one to share with me the good that fortune has given me."

"Providence, you mean," gasped Mrs. Hearnshaw. "Providence gives and taketh away. Those who have plenty always have more, and those who have little are reduced to nothing—that is—no, I mean, Providence starves—no, feeds the hungry, and looks after the poor—that is to say, take nothing from nothing, and nothing remains. I believe, sir, that's the way Providence acts."

"Exactly, madam," said Mr. Leighton, who tried in vain for a moment or two to comprehend this speech of the evangelical Mrs. Hearnshaw; "exactly, you quite speak my sentiments. Being, then, as I was saying, blessed with ample means, I feel the want of a domestic hearth."

"Oh, dear, yes, sir; no doubt. There's an ocean of black beetles under our kitchen hearth, and they come out at night and run about like coach horses."

Poor Mrs. Hearnshaw was in such a state of mental confusion, she really scarcely knew what she was saying, and when the rich merchant stared at her with a dim impression that she must be a little mad, she likewise stared at him as intently, until the mutual examination became quite embarrassing to both.

"Well, madam," continued Leighton, "I feel the want most truly and emphatically of a home."

"Indeed, sir."

"Yes. How long have you been a widow now, Mrs. Hearnshaw?"

"Lor, sir, a very little while."

"But still long enough to understand what I mean when I talk of that feeling of utter loneliness which besets the heart that has no kindred spirit to turn to—no one to whom the anxious spirit can unburden itself."

"Yes—yes."

"You understand me, Mrs. Hearnshaw? Such are my feelings, and I often envy many a poor man struggling with difficulties who has what may be truly called a home, which I have decidedly not."

"No, sir. Dear me, I feel for you, sir. I suppose, sir, you are forced to go to taverns and hotels."

"Exactly, madam; and there is no feeling of domestic comfort in such places."

"How should there be, sir? I'm sure, as far as my opinion goes, there's no comfort anywhere now but in prayer and humiliation."

"Prayer, madam, no one can object to in its proper time and place, and as for humiliation, there is quite enough of it comes to everybody, whether they will or not, without entailing on any one the necessity of seeking for it."

"Ah! I don't know that, sir. You know what the Psalmist says, no doubt:—

"The little birds and lambskins sweet,  
They hymn a heavenly praise,  
And if they'd hands, which they have not,  
To Heaven they would them raise."

"I do not at once," said Mr. Leighton, "see the application of the verse to the subject of our discourse; but be that as it may—to be more explicit, Mrs. Hearnshaw—it has struck me, that if the remainder of my life is to present to me any comforts and enjoyments, I must first make myself the home I complain of not having, and of feeling the want of so very much. You can, probably, guess what means I can only adopt for remedying such an evil state of things."

"A-hem! I think I can."

"Very good, madam. It cannot, I should think, have escaped your thoughts that I must have had some motive more than showed itself upon the surface, in coming here so frequently as I have?"

"Well, really, now you mention it, sir, I do think—I did think it was rather odd."

"Extremely odd, madam. But now you understand my feelings, and I have no doubt have, by this time, made a shrewd guess at what my object has been ever since that first time when accident made me your inmate, and threw me, a complete stranger then, upon your hospitality."

"I understand, sir, of course. Oh! dear, yes, I quite understand, Mr. Leighton."

"Then, madam, I am glad that so far I have got over what I always imagined would have been a troublesome explanation. I am not so young as I once was—"

"Where's the odds! you ain't a cripple, Mr. Leighton."

"No, thank God, I am not. Nevertheless, I was apprehensive you might have thought such an implied proposition as I have made might have come from a younger man."

"Oh! dear no—why should I?"

"There is certainly no particular reason."

"Of course not. People ain't to be despised and deprived of the comforts of a home because they are middle-aged—I'm very nearly middle aged myself."

"Mrs. Hearnshaw, you certainly give me much gratification by the kind and considerate manner in which you have received my communication. I thought it due to you that you should know what my object was in visiting here."

"You—you want an amiable, religious wife—ah me!"

"An amiable wife, certainly, madam, and permit me to add that in coming here for one, I likewise flatter myself with the ultimate possession of beauty, as well as amiability and intelligence."

"Oh! Mr. Leighton, how can you say so?"

"I speak the sincere sentiments of my heart, madam, and now that we understand each other so well, and you have no repugnance to the mentioning the subject fully, allow me to add that, in the settlements I shall make, you will find that I study to be liberal."

"Oh! I am sure of that."

"You are very kind; I did dread that my proposal would have suggested obstacles to you. There is the young man, Charles Hargrove, for example."

"Charles Hargrove!" cried Mrs. Hearnshaw. "I'd soon let him know of what consequence he was. I'd show him the garden gate on the outside very quickly, if he dared so much as say a word about it; I would—Charles, indeed!"

"Madam, I much admire your generous warmth of sentiment; I must own I had anticipated troublesome objections, but I am most agreeably surprised. My obligation to you will ever be foremost in my mind, and I hope for many opportunities in the future of showing you that I fully appreciate your kind and generous confidence in me."

There was a warmth of manner and a sincerity of tone about the way in which the merchant uttered these words, which fully and entirely completed Mrs. Hearnshaw's mystification, and she would have had no hesitation about taking her oath in any court in Christendom, to the fact of a distinct proposal of marriage having been made to her by Mr. Leighton, the rich merchant and ship-owner.

Such was the flutter of the good lady's spirits, that she became scarcely conscious of what she was saying, and gave utterance to some extraordinary speech, which, perhaps, had all the less effect upon Leighton, on account of his own pleasant feelings at having so much smoothed the way to the accomplishment of his marriage with Harriet, as to how thoroughly and entirely he had won over her mother to his interests. He was quite proud in his expressions of gratitude, and when, at length, he rose, and said,—

"Then, madam, you will, whenever you see me here, feel no surprise, as you know my errand?" she replied,—

"Surprise! dear Mr. Leighton—oh, no. I shall soon be able to compose my spirits, and as I am sure I am far from wishing to oppose any delays to your happiness, you may take the necessary steps as soon as possible."

"I thank you kindly, Mrs. Hearnshaw; but —"

"You intend to keep a town-house?"

"Most certainly."



"Oh, how delicious! Harriet will be bewildered—she will never believe it till she sees it."

"My dear madam, allow me to suggest the propriety of being very cautious in any communication with Harriet as yet; I think a too premature disclosure might be bad. Still I think that from you should come the first intimation."

"Oh, I'll manage all that."

"And how do you think, my dear Mrs. Hearnshaw, the matter will be received by her?"

"How should it?"

"Why, I really cannot say. Everybody, you know, madam, has not an accurate perception of what is correct, and what is not. I must own, that, taking into consideration all the circumstances, I have some fears of a disapproving, if not highly condemnatory answer, on the part of Harriet."

"You leave that to me, Mr. Leighton. I should like to see her dare to say one word contrary to my wishes in such a matter. Besides, you know, sir, young, giddy people, such as she, always jump at any prospect of pleasure; and I rather am inclined to think that she will view the match as a most advantageous thing for her. Look what a field is open to her, Mr. Leighton."

"I hope your anticipations may prove correct, madam, from my soul. I feel that my future happiness in this world is now wholly dependent upon this matter, which I have, I confess, with some difficulty and some misgivings, summoned courage to speak to you about."

"Could you doubt, my dear Mr. Leighton?"

"I did; but now I have great hopes."

"You may— you may. It's a great change to be sure; but still, why should I stand in the way of your happiness, dear Mr. Leighton?"

"Mrs. Hearnshaw, this kindness quite overpowers me; I know not what to say to you. I, however, have one important question to ask of you. Do you really think Harriet is attached to Charles Hargrove?"

"Well, and what if she is?"

The merchant stared at this cool rejoinder to his remark; and for a moment or two he looked at Mrs. Hearnshaw with the greatest surprise, while some such thought as—"Well, this is the coolest way of treating a subject like this that ever came across my mind," recurred to him.

"What if she is?" added Mrs. Hearnshaw. "I can assure you, that it shall make no sort of difference to you, Mr. Leighton, if she was over head and ears in love with him."

"You think not?"

"I am sure it shall not. Never you trouble your head—trust to Providence and me. I will take care that Harriet shall not make herself disagreeable upon the subject; and after all, what right has she to set herself up against the wishes of those a little older than herself, and a great deal wiser."

"I hope you will find her as complying and obedient as you calculate upon. But let me implore that, for a day or two—perhaps a week, nothing be said upon the subject."

"Very good, Mr. Leighton."

"Then, madam, I will now take my leave; I must say, feeling much happier now that I have broken my wishes to you, and have met with so ready a response to them in your breast."

"Mr. Leighton," sighed Mrs. Hearnshaw, "this house is very dull. When do you think of changing your condition?"

"As soon as circumstances will enable me to have that happiness."

"Oh, as soon as you like, my dear Mr. Leighton."

"My own impatience will induce me to accomplish my own happiness as early as possible. I only hope that everything may proceed as uninterruptedly and harmoniously as you seem to anticipate."

"What can hinder it? We are agreed."

"Yes; but still there is much to do. But we will talk of that another time. I will now bid you farewell, madam; and believe me, I shall never forget your kindness this night. It is more than I ought to have expected considering the abrupt nature of my proposal to you."

"Shall I own, Mr. Leighton, that I, from the first moment of your coming here, looked upon you with a providential eye?"

"A what eye, madam?"

"A providential eye—that is to say, I thought that Providence had some hidden intention of making us better acquainted."

"Oh, indeed."

"Yes, Mr. Leighton. I believe your name is Robert?"

"It is, madam."

"Then, my dear Robert—"

"Eh?"

"My dear Robert—"

"Oh, thank you. What an extraordinary woman. She must be mad!"

"Lor! what an odd man. He looks quite ashamed, and has run into the passage, I declare."

Mr. Leighton was a little alarmed at the increasing kindness and familiarity of Mrs. Hearnshaw, and, without further ceremony, he repaired to the room in which Harriet and Charles, to their satisfaction, and the merchant's uneasiness, had been left so long. Bidding them a hasty good night, he left the cottage, perfectly bewildered by Mrs. Hearnshaw's conduct, and endeavouring, in vain, to account for it in any other way than by supposing her intentions to be a little deranged.

"Curses on my folly," he said, "for making a confidant of such a woman! She is evidently not to be depended upon—one moment from another. Her mind is quite untinged, and she is incapable of rational thought. However, I must now pursue the purpose I have avowed; for if ever a temporary oblivion is to come over the past—if ever I am to taste of a moment's happiness, or to hope for forgetfulness of the awful feelings which are now running riot in my brain, it will be in the society of Harriet Hearnshaw. Scalvoni must now immediately rid me of this young man, Charles Hargrove. He may do it in what way best pleases him. I need not now shudder at minor crimes, when my soul is already stained with—"  
He shuddered ere he could repeat, in a low tone, the word—"Murder!"

Then clapping his spurs to his horse, he made the best of his way towards London.

When he was fairly gone from the cottage, Mrs. Hearnshaw sat down by herself in the best parlour, to think, as she said. The opening prospects before her almost bewildered her brain. In rapid succession there passed before her mind's eye town and country houses, coaches, horses, servants, silk dresses, and the thousand other ceteras of female vanity and enjoyment. The Small Jerusalem was for the time forgotten, and while she saw in herself the future Mrs. Leighton, the wife of the rich merchant, she no longer had a thought for poor Mr. Meekingfold, the dear man who preached so divinely.

When Harriet, after waiting a full half hour for her mother, and finding she did not make her appearance, at length went in search of her, she found her in the aforesaid best parlour, pulling her nose to assure herself she was awake, and that it was not all a dream.

"Are you coming to supper, mother?" said Harriet.

"Four white horses, a fat coachman, and two Johns behind, with long sticks," said Mrs. Hearnshaw.

"What, mother?"

"Lady Mayoress, perhaps—who knows? How do you do, my lady?—your ladyship looks charming this morning."

"Gracious, mother! what are you thinking about?"

"The same to you, my lord, and many of 'em—ahem! Order the state carriage, and astonish the Jenkinsons."

Harriet laid her hand upon her mother's arm, and then the latter, with a start, became conscious that she was not alone, and stared about her with a bewildered look.

"You have been dreaming, mother," said Harriet.

"Have I? Oh, gracious! Then Mr. Leighton has not been here?"

"Yes, he has."

"Then I'm a made woman. Oh, Harriet, respect your mother. I've got something to tell you that will make your hair stand on end. Mum, mum—secrets are secrets—another time, Harriet. Oh, Robert, Robert—Bob—I shall call him Bobby."

## CHAPTER XL.

THE RELEASE OF LETOUR.—NO EFFECTS AT LEIGHTON'S BANKERS.—THE ALTERCATION.—THE PROJECTED WATER-PARTY.

SCALVONI kept his word with Letour, by keeping the Hamburg merchant out of the way on the day on which the bill was presented to the grand jury. Indeed it would have been somewhat inconvenient to have produced him, for something might have come out on the trial that would have gone far towards crushing the conspiracy that had been concocted against him.

Besides, Scalvoni felt that, since he had obtained, through the fears of Letour the written confession that the forgeries were committed by him, he felt that he was perfectly innocuous; and therefore he had no motive for such a proceeding, and hence the want of an adequate cause, and the inconvenience of acting otherwise, were sufficient reasons with him for Letour's escape.

No sooner had Letour quitted the prison, than he made direct to the warehouse of Leighton, where, as he desired, he met with Scalvoni, with whom he anticipated a stormy discussion; and so it turned out.

Scalvoni was seated at a desk, examining some papers, when Letour entered the office, and said,—

"I have returned, you see."

"I do see that you have, and I hope you see the lenity that has been shown to you, and that you properly appreciate it, and feel grateful for what has been done in your favour."



"I have much to be grateful for!" exclaimed Letour. "I was not guilty."

"Oh, I dare say not, poor, innocent young man! Ha! ha! ha! Well, well—it's no joking matter. You must take more care for the future."

"I have no need."

"You have need, and very great need, for your carelessness and culpability. Persevere in honest courses, Letour, and you will gain more credit, depend upon it."

"You, at least, are not quite the best monitor, Scalvoni," replied Letour—"you, who would not hesitate about committing any crime."

"You are quite right," replied Scalvoni. "I am not quite the best for that purpose; but I am the best present. You evidently smart with the recent discovery, and are fit to quarrel with your best friend. Take my advice, and for the future turn to honest courses."

"I have heard of the murder of the Jew Diamond merchant," said Letour, regarding Scalvoni with a searching look.

"I dare say you have—I have—and everybody here," replied Scalvoni.

"Yes; and I have also heard of the discovery of the body opposite this place."

"And so have I. Indeed I saw the mob that had collected round the body," replied Scalvoni, with the most provoking coolness.

"Ay; doubtless you did. You know more about it than you are willing to admit. Indeed, I have not the slightest doubt that you and Leighton murdered the man, and disposed of his body by throwing it into the Thames, which has thrown it up again."

"Nothing more likely," said Scalvoni. "You are a conjuror in some things, Letour, but not in others. In this you are. You know, or affect to know, things so very accurate—you know too much for your own peace of mind; but you really are a clever fellow, Letour."

"You are a great scoundrel," replied Letour, "and would ruin any man upon any pretence—no matter what."

"You are quite right again," said Scalvoni; "but I would not advise you to give loose to conversation of this kind, because I have the means of restraining your impatience at any time, and care but little how soon I do it—I may do it for the mere pleasure of the deed; therefore, you may as well not precipitate matters."

Letour saw that he was completely at the mercy of Scalvoni, and he, therefore, made no further remark, but walked away from the spot, and overlooked the workmen, who were busied in stowing a cargo.

That morning, as Leighton came to the warehouse, by the water-side, he determined to call at the banker's, and present a cheque he desired cashed, for he had occasion for a fresh supply of money.

He entered the banking-house, and presented a cheque for a small sum, and the clerk, after a few moments' hesitation, said, as he returned the cheque,—

"No effects."

"No effects!" stammered Leighton, too much amazed to know what he was about.

"No, sir; no effects."

"There must be a mistake; I have always a large balance here. Have the kindness to make an examination, and tell me how it can have happened."

The clerk did as he was requested, while Leighton, who was agitated dreadfully, stood, with his fingers clutching tightly and nervously the brass edge of the counter.

After a pause of a few moments, during which time Leighton suffered dreadfully, he almost gasped, when he heard the clerk say,—

"The day before yesterday we cashed a cheque, signed by you, for forty thousand pounds, and we concluded you had withdrawn from the concern."

"Forty thousand pounds!" repeated Leighton to himself, laying emphasis on each word, which he uttered slowly and deliberately.

"Yes, sir; forty thousand pounds," said the clerk, as he closed the book, and walked away with it, and placed it in the proper place, and attended to the wants of others.

Mr. Leighton turned from the banker's, and entered the street—he was stunned, and incapable of a conjecture; he walked along, it was true, but he could scarcely be said to be conscious of it, or at all cognizant of where he was going; yet he took the usual route to his water-side place of business.

At length a light broke in upon his disturbed vision; by degrees he recollected events, and then began to link them together, and to draw conclusions.

He remembered the cheque; 'twas the one he had drawn for the Jew, Goldsmith Lyons, the defunct diamond merchant—Scalvoni must have taken it from his person, and changed it. Yes, that must have been it, and he was a ruined man—the slave of the politic and unscrupulous Scalvoni.

This discovery was a shock to his system, almost as great as the first

news of the discovery of no effects being at his banker's. He still walked on till he came to the water-side, and then he took a boat to his own place.

Here he landed, and tottered into the counting-house, where Scalvoni stood cool and collected, without a perceptible motion in a muscle. As he (Leighton) entered the place, he lifted his eyes off the paper he was reading, and then a playful smile crossed his sardonic features that gave him the appearance of a demon.

There he stood, with his eyes fixed upon the cowering form of Leighton, who, although he came to speak about this unjustifiable act he had committed, sat for a few moments in silence.

"You have returned, sir," remarked Scalvoni with a leer.

"Yes," replied Leighton, "I have returned, and desire to speak with you concerning the robbery you have committed upon me."

"I don't understand you, Robert Leighton," said Scalvoni, coolly. "You forget yourself, and the position I hold here, and that I am not second to you, even in this place; do you, therefore, be more cautious for the future."

"Scalvoni," said Leighton, "have you changed a cheque for forty thousand pounds?"

"I have," replied Scalvoni, with great promptitude, "and received the money."

"And got the money?" repeated Leighton, in the same tone he had repeated the clerk's words at the banking house—"and got the money!"

"Yes, and got the money," slowly remarked Scalvoni, as if he feared to lose a syllable.

"And what have you done with it?" inquired Leighton, hoping all might yet be safe.

"I have put it into another bank—my own bank, for my own use; where it will remain until I need it."

"Good God!" exclaimed Leighton; "I am ruined—utterly undone!"

"Well, well, so much the better. The matter's now over, and you can sit down quietly and recover yourself after the fatigue of making the discovery."

For a moment or two Leighton seemed to sink under the weight of his afflictions, and was unable to speak; but at length he said,—

"Luke Scalvoni, you have accomplished all you have desired—you have brought ruin on me—murder, and bloodshed!"

"No—no—not all that. You are not ruined; for I have no objection to lend you sums of money to prop up your credit, and sustain your trade—more you cannot want. Now, I think this extremely liberal of me."

"Monster!"

"Pho! pho!"

"I see what it is you desire; to get everything into your hands, and be master over all—all then will be yours."

"It will—it will!" replied Scalvoni. "That is what I have worked for, and now I have got it. You need not, however, disturb yourself; for I do not wish to deprive you of the means and the comforts of life; but one thing I intend, that everything shall flow through me, and that I am master, having the whole and entire control of everything belonging to the place."

Mr. Leighton sunk into a chair, with a groan. He could carry the conversation on no further. The worst had been discovered; he had nothing now, and was a mere slave.

Scalvoni, at this juncture, put on his hat to go out of the office, and, as he passed Leighton, he wore a sneering, diabolical expression of countenance.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

**THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.**—Without the shepherd's dog the whole of the mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd, then, feel an interest in his dog. It is, indeed, he that earns the family's bread, of which he is content himself with the smallest morsel. Neither hunger nor fatigue will drive him from his master's side: he will follow him through fire and water. Another thing, very remarkable, is, the understanding these creatures have of the necessity of being particularly tender over lame or sickly sheep. They will drive these a great deal more gently than others, and sometimes a single one is committed to their care to take home. On these occasions they perform their duty like the most tender nurses. Can it be wondered at, then, that the colley should be much prized by the shepherd; that his death should be regarded as a great calamity to a family, of which he forms, to all intents and purposes, an integral part; or that his exploits of sagacity should be handed down from generation to generation, and form no small part of the converse by the cozy ingle, on the long wintry nights.



## THE DUEL.

It was late one evening when two well-dressed men walked into a cafe in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, and ordering coffee and cigars, both commenced to smoke at ease, but neither seemed disposed to speak.

At length the taller of the two exclaimed,—

"My dear Singleton, I find it utterly impossible any longer to live in this suspense; it is now three days since Sophia Melville promised to decide my fate."

"Tut, man, think not of her," replied his companion; "for you may take my word for it she is only trifling with you."

"You think, then, she loves another?" asked the former.

"I do, my dear Talbot."

"And what reason have you to think so?" demanded Talbot, hastily.

"I have every reason; but my friendship for you precludes me from mentioning it."

"Do you call that friendship, when you refuse to give the name of him who is tampering with, and undermining the affections of your friend?"

"I do, Talbot. I know well your hasty temper would bring you into trouble with your rival, therefore I refuse to give his name. Your best revenge would be to cease to think of either one or the other."

"No," replied Talbot; "never will I relinquish Sophia to another's arms; and from you I demand my rival's name?"

"No," returned Singleton, coolly.

"Then I must consider you as an accomplice with him against me, and treat you accordingly."

"You surely are deranged, Talbot."

"No, no—henceforth we are total strangers; but I vow not to rest satisfied till I have discovered the author of my misery. Singleton, farewell!"

"Nay—nay, my dear Talbot," said Singleton, rising, "this must not be."

"You force me to it, sir."

"You then are resolved?"

"I am; we must now part; our acquaintance has been too long. Farewell."

"No—no," replied Singleton, as Talbot moved towards the door; "in this humour you shall not go."

"What right have you to command?" said Talbot, angrily.

"Well, then, if the affair is so deeply rooted in your mind," said Singleton, "and you persist, I am not going to lose a friend for another man, to me almost a stranger."

"You, then, will name my rival?"

"I will."

"Quick, then, that I may wreak my vengeance on him at once."

"You are too hasty, Talbot; be more calm. I also may be wrong."

"No—no; I am convinced the affections of Sophia have been weaned from me. His name?"

"Is Montfort," added Singleton.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Talbot; "the very last man I should have dreamed of—the very man of all others I have cherished as a friend!"

"I am sorry to say it is too true."

"But how came you by your information, my dear Singleton?"

"I saw them walking together in the park."

"Good Heaven! you do not say so? Tell me—tell me all you saw and heard."

"I heard him extract from her the confession of her love for him."

"Merciful Providence, support me!" ejaculated Talbot. "But did they see you?"

"They did not. They seated themselves on one of the benches, and I passed behind them. But see, here he comes."

At this moment Montfort, attended by a companion, entered the cafe, and, without noticing the former, seated themselves in the adjoining box.

"She really is a charming creature, Hartley," said Montfort to his companion—"sings and dances like an angel."

"Ay," returned Hartley, abstractedly.

"Sophia Melville is a delightful creature," continued Montfort.

"You are quite insane about that girl, Montfort; one would think you intended to marry her," returned Hartley.

"Humph!" returned Montfort; "but she is a pretty creature."

"Do you intend to marry her, I say?" continued Hartley.

"What a question, Hartley. Can you imagine that I am going to throw myself away in that manner?"

"Why, I hardly supposed it; but what do you intend to do with her?"

"Egad! I hardly know," replied Montfort, carelessly; "but she loves me better, a d—d sight, than Talbot."

"You then mean to keep her?"

"Well, I suppose that must be the end of it," said Montfort.

"But you'll find it a cursed expensive affair," returned Hartley.

"Then I'll keep her as long as I can," said Montfort; "but I am determined to win her."

"And how do you mean to act towards Talbot?" asked his companion.

"I must cut him, I suppose," was the short and heartless reply.

At this moment the colour fled from the cheek of Talbot, and rising from his seat, he grasped Montfort by the collar, and inflicted a severe blow upon his face with his clenched fist.

"Villain!" roared Montfort, "what mean you by this baseness?"

"That term would best become yourself," said Talbot, angrily; "tis thus I chastise your perfidy. Long have I suspected your treachery towards me; I am but too fully convinced of it."

"Rascal!" cried Montfort, "you shall dearly pay for this insolence."

"Yes," said Talbot; "snake-like you can now charge me with assault before a magistrate; but I tell you I will be revenged."

A struggle now ensued between the parties, which was terminated by their respective friends, and each leaving the cafe, departed, breathing vows of deadly hatred against each other.

"What is your intention, Montfort?" said Hartley, when his friend was more collected.

"To chastise him wherever I find him," was the reply.

"A duel would be better," suggested Hartley.

"It might."

"And you know you are a dead shot."

"True, I am so at twenty paces."

"Then let us return to the cafe and pen the challenge immediately; I will deliver it."

"But should I kill my man?"

"Pre-pay your passage to America—then you will be safe. A vessel sails at ten to-morrow from the St. Katharine's Docks. I must also go with you."

"You!" said Montfort.

"Yes," returned Hartley; "in this affair I act as your second, and, therefore, incur responsibility."

"Ay, certainly," replied Montfort, who little liked the idea of being saddled with his companion altogether in America, where Hartley had a great desire to try his fortune.

They now stepped into the cafe; a challenge was penned, and the moment after despatched to Talbot at his residence, where he, with his friend Singleton, had just arrived.

"As I expected," said Talbot, tearing open the note—"a challenge from Montfort."

"Do you fight him?" asked Singleton.

"I must."

"He is a dead shot."

"I care not; one might as well be dead as scorned by the girl one loves."

"You have the choice of weapons, too."

"True; but what of that? you say his aim is deadly," returned Talbot.

"But you can choose the distance; although he is a dead shot you can be his equal."

"How?"

"Fight him muzzle to muzzle."

"The odds are fearful."

"They are so, my friend; but it is a hundred to one he does not back out."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because his natural courage is poor; he, therefore, has had recourse to the shooting gallery to practice at a mark."

"You think, then, he will not meet me?"

"I do upon those conditions."

"Then return an answer that I meet him but across a table—muzzle to muzzle."

"All right, my boy," said Singleton; and, as second for Talbot, returned an answer to that effect, naming the hour of six on the following morning at the chambers of the latter.

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning came, and the belligerents rose, faint from thought. They had now met in the chamber of Talbot, and were free from all interruption. The pistols were loaded and delivered to the respective combatants by their seconds. They now took their stations on either side a table, which allowed the muzzles nearly to touch, and each turned away his face. "Fire!" was the word given by the seconds, who expected both to fall. Minute after minute passed away, but neither fired. The seconds interfered, and found both transfixed to the spot with fear, and unable to pull the triggers.



## THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE GLOOMY SATISFACTION OF ANDERSON.—THE LETTER.—THE THREE DAYS OF IMPATIENCE.—THE FATAL EVENING.

THE possession of the forged letter, which, with such awful and diabolical ingenuity, had been sent to York, but to be brought back again with a post-mark, that should add an appearance of truth to the contents, had the effect, in some measure, of calming the tumultuous feelings of Anderson's mind.

He felt like a man much hurt; but possessing the power, at any moment, of crushing his enemy, and only withholding that power because he did possess it, as one might allow himself to receive blows, knowing at the time, that when he chose to put forth this strength, he could utterly crush his adversary.

He almost thought he could be civil and temporise with Meriton. He almost thought he could bear to write him an answer to his letter, which should lull suspicion, and such a notion was in conformity with the advice of his insidious and designing acquaintance, Meadows, who, with a diabolical ingenuity, which we regret to say, in the excited state of Anderson's mind, did not appear in all its odious colours, said to him,—

"You know, Anderson, a man's fall is proportioned to the height from which he is lopped. If you would have full revenge against him who has filched from you her you love, and who would, no doubt, but for him, have enthusiastically returned your passion, you should lull him into a false security. Hamlet would not kill the murderer of his father while he was praying, because he considered him prepared for death. You remember the passage?

"Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,  
And now I'll do't—and so he goes to Heaven;  
And so am I revenged? That would be scann'd.  
A villain kills my father, and for that  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.  
Why this is hire and salary, and not revenge.

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent."

"In like manner I advise you to spare no pains to take Meriton off his guard. A blow, when a man expects it, is nothing; it is when off his guard, and in the midst of fancied security, that he feels it.

"Let, then, your rival—he who has cheated you of the embraces of the lovely girl you must, but for him, have called yours, taste for a short space of time the mental serenity of success—then when he fancies himself sure of having effectually silenced you, do you swoop upon him with that letter, and destroy him utterly at a blow."

This was brutal reasoning, which, unhappily, found a ready echo in Anderson's mind, so much had the fell passion jealousy transformed him, that he forgot all honour—all consciousness of right and wrong, and surrendered his mind up entirely to the suggestions of a man who might have coped with the evil one himself in the planning of wickedness, if he were deficient in the means for its accomplishment.

Anderson then resolved that he would wait. It was long, however, before he could make up his mind to write an answer to Meriton's note, and yet such a step was absolutely necessary. If the forged letter was at all to bear the semblance of reality, such would ensue only in so far as he, Anderson, could escape the suspicion of having had a hand in its concoction.

Were he then on quarrelsome and bad terms with Meriton, who could fail supposing he *might* have adopted such a means of injuring his successful rival? If on good terms, what an additional pang it would give Meriton, for him, Anderson, to offer his sympathy and condolence at the same time that he would affect to believe the letter genuine to the Delmairs.

"Yes," exclaimed Anderson; "I must—I will write him an answer I intend to sacrifice him. I have the means of doing so, therefore, I can afford to be patient and temperate. Why is he so cool—so calm—so very logical and reasonable?—because he is successful. He looks upon me as utterly beaten—signally and disgracefully defeated; therefore, he is quite a moral philosopher over the whole affair."

The vehemence with which Anderson spoke, though it was in the solitude of his own chamber, sufficiently showed how little of a philosopher he was on the occasion; but he was reasoning himself into a frame of

mind which might enable him to affect a serenity which was really a stranger to his breast.

"I, too," he said, "have power, and why cannot I be philosophical, cool, argumentative, and rational? This letter—it will, it must be the means of destroying all Meriton's prospects here; there is nothing which Maria Delmair and her mother would so much shrink from as inquiry into the allegations contained in it. How can a young lady set about such an investigation? Of course, Meriton will loudly declare the letter to be a forgery. Well, well; who would ever expect a man to whom such a letter should be sent, to own to the truth of the statements contained in it?

"Then he will challenge inquiry. Who is to conduct the inquiry—himself?—no; Maria Delmair?—absurd; who then? Oh, it must succeed. He will be dismissed from this very house he has so coolly advised me to leave, with ignominy and disgrace, while I remain, although rejected, still, in bright contrast to the traitor who was, doubtless, aiming at the destruction of the innocent girl upon whose affection he was making experiment.

"Yes, yes; that is the language I will use, and as he becomes passionate, I will be cool; as he becomes desperate, I will be calm and logical; when he becomes mad with the agony of his situation, I will write him a sober, serious letter, advising him, as a friend, to leave the house."

This was a delightful prospect to Anderson; he absolutely revelled in the mischief he thought himself armed with the means of doing.

Oh, with what devilish glee he now produced the letter from his pocket, and broke the seal. How new and excellently contrived to effect its diabolical purpose, did every word of it seem to him. How he read it over and over till he could have repeated every word of it by heart, and how he laughed as he pictured to himself the look of wonder and consternation with which Meriton himself would listen to its contents.

Then he doubled it up carelessly, and placed his foot upon it on the floor; he wished to give it a worn appearance, as if Meriton had had it some days audaciously in his pocket, while he was actually uttering soft speeches to Maria Delmair, and inducing her to believe he was virtue and nobility of soul personified. How much more profound would that make his presumed hypocrisy!—how much more diabolical his appearance and proved guilt!

Alas! poor Meriton, could you but have had the slightest hint of the tangled web of villainy which was being woven for you, perchance, you might have done something to make the ruin, the misery, the shame, and the disgrace rebound upon the heads of those who would have fastened such miseries upon you. But who can guard against the secret assassin, who, worse than he who plants a dagger in his victim's heart, attacks, truly, that which not enriches him, but makes the sufferer poor indeed.

Had Anderson, in his blind rage and wild fury, have taken the life of Meriton, his crime would have been great and awful in the sight of God and man; but still, to our notions, would he have been an object of pity, instead of the deep scorn and contempt which should visit the terrible means he was adopting to stab poor Meriton's very soul.

Still, as we have remarked, notwithstanding Anderson so much exulted in playing the arch hypocrite, it was long before he could bring himself to write a civil note to Meriton, much as he felt convinced such a course would be highly conducive to the furtherance of his plans.

At length, however, he wound himself up to do so, and after some trouble, he produced the following brief and most unworthy epistle:—

"DEAR MERITON,—You will, perhaps, even in the full enjoyment of your success, be able to make some allowance for my feelings. In proportion as you are happy, I must be the reverse; but I will endeavour to bear my misery like a man, although I cannot but feel it like a man. "May you be happy, and may no thought of my sadness mar the joy which I hope and trust will be yours, in spite of all other circumstances of which we may be aware. Such is the fervent wish of your friend,

"MARK ANDERSON."

"P.S. I would much rather have no conversation on the subject from this time henceforward, as of course my great effort will be to forget as well as forgive."

This was well enough adapted to have all its effect upon Meriton, provided, and there was the rub—Anderson could sufficiently control and command his real feelings for two or three days in his intercourse with Meriton and the Delmairs, so as to carry on the farce of a reconciliation of such a character, that when the fatal letter was found, he, Meriton, should have no sort of excuse of turning round upon his friend Anderson, and accusing him of being the concoctor of it.

There was the difficulty—one which might have been surmounted in a good cause, but which it seemed to be impossible to get over in a bad one.

It would seem to be a fatality, that all trickery, whether on a large



or a small scale, should, however elaborate and apparently well arranged its combinations might be, leave some weak point, some part of its outworks, undefended in some manner, so that there at least it should be vulnerable.

So then it appeared with regard to Anderson; he sent his conciliatory letter to Meriton, and then followed it up by malice and outrage.

It was evening when Meriton received the letter, and it was with mingled feelings that he did so. In the first place, he had no faith in Anderson's submission, and he held that opinion without intending to accuse him of wilful hypocrisy; and, in the second, he wondered it did not occur to him, if he really wished to forget, to go away from the scene of his disappointments, where a thousand things in the course of the day would tend to keep memory alive.

However, Meriton could not, nor had he any disposition to quarrel with Anderson's letter, and when they met that evening at tea-time, those rivals—those men so much opposed to each other's happiness, shook hands, and appeared to be on friendly terms, while doubt and estrangement was in one heart, and the most awful duplicity and villainy in the other.

Maria Delmair was much pleased to see this apparent reconciliation, and she had no means of coming to an accurate judgment with regard to the reality of it. Her pleasure showed itself in her looks, and she felt disposed to reward Anderson for his good feeling by some little kindnesses, which, however Meriton thought uncalled for, he had no sort of disposition to quarrel about.

Thus everything promised a quiet and pleasant enough evening, and it would have turned out so, had not Meriton, with all the presumption of a favoured lover, said and done some things which awakened all the jealousy of Anderson afresh, and induced him to commence the same sarcastic, bitter conversation, which was so distressing to Maria.

It was but some casual word or look, on the principle that the last feather breaks the camel's back, that fired the train of Anderson's passion, and made him forget all his prudent resolutions.

Then he began with a pale face, and eyes that flashed with unholy fire—

"Do you like romances, Maria?" he said.

"Sometimes, she replied; "I like them not merely as romances. You might as well ask if one liked animals, because one may have a favoured few."

"Ah, true, most true. There must be, and may be, of course, some favoured animal, and yet no favour to the species. How libellous now, for instance, it would be, to accuse a young lady such as yourself, of liking men, because you choose to take into most especial favour one of the species."

This was said with so much bitterness, that a tear started to Maria's eye, and Meriton directly replied,—

"Young ladies, however, if they have such preferences for individuals of a species, it is to be hoped, have the tact of discovering the sane from the mad, and not fixing their affections upon brutality and low ruffianism, fostered by the most unworthy jealousy of the happiness of others."

"Clever, very clever," said Anderson; "but to return to the novels. You will always find, Maria—"

"My name," said Maria, with more dignity and energy than either Anderson or Meriton could have supposed her to possess, "is Delmair; and those with whom I have but an ordinary acquaintance, never presume to call me by my Christian name, Mr. Anderson."

"D—n!" said Anderson.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Meriton; "you will now, having made use of such an expression, either leave this room at once, or I shall be under the necessity—"

"You," cried Anderson, furiously; "you dare to lay a finger on me to turn me from a room—I would tear you piece-meal. Beware, Meriton, beware."

"Your own knowledge of your deserts has made you put an interpretation on my words they were not intended to carry. I was about to say I should be under the necessity of handing this young lady to another apartment."

"You do wise to eat your threat," cried Anderson.

"Oh, Meriton—come away, come away," cried Maria.

"Nay, there is no danger. Anderson, I made no threat—implied no threat. If it were necessary any violence should be used towards you, I would send for the police."

"Amazing bravery."

"Place upon it what construction you please. Maria, take my arm. This way, dear."

"Yes, Ashley," said Maria.

Anderson grew nearly frantic with rage. He made one step forwards, and at the same moment put his hand in his pocket to feel for a pistol he often carried with him. A sudden calmness came over him in an in-

stant. His hand had touched the letter which was to destroy Meriton and all his hopes. The very feel of the paper brought a revulsion of feeling in Anderson's mind, and as one who knew his power, he slipped back, saying,—

"Pass on, pass on, for the present."

In another moment Meriton had taken the alarmed Maria from the room.

Anderson, the moment he was alone, struck himself on the head with his clenched fists, as he muttered,—

"Oh, fool, fool. To enter into a war of words, when I have him at my mercy. I must fly from here until the time for action. Oh, cursed passion, that will thus ever conquer the dictates of calmer reason."

He flew to his own room, and threw himself upon a sofa, with a torrent of self reproaches. He felt that he had done the very thing he had been spending hours of thought in congratulating himself should not be done. Of what avail now was his short conciliatory letter—none whatever.

In the bitterness of his self-accusatory feelings, he groaned aloud, but not one sigh did he give for the crimes he meditated. His only regrets were for his own want of prudence in the preliminary steps to his terrible revenge.

It was hours before he could reason himself into any degree of calmness.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE MEETING OF THE FRIENDS, AND THE ADVICE.—THE LETTER TO ANDERSON.—THE RETURN HOME OF MERITON AFTER THE CONSULTATION.

At the very time these things were proceeding at the Delmairs, Meriton was about taking a step, which the solemn nature of the obligation he and his friends, among whom had been Anderson, had undertaken to befriend each other, mainly induced him to, and that was, to get the opinions on his conduct, of such of the members of the compact as were in or near London.

These were only James Bateman and George Grant, the latter of whom happened to be in town at the time.

Meriton having resolved upon adopting this course, felt himself more at ease; he should have acted in conformity with the bond of union that existed between the brethren of the compact, and this to his mind was an object worth attaining—he was calm, cool, and dispassionate. His success with Maria Delmair, indeed, left now but little for him to desire; his only object was either to heal the breach between himself and Anderson, or render the latter innoxious, and in the pursuance of this object he felt confident and easy.

Not so was it with Anderson; he was smarting under the stings of disappointment, aggravated by being a daily witness of another's success, and the happiness arising from such success; his mind was heated and torn by contending emotions: he was burning with anger. His mind being thus occupied, he was not in the best frame for chalking out his own course of conduct, and what he did rather increased his unhappiness, and that of others also.

Having obtained their address, he wrote to George Grant and James Bateman to meet him at a well-known hotel in Fleet-street that evening, if possible, as it regarded the welfare of himself and another member of the compact, whose conduct would probably involve one or both in some immediate and serious dilemma.

That evening Ashley Meriton was at the spot he had appointed as the place of meeting a few moments before the appointed time, and was well pleased to find that he was not too soon for his friends, who had but a few moments arrived; from their promptitude he augured the most favourable interpretation, and their bond of union still held its place among them.

Their greetings over, they ordered a private room, into which they retired, and wine was placed upon the table, and being then left to themselves, George Grant broke the silence that for a few moments reigned, by saying,—

"Well, Meriton, we have met here at your instance, upon a subject that you have not hinted at in your letter; let us hope, my dear fellow, that it is not of so serious a character as we might infer from your letter."

"I wish I could tell you that it was not," replied Meriton, "but the fact is I fear it may eventually be worse; but I will put you into possession of all the facts of the case, and then you shall judge if it be not expedient to take some step that will set at rest a course of conduct destructive of all peace, at variance with all common sense, and not only positively, but incapable of being turned to any good account."

"Proceed," said Grant. "I fear it must be something regarding the lady we saw at our last meeting."

"You are right," said Meriton, "and shall know all."

"Anderson and I both lodge in the same house, and we both loved



the daughter of our landlady; this, as may be imagined, caused much ill-will at times, as one or the other appeared for the moment to have gained any advance in Miss Delmair's affections."

"That is very likely indeed. I should like to see the man who could bear to see another address the same girl with the same chance, or better success than himself."

"It is not in human nature, I grant," said Meriton, "yet under such circumstances as those under which we live, there ought at least be an attempt made to adjust differences as equitably as possible."

"Possibility being much governed by the strength of passion," replied Bateman.

"I concede as much," continued Meriton; "and yet even under so strong an influence as that of disappointed passion, I think I could keep a solemn pledge and agreement, especially when by the breaking of it I could not gain any object, nor even gain the prospect of a chance of success."

"Well, well, go on; we will argue the case when in possession of the particulars," said Bateman. "A counsel, you know, cannot give an opinion, without the knowledge of a case."

Meriton proceeded:—

"Finding our rivalry rather injurious to our cause, we made an agreement that we would not make an offer to Maria Delmair until, at the expiration of six months, when either should be at liberty to do so, and in the meantime we should both do our best to please her and win her."

"Which agreement you did not keep, of course?" remarked Bateman.

"But it was made in good faith, and by me intended to be kept religiously; indeed, I believed myself successful, and, therefore, should not willingly break through an arrangement I so fully acquiesced in."

"But you did do so, as I gather from what you say," remarked Grant.

"You shall see in the sequel what I have done, and the cause also," replied Meriton; "the agreement, while it lasted, was, of course, the cause of much rivalry, to which may be added the ill-feeling of those who, like Anderson, smarted under the idea that I was his successful rival; this was bad and uncomfortable; and Anderson, I suppose, finding his chance precarious, thought his only chance consisted in having the start of me in making his declaration of love to Miss Delmair, which he accordingly did."

"How came you to know that Anderson had made such a declaration to Miss Delmair, in defiance of the mutual agreement?" inquired James Bateman.

"I entered the room some time afterwards, and found Miss Delmair in tears. I inquired the cause, but I at first did not learn; word followed word, and I made a similar declaration without knowing that Anderson had done the same thing previously."

"Of course, then, his conduct was no justification for you, since you were not aware of what he had done; but broke it as you would have done, supposing you had known it."

"Exactly, I did; and his first having done so, though no justification to me, yet relieves me of all reproach from him, as he did do it before."

"That is true enough; I admit that it releases you from any reproach that may be levelled at you by him."

"True, I claim no more; my excuse for doing so was simply this: I entered the room—Miss Delmair was in tears—I spoke to her, and the tenderness of my words were caused by her apparent unhappiness. One word followed another, and I was in such a situation that I might even have been misconstrued, had I just stopped short of a declaration, and my future happiness blessed for ever. I made the declaration, and was accepted. I then learned the cause of Maria's tears, it was Anderson's declaration."

"As you may imagine, our being all in the same house rendered it very unfortunate that we should often meet—for quarrel after quarrel ensued, from which nothing flowed, or, indeed, could flow, but alienation."

"It was, indeed, a most unhappy situation to be placed in; but did you not converse together? and was he not aware that you was the accepted lover of Maria Delmair?"

"We did, he knows it well. I have told him so, and he can well see it besides; for of course any civility on his part is declined, for fear of misconception."

"Very properly," said Grant.

"Has he not left the house?" inquired James Bateman; "it would be the most reasonable course he could pursue."

"It would so," answered Meriton; "but it is in vain I attempt to argue with him, it only ends in a fresh quarrel, and I know not where it may end; and to prevent anything from happening that may endanger our bond of union, I seek your advice and interference."

"We can interfere no further than in the shape of advice, whatever may be the respective merits of the parties, and the case, also; yet it is

clear that, being the successful suitor, you ought to be left alone to enjoy the fruits of your good fortune."

"That is just what I wish made plain to him. Write a letter of advice to him, embodying that view of the case, and, if anything will have an effect, that will."

"He must be sadly obstinate, and lost to common sense, to induce him to remain there after he has not only been rejected, but he has seen another accepted."

"True, this is plain, but he refuses to go; he will remain as long as he can, to destroy the peace of all in the house, Mrs. Delmair being too weak to bring herself to give him notice to leave the house. Not only is there some risk, which daily increases, of a rencontre between us, but there is the unhappiness that Maria must suffer arising from fear."

"It is unfortunate that anything should arise that would tend to destroy the harmony that it was hoped would bind us all together when we first assembled," remarked Grant.

"That is true, but circumstances like these are not to be controlled," answered Bateman; "the passions are the mainsprings of our conduct, it is well to keep them under our control—at least to direct them, we cannot stay them entirely—and such a case as the present deserves our serious consideration. I propose that we write a letter to Anderson, pointing out the destructive effects of his conduct, which at the same time it injures the happiness and tranquillity of others, is not the slightest degree enhances his own chance of happiness. Such conduct, he should be told, is positively hurtful and mischievous. He must be well aware that when there is but one object to two competitors, both cannot possess it; and, as he has lost his chance, he had better allow the favoured suitor to remain with the willing object of his love."

"Exactly," replied Meriton; "'tis all I ask, all I wish for—I would so act myself."

The letter was at once written, and given, sealed, into the hands of Meriton, who was charged with the delivery of it that evening to Anderson, as soon as he should see him.

Their conversation now turned upon various subjects, among which the prospect of their next dinner was discussed; and the singularity of the death of George Lee, hoping they should not be deprived of any other upon such grounds as that.

The friends conversed socially for some time, and parted with mutual good wishes, and a desire to see each other prosperous and happy in the future.

(To be continued in our next.)

## MY SUSAN WAS THE FAIREST FLOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEVYAT."

My Susan was the fairest flower  
That ever trained or decked a bower;  
Her charms endearing, ever gay,  
Seemed like the gushing month of May.  
The cowslips e'en with gold are furnish'd;  
By nature their sweet lustre furnish'd;  
But Susan's charms, unlike the flowers,  
Ne'er fade, but spotless grace the bowers.  
The rose and lilac when in bloom  
Refresh the air with sweet perfume;  
But Susan dear, where'er she goes,  
Makes dim the beauties of the rose.  
The violet's bloom and modest grace  
Will unto others ne'er give place;  
But Susan's grace and spotless fame  
Will ever make us bless her name.

Westminster.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed (post-paid) to the Editor, which will meet with immediate attention.

J. H. M.—Unintelligible.

Fanny Donagan.—We have no recollection of the packet mentioned in your note, but inquiry shall be made respecting it.

Accepted.—"My Gentle and Pretty Home Flower;" "I adeste; or, the Wager Won;" and "Alfred Smith."

J. King.—Declined, with our thanks for the preference.

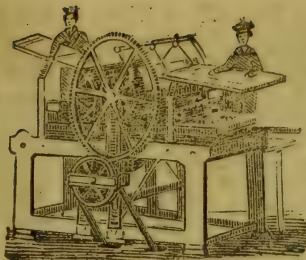
Declined with thanks.—"Nature," by W. D.

C. G. Ainsworth.—We shall be glad to receive a continuation of "Olympia," at the author's earliest convenience. Thanks for your offer of "La Polka."

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## TURKISH REVENGE.

It was a serene night in the summer of 1522, and the tranquil waves of the Levant rolled in calm succession upon the low shores of Rhodes; while the full moon, as she steered her course through the deep blue sky, flung a stream of silver radiance upon the immense white tents of the Mussulmans, as they lay entrenched before the hitherto impregnable capital of that isle. Countless banners floated curling in the air, above the stations of the various pa has, and midmost of the circling multitude, the broad standard of the Grand Signior, reared its triple heron plumage and golden crescent to the view of the spectators; for there lay encamped one of the stoutest warriors that ever swayed the scimitar of Ottoman; and though his years scarcely exceeded those of a boy, Europe already trembled before the man who so long proved the scourge of Christendom, for the storming of Belgrade, and the invasion of the Knights of St. John, had even then rendered formidable the name of Soliman the Magnificent. That evening had his mandate been issued, that on the ensuing day the city should be attacked at all points, and every soldier of his host lay wrapped in the arms of sleep, his head pillowed on the sabre, doomed in a few hours to drink the warm blood of the Nazarene: yet slept not the sultan beneath the shade of his silken pavilion, but walking from post to post, he inspected with the keen eye of a general the preparations for the assault; and as he perceived all to be in readiness, his heart bounded within him, as the thought of so soon humbling that proud order which had so long stood invincible against his ancestors.

He was on the point of returning to his tent, when, as he passed the quarters of the Pacha of Bosnia, he was surprised at observing that chief resting upon his lance, at a considerable distance from his hardy retainers.

"Why musest thou, Amurath?" inquired he, approaching him. "Wherefore sleepest thou not to nerve thy limbs for the day of battle?"

"I need no sleep to nerve my limbs, illustrious sultan," returned the pacha; "my sinews are well braced to the glorious toil of war; but the morning's fight will be my last. I feel that within me, which saith, 'Yet a few hours, Amurath, and thou shalt be in Paradise!'"

"Speak not thus," observed Soliman; "thy brow is ever gloomy as the clouds of Istakur, but this night thou lookest darker than is thy wont; but fear not the shot of the Christian, thou wilt still live many years to share the triumphs of the faithful!"

"I fear not," replied Amurath; "had any lips save thine whispered a thought that fear lurked in my bosom, my lance had drank his blood, or ere they ceased to quiver; but my hour is now fast coming, and fain would my spirit be free from this clod of earth. I have gained all for which I desired to live."

"And what was that?" demanded the sultan.

"Vengeance on the Hungarian," returned his vassal; "bitterly did he wrong me when I was young and powerless, and deeply hath he paid for the same, when the sabre was clenched in my grasp. Yes, I have been avenged."

The curiosity of the sultan was excited by these obscure hints, and he earnestly requested Amurath to recount the tale of his wrongs and vengeance, to which, after some few objections, he consented, and seating themselves on one of those enormous pieces of artillery, so fatal to the liberties of Christendom, the pacha thus commenced his history.

Twenty years have passed since I gambolled in sportive childhood on the green banks of the Danube. My father was an Akanzi (a kind of

light horsemen, similar to the Cossacks,) of the northern provinces. He won his bread at the point of his lance, and to him the very name of the Nazarene was as a deadly poison; he abhorred them during his life, and from them did he receive his death. A band of Hungarian cavalry assailed the village wherein we dwelt; my sire and fifty of his brave associates fought valiantly in its defence; but as the forest is rended by the whirlwind, so fell they before the onset of their enemies. Stoutly did my father maintain the fight; twice did the steel gore his side, and twice he shouted "Allah!" as he cleft to the ground them that assailed him.

At length a beardless squire rushed against him. Weak with loss of blood, he sunk beneath the charge, and the next moment I beheld him expire, with a sword quivering in his heart. Young as I was, the sight was too much for me. I sprang upon the murderer, and strove vainly to wound his steed. The squire raised his arm to slay me; but a thought checked his purpose, and lifting me from the earth, he placed me on horseback before him. I struggled madly to free myself, but he laughed at my puny wrath. That day my mother resigned her breath—she sunk under the accursed insults of the victors. Suitan, my own eyes witnessed the deed, and swearing revenge with impotent lips, I was borne away captive into the land of the infidel.

The squire who had taken me, proved to be the eldest son of the Baron of Alhyma, a noble of high birth and wide domains. He admired the aspect of my features, and the symmetry of my frame; and after compelling me to undergo the impious rite of baptism, he presented me to serve as page to the daughter of Sir Hugh Sternfeldt, whom he had selected for his lady-love. She was then in the early bloom of youth, having scarcely attained her sixteenth year; and never did I behold a more exquisite paragon of feminine beauty, than Matilda Sternfeldt then was, saving only that very Matilda, when a few years afterwards, I surveyed her in all the pride of full blown loveliness—gifted with every charm which renders woman irresistible. Her complexion transcended the whiteness of pearls; her large blue eyes gleamed like the sapphire that gemmed the turban of Saladin, and the rich waves of her golden hair, as they flowed o'er her snowy shoulders, and veiled her radiant bosom, looked beautiful as the vineyards that clothe the white cliffs of Canda. Yes, mighty sultan, she was one for whose smiles heroes might contend, and for whose love a prince would have been glad to share. She pitied my captive condition, and strove in every way to alleviate my sorrow. At first I was morose and sullen; but none could be long so in her presence. I felt grateful, and desired to prove myself so; her slightest wish became my law, and I was soon held up as an example to all the pages in the district; but little knew Matilda, what would be the fruits of her kindness; little deemed she that a flame was kindling, which would utterly consume her. I could not look upon her beauty without feeling my heart burn within me. Young as I was, I loved her to enthusiasm, for I was the son of a clime warmer than the frigid regions of Hungary. Judge, then, what were my sensations, when I saw her smile upon the suit of Frederick of Alhyma, when, from time to time, he visited the castle of her father. Within twelvemonths of my capture, he was a dubbed knight, and every season served to crown his temples with fresh laurels, steeped in the blood of the vanquished Moslems.

Four years at length elapsed since I became her attendant, when, appearing one morning before Matilda, I perceived her eyes to beam with pleasure, and her countenance to wear an aspect of universal delight. She told me her marriage had been fixed to take place on Sir Frederick's return from a campaign in Servia, and that she had just received the news of his arrival at home, after killing with his own hand the Pacha of Nisaa.

At these words my heart was like a stone; my face grew pale and



flushed by turns; my limbs faltered, and I staggered backward. Matilda inquired the cause of my agitation; the silvery tones of her voice dispelled my apathy; my thoughts choked each other in striving for utterance; but despair gave me courage, and they burst forth like the torrent of Euphrates, when it breaks from the rocks of Armenia.

"Lady!" I exclaimed, "bestow not thyself upon that accursed man; his hands are bathed in the blood of my people; his sword drank the blood of my father. I love thee, lady; love thee to distraction!"

I could say no more, for she laid her hand upon my mouth, and bidding me, (though not in anger,) to cease—laughed at what she termed "my baby passion." By Allah, she hath proved long since, whether it was named aright. That evening Alhyma reached the castle, and to him she declared my late conduct, when he was pleased to twist his execrable features into a smile, as he said,—

"Of a truth, the boy knoweth a fair woman when he seeth her; and if I knew that, knew I not also how to possess her? But he hath found it."

The ensuing day witnessed the consummation of their union; and, unable to behold those peerless charms folded to the breast of the man I hated, I broke from the festive board, and sped southward, scarcely knowing whither. Marvel it was I escaped, for the frontier was distant; but I won the Danube in safety, and trod once more the forests of Bosnia. I was then only fifteen years of age; but how glorious was the consciousness of freedom in the land of my ancestors. I had not forgotten the Moslem faith, though compelled so long to bow in the impious worship of Nazareth; but above my zeal one feeling rose pre-eminent; it was that of vengeance on the accursed ghaour; upon Alhyma, and his haughty bride. Start not, brave sultan; he had scoffed at my passion, and my spirit could not brook derision. I still loved her; but it was as the tiger loved the gazelle.

I joined myself to a band of hardy Arkanzas; my frame was soon insured to martial toil; by many daring feats, I exalted my fame, and in three years, I was known for one of the fiercest warriors of the Danube. One night, having been repulsed in a predatory inroad, and separated from my companions, I spurred my steed through a gloomy forest, and reaching its verge, I beheld five Hungarian soldiers, seated round a watch-fire, while their coursers grazed beside them. The light flashed full upon their faces, and I knew four of them to be the miscreants, whose hellish brutality had caused the death of my mother. My purpose was formed at once—a single moment saw my bow bent—with the next, my shaft thrilled in the lungs of the nearest. His friends sprang to their feet, wondering whence the wound proceeded; but a second arrow, which pierced the heart of another, revealed the quarter of peril. With naked blades the remaining three darted towards the spot where I stood. I scorned to fly, but receded a few paces, to gain time for a fresh shot, which proved fatal to a third enemy; that instant his associates desoried me, and rushed forward with loud threats; but the foremost stumbled over the roots of an oak, and fell upon his face; his comrade sunk lifeless before the edge of my scymetar, whose second whirl severed his head from his body as he endeavoured to rise. That was my earliest taste of vengeance. Oh, how I gloated o'er the carcasses of these five Christians, stretched in their gore by my single arm. I prostrated myself, thanking the prophet for my victory, and solemnly vowed that if Allah would grant me revenge upon Alhyma and his proud lady, I would thrice perform the pilgrimage to Mecca, and pour forth my soul in adoration within the sacred caaba.

I mounted my horse, and returned home with the spoils of the slain. My valour was extolled, and our captain having fallen in the recent incursion, I was appointed to succeed him. By a few feats of desperate courage, I still further swelled my renown, and the numbers of my band. I scoured the country far and wide; wherever my horse's hoofs trod, the grass ceased to grow, and the Christians trembled at the name of Amurath the Destroyer. They looked for some one to expose me, and the eyes of all were turned upon Frederick of Alhyma, who had just acceded to the wide domains of his father: he shrunk not from the task to which his people called him. The bloody sabre passed through the land; [an ancient method of gathering forces in Hungary, similar to the hery cross;] and news was brought me that the Nazarenes were gathering to his banner.

With six thousand men he crossed the frontier, spreading fire and ruin around him; but his career was abort. I watched his progress, as the vulture of Liakura marks his prey afar off. At eventide I saw his multitudes encamped on the woody shores of the Drave, and at midnight with eighteen hundred trusty Moslems. I burst upon their repose; soon did their sentinels fall before us, and as speedily were their tents in a blaze: of a truth it was more of a flight than a battle. One moment our scimitars were bright as the noontide sun, and the next they were crimsoned to the hilt; as the sands of Zara are scattered by the whirlwind, so fled our enemies before us. Let me do justice to a foe—Alhyma fought like a young lion amid the hunters. Often did

I strive to smite him out, but could not for the press; yet vain were his energies against the servants of the prophet. When he found all lost, he cut his way through the Akanzis, who beset him, and plunged with his horse and armour into the river. I dashed after him, and my steed being lighter than his, gained rapidly upon him; then he turned and fired his petronel; the bullet lodged in my horse, and he yielded to the current. I abandoned him, for pursuit was now vain, and swam back to regain my followers. Gallantly did his courser tear up against the stream, and I saw him reach the further shore; but my revenge was only delayed; a few hours I rested my weary adherents, and the next day viewed me entering Hungary with five thousand Mussulmans at my back, for vast were the numbers that resorted to me, when they heard of my victory.

It was a bright summer morning, when I appeared before the Castle of Alhyma; but its master was there before me, and all was ready for a vigorous resistance, as I learned by the numbers who thronged the ramparts. I summoned the place to yield at discretion, and a haughty defiance was returned. I gave the signal for assault—a thousand arrows were launched against the defenders, who failed not to reply with arblast, caterpault, and mangonel; fortunately for us a few culverines were all their artillery. I had along with me ordnance which I took in the late strife, and with them were the gates soon blown from their hinges; then I raised the Allah shout, and led my warriors to storm the portal. As we passed the archway, streams of boiling tar and oil, mingled with scorching sand and molten lead, fell upon us, dreadful as the fire and brimstone which consumed the offending people of Lot; but the pass was won.

Alhyma and a chosen band of men-at-arms, encountered us in the court-yard. Stubborn was the fight that ensued; many a hand was red with slaughter; many a turban was cleft—ay, and many a helm and hauberk crashed beneath the mace and crooked scimejar. I was mad with rage, and fought more like a Dive than a man, when a shaft pierced my shirt of mail, and inflicted a slight wound on my breast. I looked to see whence it came; and eh, prophet, what did I see? At a lattice of a tower, stood Matilda of Alhyma, a thousand times more beautiful than I had ever surveyed her! her left hand grasped the bow, while her right fixed another arrow in the string. Lust and vengeance impelled me forward; and I clove my path to where her husband stood, nor did he quail before me; never were harder or heavier strokes than we dealt each other. Bitterly did he then regret of not having slain me when a boy; but his penitence was too late. Dubious was the strife, until my sabre's edge fell upon his arm, and divided the sinews. The limb fell powerless at his side, and dropping his shield, he exclaimed with a look of con age,—

"Strike, Turk! I can fight no longer."

I raised my hand—the weapon already quivered over his head; but as I marked his soul unconquered, I resolved to prolong his tortures. I plunged the steel in the scabbard, and hurling him to the pavement, bound him fast with the help of one of my friends. Dispirited by their leader's captive, his vassals retired within the keep, which we entered with them; every step of the stair was disputed inch by inch; but still we triumphed. I saw the chambers of that accursed castle flooded with the gore of its defenders; my sabre was guded to my grasp, but all was not over, though few were left alive, as few craved quarter, and they who did, found they were in the hands of those to whom mercy was a by-word.

We sat down to refresh ourselves after the contest in the hall of the fortress; its loat beheld our revels, and saw his lady stand unveiled behind my seat, and hand the goblet to the man whom she had once ordered as a page. Oh, Spilman, it was a glorious moment; never shall I forget the ghastly paleness which then suffused the features of that lovely woman. Her hand trembled as she placed in mine the chalice of massy gold, which I had torn from the chapel to quaff my sherbet; but my vengeance was still unsatisfied.

The feast was cleared—my people dismissed; and then—then came the mighty consummation of wrath, as I forced both Matilda and Alhyma to drain the cup of misery to the very dregs; yet can I not without horror reflect upon the scene? Had I been an Afrit, I might have felt compulsion when I viewed so much transcendent radiance at my feet; her milk-white arms clasping my knees, and the big, heavy tears coursing each other down her pallid cheeks, as she conjured me, by her former kindness, to have pity on her; but I was incapable; I felt her writhe within my savage embrace with all the energy despair can lend to virtue; but it was vain—my passion and revenge were gratified at the same moment, for Alhyma beheld my triumph over her, who had so long been the loadstar of his existence. His spirit lent beneath the weight of anguish; and thier, at length, a single scalding tear gushed from his eyes, wrung forth by the ext emity of mental agony. Not for worlds would I lose the memory of that moment; to me that tear was more precious than all the diamonds in the mines of Goleonda; it atoned for all the taunts and injuries he had heaped on me and mine; I



saw his soul die within him, and nothing now remained but his death. With a firm hand I drove my dagger to his heart, and as his last groan struck upon my ear, I whispered in hoarse accents the name of my father. I felt his warm blood bubbling over my fingers as they clenched the silver hilt, and flourishing the reeking steel, turned to Matilda to enjoy her future sufferings; but that vengeance was denied me by Allah; the quick succession of woes and insults had proved too much for one of such strength of feelings and delicacy of frame, and on beholding the death of him she had loved so tenderly, so long, so passionately, a wild and heart-rending cry broke from her bosom, and she expired.

At that sight my heart sunk within me, and though I had panted for this hour, as the famished hyena for his prey, yet was I not happy as I gazed upon that mass of inanimate clay, and knew it to be all now left of her, who twenty-four hours before, moved in stately pride, the most beautiful woman upon the frontiers of Hungary. I thrice performed a pilgrimage to Mecca, and discharged my vows; since then I have risen in the ranks of the crescent, and the three horse-tails now float above my tent; but vainly have I strove amid the tumult of war, to drown the memory of her who could alone have made me happy, had she but loved me.

The sultan was deeply affected with this narration. He stood for some moments conversing with the pacha upon the strange events of his life, after which he retired to his tent, but not to slumber, for the recollection of what he had heard rendered that impossible. The next day beheld that fearful assault, which finally compelled the Knights of St. John to sign terms of capitulation; but the advantage was not won, save with the lives of many of their noblest and bravest besiegers.

## THE FAIR LAND OF BRITAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THAMES," ETC.

When the fair land of Britain first rose from the sea,  
And made herself known as a nation that's free;  
There came far and near, her charms to enslave,  
Men that made Britain their home and their grave.  
Though the Britons were rude, yet haply they knew  
How for valour and courage, both honest and true,  
They all were to their homes, and they courted that smile  
Which dawned on the cheek for Britain's fair isle.

The Picts and the Scots first the Britons withstood,  
Who fought to uphold her, though humble and rude;  
Then the Roman, the Saxon, the Norman, the Dane,  
Came wildly across on the wide-stirring main;  
And their eagle eyes gazed on the highly prized store,  
As they saw the white cliffs and the far distant shore;  
Yet the oak lay untrammell'd and foster'd that smile  
Which shone on the beauties of Britain's fair isle.

But though the fair Britain was trodden down low,  
By the force of invasion's oft powerful blow,  
Though it lessened her sons, yet it strengthened the heart  
As civilisation its seeds did impart,  
'Till might with the many overpower'd the few,  
Which sadden'd the hearts that were honest and true,  
And they fled to the mountains of Cambria the while,  
'Till Liberty dawned on old Britain's fair isle.

But ages have pass'd, and wide o'er the land  
The proud flag of Britain has taken her stand;  
And far o'er the world, where the wind whistles free,  
Britannia is known as "The Queen of the Sea!"  
For commerce, for warfare, for industry—art—  
For bravery—love, none can equal that heart,  
Which first beamed aloft 'neath the beautiful smile,  
Which with pride decks the cheek for Britain's fair isle.

**CULTIVATION OF THE MEMORY.**—Dr. Johnson used always to urge the importance of children being encouraged to tell whatever they hear particularly striking to some brother, sister, or servant, before the impression was erased by the intervention of newer occurrences. His mother, it seems, was accustomed, when she told him anything, which she thought likely to seize his attention, to send him to a favourite workman in the house, to whom she knew he would communicate the conversation while it was yet impressed on his mind. The event was what she wished; and it was to that method chiefly that he owed his uncommon facility of remembering distant occurrences.

Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool, your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapour.

## CLANAWLY.

A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER. XV.

THE FAREWELL.

It is time now to introduce an interesting member of Clanawly's family to the reader, and that is his only daughter, Ellen M'Auliff, a beautiful young lady, then about twenty years old. She spent the principal part of her time at a neighbouring convent, where she was educated, coming on festival and other important days to visit the castle; for since her mother's demise, which happened in her early youth, there was no female society suitable to her rank at her father's residence.

Early in the morning of the day after the banquet in the hall, which is the only day as yet comprehended in this tale, the young lady arrived at the fortress, in company with a sister of the convent, who had permission to proceed with her. They went on foot, and were attended by two male servants dressed in large frieze coats, under which they carried weapons of defence. When they reached the castle there was an in-ordinary confusion about the yard, consequent on the departure of the Earl of Tyrone, who was anxious to join his troops without any further delay. Tircconnell, who resolved to remain for a few days to lead up those men promised by M'Auliff, as also the assistance expected from other chieftains, was standing without his helmet at the porch of the hall, whilst Clanawly and his son were attending to Tyrone and the Baron of Kelly, then mounted.

"O'Loughlin, my horseman and a troop of galloplasses shall attend your lordship to the encampment," said M'Auliff, who held Tyrone's stirrup, out of sincere compliment to the latter.

"Or I shall, my lord," observed Hugh M'Auliff, at the same moment holding the earl's horse by the rein.

"No, Clanawly, no," responded Tyrone; "we must forbear all ceremony now. I can dispense with it, and shall proceed with the baron, as the distance is not very great."

"But there may be an interruption," hinted Clanawly, "and we cannot be too cautious under the present alarm."

"Fear not," returned the former, "as we are able to defend ourselves against any small party, whilst a larger one will be easily perceived before they can gain upon us."

"I must submit to your pleasure," said the other; "and, therefore, must not detain you unnecessarily any longer."

"O'Donnell," cried Tyrone, turning a commanding glance towards the silent chieftain, "I may expect you about the termination of three days. I shall halt near M'Carthy Musterry's until you come up, bringing all your gathering."

"In about three days after you halt," returned O'Donnell, without moving from the threshold of the hall.

"Then I shall proceed to Berehaven," said Tyrone, "whilst your progress will be towards the sea, directly south."

"That shall be observed," coolly returned Tircconnell.

"You cannot mistake the locality," remarked Tyrone, assuming a milder aspect, as he noticed the other's indifference; "it is an extensive plain, and the castle of Kilcrea will serve as a guidance to your route, as it stands about the centre of it."

At this moment the ladies entered the court-yard, and would have evaded notice were it possible; but the attentions of the party having been drawn towards them, M'Auliff was resolved to introduce his favourite descendant to the illustrious person before his departure.

"Will you take farewell of my fairest living child, my lord?" asked Clanawly; whilst his hand trembled on the earl's stirrup.

Tyrone instantly dismounted, as did the Baron of Kelly, and delivering their horses to be held by attendants, proceeded into the castle; where M'Auliff showed them into a large chamber, on the right of and adjoining to the hall. The ladies were seated upon oaken settles, rudely cushioned with red cloth, underneath which mats of finely-woven straw were laid. Neither of them took any notice of the noblemen when they entered, but remained pensively seated, until their attention was aroused by the chieftain of the castle.

It was an apartment where the family usually assembled at the time when Lady M'Auliff was living, and domestic happiness reigned in the mansion. It was the scene of their private hilarity, as also the chamber wherein visitors were received on ordinary occasions. The walls were without plaster, but the neat joining of the masonry and the smooth surface of the hewn stone seemed to render any further finishing unnecessary. The floor was paved with small and deep blocks of polished limestone, the ceiling was an arch of similar material, but of a lighter



description, and both corresponded well, affording a pleasing effect to the eyes of those whose feelings bore a chivalrous cadence. There were two saloons in the wall, facing each other; in one of them the doorway stood, of gothic form, but extremely small; and in the other a monumental table, a huge block of limestone on four stone legs, answering as an altar for the private celebration of Roman Catholic worship; and each was ornamented with small columns, ending at the summit in a groin. In the wall, on the left-hand side as you entered, the large fireplace showed its ample front, finished with black marble pilasters, each bearing a rude sculptured relief of the family crest; whilst over the centre appeared the arms of Clanawly, and an engraved memorandum of an extraordinary incident which gave rise to the nobility of the clan. Two small gothic windows, in the wall facing the fireplace, gave light to the apartment, and afforded a prospect of the dark mountains in the immediate neighbourhood, whilst a vast range of hilly country was also discernible between the castle and their rugged ascent. The furniture consisted of a few oaken settles and tables, of singular workmanship; and two ancient harps stood, one at each side of the fireplace, but the spirit which awakened their strains once in that noble chamber had joined its kindred in the mansions of eternal repose.

Ellen M'Auliff was attired in white; a long robe of linen, extremely fine, covered her from the shoulders, and swept the floor, and a hood of similar texture concealed her long and flowing hair, that hung down with beautiful negligence. Her arms were naked up to the elbow, and where the white sleeves were divided, and hung below her waist; and the fairness of their hue nearly surpassed the whiteness of her garment.

The other lady was attired in black—a rough black serge habitment whilst a hood attached to it, of the same cloth, covered her head. A leathern belt girdled her waist, to which a rosary of large beads, terminating in a silver crucifix, was appended. On her feet were heavy clogs, clasped with silver buckles. The features of her countenance, as she strove not to conceal them, were thin, and prematurely withered, intimating the austerity that she chose during life, in preference to ease and earthly enjoyment.

"My only daughter, Ellen, my lord," said Clanawly, endeavouring to subdue some tender emotions, which struggled for mastery in his mind.

The Earl of Tyrone walked firmly up to the young lady, and pulling off his casque, bowed down below her waist.

The lady rose up for a moment, with both hands threw back her veil, and gazed, whilst her head drooped aside, with bewitching softness upon his rugged features. She looked twice at his eagle glance, but her long, black silken lashes as quickly concealed her timid eyes; and she sat down again, and leant her right elbow upon the harp that stood beside her settle. She was mute, but her silence was as full of acknowledgment as if she gave utterance to those feelings which burdened her soul.

"I must take my farewell of you, fair daughter of Clanawly," observed Tyrone, laying his right hand upon his breast; "but I hope it will not be the last, and that triumph will exalt the welcome which I will next receive from you, beneath your noble father's roof."

Clanawly heaved a sigh, which echoed deeply in O'Donnell's breast, and found congenial sentiment in that of the Baron of Kelly. Ellen looked sharply upon her father's face, as if mildly upbraiding him for his unwonted weakness; and for a moment that gentle feeling of womanhood forsook her, but it returned quietly. The chieftain felt the appeal, and a rush of blood to his visage confirmed the change wrought within him, so singularly and tacitly. He was the Lord of Clanawly again, in spirit and arm, the dark chieftain of the wold, and he acknowledged the influence of his daughter.

"My daughter," said the lady in black, "suffer not the great earl to depart without speaking to him, and praying aloud for his success in the present arduous campaign."

"I cannot pray, mother," returned the young lady, whilst she drooped over the harp, and her long tresses following the inclination of her head, concealed her elbow, and reached the ground.

A rude dependant, belonging to the Earl of Tyrone, who stood in the middle of the apartment, leaning upon a shattered pike, dressed in a heavy frieze mantle, and white frieze pantaloons, and wearing on his head the blue Ulster cap, exclaimed aloud,—

"By the — I cannot stand this."

Tyrone was in doubt whether he should speak again, or depart without any further remarks, which he fancied might have been untimely.

Hugh M'Auliff now approached, and taking a brother's liberty, laid hold of his sister's left hand, at which she started, looking timorously upward, but became composed again, as soon as she discovered who the person was.

"Ellen," said he, "say farewell to the Earl of Tyrone. Sister dear, do not detain the nobleman."

She reached out her right hand, which previously supported her forehead, towards Tyrone, and he accepting of the present, clasped it ardently, and pressed it to his lips. His eyes became unsteady, and

wandered from object to object, nor could he tell the reason of such uneasiness.

"Farewell, my lord," said Ellen M'Auliff, looking up tenderly at him, and heaving a sigh.

"Why this sigh at parting, fairest daughter?" demanded Tyrone.

"Explain your mind, my beloved child," said Clanawly.

"I fear to damp your ardour, my lords," said she, finding words, "particularly as the fantasies of a woman's brain should not be taken into consideration, when reference is made to martial prowess."

"Upon my dignity," swore the Earl of Tyrone. "yours are the sentiments which sink into my bosom deepest; and therefore I hope I shall not be disappointed in hearing them."

"My fair daughter," said Clanawly, "is not such a churl as to conceal within her bosom any sentiment beneficial to our falling nation."

"I fear that I foresee calamities approaching," she said; "but, perhaps, that merely arises from my desponding mood."

"The fearful prophetic spirit of our family," said Hugh M'Auliff, letting go his sister's hand, and staring at his father.

"The bequeathed spirit of the former Ellen, she, whose legendary narrative is said to influence our family more or less," remarked the father.

Tyrone still held Ellen's hand.

"You have this mystic privilege in the family, then?" inquired O'Donnell, tapping Clanawly on the shoulder; "I thought it was merely legendary, and expired with the dawning of good sense, in the annals of your house."

"Really, my lord," answered the other, "I scarcely give you credit to it, although I am partially affected by the belief."

"The foreigners are not true," said Ellen; "I dreamed of their faithlessness, and their false professions have haunted my waking hours."

"Who are the foreigners?" demanded O'Donnell, "My dear young lady, I suppose you mean the English."

"They are the enemy," returned the lady.

"Then she must mean the Spaniards," observed Tyrone, looking round at Clanawly with perturbation.

O'Donnell commenced humming an air, whilst his eyes, cast upwards, ranged across the vaulted ceiling several times.

"And—oh!" she exclaimed; "the treachery of their nobles—they have lost sight of their country, for their gratification; like to a debauched patriarch, who starves his offspring and dependants, to gratify his own appetite, and to fill the treasury of his own lust."

"True—true!" exclaimed Tyrone, "I am becoming a convert to thy words."

"Our battles have been fought in vain, our blood has been spilled hopelessly, our young chiefs have been cloven down in vain; for there is none now to appreciate their valour," said Ellen, raising herself up, and assuming a firm demeanour; "and the greatest victory which we can achieve is swallowed up in the despondency—that a still greater battle remains to be fought, and a still greater conquest to be accomplished."

All countenances bowed heavily with sadness.

"And why?" she demanded, looking at them in quick succession.

Silence reigned in the chamber during several minutes, no person having attempted to make answer.

"Because you withdraw from the conquest you have gained—because there is no centre of union—no head to your power." Around whose standard can you rally in the end? The Saxon standard is floating over the nation; but we have none, nor arises there one who will maintain it unflinchingly in his hands. One grasps it, but he is bought; another succeeds, but he makes submission; the end is, that we still relapse into the former headless Irish, ungoverned and unguled."

There was a murmur of applause in the apartment, which scarcely broke forth from the lips of those who uttered it, like the heavy, convulsive breathings of the ocean, when a storm broods at a distance.

"My lord," said Ellen, "I must not presume to dictate to a nobleman of your tried gallantry and power—I, a weak woman—"

At this expression Tyrone knit his brows, and shook his head.

She continued—"But I must claim excuse, on account of the patriotic spirit that fills my veins. Our Irish ladies are all enthusiasm and true patriotism. Would that our Irish nobles and warriors were equally undaunted and faithful; if so, the country would not now have been sold to tyranny, and reduced to its present state of helplessness."

"I am chained to the ground!" exclaimed Tyrone.

"Now," concluded Ellen, "I must not detain you any longer. Go forth to your conquests, my lord; which must be conquests, if you rely on your own power; and let the confidence you put in strangers be simply as much as will acknowledge their kindness, without relaxing your own innate bravery. Farewell! be not moved by my words to injudicious acts; but ponder. Farewell!"

She arose with the last expression, gazed complacently upon him,



whilst he kissed her hand once more. Withdrawing her hand, she sat down again, and he retired to the centre of the room, to reflect upon the strange expressions which fell from her lips, conveying an alarming lesson to the mind of a warrior, even as powerful as the Earl of Tyrone.

Ellen arose again, and, approaching her father, tearlessly cast her beautiful white arms round his neck, and kissed his cheek several times. The old man was reduced to feebleness, and his knees for the first time acknowledged the control of age over the most iron nerves.

"I shall go back to the convent, this morning, my loving father," said the young lady, "and wed myself to solitude and piety, since there is no other inheritance now left for the Irish maiden. There you will find me, when you return to your castle."

"Please your mind, my love," said Clanawly, "and the will of your father will be in union with you, at every action of your life. Every deed and wish of yours is pleasant to me; and, if I am guilty of any error, it is in loving you too ardently."

"Father," said she, "this hall will be desolate. No more will the harp fill the lofty room with its sweet strains—no more will the family-chant delight you at evening—there will not be a single person within its threshold who know of its comfort. Oh! I feel the extinction of our race—let me not alarm you—it is an empty dwelling now. It will be empty, indeed, when the sound of your footsteps gladdens not the dependants, at your return from the chase. But you must go to the battle, even at your declining years—your country demands it; and, what you want in vigour, will be made up by mature wisdom."

"I must answer the call of my nation, my daughter," said Clanawly. "You fought frequently," said Ellen.

"And I am proud it is not the last," returned the father.

"Our house has contributed its share towards the re-establishment of the country," said the young lady.

"My child," said the lady in black, "our time will shortly be expired, and you must hasten. His lordship will excuse me for this necessary intrusion."

"Yes—yes," said Clanawly; "it is foolish to make any further delay."

"Like the transient scene of a fairy tale," cried Hugh M'Auliff, rushing over to take a farewell of his sister, whom he ardently loved.

She embraced him, and, no longer able to control herself, under the endearments of fraternal attachment, burst into a flood of tears, and silently wept. The embrace was long, silent, and fervent; such as we feel, when taking leave of the remains of our nearest relative, or they are deposited in their last resting-place—a clearing of the spirit, the separation seeming as if we were leaving behind some portion of our existence.

"Hugh," she sobbed, "I cannot speak to you, as I spoke to the Earl of Tyrone and my dear father."

"I know, my dear sister," returned he, "but sit down."

They moved together, and she resumed her seat, he placing himself between his sister and the lady in black.

"You must not forget me, Hugh; think of me twice a-day, every morning and every evening, and I shall think of you at the same moment, for then I shall be at silent and private prayer," said his sister.

"I shall then at least, dearest sister," he said; "then at least."

"And do not separate from our father, on any account," she continued; "for, though he is a powerful man, he is not as strong as he used to be in former times, and therefore requires a son's assistance. Nor, dear brother, do nothing without first consulting him, because your wisest plan is mere foolishness when it comes under his notice; otherwise, how do we young persons blush so, when our actions come to be scrutinised by the aged?"

"All this will I remember," said Hugh.

"Make no foreign friends," said she; "for their intimacy is gross and licentious, ill-suited to the morality of an Irish youth."

"I shall obey you punctually, dear Ellen," he declared again.

"Then is my last word expressed," she said; "and now, farewell, my dear brother. You will not be long away; but to me it will seem long—very long. Farewell!"

She embraced and kissed him again; and, turning around, glanced "Farewell" to all in the apartment, again drooping over the harp, that stood beside her seat. At this moment all the persons assembled bowed to the young lady, and prepared to retire, Clanawly following in the rear of the illustrious assembly.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE LEGEND.

THE first day's march, after leaving Castle M'Auliff, brought the troops proceeding under the command of the Earl of Tyrone, into the middle of the Boggra mountains. During the march they met with no

interruption, nor even fell in with a single straggler, save a few crabs-dores, who, leaving the services of some neighbouring gentry, joined their ranks. A rude encampment was formed, and several fires lighted, whilst they prepared themselves for refreshment and rest, first producing and dividing the chances collected during the day, as was customary in those times.

The movement of an army, particularly an undisciplined one, through any country, is marked by the devastation which they make, and the plunder that they commit—like a well-beaten track, it can be distinguished from the rest of the soil. In this instance, however, there was nothing compulsory. Wealthy farmers and country gentlemen voluntarily brought to the cross-roads and principal passes, bridges, and fords, whatever they could afford to give, or spare from their own immediate necessities. Tyrone's men were under no necessity to lay their hands on anything; and the reason that it was the most merciful advance ever made in that country before, was because the object was an under-taking of general interest, on which account there were greater supplies of bread, cattle, and brandy, than were even necessary, notwithstanding the great numbers which composed the army.

It occupied a considerable time to prepare for the nocturnal feast; but use now made them quite able to despatch the proceedings preliminary with the shortest possible delay. At last they were stretched at full length upon the ground; some enjoying profound sleep, others dreaming of actual hostilities, and more who could not sleep, conversing on the probable termination of the march.

One group in particular, those who had accompanied the Earl of Tyrone to the Castle of M'Auliff, on the preceding day, were seated upon the ground, beside a fine blazing fire. Their conversation was about the family of Clanawly, and their origin in the annals of fame. One chap in particular, a man poetically given, although not a bard by profession—a soldier-poet—having been acquainted with the legends of the principal Irish nobility, alluded to the fabulous report of former times, concerning the house of M'Auliff.

"All the Irish nobility have those kind of stories about their race," said one of the party, laughing very loud.

"I don't know," observed another, "whether it is a laughing point or not, but some say it is right enough—there must be some foundation in it."

"Well enough to tell," remarked the soldier-bard.

"But it is foolishness to believe in any of them," said the first, again.

"I know people that, if they heard you say so, would put their fingers into your eyes," returned the second speaker.

"Oh, it is almost time such nonsense was dropped," hinted the former; "for as long as we have those notions, we never will make the least step towards improvement."

"How can that hinder our improvement?" demanded the other.

"Hundreds of ways," answered his friend in argument, "more than I can explain; but I know that it is by dwelling upon, and clinging to, these old, foolish, dilapidated notions, we are kept back from improving with the rest of the world. I am not ashamed of myself, my appearance, or my country's customs; but I am ashamed when I contrast my notions and feelings upon affairs of the world, with those of other people from other countries. Now, what a pretty figure we will make amongst the Spanish troops! Everybody living will know the Irish from them. And if they stuck to their antiquated customs as we have done, they would be in the same situation as we are; but they gave way to the times, let foreign improvements get in amongst them, and came down with the rest of the world to the present state of civilization and military equipment."

"You should argue that point with the Earl of Tyrone," said another amongst the group, envying the information and opinions of the speaker.

"There you are again—whenever," he continued, "any improvement is suggested, it is—leave it to the will of lord so-and-so. And, suppose I had to argue the point with the Earl of Tyrone, what harm would it produce? Whenever a man cannot answer an argument himself, he throws you contemptuously upon his superior, with whom he knows you must not engage. To you or any other person, on an equality with me in life, I say, we have no more to do with antiquated manners and customs, because they were used by our forefathers, than we have to do with their heathenism, their barbarity, or their language; for we even speak quite different from what they did. To practise, as they used, any manners and habits, would be to call them up again from their graves—"

"No, no, no," interrupted another amongst the group.

"Go on with your argument then," said the speaker.

"You go on," said the former; "I only differ with you myself; I may be the only person present differing from you."

"There's more than you differing from him," observed a second, and a third.

"Then why are we dressed this way—quite different from the rest of the world?" asked the well-informed man,



"Because we are Irish," answered one, which echoed from mouth to mouth, until it was found unanimous.

"Then I may cease," said he; "but let us have the legend."

"Ay—the legend," was echoed from the remainder.

"The legend of Clanawly!" demanded the soldier-bard.

"Yes," said they, "or any other you wish."

He paused for a few moments, and turning over several incidents in his mind, so as to give some additional force to the mere skeleton legend which he had from tradition, recited it in the style then usual with persons who detail national sketches and scraps of history. His auditory were of that rude description, on whom incident would be lost, if not conveyed in the most impressive shape; and, therefore, he spared not sounding word, nor strong gesticulation, nor common-phrasal idiom, such as may render his improbable narrative fully intelligible.

#### THE ENCHANTMENT.

Within the hall where the chieftain of Clanawly dwells, there is feasting, minstrelsy of harps and shells, and high rejoicing.

The warriors have unbuckled their helmets, over whose brows the nodding plumes no longer wave, and they all wait in the hall—but what detains the proud M'Auliff?

Does he hunt the red mountain deer as is his custom, or chase the wolf to his lair from the plain? It cannot be so, for the night breeze ripples the Daloo, as it winds its gloomy course through the woods.

No! there stand his tall dogs howling in idleness, and the wolf may prowl through the glens fearlessly; his spear and hunting horn no longer delight him; nor cares he for the wolf-hunt, or the chase of the red deer.

Ellen, the rich heiress of the land lying between the banks of Daloo and Allo—with whose heart his was entwined in the purest love—is no longer living; and he must resign her from his arms to the embrace of the silent turf. The mourners cry shrilly and wring their hands, and the keener makes the hill echo with his wild music. The grave is opened to receive the fair Ellen, and her handmaids are strewing flowers around it where wave the alders of Kilcorcoran in solitude.

But an ancient wizard secretly informs the chieftain of Clanawly that his fair Ellen is still surviving where enchantment spells her; that nothing save her appearance was in the bier where the mourners poured forth their lively sorrow; and that though they fancied she lay before them, in reality she was far away in fairy bondage.

He preserves the secret within his breast; and nightly, since she was consigned apparently to the grave, seeks the pine-clad summit of a lonely crag, fearlessly; though the storm may rage, the lightning gleam, the dark Daloo fill his green valleys with floods from the mountain torrents, still through that storm, lightning, and flood he bends his resolute way.

Within the hall where the chieftain of Clanawly dwells, there is feasting—but he climbs the rugged steep, and braves the intricacies, to reach the pine-clad summit—there is light and music in his castle; but he courts the deep and silent shadows of darkness. The storm rises, and swamps all, from the grass-grown grave to the bending crest of the cliff, but he proceeds on his way.

Lo! what rises through the gloom upon the sight of the chieftain?

A palace where fairies hold stately festival—a beautiful structure erected with all the magnificence of grandeur and light, and gemmed from the treasures of earth and ocean; whilst the sweetest strains of music swelled from its chambers, and fascinated him to enter. He paused at the portal. Within was pleasure and rejoicing.

There sat mantled and mailed old chieftains of renown, quaffing from wine-bowls of brilliancy; and whilst the hoary harper's strings awakened the fierce Ross-Catha, the applause and shouts of the brave from the mail-thronged board mingled with the raging music of that wild battle song.

And there sat beautiful maidens with snowy bosoms, that were stolen from their earthly mansions, ages before; and there sat sea-nymphs from the palaces and plains of ocean; and there sat the bright fairy maids of earth, in all the witchery that fascinates man.

Why ranges Clanawly's eye around that brilliant throng? how does he singly glance amidst the beautiful maids of earth, the sea-nymphs of the billowy main, and the fairies of the woods and plains—what seeketh his eye?—Ellen, and he finds her.

The voice of harp and hero ceased, when appeared a mortal at the feast of the departed, and silence reigned in the brilliant hall, when arose one of divine semblance, exclaiming, "Welcome, O chieftain of Clanawly, to our crystal abode!"

"Welcome, oh! chieftain of Clanawly to our crystal abode," shouted all the guests, and the words were echoed again through the brilliant chamber.

Then advanced the figure of god-like appearance towards the chieftain, and courteously led him away to a caopied throne, beset with rarest jewels, where he made him be seated; and then he made a signal to the harper, who played and sang exquisitely:—

"Hail, powerful Lord of Clanawly! may thy home be sacred, and thy dark mountains free; and the sword of thy victorious fathers as vengeful as in their hands till thralldom be past."

"Thou art now feasting amidst heroes, in this banquet hall, who came at the summons of enchantment; but ere now, in might and mail, the same strode to battle at freedom's call."

"Never was such drink quaffed by the Dane, whose *boir* gave the fullest flavour; nor did Kincord contain within its vaults such luxurious wine as our guests enjoy at this board."

"Our maidens are fairer than those who have lured the immortal spirit from his stary home; and we have concerts sung by those whose voices can lull the tempests of ocean."

"Then, O, Clanawly, dark chieftain, share in the banquet with the brave and the fair, and listen to the captivating songs of syrens in our crystal hall."

"Hail, powerful Lord of Clanawly! may thy home be sacred and thy dark mountains free; and the sword of thy victorious fathers as vengeful as in their hands till the thralldom be past."

The chieftain arises in the midst of brilliancy, and speaks to the being of divine semblance,—

"Within my castle to-night is there feasting and minstrelsy of harps and shells; and how can M'Auliff remain here and shun his own banquet? It were shame of son to sire. I shall dance with one fair lady, and hasten then to my father's hall, to head their revelry and song."

He singled out Ellen from amongst the throng of maidens. She blushed, and strove to avoid his gaze; whilst many beside her grew pale, or frowned at the distinction shown her. And they danced gracefully—he so noble in stature, she so beautiful in charms.

The chieftain whispered in her ear,—

"Dear maid, though there be danger in this dance, fear not, and may Heaven protect us!"

Whilst they danced on the crystal floor, he grasped the lady round the waist with one hand, and with the other held forth the black dagger, irresistible against the most powerful enchantment; and gaining the portal, he bore her off in his fond embrace.

Ladies and chieftains rushed terrified from the hall, and filled the scene with woful wailing; and thus continued the enchanted dismay, until the cock crowed the approach of light, when all disappeared.

"Thus ends the legend of Clanawly's enchantment," said the warrior-bard.

All listening applauded the tale and his style of reciting it.

"Can you give us no information as to what followed this? It must be very interesting," said one amongst the group.

"The chieftain was married to this lady," continued the other, "and the effects of the enchantment descended with their posterity, particularly amongst the females. Thus it is said, that the ladies of Castle M'Auliff can predict events, and people pay extraordinary attention to their words."

"I shall not be a convert to your opinions, on any account," remarked the person who heretofore argued against superstition; "and if we do not get rid of such weakness, we will find our eyes still closed, when the rest of the world are in open light, and only coming to our senses centuries after surrounding nations."

[The author is indebted to Mr. E. Walsh's "Legends of the South of Ireland" for the contour of the above ballad.]

(To be continued in our next.)

#### WHEN FIRST HER LIPS.

When first her lips to mine were press'd

With youth's impassion'd fire,  
What pleasure dwelt within my breast,  
Then kindled by desire;

No cruel fears then fill'd my heart,  
No doubts assail'd my mind;  
But love a joyous did impart  
So heavenly and refined.

'Twas then she first confess'd to me

Her youthful heart was mine,  
With voice of gentle melody,  
Like seraph's tones, divine.

O happy time! I would that I  
Cou'd bring thee back again;  
When 'neath the soft, still, evening sky  
Young love first lit his flame.

H. J. CHURCH.

He is the true man of honour, who keeps steadily in the path of virtue, and braves the laugh of the world.



# JERRY DOLITTLE AND HIS BRIDE;

OR, TAKEN IN AND "DONE FOR."

MR. JEREMIAH DOLITTLE was one of those important personages termed a lawyer's clerk. From his very boyhood he had considered himself (to use his own expression) born to fill an imposing position in society, i. e., to cut a figure, and, with this impression, he endeavoured to make all who fell into his society of his own opinion.

He was the factotum of Catchall and Diddlem, attorneys-at-law, of Simmond's-inn; and as the firm attained his services for one-half the sum for which any other would have undertaken his duties, they never failed to agree with Jerry in the opinion that he would be one day a shining character.

Term time having arrived, Messrs. Catchall and Diddlem had a press of business, and therefore required the double exertions of Jerry. Catchall, the senior partner, was a man of tact and cunning, and he knew there was but one way by which he could induce Jerry to accomplish the extra duty. With this intention he one morning entered the outer office.

"Mr. Dolittle," said he, "I am much pleased with your great exertions, and feel confident that they are another step towards your becoming a great man."

"La, sir!" said Jerry, "do you really think so?"

"Upon my word I do."

"Then I may venture to think that I may one day be an ornament to the profession?"

"Indeed you may, Mr. Dolittle."

"You really delight me, sir," said the clerk.

"You have but to double your present diligence. Practice, sir,—practice is the only means of bringing out your many valuable points."

"Which I shall be but too happy to do, sir," said the unconscious Dolittle, running his fingers through his hair, which was naturally straight.

"You have now an opportunity of showing your talent by engrossing the briefs of Mungo versus Bumpkin, Flat versus Spooney, Gaby and Toorich, and that of Spendall and Lend'em, which we want by Wednesday."

"Yes, sir; that is—I —"

"Let me beg of you not to think yourself indebted to us; we have but one wish regarding you, and that is to see your bright abilities drawn out, as we feel assured it will add to the respectability of the firm."

"But really, sir," said Jerry, scratching his head, "I do not —"

"More words are not necessary," said Catchall, interrupting him;

"I know but of one man possessing equal talent to yourself to whom I would give the agreeable task."

Bidding Jerry persevere, without further parley, Catchall retired to his private office.

Poor Jerry, in spite of the compliments he had received, looked very blue at the briefs before him, and exclaimed,—

"If my bright talent does not yield me more profitable work than this, I shall begin to despair of ever realizing a fortune; but it is useless to complain; for should I tell Catchall that I have more than I can do, he would then think me a man of less importance than he does already; but next week I will —"

Here Jerry's soliloquy was interrupted by a gentle rap at the outer office door.

"What do you want, my little man?" said Jerry, as he opened it.

"Please, sir," replied a little urchin, "mother says she has been ever so many times to your lodgings, and could not find you at home."

"Well, well," said Jerry, "what will do; she will find me at home to night."

"But mother said, I must not go until you had paid me the one-and-eightpence for washing your shirt and stockings."

"Go along, you little scaramouch!" said Jerry, fearful lest Catchall should hear him.

"Will you give mother a shilling, then?" continued the provoking urchin.

"I have no change," replied Jerry, pushing him from the door, which he shut with a slam. He then mounted his stool again, and commenced turning over the aforesaid briefs.

"D—n the woman!" said he; "how dare she send her ugly brat to annoy a gentleman of my profession. I can't pay—I won't pay. She will not again dare to trouble me, I warrant!" said he, beginning to copy the brief; but scarcely had he put his pen to paper before his attention was arrested by a scuffling at the side of his desk, when, to his surprise, he saw the boy had entered, and was standing near him.

"Please, sir," said he, "I must not go home without the money; mother would whop me if I do."

"If you don't get out of the office directly, I'll kick you out," cried Jerry.

"You'd better not," replied the boy.

"Won't I, though," said Jerry, descending from the stool.

"What's amiss?" cried Catchall, putting his head out of the inner office.

"Nothing, sir; only —"

"Mother sent me for the money for the washing," said the boy.

"Mr. Dolittle will, no doubt, settle your mother's bill at home," said Catchall, "and if you do not vanish in an instant, I'll give you into custody."

Jeremiah was well pleased at this unexpected stroke of interference on the part of Catchall. The boy departed, and Jerry again mounted the stool.

"Some difference between you and your laundress, I find," said Catchall.

"Why, yes, sir," replied Jerry, "there is. I cannot pay washing and lodging out of ten and six per week!"

"No, no—certainly not; but as you cannot owe and pay, too, you must owe, as a matter of course."

With this consolatory bit of legal erudition, Catchall again returned to his private office.

After a day of weary labour Jerry departed in quest of a new laundress, whom, in accordance with Catchall's advice, he might victimise.

After having wandered up and down several streets in the vicinity of Seven Dials, a newly-painted sign-board, on which was the figure of a machine termed a mangle, arrested his attention.

"Takes in washing, no doubt," said Jerry, crossing over and going into the shop, which was in the general line. He inquired if the person who used that machine, pointing to the mangle, took in washing.

"She does, indeed, poor thing," replied the owner of the shop.

"Could I speak to her, ma'am?"

"Lor bless you, yes, sir. Maybe you'd like to walk in and sit down?"

"Really, mum, you're very kind, but —"

"Oh, don't mention it," interrupted the owner of the shop; "you're quite welcome."

"Thank you."

"But here is Mrs. Tibbins herself."

"Did you call me, mem?" said the latter.

"Yes, my good soul, I did."

Mrs. Tibbins was much surprised at being spoken to in this civil manner, for it was the first time for many weeks, she being in arrears of rent.

"Here's a gentleman wishes to speak to you," said Mrs. Tellall.

"Will you come down stairs?" said Mrs. Tibbins to Jeremiah.

"I will," he replied; and, as he left the shop for the purpose of proceeding to the kitchen, Mrs. Tellall exclaimed,—

"Well, I never! After having asked him into the parlour, to take him down to her filthy kitchen! but I'll know what it's all about—bless me if I don't."

Scarcely had the before-mentioned parties reached the kitchen before the ear of Mrs. Tellall was applied to the keyhole of the door.

"You take in washing, I understand?" said Jerry.

"Yes, sir; since the death of my poor husband."

"Poor creature," compassionately said Jerry; "then you are a widow?"

"Yes, sir," sighed Mrs. Tibbins; "I've been a widow these six months."

"I pity you much"

"Yes, sir," returned the widow, "I am very lonesome now my dear man has gone!"—here Mrs. Tibbins wiped her eye with the corner of her apron, and endeavoured to squeeze out a tear.

"You must excuse me hurrying away, but I have business of importance to transact."

"Oh, certainly," returned the washerwoman, wondering what could be the object of his visit, which Jerry soon put to flight, by saying,—

"Have you any objection to take in my washing?"

"None in the least, sir."

"Then you may expect me to-morrow evening, at seven."

Jeremiah then departed; and on the following evening he might be seen wending his way to the widow's, with his stock of laundry in a small blue bag, which consisted of one shirt, minus a tail, one dickey, one collar, hose, and cravat. He had nearly forgotten to include a sixpenny halfpenny square of Scotch cambric.

Mrs. Tibbins, who was delighted with the bland and open behaviour of Jeremiah, had purchased a new widow's cap to set off her charms, for which she had paid, in ready money, the enormous sum of fourpence halfpenny.

Widow Tibbins was seated, in her new cap and ready smile, waiting the arrival of her new customer. A gentle ring of the area bell announced the arrival of Jerry; and Mrs. Tibbins, summoning her most gracious manner, arose to let him in.



Jerry again descended the kitchen stairs, and produced the above-named article: from the small blue bag.

"Your linen, I presume?" said Widow Tibbins.

"Yes," answered its owner; "but it is not my other which I have left at a friend's in my portmanteau."

"Very good, sir," returned the widow, looking confidentially at Jerry.

"My customers often leave their linen with their friends."

Jerry either did not or would not understand the insinuation of his new laundress, and answered,—

"Very likely."

"Shall I bring your washing home, sir?" asked the widow.

"No thank you," answered Jerry, determined to keep his place of retreat a secret, "I could not think of giving you the trouble."

"Don't mention it, sir, it would really be a pleasure!" simpered the widow.

Vainly the interesting Mrs. Tibbins twisted her fingers through her curls to arrest the attention of our hero; but, Jerry, who had now achieved his object of leaving his linen in her hands, thought only how he should escape the payment of its absterion, and, in a manner which damped the feelings of the widow, said,—

"I will call on Saturday."

Jerry once more returned to his everlasting parchments, and commenced to engross them in his best style, and, to complete his task, he was compelled to sit up the better part of the night.

As he was about to retire from his office, he perceived a newspaper near him, and as a relief to the current of his ideas, he took it up to read.

The first object that arrested his attention was an advertisement to the following effect:—

"To Mrs. Harriet Tibbins, or others.—Whereas, William Tomkins, Esq., of Tewkesbury, in the county of Gloucester, has bequeathed sundry lands and properties to Mrs. Harriet Tibbins, formerly Miss Griffin, residing at Frome, in the year 1849, but has not been since heard of. Should this meet her eye or her next of kin, they are requested to apply at the office of Fozzlem and Fungus, Thaves' Inn, where they will obtain further particulars."

"Tibbins! Tibbins!" ejaculated Jerry; "surely I have heard the name!"

For a few minutes he was lost in thought, and then exclaimed,—

"Tibbins was the name by which my new laundress was addressed. A new thought strikes me!" and viewing his shrivelled face and frizzled wig in four inches of the remains of a once good shaving glass, he continued: "Who knows yet, if my conjecture be but right, and I can gain her heart, I shall become independent of old Catchall and Diddlem, and I shall soon shine out in the character for which nature has designed me!"

Anxiously did Jerry wait for the hour to arrive when with decency he could wait upon his laundress. Scarcely had the widow arisen on the following morning from her bed, when the gentle tinkle of her bell announced a comer.

"Bless me," said she, "who can it be so early?" and moving aside the dingy rag used as a curtain, to her amazement, she saw her new customer.

Who can paint her confusion as she tied on her brown jazy, and adjusted her widow's cap; surprised, she hastened to the door to ascertain the cause of his early visit; and, upon making inquiry, Jerry replied,—

"If it is convenient, I will inform you of that in private."

The widow was lost in wonderment as she "begged to apologise for his having found her rather in a muddle."

"Ma'am!" said he, "you no doubt think my early visit strange?"

"Why—yes—no—I —"

"I will quickly explain to you the reason of it."

"Thank you, sir."

"I once had a very dear friend of the name of Tomkins, residing at Tewkesbury; he was very much attached to one Miss Harriet Griffin, who much resembled yourself, and if you are that lady I must ever feel myself bound to you in the strictest ties of friendship—Tomkins was my dearest friend."

"Why, yes, sir," simpered Mrs. Tibbins, "my maiden name was indeed Griffin."

"And your name Harriet?"

"Yes, sir, though my poor deceased husband used to call me Mary."

"And you once lived at Frome?"

"I did."

"Then for the future," said the delighted Jerry, "do not consider me in the light of a stranger."

The widow's joy was equally great at finding a new friend. "Bless me!" continued Jerry, taking her hand, "how beautifully bright your eyes are."

"Lor, sir, do you think so?"

"I do, indeed; but, perhaps, I am intruding on your time?"

"Pray, sir, do not mention it; I am quite happy to have the pleasure of any one's company; one is so dull alone."

"Yes, I find it so," returned our hero; "often have I sighed for the pleasure of the female company."

"Is it possible, sir, that a gentleman like you cannot have your wish?"

"Not in these matters, ma'am; it is so hard to meet with those whose eyes are as bright, and whose smiles are as sweet as yours."

"Lor, sir!" replied the widow, "I hav'n't heard such sweet words as these since my dear lost Tony was courting me."

"Do you know," said Jerry, "the first morning I saw you, your beauty charmed me."

"You don't say so."

"It is true, I assure you; and from that time until early this morning, I had been endeavouring to think whether I had ever seen your sweet face before, when, all at once, I remembered Miss Griffin of Frome!"

The washerwoman was at a loss what answer to make to this, when much to her pleasure, Jerry continued,—

"It was with the greatest anxiety I waited the hour to visit you to ascertain if you were indeed the party I supposed you to be."

"Is Mr. Tomkins in London?" asked Mrs. Tibbins, rather anxiously.

"No, poor fellow, he is dead."

"How sorry I am."

At this moment the widow's looks strangely contrasted with her words.

Jerry, emboldened by finding himself so well received, continued to pour out his best compliments into the widow's willing ear, which so far overcame her, that before Jerry departed she had consented to receive him as her suitor.

Upon his return to his office he was met by his master, Catchall, who poured out a volley of abuse for his negligence.

Jerry, who now had in perspective the lands and property of William Tomkins, Esq., was now proof against the vituperation of his employer, coolly waiting at his desk, and commenced his daily labour at his briefs.

"Jeremiah Dolittle," said Catchall, "how dare you thus to treat with contempt my commands?"

"Catchall," replied Jerry, in a tone which much surprised the former, "I have been with you too long, and I now give you warning, I shall leave you this day morning."

"What!" cried the enraged Catchall, "leave us! do you then dare to add insult to injury?"

Jerry kept a most provoking silence, for his mind was bent upon getting the hand of the widow and her consequent fortune; and in his anticipative greatness, cared not a dump for Catchall, even though backed by Diddlem.

After Jerry had paid a few visits to the widow, he determined upon popping the question, and for this purpose he visited her again one morning.

It may be necessary to state, that, previous to his making this determination, he had called on Fuzzlem and Fungus, and stated that he was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Harriet Tibbins, who, he said, was out of town, but would shortly return.

"My dear Harriet," said he tenderly taking her par-boiled hand, "I find I can no longer exist without you."

Mrs. Tibbins hung her head, and tried all in her power to blush, but it was a total failure.

"Say, my beloved Harriet," cried the enraptured Jerry, "does your silence give consent?"

"Oh, yes!" sighed the overpowered widow; "I really can't withstand your insinuating and tender ways—they make me feel quite —"

"There is one question, my dear Harriet, I have quite forgotten to ask."

"What is it?" sobbed the widow.

"Have you any pledges of affection?" asked the loving Jeremiah.

"Pledges of what, Mr. Dolittle?"

"Pledges of affection!"

"And what are them?"

"Infant Tibbines!" said Jerry.

"Why—yes!" said the widow; "there's little Mary, who gets sixpence a week for nursing the first floor's baby."

"Oh, indeed," replied Jerry.

"Then there's my Tony, who is the very spit of his father—but he's at school. But perhaps you don't love children, Mr. Dolittle?"

"Oh, yes, I do," said Jerry; "bless their little hearts, I love them dearly; I should not care if I had a dozen!"

"Then, indeed, I am a happy woman," said the laundress, who little dreamed of Jerry's motive for seeking her hand.

"Then shall I put up the banns, dearest?" asked Jerry, in his sweetest tone.



"Oh, yes—yes!—everything as you will it!" said the yielding widow.

"Do you know, my dear Harriet," continued he, "that all who know me consider me to be a man of the brightest abilities, and am destined to make a great figure in the world."

"I always thought so myself," sighed Harriet.

"The firm with whom I am now engaged have dared to question my proceedings; I have already given them notice to leave."

"Oh, have you?" asked the widow in an altered tone.

"Yes, my love; but as there is every chance of our being possessed of much property, there will be no cause for my remaining longer with them."

In an instant the widow was all smiles at the joyful news; and the day at length arrived when Mr. Jeremiah Dolittle was to lead to the altar the blushing Mrs. Tibbins.

"My dear Harriet," said he, previous to their starting, "on our return I have something to communicate which will fill you with surprise and joy."

"Have you, indeed, my dear? and I, too, intend to show you something which will fill you with wonder and surprise."

"Doubtless, my dear Harriet, our joys will be mutual."

"Of course they will, my dear; what gives joy to you, must give joy to me."

"True, my loved Harriet; and that which gives pleasure to you, must give pleasure to me."

With this understanding, our hero and heroine proceeded to the church, accompanied by several of their friends. The important ceremony was performed, and the bridegroom was now become master of Mrs. Tibbins, mangle, and other et ceteras.

Upon their return, each was anxious to hear the nature of what the other had to communicate.

"Now, my dear Harriet," said Jerry, kissing the cheeks of his newly-made bride, "I should be happy to know what it is that is so much to surprise me."

"You shall very shortly; but at present I feel not well."

"Take a little gin, Mrs. Dolittle," said one of the bridesmaids.

Mrs. Dolittle did as requested, and seemed as if preparing for some grand denouement, while Jerry stood anxiously waiting the event.

"Now, my dear husband," said she, taking him by the hand, "you know you love children—do you not?"

"Certainly," said Jerry, rather surprised at the question.

"And would not care if you had a dozen!" said his wife.

"No, my love; I told you so once before," replied Jerry, more surprised than ever at the question.

"And feel pleasure in all that gives me pleasure?" continued the bride.

"Yes, yes," said Jerry, testily; "but what has this to do with your promised surprise?"

"All—all, my beloved Jerry," returned his spouse: and opening the door of a small closet of three feet by two, she continued, "Come along, my little angels, and kiss your new papa!"

Jerry stood as one petrified; his hair stood erect; his eyes glared wildly in their sockets, as he beheld five little brothers and sisters of the before-mentioned Tony and Eliza issue from the closet, and who, taken collectively, had very much the appearance of a bundle of dried sprats.

At length, recovering from his surprise, he exclaimed,

"Su—su—surely these are not a l your's?"

"They are, my dear Dolittle; but then you would not care if we had a dozen!"

"Deceitful woman!" cried Jerry, "did you not tell me you had but two?"

"I had but two at that time, my dear Jerry; but the overseers, finding that this morning I was to become Mrs. Dolittle, refused to keep them any longer in the workhouse."

What could be done? Jerry had voluntarily taken upon himself the title of husband upon speculation, and he now considered he must make the best of it. There was still his wife's property in perspective, out of which he determined amply to repay himself for this vexation.

He therefore endeavoured to be cheerful, and screwing his mouth into an indescribable shape, he bent down to receive the kisses of his ready-made family.

Mrs. Dolittle was delighted beyond all expression to find her deception had passed so lightly, and throwing her arms round Jerry's neck, she almost suffocated him with kisses.

"You may kiss away," thought Jerry; "but won't I pay you out for this!"

He, however, wisely forebore to express his thoughts, and when his bride had perfectly contented herself with her salutes, he coolly asked her to help him to a little gin!

Many were the congratulations offered Jerry by the friends of his

wife, upon having a family ready grown. Jerry did his best to receive them graciously, but somehow his acknowledgments were made in a very awkward manner.

"Allow me, my dear," said the bride, "to ask you in return, what was the joy you intended me?"

"I will satisfy you," said Jerry, taking her hand, which he squeezed apparently with the greatest affection, at least he tried to make her believe so.

"You knew dear Mr. Tomkins?" continued he.

"Ye—ye—yes!" stammered his wife. "I think you said he was dead!"

"He is my love!"

"But what of him?"

"He has left to you much of his land and other property!"

"To me?" said Mrs. Dolittle, in evident surprise.

"Yes my love, to you!"

"Surely, there must be some mistake, my dear?"

"No, no, there is not!" returned Jerry, energetically. "Mr. Tomkins, Esq., of Tewkesbury, has bequeathed to Mrs. Harriet Tibbins, late Miss Griffin, of Frome, in Somersetshire, lands and other properties. Now, my dear, you see there is no mistake," said Jerry, rubbing his hands with glee.

But who can express his surprise, when at this news Mrs. Dolittle, cast herself as stiff as a poker on the kitchen floor.

"Poor thing!" said Jerry, "she is quite overcome with joy!"

The bride fixed her eyes upon Jerry, and uttered a stifled "Oh, oh!"

"Why don't you help her?" said her husband, addressing the assembled friends. "Harriet dear, do, pray, endeavour to recover, or I shall go distracted!"

"Dolittle, do you love me?" asked the bride.

"Yes, yes, my love, you know I do."

"And will you forgive me then, for—"

"Yes, yes, my dear Harriet, I have forgiven you!"

"Ah! but you don't know all," sighed his lady.

"What the devil's coming now!" said Jerry.

"I—I—I don't know Mr. Tomkins! I never did know Mr. Tomkins."

"Hell and furies!" cried Jerry; "and were you Harriet Griffin that lived at Frome?"

"No, no, dear Jerry; my name was Mary Moley: I never was out of London in my life!"

"Oh, you deceiver of all deceivers!" cried her husband, exasperated.

"I could choke you, that I could!"

"Come! come! Mr. Dolittle!" cried the bridesmaid, a strapping milk-maid of five-and-twenty. "You know she is your wedded wife, and if you dare to lay a finger on her, I'll strangle you!"

This was said in such a menacing tone and attitude, that the unfortunate bridegroom trembled in his shoes, and thought it prudent to remain quiet.

The bride, finding matters likely to blow over, regained her feet, and seating herself beside her chap-fallen Jerry, she exclaimed:—

"Come, come! you have forgiven me; let us now be friends."

"No, no! you have deceived me—cruelly deceived me."

"Well, well," interrupted the strapping bridesmaid; "you know it was all for love!"

"Of money!" thought Jerry, but he did not say so. But what could he do now? he had thrown up his clerkship in Simmond's Inn; left his lodgings in debt, and spent his last penny to get married; he had, therefore, now, no resource but to put up with matters as they stood; and poor Jerry's waking dreams of becoming a great man had now all vanished into stardling sixteen hours a day to help to support Mrs. Dolittle, himself, and the seven juvenile Tibbinses, by turning a mangle at the rate of fourpence a day, and occasionally to assist at the washing-tub.

**DINING IN AMERICA.**—In consequence of the new arrangement at Astor House, in New York, by which all the guests are to sit down to dinner in linen jackets, the editor of one of the daily papers suggests that the following order should be further observed, viz., that the head waiter should be commissioned as a drill officer. The guests being arranged in lines up and down the tables, a peal of the gong is to bring them to order. Then the words—"Ready!"—"Off coats!"—"On jackets!"—"Steady!"—"Be seated!"—"Handle spoons!"—and so through the dinner. At the close, another peal of the gong—"Ready!"—"Rise up!"—"Off jackets!"—"On coats!"—"Handle tooth-picks!"—"Dismissed!" We draw the attention of Roscoe, Orr, Swords, Dolly, and our other noted restaurants, to this plan of eating to time.

**LENGTH OF A LAWYER'S BEARD.**—In a Parliament of the Inner Temple (as the meetings of benchers for business was called,) held 5th May, in the first and second years of the reign of William and Mary, there was a decree made that no fellow of that house should wear his beard above three weeks' growth, upon pain of 20s. for forfeiture.



## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.  
(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XLI.

MRS. HEARNshaw's REFLECTIONS.—THE STRANGE COMMUNICATION.—  
THE SERIOUS CONSULTATION.—THE CONFIRMATION OF THE FACT.

WHEN Mrs. Hearnshaw astonished Harriet so much by the dignity of her manner, after the departure of Mr. Leighton, whom she, as the reader will recollect, announced her intention of calling by the affectionate abbreviation of Bobby, the alarm she occasioned in the breast of her daughter, lest her intellects had become impaired, was fully shared, in as far as a belief in the probability of such a fact went, by Charles Hargrove, who had great difficulty in pacifying Harriet, and preventing her from giving way to great grief, on account of the supposed new calamity, which would tend to make the cottage so very wretched a home.

Mrs. Hearnshaw insisted upon the house being fastened up very early that night, and upon all parties retiring to their several beds at once. The fact was, she dreaded her own inability to keep the interesting secret that was committed to her charge. She knew that if she sat down, and once began talking, she must tell all, and such a proceeding would be contrary to the injunctions of Mr. Leighton, and might possibly induce in him some horrible alteration of mind, in consequence of his finding she was not the amazingly discreet woman he flattered her he thought she was.

In the solitude of her own chamber—that chamber which she thought would soon cease to be solitary, she wished to give way to the delicious reflections which crowded upon her mind with regard to the future; and she lay awake all night, thinking of coaches, and finery, and unbounded wealth, till, like many of the possessors of such fancied ingredients in the cup of human felicity, she found that her rest was sadly worse than when she had no chance of such pleasure. Had Mrs. Hearnshaw ever read Shakspeare, which of course she never had, she might have exclaimed,—

"————— happy low lie down,  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

There was, however, one result which she arrived at before the morning, and that was, that it was utterly and completely impossible to keep the thing a profound secret from everybody, and the only question that arose in her mind then was, to whom she should communicate the important intelligence in profound confidence.

So many names suggested themselves to Mrs. Hearnshaw, that she became quite bewildered with the recollection of such a mass of dear, intimate friends, not one of whom would, of course, let it go any further; and at last it occurred to her that as her principal object was to have somebody to whom at any time, or at all times, she could make remarks upon the all-engrossing topic, it would, after all, be better to make a confidant of Harriet.

This point settled, Mrs. Hearnshaw tasted of the balmy sweets of an hour's repose before breakfast time, and only then was awakened by Harriet, who was naturally anxious to know in what state of mind her mother was after a night's rest.

The beautiful and accomplished girl was pleased to find her mother's door open, and approaching the bed she looked with intense anxiety in her face. Mrs. Hearnshaw was sleeping. Harriet uttered a faint sigh as she said, in a low tone,—

"Heaven spare her from the affliction of insanity."

The voice might, or might not, have reached the dreamy ear of Mrs. Hearnshaw, but she certainly immediately gave a loud snore and said,—

"Make way for the Lady Mayoress and six cream-coloured horses."

Harriet laid her hand gently upon her mother's arm to awaken her.

"Mother, mother," she said. "'Tis I—'tis Harriet."

"Your lordship is vastly welcome," cried Mrs. Hearnshaw, waking suddenly, and then giving a faint scream at finding herself not presiding at Guildhall.

"Mother, mother!" cried Harriet. "Are you better?"

"Better, Harriet? I never was better in my life. What are you staring at in that unaccountable way?"

"I feared —"

"Feared what, my dear?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. Only you spoke of such strange things—lords, and ladies, and coaches, and town and country houses, and plate —"

"That I dare say you thought I was mad."

"I—I certainly feared you were not quite yourself, mother."

"Indeed. That comes of ignorance. Listen to me, Harriet. Let my words sink as far as possible into your bosom—let what I say leave a great impression upon you. Swear that you will not let it go any further."

"What do you mean, mother?"

"Nothing more, nor nothing less, than that I am going very shortly to alter my condition."

"What?"

"Alter my condition. I am about, for the second time, to enter the matrimonial state."

"Going to be married, mother?"

"Yes, to be sure; and why not, miss minx and impertinence? I should like to know why not?"

"Oh, I know of no reason why not, certainly."

"Then don't pretend to be surprised, if you please, as if it was so very extraordinary that I should be attractive to some gentleman of wealth and importance."

"May I ask," said Harriet, scarcely able to refrain from laughing—

"may I ask who is the happy man?"

"Yes, you may. But whether I will tell you or not is quite another affair."

"Oh, now do, mother—do!"

"Well, if I do, of course you will not let it go any further?"

"Of course not."

"Then, I am about to become Mrs. Leighton."

"What! Has Mr. Leighton really proposed to you, mother?"

"And why not, I should like to know? That's the question—Why not, miss minx?"

"Oh, I certainly don't mean —"

"To be sure not. Of course you don't know, Harriet. You know you can't know what is in it. It's a great deal if people knew what is in the world."

"So it is, mother. Has Mr. Leighton fixed the—the interesting period?"

"No; he has not. But he will, though."

"No doubt, mother. May I mention it to Charles?"

"No, you may not; and yet, let me see. I don't know—no—yes—no—you may. Yes, you may—always provided he won't let it go any further. You know it was not to go any further."

"Certainly not, mother. Was it last night that Mr. Leighton made his proposal?"

"Yes, it was. He's called a singular man; but a proposal is a proposal, if it come from the dev—Lord bless me! what was I going to say? There, now, be off, you know all about it, Harriet, and I hope and trust, at the same time, that you won't let it go any further; you will let the fact have a proper impression on your own mind."

"Certainly, mother. I must confess, I am very much surprised. Don't you think, mother, that so soon after my poor father's death, it will look strange for you to marry?"

"No, I don't. It appears to me the greatest compliment I can possibly pay him; so don't say anything more about it, if you please."

Thus silenced, Harriet, who was certainly as surprised as any one could possibly be, repaired to the breakfast-room, where Charles was anxiously awaiting her appearance, and, armed with the permission she had succeeded in getting from her mother so to do, she informed him of the singular communication which had been made to her.

"Can you, Harriet," he said, "really believe it?"

"I don't know what to think," was Harriet's reply. "You know Mr. Leighton was here last night, and had a private conversation with my mother. It would seem incredible that she should so far mistake the purport of it, as to fancy it a proposal of marriage if it were not."

"True, dearest; true. More incredible things than Mr. Leighton making your mother his wife occur every day. I certainly am surprised, but that surprise cannot carry me so far as to make me dispute the fact. Now that this affair appears to be settled, I do not mind owing to you, dear Harriet, that a disagreeable suspicion has occasionally crossed my mind, to the effect that Mr. Leighton did not regard you altogether with indifferent eyes."

Harriet herself, in her heart, had the same suspicions; but she said nothing, and in a short time Charles was compelled to leave the cottage, in order to proceed to his duties at the merchant's, and Harriet was left, as usual, to sigh for the evening, when his return would again light up the humble dwelling with joy.

It was a matter of great congratulation to Charles Hargrove, although, at times, he could scarcely conceive, himself, it could possibly be true that Mr. Leighton had declared himself a suitor for the hand of Mrs. Hearnshaw, instead of continuing his visits to the cottage in the regular manner he had commenced them, and at each one more and more getting the suspicion in his (Charles's) mind, that the temptation was in the beauty of Harriet.



Of course, Robert Leighton, at his age, even with all his wealth, and had that wealth been ten times what it was believed to be, Charles knew could be no rival to him in the affections of his beautiful cousin, whose heart he knew was all his own; and, under any other circumstances than those which subsisted between him and Leighton, he would have laughed at the very idea of any such thing occurring as the least confusion or trouble on his account.

Now, however, the circumstances were of a troublesome character. Had it so happened that the merchant had become enamoured of Harriet, and made some declarations to her, he (Charles) would have had to leave his employment, and he had had tolerable experience of the difficulty of procuring anything respectable to do in London, without he was possessed of extraordinary influence, or some rare talent peculiar to himself.

Hence he rejoiced much that the merchant's visits to the cottage had been pleasantly, although suspiciously, explained into an admiration of Mrs. Hearnshaw, instead of her daughter, and Charles Hargrove, on that morning, repaired to his duties in a far happier and easier frame of mind than he had enjoyed for some time.

Much he wondered whether or not the merchant would mention the subject to him; and he was on the look out the whole day for some communication on the affair. As chance would have it, however, he did not once see Mr. Leighton, and the last hour of business came without Charles having further information regarding Mr. Leighton's intentions, than what had been communicated to him by Harriet.

Scalvoni he did see once or twice during the day, but, as he made it a rule never to address one word to him except when first spoken to, he had, of course, no conversation with that supposed and real confidant of the merchant.

When, however, Scalvoni did see Charles Hargrove on that day, he bent upon him so strange, so triumphant, and malignant a look, that Charles, who observed it on one occasion, was much puzzled to know how to account for it.

There was another circumstance, too, during the day, which gave Charles Hargrove both trouble and uneasiness, and that was that Letour would pertinaciously obtrude himself upon his attention, showing a strong wish to become intimate and confidential with him, two conditions which Charles Hargrove was quite determined should not take place; for, from the first moment that he saw Letour, there was a something undefinable, indescribable, and yet distinct, about the expression of his countenance, which Charles had a great aversion to, and as for making more than the common-civil acquaintanceship of persons engaged in the same establishment with him, he would as soon have thought of taking him home to the little sanctuary of the cottage, where resided his Harriet in all her innocence and beauty.

But Letour, who, to tell the truth, had looked upon Charles Hargrove as quite an interloper, and, before his own little troublesome adventure on the Royal Exchange, had considered the new clerk far beneath his notice, was now humbled, and in a far different frame of mind to what had once possessed him.

He shrunk and cowered before the superior genius of Scalvoni, who he felt had obtained a signal victory over him, and that, too, at the very time when he (Letour) considered himself in the height of his own triumphant cleverness; but, along with the fear of Scalvoni, there rose up in his mind such an awful hatred, such a malignant, panting spirit of revenge, that he would almost have at any time sacrificed his own life, so that by so doing he could but for a few brief moments ere his own spirit fled, exult in the dying agonies of Scalvoni.

He became, then, to him whom he so much hated, cringing and outwardly submissive. He affected to be quite subdued, while a hell of evil passions was raging in his heart, and he then thought that he would endeavour, in case he should require their good offices, to be on the most favourable terms with every one else in the establishment, and, most of all, did he begin to desire an intimacy with Charles Hargrove, because, from what he had heard, by listening occasionally, he was partially aware of the dispute between Scalvoni and the Hearnshaw family, and he thought that Charles might more readily than any one else endeavour to assist him in doing something hurtful to the villain Scalvoni.

Hence he made on that day the most vigorous attempts to induce Charles Hargrove to converse with him in such a friendly manner as should authorize him in becoming confidential. But the more he endeavoured to ingratiate himself with Charles, the more he (Charles) retreated from such a communication, and wrapped himself up in so much frigid coldness, that even Letour, who was not easily discouraged when his passions were interested, found himself discomfited and angry after his vain attempts.

He had no sort of business in the office where Charles sat, but he would, nevertheless, obtrude himself. While he was there, Charles determined that he would take no sort of notice of him, but Letour advanced in the first instance, saying,—

"Good morning, Mr. Hargrove. If at any time you want an hour's recreation in the air, I shall always be very happy to take your place at your desk for you."

"Thank you," said Charles, drily.

"And no one need be a bit the wiser, you know," added Letour.

"Mr. Leighton has given me hitherto," said Charles, "as much spare time as I wish."

"Well, I have no intention of offending you."

"Certainly not."

"I believe we are the two youngest men in this establishment, and, somehow or another, Scalvoni—who, between you and I, is not the best of characters—don't seem to regard either of us with kindly feelings."

"Indeed!" said Charles.

"No. I have seen him scowl at you as he has passed you as if he would be glad to do you some injury, and I dare say you have observed the same feeling on his countenance yourself."

"I am no judge of Mr. Scalvoni's physiognomical expression," said Charles. "Mr. Leighton is my employer."

"Yes, of course," added the still unabashed Letour. "But Scalvoni has a stupendous power over him. I could tell you some curious anecdotes of them both, for you know I have been here some years now."

"I would rather not hear them."

"But they are valuable, because they place Scalvoni's conduct in its true light. In strict confidence between us, I don't mind saying—"

"Mr. Letour," interrupted Charles Hargrove, "clearly understand me: I decline, most distinctly, any confidential communications whatever. My duties here are simple and straightforward; I wish to hear nothing for or against any one belonging to the establishment, and as for confidential communications between comparative strangers, they are quite absurd."

"But we need not be strangers."

"We are strangers, sir."

"My good Mr. Hargrove, the time may come when— But no matter—no matter, sir."

"It is no matter to me if none to you, Mr. Letour."

For a moment the creole's eye flashed fire, and then assuming a command over himself, which latterly he had resolved to exercise, he controlled a present passion in order that he might brood over a lasting revenge, and without another word he quitted the office, much to the relief of Charles Hargrove, who now flattered himself that he had effectually defeated the attempt of the creole to obtrude upon his acquaintance—an attempt which, in his heart, he could not but feel certain was made from some interested motive.

When Charles reached home that evening he found his aunt sitting in great state and dignity, with the hope of a visit from Mr. Leighton.

## CHAPTER XLII.

THE PLAN OF GETTING RID OF CHARLES HARGROVE.—THE PRETENDED LETTER.—THE DUTCH SKIPPER, AND HIS INSTRUCTIONS.

WE left the much envied merchant, Robert Leighton, in a state of mind much better imagined than described. For some time he was in a state of complete stupor, so stunning was the intelligence he received, and the manner in which it was conveyed; the substance of their conversation was present to his mind, and he shuddered as he thought of the terrible position in which he stood.

He was the slave—the mere creature of Scalvoni, dependent upon his bounty—upon his permission to exist. A conflict of varying emotions seized upon his mind, and he scarce knew that he breathed, so deep was his grief and terror.

Time, in his case, like that of many others, was fast dissipating the mist that enshrouded him, and he distinctly saw that he was now helpless; he could not retrieve his situation; he could do nothing—he was powerless, and incapable of making any attempt to throw off the trammels that Scalvoni had cast around him so successfully; he was fairly caught.

The attempt, could he make one, would be unsuccessful, for he could at any one moment crush him, and endanger his life and liberty, by a false charge or a true one, skillfully made, or brought about, that would ruin him, and involve him in unknown and unthought-of consequences. No; he would abandon all now to Scalvoni, and be directed by him in all that he was desirous to have done.

What then remained of happiness to him? Happiness!—could he even utter the word in connection with himself? No. And yet Robert Leighton could not give up hope. The thoughts of love, even at such a moment, crossed his imagination; and when at the lowest point of abject misery, he forgot, for the next moment, the pang that had wrung from him his whole possessions. He had now a wiser—nay, a tyrant,—and the moment that saw him under such a thrall, was to him a moment for the indulgence of thoughts on the tenderest of subjects,



He at length determined—as he could not alter his present unhappy situation, as there was no hope of wringing from Scalvoni the least promise (much less the performance) of his ever becoming independent again—to throw all care off his mind, and let the course of events flow on, without his wearying himself with attempting to stem the current.

Therefore it was, that he determined to sit down quietly, and, with Harriet Hearnshaw, enjoy so much of life as was permitted him; on this he was fully resolved.

There was, however, but one point upon which he had any doubt—scarcely doubt, but difficulty; he had to get over the difficulty of Harriet's own inclination,—that he thought might be accomplished, if her avowed lover Charles Hargrove were out of the way.

This thought suggested a series of others, that followed in its train; how was that to be accomplished? Leighton almost started when he first proposed the question to himself. He had seen murder committed—he had indeed lent a consenting hand to it. How then could the thoughts of getting a person out of the way be other than terrible to his imagination?

But still the thought had passed his mind, and each time it came it appeared less terrible, and there also appeared to be a greater necessity for it than on the preceding occasion.

But how? That was the question, and a grave one, too; requiring a grave answer, and one not untied with bloodshed.

It is astonishing how soon the thought of shedding human blood becomes divested of its terrors and horrifying circumstances that usually accompanied the first deed; so it was with the merchant, Robert Leighton, for he now appeared to think the destruction of Charles Hargrove a settled matter, and one on which the pros and cons had been duly considered, and all further consideration at an end.

There remained now but one thing to speak about, and it was the thing that gave him the most trouble, and that was, in what manner could he get Charles Hargrove out of the country; or, what was better, out of the land of the living.

He now recollected that Scalvoni had spoken of a plan that would enable him to get rid of Charles whenever he should be a hindrance to any of his plans, of whatever character they might be; indeed, he thought that Scalvoni must have had such a thing in his mind when he spoke of it, for, under all other circumstances, it would have been easily done to get rid of him, and yet he had another scheme.

"Well," thought he, "I will see Scalvoni. I can't help what has passed; but I may make some amends to myself by making use of him in the way I want."

With these thoughts in his mind he arose from the chair into which he had fallen, when Scalvoni gave out the terrible determination that guided him, and sought the man's aid whom he most hated and feared.

Scalvoni was in his own apartment thinking over, in his own mind, what had happened, and inwardly chuckling at the thought that he had outwitted Leighton, and that all was now virtually his. He would pursue that course which he believed, in his own mind, was so secure, and so sure to lead to wealth and importance.

He opened the door to Leighton, and was somewhat surprised at his coming there, and for a minute or so neither spoke; but Leighton walked in and seated himself, while Luke Scalvoni assumed his wonted pause and sneer, and finding Leighton did not speak, he said, sneeringly,—

"I did not expect to see you so soon, Master Robert Leighton."

"Scalvoni," said Leighton, "I have been thinking this matter over, and as what has occurred cannot be recalled, the best and most reasonable plan to adopt is to swim with the current of events, and not waste one's life in attempting to cross it."

"You have certainly adopted the most reasonable plan, though, to tell you the truth, I can't see that you could well adopt any other, but 'tis better done at first than last; but what is your object, Leighton, what is your object? You have not come here to tell me that without having some ulterior object in view—something you want done."

"True—true," replied Leighton, a little staggered at his purpose being almost known before he had mentioned his wishes. "You recollect what has passed between us about Harriet?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"That, I suppose, you do not intend to break in upon. That arrangement you will allow to stand as it was made?"

"Certainly. I had no intention of molesting you in that respect."

"Well—well, it is all I now care for—all I have to care for," said Leighton, with an involuntary sigh.

"Proceed," said Scalvoni.

"Well, then, my chance of success with the girl is but small, notwithstanding her mother is on my side, while that young fellow, Charles Hargrove, is about her."

"Have you only just now found that out? I could have told you as much long ago; but if he should be out of sight, he will be soon out of mind, for women are as fickle as the waves of the sea, and as inconstant as the wind."

"Exactly," said Leighton. "It is about this young man that I would speak to you. You said, some time since, you had a plan that would easily get rid of him."

"I did."

"Can you now do so? She is the only object now of my wishes, and when I gain her my whole energies will be devoted to the business."

"My plan is a simple and easy one, and can soon be done. I know a Dutch skipper, a curious man in his way, but one I can depend upon; he will take him out of sight of land, and, on the first opportunity, at night, he will quietly drop him overboard."

"That would be certainly a good mode of doing it, and one that will bring no unpleasant sights to one's mind."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Scalvoni; "you can't forget that funny affair of the Jew."

"Funny," exclaimed Leighton; "'twas horrible. I can't bear to think of it; but how are we to get Charles Hargrove on board of this man's vessel, for, I suppose, that is what will be necessary?"

"It will. I must see him, though, and arrange the particulars. You would desire him to be started immediately?"

"Certainly."

"For the longer he remains the oftener his arm entwines her waist, and presses her to his heart; his lips meet hers, you know, while you are waiting the reversion."

"D——n!" muttered Leighton, who shrunk from this description of what might possibly pass between the lovers, but yet restrained himself as much as he was able in the presence of Scalvoni, who seemed to enjoy the state of the merchant's feelings mightily.

"What is your plan for getting him on board quietly, for I suppose you cannot do it otherwise?"

"Merely this, you must write a letter as coming from Amsterdam, from any house, to the purport, that the chief of the firm is dead, and some confidential person is required over there to look after your interest."

"That will do. I will immediately get one written, and show it, and have it come by the hands of some one coming from Holland, or supposed to do so."

"You had better do so," replied Scalvoni, and Robert Leighton retired for the purpose to his own office, his mind fully occupied for the moment with this affair to the exclusion of all others.

(To be continued in our next.)

## A D E L A.

IT HAPPENED to be residing at Naples during the reaction and prescriptions which succeeded the return of Ferdinand, after the revolutionary crisis of 1799. Many of the victims were denounced by the priests, as much for their suspected heresy, as for their treasonable practices.

Father Don Alvarez was particularly active in this "pious work." He was a younger member of a Castilian house, and had been bred in the strictest discipline of the Jesuits. He spent his life in penances and intrigues; the former, I presume, to give him a keener relish for the latter, and the latter to compensate the tedium of the former.

At the time I knew him, he was past the middle age; his features were already wrinkled with years, but marked by that haughty and cruel expression so apt to be produced by the indulgence of arbitrary power.

He had come to Naples with high recommendations to the court, to assist in purging the city of the disaffected. His diligence in this pursuit was truly beyond all parallel.

I am yet unable to conceive by what process he became so minutely conversant with the previous history of such an immense number of persons, in so short a time. His information was never at fault, and his measures very rarely thwarted by miscalculation, either in design or execution.

As soon as he had made himself master of a suspected person, he did not at once act upon his evidence to bring about an instant infliction of punishment; but used to give the prisoner the benefit of a dogmatical exposition of what he called "the salvation of the holy church." If this had the desired effect, after a little longer confinement, the captive was liberated on his good behaviour; but if the heretic persevered in his rejection of the prescribed process, he was, forthwith, handed over to the headsman.

The society in which I moved made me acquainted with Father Don Alvarez. I was then young and fond of adventure, and, very naturally, conceived a strong desire of visiting, with him, some of the unfortunate whom the police were constantly arresting by his orders.

By practising some courteous assidues, as well as a little flattery, I ingratiated myself with him, and obtained permission to accompany him on his dismal visits to the prison.

After visiting one or two cells, in which we found inmates quite will-



ing to believe anything and everything which my guide thought proper to propound, we entered a narrow, dismal hole, surrounded by walls, down which the damp trickled almost in a stream, and with a floor composed of pieces of granite of uneven surface and sharp edges.

The torch carried by our attendant discovered a bundle of straw in the corner farthest from the door, and resting upon it a young girl. Don Alvez motioned the gaoler to withdraw.

The creaking of the hinges disturbed the prisoner. She started from her recumbent posture; but her eyes had been too long accustomed to darkness to endure the glare of the torch-light.

She arranged her disordered hair and clothing as fast and completely as she could; and when, at length, she ventured to scrutinize her visitors, I marked the deep crimson that suffused her face and bosom.

I had been accustomed to behold the exceeding beauty of the women of Spain and Italy, but when I saw this unfortunate captive, I felt at once that I had never met with any one whose loveliness was so perfect. When I say that she was a Greek, and bore in every lineament the impress of her clime and nation, I need not attempt a description.

Don Alvez had told me, previous to entering the cell, that it contained a heretic who had been some time in confinement, and appeared resolved to reject every chance of "salvation."

"This," he added, "is the last opportunity of repentance I intend to give her."

These words still echoed in my ears, as I contemplated the stern front of the Jesuit, and the pensive innocence of the Greek maiden.

"Perverse child," commenced Don Alvez, "I have once more come to offer thee liberty, and the favour of the Virgin, if thou wilt embrace the holy faith."

Adela (so the gaoler had whispered me she was called) had now sat down on her coarse bed, and, with her hands folded on her bosom, seemed prepared for any calamity which might await her. She returned no answer to the priest's observation.

"What!" continued he; "dost thou treat with contempt the servant of the church? Mark me, perverse infidel! thy fate is in thine own hands. Thy death, I swear, by all the blessed saints, shall be the penalty if thou persistest in thine unbelief! but if thou wilt listen to the truth, not a hair on thy head shall be injured. How sayest thou? Canst thou endure death, or wilt thou live?"

"I am heedless of my fate," replied Adela, in a tone of melancholy which pierced my heart. "Still, not heedless," she added, with animation, "so long as I know not the fate of Conrade. Tell me, priest, I conjure thee, is he in thy power?"

"Why is the fate of that young man so dear to you?" inquired Don Alvez, "that it is preferred to thine own salvation?"

Adela met the look of the Jesuit with a calm and penetrating glance.

"Thou mayest be learned in thy faith," she said; "but thou art a novice here"—laying her hand upon her heart—"if thou knowest not that a woman's love, in doating upon its object, entirely forgets all other interests."

"Then it is sinful, and deserves perdition," said the priest.

"Then it is impossible that I can be saved," quietly rejoined the young Greek.

"What if I tell thee," after a pause, said Don Alvez, "that Conrade is not in my power, but has left Naples with another paramour?"

Adela's blood mounted to her cheeks with indignation, as she exclaimed,—

"Then I tell thee thou art a liar as well as a barbarian! Not for a moment will I believe so base a calumny."

"Adela, for the last time, dost thou refuse the mercy of the church?"

"Do I refuse the mercy of the church!" said Adela. "Why, wretch! dost thou call these bolts and bars, this dungeon, this darkness and long imprisonment, my wasted health, my tortured mind, my almost broken heart—dost thou call these mercy? I know not what is meant by thy church, and I care not; I despise and reject both it and thee. You dragged me hither because I worshipped according to the customs of my fathers and my nation; and you would have dragged hither another being for the same offence—one who was too noble, too generous, all too worthy to commit the smallest wrong. But he has escaped—thank Heaven, he has escaped! Oh, Conrade!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands; "who shall love thee when Adela is gone!"

For a short time sobs convulsed her beautiful form; she soon recovered, and then added, with an emphasis I shall never forget,

"I do reject thee, thy mercy, and thy church! I cannot believe that truth is allied with cruelty, or that Heaven has given you authority to destroy its own creatures. I know not who is your God, but I feel that the great and good Intelligence, who rules the world, will not punish me for serving him as I have been taught, for believing as my simple reason dictates, and, above all, for rejecting your creed, so full of cruelty, bloodshed, and oppression. Leave me now; in an hour I will be ready to do your bidding."

"Enough!" said Don Alvez, sternly, and made towards the door.

I took advantage of his position to whisper to Adela,—

"Do not hope too much, but I will be your friend."

Her large, dark eyes spoke a gratitude which I am confident I shall never receive from any human being.

The gaoler fastened the heavy door, and I followed Don Alvez, who was hastening from the building. When I overtook him, I inquired his resolution as to the fate of the young Greek.

"She dies to-morrow at noon," was his only laconic reply.

It was then near evening. He was at first very unwilling to answer any questions concerning her, but, by dint of close application, I extracted as much intelligence as put me on a track by which I at length discovered Conrade.

I have not ability to describe that gallant youth. There was the genuine Attic stamp on his character and frame. He entered eagerly into my plan of rescue; it was sufficiently perilous, but that to him was a recommendation rather than otherwise.

The design was to bribe the gaoler to connive at our admission to Adela's cell, and then to bring her away with us, and fight a passage through all opposition.

A friendly fisherman engaged to await on us at the bay with his skiff, at a point from which, fortunately, the prison was not far distant.

With little difficulty I obtained an interview with the gaoler, and engaged with him to assist us in our enterprise, for which he was to receive one hundred piastres.

He was as good as his word. We found Adela in a calm slumber. Perhaps she dreamt that she was going to get free, for the very moment Conrade stepped towards the couch, she sprang into his arms, without a moment's doubt that it was any but him.

She willingly resigned herself to our direction. When we emerged from the cell we gained the outer gate before it was discovered that we had with us the condemned captive.

The first and second assailants were laid at Conrade's feet, by stabs from his rapier. We were now in the street, fleeing for our lives—Conrade first, with Adela on his left arm; I defended the retreat.

The fate of the two men had a salutary effect in checking the temerity of their companions. After some hard blows had been given and received, we gained the beach.

The fisherman placed Adela in the boat, while I and Conrade stood at bay, and repulsed our pursuers. I think another life was sacrificed in the scuffle.

The case was now desperate, for the number of our enemies increased every moment. We threw ourselves into the boat, and the first stroke shot us into deep water.

A volley of musket balls whizzed over our heads, without doing us any damage. The night was dark, and we were rowing with all our strength, two things that diminished our danger.

I cannot tell why no attempt at chase was made; but so it happened, that all our obstacles were at an end when we left the shore. Before daybreak, we reached a contrabandist in the offing; and when the sun shone in full lustre on the city of Naples, we were many leagues distant down the Mediterranean.

My part in this adventure, of course, exiled me from the Neapolitan metropolis for a time. As the excitement of the crisis died away, Father Don Alvez found more difficulty in procuring victims.

His zeal could not be satisfied with a solitary delinquent or two; so he retired to Rome in a pique at the aversion of the Neapolitans to undergo martyrdom.

When he was gone, I had less difficulty in negotiating an indemnity. I was attached to the locality, or I should not have troubled myself to return. But now I regard Naples as the scene of action which, of all others of my life, I have most occasion to look back upon with unmixed pleasure.

Adela, I heard many years afterwards, from an English captain, was the mother of a numerous family. My informant had visited her home, and, because he was my countryman, he was treated with the most distinguished respect.

THE HEDGEROG.—It is a well ascertained fact, that the fiercest poisons have no effect on this wonderful little animal. They are of great value in woods and plantations, and they should not be grudged an apple now and then, as they wage unceasing war against adders and all the poisonous members of the reptile genus, the bites of which, even when inflicted in the most unprotected parts of their body, have no dangerous effect. Repeated experiments have been made by physicians and others as to their ability to swallow mineral and vegetable poisons, neither of which have ever had the slightest destructive tendency. Whence this remarkable faculty arises, has not been ascertained; of course it must be some property in the blood; but how that property is obtained, is a problem yet unsolved by anatomists.



## THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XXI.

THE THIRD DAY.—THE NOTICE TO QUIT.—THE SUPPER PARTY AND ITS RESULTS.

MERITON, when he left the parlour with Maria Delmair, on account of the foolish malice of Anderson, was warmly thanked by the beautiful girl for the forbearance he had displayed towards his insulting rival—a forbearance which, however, had cost Meriton a hard struggle to maintain, and perhaps it was only a lingering consciousness, that had he been in Anderson's place, the rejected instead of the accepted lover, he, too, might have felt what it was to engage in a fruitless struggle with a breaking heart, that enabled him to do so.

"My mother," said Maria, "cannot, will not, now, I am sure, permit Mr. Anderson to remain here longer."

"He ought, in honour to go," replied Meriton; "in fact, his staying now is a proof of obstinacy having obtained a victory over good manners and all feeling of honour or shame. And yet, dear Maria, God knows what act of folly and madness I might myself have been guilty of could I have found no sympathetic feeling for my love in your heart. When I look into your eyes, when I hear your voice, when I gaze upon your face, and see delineated on it all the gentleness that adorns it I can pity Anderson, and find for him an excuse despite all my indignation at him."

Maria smiled as she shook her head gently at Meriton, and then, perhaps, with a little too much ardour, he pressed her to his heart; but young ladies, perhaps, more easily forgive a little too much ardour than a deficiency of that same; at least, so we have heard, and Maria, although she declared herself very much offended, did so with an expression of countenance, and a tone of voice somewhat similar to the young lady's in the anecdote, who said to her lover, "Now, Theodore, my brother is out, and my mother is up stairs, but don't you now have the impertinence to take the opportunity of kissing me in that violent way you did once before."

We don't believe a word of this anecdote, because it is, in our opinion, libellous of young ladies in general, for whom we have that degree of devoted respect that we cannot believe them to be other than what they look—angels, not at all fallen, and quite above kissing in general.

Anderson would have torn the hair out of his head by the roots if he had seen Meriton have the unparalleled effrontery to press his audacious lips upon the velvet cheeks of Maria Delmair; but he didn't see it, and it is a good thing for us all, that there are a great many things we don't see.

Our readers will now suppose the day following that on which Anderson had procured from the post-office with such facility the forged letter, to have passed away, and the third morning of his possession of that trifling document to have arrived.

He passed a sleepless night—the one preceding that day on which he determined to make use of the well-worn, often looked at, and exceedingly genuine-looking letter from York. Indeed, he never attempted to rest, so certain was he in his perturbed state of mind, of not being able to sleep. He sat up the whole of that night in his room, with the letter before him, reading it again and again, with an intensity, an earnestness that was terribly indicative of the effects he expected to ensue from it.

He felt no fatigue, no uneasiness; he only panted for the morning—the commencement of that day, which he felt assured would be one to him of triumph—to Meriton of horror and dismay,—to Maria Delmair of tears and reproaches,—to all, of astonishment and conviction of the worthlessness of the character of the young, favoured, handsome, candid, accomplished lover.

"What can he say—what will he say?" asked Anderson himself a hundred times as he sat up that long weary night. How can he answer the charge, except in a manner which will involve him still deeper. If he look confused and terrified, as well he may, such will be to them as indications of guilt. If he have so much command over himself as to be calm and collected, such appearances will only be considered the height of effrontery, in consequence of his being prepared for such events, and probably as arising from his experience in such *contretemps* before.

"Let him do what he will, say what he will, he cannot escape. His denial of the charge will avail him nothing, for who, amenable to such an accusation, would hesitate to crown the iniquity it suggests by the

simple falsehood of a denial? Tremble, Meriton—tremble; you are a doomed man."

Over and over again did Anderson felicitate himself upon the circumstances in which he had involved his rival. If the prospect of his ever having the happiness of calling Maria Delmair his was a receding one, and growing dim in the fading distance, his revenge against his successful rival was proportionately clear, well defined, and distinct.

"My second object I shall accomplish," he said, if my first fail; Maria Delmair may never be mine, but she shall never be Meriton's."

Many a time he walked to the window, which commanded a view of the east, in order to note if there were any appearances of the dawn of day, and, at length, when he saw the dim, sickly, cold-looking light of very early morning spreading itself over the sky, he rejoiced within himself, and exclaimed,—

"The time is coming—the time is coming for revenge. Oh, what a day will this be, Meriton, for you and for me."

Anderson had not contrived any regular plan by which the letter from York was to reach the hands of Maria Delmair; there were so many ways of accomplishing that object, that when he began to think of how it was to be done, his mind became bewildered in the multitude of suggestions that presented themselves, so he resolved upon leaving that part of the affair to circumstances and opportunities as they should arise; of one thing only he assured himself, that another sunset should not pass over without Maria having that letter in her possession.

He had seen Meadows, as arranged, once again since the morning when they went to the post office together; and, during that interview, every evil passion he had, had been successfully acted upon, and influenced to madness by the artful insinuations of the villain, whose success was great, because he had a mind to act upon which was quite abandoned by reason, and in a fit state only to hear the fell suggestions of passion.

The talents of Meadows were not of a high order, and there was about his calumnious and diabolical suggestions very frequently a clumsiness, which would have been quite ineffectual upon a mind which could have brought calm reflection to its aid; such a mind, however, poor Anderson did not then possess; he was at the mercy of any current. Like the ship of the dead, described by Shelly, was his intellect.

"It drifted on the wailing sea, an aimless, straining mass,  
The idle sport of puny waves—that seeming living thing,  
Which once had stemmed the ocean's rage,  
And ridden on the storm."

Therefore it was that Anderson became like the unguided, abandoned ship, a prey to every current that chose to toss him thither and hither. Even Meadows himself was surprised at the easiness by which his victim was led, only he put it all down to the account of his own cleverness, instead of the partial insanity, for such it amounted to, of the unhappy young man.

Then came the fatal morning—light and beautiful—the sun shining through the murky haze of smoky London; and the birds who, with bad taste, prefer town residences to country haunts and the silent beauty of the deep woods, caroled blithely past the windows of Anderson's chamber. There he listened to hear the least sound of the household stirring; and soon such indications of the night being over, and the labours of the day began, reached his ears. A smile of triumph came across his face; he carefully folded up the letter, which was to produce such tremendous effects, and shunk down to the breakfast-room.

There was no one there already but Mrs. Delmair; and, for a moment, a thought struck him that he might take that opportunity of dropping the letter, so that she might see it; but no, the room had been swept from the over night's litter, and no letter found. Meriton had not been down, so he could not have dropped it.

"'Tis not time yet—I will wait—I will wait," thought Anderson. "The skilful engineer casts not his explosive shell until he is sure of his aim, and the shell will burst upon the spot he wishes to feel its dread effects. I will have patience."

Anderson until now had not made his appearance in the family circle of the Delmairs since the altercation with Maria and Meriton; but now he resolved that nothing should stand in the way of accomplishing his purpose, and, as he was still a lodger in the house, he determined on that day to avail himself of all the conditions on which he had originally become one—one of those conditions being that, when he pleased, he should breakfast with the family.

It wanted a good half hour still to the ordinary breakfast time, and Anderson availed himself of the opportunity he had of breaking the ice, as regarded Meriton's presumed bad conduct.

Addressing Mrs. Delmair, he said, in a quick and affectedly humble tone of regret,—

"Mrs. Delmair, I regret to be under the necessity of giving you notice to leave."



Mrs. Delmair looked rather astonished; for, beyond the fact that she believed there was a misunderstanding of some sort between Meriton and Anderson, she was supremely ignorant of the complication of circumstances that was taking place in the house.

"Yes, Mrs. Delmair, I trust you will not press me for anything in the shape of explanation; but, the fact is, I cannot remain in the same house with Mr. Meriton."

"And why not, Mr. Anderson?"

"I have my reasons, madam; you may, or you may not, some day have to regret his presence here; I can say no more than that the greatest cure—"

He checked himself; for, as usual, he found he was getting violent, and then merely added,—

"You will quite understand me, Mrs. Delmair, that I leave this day week."

"Well, I'm sure I'm very sorry," said the lady, "and I'm sure Maria will be very sorry, too; you are such a favourite of hers, Mrs. Anderson."

"God don't!—a—a—that is—indeed—"

Anderson could at that moment have knocked Mrs. Delmair's head off with great pleasure, he was so aggravated at her confounded innocence of the real state of affairs. He could stay in the room no longer; but, muttering curses between his clenched teeth, he rushed up to his room three stairs at a time, and locked himself in till breakfast time.

Still, when he got a little over the passion which Mrs. Delmair had so innocently put him in, he felt satisfied that he had paved the way for the letter from York in Mrs. Delmair's mind, and that she would be apt to say when she read it,—"*This, then, accounts for Mr. Anderson refusing to remain in the same house with Meriton. He knew what a villain he was, and did not like to expose him.*"

"Half past eight o'clock," he muttered, as he glanced at his watch; "his time—his time."

He then walked down stairs, endeavouring to school his features as he went to as perfect an expression of serenity as possible, for he fully expected to find Meriton and Maria there all the breakfast-time—and so they were.

When he entered the room there was a look of surprise upon both their countenances, and Meriton expected that Anderson's appearance must have arisen from the letter which he had brought from Bateman and Grant, and which he had given to Tom to deliver to him. That letter, however, remained upon Anderson's table, where Tom had placed it, still unopened. Anderson would read nothing—look at nothing—until he had accomplished his revenge.

Meriton was in doubt whether to give him any morning salutation or not; and, after a moment's thought, he decided that the first word ought to come from him, Anderson, considering upon what terms they had last separated, so he said nothing until Anderson, with an emphasis on the miss, said,—

"Good morning, Miss Delmair; good morning, Meriton."

Then they both very briefly returned the salutation, and a more uncomfortable quarter of an hour, for the breakfast did not last longer, could not well be imagined than that which then ensued. Maria had made up her mind to leave the room as speedily as possible; and, indeed, after the manner in which Anderson had behaved towards her, she was not, nor did she consider herself, bound to keep any terms with him, or show him any sort of consideration; so she left the room as soon as possible, after a glance at Meriton, which, to him, was sufficiently significant of her reason for so doing.

Then Mrs. Delmair, after doing the honours of the table for some time, said,—

"We are going to have a friend to-night to supper. Will you be at home?"

This was addressed equally to both. Meriton said directly, "Yes, certainly;" and Anderson said, "I shall make a point of being at home. Mrs. Delmair."

"Then," said Meriton, rising, "I shall make a point of being out. You will excuse the apparent rudeness of my speech, Mrs. Delmair, but I will explain the cause of it to you on the first opportunity I have of conversing with you confidentially upon a subject, concerning which you ought to be acquainted."

Anderson's first impulse, then, was to fly into one of his ungovernable fits of passion, but he wonderfully subdued it, and merely said,—

"Ah, Mrs. Delmair, I only hope that, in any communication Mr. Meriton may make to you, he will be quite candid."

Then fearful of trusting himself any farther, he rose and left the room.

"Gracious me! what's the meaning of all this?" said Mrs. Delmair. "Can you explain, Mr. Meriton?"

"Yes, Mrs. Delmair, I can explain. I have the permission of Maria to explain to you that myself and Mr. Anderson are rival suitors to your lovely and accomplished daughter. For myself, of course, I can answer; and I believe I may say we both love her, each according to

our separate frames of mind. You see I am calm and collect-d. Anderson is furious with passion. Madam, to which of us would your voice incline?"

"I should not wonder, Mr. Meriton," said Mrs. Delmair, "if by this time my voice had very little to do with it, one way or the other."

This was rather a troublesome remark, and Meriton did not know exactly what to say. Mrs. Delmair then added, as she rose to leave the room,—

"The happiness of my darling child, Mr. Meriton, is my only care on earth—God bless her! I know her worth. To her I will appeal on this subject, before I return any answer to you."

In another moment Meriton was alone in the breakfast room—at least, he fancied so; but he was suddenly and disagreeably aroused to the fact, that he had made an unwitting confidant of Tom, who had come in to clear the breakfast things, by hearing that worthy exclaim,—

"Well, Mr. Meriton, how does yer feel yourself now?"

"You scoundrel, how long have you been here?"

"Oh, it's all right. Mum's the word. Lord bless yer! I knewed it all along. Don't put yourself out of the way."

"Confound you!" said Meriton, as he left the room, and galloped up stairs to his own apartment.

## CHAPTER XXII.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.—MARIA'S CANDOUR AND AVOWAL.—A SCENE OF AFFECTION.

MRS. DELMAIR was, as may well be supposed, much more affected at, and anxious concerning the avowal which had come from the lips of Meriton, than she chose to show to him, although, had she not so immediately left the room, he would very soon have seen how great had been the effect on her mind, by a communication which so much interested her, as involving so nearly her daughter's happiness.

It was more at Maria's request than with his own inclination, that Meriton made the avowal he did to Mrs. Delmair; but Maria had urged him to the step, and of course he could not, with any reason or plausibility, object to it.

Somehow or another, lovers in general, however pure, and honest, and honourable their intentions, have a repugnance to taking father and mother into their confidence. It may be that stolen sweets are ever sweetest, and that the very difficulties and troubles of carrying on the affair secretly add a zest to every tender word, and gentle, fond caress; but certainly the charm of these *affaires de cœur* somehow does not appear to be at all enhanced by the general consent of relations. We do not intend to assert that Meriton would love Maria the less because her mother should give her free consent to his passion; but still he would rather that the sweet secret should have been yet a little longer confined to their own breasts.

However, as we have seen, he told Mrs. Delmair, and left her to make the most of her knowledge, not a little admiring her for the tact which dictated her reply to him—a reply which he certainly did not expect.

Meriton had promised Maria that he would take the first opportunity of informing her mother of their attachment, and, as we are aware, he had kept his word; but Maria could not know when that opportunity would present itself, therefore she was not aware that he had so soon performed his promise.

When, however, her mother sought her in her own little bedroom, she saw by one glance at her face, that the promised communication had been made, and such a sudden sensation of faintness came over her, that Mrs. Delmair was quite alarmed, and fain to support her in her arms while she said,—

"My dear, my dear—I know all—do not dread any rash judgment from me, my darling. Your happiness is my only wish, and so that I see that accomplished, I shall be very, very happy myself, indeed."

Maria burst into tears, and as she sobbed upon her affectionate and unvaryingly kind parent's breast, she said,—

"Mother, dear mother, I am unworthy of all your goodness to me. Can you forgive me for not sooner than this acquainting you with what you now know?"

"Certainly, my dear. It would have been better if you had consulted me; but as it is, my darling, I hope you are sure of your own feelings."

"Sure, mother, oh! yes—he is all that he can be, mother—he loves me dearly."

"Mr. Anderson?"

"Anderson, oh! no, Meriton—did he not tell you?"

"My dear, I must give Mr. Meriton credit for the delicacy of saying nothing whatever of your feelings towards him. He merely told me that he loved you, and that Anderson and he were rivals for your affection."



"Then I, mother, will add what he has omitted. I have never had a secret from you but this, and it has not been long kept—now, without reservation, mother, I declare I love him."

Mrs. Delmair was silent for some moments, and then in a voice of emotion she said, as she kissed her darling child repeatedly and affectionately,—

"God bless you, dear Maria—God bless you, and bring you much happiness in your choice. I could have wished you had known Mr. Meriton for a longer time; and, besides, if you had in the first instance mentioned to me that he was showing you any attentions, I could have assisted you in studying his character."

"Yes, mother, it would have been better."

"Much better, my dear—a great deal better."

"And yet, mother, people do not always do the wisest seeming thing when they love. The heart overpowers the judgment."

"Ah, but it ought not, my dear."

"Didn't you run away with my father, mother, after five weeks' acquaintance only?"

"Eh? Bless me, my dear, where did you hear that? What dreadful memories children have, to be sure. Well, well, now say no more about it. Mr. Meriton, I dare say, is a very good young man, and as for Mr. Anderson, why he has given me notice to quit."

"Has he, indeed, mother! Oh! I am so glad. I was going to beg of you to give him notice."

"We need not, for he is going this day week, and now, my dear, go and wash your eyes, for you look as if you had been crying for a week. But this one promise I hope you will give me, and that is, that you will contract no secret marriage!"

"I promise, mother."

"Let some time elapse, during which you will know more of the habits and dispositions of Mr. Meriton."

"Oh! mother, I know him well."

"As you fancy, but you never can know anybody so well but you may know them better, my dear. Besides, you are very young, you know."

"Ah! mother, you married at sixteen—did you not?"

"Now don't provoke me, Maria. What if I did?"

"Why then——"

"Pho, pho, nonsense; what I did, is nothing to you. Besides, you ought to take warning and do better. Don't let us have any more crying, and have a little patience."

"Dear mother, I will be ruled by you. I give you my solemn promise that I will not marry but with your full and free consent, especially as you have no objection to Meriton."

"No doubt."

"And I will wait as long as you please, because I am quite sure that will not be very long."

"Upon my word, Maria, you qualify your promises very nicely indeed; but come now, we understand all about it, and be as happy, my darling, as you can."

Maria was now, indeed, happy. Take what view she would of her position, she could see nothing but the serenity of joy. Her lover was all she wished. Anderson going, and not again.

"To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wishes,  
Or ill repressed affliction, her pure thoughts."

Her mother, too, consenting; and in such a manner as to show she was well pleased at the choice she (Maria) had made. Oh, how little, in her joy and innocence, she thought of the storm which was about to burst over her and all she loved in this world!

A brief opportunity occurred in the course of the day for an explanation between the lovers, and they were very happy indeed. Meriton promised to be home sufficiently early to bid her good night; but she combated his departure altogether, and undertook that her mother should herself repress any bad behaviour on the part of Anderson, who, indeed, she could not believe would, under the circumstances, avail himself of the invitation which Mrs. Delmair had given him in total ignorance of those circumstances.

After much conversation, however, nothing was decided upon, and Meriton and Maria agreed to leave the evening's proceedings to chance, he (Meriton) pledging himself to be in the house if Anderson should leave it; but at the same time expressing a great dislike to sit down for a whole evening with him, should he have the bad taste to obtrude his presence where he must know he was so very unwelcome.

The day now was drawing to its close, and that evening was approaching which to the minds of so many persons was so full of circumstances of moment. Anderson walked the streets, and, with a gloomy satisfaction, noted the signs and tokens of the coming night.

The day had been one of sunshine and beauty, but also of great heat, and the approach of evening was felt to be a relief by all; and, as the

sun disappeared, and his last beams still lingered and illumined the up permost windows of the high houses, a slight but refreshing current of air sprung up, as refreshing as it was welcome.

Even in town is a very different time to that in the pastoral parts of England, where nature reigns unrestrained, and her beauties undefiled by the works of man. It is, indeed, pleasing to roam through the corn fields, and witness the gentle undulations of its golden harvest, as the breeze comes lightly floating over their tops. The meadows now smell of sweet odours, and at such a moment we feel inclined to climb the highest eminence, and from it view the departing glories of a summer sunset.

Evening, that sweet and gentle hour, dear to young lovers—or the still more beautiful moonlight hour, is not the same romantic and endearing moment in town that it is in the rural districts, and yet, all times and all places are hallowed by love.

It must be admitted, though much is lost in cities, yet not all; and habit being second nature, we, by degrees, become not only able to tolerate, but, in many cases, to admire a moonlight night in town.

Ere twilight commences it is a busy hour indeed, for many a wealthy citizen quits his counting-house and hurries to his residence in some favoured spot, or fashionable quarter of the town; or else to some genteel suburb, where he can enjoy elegance and leisure.

The busy scene is increased by the impetus given to business, because all feel that it is an important hour, and many quit the scenes of daily toil and anxiety, while the wealthy ride to and fro in their carriages. The hours for dinner parties and theatres are fast approaching, and hence all the busy scene of bustle that now ensues; but which shortly subsides.

The gentle moon is now seen rising in all her beauty over the vast mass of human habitations, from the far greater number of which many fires send forth their black vapour, which renders the atmosphere impure, and robs the gentle luminary of much of the chastened splendour of her rays, and which also, in a degree, renders the vision less acute, and many of the more minute beauties escape us altogether; yet enough remains to repay the observer for the trouble he may take to obtain a view over the vast city by night.

From some high building, as far as the eye can reach, may be seen one vast concourse of human habitations, in all the variety of shape and situation that is possible to conceive. Many of the roofs seem as if one was piled upon another, and others appeared pitched on one side, and depending for support upon others around it; while the numberless masses of tall chimneys appear grotesque and even ludicrous, so strangely formed are they, and heaped up together in apparent defiance of all law and rule.

They might be taken for the blackened spirits of the forefathers of the present inhabitants, looking down into the narrow dikes they call streets and lanes, and they, fearful to trust themselves such a depth down, are looking on the busy scene below in wonder and astonishment.

Then, again, the towering steeples of the many churches that now stand up in bold relief against the light of the moon; they are clearly seen, and, while contemplating the beauty of their regular forms, the hour is chimed from some distant clock; then it is followed by many others in all the variety of tone that size and metal can give, until, after the lapse of some minutes, the last chime rings on the air.

The moon is high in the heavens, and her rays fall full upon the partially deserted streets, and the noises incidental to busy life are in a great measure hushed, and stillness begins to reign.

Some time ere this Anderson had repaired to Carey-street, and retiring to his own room, he dressed himself with great nicety, resolved to take a prominent part at the little supper party which was about to assemble in the parlour of the Delmairs.

Meriton, too, was in his room, waiting, with feverish impatience, to know what Anderson intended to do.

Truly, that was an anxious evening for all concerned in its results.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SELIA must have overlooked "The Ward;" it was inserted in No. 20 of the ENTERTAINING JOURNAL. We are obliged for the transmission of the "M.P." and "Captain Fitz."

"Blanche" is in a forward state, and shall appear immediately. We are gratified to think that its fair authoress has not deserted us.

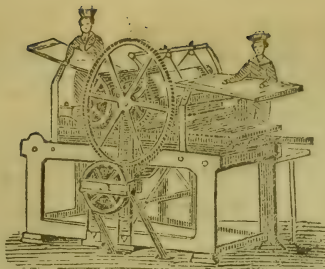
Declined, with thanks.—"The Lover's Lament;" "Evening;" "The Fountain-Head;" "Jim Block's Cruise;" "The Merchant's Clerk;" and "The Deserted Lover."

Mary Ann (Northampton).—We would readily have given insertion to your communication, but some portions of it are too loosely written. Condense your ideas into a smaller compass.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## BLANCHE; OR, THE RECLUSE OF LESSINGDALE HALL.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "RAVENSWORTH;" "THE BARONET'S DAUGHTER," &c.

### CHAPTER I.

"The gipsy listened behind the hedge,  
And learned the fate he had to read."

"SHALL I tell your fortune, lady?" asked a dark browed gipsy, of a fair girl who was seated on a green bank gathering the wild flowers that grew in profusion around her.

"Not this evening, my good woman," said Blanche Hamilton, which was the name of the young girl thus accosted, "not this evening;" and she rose from her grassy seat as she spoke; "I have not time to listen to you now."

"And if you do not listen to me now," returned the gipsy, "you will not again have the opportunity, as you will leave this part of the country to-morrow evening, and many years will pass away before you again return to it."

"How know you that?" asked Blanche, surprised at the confident tone in which the last sentence was delivered.

"By mine art," returned the woman; "cross my hand with silver, lady, and I will convince you. I boast not of an art I do not possess."

Blanche hesitated a minute or two, then, placing a silver coin in the woman's hand, presented her own fair palm for inspection. The gipsy closely examined it for some moments in silence; she then commenced, in a low, impressive tone.

"Hitherto, maiden," she said, "your life has been one of sunshine; a cloud might here and there have appeared, but they have been summer ones, they have passed quickly away, leaving the sunshine even more bright and beautiful than before they made their appearance; but that has passed. For a time you must now prepare for a calamity that will bow you to the earth for years; it will make its appearance ere you have completed your eighteenth year. Such will be its nature to you, lady, that for a long, long time, it will hurl reason from her throne. Nay, tremble not, maiden," continued the gipsy, as the hand of her audacious shook within her grasp; "inscrutable are the ways of an all-merciful Providence—even the calamity I speak of will be the means of leading you to happiness, which you would never know, were that not to happen. You will think it will be impossible for you ever again to taste of happiness, but it is not so: seven years will pass away, and the day you reach your five-and-twentieth year, you will secure a happiness to yourself that no cloud will again overcast."

The gipsy now loosened her hold of the hand of Blanche, and before she had so far recovered herself as to be able to speak, the woman had disappeared in the turnings of the lane.

"I wish I had not listened to her," mentally exclaimed Blanche, with a deep sigh; "it was very foolish of me to do so. Her solemn tones and earnest looks have made more impression on me than I should have thought it possible for one of her class to have done. I should like to know the nature of the calamity she speaks of—pho! how ridiculous of me to allow her words to have made so deep an impression—the words of a vagrant gipsy. I will think no more of it."

With this determination, Blanche quickened her pace towards her aunt's house, in hopes, by so doing, to drive away all thoughts of the fortune-teller.

While she is proceeding thither, we will give a short sketch of our young heroine.

Blanche Hamilton was the only child of a worthy merchant, and we may as well add the word wealthy; for Mr. Hamilton was the wealthiest amongst the wealthy merchants of our goodly city of London. His life, since his commencement of business, had been one of toil and successful speculation, and though possessing not one miserly propensity in his nature, it was with almost miserly delight and gratification he looked on his bright and glittering heaps—for they were hoarded for his beautiful child, his darling Blanche, whose image was enshrined in the inmost recesses of the merchant's heart.

Blanche had in her earliest days ever been a bud of promise, and as she grew to maturity, the expectation that was formed of her in her childhood was not disappointed, for the most fastidious could find no fault with either her personal or mental qualifications; she was the idol of her parents' hearts, and loved by all who knew her.

Ere she had completed her seventeenth year, many suitors had knelt at her feet and told a tale of love, but they had been rejected; for the heart of Blanche at that age was as free as the air she breathed.

About a twelvemonth prior to the time our tale commenced, Mr. Hamilton formed a friendship with a gentleman of the name of Deleval. Mr. Deleval, like Mr. Hamilton, was, or, had we said, had been, a merchant, we should have more properly expressed ourselves, for he had retired from business for some years; when he did so, it was in favour of his eldest son; but Edward Deleval had no turn for the mercantile line, and having a handsome independence left him in his boyhood by an uncle, his business was turned over to a younger brother, and Edward commenced fine gentleman, a character more ably sustained by him than that of a merchant. He was a fine, handsome, and intelligent young man of five-and-twenty; his manners and conversation were those of the polished gentleman of fashion, without the foppish generally attending them; many of the nobler qualities found a place in his heart; he was considered by the ladies as a dear, fascinating creature; by the opposite sex, one of the best fellows breathing. But Edward Deleval had one vice that over-balanced all his good qualities—he was a gambler—nor could all the threats of his father, the anguish or prayers of his mother and sisters, turn him from the destructive course he was pursuing. He sometimes won largely, but oftener the reverse. Then was his father applied to for money to pay his debts of honour. The old man constantly refused, and as constantly gave in; for Edward knew well the way to wind round his father's heart, and then would he promise never again to enter a gambling-house—this should be his last offence; and his father would believe him. Though so often deceived, the gambler's debts would again be paid, and for a time young Deleval would keep to his promise; then would he meet some gambling associate, or he would just look in some noted house for the sake of killing a half hour—he would certainly not play himself; then would the temptation rise strong within him, and Edward would again be plunged into debt and misery.

Thus things stood when he was first introduced to the Hamilton family. In the society of the gentle Blanche, his gambling propensity seemed forgotten. He generally contrived to spend the best portion of every day in her company, nor did Blanche show any disinclination towards his attentions. The deepened colour of her cheek, and the bright sparkle of her eyes at his approach, told him plainly he was not disagreeable to her.

Both fathers were delighted at the mutual affection that sprung up between the young people. Edward was a special favourite with Mr. Hamilton, and to no one would he so willingly have entrusted the happiness of his only child. No idea had he that, by so doing, he would



consign her to the guardianship of a gambler; for Mr. Delevel and all his family had carefully concealed the unworthiness of Edward, in hopes Blanche might be the means of weaning him from the dice.

Well did the Delevels know that Edward would never gain a footing in the merchant's house if his true character was known; and this was the only hopes the father had of saving his son.

Young Delevel promised his father solemnly that if he did succeed in gaining the heart of Blanche, he would for ever abstain from the gambling-table.

"Father," he exclaimed one day, as Mr. Delevel remonstrated against the idea of him marrying unless he was fully determined to give over gaming; "I am determined. Never will I cause a tear to dim the brightness of the eyes of my sweet Blanche by that vice that so nearly destroyed the happiness of every one connected with me; sincerely do I regret that I ever allowed it to enthrall my senses in the manner it has done; but it is over now—one hour spent in the company of Blanche is worth a long life passed at the gambling-table."

"I hope you will always think so, Edward," returned his father. "If I thought there was any chance of your breaking this, your last promise, as you have done others you have made me, I would instantly inform Mr. Hamilton of all that has passed, as I should never forgive myself if the happiness of his daughter was sacrificed through my concealing anything from him."

"It shall never be so, my father; for I will be all, everything you wish me," cried Edward. "Last night, the sweet girl confessed I was not indifferent to her; and, with her parent's consent, she will be mine. This morning I intend waiting on Mr. Hamilton, and, by-the-bye," he continued, drawing out his watch, "I must be off, or he will have left home before I can reach there. Your consent I have no need of asking, father, for that I feel confident of."

"Leave off the confounded gambling, my boy," said Mr. Delevel, extending his hand to his son, "and I will withhold nothing from you conducive to your happiness."

Edward pressed his father's hand, and wishing him good morning, started for Mr. Hamilton's, where he met with as much success as his heart could wish. The worthy merchant freely gave his consent; for it had long been his wish that, ere he closed his eyes on this world for ever, his Blanche should obtain a protector, who was worthy of supplying his place. Such a one he believed Edward Delevel to be. He had seen but the bright side of his character; he knew he had failings, but they were trifling errors of youth—if he possessed any considerable faults, he should certainly have found them out before now; for the merchant thought a great deal of his own sagacity, consequently, he scrupled not in accepting Edward as his son-in-law, reserving for himself the privilege of fixing the day for their nuptials, and which was, at length, decided to take place the day Blanche had completed her eighteenth year.

All now was bustle and preparation between the two families. A splendid mansion was engaged in one of the most fashionable squares at the west end, and was furnished in a superb style by Mr. Hamilton, who was determined that his daughter's establishment, equipage, and everything else connected with her, should equal, if not surpass, in splendour, many of our proudest nobles. It was his wish that an only sister, who resided some distance from London, should be present at the marriage. The lady consented, on condition that her niece should spend a week or two, previous to the ceremony taking place, with her in the country.

This was agreed to with a very good grace by all except the intended bridegroom, who thought the proposition a very ridiculous one, as it was the means of separating him from Blanche for a short time; but he was forced to put up with it accordingly.

Blanche started for her fortnight's residence in the country, her father protecting her thither. After seeing her safe under her aunt's roof, and stopping a night to rest himself, he again returned to London, leaving orders with the two ladies to have everything in readiness to return to town with him that day fortnight; and as he kissed his daughter's cheek for the last time before starting, he whispered he would try and persuade Ned to come with him when he fetched her home again; but he dare say it would be no good, for he was very likely not to come. The smile that played around the ruby lips of the fair girl, seemed to tell a different tale.

The time passed but slowly in the eyes of Blanche; never did she remember passing so long a fortnight.

Her aunt in early life lost her husband, the being on whom all her earthly hopes were fixed. Since then her life had been spent in retirement; seldom did a visitor pass the threshold of Rose Cottage, the name of Mrs. Robert's residence. Everything was so still—so solemn, that Blanche tremed cautiously for fear the echo of her footsteps should disturb her aunt. Sorely did she miss the bright, joyous laugh, and sparkling wit of the light-hearted Louisa Delevel, the affectionate assiduity of Edward, and the unceasing indulgence of both parents; she looked anxiously forward

for the time to arrive when she should once more return to her own home.

It was the day preceding the one she expected her father that she had strolled out for a walk in the cool of the evening, when the gipsy we have before spoke of made her appearance, and what passed in her interview with our heroine we have before related.

Blanche in vain tried to shake off the impression the words of the gipsy had caused; when she retired for the night, they haunted her for hours, and when sleep did weigh down her eyelids, still did the form of the gipsy ever stand before her.

The next morning, her aunt noticed her extreme paleness; she made some trifling excuse, and it passed off; for Blanche's pride revolted from saying she had allowed a wandering gipsy to take such a hold of her mind. Doubly anxious was she now for the arrival of her father.

"To be sure, nothing has happened to him, and thus, one part of the prophecy will fall to the ground, however," mentally exclaimed Blanche, "for I am sure of not leaving Rose Cottage this evening, and if that part prove false, why not the other?"

Thus Blanche mused; when the sound of a carriage stopping at the gate arrested her attention. She sprang to the window in time to see her father, followed by Edward, alight from the carriage; and in a moment after was clasped alternately in the arms of her father and lover.

After some conversation with his sister, Mr. Hamilton inquired if all things were in readiness for their journey back to London, for they must start in the evening, as particular business required his presence in town the middle of the following day.

The colour forsook the cheeks and lips of his daughter as he proceeded. It seemed the prediction of the gipsy was about to be fulfilled. She tried to persuade her father to put off his departure until early in the morning, as it would suit her aunt's health better. But Mrs. Roberts declared that travelling at night suited her much better than in the day, as it was more quiet; she could go to sleep, and there were a thousand other agreeables not to be met with in the day-time.

Blanche murmured something about a strange taste, and there the matter rested, as she knew not what other excuse to make.

Edward noticed her unwillingness to leave Rose Cottage, also her evident depression of spirits. The moment he could speak to her, he anxiously inquired the cause. She tried to evade answering him for some time, but to allay something like jealous fears that had arose in his mind, she at length informed him of the words of the fortune-teller.

"Why, Blanche, dearest," he exclaimed, "I am indeed surprised that you should allow the words of a wandering gipsy to make any impression on you; if she was to see you now, and not recognise you, ten to one she would tell you a very different story, unless, indeed, she tells the same tale to every one she meets, who will take the trouble to listen to her."

"I am very foolish," returned Blanche, "and I have thought so a hundred times, and yet I can drive neither the woman nor her words from my mind. But, Edward, she foretold I should leave this part of the country to-night, and I had no idea of it. Do you not think that strange?"

"No, my love," replied Delevel, smiling; "I do not think it strange at all; it is merely chance, and a chance like that, has made the reputation of many an impostor. Besides," he continued, "has she not promised you great things in seven years' time? you ought to think as much of that as you do of the calamity that is about to happen, which will be very shortly, as you want not above ten days to the completion of your eighteenth year, and our wedding day, dearest."

"If nothing should happen to prevent it," said Blanche, mournfully.

"Nay, now, Blanche, this is folly," cried Edward. "A folly, I should hardly believed you would have been guilty of. This fortnight's residence with your aunt has sadly depressed your spirits; when you return to your own home, you will forget this said prophecy, for there are so many things for you to see, and Louisa says, many things for you to hear, as well as many complaints to make about me. But you must not believe every one, my love, or I shall forbid her coming near you."

"I shall never believe anything to your disadvantage, dear Edward," returned his fair companion.

"I hope not," murmured her lover; but he blushed to the very brows as he thought of his own unworthiness.

"How, in the looks, does conscious guilt appear."

"Blanche," he said, after a pause, in which he had mentally vowed yet to prove himself worthy of the fair girl, whose future happiness was about being entrusted to his keeping, "if you wish it, dearest, I will use what influence I possess over your father to persuade him to deter his departure till morning."

"It would be useless for you to attempt it," returned Blanche. "If business requires his presence in London to-morrow, nothing would deter him from starting to-night; and the sooner I am there myself, the better."



I shall get rid of this foolish presentiment, that, in spite of everything, will cling to me while I remain here."

Mr. Hamilton and his sister now entered the room, and the conversation became general.

Soon after sunset, the travellers started for the metropolis, where they arrived next morning, without meeting with any accident or adventure whatever.

## CHAPTER II.

"Thou takest a life away;

A holy, human life—the life God gave."

BLANCHE, in the preparation she was making for the approaching change in her life, soon forgot the gipsy; she had no time to think of her, as the two sisters of Delevel, who were to act as bridesmaids, were constantly with her,—so constantly, that Edward was often tempted to be jealous of them, as he declared they took up the time and attention of Blanche, that ought to be directed to him, and him alone.

On the morning preceding the one that was appointed for the wedding, Blanche rose with even more than her usual spirits. On descending to the breakfast-room, she missed her father from his accustomed chair.

"What has become of my father this morning?" she asked, after the usual salutations had passed between her and Mrs. Hamilton.

"Really, I don't know," returned her mother. "I asked the same question of one of the servants, and he told me that a servant of Mr. Delevel's had been here, and both him and your father had gone out in great haste together."

"Oh, then, I suppose Mr. Delevel wants to see him about something," said Blanche, taking her seat at the table. "He was in a very great hurry, however, to send for him before breakfast, do you not think so, mother?"

Mrs. Hamilton smiled as she said,—

"Some very urgent business, I dare say, that we are to know nothing about, by sending before we were up."

Both ladies now commenced their morning meal; hardly had they done so, ere the door was thrown suddenly open, and Mr. Hamilton entered, looking so pale—so woe-stricken, that the heart of Blanche seemed to die within her.

"Father—dear father," she cried, springing forward, and throwing her arms round his neck; "what has happened? Are you ill, father? Have you met with any accident? or—or——" And she hesitated to pronounce the name that rose to her lips.

"My poor—poor girl," murmured the merchant, as he clasped her to his heart. Blanche's head sunk heavily on her father's shoulder for a moment or two; she then raised it, and looking in his face,—

"Tell me—tell me," she cried; "my heart already tells me that it concerns Edward. Speak to me father, is it not so?"

"I can tell you nothing, Blanche, unless you are more composed," sighed Mr. Hamilton, as he led his daughter to a seat.

"I am composed, father," she returned, struggling to speak in a calm tone.

"Can you bear what I have to tell you?" said her father.

"I can bear anything—everything, rather than this suspense," she cried, somewhat impatiently.

"Edward Delevel was, last night, wounded in a gambling-house," said the merchant, cautiously.

"In a gambling-house!—what, Edward Delevel,—my Edward?" cried Blanche, in a tone, in which horror and incredulity were mixed.

"Even so, my poor girl. Edward has long been an inveterate gambler, though I knew it not till this morning, or never should he have been the means of causing misery in my family."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Blanche, clasping her hands in despair. "Is it possible that Edward is a gambler—him who I thought was faultless—one that I have enshrined in my heart as an idol, fit only to be worshipped? But, perhaps, father, you might have been misinformed; last night might have been his first fault."

The old man shook his head sorrowfully.

"But is he wounded dangerously, father? How did he receive——?"

"Your father must answer no more questions, till you have drank this," interrupted the sobbing Mrs. Hamilton, as she held a glass of water to the pale, quivering lips of her daughter.

Blanche pushed it away.

"I am quite well," she said. "I do not need the water. Why do you weep, mother? I do not shed a tear!"—and she passed her hand across her tearless eyes—"no, not one. Methinks it would remove this strange oppression I feel in my head could I do so."

"But you will shed tears if I tell you all that has befallen Edward," exclaimed her father, looking with affright on the wild expression in his daughter's face.

Blanche motioned him to proceed. He hesitated for a moment of

two; but thinking his relation might be the means of rousing her to tears, with a heavy sigh he commenced,—

"It appears that Edward has been a gambler ever since his earliest manhood until these last few months, since he has known you, my Blanche. In that time he has made many solemn vows never again to handle dice or cards—oaths that were kept till last night, when he met with an old gambling associate, who at length persuaded our unfortunate friend once again to enter a gambling-house, and, before long, he was seated at play, with an ardour that proved the plague-spot of gambling still clung closely to him.

"At first he won largely; but, presently, the tables turned. He not only lost all he had previously won, but every shilling he had about him. Still—still he played, with an infatuation that ever marks the gambler, till he rose from the table a maddened beggar.

"The Frenchman he had been playing with then hinted, as a chance of regaining that which he had lost, to stake the dowry he was to-morrow to receive with you my child. Edward had too much honour left to take his opponent's advice; he answered him indignantly—the Frenchman sneered—this was too much for the present irritated feelings of Delevel—he struck the foreigner a severe blow in the face—the insulted man instantly drew a small pistol from a side pocket, and, before any one could prevent it, it was fired, and Edward Delevel lay senseless—lifeless, on the ground."

The merchant here paused, and burying his face in his hands, remained for a few minutes forgetful of his daughter who sat by his side. In motionless, fearless despair she spoke, and in so altered a voice, that Mr. Hamilton looked up in astonishment, to see from whence the sound proceeded.

"He is dead, then!" she again repeated, in a wild tone. "I will go and see him," she continued, rising from the sofa, and advancing towards the door.

Both parents sprang after her, and attempted to draw her back. She shrieked wildly as they touched her, and struggled to free herself from their hold. Her father raised her in his arms, and bore her to the sofa she had just quitted, where she soon sunk into a state of total insensibility.

Medical aid was called in, and she was soon roused from that torpid state, to make the house echo with her screams. She was pronounced to be in a high delirious fever. The fever, under the skilful treatment she received, soon abated; but not so the delirium that attended it.

After some weeks, she rose from her bed of sickness, but it was with a mind that was a total blank. She remembered nothing that had passed; she recognised no one. Days would sometimes pass away without her uttering one word.

Medical aid was called in from all quarters, but in vain. Sometimes would her heart-broken parents attempt to lure her to something like recollection, by speaking of Edward, telling of his untimely end. She would listen to them with a vacant expression of countenance; sometimes until they had concluded, but oftener, in the middle of their tale, would she burst out into a light laugh, and spring into the garden to chase a butterfly, or some other such employment.

Mr. Hamilton had retired from business. He felt he had nothing now to toil for. He had purchased an estate in the most beautiful part of Devonshire, where he now retired with his wife and demented daughter, as it was supposed the pure air of the country would be more beneficial to her than that of London.

Blanche noticed not the change of their residence. She soon became as familiar with the lanes and meadows around her father's estate as she had been with the crowded streets and roads of the metropolis.

She had been two years thus deprived of her noblest faculty. Her parents had given up all hopes of her ever again enjoying her senses, when one day her mother was seated at needlework, and Blanche lay on a sofa near her. She had not spoken for some days. She raised her head from the couch, and, looking around her for a moment, she turned her eyes towards the window where Mrs. Hamilton sat.

"Mother," she said, in a very different tone to what she generally spoke in.

Mrs. Hamilton uttered a scream of joy. It was the first time the word mother had escaped the lips of our poor heroine for two years.

"Blanche, my beloved child," cried the agitated mother, "do you once again know me?"

Blanche pressed her white, thin hand to her forehead, and then burst into tears.

Mrs. Hamilton clasped her hands in deep thankfulness. Many dreary months had passed since a tear had dropped from the once brilliant, but now sunken eyes of poor Blanche. The mother hailed it as a bright and happy omen. She did not speak; but placing the weeping girl on the sofa, waited anxiously for her again speaking. It was some time before she did so. At length she raised her eyes to her mother's face.

"What has happened, mother?" she said, faintly, for her long fit of weeping seemed to exhaust her strength. "It seems to me, I have had



a long, fearful dream; though I cannot remember the purport of it. How—what is it, mother? Why do I shed tears? why are you so pale? Are you ill?"

"I am quite well, my dear girl," returned the trembling Mrs. Hamilton; "but you, Blanche, have been very, very ill; and you must now, my love, retire to your chamber. I fear you will fatigue yourself sitting up too long at a time."

Mrs. Hamilton placed her arm round her daughter's waist, and led her to her sleeping room, and soon persuaded the now passive girl to lie down on the bed.

In the meantime, she dispatched one servant for the village doctor, and another to find Mr. Hamilton, who had gone out for a ride; but before either arrived, Blanche had fallen into a deep and tranquil slumber, from which Mr. Macmurdo, the skilful and highly respected surgeon of the village, assured the anxious, overjoyed mother, she would awake perfectly restored to reason.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of Mr. Hamilton as the joyful, unexpected news was gradually unfolded to him by his wife. He hung over the couch of his sleeping child in the greatest excitement, yet fearing to breathe lest he should disturb her slumbers.

At length she awoke, and instantly recognised those who hung so anxiously over her; but her return to reason was attended by a severe illness. While that lasted, she had gathered, by degrees, all that had passed in the last two years.

This circumstance retarded her recovery; but Mr. Macmurdo considered it would render it more complete, as the knowledge of it after he had raised her from her bed of sickness, might be the means of again throwing her back: but now there was nothing retrospective to fear, he did not doubt but all would be well.

The prognostication of the medical gentleman was correct; for Blanche was again able to leave her bed, and, though but the shadow of her former self, she would lean on her father's arm, and wander round Hazelwood—the name of her father's residence—sometimes for an hour or two together.

The name of Delevel was never mentioned in her presence. Mr. Hamilton had never forgiven the deceit that was practised towards him concerning Edward, which caused the happiness and nearly the life of his only child to be sacrificed; consequently, no correspondence was kept up between the two families.

Blanche was not sorry that such was the case. Though both the Misses Delevel were as dear to her as though they had been her own sisters, she felt it was better for the struggle she was making to regain her health and spirits, that every object connected with the unfortunate, still loved Edward, should be removed far from her view. She well knew what her parents had suffered since his death on her account, and, to repay them for that misery, she wished to preserve a life that was only valuable on their account.

It was, indeed, a severe struggle to her to smile and appear cheerful in her presence; but she noticed the rapture a smile of hers caused them, and then she felt she was amply repaid, let it cost her what it would.

She did not avoid company, but rather sought it, to drive away remembrance of the past, as she well knew a smile on her lips and a breaking heart could not last long.

Her parents had done much—suffered much for her, and now hope again found a place in their hearts, she dreaded its being a second time extinguished.

She would sometimes muse on the gipsy prophecy till her brain seemed wandering; she would then fly from her own thoughts into company, and, for a time, appear the gayest of the gay.

Thus years passed, and the happiness she assumed gradually became real. Certainly, there was not the light and joyous smile, ever playing round her lips, as it was in former days; but there was one equally as endearing; for now the sweet smile of benevolence lit up every feature, and gave her fair face even a more beautiful expression than it ever before wore.

Her step was not the fairy-like spring of her girlish days; but it was a step that was loved and recognized by every one on her father's estate; for Blanche's chief happiness lay in seeking out those who needed assistance, who had not been dealt so kindly with by fortune as herself.

Many suitors again sought the favour of Blanche, for beauty and fortune like hers were sure not to be passed unnoticed. All were gently but firmly rejected by her, much to the grief of her father and mother, who were yet anxious to see her a wife.

Once when she rejected one whom he highly favoured, he spoke to her on the subject. When he had concluded, Blanche shook her head, as she exclaimed,—

"I shall never marry. I will never give my hand unless it is accompanied by my heart, and that is impossible, for I shall never love any more."

She turned away to conceal the tears that had risen to her eyes at the

remembrance of him who was now an inmate of the silent tomb. The subject was never again renewed between them, as it appeared to cause her pain.

One evening Blanche was returning from a visit she had been paying in the neighbourhood. She had reached the end of a pleasant lane, that led to the high road; she had been so wrapt in thought, that she heard not the sound of a horse's feet that was rapidly approaching, till she had stepped into the road. Instantly, then, she became aware of her danger, and attempted to turn towards the lane she had just quitted, but, in so doing, her feet caught a portion of her dress, and she fell with violence to the ground.

The horseman endeavoured, to the utmost of his power, to rein in the spirited animal he rode, but, ere he could do so, it had passed over the prostrate form of Blanche.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THAMES," ETC.

When the bright smile of nature enlivens the scene,  
And the skies seem enriched by their beauties serene;  
When Cynthia, supremely, the Queen of the Night,  
Ushers in the fond charms of her handmaids so bright;  
It is then that the hearts of the fond and the free,  
Would tell how that love had arisen for thee.

By thine eyes brightly sparkling, that voice of the soul,  
By the sounds of thy voice, defying control;  
By the smile on thy lip, by the flush on thy cheek,  
By the powers of loveliness, come hither and speak;  
And tell me most truly, if what I now see  
Can be proofs of that love which has risen for me!

Yes, the roses have bloomed now for many a year,  
And their emblems are lasting and ever will cheer  
Me on with affection, most loving and true;  
Whilst a myriad of pleasures are hovering through  
The chords of my heart, as they vibrate so free,  
With the fond touch of love, which is speaking of thee!

Oh, waft me on! waft me on, pleasures so sweet,  
Waft me where pleasure and innocence meet;  
Waft where the gales of fond friendship will rest,  
Fanned by those hearts which are loving and blest;  
Borne on by the waves o'er the starry-lit sea,  
In my barque which is teeming with love all for thee!

Oh, when I ponder and think of thy mind,  
Recalling thy looks and thy words all so kind;  
Whilst solitude heightens their work as they fly  
On the pinions of love o'er the starry-lit sky;  
Fond nature seems sleeping and dreaming with me  
How that love has arisen, unspoken, for thee!

List to the sounds which fond nature's revealing,  
Whilst a chaos of loveliness o'er me is stealing;  
See they wake not the eye, but they enter the heart,  
From which all the blossoms of loveliness part;  
Dispersed by the winds on the land and the sea,  
Bestirring the gales of affection for thee!

Hither and thither my feelings depart,  
From those tresses of fondness, home and the heart;  
Hither and thither no matter they fly,  
Throughout the wide range of the canopied sky;  
Disclosing my thoughts, which are varied and free,  
Though they speak all that's beauteous and lovely of thee!

Whilst the pale moon is shining so lovely and free,  
A myriad of thoughts have arisen for thee;  
They in silence do tell me how truly above  
Are the feelings of loveliness centred in love;  
Oh, who would dare doubt so solemn a plea,  
As that love, which I feel, undying for thee!

What have I been musing, and what was my theme?  
Was it love that absorbed me so deep in my dream?  
Oh, 'twas love that I whisper'd—the echoes replied—  
Lo—lo—lo—love, whilst the valleys enchantingly sighed;  
Lo—lo—lo—love was then borne o'er the soft stilly sea,  
Whilst it made my heart thrill as I thought, love, on thee!  
Westminster.



## CLANAWLY.

A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE CONCENTRATION.

THERE is not a more naturally beautiful river in Ireland than the Lee. From its source at Gougane Barra, the romantic hermitage of St. Finbar, to its spacious harbour, every turn delights the eye; varying from the picturesque to the hilly, and from that to the outstretched plain. The mind is really satisfied in examining its prominent details—the steep rock crowned with the remnant of Irish feudal power; the dilapidated abbey mourning in weeds of ivy, whilst the light streams in lines through the Gothic windows; the numberless waterfalls and weirs, and the woods drooping their branches into the stream, forming beneath them a crystal arbour. If the imagination can be so wrought upon by exterior objects as to be transported to purer regions, it may be upon an autumn evening, when lithering along the banks of this fine river, at that place where it receives the waters of the Bride in its placid bosom.

Then, if instead of following the original river, the traveller should be tempted to pursue the course of the smaller, and trace it on through its serpentine windings, he will find himself entering a spacious plain, where stand the ruined abbey and castle of Killeera. At some distance westward of these edifices are still to be seen mounds of earth, attributed to many origins; but with most probability pointed at in reference to the time when the Irish army under the Earl of Tyrone encamped upon the spot, when hurrying to assist in the support of the Spanish invasion. Their propinquity to Cork rendered rude fortifications necessary, in order to meet any sudden attack, also causing them to be more watchful, and to increase the number of their outposts and sentinels.

Tyrone was encamped in this plain during the space of three days, without receiving molestation from any quarter. Here also his supplies in a great measure ceased, with the exception of something casual which the foragers received by application during day; and they were principally subsisting upon the heads of cattle driven up before them from the centre of the country, and upon the carts of corn from the same quarter. His ranks also ceased to increase here, and he was fearfully suspicious of a falling-off. He made no application to M<sup>c</sup>Carthy, the baronial chief, as he was in doubt of his inclination, and, therefore, preferred to avoid him altogether, rather than run the risk of being disappointed.

During night he had sentinels upon the highest points of land, looking towards Cork, and these in communication with others, until the entire encampment was within a moment's information of any dangerous approach. Likewise he placed a guard at the cavern called The Ovens, by which he was then informed (such being still vulgarly believed) that there was an under-ground passage to the city. At the termination of the second day, in consequence of secret information that he received, he detached a strong body of galloglasses to occupy the ground between Killeera Castle and Cork, with orders to prevent the progress of every individual either one way or the other.

It was about four o'clock in the evening, the fourth day after they had encamped in this place, that a party of men appeared to approach from nearly the opposite direction to that in which they expected to find O'Donnell advancing. This circumstance was very alarming at first, whilst the cloud of dust rendered the strong cavalcade and foot-force indistinct; and they were about to rush to arms and prepare for an attack, when a chieftain darted out of the mist, and galloped towards them eagerly. Tyrone, who, on hearing the first alarm, hurried forth from his tent, and ascending the highest point of his turf fortification, instantly recognised the galloping warrior, and became quite satisfied, whilst a gleam of mental sunshine lighted his visage; the chieftain was Clanawly.

"Clanawly," exclaimed the earl, "you are youthful again, or your age is surmounted by superior energy."

"The stiffness of years," observed the chieftain, "is wearing off by use, and I am gradually getting again on the habits of younger days."

"But how this mistake?" asked the former; "how came you in that direction? Have you mistaken your route, or were you falsely directed in your advance?"

"We were not mistaken in our march, nor could we be, my lord; for we have men in our ranks who know every inch of the ground throughout the whole province, and these pointed out to us from hill to hill the most direct and passable course of progress. But certain travellers proceeding northward, who met us during the first day's march, informed our foremost men that a body of English troops lay directly in our way,

on which account, not wishing to waste our men by any foolish partial engagement, we left the straightforward direction, and crossed a ford at some distance from this, and thus we have arrived without the occurrence of a single accident."

A mounted daltig having come up about this time, M<sup>c</sup>Auliff sprang from his horse, and delivering it to the charge of the youth, continued to converse with Tyrone, until the arrival of the moving body, which slowly drew near.

"I am not quite pleased with our appearance, my lord," remarked M<sup>c</sup>Auliff, giving a dissatisfactory smile as he spoke.

"How, my lord?" asked the other.

"We are rough indeed—very rude."

"In what respect?—are the men refractory?"

"No, no—they are all volunteers of the best description; but their clothes and appointments looked shocking to me during the last gathering of the clan."

"The clan, I suppose, is nearly worn out from repeated fatigues, hardships, and disappointments."

"That may be partially the case; but principally because there was such little time for any preparation."

"They seem numerous enough."

"They are sufficiently numerous, and are well supplied with provisions, having brought with them as much as will last the entire army for a month at least. This accounts for their slow movement, and our departure from the straight road, I hope, gives you an explanation as to why O'Donnell was not here yesterday evening."

"Right, M<sup>c</sup>Auliff—there is no extreme haste."

"In reference to my troops, they are miserably clad and weaponed; and unless they are further weaponed by patriotic enthusiasm, I fear they will not supply the strength which such numbers ought."

"We must divide with them, and give them arms from our less effective men, who can be otherwise employed."

"Several have only broken arms, others have weapons recently forged out for the purpose, and many have none at all, depending on a supply from the hands of those that fall on our side, or on that of the enemy. Our horses scarcely have any fittings and no protection for their necks and breasts. The men are far from being dressed alike, and are altogether unsuited for the severity of winter, should the campaign continue so long; they are of every colour, their mantles ragged, and their head-dresses useless towards defence."

"But it was a foolish thing to introduce any head-dress amongst the kerns at first—what business have they of it? their long hair is sufficient protection from the weather. A blow from a horseman, which would reach a helmet, should cleave it and the head it covered; and if not, I would not give a thought for the arm of the man who dealt it."

"It was from your province that the custom reached us—from your province, my lord, and is of such recent importation, that many of my men, considering it a burden, and also as productive of uncleanness, to which there is sufficient disposition already, have come without any covering."

"The galloglasses certainly require some shield for their heads, ears, and neck, being very much exposed."

"Those who have not regular helmets, are supplied by their own manufacture, with iron and copper plates, from which at each side a chain reaches over the ear, connected with an iron collar round the neck. It is very rude; but I wish all the rest were equally helmeted, and that the rest of the cavalry's appointments were as perfect as their head-dresses are at present."

"You have no reason to complain then, for I think that you could not expect more, under such a compulsory movement."

When the moving body halted, O'Donnell approached the Earl of Tyrone, and suspecting that the circumstance of his delay was made clear to the latter, gave him the usual acknowledgment of superiority. Though he detested this humiliation within his mind, he was compelled outwardly to manifest it; particularly as he dreaded to draw upon him the disrespect of the troops, who were devotedly attached to Tyrone, and acknowledged his supremacy. The detachment now fell out of order, and began to show symptoms of fatigue and hunger; but Tyrone would allow of no extreme defection from regularity, until their position were fortified as a protection for the night.

"O'Donnell," said he, "this body must throw up an embankment before they occupy—set them all to work, and the business will not require many minutes."

"They are very fatigued, my lord," returned the general, "and we will move out of this early."

"Yes, O'Donnell," said he; "but if any accident should happen to detain us, the moment of danger is not the time to secure our position, or to strengthen our camp."

"A temporary embankment will do, then, my lord, as our probable delay will be short," said the former.

"Just as much as to cover them—it may yield uneasiness now, in the



execution thereof; but the subsequent security, even during the short delay, will more than compensate for the labour," remarked the Earl of Tyrone, with vast superiority.

"It shall be done, then," returned O'Donnell, withdrawing from the earl's presence, and approaching the detachment, accompanied by the chieftain of Clanawly, who possessed very great influence over his portion of the troops. O'Donnell lifted up his voice and spoke aloud to them:—

"It is the pleasure of the Earl of Tyrone, that you instantly set to work and throw up a temporary embankment."

At this moment a considerable murmur of displeasure ran through the multitude, which was instantly suppressed by M'Auliff walking threateningly up to the foremost men, and lifting up his hand in token of obedience.

"Fatigue is a very discontented disease," he remarked softly to O'Donnell, as he resumed his position beside him.

"And Tyrone has no consideration of feeling in him," whispered the latter; "he can conciliate by command and threats; but the love which is borne to him principally arises from fear."

"As to that point, we must now obey," said M'Auliff.

"Certainly, certainly," observed O'Donnell, whose mind did not well accord with his hurried expressions.

"Let the embankment be made, my men," cried the general, "and as there are many hands, the work will be dispatched in a few moments."

They all seemed more willing; and separating in small groups, began to strip off their arms and extraordinary garments, piling them up in heaps to put the work in progress.

"I will pace round the semi-circular bank," said he, "and as I advance, you commence spreading yourselves upon the line; and immediately set to, cutting up the turf with your swords. Let no man move to the right or left out of the space he occupies. The ground is soft and will require little labour. As soon as there is sufficient cut, let every man wait until I order you to pile up; and then we will be prepared to do it in an instant, like the castles built by our forefathers, in a twinkling, when they received the aid of magic or enchantment."

He commenced at one end, and slowly moved forward, not in a perfect semi-circle, but making a few smaller arcs in connection with one another. The men who watched his movement, understood him in an instant, and set to work without delay. The cutting of the turf was a work of very little moment, all disaffection sinking as the business approached a close. According to the orders which he previously gave, no man put up a single turf, until O'Donnell spoke again. As soon as he gave the signal, the piling began, and in a few moments a strong fortification appeared upon the level ground.

"Are we ready for the earl, O'Donnell?" demanded M'Auliff.

"Yes, I think so, now at least," hinted the other.

"Will he be satisfied?"

"Perhaps not—Tyrone is one thing in the hall, and quite different in the field."

"He is the commander, you perceive."

"Indeed he is, though perhaps not quite judiciously."

"Let us find better," concluded Clanawly.

The other was not satisfied with this exclusion of himself from any comparison with an O'Neill, but he wished not to shew the chieftain how deeply jealousy rankled in his bosom.

O'Donnell went forward and acquainted the Earl of Tyrone with the completion of the turf embankment, when the latter advanced to examine its appearance; during which deep silence prevailed in the vast multitude. The presence of a great man is magical to the most undisciplined throng, particularly if they confide in his worth; as when thrown upon their own resources separately they are nothing, and therefore as a body in him must live and move. The earl knew his own value, and did not allow it to deteriorate by any weakness on his part; and when with plumed helmet, he surveyed the new embankment, he felt that his very opinion was necessary as a firm outwork.

"There is one thing more wanting, my lord," said he.

The troops listened, as if devouring his words ravenously.

"On this part of the interior, a mound must be erected, which will overlook the embankment. Upon this the night sentinels will be posted, so as to catch any reports from abroad during darkness. Otherwise, the men inside will be in eribs of destruction," said Tyrone.

"When that is done all will be completed?" said O'Donnell, half interrogatively.

"The men may then retire in safety," remarked Tyrone, moving towards his own encampment.

"Why not join them together?" said Clanawly.

"There is not sufficient room for all," answered O'Donnell.

"And if there were——"

"Tyrone would not allow them to be joined—he knows the danger of allowing two bodies of men instantly to come together."

"He is very judicious."

"They quarrel, as if they had separate interests in view."

"Is not that singular—men of the same soil, creed, and interests, with the same object in view?"

"It is the consequence of our divided condition."

"Clan against clan; they cannot even forget it upon a general emergency."

"The mound—cut more turf without, and bring it in," cried the general to the men, who were impatiently standing.

His orders were quickly obeyed, and a large mound was piled up within the embankment, in an incredibly short space of time.

"Now," said O'Donnell, "rest and refresh yourselves."

The chieftain of Clanawly and the Earl of Tirconnell, after the completion of this work, proceeded together, to canvass the present state of affairs. They did not altogether agree upon every point, though the former frequently submitted, rather than excite any painful opposition in the mind of the other.

"How will the army be governed in Tyrone's absence?" demanded O'Donnell, ironically showing much concern, by the strained ruefulness of his visage.

"I think you can supply his absence—nay, I am fully confident of it," returned the chieftain.

"I am afraid," observed the other, "that I may be unfit for such authority and command."

"No, no; for you proved that before now."

"Tyrone is not of that opinion," remarked O'Donnell, whose tongue slightly faltered as he spoke; "and were it not for pressing occurrences, I would ere now have proved to him the falseness of his opinions."

"That would be very injudicious indeed," said M'Auliff, "and it also would prove our weakness; and, moreover, the troops will not hold confidence in those who cavil amongst themselves."

"That is a just remark."

"Your opinion would weigh very little against Tyrone's at present, in the estimation of the troops; and excuse me, O'Donnell, for being candid," remarked the chieftain of Clanawly.

"I thank you for your candour, Clanawly," said the other, becoming more deliberate, "and I almost understand the reason why."

"Where and when did you first disagree with Tyrone?"

"In the north, some time since."

"Was it upon military discipline or skill?"

"No, but a more important subject."

"I understand you now; and were I present myself, though I pay deep respect to O'Neill, I should have differed with him also."

"It was upon the subject of coming to terms with Devereux, which you know, M'Auliff, was a very unnecessary thing as regarded our position, whilst it gave to the English advantages which they never gained, and never could gain under such a foolish general. In the first place, I differed with him for coming on terms; there was no necessity, for we were in no straits, and, in fact, had every advantage over the enemy as the campaign proceeded; and were, therefore, as it were, begging pardon of our inferiors, and seeking a boon from the more emphy-headed. In the second place, I differed with the nature of his terms—they should have been, if made at all, general terms admitting of no petty adjustments."

"So far you have been very correct."

"I cannot say what Tyrone meant at the time, by so much apparent duplicity."

"It was very strange at the time; but, perhaps, included secretly some good points of patriotism, which he never since had an opportunity to test."

"Whatever it might have been in reality, it savoured then very much of wheedling himself into English favour——"

"Did it not look so?"

"And what was most astonishing, the troops never once lost confidence in him during his seeming indifference."

"Never, I believe."

"I disagreed with him then, and he never really forgave me since; and when I represented to him the nature of the English for giving terms, and their dreadful antipathy to the Irish—that nothing was to be dreaded from the pampered pets of a partial queen, when they were set up as generals—that the vows of Englishmen were made to be broken; and that they swore when about to make an engagement, that they would not observe the testaments next taken—he was very angry for my casting any suspicions on his actions, saying, 'Let those who think I act wrong, try and do better.' I kept the words since in my mind, and watch his every movement."

"Well, well," returned Clanawly; "let us first put our nation on its proper footing, my dear O'Donnell—let us do so, as on one level, and united as one body; and then that country will reward her children justly, in proportion to their merits."



CHAPTER XVIII.  
THE SPANISH ARMY.

THE iron-bound coast of Ireland is in no place more romantic than about Bantry-bay, or, as the inner water is called, Berehaven. As if in the depth of an immense abyss, the land rises terrifically to the sight, producing that awe, with which, nothing less than the immediate locality can yield inspiration. Those forests, and deep ravines, and white naked rocks, and towering mountains, are piled above one another in stupendous grandeur; whilst the dark and silent flood seems bound beneath in mysterious repose. Wonders may be detailed, and picturesque wildness panegyricized, when observed in foreign lands; but as long as hill, rock, forest, sea, and sky, constitute the regions of poetry, Glengariff must impress upon the mind of the spectator feelings never to be surpassed or forgot.

Amongst those forests and rocks, there wandered at the time mentioned in this tale, for the space of several days, a number of foreigners, who landed in Berehaven. Their ships left the coast, and went beyond the offing after the strangers were set ashore; and they, when disappointed at not finding any Irish troops ready to meet them, had to return from the inner country and occupy the fortresses.

Nothing could equal the anxiety of those men, as day after day they impatiently awaited the arrival of the natives, having been driven almost into open mutiny against their leader. Here and there amongst the cliffs, upon the most commanding points, persons in strange habiliments, wearing red caps, might have been observed, at one time looking inward towards the country, where a deep ravine shewed an opening to some distance; and at another moment gazing towards the horizon, with eager eyes, to catch a glimpse of their navy, which they thought must have been cruising about, at no great distance from the shore.

The general, at length, began to show symptoms of vexation, and he appeared frequently upon the look-out also. He was acquainted with no person in the country, and his landing was so secret, that the knowledge thereof scarcely passed out of the range of his position.

The season having been rather advanced, the night breeze from the sea was very chilling, and greatly affected men used to a warmer climate. And at length he was led to a conclusion as to the general negligence and apathy of the Irish, that, notwithstanding the subsequent warm professions and acknowledgments made to him, operated with his conduct till the very close of the short and sanguinary descent upon the coast.

Don Alonzo Ocampo, for he was the general commanding the foreigners, having called the principal Spanish officers around him, in a glen, out of sight of the troops, gave way to many bitter invectives against the Irish, and said,—

"They are no longer Irish—they are only a mixed breed of mongrels, having lost the real Irish, or Iberian blood, years ago. They have not the least spirit of their fathers, nor does one drop of genuine original blood run in their veins. Look at their carelessness, whilst I am told their slovenliness surpasses the most savage nation. I shall not give myself any further uneasiness about them; and, whatever I do, shall be in obedience to the command of his Catholic majesty, without putting myself or troop in any strait, for the sake of the natives."

"Now we have been perishing here during six days, without a single friend approaching us; and whilst we are loitering away our time, our countrymen, in possession of Kinsale, are left to the mercy of an English army who surround that town. There we should be also, to attack the enemy, and strengthen and relieve the besieged. I shall wait very little longer; but proceed, by land, towards the port occupied by our countrymen, and coming on terms with the English, prevent the effusion of Spanish blood, in a cause which seems to those most vitally concerned of the least possible interest."

There was a young man of immediately Irish origin, amongst the Spanish officers, whose blood crimsoned his cheeks, as soon as he heard this allusion to his kindred; but the truth bearing upon his mind at the same time, softened down the roughness of Ocampo's expressions. He consequently, was compelled to acquiesce in the general tenor of his remarks, by observing silence, and only wished to beg a little longer delay, on the part of the Spanish general.

"O'Donnell must be dead, and the family extinct, Don Alonzo," he cried, somewhat confused, "or he would have been here at our landing."

The general cast a tremendous glance of rebuke, sideways, upon the young officer; but when he observed the deep emotion consequent, he suffered his anger to subside, and said,—

"O'Donnell—yes, O'Donnell would be here; but where are there to be found O'Donnells now?"

"There is a remnant of that family, in its original purity, I believe," observed the young officer, "unless, as I said before, the entire clan is extinct; but, as to the other families, they are miserably estranged, and fallen into a degree of gross supineness."

"Then where is this O'Donnell?" demanded the general, again.

Silence followed this question, whilst Ocampo stared fiercely around him, shifted his stern scowl from visage to visage, but more determinedly resting on the countenances of those in whom he could trace lineaments of Irish extraction.

"I wish some of you who understand the residences of these O'Donnells, and the other O's, would set upon an excursion, and inform them of our disappointment, and the negligent manner in which they treat their own interests," continued Ocampo.

Resuming his expressions, "I foresee nothing," he said, "but a direct surrender, and it would be madness to look forward to anything else, with one half the country directly in the English interest, and the other half not interested in their own welfare; and if they were in expectation of separate independence, they should be unanimous upon that point, as nothing less will ever tend to secure liberty to the most powerful nation. When, therefore, unanimity is requisite to maintain independence to the most powerful nation, this country has very little chance; sunk as it is virtually in the bosom of England, with scarcely an arm of the sea dividing them, and nothing really keeping them asunder but the animosity that exists between the inhabitants of both. I would certainly wish to see the Irish ascendant, and the others their dependants; but I fear the latter have got the upper hand; and this, with the carelessness of the former, and their intestine quarrels, will keep the British in superiority for centuries to come."

They were not so far shut in from observation, through the depth of the glen, but that they could behold the smoke ascending from the underwood of the forest, where their men were preparing victuals, or keeping up a blaze to warm themselves; and it rose not by corkscrew wreaths, but in a scattered fog, as if all that portion of the wood were smouldering away. There seemed to be no anxiety on their minds to watch any longer; and the loud scolding accents in which they conversed together, with the confused hum of several hundreds uttering their execrations at once, bore to the ears of Ocampo and his officers as much intelligence on the state of their feelings, as if he and they heard the opinions of every individual separately expressed: They stood and listened eagerly, sensations being more acute whenever a lull succeeded to boisterous language; and whether they drew any comparison at the time between the storm within the coast, and the rumble of the breakers abroad amongst the rugged promontories, may here seem of little importance, though the causes which produced both were coincident.

"To-morrow morning, then," said Don Alonzo, "we will move onwards towards our destination; and I swear by the prophets, if, after we are once started, we should meet the Irish army, we shall neither take any participation in their business, nor hold out the least expectation of giving them assistance."

This oath, sworn with the nerve of a true Spaniard, blanched many a cheek, particularly of those who were deeply interested in the Irish descent. They saw no intention to detract from his declaration, on the side of Ocampo, and began already to give up every hope they entertained of proving their patriotic enthusiasm towards their native country. They foresaw the downfall of their long-cherished expectations, even before a sword glistened in their hands; they wished the expedition had never set out from Spain; they inwardly cursed their countrymen for such miserable apathy of soul, as appeared in their movements; and wished for the crisis which would finally settle their dispute, though their share of the arrangement was no longer doubtful.

(To be continued in our next.)

## RESIGNATION.

When fortune frowns and sorrows press upon the blighted heart,  
And those who should have lov'd withhold the aid they might impart,  
How sweet to find a friend above, who'll deign a listening ear,  
Hush the heart's sob, heal every wound, and stay the falling tear.

When friendship proves a fancied good, and earthly love grows cold,  
How blessed to raise the thoughts on high, and all our griefs unfold;  
To lean upon a constant breast, and of his grace partake,  
And feel that through all ills, our friend, our God will ne'er forsake.

When honours gain'd cease to assuage the inward thirst for fame,  
And late he finds true bliss is not embodied in a name,  
How peaceful and how happier far on coming joys to look,  
And find our names inscribed within Heaven's own recorded book.

When those to whom our brightest thoughts, our fondest love is given,  
In mercy are denied to draw our wayward thoughts from Heaven,  
How blissful when the storm is passed, and billows cease to roll,  
To feel our hearts in love here pierced, to seek and save the soul.

When health, and strength, and life decay, and earthly joys depart,  
How sweet to feel a heavenly ray o'ershadowing the heart;  
To know that though our sorrowing earth is fraught with woe and sin,  
There's harp in Heaven to string anew, and golden crowns to win.



## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LAST INTERVIEW OF THE LOVERS.—THE RINGS.—THE LOCK OF  
HAIR.—THE VOWS OF CONSTANCY.—HARRIET'S FOREBODINGS.

Mrs. HEARNshaw received Charles with quite stately dignity, and desired him to be seated, with the air of an empress. She called into operation all her notions of imperial dignity, in her reception of her nephew, and under any other circumstances he must have laughed outright at the extreme pomposity of his aunt; but the whole affair was too full of reality and surprise to him to be productive of merriment. There were so many grave considerations connected with this singularly arranged marriage of his aunt's, that Charles was more amazed than amused to see her assume so much statelyness upon the occasion.

He, moreover, still had his grave doubts that the whole affair would go off, amounting in the end to nothing, and that the temporary notion the merchant had of contracting an union with an elderly evangelical lady, would not last long enough to enable the necessary arrangements to be made, in which there would be a rupture between the high contracting parties, which might, as in the quarrels of large states, involve him—a petty state—in destruction.

He was determined to speak to his aunt upon the subject, and ascertain, if possible, from her, the precise terms in which the merchant had couched his overtures, so that he might the better be able to judge of the likelihood of the affair really assuming a favourable aspect. Despite, therefore, the chilling dignity with which Mrs. Hearnshaw received him, and despite the majestic civility with which she desired him to be seated, he said,—

"Well, aunt, Harriet has told me you are thinking of altering your condition."

"I have done thinking about it," responded Mrs. Hearnshaw, "I have decided."

"Oh! And Mr. Leighton really has made a proposal of marriage, aunt?"

"Most undoubtedly and certainly. He proposes extensive settlements and acts in the most liberal manner. I'm thinking he looks older than he is. The cares of business make a man look old, but when, as he doubtless will, he fills the civic chair, he will not of course attend to any business at all."

"Indeed, aunt! But are you quite sure now that there is no sort of mistake?"

"Mistake!" cried Mrs. Hearnshaw, with a faint scream. "Gracious Providence! Mistake, indeed! I don't see how there can be any mistake, when a gentleman shows a proper appreciation of the—the—charms of one of the contradictory—I mean contrary sex."

"Why, aunt, I don't know. Strange mistakes have occurred. Gentlemen don't always know their own mind."

"I will communicate that opinion of yours to Harriet," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, "so that should you, at any time, amuse yourself by making love to her, she may know to what account to place it."

"The deuce!" cried Charles, who thus unexpectedly found himself attacked near home by his own weapons. "I beg, aunt, that you will do no such thing, and I will believe anything you like."

"Very good. Perhaps seeing is believing."

"Yes; I suppose it is in most cases."

"Very good. Then perhaps you will peruse that letter which came on purpose by the twopenny post, to-day. Reading may then be believing, I rather think."

With this preparatory speech, Mrs. Hearnshaw produced a letter, and handing it to Charles, sat looking at him with solemn dignity till he had read it. It was indeed from Mr. Leighton, and contained the following words:—

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"In reference to our conversation of last evening—a conversation so deeply interesting to my future happiness—I take the liberty more urgently than on that occasion, when my feelings were deeply interested, to enforce upon you the necessity and the propriety of secrecy, with regard to that conversation, until such time as I shall have made some business arrangements now in progress.

"I am quite sure that with the same kind candour with which you answered my proposal of last evening, you will strictly adhere to my request, and for the present not allow even your amiable family to participate with you in the knowledge of a secret which, since I first came under your roof, has remained hidden in my heart.

"Anticipating the pleasure of calling soon at the cottage, and apologising for thus troubling you,

"I am, my dear madam, yours, very truly,

"ROBERT LEIGHTON."

"Well," cried Mrs. Hearnshaw, when Charles had finished reading the epistle; "well, what do you say to that I should like to know?"

"Why, really, I—I don't know what to say. I suppose it's all right, aunt. This is tolerably conclusive, I suppose, if not very romantic or passionate in its sentiments."

"I believe it is conclusive," cried Mrs. Hearnshaw, as she received back the letter, and sat upon it, for its safe custody. "I hope now I shall hear no more speeches, containing remarks equally insulting to Mr. Robert Leighton as they are to me."

"Certainly not, aunt. I am only sorry that Mr. Leighton's instructions, as to secrecy, were not, in the first instance, properly understood by you."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he says he desired you not to tell any one, and you have told Harriet and I."

"Oh, but, of course, you will let it go no further?"

"Certainly not. But you know that's how secrets do go so far generally, aunt. They are told to so many people, who never are to let them go any further, and they keep the injunction by impressing it upon some one else. However, with Harriet and I you are, of course, safe, as you know we have, neither of us, any dear friends, and if we had we are not given to gossiping."

With these words, Charles left Mrs. Hearnshaw to all her glory in the best parlour, and repaired to Harriet, who was content to occupy a more useful part in the kitchen. He spoke to her of the letter which she had seen, and she told him that her mother had insisted upon being waited on the whole day with great deference, and had become so much elated with the prospects opening before her, that she, Harriet, passed a very miserable time of it.

"Well, Harriet," said Charles, as he pressed her hand to his lips, "it serves you right."

"Serves me right, Charles?"

"Yes, dear. You ought not to endure anything of the kind, you know, love."

"But, Charles, how can I help it?"

"Can you ask, dearest? There will soon be, if this affair proceeds, and it seems to be doing so, no home for you, Harriet."

Harriet was silent; but a gentle sigh, and a silent pressure of Charles's hand, told him far more eloquently than any words could have done in whose heart she considered she had a home of beauty, and sunshine, and happiness.

Charles felt the silent, yet eloquent appeal, and clasping the shrinking girl in his arms, he said, in a low, fervent tone,—

"My Harriet, my heart's darling, when, oh, when will you consent to be mine—when will you make for me a happy home, and bless me always by your cheering presence? I know, I feel I am not worthy of so much happiness; but since you, my darling Harriet, are pleased to bless my love, can you wonder that I am anxious, that I am impatient, for the realization of all my best, fondest hopes?"

Harriet was silent for some moments, and then, in tearful accents, she replied, as she trembled on the arm of her lover,—

"Heaven knows, Charles, how much I owe you. Heaven forbid that gratitude should not find a place in my heart."

"Oh, Harriet, I ask for a dearer feeling. You owe me nothing. 'Tis I, dearest, owe you all the happiness which this world for many, many years has now afforded to me."

"Charles," she said, gently, "this is no time for me to affect a coyness I do not feel. We have known each other too long for me to doubt or misinterpret the words that come from your lips."

"You will be mine, dearest?"

"Yours, Charles, only yours."

"And soon—soon?"

"When you please, Charles. Heaven send us happiness."

"We must, we shall be happy—happy as love can make us, dear Harriet. Whether this singular marriage takes place or not, will you consent to be mine as soon as I can arrange another home than this to bless with your presence?"

"Yes, Charles, yes."

"Then I will take this ring from your finger as an earnest of your faith," said Charles, half in sport and half in earnest, as he drew a chrysolite ring from Harriet's finger, which he knew she prized very much, as having been a gift from her father.

She smiled, and let him take the ring, as she said,—

"And what gage of your faith can I have, Charles?"

"What you please, dear Harriet. If I could take out my heart I would give it to you, and there you would find nothing but your own image—its constant occupant. But here, I have taken your ring from



you, which I know you prize, as having belonged to your father, and here is one I will give you, which I keep for greater safety in my purse. It belonged to my mother; she gave it to me a few short hours ere death claimed her from us."

Charles placed the ring upon Harriet's finger, and then he showed her a lock of hair which she had given him some years since, when they were both but girl and boy, and loved each other as dearly and well as now, without a thought of the future.

"I have kept this, dearest," he said, "through all mutations of fortune as my most valuable possession. Your locks have grown a shade darker since the day you sportively severed this one and gave it to your then boy lover."

Harriet was much affected at this proof of how dear she had ever been to Charles; and while Mrs. Hearnshaw enjoyed her prospective dignity in solemn silence, as she sat upon Mr. Leighton's letter, the lovers continued to interchange those pleasant thoughts and fancies, and dear reminiscences of the past, which to them were so full of pure and real heavenly happiness. And never met two better hearts—two kinder, purer spirits to love each other with such singleness of purpose, than Harriet Hearnshaw and Charles Hargrove; this, in truth, was the very romance of affection, and such a promise of future happiness as the union of the two kindred spirits held out could rarely have been found in this world of delusions, disappointments, and false sentiments.

The hours flew away with them like fleeting minutes. When could they be tired of telling to each other how they had loved—what tender, sweet sentiments had found a home in each heart—what hopes, fears, and expectations had by turns held despotic sway in their breasts? Oh, such revelations when made in such dear sincerity are sweet indeed; and Charles Hargrove would not have exchanged the love of his beautiful cousin for the most glittering diadem earth could have offered him.

As for her, her whole world was in Charles Hargrove. He was to her everything good and great. What a world would this be if such blissful feelings could be eternal. But alas! the higher, the nobler, the more extatic the delights of mortality, the more evanescent and fleeting are they. At that very time, when not a speck appeared to mar the clear, cloudless sky of their felicity, the plot was planned, which was to heap misery, destruction, and deep despair upon them—to change love to hate, confidence to reproach—to place a chasm between two fond hearts, which to leap were destruction—to allow the continuance of despair.

The evening was one of great beauty, and Charles persuaded Harriet to walk in the garden, to look up at the bright moonlight, rendered so beautiful by its abrupt, sharp shadows; and there, beneath the borrowed light of the beautiful moon, they walked hand in hand, discoursing of the future, as if the world was a garden of romance and they were placed in it but to wander as they listed amid its flowery mazes.

Myriads of stars peeped down upon them, and no cloud even for a moment obscured the brilliance of the queenly orb, which appeared to be entirely at rest in the calm blue of the silent sky.

Harriet looked up as Charles remarked,—

"Saw you ever, dear, such a galaxy of stars? The heavens indeed seem to smile upon us. It may be that my heart is better tuned to appreciate the beauties of nature; but it appears to me that I never before saw the sweet moonlight and the stars look half so beautiful."

"They are beautiful," said Harriet.

"Most lovely. Look there, dearest, there is one bright star nearly over head, shining with a brilliancy which eclipses all around it. Do you mark it, Harriet?"

"I do; 'tis wonderfully brilliant."

"In truth, yes. It seems to me to have been a poetical, if a wild belief, that which picked out particular stars as rulers of the destinies of individuals. If such were our belief, I should pick out that star as being our ruling planet, and that just now it shines so brightly typical of our present happiness. What say you, dear Harriet?"

"You have converted me," laughed Harriet, "to a belief in the stars, and their influences; if you please, that shall be our star."

"It shall; and if ever by chance we are separated for a time, we can both gaze upon it, and so hold a kind of secret communion, by the same object being at the same time present to the mind and sight of each."

"Be it so, Charles," said Harriet.

They continued for the space of about a minute gazing at the beautiful star, which appeared, as they did so, to grow brighter and brighter, until at length it was painful to look upon, and Harriet was about to withdraw her eyes from its contemplation, when it suddenly shot across the heavens with tremendous swiftness, and disappeared below the horizon, leaving a painful blank where it had shone so brightly. Harriet shuddered, as she said,—

"Is that ominous, Charles? our star has turned out to be a mere fleeting meteor."

"Omnious!" he repeated.

"You see 'tis gone, Charles. It has vanished; and that we took for

a fixed, steady light, has flashed from us like an exhalation, never to return."

"But it cannot take with it our love," said Charles, recovering the momentary depression of his spirits; "we will revenge ourselves on the false meteor, by fixing on another star."

"No, no, we will not seek for more omens."

"You cannot, Harriet, consider so common a phenomenon as a meteor trailing itself across the sky, as in any way ominous?"

"No, Charles, I am not so superstitious; and yet I am sorry we called that delusive light our star."

"And so am I, if you are, dearest; so we will trust no delusive light for the future, but depend upon that pure light we know so well to be no delusive exhalation, or meteoric flame—the light of our own love, which, by the blessing of Heaven, will bring us happiness as lasting as the stars themselves, both in this world and worlds to come."

"Yes, Charles, yes. The night is chill, we will come in, now—so much for omens and stars!"

"Forget it, dearest—forget it."

"I will try to do so; and yet —"

"Yet what?"

"I cannot deny but it has made a disagreeable impression on my mind."

"Which will disappear, dearest, with the sunshine of to-morrow. Do you think for a moment that I spoke otherwise than in jest when I called your attention to the star, and made a fancied absurd-enough connexion between it and our own future happiness?"

"We will speak no more of it, Charles; and yet I cannot feel quite easy concerning the projected marriage of my mother's. A something seems to tell me it will never take place, but that at the bottom of it there is some monstrous delusion, which will become apparent soon."

"I own I have similar feelings, Harriet; and yet that letter of Mr. Leighton's must be taken into account."

"Ay, Charles, but it says nothing."

"It is cautious, certainly. However, this is a subject, you see, upon which your mother will admit of no sort of interference, even in the shape of advice. As far as I can judge of Mr. Leighton, he appears to me to be the very last man who would rush into such a marriage. His opinions upon everything have always, as far as I have been able to judge, shown themselves to be completely at variance with those of your mother; and, once or twice while he was here, he quite cut her short in some of her pious speeches."

"He has, Charles, I have noticed so much; and yet —"

"He makes her a proposal of marriage."

"So it seems."

"Well, Harriet, time alone will solve all these difficulties."

"And, in the meantime," said Harriet, "there is my mother's bell; she rings for everything she wants now, and is quite angry if I do not attend to her directly."

\* \* \* \* \*

Charles slept soundly that night, despite the omen of the falling star. The consent of Harriet to fix an early day for their union, placed him in imagination far above the reach of any malignant destiny.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

THE DUTCH SKIPPER.—SCALVONI'S PROPOSAL.—THE LONE HOUSE  
NEAR THE RECUVERS.

THAT evening, Scalvoni alone in a boat that had a small sail in it, left the wharf from the spot where the counting-house was built. There was a fresh breeze blowing down the river, and the small white sail caught the evening breeze, and steered by Scalvoni, the little boat passed among the many vessels that crowded the river.

His journey was a long one, and he could not hope to reach his destination till long after all craft were moored, and their crews fast in the arms of refreshing sleep; but Scalvoni knew the river—he knew every spot his little boat danced over as well as if he had been in the most crowded thoroughfare in the heart of the city.

He passed each well-known spot of the river, and then looked back as his little vessel passed, and then turned to watch for the next place of habitation. The sun was sinking in the west by the time he had reached Greenwich, and long ere he had reached Gravesend, the ninth hour reached his ears as the breeze came freshly laden with the sound.

Scalvoni had never once moved in his little vessel, his sail caught the breeze, and the tide was in his favour; the rate he traversed over the water was, therefore, as great as could be made.

The moon was now up, and her silver beams glanced on the rippling waters, giving a fresh phase at every heave of the waves, each moment presenting a new light, and a new shade over the large mass of waters that began gradually to expand before him.

Time wore on and the distance decreased, as the number of hours



increased, but yet his destination at a great distance, he could scarcely expect to see the Reculvers until the hour of midnight had been chimed.

Luke Scalvoni still sat in his boat almost like some spectre that sailed on the deep in the moon's pale beams. Now the boat he was seated in began to feel the swell of the increased volume of water, and also of its different nature, for now he was on the salt water that flows from the ocean, and he was gently lifted up and let down again, and anon she would dash the spray from her sides, while the white sail appeared in the moonlight, like the nautilus in the calm seas of the east.

Onward she bounded, and Luke Scalvoni thought he could see the two ruinous towers that remained, and known as the Reculvers, once a church and village, but the sea had so encroached that nothing but this and a few buildings remained.

The night was beautiful—cool, but clear and moonlight—as clear as daylight, for all the ordinary purposes that Scalvoni desired; and having arrived at the desired haven, he ran the boat up a small creek, and moored her by driving a long iron rod into the ground, round which he coiled the end of a rope, and again fastened that with a smaller iron pin, and then he left it and took his way to a lone house that lay in a hollow beneath the protecting eminence of some rock that in one place reared itself a short distance upwards above the level of the earth.

It was a low rambling place, built in a strange manner—partly composed of stone and brick, and the remainder of wood; but this latter portion was not composed of the regular sawn timber, or put together in the regular order of modern buildings; but it was composed of ship timbers, some of which had been probably wrecked, and the timbers picked up; but as the building stood, it was a singular mixture of rock, wood, and brick, with a red tiled roof.

This house was a public house, a place of resort to mariners, who chance to land at this place, and the more questionable characters of the country, who sometimes met there to plan crimes that were committed without remorse by men, who, under the garb and calling of fishermen, contrived to have an excuse for living in these parts.

It was now much past midnight, and Luke Scalvoni listened at the door, and after waiting for some time, he heard a sea ditty chanted forth by some stentorian voice; but it was considerably subdued by the doors it had to pass through before it came to Luke's ears; indeed, any ordinary person in passing, would not have heard it at all.

Scalvoni waited until the song was ended, and then made a desperate attack upon the door with a stone; but no one would attend to it, and he made more than one attempt with the stone to cause them to come to him.

At length he heard some one approaching the door, inquiring who it was that came to disturb their rest at that unreasonable hour?

Luke replied, that he desired to speak with Markham Sloan, the landlord.

"And what do you want with Markham Sloan?" inquired the voice.

"Of that I shall inform him when I see him; but I must do that immediately."

"Then you can't—'tis too late."

Scalvoni said no more, but taking up the stone again, he began to beat against the door with great perseverance, heedless of the voices within.

He had not done this long ere Markham himself came and opened the door with a heavy cudgel in his hand, but he no sooner beheld Scalvoni than his face altered from a crimson hue and fierce expression to one more consonant to the welcome of a guest.

"Well, Master Scalvoni," said Markham Sloan, "I didn't think to have had the pleasure of your company at such a time."

"Perhaps not," replied Scalvoni; "but you've good company here!"

"Yes, they are prized now; they're in capital order for anything. Come this way, and I will introduce you. You are not quite a stranger, you know."

"Exactly, but I have business to-night, and have no time to take part in their drinking pranks. I should like to see them if it could be managed without my being seen."

"Come with me, and I will show you."

Scalvoni followed him to a small room, in which was a window that overlooked the common room, in which the guests were seated drinking and smoking. Scalvoni soon saw that the man he wanted was not present; and, turning to Markham Sloan, he said,—

"Where is the Dutch skipper?"

"He is out at sea, yonder," replied the man; "he did not think it safe to come in just now."

"Where is he bound to?" inquired Scalvoni, still looking carefully at the men.

"His next voyage will, probably, be Cherbourg, or his own port."

"Has he a cargo, then?"

"No, he has run his cargo, and all safe; many of the lads are there, as you may see."

"Yes, yes, I noticed their dresses. Well, I must see him to-night, if possible."

"To-night, Master Luke! Surely, you would not seek the Dutchman, when he's keeping out of the way of the water-dogs?"

"Ay, leave him alone for that—he's sharp enough for anything—if they catch him they deserve him, for they'll be clever lads who take him."

"Ay, ay, Master Scalvoni, he knows what he's about; he's a regular out-an'-out in his way, and no mistake; don't care for man or devil, and, mightily like yourself, isn't troubled with any conscience!"

"Ah! you are one of the right sort, Markham Sloan; do you think one of these men would accompany me out to the vessel; they know, pretty well, where she lays, better than I do?"

"I'll try what I can do with one of them; and if there be one sober enough, I will have him out."

So saying, the landlord quitted Scalvoni, and entered the drinking-room, and whispered in the ear of one of the sailors, who appeared to be less intoxicated than the remainder of them, and he instantly quitted the room.

"This gentleman," said the landlord, "wants to see your skipper; you know whereabouts the lays."

The man looked at Scalvoni, and, after a moment's hesitation, he nodded his head.

"Well, then, he has a boat ready to sail, and wishes you to go with him, and show where the vessel lays."

"What boat?" said the sailor.

"A sailing-boat—a mere river pleasure-boat," replied Scalvoni, "with a small sail."

After some further conversation, and a guinea, the man, who had many objections, agreed to go.

Quitting the house, Scalvoni and the Dutch sailor made for the beach, and just succeeded in reaching the boat, for the tide was now coming up, and would have left the boat too far out to approach; but, in a few moments, the sail was again set, and off he sped over the moon-lit waters for the Dutchman's vessel.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE BLIND BOY.

Where's the blind boy so admirably fair,  
With guileless dimples and with flaxen hair,  
That waves in every breeze? He's often seen  
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green;  
In many a game he takes a part,  
And shows the native gladness of his heart;  
But he soon heeds on pleasure all intent,  
The new suggestion and the quick assent;  
The grove invites, delight fills every breast,  
To leap the ditch and seek the downy nest.  
Away they start, leave ball and hoops behind,  
And one companion leave—the boy is blind.  
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,  
That childish fortitude awhile gives way;  
He feels the dreadful loss, yet short the pain,  
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again;  
Pondering how best his moments to enjoy,  
He sings his little songs of nameless joy;  
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,  
And plucks by chance the white and yellow flower,  
Smoothing their stems while resting on his knees,  
He binds a nosegay which he never sees.  
Along the homeward path then feels his way,  
Lifting his brow against the shining day,  
And with a playful rapture round his eyes,  
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

C. M.—D.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.—When her late majesty, Queen Charlotte, was once visiting her nursery, a most amiable princess, the present Duchess of Gloucester, who was at that time about six years old, running up to her with a book in her hand, and tears in her eyes, said, "Madam, I cannot comprehend it." Her majesty, with true parental affection, looked upon the princess, and told her not to be alarmed. "What you cannot comprehend to-day, you may to-morrow; and what you cannot attain to this year, you may arrive at next. Do not, therefore, be frightened with little difficulties, but attend to what you do know, and the rest will come in time." This is a golden rule and well worthy our attention.



## THE BROKEN PITCHER.

## CHAPTER I.

TRUE, La Napoule is only a very small place on the gulf of Cannes: yet it is well known throughout the whole of Provence. It lies in the shade of tall ever-green palms and dark orange trees. This, indeed, if it were all true, had never given it its celebrity. But they say here grow the finest grapes, the sweetest roses, and the loveliest girls. I know not, yet gladly believe it. What a pity La Napoule is so little, and cannot by possibility produce enough fine grapes, sweet roses, and lovely girls, to spare some of them for us.

If all the girls of La Napoule have been beauties ever since its foundation, without doubt little Mariette must have been a wonder of all wonders, because even their chronicles speak of her. True she was called little Mariette, yet she was no smaller than a child of perhaps seventeen years usually is, whose forehead reaches exactly to the lips of a grown up man.

The chronicles of La Napoule had good reasons to mention Mariette. Had I been the chronicle I would have done the same. For Mariette, who had been residing with her mother, Manon, at Avignon, when she again returned to her birth-place, almost turned it inside out; not exactly the houses, but the people and their heads; nor yet in truth the heads of all the people, but particularly of those whose head and heart are always in danger in the neighbourhood of two beautiful soul speaking eyes; a matter by no means to be joked about.

Perhaps Mother Manon had better have remained in Avignon. But she had received a small inheritance in La Napoule; a little property with some vineyards on it, and a comfortable house which lay in the shadow of a rock, among olive trees and African acacias. No poor widow was Mother Manon, and in her own opinion, as rich and happy as was the Countess of Provence.

So much the worse for the good La Napoule. They had not dreamed of any mischief brewing, and had never read in Homer, how a pretty woman had roused all Greece and Asia Minor to arms and war.

## CHAPTER II.

HARDLY had Mariette been a fortnight in the cottage among the olive trees and acacias, before it was well known to every young La Napoule; and they know, moreover, that all Provence could not show forth a lovelier girl than dwelt in that same cottage.

Whenever she went through the village, graceful and beautiful as an angel, in rustling frock and pale green bodice, orange flowers on her bosom, and roses and ribbons waving from her pretty straw hat, the old men became eloquent, while the young ones were struck dumb with admiration. Everywhere, right and left, windows and doors might be seen to open, and a kind "good morning," or "good evening, Mariette," would greet the lovely stranger.

If she went to church, all hearts (that is the young men's) were turned from holy things. Their eyes looked not longer upon the Cross, and their fingers wandered idly among the pearls of their rosaries.—It was indeed a great scandal to all pious souls.

Without doubt the girls of La Napoule were very piously disposed at that time, for they were the most offended. And they were hardly to blame; for since Mariette's arrival, more than one admirer had become cool—more than one worshipper severed from the object of his devotion. Everywhere there was scolding and reproaching; weeping and heartburning. There was no more talk of weddings, but of separations. The parents took part in the quarrel of their children. Bickerings and contentions ran high in every house. It was lamentable indeed.

"Mariette is guilty of all," said the good pious young girls. "The mothers said the same; then the fathers; and finally all were agreed, even the young men.

But Mariette, protected by simplicity and innocence, as the bursting rose bud by the dark green petal which surrounds it, had not the slightest idea of the universal misery, and continued friendly with all. By such conduct, first of all the young men were moved.

"Why," said they, "why grieve the harmless pretty child? She has done no harm."

The fathers said the same; then the mothers; and, finally, all were agreed, even the pious young girls. For whoever spoke with Mariette could not choose but love her; so that before six months were passed every one had again spoken to her; all were her friends. But she dreamed not that she was now so beloved; neither had she before dreamed that she was so hated. What thinks the lowly violet how valued she is!

So every one tried to make amends for the injustice Mariette had received. Sympathy was added to the tenderness of affection. Mariette found herself everywhere more kindly greeted; more kindly

smiled upon; more kindly invited to the amusements and dances of the neighbourhood.

## CHAPTER III.

BUT all men do not overflow with sweet sympathy. Some have hearts as "dry as summer's dust." This springs, without doubt, from the natural wickedness of man since the fall, or perhaps because something went wrong at the baptizing of the wicked one.

And yet everybody (more particularly the females of a certain age, in which they are merciful in the forgiveness of sins,) held Colin to be the best young fellow under the sun. His fine figure, his natural frank manner, his beaming countenance, had the good fortune to please those who, in case of need, would doubtless have given him absolution for one of the sins that cry to Heaven. But there is no confidence to be placed in the opinions of such judges.

While old and young in La Napoule had become reconciled and friendly with the innocent Mariette, Colin alone showed no mercy to the dear child. If the conversation turned on Mariette, he became as dumb as a fish. If he met her in the street, he cast piercing glances on her, while his face turned red and white with anger.

So if the young people of the village met at the old castle ruins, on the sea shore, for frolicsome games or country dances, or to raise the alternating song, Colin was sure to be there. But, as soon as Mariette arrived, the spiteful Colin became quiet, and all the gold in the world could not have induced him to sing again. And what a shame it was for one with such a charming voice, and with such inexhaustible talent!

All the girls liked Colin, and he was kind to them all. He had, as we have said, a roguish countenance, which the pretty creatures feared and admired; and when he smiled, he was beautiful to look upon. But naturally enough, the often injured Mariette hardly took any notice of him; and in this she was quite right. Whether he smiled or not, was a matter quite indifferent to her. She cared not to hear them speak of his roguish countenance and herein, too, she was quite right.

When all gathered round him to listen to his stories, of which he knew so many, she teased her neighbours, threw cherry-stones now at Peter, now at Paul, laughed, chatted, did anything, in fact, but listen to Colin. Then the proud young gentleman would rise in disgust, break off his tale, and retire, melancholy, from the crowd.

Revenge is sweet. The triumph of the beautiful daughter of Mistress Manon was then complete. But, after all, Mariette was a very good child, and her heart quite too weak. Did he become quiet, she was filled with sorrow; was he melancholy, she became sad; did he depart, she remained not long after him; and when she was alone, at home, she wept as lovely tears of sorrow as Magdalen, and yet had not sinned half so much.

## CHAPTER IV.

FATHER JEROME, the priest of La Napoule, an old man of seventy, had all the virtues of a saint, and only this single failing, that by reason of his great age, he was exceedingly hard of hearing. With so much the more edification, on that account, did he preach to the ears of the children of his baptism and confession, and they all heard him gladly. True, he discoursed only on two traits, as though his whole religion lay therein; "Children, love one another," or "children, the ways of Heaven are wonderful."

Yet, in these discourses, there breathed so much of faith, love, and hope, that one might be contented with them. The children obediently loved one another, and lived in hope of the Providences of Heaven. Only Colin, with the flinty heart, obeyed not. Even when he seemed kindly, doubtless he had the worst intentions.

The Napoulese are very fond of visiting the neighbouring town of *Vence*, at the time of the annual fair. There is always much gaiety there, and if there is not much money to buy them with, there are always plenty of pretty things to be bought. So lovely Mariette and Mother Manon determined to go to the fair. When they arrived, Colin was there too. He bought all sorts of delicacies and trifles for his maiden friends, but for Mariette nothing. And yet, he was ever at her heels. But he spoke not to her, nor she to him. It was plainly to be seen he was brooding some mischief.

"Oh, Mariette!" said Mother Manon, as she stopped before the stalls. "Oh, Mariette, see this beautiful pitcher!—a queen might not be ashamed to touch it with her lips. See, the edges are of bright gold, and the garden flowers bloom not more prettily than these, which are, after all, only painted. 'Tis Paradise too. Only see how smiling the apples hang upon the tree. One almost longs to eat them. And Adam cannot resist his beautiful Eve as she offers him one to taste. And see, too, how affectionately the lamb gambols round the old lion,



and how the snow-white dove, with the golden-green neck, seems ready to bill and coo with the hawk there."

Mariette could not satisfy her delighted curiosity. "Had I only such a pitcher, mother!" she said. "It is much too beautiful to drink out of, but I would put my flowers in it, and gaze continually into its Paradise. Here we are at the fair of Venice, yet as I look, it almost seems as though we really were in Paradise."

So spoke Mariette, and called upon her female friends to join in her admiration. Soon these last were joined by their male friends, and presently half the inhabitants of La Napoule had clustered round the beautiful pitcher. And as they gazed on the exquisite transparent porcelain, the golden handle and edges, and its rich painting, in fear and trembling they asked the price of the merchant. "A hundred livres, at the very lowest!" he answered.

Their countenances fell, and they departed. After they had gone, Colin crept silently to the merchant's stall, threw a hundred livres upon his table, had the pitcher packed in a box filled with cotton, and carried it away. Not a soul knew his wicked purpose.

It was already dark, when, as he was about to enter La Napoule on his way home, he met old Jacques, the judge's servant, returning from the fields.—Jacques was an excellent old fellow, but hopelessly stupid.

"I will give you a treat, Jacques," said Colin, "if you take this box and leave it at Mistress Manon's. And if any one should ask you where it comes from, say a stranger gave it to you. But mention my name on no account, else I will never forgive you."

Jacques promised, took his treat-money and the box, and started straightway towards the cottage that lay amongst the olive trees and African acacias.

#### CHAPTER V.

BEFORE he reached his destination, his master, Judge Hautmartin, met him in the way, and asked him what he was carrying under his arm?

"A box for Mistress Manon. But, sir, I cannot say from whom."

"Why not?"

"Because Master Colin will never forgive me."

"It is very proper you should be silent then. But it is already late. I shall go in the morning early to Mistress Manon's and will take the box with me; of course say nothing about its coming from Colin. You will be spared a walk, and I will be gratified."

Jacques gave the box to his master, whom he was accustomed always to obey without contradiction. The judge carried it to his chamber and scrutinized it with intense curiosity. On the top was delicately written with red chalk "to the lovely and beloved Mariette."

Judge Hautmartin knew well, however, that this was only a ruse on Colin's part, and that some spiteful trick was at the bottom of it. He opened the box, therefore, very carefully to see whether some cat or mouse did not lay concealed within it. But as his eyes fell upon the very same beautiful pitcher which he had himself seen at Venice, his very heart beat with fright. For Judge Hautmartin was just as experienced a man in his judgment of the right as of the wrong, and knew well that the heart of man is evil from his youth up. He perceived immediately that Colin meant to bring some misfortune upon Mariette by means of the pitcher; perhaps to say it was the gift of some favoured lover from the city, and thus alienate all of Mariette's friends.

Judge Hautmartin concluded, therefore, to frustrate so wicked a design, and to proclaim himself the giver of the present. Besides, he was in love with Mariette, and much would he have rejoiced had Mariette been better inclined to follow, as far as he was concerned, Father Jerome's instruction "Little children, love one another." True, the judge was a little child of fifty years, and Mariette was of opinion that the text had no application to him. But, on the other hand, Mother Manon discovered that he was a very sensible little child, rich and respected in all La Napoule, from one end of the village to the other. So that when the judge spoke of marriage and Mariette ran away frightened, Mother Manon sat quite calm in the presence of the very respectable gentleman. He had a very good body of his own; and though Colin was the handsomest man in the village, yet there were two points in which the judge excelled him—length of years and length of nose. Yes, his nose, which always preceded him like a satellite, to herald his approach, was a very snout among human noses.

Accompanied by this satellite, his good intentions, and the pitcher, the judge went, on the following morning, to the cottage that lay among the olive trees and acacias.

"Nothing is too expensive for the beautiful Mariette," said he. "You admired, when at Venice yesterday, this pitcher. Allow me to lay it, with my heart, at your feet."

At the sight of the pitcher, Mariette and Manon were delighted and

astonished. Manon's eyes sparkled with joy. But in a moment, Mariette, turning to the judge, said, "I can neither accept your heart nor your pitcher."

Mother Manon became angry, and cried out—

"But I accept both heart and pitcher. Oh, you foolish girl! how long will you despise your good fortune. What are you waiting for? Are you expecting the Count of Provence to make you his bride, that you thus reject the Judge of La Napoule? But I know better what is for your good. Judge Hautmartin, I reckon myself proud to accept you as my son-in-law."

Whereupon Mariette left the room weeping bitterly, and hated the beautiful pitcher from the bottom of her heart. But the judge stroked his long nose and spoke the words of wisdom thus:

"Mother Manon, hurry nothing. The little dove will be better contented when it knows me better; I am not impetuous. I understand woman's heart, and before three months have passed, I shall steal into Mariette's."

"Your nose is quite too large for that," said Mariette to herself, as she stood listening outside of the door. In fact, three months did pass away, and Judge Hautmartin had not accomplished a step towards his success with Mariette.

#### CHAPTER VI.

FOR fourteen days long nothing was talked about in La Napoule but the pitcher. All agreed that the wedding with the judge was a settled matter. And when Mariette solemnly declared she would rather give her body to the bottom of the sea than to the judge, her companions only teased her the more, saying, "Ah! how happy will you rest under the shadow of his nose!" This was the first trouble.

Then, as she went to the spring, she found twice every week in the rock near by, the loveliest flowers, beautifully arranged for the adornment of the pitcher, accompanied with a slip of paper, whereon was written "Dear Mariette." Enchanters and fairies are no longer in the world; consequently the flowers and the soft message could be left by none other than Judge Hautmartin. So Mariette, though she kept the flowers for their beauty, would tear the paper into a thousand pieces and throw them upon the spot where the flowers were laid. But Judge Hautmartin could never be angry, for his love was as incomparable in its kind as his nose. Trouble the third.

After awhile, however, she discovered from the judge's conversation, that he was not in reality the giver of the flowers. Who, then, could he be? Mariette was astounded at the discovery, and from that time forward received, with more pleasure, her present from the unknown stranger.

Mariette had, what girls rarely have, much curiosity; so she made inquiries among her companions of the village; but none knew the mysterious giver of the flowers. She listened and watched early and late; but nothing could she hear or see. And regularly twice a week in the morning the flowers lay upon the rock, and regularly did she read with a sigh, from the paper which enveloped them, "Dear Mariette." Such a circumstance might well excite the curiosity of the most indifferent, but unsatisfied curiosity brings at last burning pain. Trouble the fourth.

#### CHAPTER VII.

ON Sunday, Father Jerome once again preached a sermon on the text, "The providences of Heaven are wonderful;" and little Mariette thought to herself, "perhaps, then, in the course of its providences, I shall discover the invisible giver of my flowers. Father Jerome is never wrong."

Very early one warm summer's morning, Mariette awaked from her slumber. Being unable to sleep again, she sprang from her bed at the first streak of dawn, and having dressed herself, ran down to the spring to bathe her face in its clear, cool waters. When this task was finished, she took a fancy into her head to walk upon the sea shore; but as she turned into the path behind the rock, which led to the sea, she saw under the young tender palms a graceful young man lying in sweet slumber, and near him a nosegay of the loveliest flowers. A slip of paper enveloped it, on which was written the oft-repeated sigh, "Dear Mariette."

"Dear Mariette" stood trembling with fright. She started to return homeward; but she took only a few steps, and then turned round again to gaze upon the sleeper. She had not been able to see his face. Now or never was the opportunity to solve a mystery. She crept gently back into the palms. But he appeared to move. She ran again towards the cottage. After all, the fancied motion was only the imagination of Mariette's fears. She returned again towards the palms. Perhaps his sleep was only a pretence. Again she ran homewards. But who would fly away for a *perhaps* merely! She returned boldly to the palms.

(To be concluded in our next.)



## THE BRIDE OF SEVILLE.

A SPANISH TALE.

In the days when the extravagant punctilios of high birth were scrupulously attended to, a Spanish nobleman of the highest rank discovered the most captivating charms and the most estimable virtues in a person greatly his inferior.

Isabella was the daughter of a tradesman of Seville; her parents had educated her in the paths of the strictest virtue, and she well rewarded the love they had bestowed on her. But although in a pecuniary aspect she was much the inferior of the Duc de Moreno, yet her many virtues made her his equal, if not his superior.

The love Moreno held for the fair Isabella was unbounded; yet although gallantry was held in those days honourable by the Spaniards, they looked upon a disproportionate marriage as the greatest crime, and this proved a bar to happiness both in the mind of Isabella and her lover.

From time to time Moreno sought to gain (what he conceived he had not) the affections of Isabella. He rode before her window dressed in the most gorgeous style, and displayed to her admiring eyes the splendour of his equipage, suitable to his rank and fortune; while at night, by music and song, he invoked her as the presiding deity by whose influence he became superior in every manly exercise.

Less reluctant than he had imagined, the fair Isabella at length was induced to grant an interview in her father's garden. The night was calm and lovely; a thousand stars glowed in the azure firmament, while the moon in majestic beauty cast her soft influence over the trees and flowers.

For some minutes Isabella lingered; her heart palpitated with wild emotions. She considered the course she was now pursuing decidedly improper; but such was the influence the person of the duke had on her imagination, she could not summon resolution to deny him.

While in this state of conflicting emotion, a rustling of the shrubs arrested her attention, and immediately after Moreno was at her feet.

"Most lovely of your sex," cried he, impassionately, "thou art the ruler of my future destiny; henceforth I live for you alone; deign to accept my love, and yield yours in return."

"How, my lord," said Isabel; "are you not aware of the disparity of our stations?"

"Name it not, enchanting girl; your beauty alone would render you a fit companion for a monarch's throne."

"But beauty fades, my lord."

"True."

"When that was gone I should be then worthless in your eyes."

"Never! Think not, dear girl," continued Moreno, "I am insensible to the many virtues of your soul."

"You know little of me, my lord."

"By report I know my Isabella to be an angel."

"Report speaks falsely."

"It does sometimes; but in this instance I find she has spoken but half the truth."

"You stoop to flattery; is that worthy of a scion of the noble house of Moreno?"

"Your reproof is just," returned the duke; "but your charms have made so vivid an impression on my heart, that my mouth involuntarily proclaims what, perhaps, I had better not express."

"That sounds like sense," said Isabella; "I now begin to have some hopes of you."

"And will you not grant your love?"

"I confess, my lord," replied Isabella, "I am not indifferent to you."

"Thanks, my angel. Let me but ask one favour more."

"Name it."

"Let me entreat of you, as you value my existence, to say you love me."

"I have already told you I am not indifferent to you."

"Yes; but that sounds coldly on a lover's ear, although I bless you for it."

"Well, then," returned Isabella, "I frankly own I love you."

"And will you not seal the confession by allowing me to press those ruby lips?"

Nothing loth, Isabella allowed Moreno to kiss her, which she returned with ardour. The duke now conceived success was certain; he imagined he had nothing more to do than to plan an elopement, and Isabella would accede. He was in ecstasies of hope, and after the promise of another interview and a kind farewell, they parted.

On the following eve they met at the appointed hour, and after a rapturous embrace, they for a short time gazed on each other in silence, when Moreno exclaimed,—

"You have expressed your love, dear Isabella, what hinders our future happiness?"

"Nothing, dear Moreno," sighed Isabella, "but our marriage."

"What!" exclaimed the duke; "surely you cannot expect —"

"To be your wife, I certainly do, my lord," returned Isabella, firmly.

"Are you aware, dear Isabella, of the obloquy cast upon an imprudent marriage?"

"I am."

"Cease, then, to name the subject to me. Is there no other mode —"

"Yes, my lord, at the expense of virtue."

"Nay, my adored; never will Isabella be less lovely in my eyes."

"When woman loses her self-respect, she cannot but fall in that of others."

"Everything that earth can afford or contribute to your pleasure shall be yours."

"I disdain your offer, my lord."

"Think better of it, Isabella. The difference of our rank, you know —"

"Makes you the greater villain," said Isabella, "and gives you greater facility to trample on a woman's honour."

"You are harsh, dear Isabella."

"And justly so. Once I loved you; but I can despise the wretch who is a slave to a vicious custom, which prevents him acting as honour and reason would dictate."

"Noble girl!" sighed Moreno. "Oh, how I prize that virtuous sensibility."

"Yet you would betray it."

"My passion for you, adored, now blinds my reason, Isabella."

"You will not, then, marry me?"

"You know, dear girl, I cannot; the cruel laws of society must be obeyed."

"Then death is preferable to dishonour," cried Isabella, "even with the man I love."

"Nay, speak not thus, my charmer; without your presence I must languish."

"If you are insincere, my lord," said Isabella, "I ought only to despise you."

"Hush—hush! my beloved; use not such terms to one who exists but in your presence."

"Yet when you leave me, my life must end," continued Isabella.

"Dear Isabella, violate not the sanctity of our love by such dreadful language."

"If you love me as you have declared, my lord, still less can I consent to live, if the irremovable barrier which rank has placed between us must eternally separate me from it, however ardent and sincere."

"You distress me, Isabella."

"You have your-self to blame, my lord," returned the haughty girl.

"Spare me—spare me!" cried the duke, pressing her to his bosom.

"No, my lord, I cannot spare you; you have proposed terms to me which must render all my future life dishonourable and contemptible, not only in my own eyes, but in yours."

"Cease, dear angel, cease to probe so deeply," cried the duke, most earnestly.

"Death to me is unavoidable and preferable to either of these evils," continued Isabella; "and sooner than yield to an unholy passion, this dagger should end my woes."

As Isabella said this, she drew from her girdle a glittering poniard, and exhibited it as her determined resource.

For some moments the duke stood immovable, for love reigned paramount in his breast; he cast down his eyes, that they might not betray the emotion of his soul.

"You seem irresolute, my lord," at length said Isabella, with calmness.

"For Heaven's sake, dear girl," cried Moreno, "delay for a time the execution of your purpose!"

"For what, my lord; that you may gain power over me by allowing my mind to waver?"

"No, my adored; that time may restore me to reflection."

"To-day, to-morrow, or hereafter, are alike to me," cried Isabella; "my life and death are yours."

"You are too rigid, Isabella."

"Ay, my lord," continued she, "it matters little whether I commence this week or next to be forgotten."

"Oh, Isabella—Isabella!" cried Moreno, "would to Heaven I had been born less noble, then would I have gladly called you by the name of wife."

"Farewell, my lord—we part for ever," sighed the lovely girl; and placing her handkerchief to her eyes, she retired to the house.

For some minutes the duke remained rooted to the spot. Gladly would he have recalled her and cast himself before her to honour her with the name of wife; but pride prevented him, and, with a faltering step and heaving bosom, he retreated to his palace.



That night he gained no rest; his troubled soul pondered on the words of the lovely Isabella, and he became racked and distracted.

"What," said he, mentally, "can wealth have to do with happiness? Do I not love her; have I not enough for both? Should I be more happy with an heiress? Surely there must be something wrong in society which thus bars the union of two beings formed for each other. Yes, I have deeply injured her virtuous sensibility, and will make reparation. She shall be mine!"

In the morning Moreno rose, feverish and pale; but he was resolved to meet the obloquy he might receive at the hands of his friends. He sought the house of Isabella, declared his passion for her to her father, and begged permission to be allowed the favour of her hand.

As might have been expected, the father of Isabella for some time was dubious of the duke's sincerity; but the earnestness of the latter overcame his scruples, and the joy at such a propitious event soon made him acquiesce in the proposal.

The day was named on which Isabella was to become the Duchess of Moreno; every preparation was made to give brilliancy and eclat to the event. The day arrived, the nuptials were celebrated, and the duke rejoiced in being possessed of the love of a wife that far transcended wealth or rank.

As had been expected, Moreno met with the severest reproaches and taunts from his family connexions. He was avoided by his friends and the aristocracy; but that he might not be subject to their animadversions, he left Seville and settled with his bride in a distant country, where he enjoyed undiminished happiness in the bosom of his charming wife and smiling children, which, after a few years, sprung up around them.

## THE COMPACT;

OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LETTER DISCOVERED.—THE PARTY AT THE DELMAIRS.—AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

MRS. DELMAIR'S visitors consisted of but three ladies, one of whom was enough to have filled any decent sized room; not on account of her size, for Mrs. Brown, though comfortable in appearance, was by no means a large woman; but she had what is termed a spirit, and such a restless one it was, that no one could escape her observation, and, as a natural consequence, her remarks.

She could talk—ay, Mrs. Brown could talk, reader, and had you ever the pleasure of hearing her, you would never forget that flow of eloquence which could not be stopped; and should such an event, by dint of unforeseen accident, ever be disturbed in its onward course, then you should have witnessed how accurately she joined the thread of the broken discourse, and went on, when all was right, with greater energy than before, and pursued the theme until it became exhausted. But that did not often happen until she became exhausted herself; so, as some one remarked one day, that nature and the subject generally battled it out and it ended in a drawn battle, neither getting the best of it.

However, Mrs. Brown was a woman of the world; she had her eyes upon her neighbours, Mrs. Brown had, and the neighbours knew it too, for if any one of them did anything, said anything, or had anything, they were sure to hear of it through Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown was, however, reckoned a very good-hearted soul—one always willing to give advice—so is everybody that we ever knew—but not such advice as Mrs. Brown's, and hence she received an invitation from Mrs. Delmair.

It was said that Mrs. Brown was a great gun; and so she was, if we may credit the report, for the whole parish often heard it; and, besides, she was a pleasant woman, and so she must have been, to have combined all these singular and rare qualifications in her own person.

Besides Mrs. Brown, were two young ladies, friends of Maria Delmair, who looked upon her as one of the blessed, as she was supposed to attract the attention of both the young men up stairs, a happiness that all young women look forward to with pleasurable anticipation.

Miss Winter was a very passable and respectable young person; possessed all the prettiness of behaviour and pouting that young ladies are usually admired for; while Miss Thompson was a lively, rattling young lady, who thought the world was made for the exercise of practical jokes and fun.

They were all assembled, and as there were no males present, we need scarcely relate the conversation of the young ladies, seeing it more concerned themselves than any one else, and was, besides, more confidential than learned or philosophical.

The three young ladies conversed apart for some time; indeed, they were not at all anxious that Mrs. Brown should be cognisant of all their little secrets, for they would give Mrs. Brown food for advice and conversation for some weeks to come. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Delmair, therefore, were left to enjoy the tete-a-tete together.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Brown, "how pale Maria looks. You should send her away for the change of air; it would do her good. I sent our Betsy to Hastings, and she came back quite charming, I assure you."

"I am glad to hear of it," replied Mrs. Delmair. "It is a good thing when young people are well and hearty; it saves much anxiety."

"Oh, so it does, Mrs. Delmair," replied Mrs. Brown; "but you would have a very good chance of getting Maria off."

"Oh, dear me! I don't know much about that, Mrs. Brown. I think it is money spent in vain, without any chance of effecting any great good."

"I am sure you are wrong, Mrs. Delmair—excuse me—but you are wrong. My Betsy received a wonderful deal of good."

"Did she get married?" inquired Mrs. Delmair, quietly.

"Married! no. I should have told you of it had such an event taken place; besides, I didn't expect she would so suddenly."

"Then there will be but little advantage in sending on that score, at least," remarked Mrs. Delmair.

"Have you made up your mind where Maria is to settle?" inquired Mrs. Brown, in her blindest tones.

"No, I have not. A variety of circumstances must concur before that can take place."

"Oh, there's poor Frances Johnston—poor thing, how I pity her.—It is a sad thing, to see how young females are led away!"

"What has happened there?" exclaimed Mrs. Delmair, who knew the person spoken of.

"What! haven't you heard? I thought you knew them very well."

"No, I have heard nothing," replied Mrs. Delmair; "and yet, I see them occasionally."

"Why, it is said, that Fanny has left her home and is —"

Here something was mysteriously whispered into Mrs. Delmair's ears; but it did not transpire, and Mrs. Delmair neither betrayed surprise nor sorrow, to the amazement of Mrs. Brown.

"Miss Johnston has been married some months, and has now left her parents to go to a home of her own."

"A home of her own!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown; "why, bless my heart, I never heard she was married. Well, dear me, I never thought they could have kept such a thing secret."

"They have done with most people, save their own immediate friends; the young gentleman was not of age for some few months after marriage, and it was necessary to keep the news from spreading unnecessarily."

"Ah, I see. Well, how can people act so; it might have done them much injury with many people," replied Mrs. Brown.

"How could it do so?" inquired Mrs. Delmair, in some amazement.

"Why, it is not every one who would, like me, make any inquiries after the welfare of my neighbours, and who, at the least appearance of anything wrong, would have withdrawn themselves from their acquaintance, and never have offered or asked the least explanation either way; and thus you see, my dear Mrs. Delmair, what inconceivable mischief might have resulted, and what, indeed, could have been otherwise expected?"

Mrs. Delmair could not, for the soul of her, see any great merit in what Mrs. Brown had done towards clearing the character and elucidating the affair of mystery that had in her mind enshrouded the Johnstons, and debared them from the communion with their equals.

Seeing that neither Mr. Anderson nor Meriton entered the room, Mrs. Delmair called to the boy to go to Mr. Meriton, and inform him that Mr. Anderson had not come.

"Yes, mum, in less than the twirl of a roasting-jack, and be back in no time at all—that's the time for this ere house. Who'd a-thought but it don't matter, so here goes!" and he made an affected scramble up stairs to Mr. Meriton's room. When he reached there, he popped in his head with the small amount of ceremony which usually characterised his proceedings, and said,—

"You can come down; the 'tother chap ain't there. You needn't be arter making yourself so scarce. You may come now, at once."

"You rascal; who told you I wanted to come down?"

"Miss Maria, to be sure."

"You are certain of that?"

"Rather."

"Very well; now, Tom, let me tell you, you have an abominable habit of peeping and prying about this house, and by such means, you have become possessed of a knowledge of things, which, if you ever presume to prate about, you will find that you have incurred my serious displeasure, which will manifest itself unpleasantly."

"Very good," said Tom; "and if I keep all snug, and perpetually



tells myself as mum's the word, you'll stand something handsome. I understand—rewards and punishments. That's the ticket to keep folks virtuous."

"Be off with you, you rascal."

"Wouldn't you like to be *titivated* up a bit, afore you goes down stairs? Cook's got a pair o' curling-tongs, and I don't mind giving yer mop a twist with 'em —"

"Be off with you, you scoundrel. If you don't leave the room immediately —"

"Very good," said Tom, and he disappeared with all the calmness imaginable.

Tom was a great observer of human nature, and Meriton felt much mortified to think that the offer of *titivating* by means of the cook's curling-tongs, had been provoked by Tom's observation that he had paid a little more regard than usual to his personal appearance. However, all other thoughts were quickly merged in the one delightful one of being in the same room with his adored Maria, and he descended the stairs with great rapidity, gaining the parlour-door in a very few seconds, at which he knocked gently.

Maria rose and opened the door for him. Her heart told her who it was who thus demanded admission so soon after she had sent Tom on the message we have described, and one glance of tenderness shot from the eyes of both as they stood for an instant face to face in the doorway. Then Maria had to turn aside to introduce Meriton, which she did with charming grace.

Miss Thompson said, "How do you do?" and then laughed, while Miss Winter executed an elaborate curtsy, during which Miss Thompson removed her chair from behind her, and then substituted in its place a very small, low stool, so that when Miss Thompson endeavoured to resume her seat, she went down—down—down indefinitely, until she became dreadfully alarmed at the absence of the chair; but before then, she had gone too far to recover herself, and with a great scramble, she at length alighted on the small stool, to the great enjoyment of Miss Thompson, who screamed with laughter.

After the anger, the expostulations, the mirth, and the apologies, which this incident had given rise to, had subsided, Meriton sat down next to Maria, and he had just begun to congratulate himself upon having obtained that position, when another tap came on the parlour door, and upon Mrs. Delmair opening it, to her chagrin in walked Anderson, full dressed, as for an evening party of great pretensions to fashion and elegance.

As may be supposed, this was a severe mortification to both Maria and Meriton. To do Mrs. Delmair justice, too, she could not help sympathising with the lovers, and considering that it was very bad taste, under the circumstances, for Anderson to show himself at all.

"We did not expect you, Mr. Anderson," she said, in a tone of vexation which he could not but understand. He was, however, resolved, happen what would, to carry out his plan of operations, and smothering all expressions of feeling, he quickly replied,—

"Indeed. Then my coming has all the nature of an agreeable surprise."

After this Mrs. Delmair had no resource but to introduce him to the ladies, and this time Miss Meriton had such a dread of the practical wit of Miss Thompson, that she held her chair fast with one hand, while she rose to acknowledge the introduction.

Meriton took the opportunity, while the little incidental bustle was going on, to whisper to Harriet,—

"I shall leave, dear."

"Oh, do not," she replied.

"Yes, I have said so to him, and I must keep my word. I will return before you break up your little party. God bless you, dear. Good bye."

"Do not say good bye. One would think we were never to meet again."

"I know not why I said so. The words came to my lips. Farewell."

"Now, that is as bad."

"Hush!"

There was a silent pressure of the hand, and then Meriton calmly rose, and walked from the room, without taking the least notice of Anderson; who, however, glanced after him, with eyes in which shone the most deadly hatred, associated with so strange and demoniac an expression of satisfaction, that had Meriton seen him, he, probably, might have come back, fearing that, in his mad-brained passion, the other meditated some desperate act.

The strangers present, who, of course, could not be aware of the reasons the parties had for such odd behaviour, looked rather puzzled, and Maria, herself, had upon her face such a flush of, perhaps, a little resentment against him who had produced the confusion, as well as offended delicacy, that, after what had occurred, he should present himself, that her friends, when they looked at her, were still more bewildered.

Anderson, then, with an effrontery that he could not have believed himself master of, crossed the roof, and seated himself in Meriton's chair, next to Maria.

The offended girl immediately rose, and, without condescending to cast one glance at him, crossed the parlour, and sat down on a chair as far removed from him as possible, while poor Mrs. Delmair was in such a state of fidget she did not know which way to look, or what to do; turn Anderson out she could not, and yet she felt his presence an intolerable intrusion. An awkward silence came over the whole party, and, but for the presence of her young friends, Maria would have instantly left the room. As it was, not much comfort or enjoyment was promised by the evening party.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DISTRESSING SCENE AT THE DELMAIRS.—MRS. BROWN'S UNCONSCIOUS ASSISTANCE TO ANDERSON.—THE TUMULT.—THE RETURN OF MERITON, AND HIS RECEPTION.

MERITON did leave the house, but beyond that he could not bring himself to do. He walked to and fro in the street, extending his perambulations from the corner of Chancery-lane to the western end of Carey-street, fretting and fuming the while, and turning over in his mind various schemes for putting an end to the dreadful annoyance Anderson seemed determined to rake himself.

Meriton was too reflective to adopt any of the usual barbarous means of ridding himself of a rival. He would not challenge Anderson for several reasons. In the first place, he shrunk from the practice of duelling as contrary to all his notions of common sense. Secondly—he felt that, if he should kill Anderson, he should never again know peace, from the recollection of the deed. Thirdly—he could see no sufficient reason why he, Meriton, with all his prospects of happiness before him, should risk his life because Anderson chose to push rivalry beyond the limits of fair antagonism.

"Why should I," he reasoned, "who am not disappointed, but preferred, stand up to be shot at by a man who cannot feel his life to be so valuable as mine is? If a successful lover was forced into such a contingency, success could no longer present its best charms to us—death, or a dangerous wound, if we got the worst of the duel; a prosecution, and a disagreeable reminiscence, if we got the best of it. No, I will not be so absurd as to challenge Anderson, although, I believe, he wishes it."

Meriton was quite right; but then he brought a calmer, cooler judgment into the matter than he could possibly have done had he been, as Anderson was, the rejected, instead of the accepted lover.

Each moment, however, that he remained from the house, his impatience to know what was going on within increased, until he worked himself into nearly as feverish a state of mind as Anderson. Hour after hour passed away, and yet he could think of no reasonable excuse to go back again, after having made such a point of leaving, which he now wished he had not done, for he began to think of a hundred disagreeable things that might occur during his absence, and considering the state of mind of Anderson. More than once he stood by the window, and speculated upon the shadows he saw through the blind, until he was inclined to knock again at the door, and demand admittance; but then he thought of the sneer that would, in such a case, come over the face of Anderson, if he should show, by his sudden return, that he could not bear to leave him in company with Maria, and he as often walked away again.

Oh! could he have guessed for one half moment what was to ensue that evening—could some guardian angel have whispered to him, "Meriton, your fate hangs on a thread. Go in, and by force wrench from the possession of the moral assassin his means of doing mischief in the shape of a forgery, which will make otherwise a gulph between you and your Maria, which you may in vain attempt to pass," with what a wild rush of tumultuous feeling would he have returned to that house he was passing and repassing so often.

But such was not to be. The mischief was to be done, and misery was in store for the good and the beautiful.

It was fully in accordance with Anderson's wishes that Meriton should leave the house. By such a course he was left free to act, and hence, within the five minutes after Meriton's departure, he felt for the letter in his breast pocket, to be assured he had it there safely for use whenever it should be required.

We have said there was an awkward silence among those persons there collected for purposes of gaiety, and so there was, for Miss Thompson somehow had at once decided in her own mind, that Mr. Meriton was a nice young man, while the malignant passions that sufficiently showed themselves upon the face of Anderson, were far from propitiating her in his favour to an equal degree. Therefore, when Meriton was gone, she gave up the notion of being funny and agreeable altogether, and became just the reverse. As for Miss Winter, the little



incident of the chair and the stool was not yet forgotten, and she was silent and dignified accordingly. Mrs. Delmair was fidgetty, and kept up a continual movement of her knees, as if she were nursing some extremely fractious child.

Under such a state of things it was not likely that the party would last very long, or that the guests would feel any very great inclination to prolong their stay in Carey-street many hours. In fact, Maria, feeling how utter a failure the whole affair was, mentally wished the company gone, and they would have gone much sooner than they did, had it not been that Mrs. Brown became quite frantic with curiosity, and would have achieved any extraordinary feat that might have been proposed, provided as her reward she was promised to be informed fully and circumstantially what was the matter.

She could not very well ask, however, and therefore, she was reduced to the direful necessity of commencing a string of hints with a forlorn hope that they would produce an *eclaircissement*, but she was disappointed.

Anderson made a desperate attempt to lead a conversation, but it was not likely he should succeed who was the "wet blanket" upon the mirth of the evening. It was like a ghost trying to laugh and say, "Never mind me," after frightening a lot of people almost to death.

At length eleven o'clock came, and Miss Thompson began to talk about "her things," which, in young lady parlance, means a bonnet and shawl, or cloak, &c. &c. Miss Winter took the hint, and her "things" became desirable. Maria made no opposition, she had not the spirit to say "Do stay a little longer." True, poor Mrs. Delmair whispered something as if to vacancy about a green gage pie that had been made on purpose for supper, but nobody heard her but Mrs. Brown, and as she had made up her mind to stay at any rate, it made no difference.

Maria left the room with Miss Thompson and Miss Winter, and, while she was gone, Anderson thought it a good opportunity for placing himself right in the good graces of Mrs. Brown, to whom accordingly, he remarked,—

"How is your charming daughter, Georgiana, madam? How like she is to you to be sure—she is a very handsome lady-like girl indeed."

"Oh! dear me," said Mrs. Brown, "she's uncommonly well, sir, indeed. I'll tell her you were so kind as to make inquiries for her."

"You will confer on me a favour, madam."

"Oh, no favour at all. My girl is certainly generally reckoned handsome; and some people say when I was young I was like her."

"When you were young, madam—why, what are you now, I wonder? Young, indeed!"

"Oh, dear, sir."

At this interesting crisis, and while Mrs. Delmair was nursing the imaginary baby with tremendous vigour, Maria and the two young ladies again made their appearance. The usual formalities of good night were gone through, and in a few minutes they were gone. It so happened that at the moment Maria's visitors left, Meriton, who might then have consistently returned, was walking away from the door, and as they took the other direction, he had no chance of seeing them, since they had turned into Chancery-lane before he retraced his steps.

Of course there was a slight bustle incidental to the departure of the two young ladies, and Mr. Anderson, as well as Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Delmair, rose. It was Anderson put, perhaps, the best, if not the only good opportunity he should have of placing the letter in a position where it must be seen. Unobserved during the leave-taking, he drew it from his pocket and held it with one hand behind him over the back of the chair he had been sitting in, and which previously had been occupied by Meriton.

Who shall describe the feelings which agitated the brain of Anderson during that time, brief as it was, when he held the forged letter in his trembling grasp. There was yet a chance, and he felt it, of escaping the commission of the heinous crime he meditated, and it was the fact that he stood as yet upon the brink of the chasm into which he was about to make so awful a plunge, that brought to his mind such suffering as was enough almost to drive him to madness. Every object seemed to swim before his eyes, and he felt as if some icy hand had been suddenly placed upon his heart, depressing all its energies, and almost stilling for ever the pulses of life itself. Revenge, remorse, despair, some lingering feelings of honour, hatred, love, all were struggling in one wild chaos.

"Mr. Meriton is not here?" remarked Miss Thompson.

"No," said Maria; "but I will bid him adieu for you."

Anderson's hand relaxed, and the letter fell on the floor. Then he sat down with a deep groan, that quite startled Mrs. Brown, who was next to him.

"Lor, Mr. Anderson, ain't you well?" she said.

"I never was better in my life, madam."

"I—I thought you groaned."

"Not I, madam. I am quite well, and much obliged for your kind inquiries."

Maria would not return to the room at all after seeing Miss Thompson and Miss Winter off the premises. Mrs. Brown she considered her mother's visitor, and she was resolved to show Anderson that she resented his most unwarrantable intrusion on that evening, when he must have known he was unwelcome.

For Anderson now to remain much longer was quite out of the question. He had no excuse for so doing, as the party was virtually broken up; and under a pretence of looking what sort of a night it was, he walked to the window, and drawing the blind about an inch on one side, he looked out, while his whole soul was really engrossed in what was taking place within the room. He no more knew what aspect the weather bore than as if he were a thousand miles away.

Each minute seemed to him an age, and once when he heard a slight movement on the part of Mrs. Brown, he thought he should have fainted on the spot, such a sense of giddiness came over him. And yet it was a false alarm. The letter had not yet been seen. There it still lay, like a slumbering bomb ready to explode, and spread ruin and destruction about it at a touch.

Mrs. Brown was talking to Mrs. Delmair about Georgiana, and Mrs. Delmair was listening, or affecting to listen, with the air of a perfect martyr.

"Some people call Georgiana corpulent; but for my part, give me somebody with flesh on their bones, instead of an atomy. I don't at all admire your very delicate misses, not I. Georgiana might have settled long ago, but she's particular; she won't have anybody under five feet eleven, and she prefers six feet; so you see she's particular, is Georgiana, though that vile Mrs. Chetwind had the audacity to say she was a girl of coarse tastes. Well, as I was a saying, Mrs. Delmair—Lor! what's that, eh? Bless me, somebody's dropped a letter, as I'm a Christian; and open, too. Well, I never!"

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## NE'ER ASK ME FOR THIS HEART.

I'll weave thee rings of roses,  
And wreath them round thy head,  
And gather thee the eglantine  
Thy moonlight path to spread.  
I'll o'er thy fairy couch of rest  
The playful woodbine twine;  
But never ask me for this heart,  
That never can be thine.  
I'll breathe thee songs of summer,  
And greet thee as a friend;  
And smile to see thy future years  
With days of blessing blend.  
But never wake the deepen'd sigh,  
Or hopelessly repine;  
For though a heart be beating here,  
That never can be thine.  
When like the star of evening  
Old age steals on apace,  
And on thy joyous cheek there is  
The wrinkle's cold embrace;  
I'll leave thee Pity's gentle sigh  
From Friendship's holy shrine;  
But never ask me for this heart,  
That never can be thine.

SOPHTA.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications (post-paid) addressed to the Editor, at the office, will meet with immediate attention.

"The Country Church" is accepted; but the author must pardon us if we take the liberty of altering the title.

CLACINA-CUIDIM.—We are really afraid to insert "The Half-way House," having seen the ground-work of that article in at least fifty different shapes.

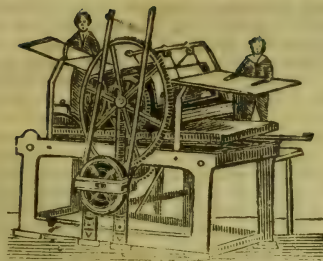
G. LERCH.—"The Reigning Belle" is accepted. The Lines are more suitable to the columns of a newspaper, and are, therefore, declined with thanks.

At the present time we have the commencement of at least, twenty tales in our desk; some of them rather lengthy, and all of which have been received a considerable time. If the conclusions are not forwarded within a month, we cannot be answerable for the preservation of the MSS.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF  
ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## ERNEST, THE UNKNOWN.

### A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

ONE evening, while walking on the banks of the Rhine, I fell into a pleasing reverie, from which I was aroused by the approach of a fisherman, cleanly, though poorly clad. On coming nearer he doffed his hat, and saluted me courteously, making some remark on the weather, and the prospect which lay stretched out before us. The season was autumn, but the day had been intensely hot, although the heat had, towards the evening, subsided to a pleasant coolness; the trees were still green, having lost but little of their summer freshness; while the few fallen brown leaves, which rustled in the passing breeze, made a melancholy sound, stirring up recollections of home, and friends, all distant, mingled with mournful remembrances of joys long past.

The fisherman, after waiting some time for my again speaking, at length said, though in a subdued tone, "It was a night like this when the young Marie was spirited away; so calm, so beautiful, so lovely, and so innocent." And the old man's eyes glistened as he spoke, while he crossed himself devoutly, and gazed on the waters of the river that flowed below us, on the near side, running smooth, and murmuring like a cradled infant, while on the opposite shore it dashed its troubled waters through the dark hollows and caves formed in the towering rock, dashing and roaring like the sounds of angry giants.

"My friend," said I, when he had spoken, "I never heard of that which you mention. Who was this Marie you speak of?"

"Have you not heard of her?" asked he; "every one has heard of the beautiful Marie Abalois, for whose soul the monthly masses are said; every one has heard her tale, though it is a long time since she left us; but, if you have not heard it, the recital may, perhaps, serve as a warning and a lesson."

Feeling interested, I asked the old man to relate it to me; so, seating himself upon a fragment of stone beside me, he commenced the following tale.

It was the summer time when Ernest first came among us, and a pleasant time it was, and a merry one, and the fields were green, and the trees were fresh and leafy, and the flowers were gay and beautiful, and the fruits ripe, and all was pleasant and smiling, and the villagers had their festival, and their holidays, and gladness was the time; and on a sudden young Ernest came, no one knew whence, and a fair youth he was, and passing fair, but no one knew him, nor his name, for Ernest was but a name given him by the villagers. Beautiful was his face, and his manner was easy and graceful, but his looks were melancholy and sad, and his eyes cast down; but sometimes he would look towards the sky, and sigh inwardly, and his eyes fill with moisture, but no one knew the cause of his sorrow.

It was in the old tower yonder he lived, and a ruinous place it was, but no one went near him, and he mixed not with the villagers, but kept aloof from their dances and their revels, and lived quite solitary. Months passed on from his first arrival, and it was whispered about that he held communion with forbidden spirits, and said that he had been watched, and seen at midnight wandering by the river side, and entering those dark caves, which are said to be the haunts of spirits and gnomes; there were strange things said, and wild rumours went about, and his name was at last spoken of as one accursed; and, if children pined and sickened, or cattle died, or the meadows were flooded; if the fruit was blighted, or the crops decayed, it was laid to his influence, and nothing happened wrong but he was said to be the cause of it; these rumours increased daily, and every day added a

fresh tale of his supposed doings. And the priests were appealed to to exorcise him for an evil spirit, but they refused till they had proof of his being one, and one agreed to watch him, and report his actions to his brethren.

When the night came, the priest hid himself in the wood yonder; it was a tempestuous night, and there were no stars in the sky, neither shone the moon that night. And anon Ernest passed that way, the priest following him; and, as they neared the river-side, the storm increased, and, when they reached the cliffs, the storm became a hurricane, and the tempest, in its wrath, waxed fearfully wild; but what the priest saw no one ever knew, for next day he was found dead on the highest point of the rock, and around his throat was a black mark, as though it had been burnt by a heated iron. Well, time passed on, and, some months after that, there came another storm, which did frightful damage to the country; the wind was terrible, the rain came down in immense torrents, and the lightning flashed with awful vividness in the pauses of the storm.

Before the commencement of the tempest, the beautiful Marie had wandered from her father's home, and gone forth among the fair flowers and the long waving grass, and had roamed a long way, unconscious of the approaching danger, when suddenly the storm overtook her, and she sought shelter in Ernest's tower, of whom she had heard nothing. Entering the ruin, she ascended the stairs, and entered an apartment where she resolved to wait the ending of the storm. The room she entered was desolate and chill, but still she was thankful for the shelter it afforded her.

After waiting some time, in hopes of the storm abating, the sound of a footstep met her ear, and directly after a door opened, and Ernest stood by her side. Never had Marie seen any one so beautiful as he who now stood before her; his noble, yet melancohy face, and his fine, yet graceful limbs, forming a picture of manly beauty seldom surpassed.

On the other hand, Ernest was equally struck with the angelic beauty of Marie; her long hair, sparkling with moisture; her blue eyes, and beautiful countenance, appeared so heavenly, that, to see her, was to love, to adore. For a moment Ernest gazed in speechless admiration; then, respectfully saluting her, he led the way to another apartment, where blazed a fire, and, having removed her wet garments, he sat by her side.

That night her heart was lost; she loved Ernest, fondly loved him—the unknown, the solitary, the shunned. By a sort of secret charm, her whole affections were fixed on him, while he returned her passion with equal ardour.

From that moment new feelings were awakened in her breast, new thoughts stirred within her; she seemed to have sprung from childish innocence to womanly maturity; her whole thoughts were centred in him. Night after night they met near the old tower, and nightly would they wander to the cliffs which overhung the river, where Ernest always left her, and again joined her at another place.

About this time strange rumours reached her ear, and wild reports of him she loved; but she loved him the truer, the firmer—loving him with a woman's love, with her whole soul; and he returned her affection with a gushing flood of the purest attachment, and told her strange legends of distant climes, and of the water spirits, and the riches of the vasty deep,—and Marie would listen with breathless attention, and gaze at him with her beautiful eyes, and their love was great, very great!

One evening they wandered earlier than usual to the river-side, and they were seated on the rocks which overhung the roaring flood below. The evening was calm and serene; and, as they sat gazing on the



waters below, Ernest related one of those wild, romantic legends which abound near the Rhine, describing in glowing language the immense riches of the deep, the beauties of its caverns, the lustre of its hidden gems, and the happiness of its creatures.

When he had finished, they sat a few moments in silence, when Marie said, with her clear rich voice,—

"May not mortal eyes behold the beauties of those secret depths? or is it reserved for those who were then created?"

"Dearest," replied Ernest, "mortals may, when protected by a superior power, explore, with safety, the depths of the mighty ocean. Should my beloved Marie wish to behold the wonders of the waters, my power is such, that not a single hair of thine should be displaced by the now furious waves. Dearest Marie, wilt thou go with thy own?"

Marie was silent, and Ernest went on,—

"What harm can reach thee, with me by thy side; say, my beloved, why dost thou fear? If thou art afraid of these waves that now raise their heads in such noisy pride, thou shalt see my power;" and stretching out his hand, the waters were hushed to silence, and not a ripple was heard.

"Dearest," said he; "art thou now afraid? say, wilt thou go with me?"

Marie turned her beautiful eyes to his face, and murmured,—

"Ernest, I trust in thee; I will go."

"Come, dearest," said he, "let us haste, then, for time flies, and it is now the midnight hour."

With these words he led the way to the water's edge, but Marie trembled, and hung heavy on his arm.

"Now, dearest," said Ernest, "trust in me, and all is safe;" thus speaking, he moved his hand thrice before him; a thick film seemed to pass from her eyes, but before she had time to look around, he clasped her in his arms, and sprung headlong into the dark waters.

Down, down they went, full many a fathom low, past rocks, caves, glittering sands, and other wonders of the deep, till they reached a spacious cavern, entirely lined with coral and precious stones. It was some minutes before Marie recovered herself for the sudden change had nearly rendered her insensible; and when, at length, she looked up, it was with feelings of admiration, mingled with awe, that she surveyed the magnificent scene around her. The caves were literally lined with gems, the spoils of a myriad wrecks, the brilliance of which sent forth a dazzling flood of light, and illuminated the cavern on all sides, while the coral hung in the most beautiful festoons from the roof. Around her floated many strange forms and uncouth fishes, while from the recesses in the rocks unshapely mermen glared at her; but all these vanished at a motion from Ernest.

After threading several intricate windings, they reached a cave, more spacious than any they had yet met with.

At the upper end, on a throne of the finest coral, sat two figures, male and female, who reigned supreme over the world of waters, above and around.

Leaving Marie at some distance, Ernest advanced alone; at sight of him the two figures descended from the royal throne, and warmly embraced him.

"Welcome, my son," said the king, "welcome; thrice welcome is thy return—why longest thou for the daughters of earth? are not the daughters of the deep as beautiful as they? Why art thou not happy in thy parent waters? why dost thou not stay with us? Oh! my son."

"Father," said Ernest, joyfully, "I shall soon return to my old haunts, beneath the green waves, in happiness; I am beloved by the fairest of earth's daughters, whose beauty would rival that of the fairest ocean nymph."

"Where is she thou speakest of?" asked the king; "I would fain see the object of my son's love, ere I consent to the union."

"Then behold her here," cried Ernest, as he led her, blushing, forward.

"And dost thou truly love my son?" asked the king, gazing in admiration at her.

"My presence here must answer that," answered Marie, timidly.

"And wilt thou consent to leave the green earth, to make him happy in his ocean home?" again asked the king.

Marie was silent,

"What dost thou fear to leave?" asked he; "dost thou fear to leave the green fields and the shady woods? If so, thou wilt find waving forests in the sunny seas, such as mortal eyes ne'er looked upon. Dost thou fear to leave the upper world, with its mighty buildings, and its palaces? If so, thou wilt find dwellings here would shame the brightest palace on earth. Say, wilt thou make my son happy, on these terms? In three days I shall expect an answer. Away!" and stamping his foot, they were conveyed to the upper air.

Three days after this, in the cool of the evening, Marie and Ernest were seated on the well known rock, gazing on the lovely landscape that lay flooded in the golden rays of the setting sun.

Not a sound was heard in the air, the birds carolled not, the trees were still motionless; but though all nature was still and placid, yet the waters that ran so far below them, dashed and chafed against the rocks, and threw their foam high into the air, with a din, which every moment increased in loudness.

At length Ernest broke the silence, and said, in impassioned tones,—

"Say, dearest Marie, wilt thou be mine? say, shall I be happy? Oh! do not make me miserable for ever. Wilt thou be mine, and reign queen of those waters? Hark, how the roaring waves demand an answer; say, wilt thou be mine?"

Marie gazed on him, but answered not.

"Why this uncertainty?" said he; "do you doubt me? have I not already shown you my power? Say, dearest Marie, will you consent?"

"Oh! Ernest," said the trembling maiden, "you know I love you; what can I say?"

"Say," replied he, embracing her, "say you will consent; say you will be mine; deny me this, and I am, indeed, miserable; but you will consent, you will, I know you will; say but the word, my beloved."

"Oh, Ernest! dearest Ernest, I will! I will!" and she sunk, weeping, upon his breast.

Ernest, overjoyed, pressed her to his bosom, and kisses, rapturous and glowing, followed each other in rapidity.

"Dearest Marie," said he, "let us proceed, at once, to our ocean home, that my parents may share our happiness;" and they approached the edge of the rocks.

"Enough," cried he, enraptured, "enough; now am I truly happy," and, clasping her in his embrace, he leaped boldly into the gulph beneath; a wild strain of unearthly music floated through the air, and the waters instantly ceased their horrid clamour, nor have they ever been so rough since that moment.

Since that night Marie has never been heard of, though it is said, that on fine summer nights she may be seen, holding sweet converse with Ernest, on the rocks above.

Here the fisherman having finished his tale, and it being nearly dark, I having rewarded him for his trouble, arose and left the spot terminating on the strange tale I had just heard.

J. MORRIS.

## A PLEADING WITH AUTUMN.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

Where bid'st thou, golden Autumn?

Methinks thou tarriest long;

Mine eye hath seen no sight of thee—

Mine ear hath heard no song.

Shall the fields and woods in vain

Of thy dull delay complain?

O come to us again,

Ere Winter work us wrong.

Methinks the changing seasons

Of late have learned guile,

Nor bless the earth with the good old gifts

Of corn, and wine, and oil:

Our Spring had scarce an hour

Unstained by cloud or shower;

And Summer brought no flower

On a maiden's brow to smile.

And wilt thou, faithless Autumn,

Like them be all unkind?

Thy brows no clusters of the vine

Nor golden corn-ears bind;

With a stern and sullen frown

On the earth thou lookest down,

And far thy wrath hast blown

In thy bitter blasts of wind.

Come back, and bid the peasants

With grateful hearts to throng

The fields; and fill the moon-lit vales

With merry harvest-song.

Shall the plains and woods in vain

Of thy dull delay complain?

O come to us again

Ere Winter work us wrong.



## BLANCHE; OR, THE RECLUSE OF LESSINGDALE HALL.

(Concluded from our last.)

### CHAPTER III.

THE day that Sydney Lessingdale attained his majority was a bright and happy day to his tenantry, and, indeed, to every one for many miles around Lessingdale Hall. He had taught the peasants to love him from his very infancy, and, now that he had come to live amongst them, nothing could equal their exultation.

Sydney had lost both his parents while young, and he had lived many years away, at the mansion of him who had acted as his guardian. This day he had promised never again to quit Lessingdale for any length of time; but to remain amongst them, and die amongst them, as his fathers had done before him.

Nor was his return to his paternal home the only event they had met to celebrate. He had that day wedded the only and beautiful daughter of their much loved pastor. She had long, on account of her many amiable qualities, been a favourite in the village, and now she had become mistress of Lessingdale, and would be possessed of the means to follow the dictates of her heart, for Elizabeth Woodville had hitherto been too poor to do so.

All the lads and lasses were arrayed in their holiday gear—the village bells sent forth a merry peal—the gates of Lessingdale were thrown open—provisions of all sorts were laid out in profusion on the lawn, whilst bands of music were constantly playing evensong airs from morning till night.

The amusements, indeed, were got up with great splendour, and continued with spirit. Nothing seemed wanting to complete the happiness of all around; and yet there was one who was not happy; this one was the fair bride herself.

She tried to appear so. She would smile at her husband's approach, and speak to him with kindness; but it was with a cold heart; but he knew it not. He was happy, and his whole struggle was to make his bride the same, and he believed her to be so; he knew not the bright colour of her cheeks and lips was false, and the rouge that had been laid on—for the first time in her life—on this her wedding day; had it been removed, he would have shrunk in horror at the palor that would have appeared in its place.

Once he noticed a wildness in her manner that astonished him. He anxiously inquired the cause, but she laughed so lightly and cheerfully, that the idea of her being either ill or unhappy was instantly banished from his mind.

The next morning he led her through the house, pointed out the alterations he had made, and the new and splendid furniture and ornaments he had brought down from London. He then led her to a room he had fitted up expressly for herself. In this small, but elegant boudoir, was every luxury and comfort. Books, drawing implements, musical instruments, splendid work-tables, costly and various ornaments; and everything that was necessary or beautiful.

Lessingdale looked on it for some moments in silence; he then turned smilingly to his wife, to note the admiration that he expected to see on her countenance. How bitterly was he disappointed, when he perceived the cold, indifferent expression of her eyes, as she carelessly scanned over the different articles around.

Sydney watched her a few minutes; he then asked her if there was anything else she wanted.

"Nothing," she replied, in so cold, so freezing a tone, that, for a moment, the real truth nearly forced itself into his mind, that he wanted something, and that was the heart of his wife.

Three months after Lessingdale's marriage, he was seated with his wife and a cousin of hers, who was on a visit to them at the time, when a letter was brought him, which, after perusing with the most lively marks of satisfaction, he threw into his wife's lap, and then snatching up his hat, he darted off without uttering a word.

"Merciful Father!" exclaimed Mrs. Lessingdale, the moment she opened the letter; "it is from Falkner. Read it, Rose—read it. I cannot—dare not do so! Tell me what he says."

"You must prepare yourself, dear Elizabeth," said Rose, after she had glanced over the epistle. "Falkner is in the neighbourhood, and, in all probability will be here very shortly."

"Then I shall see him—again hear his voice!" cried Mrs. Lessingdale, joyfully clasping her hands; "but, gracious God! I had forgotten. Am I not married?" and her voice sunk to one of intense agony.

"You are married," exclaimed her cousin; "and, remember, Elizabeth, he is the same. He was married before he sought your love, and the remembrance of that and the insult he offered you when he asked you to become his mistress, ought to banish every feeling for him from

your mind, except that of disgust; and this intrusion now on your presence, ought not to lessen that feeling."

"Disgust," echoed Mrs. Lessingdale. "Oh, Rose, it is impossible for any one that ever loved Henry Falkner as I loved him ever to feel disgust towards him."

"He is a villain!" exclaimed Rose, warmly.

"The name is a harsh one," said Mrs. Lessingdale, slightly colouring; "but I will leave you now, Rose, and try to receive him as becoming the wife of Lessingdale."

"And I hope you will succeed in your endeavours," cried Rose, as her cousin left the room.

A few months previous to Lessingdale coming of age, he paid a visit of some weeks' duration to his paternal home; he was accompanied by one whom he had regarded as a friend from his earliest boyhood.

Sir Henry Falkner was many years his senior; but this had been no obstacle to their friendship. Their pursuits, their amusements, their habits were alike; nor could any difference be perceived in their dispositions, with this one exception—Sir Henry was the most volatile of the two.

No secrets were there between them—consequently, when Falkner married a beautiful portionless girl, unknown to his relations, from whom he had great expectations, Sydney Lessingdale was privy to the union.

When they paid the visit to Lessingdale Hall, Falkner had then been married two years; the intense passionate love he had first felt towards his young wife had passed away like a dream. Many times did he regret his own impetuosity, to thus link himself to one whom he dare not introduce to his friends. This was the first feeling he withheld from Lessingdale.

They were both introduced at once to Elizabeth Woodville, and both loved her, though different were the feelings she inspired in the breasts of the two friends. Lessingdale's love was as pure and ardent as it was honourable and sincere; the happiness of its object was his sole care—he would have laid down his life, without one moment's hesitation, to save her from a momentary pang.

It was long ere he spoke of his love to her, but his actions—his fine dark expressive eyes, if they were turned on her for an instant, betrayed his feelings.

It was not so with the baronet: he loved her, but self predominated; he knew he could not make her his, in an honourable way, and yet he struggled not against the passion. He betrayed not his love, neither in words or looks, to any one, but to her for whom he felt it.

Indeed often did the unsuspecting Sydney feel inclined to quarrel with him, for the coldness he always assumed when speaking of the pastor's daughter.

Lessingdale knew not the deceit, the hypocrisy, of him whom he had always thought of as the soul of honour; he knew not that, through his wiles, Falkner had won a heart that, but for him, would have been as pure and spotless as the bosom that covered it.

As the time approached for their departure from Lessingdale, Sir Henry found an opportunity to confess his love to Elizabeth, and draw from her a confession of her own feelings. Scarcely had he done so, ere the voice of his friend in the garden met their ears. Falkner did not wish him, at that moment, to see the blushes and confusion of Elizabeth; nor did he indeed like to be seen alone with her in so retired a part of the garden, as it might be the means of leading to an explanation he wished to avoid. He accordingly made an apology for leaving her, in which he hinted her feelings were concerned.

He left the summer-house to lure Lessingdale to another path, and she rose to return to the house. As she did so, her eye was attracted by a paper laying at her feet; she picked it up, and perceived it was a letter, directed to him who had just left her.

The superscription was in a woman's hand writing, and as Elizabeth turned the letter over, a strange desire to know its contents entered her mind; she struggled against the inclination, and at length overcame it altogether. She placed it in her bosom, with the intention of returning it when next she met its rightful owner, whom she did not see again that day.

At night, while undressing, the paper fell to the ground; in doing so, one part of it flew open, and, in raising it, her eye fell on the bottom lines. She no longer hesitated to read it, and she found it was from his once loved, but now neglected, wife.

We will pass over the agony of the deceived girl, also the interview that took place between Falkner and herself.

He did not deny his marriage—he could not do so; but he pleaded his love as an excuse for the way he had acted towards her, in such a flow of earnest, passionate eloquence, that Elizabeth was softened; and as she listened to the hurried sounds, she forgot, for a time, he was married. She laid her head on his shoulder, and wept long and bitterly.



Sir Henry exulted, as she allowed him to kiss away the tears that coursed each other down her pale cheeks; he thought her all his own. He then pressed her to leave her father, friends—all, and to become his mistress; and, though he could not offer her his hand, he vowed she should ever be the possessor of his heart.

This insulting offer roused Elizabeth—she started from her seat, and after replying in a manner he well merited, she left the room; nor would she again see him or speak to him for a moment, though he used every artifice in his power to persuade her to do so.

Elizabeth knew it was her father's wish to see her united to Lessingdale; she could not wed the object of her choice. If Sydney did propose (she had every reason to believe he would), she would accept him, and, by that means, become the wife of one her father already loved as a son.

Lessingdale did propose, and was accepted, both by father and daughter. As the cold hand of Elizabeth was placed in his own, he was too enraptured—too overjoyed, to notice the shudder that accompanied it; and yet Sydney Lessingdale was not a being to shudder at, for, both in form and face, he could have stood forth as the prototype of manly beauty; in manners, he was more gentle—more mildly pleasing than dazzlingly fascinating. Not the shadow of dishonour could be laid to his charge—he was honourable to a fault—he was generous and humane to all around him, let their stations be whatever they might.

And such as he was selected by Elizabeth Woodville to marry, for that most hateful unwomanly principle—spite: for such was the true foundation of her inclination to wed with Lessingdale.

Never did Sydney dream, for an instant, that her hand was all he was to possess; that her heart belonged to his friend; nor did any one else, but the giver and possessor: for neither Falkner or Elizabeth had ever dropped one word or look, to give any one reason to suppose so, till the day after her marriage. Then did she make a confidant of her cousin Rose.

It was some relief to her mind, the good advice Rose gave her; the kindness of her adoring husband, and her own struggles combined, might, in time, have wholly erased the unhappiness passion from her mind. But then came the letter, that announced the arrival of the baronet in the village, and his intention of visiting Lessingdale.

His mistress strove hard to preserve her calmness, when she met him at the dinner table, but a glance at his face, which plainly showed she suffered not alone, caused her voice to falter as she welcomed him to the hall. He knew, by the trembling of the hand he had ventured to take, that her heart was still his own.

Mr. Lessingdale was all life and spirit; he was now seated with the two beings that were dearer to him than all the world besides.

A few days after the arrival of Sir Henry, Rose was forced to return to her own house, after Mrs. Lessingdale had solemnly promised never, if it was possible to avoid it, being alone one minute with Falkner—a promise she endeavoured to keep, much to the mortification of both her husband and his friend, though it was caused by very different feelings. Lessingdale felt vexed she should shun, and treat with coldness, one whom he would have her regard as a brother.

Many were the stratagems Falkner had recourse to, but to no purpose; Elizabeth felt she was lost if he once again pleaded his love, for each hour that was spent in his presence added to the unholy passion that was already tearing her very heart-strings.

At length was the opportunity found that Sir Henry had so long sought. Lessingdale had to go to some distance upon business; the baronet made some excuse for not accompanying him, unknown to Mrs. Lessingdale, who had retired to her boudoir. She had heard her husband leave the house, and she supposed Sir Henry was gone also; she threw away the book she had been trying to read, and, drawing a table near her, on which stood a splendid work-box, the gift of her husband on the preceding day, she endeavoured to amuse herself by looking over its contents.

She had been thus engaged for some time, when she heard a slight noise; on raising her eyes, to see from whence it proceeded, she perceived Sir Henry Falkner, standing at her side, and gazing intently on her face.

"How is this?" she said, in a tremulous voice; "I thought you were gone out with Sydney."

"I remained at home," returned Falkner, "to see you—speak with you, once again alone, ere we part for ever!"

"For ever!" murmured Mrs. Lessingdale, as she sunk down on the seat from which she had arisen,—"*for ever, Falkner!*"

"Even so, Elizabeth," cried the baronet. "I will no longer burden you with the presence of one who has become hateful to you."

"Hateful to me!" she cried, forgetful of everything but him whose eyes rested imploringly on her face. "Oh, were you so, Falkner, I might then again taste of happiness."

"And are you not happy?" exclaimed Sir Henry, sinking at her feet. "Tell me you regret the barrier that separates us; it will lighten me of half the misery I have lately known."

"Leave me—leave me, Sir Henry," exclaimed Elizabeth. "This language I must not listen to."

"I will do as you desire me," he said, mournfully; "but promise me, you will sometimes think of one whose greatest fault towards yourself is loving you too well. Say you will not quite forget me."

Mrs. Lessingdale buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud; the baronet gently removed one hand and clasped it to his heart,—he met with no repulse. Gradually he became bolder; he placed himself by her side, and, drawing her towards him, was, in a short time, whispering words of love in her too attentive ear.

Elizabeth shrunk not from the honied sounds. Surely her guardian angel must have slept, or was sadly unmindful of his charge, for, in less than an hour after the tempter had entered the boudoir, Elizabeth had consented to give up honour, husband, father, and her country, to become the mistress of a married man.

Mr. Lessingdale was not expected back until evening. Before he did return, his wife and friend had left the hall for ever.

When Lessingdale had reached his home, the first person he met was his wife's waiting-woman. He inquired if her mistress had retired to rest, as the night was then somewhat advanced. He was told she had been out many hours, and that she had left a note on the dressing-table, which would explain the cause of her absence.

In the utmost astonishment Sydney ascended the stairs, wondering what could detain Elizabeth out so late, as he had just left her father, who had not seen her since the morning. He trembled, though he knew not why, as he tore open the letter that was directed to him. So incoherently was it written, that twice did he read it through ere he could understand its fearful import. A cry of horror escaped his lips as the note fell from his powerless grasp, and in a moment he lay senseless beside it.

Soon, too soon, was he restored to consciousness, by the well-meant zeal of his domestics. He motioned them to leave him, and he remained for a time in bitter agonized thought. Then, again, did he ring for his servants, and make every inquiry concerning their late loved but now degraded mistress. He could learn nothing, but that she had left home in the early part of the afternoon, and that Sir Henry Falkner had gone out about an hour after, accompanied by his groom.

Late as it was, every inquiry was set on foot that night in the village; but not the least intelligence could be gained of the fugitives. Before morning dawned the maddened husband was on the road to London; but here his search was unattended with success, for not the slightest trace could he obtain of his guilty wife, and her unprincipled paramour.

At length he fancied he had detected a clue to their present residence, which was at an obscure inn at Paris. Though sinking with the excessive fatigue he had undergone, he instantly started in pursuit, and when he arrived in Paris, and at the inn he was directed to, he found he had been pursuing total strangers.

This disappointment, combined with the previous state of his feelings, now threw him on a sick-bed, from which he prayed never to arise, till a letter was brought to him from London, with intelligence, that Sir Henry and Mrs. Lessingdale had set sail for America, under the fictitious name of Hughes, a few days since.

On the persuasion of his faithful servant, who had been unceasing in his attention towards his master, Lessingdale was advised to delay his journey one day.

Soon was he again in London, where he learned, without a doubt, that his wife was really gone to America, where he was determined to follow her, and tear her from the arms of her seducer, on whom he was determined to take ample vengeance.

It would be a month before a vessel would sail for America, and Lessingdale was, of course, obliged to wait, though it was with the greatest impatience. It was not ordained that Sydney Lessingdale, and his guilty, though still adored wife, should again meet in this world. It wanted but one week to the time of his leaving England, when news was brought that the ship that the wretched pair had embarked in was wrecked, and every creature on board had perished, with the exception of one man.

Now were all the faults of both wife and friend for a time forgotten by the injured agonised husband, and he thought of Falkner as the friend and brother of his earliest, happiest days—of his wife, as the happy beautiful girl he first knew; as the being he had bestowed his heart's best affections on. For days after the sad intelligence had reached him did he seclude himself from every being, not even allowing his favourite servant to approach him.

"I will pay one visit," he mentally exclaimed, "before I return to Lessingdale, never again to leave its walls. I will see the amiable, dejected wife of Falkner. Poor girl, little did I imagine, when last I



saw her, she would ever experience the pangs I too well know she at present undergoes."

It was late the following evening when Sydney arrived at the small but beautiful cottage which had been purchased by Sir Henry as a residence for his young wife until he dare introduce her to his friends, an introduction that had never taken place. Lessingdale sent up his card by a servant that answered the door, and he was instantly admitted to the presence of Lady Falkner. She arose from the sofa she had been reclining on, at his approach, and extending both hands towards him, she tried to smile a welcome; but, oh, what a world of agony was centred in that smile! Neither was able to speak for several minutes; each was shocked at the alteration that had taken place in the appearance of the other. Greatly as Lessingdale was changed, it was nothing compared to the change in Lady Falkner. She had long suffered through the neglect of a husband she idolised; she had long been sinking gradually into an early grave; but those last trials, severest of all, his entire desertion of her, and his subsequent death, had hurried her fearfully on. Scarcely could Lessingdale believe it was the same bright beautiful girl he had known two years back. She was then all gaiety, smiles, and happiness. The bereaved husband looked in her face; he forgot his own woes in the contemplation of those of the broken-hearted being who stood before him; his emotion overcame him for a time, he cast his manhood aside, for he turned away and wept bitterly.

The young widow seated herself by his side, and though with a heart that bled at every pore, she endeavoured to soothe his many sorrows. Her sweet soothing tones at length had the desired effect. Sydney felt ashamed that a woman should possess more firmness than himself; he struggled to speak with something like composure, and at length succeeded.

In the course of conversation Lessingdale spoke of Lady Falkner making her claims known to the friends of her late husband. The widow shook her head, and smiled sadly, as she said,—

"There was no need, she should never want their assistance."

It was a truthful remark; she never did, for, a few weeks after Lessingdale had visited her, he saw her laid in the village churchyard, by the side of her parents, who had died many years before. Poor Ellen Falkner was the last of her race, and she fell a victim to a too confiding love.

Lessingdale, then, with a heart rendered heavier by the last sad scene he had been a witness to, returned to his late home, made desolate by her to whom he had confided his all of happiness. When he arrived there he discharged every servant, except those who had had the care of the hall before he resided there. Every apartment that Mrs. Lessingdale had used in any way was locked up, and no one was allowed to enter them, and he himself retired from all society.

Years passed away, and he never went beyond the wall that inclosed his mansion, and yet Lessingdale was not a misanthrope. He hated not his fellow men, though he distrusted them. He appeared not among his tenants, and the poor of the village himself; and yet there was not one who could not show some proof of his goodness.

Time used his assuasive power, and Sydney, after eight years seclusion, if he did not regain his happiness, regained tranquillity. He gradually used himself to walk or ride out for a short time, though it was always in the dusk of the evening, and in the most unfrequented places. It was in one of those rides he, to his intense horror, rode over the form of Blanche Hamilton.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"A beam of tranquillity smiled on the west,  
And the storms of the morning pursued us no more."

LESSINGDALE sprung from his horse, and flew to the side of the prostrate girl. He knelt down, and raised her head on his arm, and gazed anxiously in her face; not the least sign of life was there. A faint moan that she uttered when he moved her was the only sign of life about her. He looked round in agony for assistance, but none was near.

"There is but one way," he inwardly exclaimed, "I must take her to the hall, for no cottage is near."

He raised her in his arms, and managed to mount his horse, after some little difficulty, and soon arrived at his residence. Great was the surprise of his domestics as their master rode up the avenue leading to the house with the senseless form of Blanche in his arms. He gave them no time to express their feelings; for he said, as he dismounted,—

"I have been so unfortunate as to run over this lady, and you, dame," turning to his housekeeper, "follow me, and try if you can discover what injury she has received, and who she is."

He then led the way to his usual sitting room, and placing his fair burden on the ottoman, waited anxiously for the result of the scrutiny of Dame Price, whose opinion he always paid the greatest respect to. The

good dame had impressed that on him in his earliest youth, as she was his own foster-mother.

"The poor girl has an arm broken," exclaimed Mrs. Price; "I can discover no further injuries. She is the only child of Mr. Hamilton, of Hazlewood."

The doctor now entered the room. He ordered Blanche to be undressed, and put to bed. By applying proper restoratives she soon regained her senses, and, in a short time, her arm was set.

Mr. Hamilton was now sent for, to whom the afflicting intelligence was gradually broke; at the same time, Mr. Macmurdo assuring him he dreaded no evil consequences if she was kept perfectly quiet, and she was not to be removed from the hall, on any consideration, for some time.

Lessingdale, in his anxiety concerning Blanche, forgot his own retired habits, and insisted on both Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton taking up their abode at the hall until their daughter was able to leave in safety. This offer was thankfully accepted, as neither parent wished to be away from their child in a time of sickness.

At first Lessingdale felt strange, and somewhat impatient in the presence of his guest; but that feeling wore away before the conversation of Mr. Hamilton, who had always some pleasing anecdote to relate concerning his business days; and then did the village doctor drop in and pass away an hour; and he, though confined to a country town at present, had not always been so. In his conversation he discovered to his hearer that he was the polished man of the world; though not, like many, concealed under the most prepossessing exterior, a depraved heart. It was not so, for George Macmurdo's heart was noble in principle, as his person was noble in appearance. This character is not a fictitious one, for she who writes these lines would not have been able to have done so had the character been a false one, for, through his means, she was restored to the greatest of earthly blessings; namely, that of sight. But I stray sadly from my tale, and my readers must pardon me, for I am a very enthusiast when the worthy doctor's name rises to my imagination. Each day Lessingdale became more attached to his guest. Though he saw little of Mrs. Hamilton, who was generally confined to her daughter's chamber; but what little he did see of her strongly prepossessed him in her favour, and though he looked forward to the time when Blanche would be able to quit her room, he dreaded the thoughts of returning to his former loneliness; but he was ashamed to let any one think so; the thoughts of Blanche would steal across his mind, though agitated to the extreme at the time of the accident.

Still her rare beauty passed not unobserved by him; he had heard her story from the communicative Mr. Hamilton.

The singular coincidence between that and his own again was a subject of much thought. He longed to obtain another glimpse of her, though he feared that would be the last one, as her father was impatient to return to his own house, which he spoke of doing directly Blanche could bear the motion of a carriage.

That time soon arrived, and our heroine was led down stairs by her mother, and introduced in form to Mr. Lessingdale, who made an attempt to express his sorrow for the accident he had caused.

Blanche interrupted him by declaring it was her own carelessness had caused it—nothing else.

"Now I see the colour again revisiting that cheek, Blanche," exclaimed her father, "I can hardly regret the accident, as it has been the means of introducing me to Mr. Lessingdale—a pleasure I never expected. Of course, we shall see you at Hazlewood to-morrow, to dinner?" continued Mr. Hamilton, turning to Sydney, and speaking in a tone that seemed to say he would take no denial.

Lessingdale smiled, and was about returning a negative, when Blanche spoke—and to hear that meek, low voice again, was worth making a sacrifice. He would visit Hazlewood once, and once only; he could not think of giving over his former habits, merely to gratify the whims of an old man; he would go to-morrow, and so he told Mr. Hamilton, though he did not say it was to be the last time.

The next day found Sydney a visitor at Hazlewood. It was the first house he had entered, except his own, for many years.

Before he parted with Mr. Hamilton that night, he made a promise he would repeat his visit. He did so, for the next morning, before the breakfast equipage was covered, Mr. Lessingdale's name was announced.

After this no day passed without a portion of it being spent at Hazlewood. By this means he renewed his acquaintance with the neighbouring gentry.

Blanche was now perfectly recovered, and instead of taking her usual walk alone, or accompanied by her father, Sydney Lessingdale became her companion, and Blanche seemed not to regret the change. Months rolled by, and Lessingdale-hall was again the seat of hospitality.

One evening Blanche and her constant companion had strolled to the



spot where they first met. Lessingdale shuddered as she pointed to the road where his horse had run over her.

"I can never regret that trifling accident," said Blanche, looking in his face; "I should never have known you had it not happened."

"And does the knowledge of such a wayward creature as I am give you any pleasure, meek Blanche?" softly whispered Lessingdale.

Blanche blushed deeply as she stooped down to gather a flower that grew at her feet; the blush was an eloquent one.

Lessingdale's heart throbbed with pleasure as he gazed on her crimsoned cheek; there was a pause of some minutes' duration between them. In silence they reached the bottom of the lane; here a rude seat had been placed under the widely spreading branches of an immense oak. The seat was untended, and Sydney invited his fair companion to rest awhile.

Blanche offered no objection, and accordingly they took possession of the seat.

For a time they conversed on the scenery around, but the subject gradually changed into one of more interest. Lessingdale spoke of his early days, of the loss of his parents in his boyhood, then of his visit to the hall, and his companion in that visit—his love for Elizabeth Woodville, his marriage with her.

Thus far he had spoken firmly; but his voice faltered and his lip quivered as he told how she deserted him, and of her subsequent and untimely death, and of how hopeless and wretched he became, and his determination never again to mix with the world. Then did he speak of the change that passed over the spirit of his dream after he became acquainted with her who sat by his side.

"It is said, Blanche," he continued, "as he took the hand of his companion, 'it is said we can never love but once; but it is a doctrine I have no faith in. I loved Elizabeth Woodville ardently, devotedly as it is in the nature of man to love, and yet do I love again. The only difference there is, I gave her a heart that had never known a sorrow—a heart that had never been disappointed; she bruised it, crushed it, and returned it bleeding in my hand; it was healed after years of solitude, and such as it is, Blanche, I offer it you for acceptance. Oh! then," he said, as he sunk at her feet, "drive me not again to my former loneliness and misery. Say you do not despise the gift, even unworthy as the donor is."

Blanche was silent, but she withdrew not the hand that thrilled beneath the pressure of his own. Lessingdale felt he had no cause to despair.

"Blanche," he exclaimed, as he raised his hand, and gently turned her half averted face towards him; "may I say my own Blanche?"

Her dark, expressive, love-beaming eyes met his, and Sydney Lessingdale felt answered.

"Speak to me, sweetest," he cried, as he clasped her in his arms, and, for the first time, imprinting an ardent kiss on her ruby lips.

"What can I say?" she murmured; "shall I tell you, Lessingdale, that I accept the gift you offer me, and that I would not exchange it for the jewelled diadem of a monarch?—shall I say this, Sydney, and promise you the gift shall be a prized one for the sake of the giver?"

"Bless you—bless you, my own Blanche," cried Lessingdale, passionately kissing her hand; "you have, indeed, been my guardian angel."

Blanche now expressed a desire to return home. On their journey thither, Lessingdale obtained her promise to become his on the day she completed her twenty-fifth year; it now wanted six weeks to the time. Neither party doubted obtaining the consent of Mr. Hamilton; nor had they occasion, for he gave it with delight.

Again was every portion of Lessingdale-hall thrown open, and undergoing repairs.

The village, for the six weeks preceding the wedding, was in a state of commotion, and when the day did arrive, it was as happily, as merrily spent as the one that saw Sydney Lessingdale the husband of the pastor's daughter.

In the early part of the morning, something like a shade of melancholy might be traced on the brow of both bride and bridegroom, for the day called to mind former events; but it soon wore away, and the remainder of the day was spent in happiness and festivity.

The gipsy's prophecy was fulfilled to the very letter, for Blanche had now secured a happiness to herself that was never again crossed—neither she nor Lessingdale ever regretted their second choice.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton lived to see their grandchildren running in every direction over the ground of Hazlewood, when, at the death of their grandfather, was left to Lessingdale's second son.

H. E. M.

There are, indeed, but very few to whom nature has been so unkind that they are not capable of shining in some science or other. There is a certain bias towards knowledge in every mind which may be strengthened and improved by proper application.

## CLANAWLY.

### A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

As they were about to separate, a voice cried aloud from one of the eminences:—

"The army of the Gael!"

It reached the ears of every individual in the forest; and, although not distinctly heard by the warm disputants about the fires, they felt it as people catch the plague, through contagious anxiety. They were up instantly on their feet, and the electric shock silenced all uneasiness.

The officers moved together towards a commanding point, from whence the ravine was a vista to the inner land. They darted eagerly forward from step to rocky step, but Don Alonzo moved slowly up after them, and seemed rather inclined to have a confirmation of the news communicated to him than to behold it himself. However, he had time to gain the eminence before any tidings were pronounced; and, for a moment, the satisfaction of their glances, and the silence of their voices, appeared contradictory symptoms of their sentiments, when in full observation of the troops approaching.

"Surely, that cannot be the Irish army!" exclaimed Ocampo, as he beheld a small black stream of people straggling down the ravine, like a dirty rivulet, which spreads itself into separate threads, as it glides along in the various crevices of the rocks.

"That cannot be the Irish army!" he again cried out, looking around him with a scowl, that sharpened the bleakness of the position on which his officers trembled.

The stream of people which they noticed drew near, as it descended towards the coast; and also began to join into something like a body. At length, they halted upon a verdant slope, and seemed resolved to take up their position, as if not aware that the Spaniards had landed, and that they were about to await the event.

Ocampo immediately ordered the troops to be got in readiness, to move round to the other side of the harbour; and left them under the command of another officer, whilst he went unattended, to make himself acquainted with the amount of force, and the leader who brought the party to that spot.

He had to make a circuitous journey, it being much more distant than he imagined, in consequence of the deep indentations of the land. It was very late, somewhat about nightfall, when he came up to the rude encampment, and he was completely astonished when he heard the strange confusion of sounds that issued from that temporary village. Loud singing accompanied the coarse strain of bagpipes, and it seemed as if all thoughts of warfare were lost amidst the horrid din of joviality reigning amongst them. Nor did the sound gradually come upon his ears, giving him time for reflection upon the different usages in different countries; but, as he had to ascend a steep bank, having reached the upper part thereof, it assailed his sense suddenly, and rendered him for a short while stupefied.

He was in the middle of the encampment before any one perceived him, and then it was a clatin, who lay stretched upon his back outside a tent, humming a song, and rolling about with the effects of liquor received from the merry-makers.

As soon as the boy saw the stranger so close at hand, without waiting to hear the latter's remark, he sprang to his feet, and rushing into the tent, exclaimed,—

"A Saxon outside!"

"Heavens! we are sold," roared one of the half-intoxicated soldiers starting up and tottering to look out.

The others were quite mute; rendered so, and partially sober, from an attack of fear, which, sometimes, has a terrible effect; and they anxiously waited for the remarks, which he who stood reconnoitering the stranger through a slit in the shed, was about to make.

"He's not a Saxon, I swear!" exclaimed the man.

"Then, what is he?" demanded several voices together.

"He seems to be a Spaniard, as far as I can understand."

"Go out and speak to him," said several again.

"Go out, daltin, and speak to the Spaniard," cried the person addressed, directing his order to the lad who brought in the news.

The boy instantly went out, and placed himself in the presence of Don Alonzo, with as much decorum as he was master of. The general asked him several questions, which the boy did not comprehend, save that he understood the words "Earl of Tyrone," at the conclusion of every query. He could only answer by pointing in the direction of the coast, intimating that he went that way. Whilst they remained in this confusion, a tall man, dressed in a long cloak, appeared to advance towards the encampment, and the boy satisfied the general, by making signs, that the figure approaching was the personage sought.

Don Alonzo turned his steps towards the advancing person, and was soon within his glance, for, as it was late, a man might long have



escaped observation, unless brought immediately under notice by being pointed out. The earl stood short, but quickly recognised the dress, and then moving up, met Ocampo with much cordiality. Although he never saw the Spaniard before, he knew him by description. As soon as the warmth of first meeting was over, Tyrone, who was well acquainted with the Iberian language, spoke to the foreigner in the dialect of the latter.

It may surprise the reader how the Irish troops could have fallen into such a gross state of riot and dissipation, under a general so strict and severe as Tyrone is represented to be. It only is necessary to state, in order to clear this point up, that their leader went to survey the coast, in order to gain intelligence about the Spaniards, and that his men took advantage of his absence to indulge in a state of disorder, then, as well as at present, mistaken for recreation. The moment it was made known to them that he was approaching, all confusion ceased, and the place became silent, save when the roar of the waters along the bay, as it rose upon the evening breeze, and sunk again, filled the mind with sentiments of the terrible.

"How many men have come with you?" demanded Ocampo.

"About eight hundred," answered the Earl of Tyrone.

"Only—only eight hundred?"

"That is all; but we are not dependant upon that number to come to the point against the English."

"I hope not. How many may you count upon?"

"I cannot exactly reckon," said Tyrone, somewhat confused.

"Say, then, ten thousand?"

Tyrone was ready to sink to the earth, for, though a man of powerful nerve naturally, this over-calculation on the part of Ocampo acted upon his spirit fearfully.

"Not so many, by numbers," responded Tyrone.

"Let me know, as near as you can, that I may speculate upon the resistance we can offer, in the first place, and the footings we should secondly secure."

"I am afraid not more than—let me think upon O'Donnell's portion, not more than fifteen hundred men, effective, or two thousand in the aggregate, good, bad and indifferent."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Ocampo, which solitary exclamation bore more meaning than a speech could explain, as to the state of his disappointed mind.

"Why, Don Alonso?" asked Tyrone, coolly.

"That is your force?"

"Yes,—and why your exclamation?"

"You do not mean to intimate that that this paltry number represent the people of Ireland, in a general cause like the present? They must be either dead or asleep."

"Remember the state of poor Ireland!" exclaimed Tyrone, in an accent so pathetic that it instantly softened the wrath of the Spaniard.

"I have only two thousand men; but, if you can promise courage and resolution, we may work wonders out of that small number, the last extremity being to despair."

"I have learned to suffer," remarked Tyrone, in the same mournful cadence, "but in the midst of my sorrow, I always held hope."

"Now, Tyrone," said Don Alonso, very deliberately, "you must agree with me, that this is not the number of men to show any seriousness on the part of your countrymen in the present struggle. They should assemble in thousands—they are numerous enough."

"I believe there are only a few who have their country's interest really at heart."

"That is fully evident now."

"I will dispatch emissaries throughout the country, to call in all who have any spirit remaining."

"Perhaps that may succeed; something must be done, for the present number only go to be slaughtered."

"There are only a few who ever stood upon the really independent side of the country, and only for that few, the country would have fallen to its fate long since."

"If such continue, the sooner it meets that fate the better."

"I will make another struggle for numbers."

"Very good; and to-morrow morning we will set out directly for Kinsale, coming down upon the town side, opposite to the fortifications, where our men are blockaded, and thus we will have the English met upon two opposite points. Our march must be rapid, as we must endeavour to anticipate the news of our having landed on this coast."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE SECRET.

THE principal portion of the English army at this time occupied a rising ground near Kinsale, which to this day bears the name of Camp-hill. The gates of the town were still closed to the Spaniards who held possession of the fortress in the harbour, for the British shipping had

not as yet opened their fire upon the place, and only continued to block the port. The hill mentioned above commanded a fine prospect of the theatre of war, including the basin, the harbour's mouth, the estuary of the river Bandon, and the greater portion of Kinsale. Sir George Carew was expected to arrive from Cork, and did, upon the evening represented in this chapter.

A man dressed in the Irish style, of the better class, having come to the camp a little after the arrival of Sir George, gave the word to the sentinel, and was admitted within the lines. He seemed very much fatigued, as if he had journeyed a long distance, and only then came to a pause. His inquiry was about Sir George's arrival, and having been satisfied upon that point, he instantly requested an interview with the English general.

"It is very late, now," said the officer who commanded the camp-guard, as they stood outside the tent, where the guard were in readiness for any alarm.

"Yes, but the business is very important," said the man.

"It would not do to let me know about it."

"No—no; I must communicate with Sir George only: but, if it be necessary, give him this note, and he will discover at once the person who attends upon him."

The officer forwarded the note by a messenger, and Sir George, to the astonishment of all present, hastened out himself to receive whatever intelligence the other had to deliver. They proceeded together to the exterior ground, beyond the hearing of every individual, and held a conversation which lasted for many minutes:

"They are marching up this way, sir, now, and will be about here after to-morrow," said the countryman.

"From Bantry Bay?" demanded Sir George.

"Yes, sir."

"I know the division inland are on the march hither to-night, which was my reason for joining the camp."

"And the reason I did not go to Cork, to give you the news, was because I thought you would be down when you knew of their motions. But the soldiers coming up from the west are not worth a curse, in regard of numbers."

"How many, could you learn?"

"About two thousand Spaniards, and three hundred Irish."

"I heard twelve hundred Irish."

"Only three or four hundred Irish, at furthest, sir, as I am for a certainty informed."

"Who is the Irish general coming up?"

"The Earl of Tyrone."

"Then, O'Donnell is the man coming the other way?"

"Yes, O'Donnell is the other general."

"Now, you must get yourself into the midst of the Irish army, and make your observations from time to time, as nothing less than a person on the spot can gain me the information I want."

"I know that, sir."

"And as you are acquainted with every movement, you can easily catch the same, without exciting suspicion."

"I am intimate with all their tricks and villany."

"You must pass under a strange name, for your own is too well known to them, now."

"I will pass under the name of Phil M'Carthy."

"I must recollect that name; but are there any men in the Irish party who know you?"

"No, sir—there was not a single person that joined from my own neighbourhood, and I am certain of that."

"I can depend upon your honour, sir; for you acted generously towards me before now."

"You know your reward, if this be well performed."

"Are the Irish well provisioned?"

"They are nearly run out already."

"Now, make no delay in discovering their route, and get in amongst them, for there you can be of the only service to me. Be particular in letting me know how they stand for victuals, how they are armed, the good or bad understandings between the officers; and above all things, what officer will command upon any great engagement."

"All that I shall notice, and inform you of."

This conversation was despatched in a very short space of time, when Sir George turned away and entered the encampment. The informer bent his steps in the opposite direction, and descended the hill at the other side of Kinsale. As it was after nightfall, and he unacquainted with the nature of the country, he had some difficulty in finding his way through a patch of underwood which lined the sloping ground. At length, he got clear of the brambles, but he was obstructed by a shallow ford, through which he had to wade; and on the opposite side, he fell upon a well-beaten track, leading towards the Bandon river, and that he was resolved to pursue. To his satisfaction, he fell in with no person moving in either direction for a long time, and was about to retrace



late himself upon his fortunate journey, when he was startled by the cough of a man approaching him.

"Good night,"—adding some devout benediction, was the salutation of the man coming up, on beholding a person dressed in the Irish cap and mantle.

"Good night, also," responded the informer.

"What direction are the army in?" demanded the latter, knowing that the acceptance of the phrase would be the Irish body.

"Why?" asked the other, closely examining him.

"Because I have some news for them,—news about the enemy, that are now encamped about Kinsale."

"You are well acquainted with this part of the country, I suppose; and can pass safely through it at all hours?"

"No—I am a stranger in it; but can go over the ground which I now came hither upon."

"Then you belong to the Irish army?"

"I will belong to it."

"You did not join it yet?"

"Nominally; but I cut about from place to place, to pick up whatever intelligence I can for our party."

"Oh! I perceive—I intend to act by the same," said the informer, stopping short, and holding the cape of his comrade's mantle, as if coming into great confidence with him.

"But I tell you—" said the other.

"What?"

"Never pretend you heard me say so, when we get to the camp."

"Never—never, by the martyrs!"

"I would sell my news to the highest bidder.—I will get nothing by their improvement. Irish conquer, or Irish fall, beggar will be starver still, by my soul!"

"Ah! don't say so," said the informer, in a drawing tone; "Honey, don't say so. You know you would be guilty of sacrilege for doing this wickedness; and as such, you would never see the face of Heaven, as our clerks say."

"Heaven and hell is alike to a conquering, or a vanquished army,—the former say the latter will go to the infernal abode, and the vanquished swear that the conqueror's portion is hell also. So by being messenger to either, we must fall in for the common share in the hereafter reward, let it be bad or good luck."

"I often tried," said the informer, "to bring my mind about by similar reasoning; but I could never. The dread of future punishment hangs heavily on my mind, and presses down my soul, with the secondary intimation to future happiness; which is fear,—love being the primary."

"And you never could bring your mind to vacillate, with the golden bait of reward hanging before you?—How weak and unfortunate I am in my heart!"

"At such moments, man, when the devil would be about tempting me to go off to the enemy, I fancied the burning faggots of hell—fiery stakes—hissing snakes—boiling water and melted lead; and then, I thought of bottomless perdition, and the blazing comrades you must have along with you for ever. When such and such scenes were fully determined to my mind, Phelim, or——"

A sudden pause, as if the speaker was choked.

"Certainly," remarked the other, "you have fine resolution."

The informer continued, when he recovered from his pause, or rather panic,—“At the recollection of, and reflection on such torments, Phil McCarthy, I should think, that will surely be your end, if ever you go over with news to the enemy; and you may depend on it, that was sufficient to keep me back.”

"Reflections on this, or any other matter of religion, would not prevent me from doing the best I could for myself."

"How is that, man?"

"The country is not worth a man's while troubling about it, and consequently, why should I care for the country?"

"I don't like to hear such language, upon my soul!"

"I don't care whether you do or not; but there are my sentiments for you, caring little for yours."

"Oh! but I will defend my country, and I shall not listen to you or any other man running it down."

"You must, I swear, unless you are a stronger and a better man than I am."

"One explanation is enough," said the informer, waxing angry, at first through pretence, but afterwards in reality; "and I warn you not to mention such words to me again whilst together, for fear of the consequence."

"Then you stand forward to defend a rascally nation—I would like to know who you are, my friend?"

"The informer stood short, and balanced in his mind the propriety of coming to blows with his fellow-traveller, and whilst his suspense held out, the pretence which he swaggered as to his patriotic enthusiasm

failed within him. It would require another stimulant of a nature similar to the former, to elevate him again, or produce his previous climax of zeal. He was like a hypocritical impostor, whose bloated fervour is acquired by mechanical religion; but whose pathos always exceeds the limit, never surpassed by the truly sincere.

They advanced together in silence, until they came to a winding pathway through a wood, leading to the river.

"Are you angry with me still?" demanded the other man of the informer;—"if so, speak your mind before we enter the camp."

"Is the camp near?"

"Just below there—we will soon see the fires."

"So close to the water?"

"A short water-passage to the Spaniards in Kinsale Fort."

"But that's no use, as they will soon wish themselves out of it, particularly if the English be not checked in their blockings."

"Are you angry with me yet?"—his voice becoming loud.

"I must be so, and ——"

"I tell you, that I have not recanted one word; and what I have said, I will say over again, adding, I would sell you, too, if you were my brother, for my own advantage; for I know you would do the same."

"I?"—roared the informer, his rage returning, but not through the same medium as formerly, the true nerve of his angry system having been touched and thrilled to the heart.

"Yes—you as well as I," cried the other.

Another stand on both sides. They looked silently and sternly at each other, during which pause the informer's heart sunk within him; but, by another oscillation of the passions, he rushed against his newly-made foe, and making an attack upon him, would have stretched him on the ground, but for an equal power of resistance. He was met so deliberately, and with such forcible defence, that the scene was soon changed, the agent becoming the sufferer. Blow succeeded blow, until the informer lay quietly upon the ground, the other regardless whether he was dead or not; and the conqueror was about to go on towards the encampment, till a second thought suggested itself.

Steeping down towards the ground, he collared him, and shaking him roughly, he cried aloud,—

"Are you dead or living?"

Another shake followed, with the same demand; but no answer was returned to the speaker.

"Then here goes!"

He then, lifting up the informer, contrived to bring him over his right shoulder, his head hanging towards the front. Having been a man of great muscular power, he was not long gaining the camp, when he brought his load into the presence of O'Donnell. A search was now made during the informer's insensibility; he having been still alive, and breathing strongly, but nothing was found upon him tending to throw light upon their suspicions. At length the man who bore him in, felt the lining of his mantle, where a pocket was concealed; and from the bottom of it he pulled out a letter, written in the Spanish language. O'Donnell opened the epistle, read it, and looking as pale as death, exclaimed—

"Keep him securely; but when he comes to himself, don't give him the least intimation of our discovery. This is diabolical work."

(To be continued in our next.)

## TO BEAUTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE."

Oh, as I gaze on ye fair beauties,

Whose bosom'd hearts I long to trace,

Affections sweet and kindred duties,

Appear in all their wonted grace.

The smiles which hover on beauty's cheek,

So sweetly blooming like the rose,

The transient flash! oh, thou wouldst speak,

And all your treasure'd thoughts disclose.

Oh, how I long when I may greet thee,

With my fond heart that's loving—true;

Oh, how I long, when I may meet thee,

And never breathe that word adieu.

Then o'er your valleys, oh, I would roam,

Throughout the grove and dingle dell,

Within your hearts I'd make my home,

And bosom'd in your love I'd dwell.

Westminster



## LOVE;

## OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER XLV.

THE COMMUNICATION TO CHARLES CONCERNING HIS VOYAGE.—HIS  
CONSTERNATION.—THE ALTERNATIVE.

WHEN Charles Hargrove reached the office the morning after the conversation we have recorded with Harriet, he found a message waiting for him, to the effect that Mr. Leighton wished instantly to see him in his private office. A feeling of chilliness about the heart, somehow or another, came over him as the message was delivered to him, and yet he knew not why he should augur evil from it, still it was actually some moments before he could command himself sufficiently to obey the summons, which was by no means couched in any language calculated to alarm him.

"Why am I so nervous this morning?" he asked himself. "What is the meaning of this sudden tremor? It seems as if the shadow of some coming terrible evil had suddenly commenced creeping over my soul, and that this simple message was the commencement of some train of circumstances which are calculated to dash from my lips the cup of happiness which I flattered myself no human power could now deprive me of. My heart is faint, and a tremor besets my frame. Charles Hargrove—Charles Hargrove, be yourself again."

By a great effort he succeeded in shaking off the sense of deep oppression that had come over him; or, at all events, the marked appearance of it, and he walked towards Mr. Leighton's private counting-house.

On the road there he gathered more courage still, from a sudden thought that crossed his mind.

"How can I be so foolish," he asked himself, "as to disturb myself about this message? No doubt, it is to say something to me concerning his singular proposal to my aunt. Very probably, through me, to retract it, which I think, after all, would be his surest plan, for I am convinced that it is not an union calculated to give happiness or satisfaction to either party. Yes, I am better now, and feel convinced such must be the reason why I am summoned thus urgently into Mr. Leighton's presence. I am cool, and calm, and composed now. How strange that such feelings should so very suddenly oppress me."

By this time Charles had reached the door of the counting-house, at which he knocked gently. He was answered on the instant by Mr. Leighton, who, in a low voice, cried,—

"Come in—come in. Oh, it is you, Mr. Hargrove. I—I—Good morning—good morning."

"Good morning, sir. I understand you wished to see me on some particular business."

"I certainly wished to see you; but the business is not of a particular nature."

"He makes tolerably light of an offer of marriage," thought Charles.

"The fact is," exclaimed Mr. Leighton, speaking with a fidgetty quickness. "The fact is, that, Mr. Hargrove, business must take precedence of everything else, and it becomes necessary that I should inform you of something which you may not exactly like; but which, nevertheless, may be very necessary to do, and upon which I may be quite resolved. You understand."

"I shall be happy, sir," said Charles, who feared that he did not quite understand, "to promote your happiness in any way that may seem to you most eligible."

"Happiness, Mr. Hargrove. I look upon the affair as merely one of every day business."

"Indeed, sir."

"Yes, to be sure. These things will happen. Deaths will occur, and then new arrangements must be made."

"Tolerably cool this," thought Charles; but he said nothing more, for he was resolved to allow the merchant to explain himself his own way.

"Well, then," added Leighton, "we do an amazing trade with Hamburg. Well, sir, so great and so important has been our trade with that city, that for about five or six years past I have been compelled to have an agent there at my own proper cost, for the sole management of my imports—he is dead. Here is a letter containing news of his sudden decease, leaving my affairs there in some confusion. I used to allow him a salary of three hundred pounds per annum, besides his expenses, and a free house to live in. He has likewise other advantages. Now, Mr. Hargrove, when first you came into my service I told you I would seize the very first opportunity of promoting you from a

mere clerkship to something better, and I have made up my mind that you shall be my agent at Hamburg."

This communication was so very different from what Charles expected, and it came upon him so suddenly, that he felt himself almost stunned by its suddenness. The last words, which he saw coming some moments before they were uttered, for how else could the merchant's long exordium end, almost fell upon deaf ears, for such a sense of confusion and dread came over him, that every object in the room danced before his eyes, and he was quite incapable, for more than a minute, of speech or action.

The first words he heard, upon moving a little, were,—

"You are unwell, Mr. Hargrove. Take a glass of wine. You will be better presently. I am, believe me, perfectly serious in the offer I make you."

"Sir?"

"You shall be my agent at Hamburg."

"Mr. Leighton—Sir. I —"

"You shall be my agent at Hamburg."

These reiterated horrifying words, which, to his mind, translated themselves into, "You shall be separated from Harriet Hearnshaw," at length aroused poor Charles from his temporary stupor, and he felt that now or never must he object to the proposal which would place so much space between him and all he loved in this world.

"Believe me, Mr. Leighton," he said, "I am not unmindful of the liberality of your offer."

"Oh, never mind that, no thanks."

"Nor ungrateful; but —"

"There, that will do. I can guess all you would say. I can quite enter into your feelings."

"But I cannot accept your kindness, sir."

"Not accept?"

"No, sir. Firmly, but respectfully, permit me to decline the offer. There are reasons which render its acceptance a matter not to be thought of."

A flush of colour came across the merchant's face as he truly guessed the reason of Charles's refusal to leave England, but he had a part to act, and he determined to go through with it.

"Allow me," he said, "to guess your difficulty and to provide for it. You have not money to provide your outfit; I will supply you with half a year's salary in advance."

"No, sir; that, although it might have been a difficulty, was not the one present to my mind."

"Then all I can say, Mr. Hargrove, is, that I think you should have appended some other name than that of gratitude to the feelings with which you have met an offer from me, which I would not make, because it would be passing by you, to the most experienced clerk in my office."

"Do not accuse me of ingratitude, Mr. Leighton," said Charles; "the reason why I am more inclined to remain, as I am, your clerk in London, to going to Hamburg under such liberal circumstances as you mention, is one which in no way prevents me from feeling the most lively gratitude to you, as well for what you intended to do for me, as for what you have already done."

"You speak in riddles, sir."

"I will explain then, Mr. Leighton. My future happiness in this world must wholly depend on one individual now near to London; I cannot make up my mind to part from her."

"Her? oh, a lady."

"My cousin, Harriet Hearnshaw."

Leighton bit his lip till the blood nearly came, as he said, after a moment's pause,

"Surely, Mr. Hargrove, you are not such a romantic boy as to imagine love will provide you with meat and drink; you have now an opportunity offered you of securing an honourable independence."

"Sir, if I can induce Harriet to become my wife first, and go with me to Hamburg, I shall be your humble servant."

"Nonsense, there is no accommodation for women where you have to go, Mr. Hargrove. You cannot suppose but I would charge myself with some care of the Hearnshaws in your absence."

"I thank you much, sir, for your kindly consideration, but must, notwithstanding, decline the Hamburg appointment."

"Then you decline my service altogether, for those whom I employ must not pick and choose among the appointments I have, but take that where I consider they will be to me most eminently useful."

"I must bow to your decision, sir."

Charles rose and was about to leave the office, but the merchant called him back, saying—

"Stay, Mr. Hargrove, do not be hasty, or heed a hasty word of mine. You shall have another offer. Let us continue friends if we can. It is absolutely necessary that some one, on whom I can thoroughly rely, should go to Hamburg, to assume command in my affairs immediately



to then to-morrow, and come back when you have arranged matters a little for me, by which time I may have found some one who will, to my satisfaction, permanently fill the office for me."

"Mr. Leighton," said Charles, "I accept your kind offer, and that I did not do so, in its full sense, believe me, arose only from the reason I have given to you: I shall exert myself, for a double motive, to place anything in which you are concerned at Hamburg, in a good position. In the first place, I owe it to you to do so, and in the next I will not disguise that I shall be very anxious to return to England."

"Well, well, we will consider that affair as settled. You will be ready to go to-morrow?"

"If necessary, certainly."

"It's a very short voyage you know—a mere trifle, but I must send some one to whom I can give unlimited discretionary authority."

"You are very kind, sir; I hope I shall make no mistakes."

"You cannot, for all the affairs require, is straightforward honesty and diligence. You will be ready to-morrow?"

"I shall, sir. How long, think you, it will take me to do what has to be done?"

"Perhaps a month; but really I cannot say exactly; you might, in much less time, arrange everything satisfactorily. Good morning, Mr. Hargrove, good morning."

Charles thus found himself bowed out of the private office, after, with much reluctance, committing himself to leave Harriet for an unlimited period of time.

Confused and unhappy, he returned to the desk at which he usually sat, and endeavoured, although in vain, to withdraw his mind from the one great subject that now oppressed it, to the ordinary duties of the day. He found the task impossible, and, finally, burying his face in his hands, he gave himself to painful and sad reflection.

"Why am I so affected," he thought, "at this temporary absence from home? What is there in it which is anything more than what might often and usually occur? Absolutely nothing. The avocations of many men, with as warm and true affections as I have, force them to these absences from those they love best, and why should I, 'forward-like,' shrink from leaving Harriet, in whom I have so much confidence as to give her my hand and heart, for so short a time—the more especially when, by so doing, I am most efficiently aiding in one great object of my life—namely, to make for her a home, which will be free from the petty evils of poverty?"

This reasoned Charles Hargrove; but, despite it all, he could not reason himself out of a horrible dread that possessed him. A shapeless mass of evil seemed weighing upon his soul, and some instinct seemed to be perpetually instigating him not to go on the projected journey.

Against this he arrayed all the reason he could call to his aid—used all the arguments he could suggest; but there it remained at the bottom of his heart—beaten, but still holding full possession of the ground it had at first assumed.

"Is this what people call a presentiment?" he asked himself; "or, is it only the brain-sick fancy of one who loves so ardently as I do? Shall I yield to it, or shall I wrestle with so substantial, and yet so untangible a fear?"

Thus he passed some tedious hours—hours of much misery, and then he began to long for the day to be done, in order that he might communicate the sad tidings to Harriet, and from her reception of the intelligence find food for future thought in one direction or the other.

The day, however, was but young, and he had to endure many hours of painful thought before he could have a chance of flying from his duties. He blamed himself for not having asked Mr. Leighton for leave of absence for that day, which he might easily and consistently have done, on the plea of some arrangements being necessary at home, before he could undertake even the short voyage that was proposed to him, and which he had now passed his word he would take. Upon the moment this thought occurred to him, he rose to put it in execution; but when he reached Mr. Leighton's office he found he had gone.

Scalvoni, he knew, had the power to grant a leave of absence, but him Charles Hargrove was not likely to ask a favour of; so he never took the trouble to ascertain whether he were on the premises or not.

He had, therefore, now no resource; for he could not bring himself on any pretence to desert his duties, but to wait till the usual hour for closing the office came. Oh, what a long—long, weary day was that! and how often did Charles consult the clock, with a firm conviction that it must be long time dreadfully—a conviction which was only dissipated as each hour the hands of the office-clock pointed to was verified by the neighbouring churches.

But the earliest journey will have an end—the longest day must give place to night—no human misery, or human joy, can be eternal; and at length the wished-for hour came, and Charles with great speed betook himself towards that humble home, which contained all that was dear to him in this world.

He achieved the distance in an exceedingly short space of time, and,

tired and panting, he arrived at Mrs. Hearnshaw's, to the great alarm of Harriet, who saw by his pale face and the air of anxiety, mingled with fatigue, that oppressed him, that something serious was amiss.

"Charles, Charles!" she cried. "What has happened?"

"Nothing—nothing. Be calm—Be calm. Your mother?"

"Is from home."

"Thank Heaven, Harriet. A glass of water, and then I have something to say to you."

Was Mr. Leighton the happier for the success of his project? Alas! at the moment that Charles Hargrove reached home, the wealthy merchant was sitting in a small, darkened room, in an obscure hotel, a prey to the most agonizing feelings any human heart could be tortured with.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### THE ARRANGEMENT WITH THE DUTCH CAPTAIN.—THE PROJECTED DESPERATE DEED.—THE VILLAIN'S CAROUSAL.

THE sea was like undulating masses of liquid silver; here and there the wave-tops were frosted with foam; all was still and silent; no breathing and living being, save themselves, were near; they were emphatically alone on the waters. True it was that the sound of the sea was a sullen and continued, but subdued roar, and the breeze blew gently, but without cessation, as if one stream of vapour kept pouring onwards, without once receding, to gain fresh strength.

The little boat danced lightly before the breeze, and her white sail filled with the breeze. She bent her head to the waves with a graceful undulating motion, that she looked like something of another world—some spirit of the deep, wafting himself over the bosom of that deep, of which he was himself an inhabitant.

All this time the moon shone in a proud and glittering silver light, that cast a calm and peaceful beauty around, that settled on the sense, and drew the mind to the consideration of the extent and profoundness of the depths the mariner calmly and serenely sleeps over.

Thus the Dutch sailor and Luke Scalvoni sat for some time without exchanging a word. The Dutchman was too serious and taciturn to speak, save from necessity, and apparently lost in contemplation of the scene around. Scalvoni himself was also in thought, but he never for one moment abandoned his mind to the contemplation of the beauties and wonders of nature.

No. Scalvoni was employed upon such thoughts that the execution of them nature, or ought that had been nature, save man, would have shuddered at. He held the sail in his hand, fearful lest a sudden squall of wind should overset the frail bark they were the only tenants of, while the Dutch sailor guided the rudder, steering to that point at which he knew the vessel to be lying.

"Is she far out?" inquired Scalvoni, after they had thus sailed for nearly an hour at a good rate.

"About three miles a-head, I should think," remarked the Dutch sailor; "If she isn't, she's somewhere else; and we shall find her by daylight."

Scalvoni did not like this answer; he did not wish to be out all night in an open boat, he had rather be on board the Dutchman's lugger.

However, he knew it was useless to talk to a taciturn Dutchman, with an enormous quid of tobacco in his mouth. His answers would be slow, and he could not understand the biting and sneering conversation of Scalvoni; it would have been lost when wielded against the stolidity of the Dutchman, whose utter unconsciousness of the attempt would foil him, and fret him to almost madness.

Another half hour brought them to the vessel's side, and the Dutchman hailed the vessel, which lay under her bare poles, until the morning light should show him where he was.

The hail was answered by the captain himself, who inquired, in a gruff voice, who wanted to board at that hour.

"Tis I," replied Scalvoni.

"You! Who's you, pray? You have a name, I expect, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Scalvoni.

"Well, then, let's have it, if you ain't ashamed of it; d'ye hear?"

"Luke Scalvoni," replied the enraged Luke. "Must a man bellow his name out thus, before he can enter your vessel and speak with you?"

"Tis usual; but, since you are here, walk up, Master Luke," replied the Dutchman. "You needn't be afraid of speaking here; 'tain't like London, where you have neighbours much closer than next door."

Scalvoni said no more, but scrambled on the deck as quickly as he could. He knew it was no use to bandy words with the rough Dutchman, who cared for neither man nor devil, and who would only abuse himself with, and laugh at him, if he (Scalvoni) got into a rage.

The captain was a tall, but square-built man; heavy, but of immense strength. His visage was weather-beaten and harsh, and a squint, that denuded his dexter eye, gave him a most villainous and cut-throat



"Such was the man with whom Scalvoni was about to associate himself in crime, and, indeed, with whom he had, on more than one occasion, been similarly connected. To complete his personal appearance, we should add, he had a low forehead, and dark bushy hair and whiskers, that met in luridness under the chin."

"What cheer, my lad, what cheer? What's to be grabbed now? Anything to be picked up that ain't lost, eh, my son of sanctity?"

"I am here, captain, to speak to you about business, and, where money's to be had for the looking, you will not refuse a job, I dare say, especially as it's in your line."

"I have run my cargo safe, and I don't know what you can give me now, save it's a job of this sort."

As the captain spoke, he drew his hand across his throat with a significant gesture, and then, laughing gruffly, he said,—

"You know, when I have done my duty to my owners, I have no objection to do a job that will put a little of the 'gelt' in my way."

"No doubt," replied Scalvoni; "and you may pretty well guess I have not come to see you without having some object to serve; and I know well that you wouldn't do it, unless there was something to be got by it—eh, my good captain?"

"Haf Mr. Scalvoni, you know the ways of the world, you do, while I only practice them. I see nothing but what it is my own interest to see."

"That's right—that's right," replied Scalvoni. "You are the man to get through the world as easily as your ship goes through the waves. But I want to have some conversation with you about the business I have spoken to you of."

"Well, then, let's down into the cabin and have a carousal. It's all a going on; they are at it, and are too busy to notice what we say, even if they could hear it."

Without more invitation, the Dutch skipper led the way to his own cabin, where several men were drinking and smoking; at the same time, their voices were so busily employed, you could scarce hear yourself speak, and certainly not your neighbours.

Down into this place Scalvoni followed the captain, and was soon accommodated with a seat, after recognition by several of the men on board the lugger.

Glasses and bottles were produced, and strong liquors were used like water.

"Now," said Scalvoni, "can you listen to what I have to say, for I must leave your vessel within two hours at the latest."

"So soon! You are never for letting the grass grow under your feet, Scalvoni; but I know you are always on the fret about something or other, and so will not attempt to persuade you."

"You are very good," replied Scalvoni; "but to business; we can talk of that now these fellows are again intent upon their liquor and conversation. I want a young fellow put out of the way. Can you do it?"

"Yes, if it can be done at all; just get him on board, and I'll shew him what it is to swim in salt water."

"Do as you please about that," replied Scalvoni; "but we must act cautiously, and get him on board with his own good will—stratagem is worth all the world to me in this affair. What do you say—will you do it?"

"I will; but what's the money; I must hear something about the 'get,' as well as the 'do,' else it will be a do in a double sense, you see, Master Scalvoni," replied the captain, with a shrewd shrug.

"I tell you what I want done," replied Luke Scalvoni, "and cannot put your price upon your work. Tell me what you want, and I can then say yes or no, as it is worth my while or n't."

"Then my price," replied the captain, "is a hundred guineas; and if it be not worth that, it is not worth having it done."

"Why, I believe you a-k the highest you can at first, and having demanded it, you are too obstinate to take less. Well, then, let it be a bargain—you undertake to put him across the channel?"

"Ay, or in it, for the matter of that. You know I am no way particular."

"Devil a bit," remarked the captain. "Ah!—ah!—that's a good idea that is. Luke Scalvoni particular—never, except when it's the sum to be received."

"Well, then, drop him into the salt water, and Heaven will preserve its own, you know," replied Scalvoni, with a sneer.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the captain; "you are quite funny to-night, Luke; but you usually are when anything like a joke's being planned. I'll have him pickled, if not preserved; but you have not yet informed me when, where, or how, all this is to be done. Tell me that."

"Oh, you must come up to my wharf, and there take some goods for Holland, and this young fellow will come aboard, under the idea that he is bound for Amsterdam."

"I see—I see—we shall have no trouble."

"Exactly—it's all straightforward work; it will cost you only the trouble of sailing up the river to my place and back again."

"That will do," said the captain.

"But keep up a semblance of discipline, and a trader-like appearance, or you will spoil the whole job."

These preliminaries arranged, some time was spent in carousal, and Scalvoni, at the end of the time he named; rose and got on deck. The moon was still high in the heavens; changed in position it is true, but the same calm intensity of pure, flooding light; the night breeze was light and cool, and he felt refreshed after the hot feverish air he had been inhaling in the cabin. His own boat lay in the lee of the vessel; her sail was instantly set, and a few minutes more saw Scalvoni sailing up the river.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE BROKEN PITCHER.

(Concluded from our last.)

In this fluctuation between timidity and curiosity, in this hurrying to and fro from the cottage and the palm bushes, gradually Mariette approached nearer to the sleeper, and meanwhile curiosity began to triumph over timidity.

"What have I to do with him? My path leads me by where he is now lying, and I shall go on whether he sleeps or wakes."

So thought Manon's daughter—she resolved boldly to advance, but remained standing. She must have a peep at the flower-giver's face. Meantime, the unknown slept as though he had not rested soundly for four weeks. And who was it? Who could it be but the arch-villain Colin?

So he it was, whose irreconcilable enmity had brought the good girl into such trouble by means of the pitcher; had caused the disgusting affair with Judge Hautmartin; had teased her with secret gifts of flowers to excite her curiosity. And why? Because he hated Mariette. His conduct towards the poor child, in every society, was unpardonable. To all the other girls of La Napoule, he was more friendly and agreeable than to Mariette. Could it be believed, that he had never asked her to dance, and yet she danced more beautifully than any of her companions.

And there he lay, caught, betrayed. A spirit of revenge was aroused in Mariette's breast. What disgrace should she put upon him? She took the nosegay, and having unloosed the flowers, scattered them over the sleeper. But the paper on which the ejaculation "Dear Mariette" was written, she thrust into her bosom; intending to preserve this proof of his handwriting for future contingencies. Cunning Mariette! She now prepared to depart; but her revenge was not yet gratified. She could not leave the spot without repaying his wickedness. She tore the velvet coloured ribbon from her bonnet, and having as gently as possible fastened one end to the sleeper's arm, tied the other in three hard knots to a palm tree near by. Wicked Mariette! How would he be astonished when he awoke; how would he be tortured with curiosity to know who played such a trick upon him! He could never guess. So much the better. It served him right.

After all, Mariette seemed quite too merciful—When she had finished her work, she seemed to repeat of it. Her bosom heaved with agitation. I believe even a few tears found their way into her eyes, as she gazed in feverish compassion upon the malefactor. Slowly, frequently turning round to gaze back into the palms, she left the spot and retired home.

## CHAPTER VIII.

On the same day, Colin practised fresh rascality. He would publicly disgrace Mariette. Ah! she had never reflected that her violet-coloured ribbon was known in all La Napoule. But Colin knew it only too well! He tied it proudly to his hat, and wore it before all the world, as though it were the pledge of success. And the world of La Napoule said, "He got it from Mariette," and all the girls cried angrily, "ra-cal!" and all the lovers of Mariette cried "rascal."

"How is this, Mother Manon?" said Judge Hautmartin, and he screeched so loud, that the echo reverberated throughout every chamber of his nose; "do you allow this! my birds give her bonnet-ribbon a present to the young farmer Colin? It is quite time our wedding were over. When that happens I shall have a right to speak in the matter."

"You're right enough," replied Mother Manon; "if matters have come to this pass, the wedding must not be postponed. When that is over, all is over."

"But, Mother Manon, your daughter still refuses me her consent."

"Only do you get ready for the wedding."

"But she will not even look at me, and if I ever attempt to place myself near her, the wild creature immediately flies away."



"Judge, do you only get ready for the wedding."

"But if Mariette resists?"

"We will over-reach her. We will go to Father Jerome, and early on Monday morning, the wedding shall take place in private. We can easily arrange the matter with the priest; for I am the mother, and you are the first officer of justice in La Napoule, and she must obey. Yet Mariette need know nothing about it. Early on Monday morning, I shall send her to Father Jerome's on pretence of a message.—The priest will address her upon the duty of obedience. A half hour afterwards we will arrive. Then, directly to the altar. And if Mariette cries 'no,' what matters? The old man cannot hear a word. But say you nothing of this to a soul."

The matter was arranged. Mariette dreamed not of the good fortune which was in store for her. She thought only of Colin's wickedness which had made her the conversation of the whole village. How did she repent of her folly in thus exposing herself to ridicule; and yet, in her heart, she forgave the rascal his guilt. Mariette was entirely too good.

She said to her mother and to all her companions, "Colin has found my ribbon, I never gave it to him. And now he will use it to injure me. You all know that he has always taken every opportunity to show his dislike of me."

Ah! the poor child! she knew not what new mischief the wicked man was planning in his heart.

#### CHAPTER IX.

EARLY next day, Mariette went to the spring with the pitcher. Yet no flowers lay upon the rock. Perhaps it was too early, for the sun had scarcely risen above the sea.

She heard steps; and Colin with the flowers in his hand, stood before her. Mariette's face was as red as blood. Colin stammered, "Good morning, Mariette." But the greeting came only from his heart; for he could scarcely bring it to pass his lips.

"Why do you wear my ribbon so openly, Colin?" said Mariette, as she set the pitcher upon the rock. "I never gave it to you."

"You never gave it to me, dear Mariette!" said he, and he grew pale with suppressed rage.

Mariette repented of her deceit, and casting down her eyes, said, after a pause,

"Well, I did give it to you; but you should not wear it for a show. Give it back to me."

Slowly he unfastened it. His anger was so great that he was unable to stifle his sighs and tears.

"Dear Mariette," said he, gently, "give me the ribbon."

"No," she answered.

His secret rage now became desperate. Now he sighed and looked heavenward; now gazed sadly on Mariette, who stood quiet and innocent by the spring, her eyes downcast to the earth.

He wound the violet-coloured ribbon round the flowers:

"Take all together," said he; and threw them so mischievously towards the beautiful pitcher, that it was upset, and broken to pieces. Having thus satisfied his malice, he ran away.

Mother Manon, meanwhile, had been listening from the window of the cottage, and had heard and seen all. But as she saw the fate of the pitcher her sight and heart deserted her. She could hardly even speak for anger. And to crown all, as she pushed open the window-shutter, to scream after the rascal, she tore it from its rotten hinges, and it fell with a deep crash to the ground.

Such a complication of misfortunes had quite upset the brain of any other woman; but Mother Manon soon collected herself.

"How lucky that I was a witness to the act," said she. "He shall answer for this before the judge; and weigh out his solid gold, to pay for my pitcher and window-shutter. It will be a pretty present for Mariette on her wedding-day."

When, however, Mariette picked up the pieces of the ruined pitcher—and Manon saw Paradise destroyed, good Adam without a head, and Eve with nothing remaining but her legs—the snake triumphing un-injured—the lion too, unhurt, but the lamb abridged of its tail—as she saw all this, Mother Manon broke out in howling invectives against Colin, as a very child of the evil one.

#### CHAPTER X.

With the pitcher in one hand, and Mariette in the other, Mother Manon proceeded, about the ninth hour, to the place where Judge Hautmartin was accustomed to sit in judgment. She set forth her complaint at the top of her voice, showing as evidences the broken pitcher and the lost Paradise. Mariette wept bitterly.

As the judge saw the pitcher broken and Mariette all in tears, his just rage against Colin was excited to such a degree, that his nose

turned as violet as Mariette's noted ribbon; and he commanded his constable to bring the delinquent before him immediately.

Colin came, bearing himself very sadly. Mother Manon repeated her complaint, with great eloquence, before judge, constables, and clerks. But Colin heard nothing. He stepped to the side of Mariette, and whispered in her ear—

"Forgive me, dear Mariette, as I forgive you.—Your pitcher, only, have I broken, and that by accident; but you—you have broken my heart."

"What means that whispering there?" cried his judicial highness, Hautmartin. "Listen to the complaint which is made against you, and defend yourself."

"I have no defence to make," said Colin. "I broke the pitcher, but unwillingly."

"I believe he speaks the truth," said Mariette, sobbing. "I am as much to blame as he, for I had offended him and made him angry, and without due care he threw me the ribbons and flowers. He is not responsible for it."

"Tut!" cried Mother Manon, "will the girl become his advocate? Decide, judge. He has broken the pitcher—that he does not deny, and I, through his fault, the window-shutter—will he, can he deny that?"

"As you make no defence, Master Colin," said the judge, "I order you to pay three hundred livres for the pitcher, for that is its value; and for the —"

"No," said Colin, "it is not worth so much—for I myself bought it for Mariette, at the fair at Vence, for a hundred livres."

"You bought it, you shameless impudent!" shrieked the judge, his whole face becoming like Mariette's bonnet ribbon. He neither could nor would say more, for he feared to create any further discussion of the matter.

But this reproach had excited Colin's anger, and he continued:

"I sent the pitcher to Mariette on the evening of the fair, by the hands of your own servant. There stands Jacques at the door. Let him be my witness. Jacques, say: did I not give you the box to take to Mother Manon's?"

The judge attempted to avert the blow, but simple Jacques said—

"Recollect, judge, you yourself took the box away from me, and carried what was in it to Mother Manon's. There it lies now among the papers in the corner."

Of course, simple Jacques was speedily ejected from the room by the constables; and the judge signified to Colin that he might depart and wait till he was called for again.

"Very well, Mr. Judge," observed Colin; "but this shall be the last exercise of your authority in La Napoule. I know full well that you would have ingratiated yourself into Mistress Manon's and Mariette's favour by this disgraceful use of my property. If you want me again you will do well to ride over to Grasse, and you will find me at the lord lieutenant's." So, saying, he departed.

Judge Hautmartin's perplexity and confusion almost turned his brain. Mistress Manon shook her head. The whole affair looked dark and suspicious.

"Who will now pay for the broken pitcher?" she asked.

"As for me," said Mariette, her face suffused in blushes, and her eyes beaming with delight, "I am already paid."

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE same day Colin went to the lord lieutenant's at Grasse, returning to La Napoule early next morning. Judge Hautmartin, meanwhile, smiled maliciously, and quieted all Mother Manon's fears by swearing that he would agree to cut off his nose if Colin did not pay up the three hundred livres.

Mistress Manon spoke to Father Jerome about the wedding; and gave him particular instructions to impress upon Mariette's mind the necessity of obedience to the will of her mother. The good old gentleman, although he heard not the half of what was screamed in his ear, promised faithfully to do so.

When the Monday morning came, Mother Manon said to her daughter, "Dress yourself prettily, Mariette, and take this wreath of myrtles to Father Jerome; he wants it for a bride."

Mariette arrayed herself in her Sunday's best, took the wreath without suspicion, and wended her way towards the priest's.

On the way, she was met by Colin, who greeted her kindly and modestly—and when he heard whither she was carrying the wreath, intimated that he was going the same way, as he had to pay Father Jerome his church tithes. As they went along together, he gently seized her hand, whereupon both trembled as though they meditated some monstrous crime against each other.

"Have you forgotten me?" whispered Colin, sorrowfully. "Ah! Mariette, what have I done that you should treat me so cruelly?"



She could reply nothing but,  
 "Be not distressed, Colin—you shall have the ribbon again, and I shall keep your pitcher. Did you really give it to me?"  
 "Ah, Mariette! can you doubt it? Everything that I have would I gladly give you. Will you not, in future, treat me kindly, as others do?"  
 She answered not. Only as they entered the priest's house, and looking up she saw his beautiful eyes in tears, she whispered to him, "Dear Colin;" whereupon dear Colin stooped and kissed her hand. Here the door of an apartment opened, and the priest dressed in his robes stood before them. The young people, as if seized with dizziness, clung affectionately to each other; but I know not whether it was the effect of the kissing, or arose from awe in the presence of the venerable father.

Mariette handed him the myrtle wreath. He placed it upon her head, and commencing with the text, "Little children do you love one another?" impressed upon her in the most eloquent and touching manner the necessity of loving Colin. For the old man, through his hardness of hearing, had not heard the bridegroom's name, or else Mother Manon had forgotten to mention it.

Mariette's heart gave way under the eloquence of the old man, and weeping and sobbing, she cried,

"Ah! I have long loved him, but he hates me."

"I hate you, Mariette!" said Colin. "Since you came to La Napoule I have loved you alone. Oh, Mariette! how could I hope that you loved me, when all La Napoule was at your feet?"

"Why did you avoid me, Colin, and prefer all my companions?"

"Oh, Mariette! whenever I saw you I was overcome with fear and trembling, sorrow and love. I had not the courage to approach you when you were near, and yet when you were absent I was still more unhappy."

While this conversation was going on, the old man supposed they were quarrelling; so joining their hands together, he said again, "Little children, love ye one another?"

Here Mariette sank on Colin's breast, while Colin threw his arms around her, and their countenances beamed with joy. They forgot the priest, the whole world. Colin pressed his lips on Mariette's. Distracted in mind they unconsciously followed Father Jerome into the church.

"Mariette!" sighed he.

"Colin!" sighed she.

There were several worshippers in the church.—They witnessed with astonishment the marriage of Colin and Mariette. Many ran out even before the ceremony was concluded to spread the news in La Napoule.

When all was over, Father Jerome, rejoicing that he had so well succeeded in his persuasions, led the bride and bridegroom into his house.

## CHAPTER XVII.

MANON came running in out of breath. She had long waited for the appearance of the bridegrooms, but he had not arrived. Out of patience, she had at last gone to Judge Hautmartin's. Her terrible news was in store for her. The lord lieutenant had arrived on a commission of inquiry into the conduct of the judge, who had been arrested and thrown into prison.

"That rascally Colin is surely at the bottom of this," she thought; and ran hastily to the priest's house to explain the cause of the postponement of the wedding. The priest stepped forward proudly to meet her, with the bride and bridegroom at his side.

But when the true state of the case dawned upon Mother Manon, she was deprived of mind and tongue. But Colin's mind and tongue seemed all the more powerful. He spoke eloquently of his love, of the broken pitcher, of Judge Hautmartin's treachery, the reasons of his having been brought to justice, and finally asked Mother Manon's blessing.

Father Jerome, when after a considerable time he was made to understand the nature of the case, folded his hands together piously, and consoled himself by repeating with uplifted eyes,

"The providences of Heaven are wonderful!"

Colin and Mariette kissed his hands; and Mother Manon, out of their respect for the Providences of Heaven, gave the young pair her blessing—remarking at the same time, that she hardly knew whether she was standing on her head or her heels.

"And am I really a wife?" asked Mariette; "and really Colin's wife?"

Mother Manon nodded her head, and Mariette, leaning on Colin's arm, departed for his dwelling.

"See, here, Mariette," said Colin, as they passed through the garden; "see the flowers which I cultivated so carefully for your pitcher."

Colin who had not dreamed of so happy an ending to his unhappy life, invited all the neighbourhood to a great feast at his house. It lasted two days. Who could describe Colin's joy and the splendour of

the entertainment? Even Mother Manon rejoiced in her son-in-law, as she now first became fully aware of his wealth, and particularly as Judge Hautmartin, in company with his nose, lay imprisoned in Grasse.

To this day, the broken pitcher remains in the family, and is respected as a sacred relic.

## THE COMPACT;

OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

Anderson clung to the window-sill, and strove not to tremble, although he felt his knees knock together, and a cold perspiration broke out on every limb.

"A letter?" said Mrs. Delmair.

"Yes, a positive—letter."

By the tone in which this last word was spoken, Anderson felt, assured that Mrs. Brown had stooped to pick up the forged document, and he was confirmed in this belief when she added,—

"Goodness gracious, it's addressed to Mr. Meriton. He must have dropped it out of his pocket. I wonder if there is any secret in it."

"Scarcely," said Mrs. Delmair; "but I will give it to him when he comes in, Mrs. Brown."

"Ahem! Mrs. Delmair, I couldn't help just seeing the first words—and the last words; it's from—a female."

"Good evening, ladies," said Anderson, and he staggered towards the door of the rooth, but was prevented from going out by meeting Maria on the threshold, to whom Mrs. Brown abruptly said,—

"Lor, Maria, here's a letter of Mr. Meriton's—he has dropped it from his pocket. It might interest you."

"Could you fancy me, madam, so base as to peruse it?"

"Oh, marry come up—an air and a grace. What a tail our cat's got. I have no such scrupulousness. Bless my heart, what's it all about?"

"Mrs. Brown," cried Maria, "this is unpardonable."

"Oh, pho—pho!"

"In the name of common honour, I protest against violation of the most ordinary propriety. A letter is a sacred thing, madam."

"Ah, but this is open."

Anderson could not bring himself to leave the room, and he slunk into a chair by the door, while he licked his lips with feverish impatience.

"Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Delmair, "oblige me by letting the letter lie on the mantel shelf till Mr. Meriton comes in."

"Indeed I won't. Stuff and nonsense—here goes. Lor bless me, I'm quite inclined to hysterics—support me."

"I will not stay," said Maria, "to sanction, by my presence, such a proceeding."

Anderson with his heel prevented her from opening the door, and before she knew what was the obstruction, Mrs. Brown had read as follows:—

"York, August 14, 17—.

"MERITON,—God of Heaven! can it be indeed true that you have forgotten her to whom, with such vows that no one dared to doubt, you pledged your truth and honour? Oh, Meriton, think of what I was, and contrast that proud, because eminent, position with what I am now—what you have made me. Till I saw you I was happy in gentleness and innocence; now I am an outcast, and my name a reproach. I appeal to you now for the last time. Have mercy, Meriton, upon her you have reduced to misery and shame, and thus abandoned. Your child, too—have you no human feelings for that? Does your heart not yearn to look upon the face of that little thing that some day must call you father? Meriton, Meriton, you cannot be the fiend in human guise your last letter would proclaim you.

"You there tell me our marriage was a mockery, and that the ceremony I thought made me your wife was performed by one of your abandoned associates. Oh, God! Meriton, may you never, in your hour of greatest bitterness, feel the amount of anguish you have given to me by such a declaration—"

Maria Delmair, with a faint scream, sunk upon a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE RETURN.—THE INDIGNANT DENIAL.—THE ACCUSATION OF ANDERSON.—MERITON'S DESPAIR AND DEPARTURE.

ANDERSON'S countenance lost its pale hue, and assumed the flushing appearance of purple, as now he knew that suspicion was awakened in the heart of Maria Delmair of Meriton's honour. As for poor Maria



herself it seemed to her as if she had been suddenly struck dead, and the world was gliding from her for ever and ever. Thought was for some moments paralyzed. The dreadful words of that letter, so conclusive of the falsehood, and the dark baseness of him who had won her love, appeared to be repeated in endless echoes. Maria Delmair was not one of the fainting order of young ladies, or at that moment she must have lapsed into utter insensibility; as it was, however, some minutes passed, before she could recover sufficient consciousness to become aware that something was expected to be done by her under the circumstances.

Mrs. Delmair forgot the imaginary baby she had been nursing so long, and had it been a real one, she would most likely have dashed its brains out on the floor, for she gave such a start, and lifted up her hands with such an expression of horror, that it was evident the letter and the letter only possessed all her faculties.

Even Mrs. Brown's curiosity, stimulated as it was, was forced to pause a moment to take breath, ere she could proceed with that ominous epistle, of which, however, she had read amply sufficient already to produce all the effects that could have been produced had she finished it to the last word.

Her mouth opened as, if she meditated swallowing the forged epistle, and so putting an end at once to it and all conjectures concerning it, and it was only by a great effort that she at last contrived to say,

"Murder and fire! Gracious Heavens!"

Anderson again felt that it would better for him to go and leave the letter to work without him, but, as often as such a prudent thought occurred to him as often he fancied he could not tear himself away from a scene, a proper account of which he could never have except from his own observations.

Therefore, although twice he rose, twice he sat down again, with a resolution to remain and bide the issue of the affair which had commenced so auspiciously to his particular views.

Most of all did he, with a feverish impatience, wait for Maria's first words, in order that he might come to a judgment as to what effect the forged document had had upon her.

"The Lord have mercy upon us!" said Mrs. Brown, "who would have thought of this. Wickedness, your name is a male man."

"My dear," said Mrs. Delmair to Maria, as she crossed the room, and took her tenderly the hand, "do not grieve at this. It is providential." Maria burst into tears.

"Do not weep, my darling. You have had an escape on which you should rather congratulate yourself."

"Ah, to be sure," cried Mrs. Brown. "What a dreadful thing it is for a young woman to fancy she is marrying a man, and find out he's a roaring lion."

"It is a matter of deep congratulation," said Anderson, "to Maria Delmair, as well as to all her friends, that the villainy of Meriton is unmasked."

The sound of his voice uttering these words appeared to have a more rousing effect upon Maria's spirits than all her mother could say, and probably, indeed, had all the world combined to entreat her to leave off weeping, her tears would not have ceased so suddenly as they now did on hearing that voice speaking such words.

"Sir," she said, as she glanced at Anderson with flashing eyes; "sir, I have before had occasion to inform you that I do not permit the familiarity on the part of those who can never be my friends, of calling me by my Christian name. Your presence here has been an intrusion the whole of this evening; now it is an absolute, unconditional rudeness."

Anderson bit his under lip till the blood started; and he replied, in a low voice, indicative of suppressed passion,—

"I have been of late wonderfully indebted to Miss Delmair's lady-like courtesies, and I find she is still willing to add to the amount of the obligation."

"I have no words to waste on such as you are," said Maria—begone, sir. Begone!

"Not yet," added Anderson. "In your calmer judgment, Miss Delmair, you will regret having spoken thus harshly to one who never injured, or wished in any manner to offend you."

"Well, I never, Maria!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown; "what, in the name of goodness, makes you so violent against Mr. Anderson—for one would think you thought he had written the letter himself that I have read?"

Anderson nearly fell off his chair at this accidental home thrust. Maria glanced at him immediately, and, with a shudder, exclaimed,—

"Who knows—who knows!"

An inarticulate murmur of some sort of denial came from the lips of Anderson, and Maria continued,—

"Mother, give me that letter. Having heard so much of it, it now becomes a duty for me to hear the whole—a duty to myself, and to—to him."

"Do you mean Mr. Meriton?" said Mrs. Brown, as she handed the letter to Maria. "I thought he was making up to you.—Didn't I say so, Mrs. Delmair?"

"Should this accusation prove false," said Maria, with so much calmness as she could assume, "Mr. Meriton will be my husband, Mrs. Brown, therefore, you need trouble yourself with no more ingenious conjectures upon that subject. If true, I tear him from my heart, as I tear —"

She made a movement, as if about to rend the letter into fragments, but her mother interposed, saying,—

"No, my dear—do not destroy that letter. The proof of its truth or its falsehood, must depend upon its preservation, not its destruction—keep it, and keep it carefully."

Maria stopped in the progress of destroying the letter, and replied,—

"You are right, mother—you are right; it shall be preserved to the confusion of some one. Heaven, at present, only knows who."

"Amen," said Anderson. "We are all, however, in a tolerable state now to judge against whom that letter from York would tell."

"From York!" cried Maria. "No one mentioned York but you, sir. —How came you to know the letter was from York?"

Maria said this so suddenly, and fixed her beautiful eyes, with such keenness, on the face of Anderson, that it was not in the power of mortal to avoid looking confused. With a stammering voice, he said,—

"Mrs. Brown said York. I am sure you said York, Mrs. Brown.—I am certain a lady of your discrimination would not read a letter without saying from whence it came."

"I dare say I did say York," replied Mrs. Brown. "Really, Maria, you are very touchy to Mr. Anderson: You should reserve your anger for him who deserves it."

Maria made no reply to this, but rapidly read over the letter with a burning cheek and a flushed brow; then she handed it to her mother, and in a voice, which showed the great struggle between her wish that Meriton should be innocent, and her conviction of his guilt, she said,—

"Mother, do you take it—Meriton will be here very shortly, and we will show it to him—if innocent, he is wholly so—if guilty, —"

She paused, and Anderson filled up the sentence, by adding, "he is awfully guilty, indeed—was it you, Mrs. Delmair, who remarked upon the lucky escape your daughter had had—truly, she don't seem aware of it, and requires again to be assured of her good fortune."

"This is unsufferable," said Maria, rising.

"Nay, my dear," interposed he mother, "remain here; Mr. Anderson will see the propriety of leaving us now."

"At your request, most certainly, madam," said Anderson, rising; "I only remained, to afford you protection against the violence of a detected imposter. You will bear in mind that that letter was found beneath the chair on which Meriton had been sitting."

"And you subsequently," said Maria.

"And I subsequently," he continued; "you are quite correct, Miss Delmair. I am glad to find that my actions have so much interest in your eyes, as to be so far taken notice of."

He then moved towards the door, saying,—

"Mrs. Brown, I have the honour of wishing you good night. Pray present my respects to your amiable daughter? By the bye, Mrs. Delmair, let us always give the accused person the benefit of any circumstance in his favour. That letter purports to come from York."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mrs. Brown, glancing over it, as Mrs. Delmair held it open in her hand.

"Then I should say, if it has not the York post mark, it may be a fabrication."

"It has," said Mrs. Delmair, as she turned the letter over and saw indubitable proofs of its having passed regularly by post from York.

"Good night, ladies," added Anderson, with a slight touch of irony in his tone—"Good night."

At that moment a double knock sounded on the street door, and Anderson stepped back into the room, saying,—

"If that is Meriton, I stay."

"Do," exclaimed Maria—"meet him if you dare!"

"Dare? A brave word for a young lady to use. You will find that an innocent man dare easily meet a guilty one. Miss Delmair, you allow your little disappointment of the heart to overcome your judgment."

Tom by this time had opened the door for Meriton, and with the brief communication of,— "There's a shindy in the parlour," he left him to find out what he meant at his leisure.

Rather surprised at the announcement, and expecting that it could refer to nothing but some impertinence on the part of Anderson, Meriton, without the ceremony of knocking, at once entered the parlour, where he looked around him with no little surprise at the various attitudes of the excited group within it.

No one spoke for a moment, and Maria first broke the painful silence by going up to Meriton, and laying her hand upon his heart as she said,—

"Meriton, as if you were before your God, answer me truly. Had you a letter this evening in your pocket?"



"What—what—what, is the meaning of all this, Maria; what has happened—what letter?"

"A letter from York."

"York—York! I have no letter from York. What do you mean?"

"Meriton—Meriton, as you have a hope of Heaven, be truthful. A letter from York addressed to you —"

"Addressed to me? I know nobody at York; and yet, of course, I cannot undertake to say that a letter from York cannot come to me. Where is it?"

"Well acted—admirably acted," said Anderson.

Meriton, turned on him for an instant a glance, rather of curiosity than any other feeling, and then addressing Maria, he said,—

"Good God, Maria! What is the meaning of all this? For Heaven's sake explain to me!"

"I will. The letter, mother. Look here, Meriton. Behind the chair on which you sat was found this epistle. Look at it well, Meriton; peruse it, and then answer me."

She held the letter to him with both hands, and yet they trembled so, that he could scarcely take it from her. When he did, she crossed her hands upon her breast, as if by pressure she would keep down the struggling feelings that had there found a home, and awaited with straining eyes, and an attention painful to look upon, what he should next say to her.

Meriton took the letter, and turned it over and over in silent wonder for some minutes.

"It is addressed to me," he said. "Who opened it?"

"Read—read," said Maria.

"Admirably acted. Bravo—bravo!" said Anderson.

Poor Meriton was thoroughly confounded, and he commenced rapidly, and with a bewildered mind that made him doubt if he were awake or dreaming, the latter which had already produced so much mischief, while poor Maria fixed her eyes upon his countenance with such an expression of unutterable interest, that any one but a man so far debased, and the slave of his own passions, as Anderson then was, must have melted into pity at such a spectacle. He, however, felt none. No feeling now animated him but hatred against both Meriton and Maria, for the latter he now felt assured never would be his were he to be the last man left alive in the world, and to now become her most abject slave for ever.

Meriton read the letter through before he spoke, or gave any outward visible sign of how the contents affected him. Then a deadly paleness came across his face, which was very soon succeeded by a vehement flush of colour, and dropping the letter at his feet, he said,—

"Maria, do you believe this?"

"How can she help believing it," cried Anderson. "Upon my word, Meriton, you must fancy you have an extraordinary power over people's credulity."

"I will talk with you presently," said Meriton, quite calm. "Maria, do you believe this?"

"You—you deny it?"

Poor Maria Delmair had kept up till now, but her strength at last failed her, and before she could become cognizant of Meriton's reply, she fainted, and was only timely caught by her lover, or she would have fallen heavily to the ground.

Mrs. Delmair, aided by Mrs. Brown, immediately relieved him from his burthen, which he felt as none; and the former, with tears starting from her eyes, said,—

"Mr. Meriton, God forgive you, but I cannot, for bringing this misery upon me and my child. You should have sought some other victim, perhaps more capable of resisting you, because better protected, or possibly loving each other less. Go, sir, and may we never see your face again."

"Oh, go," cried Mrs. Brown. "Oh, you wretch! You monster on only two legs! go! I do believe it was you who invented a calumny that my daughter Georgiana was fat and flabby. Go, you rhinoceros, go!"

Meriton looked from one to the other, perfectly bewildered; he could scarcely find breath to say,—

"Hear me: as there is a God in Heaven, I deny the allegations in that letter, or that I saw it until this moment."

"Who expected him to admit it?" said Anderson. "A man who could act in the manner thus described, would be a strange and inconsistent mortal to stop at a simple falsehood; don't you think so, Mrs. Brown?"

"Ah, to be sure. We ain't quite idiots, I think. Why don't you go, you ill-tempered wretch? Perhaps you'd like to eat the girl after you have attempted to ruin her prospects for life, you humbug!"

"Maria—Maria," cried Meriton. "Maria, one word."

"Not one, sir," said Mrs. Delmair. "If you have one spark of shame, of honour, or of feeling left, you will immediately quit my house."

"Can you, Meriton, really say after this?" said Anderson, bitterly, and ironically. "Truly you are a man of sense."

Meriton turned to Anderson; and, looking him full in the face, a scrutiny which the other tried in vain to endure with fortitude, for after about a quarter of a minute he turned his eyes shrinking away.

"Anderson," said Meriton, "God have mercy upon you. I begin to see through this awful cloud of mystery. You and I will have an account to settle soon. To-morrow I will see you. Now I cannot trust myself. Mrs. Delmair, hear me. You are abused."

"Pho! pho!" cried Mrs. Brown; "if anybody was abused, I should say it was my Georgiana. I am convinced you invented the 'fat and flabby'; and after that I consider you capable of anything."

"Mr. Meriton," cried Mrs. Delmair, "I did not think that three times I should have had to implore you to leave my house."

Meriton made a step towards Maria, who lay upon a sofa, still perfectly insensible, but Mrs. Delmair interposed, and then he seemed about to say something which he either thought better of, or could not find speech to utter, and he walked from the parlour to the street-door, which he opened and closed after him like a man in a dream, who is moving onward without aim, and without reflection, he knows not whither.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

ANDERSON'S MOCK CONDOLENCE WITH MRS. DELMAIR.—THE REFUTATION OF THE ACCUSATION BY MARIA.—THE VOW.—ANDERSON'S RAGE.

It was a positive relief to Anderson when Maria left the room, for, notwithstanding his success, the bitterness of her grief was exceedingly painful to him, and sounded ill in his ears, since it was caused by the supposed treachery of another, who must have made a deep impression on her heart ere such feelings could exist or find their vent.

He breathed more freely, and looked round the room, like the criminal who is relieved from the presence of his accuser; he could almost fancy himself free from any participation of the guilt, and turning to Mrs. Delmair, he said with affected sorrow,—

"I much regret, Mrs. Delmair, the unpleasant position you are placed in; it must be trying in the extreme to one of your mind and nerves—sorrow and disappointment are feelings that must not be indulged in to excess, else the injury that may occur to the constitution is very great."

"So it is," sighed Mrs. Brown; "Mr. Anderson, you are a gentleman as can feel for another, as the psalms say; indeed I have often said it myself, but poor Mrs. Delmair, you see, has not the strongest nerves in the world."

"We can scarcely expect it," replied Anderson; "but Mrs. Delmair will, I dare say, see that much must be done to console Maria after her disappointment."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Delmair; "it is a great blow to Maria, I dare say, but I never conversed much with her on the subject, and know but little about the affair."

"Ah! my dear Mrs. Delmair," said Mrs. Brown, laying her hand upon her, "you must leave your daughter to recover herself; the young mind you see is elastic—like a spring cushion, it goes up and down, according to circumstances—but with you and me, Mrs. Delmair, disappointments at our time of life would bear us down, and we should never get up any more."

"Exactly," said Anderson; "Mrs. Delmair must, of course, take great care of herself; but she will find much consolation in attempting to assuage the grief of others, as I dare say you know by experience."

"Indeed I do, sir," replied Mrs. Brown; "you are quite right; we lose the grief at our misfortunes while we attend to that of others; now do, Mrs. Delmair, give over grieving, and endeavour to persuade Maria to come into the room and compose herself."

"That is very discreet advice," remarked Anderson, "but I fear Maria would scarce do so; she is, you see, not so well calculated to attend to the advice given her; she is young, and not endowed with the same feelings that those who have seen much of the world usually possess."

"That's true," said Mrs. Brown, who had a notion that whatever Anderson said was complimentary of herself, though in what particular she would have been puzzled to explain; she, together with Anderson, overwhelmed Mrs. Delmair, and that good lady had but little opportunity to say anything at all, and she been so inclined.

Mrs. Brown was ready to advise anything and everything, without troubling herself much about the nature of the remedy, or disease, and Anderson hoped in this confusion to reinstate himself in the good opinion of Mrs. Delmair, and to obtain a footing in the family that would give him the opportunity of being present with Maria, and at leisure to prosecute his suit and to place himself, if possible, in the same position with reference to Maria, that Meriton had but a short time previously held.

Anderson worked for this under disadvantages; he was somewhat startled even by the success of his own villainy, and he scarce knew



what was the best mode of action—what was best to say—to do—or to advise; and yet he wished to keep up an easy flow of conversation, that should engage the good opinion of Mrs. Delmair.

This would have been a difficult task, had not Mrs. Brown's loquacity aided him, for it left little time for reflection, thought, or reply, to what he said, which he felt conscious was not the most rational, merely piling condolence to Mrs. Delmair.

In fact, if he could get over the present moment, he felt all would be well; but he wished to do so with flying colours, and he thought himself an injured man by the line of conduct pursued towards him.

While he was addressing some more condoling remarks, and appearing very much affected at what had occurred, Maria re-entered the apartment, and said to Mrs. Delmair,—

"Do not have any conversation with that man respecting either me or Mr. Meriton."

"My dear Maria," said Mrs. Delmair, who was interrupted by Mrs. Brown, saying,—

"Oh, Maria, do not speak of Mr. Anderson in that manner. I am sure he has been talking in the handsomest manner to Mrs. Delmair, and wouldn't hurt a hair of anybody's head."

"I am sure," returned Maria, "that there is no truth in that villainous letter. I'll not believe a word about it."

"Miss Delmair," said Anderson, rising, "to insinuate aught against that letter, which has shown in so unenviable and unamiable a light, the character of one of whom you held a better opinion than he deserved —"

"That has yet to be proved, sir," remarked Maria, hastily.

"I repeat, than he deserved; yet be not unjust to others—doubt what you will, but do not couple me and what you doubt together. If I have unfortunately failed in winning these opinions of you I could have desired, let not that be a cause for unhandsome and unmerited aspersion."

This was rather a stroke of policy in Anderson, which he thought would serve to gild his own conduct in the eyes of the two ladies, and, probably, reduce Maria to silence; but in this he was mistaken, for Maria saw through the manoeuvre, and despised it, and turning to her mother, she said,—

"I again repeat, rather, that I do not credit the contents of that letter. I believe it false from my heart and soul; and more—I will use every endeavour to discover all connected with it."

"But, my dear Maria," said Mrs. Brown, "how could you doubt it? Why, child, it's got the government post mark upon it; it is stamped with truth—isn't it, Mr. Anderson?"

"It has all the marks of being genuine about it, I must confess," replied Mr. Anderson. "I never read a more affecting appeal in all my life, and one that could scarcely be made in vain to any one possessing the commonest attributes of humanity."

"Such comments are ill-suited to one who might desire the disgrace of another," said Maria.

"Maria, my dear," said Mrs. Delmair, "you are unusually warm. I do not see that you need make any remark about these affairs; Mr. Meriton has quitted the house, and I hope his name will not be again sounded here—I have seen enough to convince me."

"I think so too," chimed in Mrs. Brown; "Lord, how hard it is to convince some people, and young people are, especially, obstinate, and won't be advised. I am sure if my Georgiana were to act so, I should —; but there, 'tis no use making comparisons—they are odious—but this I will say, that if anybody had ever made love to her, and she afterwards found out that he had a young woman in the country in a particular way, why, she'd —; but there, 'tis no use saying what other people won't believe—but she's got a spirit, Georgiana has."

While Mrs. Brown was making this curious oration, Maria scarce knew what to do with herself, and would have quitted the room, but she wished to mark more decidedly her disapprobation of Anderson's conduct.

"I hope that Miss Delmair will yet hold better opinions than she does at present; and when time shall have softened the past, she will not look, with a cold eye, upon her well wishers and devoted friends."

"If, sir," said Maria, "you hope to gain anything by the disgrace, and, I believe, calumny of one who is not present, you are most miserably mistaken, in the estimate you have formed of my character. Since so much has been said, hear what I have further to say: should that letter prove to be genuine, and the contents true, it will not advance your cause one atom—for if I never wed Mr. Meriton, I declare, before God, that I will never marry another."

Before Mrs. Brown or Anderson could make a reply, she quitted the apartment, leaving them all stupefied at what they had heard.

A few seconds sufficed to recover Anderson, whose anger and rage had risen to the utmost pitch, and with a half-uttered curse he rushed from the room, seized his hat, and precipitately quitted the house, and rushed frantically along the street.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE MOTHER.

Happy woman, who hast bound  
Love within a magic round  
Of home duties, and the ties  
Of thy true heart's sympathies!  
What to thee is daily care,  
Early waking, homely fare,  
Arduous toils, and watchings late—  
What?—Thy being's useful state,  
That which makes thee what thou art,  
Beautiful, and pure of heart!  
God hath given thee to fulfil,  
Duties: and thy cheerful will  
Doeth well the part assigned:  
And thy days of labour hard  
Bring abundant rich reward,  
Strength of body, peace of mind!

Woman, oft on such as thou,  
With thy calm, maternal brow,  
With thy heart, whose holy spring  
Knows no wild disquieting,  
Do I look, even with a sense  
Of admiring reverence:

With a wish, that I, like thee,  
Had no restless yearnings fond  
Towards what is our grasp beyond—  
Had no eagle thought impelling  
Onward, upward—that the welling  
Of my soul's strong tide would be  
Like thine own, a stream that flows  
Ever, yet no tumult knows.

Blessing to the Power benign,  
Who warms that mother's heart of thine—  
And hath made thy soul's delight  
Thine own children in thy sight,  
And doth give, like morning dew,  
The goods thy spirit elings unto!  
Blessing be to God! for he  
Hath many mothers made like thee—  
Many spirits, whose calm worth,  
Like spring sunbeams on the earth,  
Makes a bliss where'er it shine!

Go, thou happy one, and cast  
Light thy children's home around:  
Fame has nothing that can last  
Like the peace thy heart has found!  
Go, thou art not poor, though lowly,  
Thy life's wealth is duty holy;  
And the ceaseless joys that rise  
From thy heart's warm charities,  
These are better than the blind  
Dreamings of a stronger mind!

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. GOGGS.—"The Convict" is in hand; we are obliged by the repeated favours of our esteemed correspondent.

Accepted.—"The Arabian Steed."

Declined with Thanks.—"The Brothers;" and "To Jessy."

D. WRIGHT (Aberdeen).—We hope you may never have cause to change your present good opinion respecting us. "The Highlands," &c., is intended for insertion.

FANNY DONAGAN.—"Harold;" "The Fanny Cobbler;" "Mary Erldon;" and "Oh, Who Would be a Baby?" shall receive early insertion. But we must decline "Tickets for the Tower," on account of its great length. We do not think the fair authoress has done justice to her portrait.

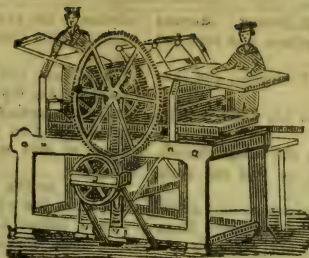
T. ROWE, JUN.—No index was published to Vol. I. There are several numbers out of print.

Co.—We are obliged for the favours already received; but are sorry to say that we cannot accept any article on the terms proposed.

O. H. OUSTAIN.—"Eugenio Varchi" is accepted; but the author will excuse us when we say that it is bad taste to intersperse an article so thickly with foreign words—nothing is gained by it, but an imputation of pedantry. We must insist upon the exercise of our prerogative, and make what alterations we, in our discretion, may deem necessary.



# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

In an old lonely castle lived, quite secluded from the world, a young man named Mornan. He was descended from a noble family; his father had left him great possessions; but the well-known thirty years' war had done such havoc to his property, that he had now little of it remaining: a small portion of land to the west, two burnt down villages, and his old patrimonial castle now in ruins.

The prince of the country where his lands were situated, had lately returned, and, with the best intentions, was determined to give every assistance in his power to those who might require it. Mornan, who had served under the prince, had greatly distinguished himself by his bravery, penetration, and fine feeling of honour, and, through these inestimable qualities, gained the esteem and affection of the prince.

The whole of Mornan's household consisted of one old faithful servant, who had accompanied him in the wars, and now acted both the part of valet and cook.

Mornan was mostly out shooting, not so much from the love of that sport as from a roving disposition that could not bear confinement.

Employed in this manner, the summer passed quickly by, and the golden appearance of his garden bespoke the arrival of autumn. One evening, walking leisurely along, absorbed in thought, he came to the top of a hill, from which he perceived, at a short distance, a venerable old church. Mornan had never been in this place before, neither had he heard anything respecting the church. Prompted by curiosity, he entered. Through the yellow, blue, and red windows shone the sun, which threw a most dazzling light upon the altar.

The beautiful stillness that reigned wrapt his soul in meditation, and he was upon the point of kneeling down, to pour forth a pious ejaculation to his Maker, when he heard a slight noise, and, looking round, he saw a young lady, about the middle height, dressed in black, rise from a tomb, throw her mantle over her beautiful shoulders and neck, and quit the church.

Mornan was bewildered to know what to think of this circumstance, but walked to the tomb, upon which he read the following inscription:

"Here lies Sir Ernest Rothweg,  
who was killed on his return home.  
God be merciful to his soul."

Whilst Mornan was reading this, he saw an old sexton come out of the vestry, who appeared to be pondering over something that hung on his mind; he addressed Mornan by saying,—

"Excuse me, sir, but I must lock the doors of the church."

"As you like, my good man, but first tell me whose tomb this is?"

"Why, you can read it, can't you?"

"Do the Rothwegs live in the neighbourhood?"

"Their old castle is about a quarter of a mile from here, though the family is now extinct."

At these words he heaved a sigh, and a large tear trickled down his cheek.

Mornan observed his anguish, and, in a compassionate tone, further proceeded,—

"I saw, but a few minutes ago, a young lady. Is she perhaps——"

"No—no," said the sexton, interrupting him. "Go, and pray Heaven to keep you from further curiosity."

Mornan had not the inclination to remain longer, or to ask any further questions. He slowly quitted the church, and returned home in a pensive and rather melancholy mood.

Next morning, quite unexpected, arrived the young prince, in company of a huntsman and servant. The prince informed him that, having lost himself while hunting, he had taken refuge at Rothweg Castle.

"It has cost me rather dear," said he, "for I must pay with my heart."

The prince informed Mornan, that the Lady Mary Sarnen lived with her aunt at Rothweg, and that Mary was the only person he could ever love.

Mornan thought of the occurrence at the church, and his heart throbbed in his breast.

In further conversation, Mornan learned that the old prince, his father, had already a marriage in view for his son, and was eagerly looking forward to its celebration.

"And what do you intend to do?" asked Mornan.

"What to do, I know not," replied the prince. "Lady Mary is such a beautiful creature, that if for her favours I have to give her my hand I shall not think it too much."

Mornan was surprised at what he heard, and knew not what might be the consequences, owing to the romantic disposition of the prince and stern character of his father. He reasoned warmly and forcibly with the prince, to dissuade him from such a proceeding, but the prince cut him very short by observing,—

"My own mother was not of noble birth."

He then desired that Mornan would accompany him to Rothweg, where he was going. Mornan complied with the prince's request.

The old lady received them with evident confusion.

"Mary is unwell," said she, "so that must plead an excuse for her not appearing."

At dinner the conversation became more fluent, and the prince inquired, among other things, if she had by purchase obtained Rothweg.

She answered, "Yes." But one could perceive an inward emotion.

"Your highness," she continued, "must remember that the last possessor of Rothweg was in debt and his possessions sold."

The prince had but a faint recollection. He now sought to turn the conversation on the family of Lady Sarnen.

"Your family is not, I presume, German?"

"No, no; my native land is Switzerland. My daughter was married to a German nobleman."

As she uttered this, a heavy sigh swelled her bosom.

"You seem to have seen better circumstances?" said the prince, in a compassionate tone of voice.

"Thank God, it is not my fault that I am as I am, but through the wickedness of a man who could not control his wild passions."

The prince was, for a moment, absorbed in thought, but seeing the picture of Mary hanging on the wall, a glow of admiration sparkled in his eyes. As he took his departure, he shook the lady warmly by the hand, saying,—

"You shall soon know that I not only honour your niece, but love her!"

Mornan knew well the meaning of what he heard, but his efforts were useless; and, coming to a turning in the road, the prince wished him adieu.

Melancholy, Mornan returned to his castle, and passed a restless night.

The rainy season now set in, which prevented Mornan from quitting the castle; but, on the return of fine weather, his first impulse was to revisit the church. What took him there, he knew not. On his arrival there, he found the church door locked, so he sat himself down on a stone before it.

As he was meditating on the late strange events, a man on horse-



back advanced to him, and inquired his road to Rothwegg. Mornan perceived directly that he was an attendant of the prince, and returned an evasive answer.

Mornan determined the next day to proceed to Rothwegg, and save such an innocent creature.

When he arrived home, his old servant placed in his hand a note, which Mornan opened and read as follows:

"The ever-watchful Mornan is besought to be at the village church, as the clock strikes ten. It is an adventure which he will not allow to escape him."

He at first thought Lady Sarnen required his assistance, but determined to see what it was. Time found him, at the appointed hour, in the church. For a few moments he was alone; but presently the old sexton came to him, and said,—

"I implore you, for God's sake, and everything that you hold sacred, to do what will be told you; you will save an angel, and turn danger from yourself."

The sexton disappeared; and, in the same instant, the vestry door opened. A boy came forward, and besprinkled the altar; after him came a priest; four armed men advanced through the door, with drawn sword, who motioned to Mornan to follow them.

He stopped short for a moment, and looked satisfactorily at his sword, but directly recovered himself and followed.

Four other armed men came out of the vestry, bringing with them a lady clad in white: they also approached the altar. One of them brought the lady to Mornan's side, and whispered in his ear,—

"You must here wed one another, or this dark hour will cost your life!"

"Who shall dare compel me?" cried Mornan, unsheathing his sword.

The young lady uttered a cry and wrung her hands, and then her veil fell from her face, and Mornan beheld Mary Sarnen. White and trembling was the beautiful girl, as she supported herself on Mornan's arm; all was silence, when a deep sepulchral "Ah!" sounded from the tomb. Mornan remembered the words of the sexton.

"Yes," exclaimed Mornan, "I will save you, innocent being!" at the same time he grasped her by the hand, and turning to the priest, said,—

"Holy sir, do your duty."

The ceremony commenced; one of the armed men, who had in readiness two rings, after the ceremony was over, signed his name to the contract. Mornan hesitated not to sign his name, but Mary looked at him doubtfully.

"Why not acknowledge what is done," said Mornan; and she immediately signed her name.

One of the men took the paper and departed; the priest and others left; and Mornan and Mary found themselves alone. Overcome with the scene, Mary was obliged to lean against a pillar for support; Mornan spoke words of comfort to her; but it was fruitless—she sank exhausted in his arms. The sexton appeared with wine, saying to Mornan,—

"Now, sir, you can go home, for after this you must need rest."

Mornan determined not to leave the church until every particle of anger was over; though the sexton assured him his services were required no longer. Mornan, however, remained till day-break, and then left the church.

As he was returning home at the top of the hill, he perceived some children, whose mother had sent them out to beg for a pious, good old lady.

"And who is your mother?" asked Mornan.

"My mother is a poor woman," answered a little girl about ten years of age; "we live in the vale."

"And why do you beg for that good, pious old lady?"

"Because she fed us, and clothed us in our illness."

"And what is her name?" inquired Mornan.

"That I don't know; she lives in that castle."

"The name I know well," said a little boy; "her name is Sarnen."

Mornan gave the children a few pence; at this instant his thoughts turned to Mary, and he determined to proceed forthwith to the castle. As he was going to enter, the porter met him, telling him the family had departed, and he could allow nobody to enter.

"Departed!" exclaimed Mornan.

"Yes, an hour ago."

"And whence to?"

"I do not know."

"Which way did they take?"

"I do not know."

Mornan thought, that most probably she had sought protection in a cloister. Pensively he returned home deeply pondering over what had so recently occurred. At last he determined to go to the old prince, acquaint him of his marriage with Mary Sarnen, requesting his per-

mission to use every means to discover her. So many intentions bewildering his brain, he allowed time to pass over without acting upon any.

Eight days had passed since the late strange occurrence; Mornan had every day repaired to the church in hopes of hearing something further respecting Mary; when, on the ninth day, he found the sexton sitting on a stone before the church. Mornan immediately inquired of him respecting Mary Sarnen; to which the sexton only replied,—

"Come to the church this evening at ten o'clock, and then you shall know the whole of this late mystery."

Never passed a day so tedious to Mornan. Night advanced, and at ten o'clock Mornan was waiting in the church. There he found the sexton and Mary, who conducted him to the altar. Mary broke the silence, by saying to him,—

"There has been a great mystery hanging over the late proceedings. I have, though blameless, forced you into an alliance, which I now wholly retract—you are free to act as you will."

"God be praised," cried Mornan, "that it has taken place; could I but describe to you my happiness—"

"Your honourable feelings, which will only deceive you," replied Mary, "cannot be fulfilled; let not your bride occasion you one further, or unhappy thought."

"You have cost me many an unhappy thought," replied Mornan; "you, or no one, Mary!—without you the world will be a wilderness; my mouth not only uttered, but my heart felt what was repeated at the altar."

Mary's breast heaved with emotion; she withdrew her hand and was retiring.

"Almighty God," exclaimed Mornan, "incline Mary's heart to look favourably upon me."

He grasped her hand, looking at her with eyes speaking the fondest love.

"Your eyes sink into my very soul, Mornan; I cannot support this moment."

Mary sank in his arms.

"Amen," said the sexton; over whose furrowed cheeks were running the tears. At this moment the trampling of horse's hoofs was heard, an armed man approached the altar—it was the young prince.

"Ha! my rival!" exclaimed he, drawing his sword and rushing upon Mornan.

The sexton threw himself between them exclaiming, in an angry tone,—

"Prince, you are now in the house of God; desecrate not the place with a murder."

With a malicious sneer the prince pushed the sexton from him, and renewed his attack upon Mornan. Mary threw herself upon Mornan to protect him. The sexton again rushed between them, crying in a voice of thunder,—

"You will kill a guiltless man, and disgrace, with your base passion, one who is your sister." The prince started back, thunder-struck; Mary uttered a cry of piercing agony: "Now, prince," said the sexton, "I will disclose to you this dreadful secret: Come here;—I am the man whose name you read on this tomb as dead."

"You—Rothwegg! whose name ever haunts my father?"

"Yes, I am that Rothwegg who have ever haunted your father; I could not obtain revenge, so I enlisted under the enemy. Mary is the unfortunate offspring of your father and my unhappy Agnes, who, I have since learned, ended her days in want and misery; Heaven has preserved me to watch over the years of her daughter. My property was, by your father's command, sold. My mother-in-law bought Rothwegg, to which my aunt succeeded. She brought up Mary in her own name, as your father thought no more of his unfortunate daughter. I returned to the neighbourhood; my aunt, who alone knew of my existence, reported that I was dead. To me, life was immaterial, so I did not contradict the report. Time and troubles have whitened my hair and altered my speech. Prince, I shall shortly appear before my God; I firmly believe he has preserved me to be your saving angel. Hear it with joy and resignation."

"I do hear and believe it," cried the prince, pressing the old man's hand with fervour. He embraced Mary and Mornan, exclaiming,—

"My dear sister!—my brother!"

During this distressing scene, a messenger arrived with news to the prince that his father lay wounded, past all hopes of recovery. The prince felt the anguish of the moment; Mary burst into tears. He was her father, though she had not the courage to give utterance to the word.

"I have now only a sister," said the prince after he had composed himself; "but you shall soon perceive I am a brother to both of you. You, old man, shall receive back your possessions and revive your name."



"God be praised," interrupted the old sexton; "old Rothweg is now dying—the poor sexton will never more quit the church."

As he was thus speaking his frame shook, his eyes became dim, the colour left his cheek; endeavouring to utter a blessing, he fell down at the altar—the vital spark had for ever fled.

"Let our sorrows be one, and our name for ever linked as brothers," said the prince, as he conducted Mornan and Mary out of the church, lest such a scene should render her senseless.

Old Rothweg was buried under the tomb that bore his name, Mornan and Mary were restored to the possession of Rothweg, and Mornan found himself blessed with the affections of a most tender partner. In his will, he left 2,000 florins to the church (about 1674); and to this day the story of the country church is related by the peasants.

J. W.

## LOVE CANNOT BE HID.

Love cannot be hid,  
It will beam from the eye,  
It will smile on the lip,  
It will speak in a sigh.

It asks not the voice  
Its disclosure to aid,  
In silence 'tis told,  
And by blushes betrayed.

Look at constancy's emblem,  
The flower of the sun,  
She still turns to her god,  
Till her bright course is run;

And when every emblem  
Has faded away,  
She droops and she mourns  
For the lord of the day.

So the lover whose eyes  
May be downcast awhile,  
Will gaze on the form  
Of the loved with a smile.

So the lover will mourn,  
When that form is not nigh,  
And the language of love  
Be a tear and a sigh.

W. A. B.

**YOUNG FRANCE.**—A young French artist was sitting, as he conceived, in a most striking attitude, holding in his right hand a tortoise shell, silver-headed cane, his left arm skimbo, one leg thrown over the other, his hair hanging in thick ringlets over his shoulders, and on the top of his head a little soft, yellow, round hat, or rather cap, with a narrow edge turned all round. The hat was less on the top than on the side of his pericranium, where it hung with an air of coxcombry that was exquisitely ludicrous. This is a style which has been recently affected by the young artists of France. The cut of the coat is also peculiar, the object of the whole costume being to imitate the portraits of Raffaele as closely as a slight deference to modern fashion will permit. Thus they separate themselves from the general mass of the community; wherever they meet they are enabled to recognize each other, and they flatter themselves that their moustaches and whiskered cheeks and chins, aided by a studious, languishing look, render them irresistible to the ladies.

**MAJOR JOHN BERNARDI.**—This name is familiar to the readers of book catalogues, as being attached to his life, published in 1729, written by himself in Newgate, where he was a state prisoner, and had been confined, without trial, upwards of thirty years. He was then in his seventy-fourth year. His history is no less memorable than melancholy. In 1672, being then eighteen years old, and a cadet at Portsmouth, he was pressed on board the Royal James at Farnham, but claimed by his captain, and discharged. Had he sailed in that ship, he had died when she was blown up the following year. In that year he lost his parson, and was reduced both in prospect and constitution. He was wounded at the siege of Gibraltar, in 1674, and again in 1675, while parting two gentlemen who were fighting a duel. At the siege of Maestricht, in 1678, he lost an eye, was shot through the arm, and left for dead in the field. He was apprehended in 1696, and accused of being concerned in a plot to assassinate William III. Sufficient evidence could not be brought to prove the fact, and by the acts of six successive parliaments, he was sentenced, with five others, to be detained in prison. Under this extraordinary exercise of legislative power, he was imprisoned more than forty years, and surviving all the partners of his punishment, he died in Newgate at the age of eighty-two.

## CLANAWLY.

A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE MISUNDERSTANDING.

PREVIOUS to entering into the details of this chapter, it may be necessary to describe the positions of the English and Irish armies, both with regard to the nature of the ground occupied and to the direction in which the town lay from each.

As stated before, the English were encamped upon a high hill, overlooking the town and harbour on the north side of both. This was a situation which served to redouble their strength, and give them infinite advantage over the most powerful enemy. There being no other hill of comparative height within convenient distance of the English, the allied troops had, in avoiding them, to pass close to the banks of the river, and approach the town, at the western side thereof. They were compelled to encamp in a sort of marshy soil, a small conical hill lying partly between them and Kinsale; but this they chose not to occupy, as in the event of its being entrenched at the accessible points, their condition would have been nothing better than the troops shut up in the garrison opposite to them; between which and the hill the estuary of the river Bandon flows.

Camp-hill was connected also with the conical elevation by a saddle of land, if such expression may apply to a gently-swelling ridge between both. The walls of the town traversed this ridge in one place, but the point presented to the Irish army was difficult of approach. Another inconvenience under which they suffered was, that the English might attack and enter the town from their position, unperceived by them, in consequence of the above-mentioned undulation of the land. The conical hill at the river side was quite impassable; for, towards the water, it descended in nearly perpendicular cliffs of gigantic shelves of rocks.

Sir George Carew, on the other hand, commanded a prospect of the harbour's mouth, and a view of the ocean to a great distance beyond the points; the garrison occupied by the Spanish troops in the harbour; the landing-places at all coves in the basin, and particularly at the fishing hamlets; the ground occupied by the Irish troops, which lay almost beneath him; the road leading to Cork, for the distance of nearly five miles; the road lying in the direction of the western towers; and the river Bandon, as it appeared amongst its woods, and spread itself into several creeks and bolder inlets.

The evening after the occurrence mentioned in the former chapter the armies of the Irish and Spanish were encamped upon the verge of the morass alluded to before, and had thrown up several fences, dug deep trenches, and made a few strong redoubts, many of which remain nearly perfect to this day. At the conclusion of the work, Tyrone and O'Donnell retired together to talk over the most important steps necessary to be taken; Don Alonzo Ocampo, who was present, not wishing to interfere in their debate.

"Have you got the man secure?" asked Ocampo, intruding upon one point of their discourse.

"The man on whom the letter was found?" asked O'Donnell.

"Yes."

"He is in good custody," answered O'Donnell.

"That was a sad mistake about that letter, indeed," said Ocampo.

"Sad, indeed; and tells the fate of the rest," remarked Tyrone.

"It was a parcel of letters from Kinsale intended for me," observed Don Alonzo, "and this is one which he forgot to deliver. How could he have managed to intercept them?"

"The remainder are in the hands of Carew, we may conclude," rejoined the former.

"Either in his hands, or those of Mountjoy, the lord deputy," returned the Spanish general; "and thereby are all our designs, movements, and expectations as manifest to the English as they should desire, or may hope to gain by the strictest spying."

"I would recommend you to attack and enter the town," observed Tyrone, recurring to the suspended debate.

"And be shut up in it, starved, cut off from the Spaniards in the garrison, and finally exposed to the fire of the shipping, which block the port!" remarked O'Donnell, interrogatively.

"The attack of the town will also try the enemy's strength."

"Admitting so, our force must be then divided between the enemy and the attempt upon the town."

"If the town were gained, we may sally, if we choose, upon the English army."

"Thus we would have to attack them at all events; and, therefore would it not be preferable to come to the encounter at once, and run the risk of being shut up?"



"I shall not command," declared Tyrone, losing his temper somewhat, "if you attack the enemy directly; for, in my opinion, it would be waste of strength and time, at a moment when there is no chance of recruiting our forces."

"I am sorry for that," remarked O'Donnell, sadly, though he inwardly rejoiced at the stubborn manner of the former, "and I hope you will pause before you come to that decision."

"I am resolved already, if you do not fall upon the town."

O'Donnell instantly bent his steps to the ground without their tent, and, pointing towards the town, said to Tyrone, who followed him:—

"Upon that point it is useless to attack it, for we are under the fire of the English guns, without that body stirring from their present position, and the inhabitants will resist, to the last moment, in dread of the shipping in the harbour."

"But," observed Ocampo, who now spoke for the first time, he having joined them also, "I am informed, that before to-day, or to-morrow morning, the garrison will send several hundred men across the river to take the town, and keep it for the present, thus taking it out of the power of the inhabitants either to keep or deliver it up."

"And then," said O'Donnell, "the moment that is known, the ships attack the town, and we will suffer. You must, therefore, consider that my opinion must be correct; for while the one party occupies the town, the other cannot be better employed than in attacking the enemy."

"I will not agree with you, O'Donnell," cried Tyrone.

"Suppose," remarked the former, "we were to walk over to the top of that elevation, and take an accurate view of the whole place, happily, then, my lord, you will be convinced. Don Alonzo will accompany us, and be kind to offer his opinion."

Having left the entrenchment, they walked along the marsh for the distance of about a mile, and then ascended the hill. As soon as they reached the summit they found themselves quite raised above the river, and looking into the garrison occupied by the Spaniards.

"Now," remarked O'Donnell, "the town still lies away to the left, and it is quite out of access upon this side. It is but a long narrow street, hemmed in by steep hills; and as soon as we would be within the walls we might consider ourselves buried alive, without any possibility of defending ourselves, whilst the enemy could play upon us at both sides, and soon put us in a state of utter distress."

"What say you, Don Alonzo?" demanded Tyrone.

"I am of opinion," answered the Spaniard, "that it is much better to remain inactive for some time, without either attacking the town or the English, and make our position for the present a defensive one, until we have some opportunity of making a great assault."

"Delay is bad," said O'Donnell.

"Particularly for fear of desertion," remarked Tyrone.

"Then my opinion is advanced," observed Ocampo; "and I shall leave the sequel to yourselves."

Extending their movement onwards towards the left, and keeping a continuation of the brow in their walk, a few moments brought them more immediately over the town and the inlet of the harbour upon which it lay. From their stand nothing of the former could be seen but the tops of the highest houses; the descent thereto being nearly, and in some places quite, perpendicular.

"It is useless to attempt an entrance there," said O'Donnell.

Tyrone was silent with vexation.

"And the farther we move on this way the nearer we get to the enemy's position, so that the only point at which the town can be entered is quite within their reach," continued O'Donnell. "You can thus perceive that we would have to suffer beneath their fire in gaining a position that at best can be of no advantage, and may turn out to our final destruction."

"You will attack the enemy directly?" asked Tyrone.

"It is the best plan."

They were at this time returning by the way they came, Ocampo preceding them at about twenty yards.

"I will not command, O'Donnell—I will not command."

"I am sorry for that, my lord."

"You cannot foresee what may happen."

"Necessity says,—Attack; for otherwise famine will seize us all."

"And M'Auliff away, foraging, and procuring supplies!"

"You cannot say but he may be intercepted."

"You must, therefore, take the whole responsibility on yourself; and I now declare myself exempt from all concern."

As they descended the hill towards the encampment, it being nearly nightfall, they could perceive a gathering in front of the principal lines. At first they thought it might have been some amusement amongst the troops; but the confusion was not that which arises from play.

"Any news in that quarter?" demanded Ocampo, pointing towards the moving multitude, Tyrone and O'Donnell having been too eagerly intent upon their argument to perceive it.

"There is something wrong in that point, indeed," said the former.

"Let us hasten onwards," cried O'Donnell.

"Perhaps it is M'Auliff who has returned," said the Spaniard.

"Or the informer trying to escape," hinted Tyrone.

"Or some uneasiness between our men and the strangers," remarked O'Donnell, trembling as he made the observation.

"Oh! no, no," said Tyrone, in a subdued tone.

"There seems to be a mounted man in the midst of the group," declared the Spanish general, as they walked along the marsh.

Before they arrived at the camp O'Donnell stopped suddenly, and addressed the earl with much solicitude,—

"If you are resolved not to command the army in our attack upon the English to-morrow, it is no use to let the secret get out amongst the troops, for fear it may be productive of bad consequences."

"I shall say nothing about it."

"You know, my lord, the confidence they have in you as a leader, and what your absence may amount to."

"They shall not know to the last moment but that I will command."

When they came up to the camp they found, conformably to the observation of Don Alonzo, a young man, mounted on a horse, in the midst of the group, who earnestly listened to his narrative. The crowd gave way to the progress of the generals, who passed onwards towards their tent, and ordered the young horseman into their presence.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE DALTIN.

THIS name, which corresponds to the term, page, in the English dialect, was applied to young men, who performed offices of attendance on the Irish chieftains.

The reader will now recollect the circumstance connected with the departure of this young man at the commencement of the tale. He set out from M'Auliff, on the night of the skirmish, with the intent of learning something regarding the fate of M'Donough. His difficulties were great, in consequence of his inexperience; but youthful nerve and perseverance supplied the want of judgment, in a great measure. When he dismounted and entered the tent, astonishment seized his senses, to find three individuals there, quite strangers to him; and without waiting to know in whose presence he stood, he exclaimed:—

"Where is the chieftain of Clanawly?"

"No matter, my lad,—he is not here now; but I am sure he is safe," returned the Earl of Tyrone.

"I would like to see him;—but, am I safe myself?"

"Are you seeking the Irish army?" asked the former.

"Yes,—yes; but I came to find out my master, the chieftain of Clanawly; and I hope he has not shared the fate of his nephew."

"Whatever you have to tell him, may be communicated to us, with the same effect."

"Then whom do I address?"

"Don Alonzo Ocampo, the Earl of Tirconnell, and the Earl of Tyrone."

The young man blushed, and instantly pulled off his little cap; nor did the confusion consequent on this information subside for several moments, he having become extremely embarrassed.

"Have confidence, my lad," said Tyrone, smiling.

"I am not alarmed, my lord; but I am vexed at making so free, without first knowing your name."

"You are a daltin, serving under M'Auliff?"

"Yes, my lord; and owe him much gratitude."

"How attached these young men are to their chieftains!—Surely, there can be no restraint in a service, which causes such endearment between chieftain and dependant!" exclaimed Tyrone, looking at the others, who were sitting down at each side of him.

They nodded acquiescence.

"You can be seated if you prefer, my lad; for I suppose you are very much fatigued."

"No, my lord; I must stand in your presence."

"What is your communication?"

"I left the chieftain of Clanawly on the night of the great skirmish ——" "That was the night before we were entertained at the castle," said the Earl of Tyrone, glancing at the generals.

Continued the young man:—"My purport was to discover what became of the chieftain M'Donough, my master's nephew; and I rushed out through the darkness of the night, to make that discovery. My first intention was to throw myself upon the mercy of the English, as a young man who deserted his own cause from disgust; and, accordingly, I lay in the way through which I knew the fighting, or rather, beaten party should pass, when advancing to Cork."

"Morning broke on me, and nobody appearing in view, I thought the entire transaction of the previous night must have been a dream, or that we were fighting against fairies or night-monsters."



"But I was soon satisfied upon that point, having found several dead bodies about the place; many of which lay there, because the wounded men, faint from loss of blood, could proceed no further; and the pools of red about the rocks, and the dark stains upon the ground, proved that they could struggle no more from the embrace of death. However, I was greatly astonished to find weapons stuck into many, in some instances, fixing the bodies to the ground; and my astonishment was greater when I found out that the spears belonged to the enemy, and seemed to have been driven into the bodies, by the hands of their own countrymen."

"Do the English act in that way?" demanded Ocampo.

"Yes," answered the Earl of Tyrone; "whenever a man is extremely wounded, or unable to proceed, he is instantly shot or stabbed—stabbed, if they will not waste powder with him."

Continued the daltin:—"A thought next came into my head, to go amongst the thick slain of the enemy; and trying to find out some person alive, gain from him the information I required, sufficient to put me in a proper way to act, in order to gain admission to the English camp. I tied my horse to a stump, and walked on through the bushwood, continuing to search about vainly for a long time.

"At length, I came to a place where I found a fine horse, broken-limbed, but not dead; and this animal I knew to be M'Donough's, and therefore was certain that I stood upon the ground where my master was attacked by the traitor.

"There was a pile of dead bodies, for a certainty; they lay in every position, and with all expressions of fixed agony—revenge or hatred, even in the silence of death."

The generals gazed on one another, astonished at his fine expressions, which the reader must consider as translated from the original dialect.

"Curiosity compelled me to turn them over—I did slowly, and found the carcass of a strong-built man lying beneath all. His neck was nearly cut across from the hinder part, and barely hung to his shoulders by the windpipe; whilst a thrust at his breast, sufficient to kill an ordinary man, left a deep bulge in his breast-armor. However, he had a body-wound also at the bottom of his mail, and that perforated his trunk. I knew at once that he was the strong man of whom the chieftain of Clanawly spoke, when he said that he was nearly placed in the same position with his poor nephew, M'Donough. The features were strong, and of such favorable lineament that I still recollect them, and would know any of his kindred by the same, did a likeness exist between him and them. I searched his pockets, and found a letter written in English, but that I could not read, and so I have carefully preserved it still that it may serve as a clue for my master to trace the villain out."

"Have you the letter about you?" asked Tyrone.

"Yes, my lord; and he pulled the epistle from his pocket, which the earl hastily received and read aloud:—

"Brian, give the messenger who delivers you this note, all the information such as may now be within your recollection, upon the state of the rebels; not forgetting any attempts you may perceive to be made there and then, whereby you suspect such to be a state of organization. Your brother Phelim is of great service to us; and no person is fitter for the confidence reposed by the lord president in his fidelity, inasmuch as that he serves us fearlessly, truly, and honestly, nor cares a mulberry who of his countrymen may be vexed or pleased thereat. I wish you to return as soon as you make a circuit through the northern part of the country; passing on quietly if you may, nor molest, nor kill, nor burn, if you can with propriety avoid the aforesaid.

"Also, the moment you hear of the advance of the Irish army, hasten up to Cork with your party; for your business there will be complete up to the fulness of satisfaction. Thus, between you on the one side, and your brother Phelim on the other, the Irish will be watched here, and the Spaniards there. As yet, all your communications were received without any interruption, and for the future we have little to care. See, what stirrings up there are in the mountainous tracts, but avoid a collision, if such, as I said before, may be practicable.

"Have an eye after M'Donough and M'Auliff—bold rebels—who, I know, deliberate much in regard to disloyalty, and let no risings take place, without sending in prompt intelligence.

"C—— W——, Secretary.

"To Brian M'Mahon, in the vicinity of the Boggra Mountains."

"Then," exclaimed Tyrone, "this infernal traitor was none other than Brian M'Mahon! How well Clanawly knew what he was, although the meeting was in the dark!"

"And it seems by that letter," observed O'Donnell, "that he has a brother practising the same business about the western part of the country; and that the same was watching to give all the information he could manage, concerning the advance of the Spanish."

"Our own countrymen are the worst enemies we have," said Tyrone.

"The blackest traitors!" cried the former.

"I heard before that you could arm Ireland against Ireland," said the Spanish general.

"I believe the same is true," remarked O'Donnell.

"True—true, aye, as true as Heaven's light; and more shame to the bigots in treachery who will not love their own mother earth!—go on, my lad," said Tyrone.

"I was compelled," resumed the young man, "to leave the scene, on account of several groups of persons who were making lamentations, approaching the hill; and so I mounted my horse, and rode down into the open country. Near a cross-road, at some distance on before me, I saw the smoke of a fire, as if some persons were preparing victuals, and I hastened towards them, for the purpose of demanding a share. As I drew nearer, I found that there was no person beside the fire; and finally I dismounted from my horse, and fastened him to a stump, to afford him time to graze a little. I began to breakfast over the heat of the flame. A groan, uttered by a person in agony, reached my ears, and rising up, I went about the place, to discover from whence the sound proceeded. Behind a bank, which at first concealed him from my view, a man lay nearly at length, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion; and I proceeded to examine the nature of his case, in order that I might render him all possible assistance. He was not mortally wounded, having received a very severe blow on the right thigh, which crippled him, and battered the flesh. He was an English soldier, and became very much alarmed at finding himself within the power of one held up to his prejudice as an unmerciful enemy.

"Acquaintance removes horror and terror—so he soon placed confidence in me, and found I did not meditate any mischief towards him personally. I told him candidly that I had an implacable hatred to the English as a nation, and taken collectively; but that I loved each individual when I fell upon them separately, and particularly when I found them in distress. Thus we soon became as attached to one another, as if the same interests bound us together; for, my lords, I could not injure a fellow-being in distress. The moment a man is in misery or want, even if he were my bitterest foe, that moment he becomes my brother and my countryman.

"You must pardon me, my lord, for such civility to one of a nation so hostile to ours —"

Interrupted the Earl of Tyrone:—"I commend it—your act is truly Irish—generous to our foes when we find them in need."

"He told me that, having been able to proceed no further, he, a member of the skirmishing party who were attacked the night before, was left there to his fate. That from the opinion he held of the natives in general, he did not expect to escape with his life; and the last thing he had thought upon, was the generous behaviour he now received from a stranger. For some time he was even afraid to moan aloud; but pain subduing all dread, he gave utterance to the lamentation which led to his discovery.

"As soon as I dressed his wound, I gave him my horse, and mounting him upon it, led the animal along. We judged, that if we could press forward, and come up with the remnant of the skirmishing party that night again, our journey would be safe.

"I then informed him of my intention to join the British troops, and how useful I could make myself to them by my knowledge of the country, and the easy manner in which I took every business in hand. He said that they had several young men; but in particular, a very handsome youth, a nephew to the man who guided the skirmishers, but was shot the night before. This young man, he said, was very useful; was an excellent messenger, and could be sent a long way on errands; was a noble rider; but in particular, whilst crossing the country, he could put on the most Irish look, and insinuate himself with the interest of the most wary. Thus he had a two-fold advantage—that of being a safe though youthful herald, and that of providing the English with information, a thing in this pathless country of as much importance as victuals or ammunition.

"Fortunately we found the skirmishing party that night, and therefore had plenty of provisions to regale upon. At first I was coolly treated by them; but when they were informed of my conduct towards him, by the man himself, and when they discovered that my disgust for the Irish service had made me desert, with the hope of joining the British, a change came over their faces, and clouds gave way to sunshine.

"I need no longer detain your lordships on the minor matters which happened between that time and my arrival in Cork. There I was introduced to some great officer, and by him to another, and so on; at each time and by each pronounced an active lad, and capable of doing much. I soon found out, and got intimately acquainted with, young M'Mahon, who was always in personal attendance upon Sir George Carew. From him, unintentionally, as I would not show him any curiosity on the subject, for fear of leading to suspicion, I learned the fate of M'Donough. He and the Earl of Desmond were transported from Cork to England in a vessel that sailed shortly after he was



removed to the city, for fear either might have, by any means, effected his escape.

"Last night, the daltin, young M'Mahon, was left behind at Cork, when Sir George proceeded to the camp with orders to bring him down the latest intelligence from the lord deputy; and he and I resolved to journey on horseback together. It was late in the night when he got his message, and we started together at a pretty round trot. When we came to the ford about four miles from hence, I stopped, and he also halted astonished.

"I can dissemble no longer, M'Mahon," said I.

"What," he said; "come on, and none of your jokes—you are full of these, but this is a bad time."

"I give you my mind," said I.

"Then you intend to desert us," he whined.

"Yes," I answered, "and carry you with me."

"There will be a fight to do that," he remarked; "but if you be not serious, hurry on, for we may be detected."

"I now rode out before him, and put myself across the narrow road before his horse.

"I thought so," he said; "and it was foolish dependence."

"What did the country ever do to harm you and your breed," said I, "that you should sell it, you pack of traitors? for, my lords, he told me the whole story in confidence."

"That is nothing to you," he answered, "you worse than traitor, for you now attack me in the dark."

"You are as strong as I am."

"A pretty excuse for taking an advantage."

"But," I remarked, "I am on the right side, and you are on the wrong—therein lies the difference concerning our strength."

"Give me that letter," said I, "and I will let you pass on."

"My life first."

"Here's at you, then, for loss of time is loss of life also."

"I jerked my horse towards him, and struck at his head with my bludgeon, so that he first drooped towards the horse's mane, and then slid heavily on the ground, over the animal's neck. I jumped from my seat, and pulling open his leather wallet, took out the only letter it contained, and remounting my horse—my own favorite horse, of Clanawly's side—I took a roundabout course hither, which occupied all this forenoon, except about an hour or two that I rested myself on the banks of the river."

"Here is the letter for you, my lord."

Tyrone having received the small epistle, opened and read it also, in the hearing of the other generals.

"Attack the Irish camp to-morrow morning, and drive them from their position; signalize to the fleet to attack the town; if they will not instantly surrender in the morning. Find out if the town is to be occupied by the Spanish to prevent a surrender."

"Now," exclaimed O'Donnell, "I fancy my anticipations are correct."

"Yes," said Tyrone; "but you knew not of this before."

"I might have fancied as though it would happen."

"Very well, my lord."

"Is your mind changed?"

"No," O'Donnell, I would, now that I know more than I did before, enter the town this very night, making an union with the remainder of the troops."

"Go, boy," he continued, "and be rested and refreshed."

"But about my master?" demanded the boy.

"Oh, rest satisfied, you will see him in due time."

"Don Alonzo, are you satisfied to join me in this onset?" demanded O'Donnell.

"I am ready to act in union with you, any way which either who commands may consider judicious," returned the Spaniard.

"I hope, my lord," remarked O'Donnell, addressing himself pathetically to Tyrone, "that you do not consider me moved in this respect, though any former feuds which did exist between our families."

"No—no, O'Donnell," roared Tyrone, springing upon his feet; "no—no, by Heavens! for I know you are, as I swear I am, instigated by those motives of patriotism which make me look to the adoption of energetic means, and attempt the readiest and most decisive steps, to accomplish our freedom."

"I lose all animosity and petty jealousy when the country is at stake,"

"Our interest," said Tyrone, "now is common, and he who serves his country, serves himself also."

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE SISTERS.

THERE lies in the north of England a considerable tract of land, now known by the name of the Waste Lands, which once formed the richest property of two wealthy families by whom untoward circumstances had caused it to be deserted. For some time it was looked after by stewards, too much bent upon profiting themselves to regard the interests of their employers. The tenantry, who, drained of their hard earnings, were obliged to vex the land till it became a bed of stones, dropped off one by one. The hedge-rows, being unremittingly assisted in the progress of decay by the paupers of the neighbourhood, were soon reduced to nothing but dock-weeds and brambles; which, gradually uniting from the opposite ends of the fields, the property became a huge thicket, too encumbered ever to be worth clearing, and only valuable to poachers and gipsies, to whom it still affords abundant booty and a secure hiding-place.

The two mansions have kept pace in ruin with the lands around them. The persons left in the charge of them, being subject to no supervision, put themselves but little out of their way to preserve that which was so lightly regarded by the owners. Too careless to repair the dilapidations of time and the weather, they were driven, by broken windows and rickety doors, from office to office, and from parlour to parlour, till ruin fairly pursued them into the grand saloon; where the Turkey carpets were tattered by hob-nails, and the dogs of the chase licked their paws upon sofas of silk and satin. In due time, the rain forced its way through the roofs, and the occupiers having no orders to stop it with a tile, the breach became wider and wider. Soon the fine papering began to show discoloured patches, and display the lath and plaster which bulged through it; then the nails which supported the family portraits gave way with their burdens; and, finally, the rafters began to yield, and the inhabitants wisely vacated the premises in time to avoid the last crash, rightly conjecturing that it was useless to leave the moveables behind to share in the common destruction, when there was so little likelihood of their ever being inquired after.

Thus ended the pride of Heroncliff and Hazledell, which may still be seen, from each other, about a mile apart, shooting up a few particularly coloured walls from their untrimmed wilderness, and seeming, like two desperate combatants, to stand to the last extremity; neither of them cheered by a sign of life, excepting the jack-daws, which sit perched upon the dead tips of the old ash trees, and the starlings that sweep around at sunset in circles, beyond which the country folks have rarely been hardy enough to intrude.

The last possessor, who resided at Hazledell, was an eccentric old bachelor, with a disposition so composed of kindness and petulance, that everybody liked, and scarcely any one could live with him. His relations had been driven away from him, one after the other;—one because he presumed to plead the poverty of a tenant whom the old man had previously resolved upon forgiving his rent; another because he mistook the choice bin of the cellar when wine was prescribed for the sickness of the poor; and a third, because he suffered himself to be convinced by him in politics, and thus deprived him of the opportunity of holding forth arguments which gave his company due time to discuss their good cheer. There was but one person who understood him, and this was his nephew, who continued to the last his only companion, and kept him alive solely by knowing how to manage him. He had the good taste never to remind him of his years by approaching him with that awe which is commonly demonstrated by young people toward the old; and the tact to observe exactly where his foibles would bear railleury, and where they required sympathy. He could lead him from one mood to another, so that the longest day in his company never seemed monotonous; or if he rambled away among the neighbourhood, he could return at night with a tale of adventures which sent him to bed without repining at the prospect of to-morrow.

Unluckily the old man considered him too necessary to his comforts to part with him; and, though merely the son of a younger brother, without fortune or expectation, he was not permitted to turn his mind to a profession, or to anything beyond the present. The youth, however, was scarcely twenty-three; and, at such an age, a well-supplied purse for the time being leaves but little anxiety for the future. With a good education, picked up as he could, by snatches, a sprightly disposition, and a talent equal to anything, young Vibert of Hazledell was as welcome abroad as he was at home; and it was anguished that his handsome figure and countenance would stand him in the stead of the best profession going. The young ladies would turn from any man at the county-hall to greet his arrival, and never think of engaging themselves to dance till they were quite sure that he was disposed of. One remarked upon the blackness of his hair, another upon the whiteness of his forehead; and the squires who were not jealous of him, would entertain them with his feats of horsemanship and skittiness at bring-down, right and left. Still Vibert was not spoiled, and the young

Mr. Fox.—Mr. Fox was in his youth warm and impetuous, but extremely promising in middle age; he was energetic and patriotic, reckoning from the French revolution he was simple, grand, and sublime.



ladies pulled up their kid gloves till they split, without making any visible impression upon him. His obstinacy was quite incomprehensible. Each ridiculed the disappointment of her friend, in the hope of concealing her own; and all turned for consolation, to the young master of Heroncliff.

Marcus of Heroncliff was nearly of an age with Vibert, and was, perhaps, still more popular with the heads of families, if not with the younger branches; for he had the advantage of an ample fortune. His person, also, was well formed, and his features were, for the most part, handsome; but the first had none of the grace of Vibert, and the last had a far different expression. His front, instead of being cast in that fine expansive mould, was contracted and low, and denoted more cunning than talent. His eye was too deeply sunk to indicate openness or generosity; and the *tout ensemble* gave an idea of sulkiness and double-dealing. It was held by many that this outward appearance was not a fair index of his disposition, which was said to be liberal and good-natured. The only fault which they found with him was, that his conversation seemed over-much guarded for one of his age. He appeared unwilling to show himself as he really was, and the greatest confidence which could be reposed in him produced no corresponding return. He walked in society like one who came to look on rather than to mix in it; and although his dependants lived in profusion, his table was rarely enlivened save by the dogs which had been the companions of his sport.

Vibert, whose character it was to judge always favourably, believed that his manner and mode of life proceeded from the consciousness of a faulty education, and a mistrust of his capacity to redeem lost time. He felt a friendliness for him, bordering upon compassion; and their near neighbourhood affording him frequent opportunities of throwing himself in his way, a considerable degree of intimacy was, in course of time, established between them. Vibert was right, as far as he went, in his estimate of his friend's mind; but he never detected his grand feature.

Marcus was sensible that he was below par among those of his rank, and a proud heart made him bitterly jealous of all who had the advantage of him. It was this that gave verity to the expression which we have before noticed in his features; made him a torment to himself; and rendered him incapable of sympathising with others. If a word were addressed to him, he believed that it was designed to afford an opportunity of ridiculing his reply; if contradiction was opposed to him, his visage blackened as though he felt that he had been insulted. Vibert, so open to examination, was the only person whom he did not suspect and dread. They hunted, shot, and went into society together; and it was observed that Marcus lost nothing by the contact. His confidence increased, his reserve in some degree disappeared, and Vibert secretly congratulated himself on having fashioned a battery to receive the flattering attentions from which he was anxious to escape. His ambition, indeed, was otherwise directed.

At a few miles distant from Hazledell was a pretty estate, called Silvermere, from a small lake, which reflected the front of the dwelling and the high grounds and rich timber behind it. It was inhabited by persons of consideration in the county, who were too happy at home to mix much with their neighbours. In fact, of a numerous family, there was but one daughter old enough to be introduced; and she was, of a beauty so rare, that there was little danger in keeping her upon hand until her sister was of an age to accompany her into society.

In this family Vibert had been for some time a favourite, and had been fascinated on his first introduction to it. The beauty of whom we have made mention, and her sister, a year or two younger, were placed on either side of him; and it was hard to know whether most to admire the wild tongue and laughing loveliness of the younger—the fair-haired Edith; or the retiring, but smiling dignity of the black eyes and pale fine features of the elder—the graceful Marion. They were, perhaps, both pleased to see the hero of the county conversations; but the younger one was the foremost to display it: without being a flirt, she was frank, and had the rare, natural gift of saying and doing what she pleased without danger of misconception.

The daring but feminine gaiety of this young creature speedily dispelled from the mind of Vibert all idea of his recent acquaintance. On his making some mention of it, she assured him that, on her part, the acquaintance was by no means recent, for she had heard him discussed as often as any Knight of the Round Table.

"To place you upon an equality with us," she said, "I will tell you what sort of persons we are, and you can judge whether at any future time, when your horse happens to knock up in our neighbourhood, and your dinner to be five miles off, you will condescend to take advantage of us. Papa and mamma, who you see have been a handsome couple, and would think themselves so still, if they had not such a well grown family, are by no means rigid, exacting, fault-finding, and disagreeable, like papas and mamas in general. They have the good taste to discover our precise talents, and profit by being our companions instead of our rulers, from the time we learned the art of spelling words of one

syllable, and doing as we were not bidden. Instead of scolding us for our misdeeds, they used to reason with us as to their propriety, and generally got the worst of the argument; so, saving that in virtue of our old companionship we make them the confidants of most of our dilemmas, they have brought us up charming, undutiful, and self-willed.

"As for Marion, she is a young lady erroneously supposed to be the pride of the family, and who presumes to regard me with a patronising complacency which seems to intimate an idea that, one of these days, I shall really learn to talk. She is a sedate personage, who tries to reflect upon things; but as the same deep study has shaded her brow as long as I can recollect, I imagine that she does not often come to a conclusion. Yet the falsely-styled pride of Silvermere does not blanch her cheeks in the unwholesome atmosphere of learned tomes; nor by spinning the globes, nor by hunting the stars. Her character is a little touched with romance, and her study is how to mend a bad world, which continues ailing in spite of her. She gives all her consolation, and half of her pin-money, to a tribe of old dames and young damsels, who, under such patronage, only pull our hedges in greater security, or add fresh colours to the costume which is to flaunt triumphant on the fair day. The urchins whom she teaches 'to guess their lessons,' and buys off from aiding in the toils of their parents, are the most mischievous in the neighbourhood; and, in short, things go on worse and worse, and poor Marion does not know what to make of it. From the humbler world, so different from the Arcadian affair of her imagination, she turns with despair to the sphere in which she is herself to move, and shudders at the prospect of disappointment there also. Where among such a community of young ladies battling for precedence, and young gentlemen vowing eternal constancy to a dozen at a time, can she look for the friend of her soul, or the more favoured being who is to console her for the want of one? Alas, the pride of Silvermere! with feelings so delicate that a gossamer might wound them, how can she accommodate herself to any world but that of the fairy tales which delighted our nursery, or expect tranquillity in any place but a cloister?"

Vibert's calls were repeated often, each one affording a pretext for another, and each visit growing longer than the last. The father of his two attractions was required frequently by his affairs in London, where he spent weeks at a time, and their mother was generally confined by delicate health to her chamber.

Thus Vibert's intimacy with them had but little ceremony to restrain its rapid advancement; and he soon felt, what has perhaps been felt by many, that the simple smile of the dignified and retiring, is more perilous than the brightest glance of wit and vivacity.

Indeed, Edith was too gay to be suspected of any thought beyond that of amusement; but the actions of Marion were more measured, and her approbation was the more flattering. Vibert laughed when he encountered the first; but his pulse beat quicker at the sight of the last.

There seems, in the affairs of the heart, to be an unaccountable intelligence, by which, without the use of external signs, the tremors of one generally find their reverberation in the other.

Often as Vibert entered to share in the morning's amusements of the sisters, to give an account of the horse that he was breaking in for Marion, or the dog he was teaching antics for Edith, it was impossible for him to be insensible to an increasing flush of satisfaction at his appearance, and by degrees he gave up all other society, and had no pastime to which Marion was not a party.

Both young, both interested in the other's happiness, it was not likely that they should reflect how the brightest flowers may be the seat of poison, and the sweetest moments the parents of misery.

Their intimacy became more confidential; and Edith left them more and more to themselves to seek amusement elsewhere. Still there was no question of love.

Vibert knew that without fortune or expectations, he could have no pretension to Marion, and that the number of her young brothers and sisters must render it impossible for her father to remedy the deficiency. It was then he felt the extent of the sacrifice he had made in devoting himself so entirely to his uncle.

Had he adopted any profession, he might have obtained a home of his own, to say the least; and, however humble that home might have been, would Marion have shrunk from it? Would Marion have failed to make it the richest spot upon earth?

He was yet only of an age when many commence their career; mind was too active and too brilliant to suffer his habits to become fixed but that he could apply them to anything.

He determined upon breaking the matter to his uncle; and as Edith was now eighteen, and the sisters were just about to appear in public, there was no time to be lost. If Marion were not to go forth with a hand already engaged, what had he not to apprehend?

Fortunes and honours would be at her feet—friends would reason—parents might command, and what had she to reply? She loved an idler who lived upon another's bounty, and whose future means something worse than precarious,



He seized upon what he thought a good opportunity the same evening. His uncle was enjoying his arm chair and slippers beside an ample fire, to which the pattering of a November storm gave additional comfort.

"Vibert," said he, "what have been your adventures to-day?"

"I have been to Silvermere."

"Folks tell me you have been there every day for the last twelve-month; and who have you seen there?"

"I have seen Marion."

"Well, nephew, she is good-looking, you say, and sensible, and all that. Why do you not marry her, and bring her home to make tea for us?"

"Alas! I would willingly do so, had I the means."

"We can get over that obstacle, I think, by doubling your allowance."

"My dear sir, you do not understand its full extent. Marion's family would never consent, unless she were to be the mistress of an establishment of her own."

"We can remedy that, too, Vibert. Divide the house with me at the middle of the cellar, and brick up the communications. Divide the stables and the horses, have new wheels and new arms to the old family rumble-tumble, and make any further arrangements you please. You have been a good boy, to bear with a crazy old man so long, and I should not like you to be a loser by it."

"My dear uncle, there was no need of this additional generosity to secure my gratitude, and endeavours to prove it. I did not speak for the purpose of placing any further tax upon you, but merely to consult you whether it were not better that I thought of some profession, by which I might attain a position in life not liable to reverse."

"A profession! What, one that would call you away from Hazledell Hall?"

"I fear all professions would subject me to that affliction."

The uncle's colour rose, and his brow darkened.

"Vibert leave me in my old age, when I have become entirely dependent upon him! Vibert knock away the only crutch that props me up from the grave—bequeath me to the mercy of hired servants, with not a soul to exchange a word of comfort with me! What fortune could you obtain which would compensate for reflections like these?"

"Stay, nephew, and see me into my grave—the reverse which you apprehend. I never thought that you could so coldly contemplate my extinction: but it is right and natural that you should do so. Only stay, and I promise you that I will not keep you long. I will curtail my expenses, banish my few old friends, dismiss my servants, and live upon bread and water, to save what I can for you from the estate. I cannot cause it to descend to you; but, at all events, I can save for you as much as you would be likely to make by leaving me. Yet, if it be your wish to go, c'en go; I had rather you would leave me miserable, than stay to wish me dead."

The old man had worked himself into a fit of childish agitation, and Vibert saw that argument was useless.

"Uncle," he replied, with a look and voice of despair, "make yourself easy. Marion will find another husband, who will, perhaps, render her happier than I could, and I will remain with you as I have done hitherto."

From this time, Vibert spared no effort to overcome his ill-starred passion, as well for Marion's sake as his own; seeking every possible pretext to render his visits less frequent, and to pay them in company.

Marion perceived the change at the moment it took place, and, although she could not dispute its propriety, her sensibility was wounded to the quick. She commenced her first round of provincial gaiety with a fever at her heart, and an ominous presage of sorrow.

The appearance of the Silvermere party formed an epoch in the annals of the county; and, as Vibert had foreseen, there was not a squire of the smallest pretensions, who did not address himself sedulously to make the agreeable to them.

They had little encouragement, however, in their attempts, except from Edith. Her heart was free, and her tongue was full of joy; but Marion was looking for the return of Vibert; and the reserved glance of her eye kept flattery at a distance, and hope in fetters.

Still he returned not; she never met him in society, but she constantly heard of his having been at balls and merry-makings where she was not. It was in the vain pursuit of his peace of mind; and she was too generous to attribute it to anything else.

On his occasional visits of ceremony, she received him as if nothing material had happened; but the flush was gone from her cheek, and the smile that remained was cold and sickly.

Meanwhile, rumour was liberal in assigning to each of the sisters her share of intended husbands. Vibert listened to the catalogue with all the trepidation of a lover who had really entertained hopes.

Alas! if that selfish principle of denying to another that which we cannot enjoy ourselves, be excusable in any case, it is so in love. The loved object which belongs to no other, still appears to be, in some degree, our own; and fancy conjures up, in spite of us, an indefinable

trust in the future, of which the total destruction falls like the blow of an assassin.

It was thus with Vibert, when, after writhing long in secret anguish at the mention of any name connected with Marion, report from all quarters concurred in the same contradicted tale. Marion was receiving the addresses of Marcus, of Heroncliff; of him, for whom he had, himself, from motives of the purest kindness, secured the good thoughts of her family—him whom he had made the confidant of his love—him who had professed himself to be only waiting for encouragement to throw himself at the feet of her sister!

That he should have met him daily, and never hinted at the change in his intentions!—Yet might it not have been that he feared to inflict pain? That he should have deserted Edith when his conduct had implied all that was devoted; yet, was it not for Marion?

But then, that Marion should have become the rival of her sister? Yet, oh! how soon she had overcome the remembrance of him, and how natural was it for the cold in love to become the faithless in friendship.

This Vibert went on arguing for and against all the parties, and winding up with a forced ejaculation of, "it is nothing to me—it is no affair of mine;" it was meant to confirm his pride, but only proved his wretchedness.

Upon this principle, and from a sense of his want of self-possession, the name of Marion never passed his lips in the presence of Marcus, who, on his part, was equally silent.

The report upon which this conduct was adopted, was not so destitute of reason as those which had preceded it. Marcus, with the failing already noticed, was incapable of being a true friend; and though, at his first introduction at Silvermere, the marked intelligence between Marion and Vibert reduced him to the necessity of devoting his attentions to Edith, yet the bare circumstance of her sister's preference for another, was sufficient to kindle in his heart the most burning anxiety to obtain her for himself.

Without considering Vibert's earlier acquaintance he felt himself eclipsed, and his honour wounded. The moment, therefore, that his friend's visits were discontinued, his own were redoubled.

They were naturally, from his previous behaviour, laid by the family to the account of Edith; and, upon this conviction, Marion often used him as a protection against the advances of her unwelcome host of admirers.

If she asked to dance, she was engaged to Marcus, and his arm was always ready to conduct her to her carriage.

It was observed that she received much more of his attention than was bestowed upon her sister; and, insensibly, her manner in public became the practice in private, where there was no need for it. His hopes rose high, and he scrupled not to advance them by endeavouring to extirpate the last kind feeling, which he thought might yet linger for poor Vibert.

One while he affected chagrin, and invented excuses on the part of his friend as the cause of it; at another time he was incensed at injurious words, which he alleged to have been employed by Vibert towards herself. At last, when he thought himself quite secure, he disclosed his passion, and was rejected with astonishment.

The sting, for one like him, had a thousand barbs; he loved the beautiful Marion with all the energy of a soul which had never before loved a human being.

Common report, and his confidence in her resentment against Vibert, had made him consider her as already his own. His triumph over all the competitors that he had feared, envied, and detested, was, as he deemed, on the eve of completion; and now he was to be the object of derision and mock pity!

The means which he had used to ingratiate himself would probably be divulged. The inmost core of his heart would be exposed and scorned; and Vibert, whom he felt to be the latent cause of his rejection, was perhaps finally to be reinstated, and to flaunt his triumph daily before his eyes!

The very evils which bad minds have attempted to inflict upon others, become a provocation to themselves; they have been defeated, and therefore they have been injured, and the rejected suitor returned home pallid and quivering with an ague fit of mortal hate.

The attentions of Marcus had never been discussed between the sisters until the occurrence of this catastrophe. He left them in a shaded alley of the pleasure-grounds, which were beginning to be strewn with the yellow leaves of autumn; and a clouded sunset cast a few long streaks across the sward, and made the deep recesses look still more sombre.

There are few who do not feel a melancholy peculiar to this period of the year. Marion had a double reason; for it was about the same time in the preceding autumn, and in the summer-house but a few steps before her, that she had passed the last happy hour with Vibert!

"Marion," said Edith, as they walked on, with their arms fondly resting upon each other's neck, "you are not well. It is long since you



were well; but I had hoped that the attachment of Marcus would have dispelled a deep grief, of which you forbade me ever to speak. I trusted that your heart had been arrested in its progress of sorrow, and I was silent, lest you should think me jealous of my sweet rival.

"Heavens! that my apathy should have been so great as to mistake his attentions. I only bore with him because I thought him yours."

"Marion, I love him not; and never should have wished him loved by you, had I not felt that your life depended on the diversion of your thoughts. I have been mistaken; you have been dying daily, and unless you would have me die with you, let me write to Vibert. Sweet Marion, let me write, as from myself, in my own wild way, merely to bid him come and dance on my birth-day."

"No, Edith, no. He would suspect the reason; it is too humiliating. I have still pride enough left to save me from contempt, if not to support me from—Edith, let us talk of other things."

She leaned her head upon her sister's bosom, and both were weeping, when they were startled by the gallop of a horse, and a ring at the garden gate. Edith saw that it was the servant of Vibert, and she sprang like a fawn to inquire his commission. He brought a letter for Marion, and thus it ran:—

"The relations who stood between me and the succession to the estates of Hazledell, are dead. I am now my uncle's heir; but I fear too late. The sorrow of withdrawing myself to my proper distance when I was poor, is probably to be followed up by the anguish of being forbidden to return now that I am rich. I dare not appear before you till I hear the refutation of your reported engagements with Marcus—till you bid me look forward to a termination of the misery which a feeling of honour obliged me to inflict upon myself."

Marion sank against the ivy-twined pillar of the summer-house.

Edith kissed her pale cheek, and fondly whispered,

"I told you so; what answer will you send?"

After the first moments of tremulous agitation—after an interval of silence, to lull the tumults of her heart, Marian merely ejaculated,

"Poor Vibert, I thought he had forgotten me!"

"Rather say, poor Edith," replied her sister, with a burst of that natural gaiety which had of late almost forsaken her; poor Edith has now the willow-wreath all to herself. Alas! for some doughty champion to twine it around the neck of the false lord of Heroncliff!—'Tis time that I endow you with all my finery, and prepare for a nunnery."

With that she playfully took from her neck a simple hair chain, the appendage to which had always been carefully hidden in her bosom, and cast it over the unadorned head of Marion.

"Look!" she exclaimed, with increased archness, and gazing upon her averted eyes, to see if the smile had yet returned to them, "look what a jewel I bestow upon you; I have cherished it ever since we sat for our miniatures, and the artist amused himself between whiles with studying a head for Apollo. Why do you not look?"

Marion turned her eyes, and was surprised by her lover's likeness.

"Then Marion can smile! Oh, the joy to see it! I begged this little jewel for your wedding present; but, in truth, this seems no bad opportunity, as the cavalier may now speak for himself. See what a sad brow—what an imploring eye. Here—here is a pencil—the servant waits for a reply."

Marion tore the back from her letter, and wrote—"The reports are unfounded—the future is in your power."

"Edith!" she said, when the messenger was dismissed, "give me your arm back to the house, for I feel faint. In the midst of all this happiness, there is a sickness at my heart—a strange boding, that I am only tantalised by chimeras, and meant for misfortune. Perhaps it is only strange bewilderment occasioned by this revolution in all that interests me. I cannot help it."

The messenger, who had been despatched by Vibert the moment he became aware of his happy fortune, did not return in time for him to profit ere the morrow by Marion's answer.

It was a gusty and querulous night—the old trees by his window groaned as though they were in trouble, and the scud swept along the sky like a host of spectres. He felt low and oppressed in spite of himself. His uncle had left him ominously distressed at the news which he had lately received.

After having retired for the night, he had come back to shake hands with him again. The younger ones, he said, were dropping about him, and leaving him desolate, to lament the luckless humour which had impeded him from adding to their comforts, as he might have done. Every joint of him trembled, lest he should live too long.

"God bless you, Vibert," he added; "you have always been a good boy, and have borne kindly with my infirmities—God bless you!—God bless you! Vibert, you will go to-morrow to Silvermere? I have long prevented you from being happy, and you owe me no thanks that you are so at last. Go to bed—you have grown thin from want of sleep; and it is all my fault."

(To be concluded in our next.)

## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XLVII.

THE LOVERS' MEETING.—MRS. HEARNSHAW'S NOTIONS OF PRACTICAL PIETY.

WHEN Charles Hargrove returned home that night, after the proposition of the merchant, he could hardly find courage to say the few brief words to Harriet we have recorded. It was truly a relief to him (Charles) Mrs. Hearnshaw was out, and, for the first time, he was almost tempted to bless the "Small Jerusalem" to which she had gone.

Harriet looked up at her lover as he seated himself in the small parlour, and saw there traces of anxiety and regret, that alarmed her, she knew not why; something seemed impending, and a subdued feeling pervaded her mind, as she said,—

"Dear Charles, tell me what is the matter. I fear some evil, some unfortunate occurrence that ill-fortune has set upon us."

"No, dear Harriet," replied Charles, "scarcely that; but Mr. Leighton made a proposal to me that I could not very well accept, and I, accordingly, refused it; but, nevertheless, I was compelled to yield to him in part."

Harriet looked apprehensively at Charles as he spoke, but awaited with anxiety the issue of the communication which he appeared to shrink from making to her.

"Mr. Leighton," continued Charles, "was pleased to call me into his own private office, and inform me that his confidential agent was dead, in Holland, and had left his affairs in very great confusion, and that it was absolutely necessary that some one should be sent there to take possession of his papers, transact his affairs, and wind up his accounts. He paid me some compliments, and said I was a person to whom he could intrust such a delicate matter; and, at the same time, I possessed his confidence to the fullest extent possible."

"And have you agreed to quit us, Charles?" exclaimed Harriet.

"No, Harriet—no; you can't think it likely I should do so, can you?"

"It was but a passing thought, dear Charles; but go on."

"Well, then he offered me three hundred a-year, and other emoluments, if I would go. He gave me the offer of going, he said, because he had promised to advance me on the first opportunity."

"I thanked him for his offer; but I begged to decline it, with thanks, due for such kindness, and, after some further inquiries, I was compelled to inform him the reason."

"Well," he said, "I cannot expect you to quit such hopes as those you have formed; and will, therefore, not press upon you to take it; but, then, I must beg you will do this much for me. You see, my agent having died so embarrassed, it leaves my affairs in a very precarious condition; and, moreover, I know no one in whom I could place so much confidence, so far as trust and ability are concerned, as yourself. I wish, therefore, you would go there for a short time, and, in the meanwhile, I will seek for some one, who shall be sent over to release you in a very short time, and enable you to return to this country. I will, you may depend upon it, not lose sight of the promise I have made you, of promoting you, and which I have endeavoured, in this instance, to fulfil."

"So you see, Harriet, I had no choice—to have refused would have been very ungracious."

"None at all, Charles," replied Harriet. "I think you did all you could to refuse so tempting an offer."

"It is, therefore, agreed between us," said Charles Hargrove, "that I shall go for a short time, and succeed him for a few weeks; but, yet, Harriet, if you object, if you cannot brook my leaving you so long, and quitting England, it but remains for you to say so, and I will instantly retract my consent, and stay here."

"No, dear Charles," replied Harriet Hearnshaw, "much as I fear and dread the journey on your account, yet not for me shall you sacrifice the good opinion of your employer. Go, and when you come back you will find that we shall be happier in meeting again."

"I believe so," replied Charles; "but, dear Harriet, you will not attribute my anxiety for your comfort, and even your presence, to any other motive, than one purely arising from the most ardent affection. I look upon this parting but temporary, though it is extremely painful."

"Not more painful to you than it is to me," replied Harriet; "but, perhaps, necessary. Do not, however, be distrustful—of my truth you can have no doubt."

"None—none oneath, Harriet," exclaimed Charles, "any more than



I have of my own truth; and, as Heaven shall judge me hereafter, I shall act towards you with constancy and affection."

Harriet held out her hand to her lover; but he folded her to his breast, and repeated his oath of inviolable attachment to her, and which she repeated to him.

In the midst of these endearments, that passed between the lovers, Mrs. Hearnshaw came from the "Small Jerusalem" at which she had been edified, as usual; and, as usual, she entered the cottage with much evangelical piety in her mind, but which took an odd turn when it came to be expressed.

Many stray sentences escaped her that appeared to have no possible or probable connection with the subject matter at issue; but that was of little consequence to Mrs. Hearnshaw, because she got the usual amount of talk, and had disburdened her mind of many sage reflections.

Harriet informed her of the probable departure of Charles for Holland; her emotions were, first of all, she thought she was about to lose him altogether; and then she was somehow lost in conjecture to know how it was possible in that outlandish place to have a due regard to the soul.

This ended, by a long lecture upon the weakness and vanity of the world, and especially young people.

"Indeed," added Mrs. Hearnshaw, "I think it quite a sin that they should dress themselves out and make themselves so fine; neatness in dress, both in young men and women, is much to be commended. Indeed, I am always plainly dressed."

As she said this, she glanced upon the dresses of Harriet and Charles, as if she considered them much too smart.

"You forget," said Harriet, quietly, "that your new bonnet up stairs has indeed some very handsome ribbons, and those, too, of many colours."

"Only wear them occasionally, when I believe it absolutely necessary," miss," replied Mrs. Hearnshaw, quickly; "and to prevent younger people. But it is much worse than wearing of them to be told of it by one's own child."

Mrs. Hearnshaw, being rather indignant, went up immediately to her own room, where she remained, leaving the lovers to the sweets of their own conversation, which they continued to enjoy for some time in an unrestrained tone and manner.

Time wore on, and the lovers parted for the night, with many affecting expressions of hope and love.

Charles retired to his own room, and then to his couch, where he lay long, endeavouring to sleep, but without success, and at the same time tormented by many uneasy thoughts.

It appeared to him as though he were about to take some new venture that endangered all his present prosperity and prospects, but which he could not avoid. Indistinct and distant thoughts of danger and treachery, he knew not why, but still the feeling came over him, despite all his better sense and reflection. Still the same mass of dark and indistinct images floated across his mind as often as he had in some measure succeeded in reassuring himself.

To dissipate these feelings, he arose and dressed himself, determined, as he could not rest, to quietly walk in the garden till fatigue should dispose him to sleep.

The moon was shining, and the air was calm; scarce a breath stirred—all was still; no sound, however trifling, reached the ears of Charles Hargrove, as he walked in the little garden.

He walked some time in silence, picturing to himself the future happiness that would await his return to England, even after this short absence from all he loved.

Then again came this oppression of feeling, which he had before felt, more strongly than before; he endeavoured to shake it off, but could not. Fears and forebodings sat heavy on his soul, and yet they took no definite shape or form, leaving him all the melancholy and dread of actual impending evil.

He walked up and down the path near the road several times, and in passing down once he thought he saw a figure standing motionless intently watching it. Charles gazed at the object, but could not make it out plainly. He moved towards a spot where he could gaze at it without interruption from intervening objects; but the figure was still indistinct, motionless, and shrouded.

Charles could not bear this state of uncertainty; whether it were a being of this world or another he thought he would be convinced by actual inspection on the spot, and with a sudden bound he cleared the pales, and rushed at it, exclaiming,—

"Whoever you are, what do you here?"

But he had no sooner vaulted over the fencing, than the figure turned and fled with surprising strength and swiftness; as it turned from him, Charles thought he could detect the sharp features of Scalvoni.

After chasing him some distance, Charles gave up the pursuit, be-

lieving it hopeless. The figure ran with surprising swiftness and soon got to a great distance ahead.

He returned to the house greatly wearied and dispirited. He liked not Luke Scalvoni, and yet he was not sure it was him. The idea that he might be prowling about the house was no enviable state of mind to poor Charles, who now sought his pillow again with more success.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN SCALVONI AND LEIGHTON.—SCALVONI'S KINDNESS.—THE APPEARANCE OF THE DUTCH SKIPPER.

LUKE SCALVONI, after his interview with the Dutch skipper, sailed up the Thames with great celerity; the tide was in his favour and a light wind; his course up the river was even more rapid than when he sailed down, and he arrived at the wharfing at his own office before the usual hour at which business commenced.

He threw himself down on a couch for a short time, giving an attendant orders to awake him so soon as Leighton should arrive. This, however, did not occur for some time, for the merchant had quitted the office on the evening previous, being too restless and disturbed in his mind to remain in a place alone where he had so many things to remind him of the events that had passed, and recall terrors to his mind that he shrunk from with an instinctive dread.

In the meantime, Scalvoni snatched a short hour's repose, and by the time Robert Leighton entered his office, he was up and planning as usual.

Many thoughts passed and repassed through the active and dark mind of Luke Scalvoni, and the cold, sardonic smile often lit up his features with a more than demon's expression, and beneath which were thoughts of the most diabolical tendency.

Leighton was pale and nervous, and desired to see Scalvoni, though he inwardly shrunk from the interview; for the daring impety and cold-blooded villany caused his blood to chill in his veins, and terror often shook in his heart; however, see Scalvoni he must, and he, therefore, thought it best to do so as early as he could before he had any communication with Charles Hargrove.

He entered Scalvoni's apartment, after knocking at the door, and saw him standing with his back towards it. Something at that moment pleased Scalvoni, for he inwardly chuckled at some idea that crossed his mind; he turned to Leighton, who started as he observed the expression of his countenance, which was so truly villainous that he shrunk from him towards the door, which, Scalvoni perceiving, he enjoyed the merchant's confusion the more, as he was the cause of it, and, after sufficiently exulting himself upon the merchant's fears, he said,—

"Come in, Robert Leighton, come in; we cannot have any confidential conference while the door remains open."

Leighton closed the door behind him, and advanced to the other end of the room, and took a chair, on which he sat with a sigh, that resembled rather a groan. Luke Scalvoni calmly took the other chair, and sat immediately opposite to the merchant, so that he could not but see the working of every emotion that he felt. Scalvoni uttered not a word more, but patiently awaited for the merchant to begin the conference.

"I have broken this affair to Charles Hargrove," began the merchant.

"Well," said Scalvoni, "and what did he say to your proposal?"

"Why, he appeared to be very grateful, but declined the situation I offered him in Holland for a permanency."

"Ay, he did not like quitting the side of Harriet Hearnshaw?"

"He did not, and confessed the nature of his objection to me; but after some conversation, he agreed to go and put the agent's affairs in train and then return."

"Return, eh?" said Scalvoni; "yes, yes, he will return when the salt waves heave him up as they did the body of Goldsmid Lyons. Did you recollect that little circumstance, eh, Leighton? 'twas amusing."

Leighton shrunk from the horrible mirth of Scalvoni, but replied,—

"That was the point about which I most wished to speak. What have you done respecting his disposal?"

"A Dutchman will be up at this place in the course of the morning, and he will receive him on board of his vessel, and then—and then," continued Scalvoni, and then he made a dead pause, during which the merchant sat in breathless suspense.

"And then, what?" exclaimed Leighton.

"Why, when he has made way until he is at a certain point, equidistant from all points of the land, then Master Charles Hargrove is to be thrown overboard and left to swim back, if he can."

"Good God!" groaned the merchant.

"Oh I don't be afraid," said Scalvoni, wilfully mistaking the merchant's exclamation of horror at the intended fate, into one of fear at the chance of Charles returning; "don't be alarmed, he can't swim very long; he must be drowned in less time than five minutes, and it



is much more than probable that he will become food for some pet monster of the deep, and then you know he can't frighten you as Gold-smid Lyons did, unless the fish were to turn sick and vomit him up again; and then he would be a second Jones, you know, and even become a remarkable character."

"Don't quite kill him," said Leighton, struggling betwixt his dread of murder and the fear of his returning.

"Oh, no, he won't be killed; you only know if a man won't swim why I can't help it," replied Scalvoni, sneeringly.

"Don't, don't kill him—can't he be sent further to sea, so as to prevent his hearing, seeing, and returning in time to be an obstacle to any wishes. Can't he be put on board another ship going to the East Indies, or anywhere, so that he is not murdered?"

"Nonsense," replied Scalvoni; "can anything be done short of causing his death? it is clear absurdity and madness to think of it."

"I cannot, cannot shed blood," groaned the merchant; "what shall I do—what shall I do?"

"Let things take their own course," replied Scalvoni; "overboard he must go or all is lost; let me remind you too, Leighton, that I have acted as a friend to you in this and every other affair regarding this matter."

Leighton groaned, and thought the friendship likely to last at a ruinous rate till he was no longer useful, and then he would have to shift for himself.

"Now look here," said Scalvoni, regarding the merchant keenly; "have I not forgone all claim to the girl myself, and given her up to you, because I thought you were seriously inclined towards her; where will you find self-denial like this? very few men would have done as much for you, I believe."

"No, no," groaned the merchant, "but I am not a rival to you."

"Well," resumed Scalvoni, "my kindness does not end here; but I have concocted a scheme for the destruction of a rival—a rival too that would be sure to destroy all your hopes, and deprive you of all the benefit of my forbearance. I have not only devised this scheme, but put it all in working order, and everything will be in readiness before the day becomes old—all will be ready, all will be done—and that too without your stirring in the affair; what more could you require? Is not this kindness and self-denial to a greater extent than you yourself would have done?"

Leighton could not answer this artfully concocted tale, but groaned in spirit, while he felt that it was a hollow and deceitful explanation of motives and acts; but what could he do? nothing but acquiesce in all that Scalvoni asserted, and he eventually quitted the office without effecting the only object his terrors, and not his detestation of the act, induced him to attempt.

It would appear, that much of Leighton's repugnance to the commission of crime arose from fears and nervousness, rather than from a strong sense of rectitude and justice. Weakness and a yielding to temptation was the cause of his character; while, on the contrary, Scalvoni did all things promptly, and from the worst motives, and in the worst manner.

Leighton's heart might not originally have been bad, but his mind was not a strong one, far from it; but it yielded to the influence of any present and prominent cause.

When Scalvoni was left alone in his apartment, he paced the room up and down for some minutes, and a smile of triumph crossed his features—his thin sharp visage appeared more than ordinarily villainous and forbidding.

"Yes," he muttered to himself, "I am disinterested, I am kind—truly I am; that is the salt to the meat and makes it more palatable to me—I enjoy it the more, and it frightens him to death; he can't bear it—and yet he can't tell why—aye, but I couldn't give him up Harriet Hearnshaw! yes; to be my tool in this business I do. Young Hearnshaw would have suited my purpose just as well, but he would be too troublesome a personage to have constantly about any place, with his odd, out of the way notions of honour, honesty, and justice. He's well rid of so far, and master Robert Leighton shall serve my turn."

"Yes, I will give her up, in appearance, for a time, till she is married to him, but she shall be mine eventually, for I will weave such a net around him, of such tangled meshes, that from it there shall be no escape; I will so surround him with temptations, and with circumstances, that shall place him in a false position—make her appear what she is not and she shall be at thy mercy, which I will show her in what way I think fit. Aye, she will and shall be mine. She should be mine now, but I know the impossibility of my gaining her by any other means."

While Scalvoni was thus speaking, his eyes wandered from object to object, but were suddenly arrested, as he encountered the bulky form of the Dutch skipper, who had just arrived, and had also apparently but just been aroused from his carouse, for he could scarcely stand, but came rolling on with an odd kind of progression towards the office.

It was with something approaching a curse, that Scalvoni rushed from his room to meet the Dutchman.

The haste of Scalvoni was not without its object, for he knew the Dutchman's humour too well not to know there was much danger of his blowing the whole affair by his drunken cunning.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, when he saw Scalvoni advancing towards him, "I am here, you see, according to promise. I—n—never fail, that is, when t—t—time and tide serve; but where's the younker that's to be food for fishes, eh? I see him. Lord bless me! he'll swim like a cork."

"Hush—hush," exclaimed Scalvoni, justly alarmed; "hush—hush! you'll spoil all. Come into my office—come along—I have some of the right Nantes there. You're fond of that, I know, and I can warrant it genuine."

"D—n the right Nantes, Scalvoni; show me the younker who I am to —"

"Curse you, can't you hold your tongue, you infernal, lumbering, Dutch fool; you spoil everything; and you'll be confined in a madhouse for your share of the business."

All this while the Dutchman kept nodding his head and winking very fiercely at Scalvoni, in a manner quite as remarkable as ludicrous; and Scalvoni saw, with internal and suppressed rage, that he was fast gaining the admiring gaze of every one whom he met.

Every one of the clerks that the Dutchman met he believed to be the man that was to be put on board, and he immediately began to criticise him without mercy, and passed several very strange remarks, that astonished those who heard him.

"Come into my place," said Scalvoni, with a despairing accent; "you'll ruin all, you Dutch porpoise, you will. If you don't go in, I'll stab you, by Heaven!"

"Stap me—stap me!" spluttered the Dutchman; "I would squeeze you between my finger and thumb, and then you would be dead. What would you stap me for, eh?"

"Because you won't take a glass of brandy in my room, talk of business, and drink a merry and successful voyage."

"Eh?—yes I will, though. I'll drink till the younker's ready, and then we will weigh for the sea, eh?—shan't he have a delightful bath, eh? Glorious, upon my soul; that is, you know, if I have any —; for you, Scalvoni, always insisted we have none."

"Yes—yes," said Scalvoni. "Come in—come in; this is the room, you know, captain; and here we will drink some of the best —"

"Is that the younker?" inquired the captain, as he was going into that room; but suddenly turning round to look at somebody a few paces off; "is that him, eh?"

"No, no—curse you!—no," roared Scalvoni, who got quite furious; and having placed himself behind the captain, he seized hold of the door-post, and exerting his utmost strength, he fairly pushed the Dutchman into the room, and then entering, he carefully locked the door, and thrust the astonished captain into the first chair that presented itself, while he himself stood still to recover himself from the exertion he had so suddenly performed, and which had rendered him nearly breathless, as well as to consider what he should do with this dreadful Dutchman, who was too heavy and strong to be dealt with in an ordinary way by fear, but he could be overcome, and carried back, if made dead drunk.

(To be continued in our next.)

## Lines

SUGGESTED BY THE REFUSAL OF ADMITTANCE INTO WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF THE STATUE OF LORD BYRON.

O, why refuse a nook? where we might gaze  
Upon the semblance of that bard, whose mind  
The Muses' summit hast so nobly climb'd;  
Yet ne'er received its meed of well-earned praise.

Ye hypocrites! whose cloak of bigotry but hides  
The breasts where many a thought unholily lies,  
Yet would-be deem'd in every virtue wise,  
My muse denounces, and my pen derides.

What! art thou so virtuous, that thy blushes will  
Spread o'er thy cheek when thou dost view  
An humble image of a man, as true  
As nature made one? O 'tis ill,

That ye so vile, should raise thy venom'd tongue  
'Gainst him whose glowing heart-felt page  
Doth our good thoughts and sympathies engage,  
Who hath so sweetly and so fondly sung.

H. J. CHURCH.



## THE FANCY COBBLER.

CHARLES STEWART was a shoemaker—a journeyman shoemaker, with fifteen shillings a week. How many would pass by a tale, though written by a far more able hand than mine, because its hero is a shoemaker! How many would pass him by and think not that beneath a humble surface dwells a high, a noble heart! How many would address cold words of contempt and think not that it sinks as deeply in his heart as if he were born a gentleman! But this has nought to do with my story.

Charles Stewart was five-and-twenty, his countenance was handsome, he had a happy nature, and was a great talker. Charles Stewart was a great favourite with the fair sex, and particularly with blue-eyed Mary. But Stewart loved far better to gaze on the countenance of Mary's young mistress than that of Mary herself.

Fanny Desmond was a beautiful girl of seventeen, her dark eyes were large and sparkling, and her rich brown hair fell in profusion over her shoulders. There was always a smile lingering on those rosy lips of hers, and she had the merriest and most musical laugh ever heard. Charles Stewart loved dearly to look upon that beaming face.

"Miss Desmond looks rather pale to-night," he remarked one evening to Mary. "I hope she is not unwell."

"Oh, no," returned Mary, "one would think you were in love with her, for you always want to know something about her, and I used to think she was with you, till I heard she was to be married to Mr. Edward Fitzharding, for she is continually talking of her fancy cobbler."

Fancy cobbler—Charles Stewart did not quite like being called a fancy cobbler, and by her too; and she was to be married—he felt his heart very heavy, he knew he had no business to do so, but he could not help it. He strolled in the park to meditate when he left the scene of his labours, and throwing himself upon the grass, gave way to gloomy reflections. He had not remained there long before a man came rushing past him without a hat, and fearful that something had occurred, Stewart ran too in the same direction, and caught him just as he had gained the street. Throwing his arms above his head, he uttered the word "Murder!" and sank senseless on the ground. Stewart was by his side in a moment, and ere long a crowd had collected around him. Two policemen arriving on the spot, they conveyed him to the station-house. The light of the lamps as he passed onwards, disclosed the features of a handsome young man of seven or eight and twenty; his hands and clothes were stained with blood, and that and the exclamation he had made, excited a suspicion in the mind of the curious spectators, that a murder had been committed.

The morning dawned once more, the bright sun shone forth in all its glory, and shed its rays upon the body of a murdered man. The light wind played amidst his dark brown hair as if in mockery, the birds chirruped in the green trees above his head—a murdered man.

It had not been day long before a body of police came forth to search the park, laughing and talking as they came along, as if it were a pleasure rather than an event of serious moment. On, on, they went; the clouds gathered on the bright surface of the sky, and the rain descended. Found! The sun shone forth again, and played around those lips so pale, so deathly. Found! They raised his head and felt his pulse, but he was dead—murdered!

Suspicion lighted on him who had rushed so wildly from the park, and when he was sufficiently recovered to be examined, he gave his evidence in the following words:—

"The day had been a hot and oppressive one, and feeling faint and ill, I walked in the park to refresh myself; in crossing the path, on my return home, I stumbled over something and fell; when I arose the moon cast its light upon the face of a man steeped in blood. I know no more, but that horror-stricken at the sight, I flew from the park, and sank senseless on the ground. My name is Edward Fitzharding, which, with my residence, is written on the card I have enclosed with this brief statement. That I am innocent of the foul charge which is attached to an honourable name, is no proof indeed, but Heaven will be my witness and prove me guiltless.

"EDWARD FITZHARDING."

The name fell like a thunderbolt on the ear of Stewart; it was a name deeply imprinted on his memory. Edward Fitzharding—that name over which he had so often pondered; could it be he—the lover of Fanny Desmond?

How much there is in a name. Stewart was in a fever with excitement; how much he longed for evening that he might ask the truth of Mary. It came at last, as all things will, whether longed for or dreaded, and it found the fancy cobbler at the door of the loved one. Long and patiently he waited. The door opened—his heart beat wildly—it was Mary!

"She couldn't speak to him," she said, "for she was going post haste to fetch the doctor for poor Miss Desmond."

But Stewart wouldn't let her go until he had heard all why she was ill.

"What was the matter with her—was it he?"

The truth came out ere long—it was Edward Fitzharding—the beloved of Fanny Desmond. The fancy cobbler pressed his hand upon his burning forehead, and rushed home and threw himself upon his bed, and gave way to the grief that oppressed him. Every evening he repaired towards her house to hear from Mary the news of Fanny. She had been very ill, but she became better in body though worse, far worse in mind.

Edward Fitzharding was examined and committed for trial. All was bustle and confusion, the numerous vehicles wended their way through Newgate-street as usual, the people flocked from every quarter of the crowded city, and cast one glance towards that large black pile, the prison, and with perhaps a momentary shudder, as they thought of those concealed from public gaze, then passed on with minds intent upon their business, their pleasure, their cares or sorrows. The day of trial had arrived, and Edward Fitzharding stood condemned of murder before a jury of his countrymen. Upon that open brow, in those clear blue eyes, in that pale but calm and collected countenance, there was innocence; his cheek was wan and haggard with sickness and confinement, his voice was low and hollow, but there was no trembling guilt, there was no dogged insolence in his manner, and a murmur of commiseration rang through the court. There was no evidence to prove him guilty but his own, and that evidence was suspected and doubted.

The jury gave their verdict. There was a dead silence in the court, and then the judge with a solemn voice, condemned him to death. Death—there is something in thy name, and yet how many would hail thee as their most welcome guest, and meet thee with delight! How many on whom the age of manhood has not fallen, would willingly lie down and die without one tear, without one regret! But it was not so with Edward Fitzharding, he was about to be united to the girl he loved—with happiness almost within his grasp, with every prospect of a delightful future, death had no charms for him.

The dreadful sentence fell like a thunderclap upon the ears of Fanny Desmond; even in the depth of despair there is sometimes hope, and she had hoped, but now the delusion was over, and she must have sunk beneath the pressure of her grief, but that Edward desired consolation, which she felt she alone could give. She was his constant companion now, and was so until the fatal day arrived—it soon would come, for it was Sunday evening, and on the morrow he would die. The time of parting had arrived, and clasped in her Edward's arms for the last time, all the energy which had supported her deserted her in this most fearful moment; he pressed her to his heart, kissed her pale lips, and parted her brown hair from her marble forehead—she had fainted. He called upon her name, and besought her to speak to him once more, for the last, last time; but they tore her away and bore her senseless to the carriage which was waiting to convey her home.

Just as they brought her from the prison-gates, a man sprung forward and besought them to treat her gently—it was the fancy cobbler. Oh! could she have seen his usually rosy cheek so pale and deathly, those lips so white and parched, she might have guessed the secret of his heart. Pressing his hand upon his forehead, he rushed wildly home and threw himself upon his bed.

The distant clocks sounded each quarter as they flew on, and chiming forth the flying hours, told that the hour was drawing nigh which would end the career of Edward.

Five o'clock, the sun streamed in and rested on the couch on which still lay the half senseless form of Charles Stewart. Six o'clock—faster, faster time flew on—half-past—seven.

"But one hour more, but one hour more," cried Stewart, starting up and throwing his arms above his head, and rushing through the streets, he reached Tyburn gate. The crowd was already thickening fast, but Stewart made his way through them all, and stationed himself by the scaffold.

Half-past seven—the mob had now collected by thousands to witness the execution of a fellow-being. Women with infants in their arms came flocking there with smiling faces, parties here and there laughing and cracking jokes to while away the time which was occupied by the condemned in prayers for the beloved of his heart, the beautiful, the sinking Fanny.

The clock chimed forth the fatal hour, and Edward stood upon the scaffold; his cheek was slightly flushed as he turned towards the crowd, and with a calm voice,—

"I die—but I die with a good conscience, for I am an innocent man."

He knelt once more in prayer, and his head sank upon his breast. He rose, there was an expression of resignation on his countenance which made him look strikingly handsome; his blue eyes were raised towards the sky, and the wind floated amidst his auburn hair. The



executioner approached to place the cap over his eyes, when a loud voice proclaimed,—

"I am the guilty man!" and Charles Stewart leaped upon the scaffold.

He was free; the bright sun gleamed brightly forth, and cast its brilliant rays upon the window of her room. He was free; and as he sat by the bedside of the sick girl, and held her hand in his, as her head rested on the bosom of him she loved, was he not supremely happy? But how different it was with Charles Stewart, immured within those dreary walls from which Edward had so lately escaped,—innocent of every crime, yet guilty in the eyes of the world, a—murderer! without being one, and all for her: the fetters on his hands and feet told of some dreadful deed, yet he was guiltless. The sentence which hung over him—the dreadful death he was to die, told of some fearful crime,—yet he was innocent:—condemned to die—yet, happy in the thought.

"She will never know that it was I who died to save," he cried; "Thank Heaven! she will not know; or to die, would cause me more pain than it does. Thank Heaven, she will never know."

The door of his dreary prison opened, and a magistrate entered.

"Stewart," he said, "I come to ask if you had any accomplices in this dreadful murder?"

"None," he replied.

"How is this?" said the magistrate, as some more men entered, bearing with them a prisoner. "This man has confessed that he committed the murder. What does this mean?"

"It means," cried the man, "that this young man is innocent: why he has accused himself, I know not. I alone am guilty; and he shall not die for my sins. I had well nigh committed a double murder, but God in his mercy has put repentance in a heart quite foreign to any such feeling, and I am here to save an innocent man."

"You hear him," cried the magistrate, in a tone of perplexity. "What are we to believe?"

"That I am innocent," said Stewart.

"You are innocent!" cried the magistrate; "then why did you risk your life to —?"

"Because," cried Charles, clasping his fettered hands passionately together; "because, I loved as man seldom loves,—she, who is perhaps, ere this, the bride of Edward Fitzharding; because, in loving her, her happiness was to me dearer than my life; because, I knew that she was sinking, drooping, dying; because, her life, her happiness, was about to be torn from her!" and with a sob of anguish, he sank down on the stone floor, and gave way to the intensity of his feelings.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow," cried the kind-hearted magistrate; "you must, indeed, have loved her."

And the truth was told at last; this man had murdered him to obtain some money, which he knew he had with him; but seeing Edward approach, he had flown and left the treasure, for which he had bartered life and soul.

It was Sunday, and Charles Stewart sat in his humble lodging with his eyes fixed on a book before him, but with thoughts far, far away; his cheek had regained its colour, his bright eyes their brilliancy; he was, in appearance, the fancy cobbler of days gone by, but in feeling widely different; the happy turn of thought, the merry laugh had vanished, and it seemed as though ten years had flown over his head, instead of a few short months. He was suddenly startled by the door opening, and Edward stood before him.

"Do not look alarmed," cried Edward, extending his hand towards him, as he noticed the pallor of his countenance; "will you not shake hands with me?" he continued, as Charles drew back.

Stewart placed his hand in his.

"I am a shoemaker," he said, his cheek flushing, "and you are a gentleman."

"I am a man delivered from death," said Edward, "and you are my preserver; but for you, I should not be where I stand. I want you to come with me; no nonsense, Stewart," he said, laughing, as Charles stood amazed. "I have my carriage at the door."

He led the way to the carriage.

"And now," said Edward, "before I repeat how grateful I feel, and how grateful Mrs. Fitzharding feels towards you, let me ask the reason for your self-sacrifice; you never knew me—never saw me to my knowledge."

This was what he dreaded most; he pressed his hands before his face, and the blood suffused his forehead—he made no answer.

"You knew Miss Desmond?" asked Edward, fixing his scrutinizing gaze upon him; the blood retreated as fast as it had come, as with difficulty he murmured forth—

"I did, I did!"

"I see it all," thought Edward; "who could be surprised at a young man like he, loving one so fair and gentle as my beautiful bride?"

They stopped now before a shoemaker's shop, neatly fitted up, and Edward, leaping from the carriage, bade Stewart follow; they stood now in the shop well stocked with boots and shoes.

"This is yours," said Edward, "and that you succeed as much as you deserve is the most fervent prayer of one you have saved from a disgraceful death."

Stewart gazed in mute astonishment; he murmured forth his thanks, but was interrupted by Edward, who told him that Mrs. Fitzharding had got another present for him; and after a great deal of scuffling, and exclamations of "I won't!" and "I can't!" Fanny, now Mrs. Fitzharding, entered, almost dragging with her the blushing Mary; she placed her hand in his, and asked him if he would take her for his wife.

"She loves you," said Fanny, "and will make you happy."

He felt as if his heart would break when he beheld her—she, for whom he would have sacrificed life, everything—but he took the hand of Mary, and promised to be good and faithful to her.

"And this is for her wedding dowry," said Fanny, as she placed a pocket-book in her hand containing a hundred pounds.

Oh! happy, happy Stewart! how often did Mary and he in after life, sit over their cheerful fire, and talk, and bless the author of their prosperity, for Stewart became a flourishing man, and died a rich one. There was no jealousy in the gentle heart of Mary, although she knew that a spark of love still lingered in the breast of her husband; and ever after she would call him, despite all he could say, THE FANCY COBBLER.

FANNY MATILDA DONAGAN.

## HOME.

(The following lines formed the introduction to the first essay in Bengali, to imitate the *Annals of the British Isles*.)

We have blushing fields of roses here,

Where glittering song-birds roam;

And Indian lilies sparkle clear—

But they're not the flowers of Home.

Home! sweet home! how many in vain

Shall sigh for thy blessings once again!

We would strike the lyre with bolder hand,

But when we woo its tone,

To tell some tale of this fair land,

It murmurs of our own.

Fondly we gaze upon the west,

As sunset dies away;

For then, those lands we love the best

Smile in the noon's glad ray.

Night comes—and the jackal's dreary yell

Salutes the rising moon;

The death-fog creeps along the fell,

And cloaks the wide lagoon.

Shuddering we turn from such a scene,

To seek a fevered sleep;

We dream of home—and wake between

Those happy dreams to weep.

Perhaps bright eyes may scan these tales,

Where honeysuckle weaves

Cool bowers—while violet-scented gales

Play o'er our Indian leaves.

Then—where our flowers less sweetly bloom,

Our gems less brightly shine,

Think, beauty, think, 'tis Exiles' gloom

Lies dark upon the line.

Home!—sweet home! there, there alone

The minstrel harp gives all its tone.

SENTENCES OF THALES, of Miletus, in Ionia, one of the seven sages of Greece, born 580 years before the Christian era:—What is that is most beautiful?—The universe, for it is the work of God. What is most powerful?—Necessity, because it triumphs over all things. What is most difficult?—To know one's self. What is most easy?—To give advice. What method must we take to lead a good life?—To do nothing we would condemn in others. What is necessary to happiness?—A sound body and a contented mind.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humour, and the fourth wit.

Be content to keep within your station, and adorn it by the virtues which its duties require.



## THE COMPACT ; OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MEETING IN TEMPLE-GARDENS.—THE DEMAND FOR MONEY.—MEADOWS AND ANDERSON.

The busy crowds that throng the Temple and its gardens during the summer afternoons and evenings, were fast separating, and the sun was sinking behind the westernmost portion of the pile of buildings, when a stranger entered the gardens with an easy air of assurance, that might, at the first glance of the inexperienced, have passed for gentlemanly demeanour; but which would have been more properly set down by the more experienced as indicating assurance, and an acquaintance with the world scarcely creditable to its owner.

Such an individual might have been a man of family and fortune, but from the misfortune, arising from incapacity to retain what he once possessed; and now he was thrown into the society of blacklegs and sharpers, whose airs and manners he had caught; or the more censorious might have insisted that he had never been otherwise.

Be these conjectures what they may, it was evident that Mr. Meadows, for it was that very worthy individual himself, cared but little for the passing thoughts of any strange individual who was capable of discerning and estimating character; for with such persons Mr. Meadows would have scorned to associate, even if they were willing, which was unlikely, because he could never hope to make them victims.

Mr. Meadows looked at the shades of the various projecting parts of the building, and appeared to be a connoisseur in time and sun dials, for he more than once shaded his face, when he attempted to catch a glance at the retreating sun between the tall chimneys and the long, narrow walls of the houses, and cast more than one anxious look at the Temple gate.

Between whiles, he amused himself with patting the cheeks of some little child, and complimenting the maid in charge of it, until she became in a state of admired confusion, in the midst of which, Mr. Meadows would kiss the child, and, by way of showing his condescension, he would make a mistake, and kiss the girl herself—beg her pardon, and make an appointment for the next night, thinking himself a very clever fellow for having achieved so much; and so, he indubitably was—who could question it!

The clock chimed seven. Mr. Meadows carefully counted the chimes, and looked grave and uneasy. His glances towards the gate were more frequent, and an uneasiness appeared about the eyes scarcely to be accounted for upon any other score but that of apprehension of evil.

But why should Mr. Meadows fear evil, and that, too, in the Temple-gardens, above all other places? but yet, he was uneasy. Soon, however, the look vanished, and a twinkle of satisfaction took its place, and he walked with a more dignified air and a grayer countenance.

The fact was, another individual was advancing down the walk, and this was no other than Anderson, whose whole appearance was so altered, that it would have been a matter of alarm to his best friends.

There was yet an air of satisfaction about him, which contrasted strangely and strongly with the pallid hue of his face, and the evident agitation of his manner. His step was quick and hurried, but his limbs betrayed a want of firmness in their motions unusual and unlooked for. He was, indeed, under a contending variety of emotions, each striving for the mastery.

"Good evening, Mr. Anderson," exclaimed Mr. Meadows, lifting his hat in the most approved style, and letting it gently down again—"good evening. Has anything happened, eh?"

"Yes—yes," replied Anderson, eagerly.

"Eh! what?"

"Why, it is done," replied Anderson.

"Failed, eh?" said Mr. Meadows, opening his eyes very wide indeed. "No, no; quite the contrary; it has succeeded to the full. Everything has done well—beyond expectation."

"You don't say so? Well, I'm glad of that; but, to judge from your looks, I should have thought there had been a devil of a mess. Let me congratulate you on your success."

"Why," said Anderson, "I hardly know what to say to it. My success, though hoped for, has been so sudden and so complete, that it staggers me."

"Never be staggered, sir; it's not like a man of the world. I never was staggered but once, and that was a curious case. I had been to the theatre, and had not met with an adventure for some hours. At length I espied a very interesting creature, with a veil. She was alone, and I immediately did the agreeable, was as attentive as a lover at a tea party.

Wine, oranges, and cake; handed her out of the theatre, and was met by her husband at the door! and that husband was my tailor! I owed him a two years' bill—we had words, of course, and I have ceased to patronise him. But tell me the particulars. The physician cannot tell the best treatment for the cure of the disease, without knowing the particulars."

"Well, well," said Anderson; "I will tell you shortly, and you shall judge."

"Do so."

"The letter I placed, worn as it was, on his chair, soon after he had quitted the room, and I then quitted that end; but took a book, and began to be absorbed in perusing it, when I saw the letter taken up and carried away."

"Aye, aye—that was the thing. What followed?" said Meadows.

"I can't describe all; but the result was, that Meriton has been turned out of the House with ignominy and disgrace. They would not listen to his defence; all his assertions were disregarded, and his protestations disbelieved. He was high frantic."

"I think he well might be so; but he will never be able to regain the same position in their esteem, notwithstanding all the faith and sworn love." Now you know your plan."

"Yes, yes," said Anderson, "I have not it in my power to do so."

"Well, then, you must become delicately considerate; offer attentions and consolation with extreme diffidence, as if you feared they would be noticed, and that only occasionally. Grief will then give way; she will become content with the world; she will become used to you; and, eventually, take my word for it, she will become your wife—depend upon it. I have said so."

"I hope it may be as you prognosticate."

"It will, I pledge my veracity. Tell me, now, was not the plan a good one?"

"It was."

"And a successful one?"

"As yet."

"Past success, you know, may indicate future. At least, it is more likely to be followed by it than the reverse. But at every step you now take, you clear yourself of all difficulties."

"It is probable I may. I hope that he will not obtain any permission to see or write to her again, or it may destroy the plot."

"Never fear that. I am morally certain that such a thing couldn't happen. You couldn't offend a modest female more, than let her know, no matter how, that while you courted her you had deserted another, whom you had given the cold shoulder to in such a determined style. Women, you know, take part with one another amazingly against men, and yet they will quarrel as heartily among themselves about them. They are strange, inconsistent creatures. I have had my dose of them in my time."

"Then all I can do now is to await with what patience I can muster till the turn or subsidence of grief, and then once more try my fortune in woman's favour. I pray Heaven I may be more successful, and may meet with a happier issue than at the present interviews."

"Your success will be commensurate with your deserts," replied Meadows, with a sneer, which he was careful enough to conceal from Anderson.

Their conversation now turned upon other topics, and they walked up and down the gardens for some time, when Meadows abruptly broke their conversation by saying,

"By-the-way, Anderson, I am very short of money, and should be obliged if you could lend me fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds! Why—why—" exclaimed Anderson, in some amazement.

"Yes; fifty will do," said Meadows, in cool, matter-of-fact tones, at the same time he inserted his hands into the skirt pockets of his coat—"that will do."

"But you have had that sum of me already, and have not thought about returning it to me—at least, I have not heard you say a single word about it."

"I think it very unhandsome and ungentlemanly conduct of you to mention it to me. I thought you knew me better."

"Know you better! But fifty pounds, you know, is a long sum, and I have no particular desire to lose it, much less another fifty added to it."

"Come, come, Anderson," said Meadows, coolly, "you do not treat me fairly. I have been of great service to you, in a deed that you would never have thought of but for me, and which, indeed, you could not have executed without my aid and assistance, and yet there is a bother about a few pounds."

"Well, you have had some already. Surely the service you did has been amply paid for?"

"That may be all very well; but you must be perfectly aware that I am not a rich man, and cannot afford to initiate any one into the mys-



series of the world for nothing; and though my service has been but a temporary one, yet its effects will be permanent, and I think I may as well be paid in proportion."

"You have had enough. Keep what you have had, and never let me see you more."

"That will not do for me," coolly replied Meadows. "I am not so easily fobbed off; and since you don't appear to understand your position, I will explain it to you."

"This is insufferable insolence!" exclaimed Anderson. "What do you mean?"

"Simply this: I have been a useful friend, and I may easily be made a determined and mischievous enemy, who would not hesitate in anything. This course can easily be pursued; for were it once known to Mrs. Delmair that the letter she has received was of your concocting, your present success would be at a very low ebb."

Anderson at once glanced saw what he had before him; Meadows was a complete extortioner, and he feared he was a determined ruffian, but he would make an attempt to shake him.

"I have no money for you, and any attempt you would insinuate that you would make, will recoil on your own head."

"We shall see, sir, we shall see. You refuse the request I made of you; very well, I am now about to visit Mrs. Delmair to explain what has occurred."

"Here," said Anderson, "here is the money; let that purchase, at least, an indemnity from your company for the future."

As he spoke he gave him the money, which the other seized and hastily pocketed it, and then said with a smile of triumph,—

"Yes, it shall purchase you an indemnity from my presence, until this is nearly exhausted, and then I must come to you for a fresh supply; indeed you may look upon me as your yearly pensioner. You must keep me in money, and I will assist you in counsel. Good day; but don't flatter yourself that you will escape me by moving. I know too much of life to be at a loss to trace any one out I wish to know; so good evening.—Ha! ha! ha!"

Anderson sunk upon a seat—he was almost speechless, and unable to stand. He now saw the frightful associate he had picked up—a man that preyed upon the vices of society; first a panderer, and then an unscrupulous and grinding tyrant. He passed his hands before his eyes—he was a lost man, but yet he could not, or would not, retrace his steps.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MERITON'S DESPAIR.—INCOHERENT LETTER TO MARIA.—THE MESSENGER AND HIS TREATMENT.

THE feelings of Ashley Meriton, after his dismissal from the house of the Delmairs, were of the most poignant and disagreeable nature; indeed so mixed and extreme were his emotions that he might well have been considered frantically mad by any stranger who might have witnessed his conduct.

Meriton had proceeded to an hotel in Fleet-street, and there he shut himself up, a prey to disappointment and despair. The more he thought of his unfortunate position, the more he was bewildered. He was innocent; he knew some vile plot had been concocted to deprive him of the only earthly blessing that he would not, and could not, part with, without at the same time he could part with his senses—nay, his very life.

His love for Maria Delmair was of that intense character that it could not be separated from his existence, and to destroy one would be destruction to both. His situation was the most distressing and unfortunate; he knew not how to proceed, or what course to take—all were alike objectionable; not a hope was to be extracted from anything that he could do.

He could not see her. He would of course be threatened with violent ejection from the house; and did he attempt to watch for her and gain her ear, he would, no doubt, be consigned to a prison, and compelled to trouble his friends to release him; and even then he should have the miserable and disheartening knowledge that he had signally and entirely failed in his object.

The only course that remained open to him, that appeared at all to possess the only chance of success, would be to write; it was very uncertain, yet it was the only one; take it, therefore, he would; try something he must; and should he fail, at most probably he would, the next thing he did, he could not even bend his mind to think about.

He fixed upon writing, and immediately rung the bell with a violent jerk, that brought the waiter into the room with almost a similar jerk, as if he had been suddenly shot into the room.

"D—d—did you ring, sir?" stammered the waiter, who knew well that he had, for the bell had not yet left off.

"Yes, I did; bring me writing materials. Yes—yes, I will write to her," he added to himself—"I will write to her. Oh, Maria Delmair!"

"Maria who, sir?" inquired the waiter, who thought he had to go to some one.

"D—d—!" exclaimed Meriton, as he saw the waiter stood with the door in his hand; and making a sudden movement, the waiter, who believed that he was about to visit him with some demonstration of his displeasure, exclaimed,—

"Yes, sir—oh, certainly, sir—I'm a coming directly;" closed the door, and precipitated himself down a flight of stairs, where he encountered a chambermaid in violent collision, and this again produced another scene of disorder, so that by the time the writing materials reached Meriton, a considerable deal of alteration in the equilibrium of temper had been communicated from one individual to another. They were brought by the odd man, who acted as supernumerary waiter, boots, messenger, and performer of all odd and singular jobs that are likely to arise in an hotel.

"Here are the writings, sir," said the odd man, "and plenty of 'em too; I'll warrant they'd serve for a couple of lawyers, any time."

Meriton paid no attention to this; indeed, he scarcely heard the man's voice; but when they were placed before him, he said,—

"I shall want a messenger to take a letter for me, and one who can be trusted."

"I can do it, sir. I will be ready to go immediately you want me."

"Very well; I will ring for you," replied Meriton, who was, the next moment, left to himself.

The letter—that was the next difficulty; he knew not, among the multiplicity of things he wished to say, which to begin with, and in what way to say it. He wrote and re-wrote several letters, which he tore up, and applied himself to the task again, until at length he produced the following:—

"MARIA DELMAIR.—With what feelings do I write these few words. At one time, and that not many hours since, I should have written, dear Maria; but, alas! how changed—how cold—and yet you are dear to me, and even will be. The last sound that will escape my dying lips, will utter the name of one whose image is engraven on my heart, and whose love I have been deprived of by the vile machinations of another."

"Believe me, Maria, and I solemnly swear it, that I have never done one act that could render me unworthy of your esteem—of your love. No, as Heaven's my witness, the vile falsehoods that have been invented against me, are the result of wickedness of others, and not of my commission. I never had the letter in my possession. I never saw it—I do not know the parties by whom it was sent, and never did."

"Maria, the vilest criminal that ever stood before an earthly judge is always tried—he has always an opportunity given him of proving his innocence. Is it, then, too much for me to ask the same act of justice from you? Will you receive such an accusation, and decide on it against me, without instituting a single inquiry?"

"I admit the subject is one of peculiar unpleasantness; but then, recollect my future happiness or misery depends upon it. Recollect, Maria, 'tis I, the accused, who demand the inquiry; and I am confident I shall be restored to the lost place in your affections. Heavens! I believe my very brain whirls round in giddy circles, and my heart is bursting! Save me, Maria—save me from the machinations of my enemies, and save me, oh, save me from myself!"

"Grant this one—this last request of one who loves you tenderly and truly—of one who has never done ought to deserve the treatment he now suffers from, and whose last prayer will be breathed for your welfare and happiness—justice—yes, justice is all I ask. I will willingly abide by your own decision, and that will again make me happy."

This letter was sealed, and then Meriton again rung the bell in the same violent manner he had done before, and the odd man, alias waiter, appeared in the doorway long ere the bell had ceased to vibrate.

"Take this letter," said he to the waiter.

"Yes, sir."

"And be sure that you deliver it at the right place. I wish you to see or learn that it has got into the hands of the lady to whom it is addressed. You had better wait to see if there should be any answer."

"Oh, I'll take care, sir; I understand these things well enough. I've been used to them, and know something about them. I'll do it all right, sir, depend upon it—lord love yer, I knows what a billet-doux is fast enough."

So saying, he quitted the room, or, had he not, he would probably have been accelerated by Meriton, who was in no humour to bear with any one's follies at that moment.

An hour passed away in feverish excitement. He was a prey to all the horrors of such a state, and they were not few; imagination was



busy, and conjured up a thousand images of happiness, immediately succeeded by misery. Every step he heard he trembled at, and anxiously looked at the door expecting it to open, and the waiter to enter, to inform him of the nature of the reception his note met with, but he was often disappointed.

The time was come, now, when his messenger did return; he entered Meriton's apartment with a singular and almost excited countenance.

"I've come back, sir," was the odd man's first words.

"I see—I see," said Meriton, hastily; "but tell me—has anything happened?"

"Yes, sir, a great deal; a very great deal, which I hope you won't forget, for I never was so treated when carrying a *billet doux* before."

"For God's sake, tell me; have you delivered my letter as I ordered you?"

"I tried to do so, but couldn't; they wouldn't let me; and when I persisted, they declared they would give me into the custody of the police; there, sir, is treatment for a messenger."

"Whom did you see there?" inquired Meriton, burning with fever.

"Some gentleman who talked loudly of your assurance and audacity."

"D——n!"

"Yes, sir; I almost said as much; but it was between my teeth, for I didn't like to risk personal inconveniences for a word."

"Tell me all—tell me all," said Meriton, in a desponding tone, when his first emotion had subsided; "tell me all."

"Oh, certainly, sir. Well, sir, I went to the place you sent me to, and knocked at the door—that is, I rung and got let in. 'Who do you want?' says they. 'Nobody,' says I.—'Well, what did you come here for?' says they. 'To deliver a letter,' says I.—'Who to?' says they. 'Oh, that's as may be,' says I.—'Is Miss Maria Delmair at home?' 'She is,' says they.—'Well, well,' says I, 'say somebody wants to see her.' Upon which the servant laughed, and said, 'You is a rum'un.'—With that she went in, and came out again, and then she said, 'You must send in your letter, and tell me whom it is from.'—'Can't I see the lady?' says I. 'No,' says she.—'So there was no alternative, and I produced the letter, saying, 'It is from Mr. Ashley Meriton, a gentleman as has trusted me with this here letter, which I am now to trust you—wrap it up in your apron, and give it to the lady on the sly.' 'Oh, it's from Mr. Meriton, is it? Then I rather think you'll find it inconvenient to stop.'—'Eh?' says I. 'I'll take it in, and see,' she replied; and she did so, and then came out, followed by a gentleman."

At this intimation Meriton, who had listened vacantly, staring about him as if he were unconscious of what passed, started, and, grinding his teeth, he struck the table so forcibly, that the waiter started as if he had been in danger of being stricken himself, and then resumed,—

"Tell the person from whom you bring this letter," he said, 'not to disturb the quiet of a family who are, and ever desire to be, utter strangers to him.'—'Begs your pardon,' says I.—'for I warn't a-going to be put down in that ere kind of way.' 'Begs your pardon,' says I, 'but I didn't bring a letter to you, and therefore have no message to carry back from you; I brought a letter from a gentleman to a young lady, and wants her answer.' 'The young lady sends back the letter unopened, you impertinent scoundrel; she will not read it, or have any kind of communication with the writer; take it back, and quit this place as fast as you can, else I'll give you into custody as an intruder.'—'Well, sir, you see I couldn't help it, and have brought the letter back to you as I had it. I couldn't deliver it, for they wouldn't let me; indeed, they were very violent.'"

Meriton threw down some money to the messenger, who quitted the room, and apparently well satisfied with the issue of this part of the adventure, leaving Meriton in a state of mind difficult to describe.

(To be continued in our next.)

A NOBLEMAN'S COUNTRY SEAT.—"Take a lord, now, and visit him at his country seat," says Sam Slick, "and I'll tell you what you will find—a sort of Washington State-house place. It is either a rail old castle of the genuine kind, or a gingerbread crinkum-crankum imitation of a thing that only existed in fancy, but was never seen afore—a thing that's made modern for use, and in ancient style for show; or else it is a great, cold, formal slice of a London terrace, stuck on a hill in a wood. Well, there is lawn, park, artificial pond called a lake, deer that's fashionabized and civilized, and as little natur in 'em, as the humans have. Keenel and hounds for parscutit' foxes—presarves (not what we call presarves, quinces and apple sarce, and greengages done in sugar, but presarves for breedin' tame partridges and peasants to shoot at), h'aviaries, hive-eries, h'yew-veris, hot-houses, and so on; for they put an 'h' before every word do these critters, and tell us Yankees we don't speak English."

There is no readier way for a man to bring his own worth into question than to detract from the worth of other men.

## I'M QUITE THE REIGNING BELLE.

I'm quite the reigning belle, although

I've only just come out;

I've left my old companions now

To rave and fret and pout;

Each baronet and elder sons

Are caught within my spell;

I conquer with a word—a glance—

I'm quite the reigning belle.

I take the lead at fancy fairs,

At Almack's 'tis the same;

The lady patronesses all declare

Unequaled is my fame.

I'm bow'd to at the opera

Where I the rest excell;

The ballet don't attract—'tis I—

I'm quite the reigning belle.

I listen to the praises now

Of ev'ry dashing beau;

They tell me I am very fair—

They flatter me, I know;

I rule them with despotic sway,

They do whate'er I tell;

At concert, op'ra, ball, or play,

I'm quite the reigning belle.

I lead the fashion everywhere,

My milliner declares;

Whatever dresses I prefer

Each belle of fashion wears.

They've published verses in my praise;

My portrait's out as well;

And all with admiration say

I'm quite the reigning belle.

G. LEEKE.

REMARKABLE LAW-SUITS.—Two remarkable law-suits, between a poet and a confectioner, arose out of the celebration of New Year's Day. The poet had been employed by the confectioner to write some mottoes in verse for his New Year's Day *bonbons*, and the agreement was that he was to have six livres for five hundred couplets. The poet delivered his couplets in manuscript, according to the agreement, as he understood it; to this the confectioner objected, because he understood they were to be printed, and ready for enclosing within his *bonbons*. The poet answered that not a word had passed on the subject of printing, and that he should not have agreed to furnish the mottoes at so low a price if he had understood the printing was to be included. Thereupon the parties joined issue, and a verdict was found for the poet, because as no mention of printing was made, the confectioner had no claim to expect it, and because six livres was as little as could possibly be given for such a number of lines in manuscript. After this action against the confectioner was settled, the man of *bonbons* brought an action against the son of Apollo, for that the poet had sold a copy of the same mottoes to another confectioner, whereas the plaintiff had understood that they were to be exclusively his. The defendant answered that not a word had passed indicating a transfer of exclusive right, and he maintained that he was at liberty to sell a copy to as many confectioners as chose to purchase one. Issue was again joined, and another verdict in favour of the poet, established his right of selling and reselling his mottoes for *bonbons* to all the confectioners in the universe.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications (post-paid) addressed to the Editor, at the office, will meet with immediate attention.

W. S. C.—Accepted. We have no stated time; they are obliged to be used as convenient.

Y. M.—You will see that your suggestion has been attended to. Our thanks are due for your kindly interest.

H. J. CHURCH.—An apology is certainly due to our esteemed correspondent for the mistake that has occurred. We understood him to give the preference to the JOURNAL.

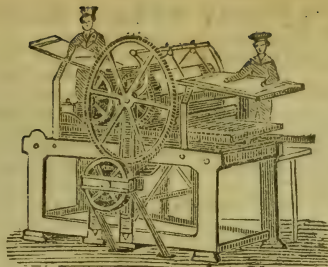
R. C.—We never give a decided answer until the whole of the article is forwarded; but we think "The Rivals" is likely to prove suitable.

D. M. E.—We are fearful that love has driven away what little sense our correspondent may have possessed, or he would never have forwarded such a base attempt at versification.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF  
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## THE CONVICT'S TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY MELVIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

#### BOYHOOD.

"I wish I could recall again  
That bright and blameless joy,  
And summons to my weary heart  
The feelings of a boy!"

When these lines shall see the light, the hand which pens them will be stiff and cold in the grasp of death! and I, who am at this moment in the enjoyment of good health, and in full possession of all my faculties, shall have expiated for my numerous crimes on the gallows, and this body will be food for worms! Would to God that my death could wipe away the punishment I must endure in another world, for my numerous transgressions!—would that it could ease the agonies I am now undergoing! Suffer me, oh! conscience, thou ruthless monster, a few hours respite that I may narrate the principal events of my life.

Oh, liquor! to what hast thou brought me? *the condemned cell!* Owning to thy debasing influence, I have committed murder! yes, murder! I must record the facts, although my pen trembles whilst I write. In a few hours I shall be hung for your sake. My blood boils in my veins!—my hair stands erect—my whole frame is in a state of excitement, bordering on frenzy! Ha! ha! ha! I can welcome thee, grim death, as a harbinger of release from a wretched existence. I shrink not from thee! Come! come! your victim is ready. Justice demands that I should die, and justice must be satisfied; my crimes are of too black a nature to be tempered with mercy.

One, two, three, murders have I committed in the short space of my existence! Three innocent persons have been summoned before their Maker by my blood-stained hands. Methinks I hear at this very moment their shrieks of agony ringing in mine ears; methinks I hear the harsh grating of the knife as it encircles their throats—I feel the warm blood spurting on my hands! I see their gaze as they turn their dying countenances towards me. See! see! that look of reproach on their fixed features; horrible! most horrible! Let me draw a curtain over this scene. Oh! that I could live my life over again; how differently would I spend it. Vain wish! by this digression, I am wasting the few hours I have left to relate my memoir; but before I begin, let me offer one word of advice to those who may peruse these pages. As they value their health, as they regard their reputation, as they hope for their well-doing in society, let them avoid intemperance. It is a vice which will assuredly bring poverty and disgrace upon them. It will cause them to commit crimes, which the bare mention of before, would have frozen up their blood, and which they would have turned from with disgust and abhorrence. It will render them callous to scenes of dissipation and wickedness. It will enable them to see their fellow creatures abused, insulted, and injured with impunity. Aye! and even they themselves will be the perpetrators of these acts of violence. Avoid "the cheerful cup" as if it were poison; for assuredly a poison works within more potent than the most deadly drug. It is the poison which causes men to beat their wives, starve their children, and bring them at last to the workhouse. Kind reader, it is to this execrable vice of intemperance I owe all my misery; but enough.

his only son. I can fancy now I see my youthful home before me, with the wide spreading beech-trees, and the stream, the scene of many aquatic excursions, wandering through the park attached to the house; and with these thoughts are associated the memory of my dear mother. Never shall I forget her indulgences to me: no doubt they did me harm; but they were prompted by the natural kindness of her heart. Thank God, she is dead! for were she to see me in my present situation, it must kill her. The thought of the child whom she had dangled on her knee, and caressed with heartfelt love—on whom she had placed all her hopes, being condemned to death for murder, would be more than she could bear.

I will pass over the events of my childhood, and introduce myself to the reader at the age of sixteen years.

I was of tall stature, and not very bad looking. My dear mother had been dead about a year, and my father, who was naturally an austere man, ruled me with an iron hand. No doubt, he had a hard task to perform, because I was naturally of an unruly disposition; and, being young and inexperienced, acted from impulse in every movement I made. I do not think it would be right to say I had an innate bad disposition, nor, on the other hand, was it a very good one; but there was one unfortunate trait in my character,—a desire of revenge for every injury, either real or supposed, committed towards me. It was this feeling that first led me from the path of duty, and caused me to become reckless of myself.

At this period of my life I did not, like other boys, join in their sports; they were no source of amusement to me. I was accustomed to wander alone, by the side of the still stream, building castles in the air, only to be demolished by the first wind that blew. I was looked upon by boys of my own age with a kind of dread, and, certainly, with a feeling in which love was not predominant.

I fancy to myself I can, at this moment, see the rustic bench, situated by the side of the water, where I was accustomed to spend many hours, with my arms folded, gazing on the gambols of the fishes, as they rose and skimmed along the surface.

Many, many happy hours have I spent in that solitary spot. Would to Heaven, they had been my last! but they have departed, never to be recalled, and with them the peace of mind that accompanied them.

One day my father summoned me into his presence. I own I experienced a sort of dread at this sudden and unusual command, but did not hesitate a moment in obeying his mandate.

"Henry," said he, "I have desired your presence to bid you prepare for Eton; for it is my intention you should proceed there next week. I trust you have arrived at an age to know the distinction between right and wrong. I hope you will never depart from the path of duty; for you may rest assured, that is the only way to get through the world with honour and credit to yourself. You will remember the lessons I have inculcated in your young mind, and I trust you have too much pride about you, to allow the contaminating breath of vice to sully your fair name."

"I assure you, dear father," I answered, "I shall feel a pleasure in obeying your commands, although it will afford me a severe pang to quit the home of my youth, where I have spent so many happy days; but I am aware it will not do for me to remain always at home, therefore, I shall obey your wishes with alacrity. I assure you, it shall ever be my aim to tread the path of virtue, and I trust you will never have cause to blush when you hear the name of Henry Darvil mentioned, as being that of your son."

"I sincerely trust not, my boy. I am glad you concur so readily with my wishes, as you must be aware I have had more experience than yourself, and am better able to judge what is best for you."

My father was a retired gentleman, living on his means, and I was



"Yes, yes, dear father, I am fully aware of that, and I submit everything to your superior judgment."

"I have one thing, my dear Henry, to guard you against; that is your temper. You must be aware that it is a very hasty one, and may lead you into trouble if you humour it. Always reflect before you act. Do nothing from impulse alone; for, you may be certain, second thoughts are the best. When we act in a hurry, we do not allow reason to assert its power, and we therefore generally repent afterwards."

After a long conversation, I left him to prepare for my journey. Oh! how happy should I have been had I followed his advice. I then might have acquitted myself honourably before the eyes of my fellow men, and at this moment I might have been a respectable member of society, instead of being confined in the condemned cell.

The eventful day at length arrived, when I was to depart from the home of my childhood. With sad feelings I arose in the morning, and bid adieu to each well known spot, where I had passed the happiest hours of my life.

I experienced great regret as I looked, for the last time, on the house, the trees, and the stream. It seemed as though I were forsaking them never to return.

Oh, God! that I could draw a veil over the rest of my life, or that I had died at that time. I was, comparatively speaking, then an innocent being; but from the moment of going from home, I record the commencement of my crimes.

I shall never forget the last embrace of my dear father. It is indelibly impressed upon my memory, which no circumstances can ever efface. I saw the tear trickle down his manly cheek. I heard him heave a sigh as he kissed me, and bid me be a good lad.

My heart was ready to burst with emotion; but I could not weep; tears refused to come to my aid, and I left him with searing indifference. I was buoyed up by the thought that we should soon meet again. In six years time we did meet again; but under what circumstances! It was when I murdered him! Nay, start not, kind reader; it is indeed true: the hand which pens these lines is embued with the blood of a father. Yes, I am a paricide!

Some people think I must be mad. They imagine that no human being in his senses could commit the crimes I have committed; but they are mistaken.

The man who has murdered his father, his lover, and his dearest friend, is not a madman, but as sane as they themselves are. Methinks, dear reader, I can hear you abhorring me. I can hear you curse me, as being more a demon than a human being.

The stage coach soon conveyed me to my destination, and I found myself amongst a merry troop of boys, who began asking me a thousand questions, which I answered very coolly, and, therefore, was soon left to myself, to indulge in my feelings at leisure.

It is not my intention to give every minute incident that occurred to me during my school days; but I cannot refrain from mentioning one, as it will more clearly show my position than I could myself.

There was a boy in school of the name of Edmund de Vere. He was of foreign extraction, and of a very tyrannical disposition. One day he requested, or rather commanded me to go to his desk, and fetch a certain book; which request being delivered in rather an authoritative tone of voice, I refused to comply with, not deeming myself his slave. He, irritated at my refusal, struck me several times.

Those blows I never forgot, but determined to have my revenge. Day and night I thought upon it. I dreamt of it in my dreams. I could not sleep for it; it was a demon that haunted me continually, and must be gratified.

Days, weeks, and months rolled on without anything occurring whereby I could satiate my revenge. He had probably forgotten the subject entirely; but I never let it escape my memory for a moment. At length, an occasion offered, whereby I was fully satisfied.

In one corner of our school-room was a trap-door, which led into some vaults underneath the ground floor, and which for a long time had been out of use.

It was the custom of Edmund de Vere to pace up and down this room when the others had retired to rest, he being the eldest boy in the school. I selected a dark November night for my purpose, and when all the other boys were in bed, I silently crept from mine, and entered the school-room unobserved.

I found my victim, as usual, pacing the floor with measured steps, and, taking advantage of his temporary absence, I placed the trap-door on the edge of the hole which it covered, in such a manner that the least pressure on it would immediately cause it to give way, and whoever stood upon it would be precipitated into the vaults beneath.

Having finished this diabolical scheme, I proceeded back to my bed, where I had not been ten minutes, before I heard a violent scream, by which I knew my plan had answered.

Almost immediately afterwards the unfortunate youth was brought up stairs, with both his legs broken. He was a cripple for life. No one

was suspected; it was thought that the boards had grown rotten, and suddenly given way whilst he was crossing them.

I shall never forget the feeling of satisfaction I experienced, when I was made acquainted with the accident. It had answered my warmest expectations, and I was fully gratified. By this incident it will be seen that the unfortunate falling—a desire of revenge, was the cause of my committing my first crime; and it was this vice, united with that of drinking, that caused me to commit the atrocious murder for which I am to suffer the full penalty of the law.

With one exception, I was an isolated being in the school, and this exception was of such a pure character, that I cannot refrain from giving it in full.

Whilst all the other boys stunned me as though I were inflicted with a loathsome disease, this young man took me by the hand, and cheered, and comforted me. Whilst others scoffed and reviled at me, he made me his companion; his kindness touched the adamantine substance of which my heart was composed. I could freely have died for him. If I were in trouble, he would offer consolation and advice; I made him my confidant; and we were inseparable.

After our school duties were over, we were accustomed to walk together, and discourse about our homes; then he would touch the chord which thrilled through my heart, as I disclosed each well-known spot to him. I fancied myself again traversing the meadows; again angling in the stream; and I was raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Never shall I forget the angelic smile of his beautiful features, as he noticed it; but having left a kind mother himself, he fully sympathised with me in my regret at leaving a place which was the elysium of my existence. But, let me describe him to you.

Picture to yourself, a youth of about nineteen years of age, with a remarkable amiable cast of countenance; his whole features were softened in the extreme, and were it not for an expression of decision about his finely-formed mouth, his features would appear, perhaps, rather too feminine for one of the male sex. His hair was of light auburn, and curled naturally; his eyes were of a deep blue, and had a peculiar look of kindness about them; in fact, his whole appearance was such that every beholder must be charmed with it.

Nor did his appearance belie his character, for it would bear the utmost scrutiny. Robert Exford was respected and admired by every one who knew him. Yet, will you believe me, kind reader, when I tell you, that this example of perfection,—this paragon of excellence, fell by my hand? Yes; I basely murdered my only friend. It is true, I was maddened by a passion, which was instigated by a demon—jealousy; but this does not exculpate me from the barbarous act.

The manner in which I became acquainted with this friend, will at once show his bravery and generosity. Two or three boys, whom I had offended, laid in wait for me, and determined, by all setting upon me at once, to satiate their vengeance. I was walking through the play ground with my arms folded, ruminating on my present condition, and wondering what the future would bring forth, when these three young rascals assailed me. I defended myself as well as I could; but I should have been considerably worsted, had not Robert Exford come to my aid; with his help I soon made my enemies fly.

This incident will at once show that although he was of particularly mild and unassuming disposition, he was no coward; but would resent his wrongs with a manly hand.

My father, after I had been at Eton four months, departed for France, for the restoration of his health, which for a long time had been declining.

After remaining at Eton three years, it was thought time I went to college, and I was instantly furnished with the necessary means.

## CHAPTER II.

### LOVE AND MURDER.

How could so mean a vice as jealousy,  
Unnatural child of ignorance and guilt,  
Which tears and feeds upon its parent's heart,  
Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?

Young.

I OFTEN fancy to myself that there must be a particular curse devolved upon my head, which caused me to commit the crimes of which I am found guilty. I felt an irresistible power impel me to the course I have pursued; my own free agency seemed to have gone. But, however, let me return to my tale of woe.

It will be useless to give an account of my adventures at college; suffice it to say, they passed off much in the same manner as is customary with young men of plenty of money; there was the same amount of tandem-driving, boating, drinking, &c. &c.; and nothing particular occurred to disturb the equanimity of my life.



One day, towards the end of the session, I was traversing the streets of Cambridge, when I was accosted by a voice, saying,—

"Henry, my dear fellow, how are you?"

I naturally turned to see from whom the voice proceeded, when I beheld the amiable features of Robert Exford. He immediately returned with me to my lodgings, where we had a long conversation together, which ended with a pressing invitation that I would accompany him to his home, where he assured me I should receive a hearty welcome from his mother and sister. After a little persuading, I acceded to his proposal, and the next morning, it was agreed we should set off for his residence.

Brightly rose the sun, with not a cloud to obscure its disk; the air was mild and balmy, and all nature seemed refreshed; with alacrity I quitted my bed, and entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination. My mind was calm and tranquil, and the morning air served greatly to brace up my nerves.

Robert Exford was also in very good spirits, and enlivened me by his conversation, for I was generally dull and melancholy, and there was not one being in the world whom I cared about, with the exception of my friend.

After about four hours ride, we came in view of Robert's home. It was situated on an eminence, with a noble lawn thickly studded with trees in the front of it. It appeared of ample dimensions, and the neatness with which the grounds were kept, showed them to belong to a person of cultivated taste.

"There, Henry," exclaimed Exford, "there is our home, not a very grand one, to be sure; but from the inmates you will receive a hearty welcome. There are only my mother, sister, and a cousin of mine residing in it; but, nevertheless, we can make up a nice little party, and I have no doubt shall enjoy ourselves to our heart's content."

"My dear Exford," I answered, "wherever you are, I shall be happy. I do not know how it is, but I seem to despise the world, and have not a spark of love for any one, with the exception of yourself; and you must not think I am flattering you, when I say you have inspired in my bosom a flame of friendship, that must ever exist while you live."

"My dear friend, you are too melancholy; you do not look upon the bright side of the world, but merely on the trials and difficulties; you do not applaud the virtues, but only condemn the vices. It is true there are many bad characters resident on earth; but we must not forget that there are also many good ones; some who deserve our censure and abhorrence; others who merit our praise and commendation."

"Exford, you are, indeed, deserving of my warmest gratitude. I can never repay you for your kindness to me."

"Nay—nay, my friend; you value me too highly. I am but a man, you know, and of course, have the same imperfections as others; but I trust I also possess a heart which is in the right place, and can freely feel an attachment for any one worthy of it. You will excuse my frankness, Darvil, when I tell you, you have allowed several errors to creep into your mind, which will require all your firmness of character to get rid of."

"My dear Exford, I hope you will never scruple to tell me of them. I shall then wish your instruction to endeavour to acquit myself of my numerous prejudices."

We had now arrived at the entrance of the lawn, which put a stop to any further conversation.

Little did I imagine that, before another month would pass away, this exemplary character would fall by my hand. Little did I think that he whom I had adored would be my victim. Had I been able to have looked into futurity, I should either have not believed it, or have committed suicide to prevent the fulfilment of its destinies; but I, good easy man, was secure, as I thought, in the strength of my own mind, and vainly imagined that it would be impossible for any circumstances to turn my love into hatred. How little did I know of the human heart—of its various bad passions. At that time I was not aware that jealousy would sacrifice anything to its demoniacal frenzy; but, as the sequel will prove, such was the case.

When we arrived at the house, I was immediately introduced to Mrs. Exford, who was truly a maternal woman—one whom we must love in spite of ourselves; this kindness was the more apparent to me, as it had been a very long time since I had experienced a mother's love. Miss Exford also was an accomplished girl, and very handsome; but the one who more particularly struck my fancy was Rose Hammond, a cousin of my friend's, who was staying on a visit at the house.

Never before had I beheld a countenance half so lovely. She was a little above the medium height; her hair was of a dark brown, and hung in clusters around her snowy neck. Her eyes were of a bright hazel; but with such an expression of kindness, good-temper, and amiability displayed in them, that, by this single organ alone, I could discover what kind of a disposition she possessed. Her rosy lips were ever pouting with good humour, and a smile was constantly play-

ing around them. There was a frankness in her manner, very different to some young ladies, who consider silence to be indicative of good breeding.

Dear reader, I could dwell for ever in portraying this beautiful female to you, such an impression has she made on my heart. Even now, in my imagination, I see her before me. See how sweetly she smiles; her hand is stretched out to me.

Ah! the vision changes—I see her now a corpse, with a deep gash across her throat, extending from ear to ear. Who is it that has committed this bloody deed? It is I—even I. O! conscience, how thou upbraided me for it!

When I first beheld Rose Hammond, I experienced a sensation I had never felt before. It was a kind of delirium; my senses were whirled into a vortex of happiness; in fact, to comprehend it in one word, it was firm, lasting, never-fading love.

I have often cursed the day I met with this lovely girl, as she was the indirect cause of all my crimes. I, blind fool that I was, foolishly gave way to my feelings of love. I imagined that, perchance, she might return my passion; but I was told too late that another was already possessed of her heart, and that one was Robert Exford. I was not aware of this upon my first entrance into the house, or I should have nipped in the bud the passion that was every day taking deeper hold of me.

A fortnight passed away in extreme happiness; various were our schemes of amusement; but nothing pleased me so much as a ramble with Rose Hammond in the beautiful gardens. These treats were few, as Robert was her general companion, but this only enhanced their enjoyment. At such a period the flood-gates of my heart would be opened, and I spoke with all the enthusiasm of youth.

It was with concern I beheld the familiarity of Robert and Rose; but I could not persuade myself to believe it was anything more than friendship that instigated their proceedings; but with all my vain hopes, there would now and then be a kind of suspicion enter my mind, which I would endeavour in vain to dispel.

I found I began to regard Robert with less love than formerly, and as his intimacy increased with the object of my adoration, my love turned to hatred.

That horrible demon, jealousy, had obtained a place in my heart, and everything was sacrificed to his influence.

I had been there about three weeks, when, one evening, Robert being absent on business, I solicited the pleasure of Miss Hammond's company for a stroll, which request she most cheerfully complied with.

It had been sultry hot during the day, and the evening air was extremely refreshing; there was a gentle breeze, which served to cool the heated surface of the earth.

We strolled by the side of the stream, discoursing on every-day topics, until at length I determined to make my feelings fully known to her.

"Miss Hammond," I exclaimed, "I wish to have a little serious conversation with you, if you are at liberty to hear me."

"I am all attention, sir."

"You may, perhaps, deem me presumptuous in the remarks I am about to make; but when you know the reason I am in hopes you will forgive them. I need not tell you that you have inspired a passion in my heart, which can never be quenched. In one word Rose, I love you—ay, firmly and devotedly. Grant me, dearest of girls a return; if it is but a hope, I shall be satisfied. I own I am not generally a favourite with the ladies, being too blunt; but I am sure your good sense is such, that this would have no weight with you. Tell me, beloved one—can I hope for a return of my passion, even if it be ever so distant, a one? I will treasure it up in my bosom, and nought shall wrest it from me."

"I will be explicit, Mr. Darvil," she answered, with, as I thought, something like a smile on her lips. "I will not let you entertain false notions which I can never satisfy. At once, then, I can never be more than your friend."

"Rose—dear Rose, say not so! Pity me—grant me hope—say that my presence is not displeasing to you. Speak—speak!"

"Do not excite yourself so much, sir," answered Rose, "for I assure you nothing can alter my decision."

"What is your reason, Rose?—for God's sake, tell me your reason."

"If you are not more composed I must leave you, sir." She here made an effort to disengage herself, but I would not let her go.

"Stay, stay," I exclaimed, "for the love of Heaven, do not go. Pardon my warmth, it is my love for you that causes it. Take pity on me, and tell me your reason for shutting out every ray of hope from my heart."

"Well, sir, as you force me to it, I must beg to state my affection is already engaged."



Heavens!—what a thunderbolt was this! The blood run cold in my veins; my hair stood on end; I grew pale as death; I gnashed my teeth in agony; and, in fact, appeared more like an insane person than a rational being. I beheld, in one moment, all my fond hopes wrecked, and myself cast away, when suddenly a demoniacal smile illumined my face, and I remembered I might revenge myself on my rival.

Rose gazed on me with astonishment, and grew pale with fear.

"Compose yourself, sir, for Heaven's sake compose yourself," she ejaculated.

"What!" I answered, "compose myself to see you delivered into another person's arms—to allow the flower to be plucked from my grasp? Never shall it be. I will search for my rival, and if he be at the end of the earth, I will find him, and wreak my vengeance on him."

"Do not talk in this strain, I beseech you," she answered.

"Yes, madam, I will talk in this strain, and you, proud as you are, shall feel my vengeance. The minion whom you have sought to favour shall fall by hand! I will bring your future husband a corse, and lay him at your feet."

I said this with a devilish expression of countenance, and gazed with glaring eyes on my victim. Having thus expressed my intentions, I rushed from her presence.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings, but a desire of revenge was uppermost in my mind, and this revenge I determined to gratify; when, suddenly, the thought of him on whom I must satiate it rushed into my remembrance—the form of my only friend, with his placid mild countenance, appeared in my sight, and I discarded the idea from me with disgust; but again, the thought of being rejected was madness—I could not brook it.

In this unenviable state of mind I sought my chamber, and the first things that met my eyes were my pistols; with deliberate eagerness I loaded one, and presented the muzzle to my head with the intention of shooting myself; but again I thought it would be folly to kill myself for a woman, and I abandoned the idea.

I now fled to the brandy bottle, and drowned all my sorrows in the intoxicating cup.

Cursed fool that I was for so doing! By that simple act, I have forfeited all my hopes of happiness in this world and in the world to come. The liquor inflamed my blood—my brain seemed on fire; I felt myself capable of anything. I grasped a razor that was lying on the table, conveying it to my pocket, and, intoxicated as I was, sought the open air.

I proceeded I knew not whither, until I became aware that the shadows of evening were fast drawing around me. Suddenly I heard voices not far distant, and not wishing any one to see me in my present condition, I silently crept behind a tree.

"What do you think of my friend, Rose?" exclaimed a voice, which I immediately recognised as belonging to Robert Exford.

"I am sure, Robert, I do not know what to think of him; I certainly admire his talents, but there is an impetuosity about him which I am afraid will, sooner or latter, bring him into trouble."

"My dear Rose—(how those words grated on my ears!)—you judge too harshly of him. I assure you he is extremely clever, and whatever his outward behaviour may be, he certainly possesses a good heart."

"Well—well, Robert, no doubt you know him better than I do."

They had now proceeded too far for me to hear any more, but the moonlight enabled me to see their figures distinctly; his arm was encircling her waist, and one of her hands was fastly locked within his own. She every now and then looked affectionately into his face, which did not leave me to doubt who was my rival.

Oh, God! how shall I describe my feelings at this sight? It seemed as if molten lead were being poured upon my already excited brain. I felt at that moment I could have slain my own brother, had he been similarly placed; my hand was steeled to the committal of any crime. Then I saw that fair form which I had fondly imagined I should call all my own, in the possession of another individual. 'Tis true that individual was my only friend; but what is friendship to be compared to jealousy—that execrable passion, that will sacrifice the warmest ties of love for the satiety of its vengeance?

The parties in question had now turned back, and were slowly approaching the tree, behind which I was concealed.

"Dear Robert, our feelings are reciprocal," she exclaimed, in answer to some observation of his.

"They are, indeed, my dear girl, and I trust they ever will be. I may truly consider myself supremely blessed in having secured the love of so estimable a creature as yourself."

"Nay, my dear Robert, do not make more of me than I really am."

"By this kiss of love, I swear—"

"You die!" I exclaimed, rushing forth from my place of concealment, and, before they were aware of my presence, I had implanted my

razor into the throat of Robert Exford with such force that I divided the carotid artery, and the vital fluid gushed out in a huge stream over myself and Rose.

I gazed for a moment on his dying features, and then I turned to his companion. She had fainted, and was totally insensible. My eyes sparkled fire, and I looked with exultation on her form. I deliberately seated myself on the ground, and commenced sharpening the razor on my hand, meditating what course to pursue, when suddenly Rose opened her eyes.

"Robert—dear Robert!" she murmured.

Those words sealed her fate. Again, a delirium of passion seized me, and I grasped her head, pressing it across my knee; I dashed the razor into her beautiful throat, cutting it from ear to ear! Not content with this, I pressed her head back with all the force I was able to muster, greatly increasing the wound. It was unnecessary—she was dead!

After I had committed these crimes, my feelings underwent a revulsion, and I gazed with horror on the work of my hands. For a few minutes I stood transfixed to the spot, unable to move a muscle; then, summoning all my energies, I rushed from this scene of blood, I knew not whither.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PARRICIDE.—CONCLUSION.

I'll pursue thee still;

Urge thee all day with thy unnatural crimes;

Tear, harrow up thy breast; and then at night

I'll be the fury that shall haunt thy dreams,

Wake thee with shrieks, and place before thy sight

Thy mangled friends, in all their pomp of horror!

\* \* \* \* \*

How my torn heart with recollection bleeds!

GLOVER.

For a long time I continued my flight over hedges and ditches—not daring to take to the highway for fear of being seen.

At length, overcome by exhaustion, I sunk to the earth, and, notwithstanding the state of my mind, fell to sleep. But it was not a calm repose; terrible visions presented themselves to my imagination. I acted my desperate deeds over again; my conscience would not let me rest quiet, and I awoke with the sensibility of all the horrors of my situation.

"What am I?" I commenced with myself, "a murderer! My hands are imbued with the blood of my fellow-creatures. God have mercy upon me! Psha! psha! How can I expect mercy from the Divine Author of my existence, when I have committed such atrocious crimes? Oh, conscience, how dost thou torment me. Will nothing allay thy importunities? My dear—my only friend, can it be true that thou art dead? Yes, yes; it must be so. I saw you bleeding on the earth; and Rose, too! Oh, God! oh, God! Pardon me—pardon me! Am I a man or a demon? Methinks I must be the latter, for certainly my acts are more pertaining to a demon than a human being. Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed I; my thoughts taking another turn, I began to chaunt over the old song:—

"What's the use of sighing?

Life is but a summer's day;

To-morrow we'll be dying."

After having sung this over some ten times, I attempted to exculpate myself from the guilt of the transaction, making the excuse that I was carried away by passion. I remained thinking and reasoning with myself for upwards of an hour, when I suddenly started up, remembering I was not far enough from pursuit.

The moon had now attained its zenith, and by it every object was rendered distinctly visible. I was aroused from my reflections by a slight rustling near me, and I beheld a man not five paces off me. He appeared to be about forty years of age, of extremely repulsive features; his eye-brows met across his forehead, and were of a deep black; he was habited in coarse garments, and in one hand held a pistol, which directly told me what was his profession.

"Your money, sir," exclaimed he.

"My good friend, you are welcome to all I have, but it is not much."

"Quick's the word, then. Hand it over."

"Have patience; do not hurry me, I pray you."

"Well, well, I must confess you take it coolly; by your countenance you do not seem very well pleased with the world; what do you say in joining me in my profession?"

This idea had not struck me before, but I thought it was a plausible one, and resolved to adopt it.

"Agreed, friend!" I answered, "with this understanding, that I share half your booty."



"I am quite willing, provided you will also undergo half the dangers, which you must be aware are very common to the business."

After a little more conversation, it was finally decided I should become his partner in housebreaking, highway robberies, and any other crime incidental to that mode of obtaining a livelihood.

We proceeded a long time in silence along a narrow defile, flanked by a noble row of trees on each side, at the end of which was a stream of water, passable by a bridge, which we crossed. I now found myself in a kind of wood, and having proceeded some time through the furze, my companion struck into a path wholly concealed from observation, being surrounded on both sides, and covered overhead by a thick hedge, through which the light could scarcely penetrate; we traversed this path for some little time until we came to a hut composed entirely of mud, which was our future residence.

Having partaken of a good supper, I retired to my pallet of straw.

It will be unnecessary to give an account of all the robberies I committed, and the crimes of which I was guilty. For the space of six months I lived with my companion, and during that time had amassed a considerable sum as the share of the spoil; but with all this I was most miserable; my conscience was always upbraiding me. I knew by the newspapers that Mrs. Exford, when she became aware of the death of her son, went raving mad, and this knowledge served greatly to enhance the pangs I felt.

One day towards the end of the month of December, as I and my fellow robber were partaking of our supper, after a good night's excursion, he thus addressed me:—

"I think I know of a rich booty!"

"Indeed!" I answered; "where?"

"I have learned that a traveller will pass this way to-morrow night, with upwards of one hundred pounds in his pocket. He will be alone. We must rob him. I am going to ease Sir Thomas Morley of a little of his superfluous cash, so that I shall have to leave you to manage this individual."

"With all my heart," I answered; "but you remember to-morrow is to be our last night. We shall the next day depart for the continent, there to spend our ill-gotten treasures at ease."

"Agreed, comrade; but what makes you so dull? You have often these fits upon you; one would think you had committed murder, instead of easing a few old fellows of the gold they do not know what to do with."

I groaned audibly.

"What the devil do you groan in that way for; look at me; be as happy as I am. If we should be nabbed before we can get abroad, what's the odds?"

"When Claude du Val was in Newgate thrown,

He carved his name on the dungeon stone;

With his chisel as fine—ta-ra-la."

There, my boy, join in chorus; come, come, take a draught of wine, and shake off that dull look of yours."

"Well, well, I will do as you will; but I have something that presses heavily on my mind."

"Oh, bother it; shake it off, then."

In such a strain we conversed until the night had far advanced, and then we retired to our pallets.

The next evening I prepared for my last exploit.

The air was biting cold, and the snow descended in large flakes, soon covering the surface of the ground. It was so dark that I could not see my hand before me.

I soon arrived at the place where I was to await the coming of the traveller, and placed myself by the roadside. I listened with great eagerness for the slightest footfall, but all was still as the grave. I remained in this situation for half an hour, until my fingers and toes were so cold I could scarcely feel them.

This robbery I had determined should be my last. I resolved to seek in a foreign land that ease of mind I could not feel in my own country. I formed various schemes which I thought would drown those pangs of conscience that were for ever torturing me; but I reckoned without my host, for that eventful night nipped in the bud all my anticipations.

Suddenly I thought I heard a horse's step; I listened again, and imagined I was deceived; but I soon heard it so plainly that there could be no doubt about it.

Slowly it approached, and I crept close to the edge of the road, ready to pounce upon my prey. I had not to wait long, for the unwary traveller soon arrived opposite to where I stood.

I rushed forward, seizing the horse's bridle, exclaiming,

"Deliver up your money immediately, or beware of the consequences."

Instead of answering me, the gentleman jumped from his horse, and laid hold of me by the throat.

I found myself in a lion's grasp, and let go the horse's bridle to save

myself. For a long time we struggled together, when I found I was getting weaker, while my adversary seemed to gather new strength. Maddened by his resistance, I pulled my pistol from my belt, exclaiming,

"Let go your hold, sir, or I shall shoot you."

The only answer I got was a tighter grasp of the throat.

I pulled the trigger. The pistol went off, and the man let go his hold, exclaiming,

"Good Heavens! I am murdered! God have mercy on my son, and guard him from all danger."

He sunk to the earth.

"Good God! that voice!" I exclaimed.

I ran to the prostrate man, and raised him in my arms.

"Your name!—for the sake of Heaven, your name! Answer me—quick—quick!"

"Herbert Darvill"

"Almighty God! My father!"

I felt the body sink resistless into my arms, by which I knew too well he was dead!

Oh, God! what a discovery was here. My hands were stained with a father's blood! My cup of crime was now full indeed. The climax was complete. It was too much for me to bear. I fell senseless to the earth.

When I revived, I found myself in a cold dungeon, and I soon learned that some passengers passing that way had discovered the bodies. We were conveyed to the nearest town, where the evidence was so complete that I was committed for trial at once. It was soon ascertained who I was.

It will be useless for me to say more. I was soon brought to trial, and found guilty of murdering my own father! I am condemned to be hung!

It is now six o'clock; at eight I am to suffer the full penalty of the law. During the night I have been employed in writing this short account of my life, hoping it will prove a warning to others. My gallows is visible from my window. I can hear them nailing it now. Hark! I hear a footstep approaching.

It is the chaplain, who has been to pray with me, but to no purpose. I am damned, both body and soul. The time approaches. It is now half-past seven. I can hear the sheriffs approach. They come—they come!

Adieu, kind reader! You must execrate me for my crimes, and justly, too. I have not a single word to say in my defence. That my fate may be a warning to others, is the last wish of Henry Darvill.

J. B. GOGGS.

## THE SECRET MEETING.

A RUSSIAN TRAGEDY.

She loved him, but her father knew not of her deep love, He was to her a beacon-light—all other things above. Oh, secret were their meetings, secret, stolen, and sweet; Why, Death, wert thou in ambush there, such sweet fond joy to cheat?

He came in radiant beauty, in the pride of wealth and power, She joyed to see him, 'twas a soul entrancing hour; Far, far too long he tarried, slowly the moments go, And yet she dreamed not half the ill which wrought such bitter woe.

Within that chest, as in a shroud, laid he, the beautiful knight; She dared not shriek, she could not weep, it was a piteous sight. Oh, lonely is that maiden, gone is her own loved dear, She gazed upon the livid corpse in an ecstasy of fear.

She summoned her attendant, he came to her relief, He gazed in silent pity, he felt for such deep grief; For well he loved the noble knight enshrined within that chest— 'Twas a noble heart, now still and cold, that beat within that breast.

Dear mistress! look not thus so wild, like a demented one, I will secretly remove that corpse ere sounds the evening gun; In yonder abbey shall he rest—the requiem shall be sung, My dearest lady, thy own knight the saints shall be among.

In yonder abbey cloisters a pale young beauty's seen, Her locks were as the raven, and as diamond once her e'en, But now she is demented, for her love is dead and gone, And she wanders 'neath the abbey walls and the mossy tombs among,

JANE,



## CLANAWLY.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILES GLIN," &amp;c.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER XXII.

NIGHT-HAVOC.

WHEN day closes upon the battle-field the slaughter is usually suspended, the combatants seeking the green sward for feverish repose, or "they sink," as finely expressed in the well-known ballad,—

"The weary to sleep and wounded to die."

This is commonly the case, and must always be so, when a campaign threatens to be of any continuation; but it is often departed from upon particular occasions, such as when a second engagement is not expected to follow, or when the troops are fresh enough to fight on to some important change in their positions.

A young moon gave light to the scene now attempted to be described, but heavy clouds sometimes stole over her, and left the combatants in hazardous doubt. Still they persevered to attack each other, singling their antagonists out by their dissimilar garbs, which, unless it were totally dark, could not be mistaken.

A great number had fallen on both sides; but the Irish army were becoming more and more feeble at each general onslaught; and they now began to discover, in reality, that the position of the English, from their commanding height, afforded the latter innumerable advantages. The principal attacks were made upon that undulation of the land where the town-wall showed its nearest front; but frequently becoming successful, the English drove the others down towards the morass, accompanying each retreat with a volley which caused great loss. Towards night the fighting became close and disorderly; and the Irish keeping near their encampment, a confused engagement was continued at the foot of the hill, the superior party resolving to come to a decision, which would render a second attack altogether unnecessary.

Heaps fell on heaps in front of the Spanish redoubts, that body of men having acted unflinchingly throughout the day, save when overpowered, that they had to retreat in common with the Irish. Confusion became greater and greater. The noise of the combatants was somewhat drowned by the fearful moans, shrieks, and howls of the wounded. The crash of weapons would now surmount that awful noise, which when subsiding, would again give way to the dying wails, as the hoarse noise of a storm at sea succeeds to the terrific rolling of close thunder.

In endeavouring to strike at each other, the combatants frequently tumbled over heaps of the fallen; and thus many lay prostrate who were not wounded, when the difficulty of coming again upon their feet, and the trampling they received from others who strode and stalked over the slain, put them completely out of the engagement for a considerable time. Now a knot of combatants might rush towards the hill, when the numbers of the Irish would exceed the English; and in they went like a flood, jostling down all smaller groups, and tumbling heads undermost; the stronger combatants surmounting those who could not keep their feet, or floating on the surface of the human stream, like the more buoyant fragments of a wreck. Again, when pursuing the former current of attack, they would be checked by the English side becoming more powerful and numerous, and also by the rising of the hill, a reaction happened, the latter troops pushing the others down by the actual pressure of numbers; and so rapid would be the rush, that often the weaker party fell in hundreds to the ground, over whom the successful tumbled down after the rest, like a cascade over a shelving rock. In such an instance many of the Irish were often locked up amidst the English, but rendered powerless by the pressure, whilst the English, also against their will, found their way into the torrent of the combined forces.

There was also a tremendous struggle going forward on the verge of the morass, below the Irish lines, where the English troops had partly forced themselves. This must have been more particular, as the parties had much difficulty in extricating their feet from the soft ground, when they found they had gone too far; whilst many sunk nearly half-way and remained unable to get out. Those who were not cloven down by the assailants, soon perished by cold and wet.

The clouds grew dense and lowering, rendering the scene nearly dark; and soon a flash of lightning loosened the cataracts of Heaven. Down poured the rain in a deluge, drenching the combatants in a very short space of time. The storm raged incessantly, the flashes of lightning and peals of thunder following in rapid succession, and the diluvian torrent filling up every hollow and dyke to overflowing. There was only one fury which outrode that tempest, filling up every pause

in the thunder-storm, brooding over the earth with darker wings than those of gloomiest midnight, and turning the streams of muddy yellow flowing from the hill to a crimson tide ere it reached the plain, that died alone outside the tempest—HAVOC!

During the storm, two powerful antagonists met. The Irish warrior found himself superior to his assailant; after a long struggle, and urged to extraordinary strength by his despair of combat, he rushed upon the other, grasped him by the neck, and almost choked him. Rendered faint through strangulation, the weaker officer fell to the ground, when the former trailed him along through the mud until he arrived at one of the tents. No description can adequately explain the state of the English officer at this moment; and all that can be said is, that he was one entire mass of mud from the neck to the feet.

Within the tent lay a man upon his back, bound hand and foot, for the purpose of preventing his escape. The Irish officer called aloud, but in consequence of the din of havoc, and the fury of the tempest, his words were not audible beyond his lips. He then felt in the dark and found the individual still there; and lifting up the mud-covered man in his arms, he flung him at full length upon the top of the other. As he turned round to re-engage, he encountered one of his own officers, and knew him—it was O'Donnell.

"All lost—all lost—my, my God!" exclaimed the latter.

"No hope remaining?"

"Oh! do not ask; look out—look up—and see whether the storm above or the storm beneath is the greater, and whether Heaven is in combination with hell for our destruction!"

"Have you seen Tyrone?" he continued.

"No, my lord—God grant he is safe!"

"So be it. Have you seen any of the daltins? I suppose they are all butchered."

"I have not seen any."

"By Heavens! is that M'Auliff?"

"Yes—I am the man."

"I did not know you by the confusion."

They were speaking to one another, ear to mouth, and then could scarcely render their voices audible, so awful was the uproar.

"Can we light a torch in one of the tents until I debate on what is to be done? Our men are yielding, and I hear that the others are about to withdraw."

"Nothing else can be expected," said M'Auliff. The storm began to abate. "Our men lie in hundreds," said M'Auliff.

"And now they are submitting to their executioners, not able to resist any longer. You have not seen Don Alonzo?"

"I have not seen any that I knew these two full hours."

"There is a cessation—thank God!"

"It is becoming more calm—all will soon be quiet enough."

"Come along to Ocampo's tent," said O'Donnell.

"I have an English officer, a prisoner here," remarked the other.

"Here also the traitor is bound, is it not?"

"Yes, this is my tent; and I have to despatch some business with him before I leave him."

"Suppose we go to Ocampo's tent, and order both to be brought thither to us."

"Yes, that will suit. How silent it is becoming."

"Our men are becoming more numerous than I expected to see them after such a massacre."

"We will have more than you may be led to reckon on, but the loss, I am sure, is terrific."

They proceeded together, and, having found the tent, entered it, where they discovered Tyrone and Ocampo sitting down, mute and horrified. It was some time before any one broke silence; afraid to speak his mind, or to revert to the certain consequences of this disastrous engagement. However, M'Auliff ventured at length to ask them how they meant to act, as the time was precious, and not a moment of it to be lost.

"What is our purport, my lords?" he demanded.

"We must submit," said Ocampo.

Tyrone turned a melancholy glance upon the Spanish general.

"O'Donnell—O'Donnell!" exclaimed the Earl of Tyrone.

O'Donnell looked at him, but said nothing. The stupid gaze of his eyes spoke all he had to say.

"Had we entered the town—"

"Yes—yes," interrupted the former, in broken accents—"It was my—I was wrong—you were right—we—"

"Had we entered the town, this massacre would be avoided! I knew the strength of the enemy and our comparative weakness; and that we wanted some shield, either of walls or buttresses, to fight beneath, in order to make up the balance of strength."

"Oh, Heavens! and it is now too late!" exclaimed O'Donnell.

"What is our intent, my lords?" demanded Clanawly again.

"We must submit, in order to save the lives of the rest," answered Tyrone.



"Don Alonso is right enough," said O'Donnell. "He will be treated as an honourable enemy; but we shall be regarded as rebels, and hanged up in dozens."

"But we must plan to avoid that," said Tyrone.

"My party had better withdraw," remarked Clanawly.

"Whatever you have surviving, had better leave the scene of death," returned the former; "as soon as they can be collected."

"I wish I had 'em' more revengeful turn at the English," cried O'Donnell. "I think it may be done without adding to the horrors of our expectations."

"Tis equal how we treat the enemy," said Tyrone. "Let our conduct towards them be generous or otherwise, we have the same result to look to as regards their treatment of us when vanquished."

"Highly ungenerous," said Clanawly. "Can I assist you before I go?"

"You will go to night?" asked Tyrone.

"As soon as I can. It is no use to see morning's dawn upon this field of havoc."

"We, having nothing to lose but our lives, shall wait the result of the Spanish conference with the English commander," hinted O'Donnell.

"Yes," echoed Tyrone.

"I shall see them early in the morning," said Ocampo; "but I will conclude nothing, save in the presence of the lord deputy, who is at present in Cork."

"Oh!" exclaimed M'Auliff; "the traitor."

"Yes, let him be brought hither," said O'Donnell.

"It will be difficult to get a guard. The men are all asleep by this," remarked M'Auliff.

"What, so soon? and so wet and hungry!" exclaimed the former.

"Their sleep is akin to death," said M'Auliff, "which holds its repose in the depths of the ocean, or on the highways of the earth."

At this moment the dalton entered, and, transported with joy at beholding his master still well, even alive, he threw his arms around Clanawly's neck, and wept gently.

"M'Murchad, my dear," said M'Auliff, "there is no time to lose. Go outside, and make a noise to collect my clan, if any be surviving. Let them bring the traitor and the English officer here from my tent."

The young man went out as ordered; and having hooted for a short while "Clanawly aboo," about seventy men immediately assembled around him. He then gave them his master's orders, which were promptly executed.

As soon as the villain was placed before the generals, the cord which bound his legs was cut, but his handcuffs were still kept on. The officer was quite recovered from his shock, and stood tremblingly beside the other, awaiting his expected condemnation.

"As to you, sir," said Tyrone, taking the judgment on himself, "we shall not injure a hair of your head. We shall more than treat you as an honourable foe: for you shall have your liberty this moment."

The English officer bowed and stood aside; whilst the dependant, M'Murchad, strove to scrape the mud off his clothes with the edge of his short sword.

"But you wretch, cursed alike by God and man, were you permitted to choose a death, it would be granting you a boon. You have sold your country for a bottle of spirits; I am informed; for it is true enough, that, with the exception of taking your traitor son into his employment, that is all the boon you have received from Sir George Carew up to this moment."

"A bottle of spirits, and the good-will of an enemy; and, perhaps, the prospect of seeing your son a servant to an English general, made you sell the blood of your kindred and your people. Could you not sell yourself, but not dispose of your nation?"

"Go out now, if we will leave you, and look around you, and listen to the moans, and the groans, and the wails, and the howls, of your dying, slaughtered countrymen; and listen if every echo does not resound with an execration upon you and your descendants for ever! Ay, perhaps, you might find a brother's son, a wife's brother—but it is useless to say more, for a man of your villainy would sell his soul! There is a mingled echoing of curses rising from the blood-stained ground to the throne of avenging God in heaven; and that prayer will be remembered to all your kindred, whilst one drop of your blasted blood pollutes their yet unskilted veins."

"What shall we do with him, O'Donnell?" demanded Tyrone.

"Dig a grave here, and bury him alive," returned the other.

"You remember me!" said M'Auliff.

No answer followed on the part of the traitor.

He well recollects the conversation he held with me, my lords," continued the chieftain, still staring at the miscreant; "and he must also remember that he wanted to pass under the name of Phil M'Carthy. However, he let slip the word 'Phelim,' unintentionally, arousing suspicions in my breast, which I then concealed."

"He is as like the man whom you killed in Knockadune, my lord,"

said the dalton, staring earnestly in the traitor's visage—"as like him as if he were the very same."

"I venture to swear, then," cried M'Auliff, "that the wretch was a brother to this miscreant—that's it now, according to our information—he was Brian M'Mahon; this is Phelim M'Mahon, equally alive to the ruin of their people,—two brothers, whose machinations may God confound."

"What's to be done with him?" demanded Tyrone again.

"I will take him alive with me," said Clanawly.

"Take him, and use him well," cried O'Donnell.

"According to his deserts, if I can," observed the former; "although that will be a very difficult business."

The English officer was allowed to depart, it having been a stroke of policy on the part of Tyrone, now that all hopes were lost, to be the means of effecting a reconciliation between him and Sir George Carew. In this instance he looked forward to the future judgment of the English upon his proceedings; and, though this solitary act afforded but a forlorn hope to his view, he was rejoiced at having so happily hit upon it. The chieftain of Clanawly, surrounded by his clan, also left the tent, having first taken a melancholy farewell of his unfortunate comrades in arms; and gaining the summit of the hill in deep silence, he descended the side leading towards Murkerry, without molestation, and was soon out of danger, becoming more confident as the distance from the English camp increased.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE DISGUISED.

Two weary travellers, disguised in habits worn at that time by persons who, of English extraction, came within the Irish pale, were seen, about four days after the horrors described in the former chapter, to rest themselves upon the banks of the Lee, nearly four miles from Cork in a western direction. The one was a person about twenty-six years of age, the other not more than eighteen; and they seemed as if not well acquainted with each other.

"Castle M'Auliff is a very long way off. I wish we had some mode of being carried there," observed the younger man.

"If you can walk it, I shall not fail," remarked the other.

"I am able to proceed on foot."

"Say nothing of my resolution—a few days will surmount all our difficulties."

"I am not acquainted in this part of the country."

"Have you any news concerning the present state of things?"

"I had no transactions with the current state of things, and, consequently, have nothing to tell but from hearsay. I understand, though, that the Spanish general Ocampo, having effected a reconciliation with the lord deputy, was not able to exert any interest in behalf of the Irish generals, who are decamped; and where they are at present concealed, is a matter of inquiry on the part of the English, who hold out rewards for their apprehension."

"Tyrone and O'Donnell are, then, in concealment, you have heard?"

"Such is my intelligence; but I also understand that Ocampo, at a grand dinner given in Cork, where he was treated more like an ally than a foe, broke out into bitter invectives against the Irish, calumniated them, and concluded by declaring that the expedition was forced upon him very much against his inclination."

"That is not the character which the Spaniards usually bear in this country; but as for Ocampo, I heard before that he was only partially interested in the Irish cause."

"Some go so far as to say that he gave certain informations to the lord deputy, regarding the direction which the rebel chieftains took, when they fled to conceal themselves."

"Then O'Donnell's expectations of going to Spain are cut off?"

"Did he entertain that idea?"

"So I believe."

The conversation here dropped; but was soon renewed again, as to the mode of procuring a lodging for the night.

"If I were in Spain," remarked the elder individual, "I should not want for night hospitality."

"Have you been in that country?"

"I went thither some seven years since, to take holy orders; but, having changed my mind, I entered the Spanish service, in which I continued until the present opportunity afforded of visiting Ireland; and I therefore took it, to make some inquiries concerning my relatives."

"Let us go onward to the abbey, and beg a night's lodging from the monks."

"Are you sure we will not be disappointed?"

"I think not, unless the present state of the country may have wrought a change in their customary habits."

They got up soon afterwards, and bent their steps towards the abbey; and, as they had about four miles to walk, it was both late and dark,



save the light afforded by a clouded moon, before they arrived at their destination.

The younger man, who was better acquainted than the other with the manner of gaining admittance, took upon himself to make the introduction. They soon entered the densely shaded avenue, and went round the great building to the smaller gate, opening into the dwellings of the brotherhood.

To a loud knock, an answer was given from within, the door remaining unopened; and a question from the inside succeeded the former acknowledgment.

"Who are you at this time?"

"Two benighted travellers in distress, who seek hospitality," answered the younger man.

"You know the state of the times, and that we are excusable for inquiring particularly as to the character of every comer," spoke the voice inside.

"We can prove that our business is merely charitable," said the former.

The door opened in, about quarter of its sweep, and an uncowed head was thrust out to examine the individuals. The young petitioner soon gave a symbolical token of his sincerity, which acting instantly upon the charitable consideration of the monk, caused him to pull the door wide open, and admit them.

"God be with you," prayed the younger man, on entering.

The same words were repeated by the other, and the expression was responded to in a nearly similar phrase by the monk.

They were led forward to a stone kitchen, and requested to be seated upon comfortable straw sedans, before a large turf fire, piled upon the hearth-stone. Two other monks were reclining before the red blaze, and seemed willing to indulge in sleep against their intention. They were aroused by the entrance of the strangers, and made some remarks of welcome to them, previous to their sitting down.

"Is all quiet abroad again?" demanded one of the brothers.

"Tolerably so," returned the younger stranger.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the same monk.

Silence followed this remark, and all seemed pretty well inclined to sleep. But it was dispelled by a fourth monk entering with some coarse eatables upon two wooden platters—barley bread, curdled milk, and a few beans and parsnips boiled to a paste. This was given kindly to the strangers, and taken as a luxury; nor did they require any greater stimulant than that which commends the coarsest diet to the most luxurious palate, and gives it the savour of excellence—hunger.

"Will you retire to bed?" demanded the monk, who admitted them.

"Yes," said the younger man, his comrade nodding assent.

The monk showed them onward through a narrow passage, to a small arched room, where he left them to their own society, placing a rush lamp upon a bracket, and closing the door well, as he went away. The younger man showed some uneasiness when he found himself barred in so closely; but the other said it was of no consequence, as they should soon be asleep, and forgetful of their partial imprisonment.

The room, as stated before, was a mere arch of solid stone, the highest part of the ceiling not reaching far above their heads. The only light admitted to the place was through a small square opening in the centre of the roof. There was but one outlet—the door through which they entered; four recesses, sunk in the oblong walls opposite each other, were filled with straw, and contained coarse rugs, tumbled negligently in heaps. These were the sleeping places, and were only capable of accommodating one person in each; four stools and a table was the amount of furniture contained therein. At the end, facing the door, was a kneeling elevation of oak, and in the wall above it, a large brass crucifix pointed out the devotional purport for which it was laid down.

Whilst the strangers were taking off part of their clothes to go to bed, the younger individual endeavoured to gain some information from his companion, but managed his purport so sily, as to leave no suspicion remaining in the other's mind as to any sinister view on his side.

"Poor O'Donnell!" he exclaimed, "I pity him to-night; for I suppose he is even afraid of looking to the same kind of hospitality as we now enjoy."

"There is no fear of him, wherever he goes."

"No, where he makes himself known."

"The country has not lost its hospitable turn so soon."

"But the danger—the danger, now!"

"It is dangerous, certainly; but he must only keep out of harm's way, and avoid suspicious characters."

"That will be difficult—the rewards are high, and nobody can tell friend from foe, under such circumstances."

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE SISTERS.

(Concluded from our last.)

He quitted him again with affectionate and almost childish reluctance; and Vibert paced his room, in a fever of anticipation, till the rising of the sun, which had seemed as if it never meant to rise again. It was still too early to set out for Silvermere, but he knew that Marcus rose with the dawn for his field-sports, and his generous mind was unwilling to lose an instant in acknowledging and asking pardon for the suspicions he had entertained of his friendship. He walked rapidly to Heroncliff, and found Marcus, as he had anticipated, up and dressed; in fact, he had passed the night in the same manner as he himself had done, and his face looked haggard and wild.

"Marcus," said Vibert, "I come to tell you a piece of strange news."

"I know it already," replied Marcus, with an attempt to look glad. "I met your servant going to Silvermere with it. Your uncles in India are dead."

"I scarcely recollect them, and it would therefore be ridiculous to affect much grief for their loss; but the circumstance has been the means of showing me an injustice committed against yourself, at which I am sincerely grieved. I believed that you entertained an intention of supplanting me in the love of Marion; and although my reason had nothing to object to it, my heart felt that it was not the part which I would have acted towards you. I have accused you bitterly; but see, Marion has herself exculpated you; and you must even forgive me as one who has been too unhappily bewildered to be master of himself."

Marcus took his offered hand and laughed, but with a fearful expression, which he strove to hide by casting his eyes on the ground.

"Then Marion," he observed, "looks forward to being the lady of Hazledell?"

"Ay, and to do the honours of it to her sister, the lady of Heroncliff. My son shall marry your daughter, and we will join the estates in one."

Marcus drew in his breath with a harrowing sound.

"Vibert," he said, "we had best remain unmarried; we are more independent to pursue our pastimes; we are not obliged to receive the society which is odious to us; and whilst we are free, we are the more welcomed abroad. Promise me you will think no more of it."

"You would not ask it, if you felt like me, that you were beloved by Marion. What do I care for independence and my reception abroad, when I have such a thralldom and such a paradise at home."

"You are determined, then?"

"Can you doubt it? I am even now on my way to Silvermere. I should arrive too soon on horseback, and am therefore obliged to walk, for I cannot be easy until I find myself on my way thither. Come, take your gun and accompany me."

"I will accompany, in the hope of dissuading you, and bringing you back before you arrive there."

"And I will drag you into fetters whether you will or not. Come; it is time to start, if we would be there by breakfast time. What ails you?—You look pale and shivering this morning; and see,—for the first time in your life, you have forgotten your gun."

With that he kindly took it from where it stood, and presented it to him.

"I will not take it," said Marcus, vaguely; "I am nervous, and cannot shoot."

"Tut, man; take your gun, I say; a good shot will put you in spirits. There is an out-lying deer from Hazledell in the Black Valley, and you must kill him for our wedding-feast."

Marcus bit his white lips, and did as he was bidden; and the companions set out upon their walk.

The weather was still gusty and uncertain. The faint gleam of the sun was rapidly traversed by the clouds, which seemed to overrun each other, and scowl at their confusion. Several large trees were blown across the pathways, and the crows skimmed aloft in unsettled course, as though they were afraid to perch.

"How I love this bracing air!" said Vibert. "I feel as if I could fly."

"You feel elastic from your errand. I have no such cause, and I would faint that the morning had been calmer. I think that long usage to blustering weather would have a strong effect upon men's passions, and render them too daring and reckless."

As they descended the brow of fern and scattered plantations, from his bleak residence, his persuasions that Vibert would return, became more and more urgent. He used in a wild, disjointed manner, all the vain arguments to which the selfish and the dissipated generally resort, to dissuade their friends from what they call a sacrifice of liberty. They were easily overruled, and his agitation grew the more violent. In this manner they arrived at the entrance of the Black Valley, a gorge of rock, and varied earth, choked up by trees and bushes, chance-sown by the birds and the winds. This valley was between two and three miles in length, its gloom was unbroken by a single habitation,



and it had been the witness of many atrocities. It was a place usually avoided, but it was the shortest road to Silvermere, and Vibert never visited it by any other.

"I do not like this valley," said Marcus; "we will take the upper road."

"It is too far about; come on—you are not yourself this morning, and the sooner Edith laughs at you the better."

They were making a short cut through the tangled thicket, from one path to another, and had reached a more gloomy and savage spot than they had hitherto encountered. Marcus sat down upon a piece of splintered timber, and motioned Vibert, with a gasping earnestness which was not to be disputed, to seat himself beside him.

"Marcus," said the latter, as he complied, "your conduct is inexplicable. Why are you so anxious that I should not go to Silvermere, nor renew my acquaintance with Marion? You must have some reason for all this; and, if so, why conceal it from me?"

"If nothing short of such an extremity will induce you to follow my counsel, I must even come to it. Marion is not what you have supposed her. You imagine that her love for you has kept her single. Ask of whom you will, if such be the general opinion. Till yesterday, she gave herself to another, who cannot aspire to a thousandth part of your merit, but who happened to be more favoured by fortune. Last night, you became the richest, and she changed; but would Vibert be contented with a partner who preferred another?"

"Marcus!—this other! it is of yourself you speak?"

"Ask all the world if she did not make herself notorious with me. She made me distrust all womankind. Vibert, let us both leave her to the reflections of one who has deserved to be forsaken."

"May it not be that you, and not I, have mistaken her? She might have preferred your company because you were my friend, and you might have fancied that she loved you because you loved her. It is needless to contradict me; men do not tremble and turn pale because their friends are going to marry jilts. I do not blame you; for not to love Marion is beyond the power even of friendship. Let us only be fair rivals, and not attempt to discourage each other by doing her injustice. Let us go hand in hand, and each prefer his suit. For my part, I promise you, that, if you succeed, I will yield without enmity."

Marcus staggered as he arose; Vibert's countenance was grave, but not unfriendly.

"Go on then," said the former, in a deep, broken voice, and with every feature convulsed; at the same time he turned himself homeward; and Vibert, seeing that it was advisable to part company, pursued his course towards Silvermere.

Marcus made but a few strides, and paused. He clenched his teeth, and cast a wild glance at the fine form that was retreating from him—made one or two hesitating steps, and then bounded after.

The restlessness which pervaded the other personages of our story during the night, was not spared to Marion or her sister. They talked of their future prospects, until Edith was elevated to her highest flight of spirits. She arranged, that when Marion became the Lady of Hazledell, she also was to call it her home; make herself the sole object of attraction and tournament to all the squires round about, and display her true dignity by remaining a scornful lady, and a respectable maiden aunt! By degrees, her fancy ceased castle-building,—a few unconnected sparkles of gaiety grew fainter and fainter, and she dropped asleep.

Marion had no wish or power to repose; her nervous sense of apprehension continued to increase. She tried every effort to direct her thoughts to other subjects; but they invariably became entangled, and again pressed with a dead weight upon her heart. In this mood, she was startled by Edith laughing in her sleep, with a sound which terrified her.

"Edith!" she cried, shaking her till she partially awoke—"Edith, you frighten me; why do you laugh in your sleep?"

"I laughed," replied Edith, drowsily, and scarce knowing what she said—"I laughed at some one who preached to me of the vanity of human expectations."

She again muttered a laugh, and a second time dropped asleep. She still remained so when Marion arose in the morning and hastily dressed herself to profit by the fresh air; and did not awaken until she had been left some hours alone. The servants told her that her sister had walked out upon the road to Hazledell, and thither Edith followed her.

Marion was led on by the hope of meeting Vibert, who in former days had often arrived to breakfast, so far as the commencement of the Black Valley. At other times she had shared in the general terror inspired by the spot; but her feelings were now concentrated upon another subject, and she mused along, heedless of the gloom which surrounded her. In this mood she was startled by a sound like the report of a gun; but the wind was too high to distinguish clearly, and it might have been only the cracking of some time-worn stem. Her heart beat quicker,

and she hastened her step. It was Vibert, perhaps, on his way to meet her; and her lips unconsciously pronounced the words,—

"Vibert, God bless you!"

Presently she distinguished the figure of a man rapidly advancing towards her. He stopped a moment where two paths separated, as hesitating which he should take; then hurried on, without perceiving her, until he found himself by her side. It was the rejected Marcus. His face was distorted and convulsed, his clothes and flesh rent by the brambles, and his voice like that of one from the grave.

"Marion!" he exclaimed, standing stiff and motionless, as though he had been suddenly frozen; "what evil spirit has sent you to confront his victim? Go home, Marion, and leave the maniac to his den."

She regarded him a moment in extreme astonishment, and then burst into tears.

"Good God!" she cried, "is it possible that a person so valueless as I am can have caused this dreadful change! How could I love you, when my heart had long been another's? I offered you my friendship—from my soul I offer it again. For my sake, for Vibert's, do not cloud our happiness by the thought that we have wounded the peace of another, much less of one who will be so dear to us. Return with me home; dear Edith has still a heart to give you."

He answered, with a smile of savage bitterness,—

"I thank her—I do not want it. Your's has cost me somewhat, and it is hard to labour in vain. Promise me, Marion, promise me, in case of Vibert's—death, —"

"Of Vibert's death!—what mean such horrible words? All things seem ominous of woe to me. In Heaven's name, speak again, and do not stand so motionless and ghastly. What is it that you can possibly see?"

Marcus slowly raised his arm, and pointed to a raven, which was battling its way against the wind. He spoke not a word, but kept his eye fixed upon the bird till it toiled over their heads, and, at a short distance, swooped into the thicket. It was followed by another and another. He maintained the same aspect, and Marion, astonished by the strange scene, which accorded so well with her previous sentiments, could scarcely restrain a stifled scream.

Marcus was roused. "It is a strange instinct," said he. "Those Heaven-instructed birds seem formed for the detection of—of the farmer's lost cattle, which have strayed away and died! They scent blood afar off; their note is harrowing! Come away—come away. I will conduct you home."

He grasped Marion by the wrist, and was leading her away, when two of the ravens rose up in clamorous combat for a disputed morsel. Unable to direct their course, the wind carried them towards the spot where Marcus and Marion were standing; and a part of the contended booty, dropping from their beaks, was wasted to the feet of the latter. She eagerly snatched it up—it was a curly lock of black hair! A momentary impulse endowed her with twice the strength of Marcus, and she wrenched her arm from his grasp.

"Yonder carcass," she exclaimed, hysterically, "is neither stag nor steer," and she sprang towards the scene with a supernatural swiftness.

Marcus uttered a vain cry to restrain her, and disappeared, feeling his way more than seeing it, as though the world afforded no home and no purpose to direct his course.

Shortly after, Edith arrived at the place where they had parted, having traced the small foot of her sister in the damp soil. She was alarmed to find it turn in among the brambles, and called out, but received no answer. The wind blew her voice back, and the tortuous stems of ragged Scots fir, intermixed with every other species of hardy plant, permitted her eager glance to penetrate but a few yards. She forced her way into the maze, and, by the aid of the boughs, clambered partly up the side of the valley, to where a large scale that had fallen from the rocks had separated into fragments upon a bank of yellow sand, overgrown with fern and furze. It was called the Badger's Bank, being filled with the earths of that animal, which shared it in common with the wild cat, and birds of prey that came thither to gorge upon their victims!

Amidst the ruin of this scene stood Marion; her long, black hair streaming in the blast, and her arms extended to scare away a multitude of the dismal birds which had directed her thither. At her feet lay the form of Vibert—his face overspread with its last hue, and his temple shattered to pieces!

When search was made, the sisters were found still protecting the body, and both bereft of reason.

Edith had loved Vibert no less fervently than Marion had done; but her devotion to her had rendered silence no sacrifice. To see her sister happy was to be blessed herself; and had it not been for this unlooked-for catastrophe, her secret would never have been known.

We will not swell our history with an account of the long interval that elapsed ere the sisters were restored, in a degree, to their right minds. Their first question, on their partial recovery, related to Vi-



bert's uncle; his infirm frame had sunk beneath his affliction, and he lay in the family vault, beside his unfortunate nephew.

There was yet another name, which neither of them dared to pronounce. But the question was divined; and Marcus, they were told, had never been heard of. A body, too decayed to be recognised, had been found in a distant forest, and might have been his; it was but a surmise, and, whether true or false, there has never been any other.

Years passed away; but the characters of Marion and Edith resumed no more their natural tone. The last was never seen to smile again, nor the first to drop a tear; misfortune had stricken them into a strange apathy, and their only pleasure was to wander, linked in each other's arms, upon the high grounds, from whence they could desery the church where V-ert lay. They were never seen elsewhere, nor in any society but that of each other, although all the world were their friends. Those who had loved them respected their sorrow too much to intrude upon it; and those who had been jealous of being outdone, had ceased to have any cause. The admirers who had pursued them turned sadly from their vague regard, and would as soon thought of obtaining the stars themselves.

This lasted but a few years. The fatal remembrance, which slept neither night nor day, drank greedily of the springs of life. They faded almost to phantoms, and death seemed to think his prey scarcely worth the striking; for their departure was unmarked by a single pang.

Edith, whose natural temperament had the least repose, was the first to droop; she died clasping her sister's neck; and Marion followed, in time to be interred in the same grave.

## LOVE;

### OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

THE DEPARTURE FOR HAMBURGH.—THE MERCHANT AND SCALVONI ON THE WHARF.—HARRIET'S ARRIVAL.—MR. LEIGHTON'S GALLANTRY.

The drunken captain was still held in durance vile by the irritated Scalvoni, who, but that he was useful to him in his nefarious transactions, would not have, for one moment, hesitated in taking his life, when Charles Hargrove arrived, as prepared as his limited means and the short notice he had had, would allow him to be, to proceed to Hamburgh, on the important business concerning which he had as yet received no instruction.

Scalvoni had prepared Leighton for the questions which Charles Hargrove was likely to ask him; for the real fact was, that the firm had no agent whatever at Hamburgh, and never had, although certainly extensive business was done with all the Dutch ports. Thus, when Charles arrived, Scalvoni went to Leighton, and told him it would be necessary for him to keep the young man engaged in his private office, under pretence of giving him instruction, until such time as he, Scalvoni, should have succeeded in inducing the drunken captain to repair to his ship, and keep out of sight of his passenger.

With a blanched cheek, and trembling lips, the merchant proceeded to do so, and he received his young victim with the air and manner of the veriest wretch alive.

It was strange indeed, that feeling so much unhappiness as he did from the course he was pursuing, Robert Leighton should never have the courage to change it; but he had become fairly possessed of the idea that in the society of Harriet Hearnshaw, could he once by any means prevail upon her to become his wife, he should be able to forget some of the harassing subjects which were ever present to his mind in the solitary state in which he was compelled to live.

He little knew, although he might have gathered such a fact from experience, that the dreadful memories he had stored up were fully sufficient to poison any cup of happiness he might present to his lips. He vainly imagined that he could make a pleasant home after all, which would enable him to forget the horrors in which his mind was already steeped, little imagining that, by contrast, even should he succeed in making such a home, these horrors would show themselves yet more horrible, and that his dread of a discovery of the nefarious and criminal acts in which he had been engaged would increase along with the increase of gratification, which he would be able to appreciate without enjoying.

Then again, although at some moments he would feel almost inclined to believe that he had gone too far in absolute guilt ever to feel the serene joy of one tranquil moment, he began occasionally to cherish an idea that he might rescue himself from Scalvoni's clutches on some aus-

picious day without much overburthening his conscience; for familiarity with crime begets strange notions concerning it, and Robert Leighton, several times in his solitude, as he thought over the possibility of success in an attempt upon the life of Scalvoni, told himself, like the man in the play who saw a necessity of committing a cold-blooded murder for the purpose of concealing an accidental one—"It's only another!—it's only another!" as if the frequent repetition of a crime in any way deprives it of its criminality.

As yet, however, he had not ventured any scheme. He only in confused thought proposed to himself the desirableness of some such deed, and left a consideration of the means until some circumstance should turn up to present him with an opportunity that might be improved. The daring piece of insolence which Scalvoni had executed with regard to the cheque for forty thousand pounds, most certainly, for a time, placed Leighton in a most unhappy position, for it deprived him of the means of action, and, in some measure, threw a defensive shield over the life of Scalvoni, who, having banked so large a sum in his own name, might possibly have made some testamentary disposition of it unknown to him, Leighton. Then, too, there was another circumstance connected with that large sum of money which Leighton felt required some explanation at his banker's, and that was, the fact of the cheque being drawn in favour of Goldsmid Lyons so soon before the dead body of that individual had been picked up from the waters of the Thames. True, the bankers, knowing Scalvoni to be a confidential person, in the employment of Leighton, the drawer of the cheque, had made no difficulty about paying it, nor had they made any remark about the transaction, and the cheque in due course had found its way back to the merchant, as a voucher of money paid to his order; but yet he, Leighton, did not know an hour when some explanation might be demanded concerning so strange an affair, more especially should the matter get round to the executors of the law.

This and the actual murder of Goldsmid Lyons, and the numerous forgeries that were in other hands, and the projected murder of Charles Hargrove, and the slightly thought-of murder of Scalvoni, sufficed to keep Leighton's not very strong mind in such a state of exultant tremor, agitation, and deep anxiety, that had he passed into absolute insanity, it would scarcely have been a matter of wonder.

In the midst of it all, however, he clung to the idea that with Harriet Hearnshaw he should find happiness and relief from much of his misery. It seemed as if he had some notion that by making her his wife, and endeavouring to surround her with luxury and joys, he should be advancing a step towards making his peace with the Heaven he had so grievously offended.

If such was his notion, it could only be accounted for by the wild irrational state of mind to which he had been reduced by all that had occurred, and it might be called a species of monomania that he should, for one moment, adopt so extravagant a supposition. Certain it is though, he not only adopted it, but clung to it with a pertinacity, which induced an utter disregard, for the time being, of all other means of procuring that peace of mind which he once had possessed, but which now had fled from his breast for ever.

When Charles Hargrove tapped at the door of his private office, he sprang to his feet, as if it was necessary he should be upon the defensive, and then, in a tone which was agitated beyond his powers of control, he desired him to come in.

Charles was scarcely less pale and agitated than Leighton, when he entered the office, and he bore about him all the evidence of having passed a sleepless night. It was strange, indeed, for those two men to be thus confronting each other—each looking so pale, so wan, so anxious, and from two such very opposite causes. Charles Hargrove, the brave, disinterested, generous, and kind—he who would have turned from his path to avoid treading on the meanest crawling insect. Robert Leighton—the forger—the hypocrite—the murderer; and yet they were both unhappy—both had passed the long hours of a weary night in painful watching and saddened thoughts. On the cheeks of both were the marks of care; but, oh, what a difference was there internally in those two men, notwithstanding the striking outward similarity of their seeming sufferings. If Robert Leighton could have changed his spotted, polluted soul for the pure integrity and lofty virtue of him he was about to make another victim to his passions and his weakness, in what a heaven of joy he would have supposed himself. How his eyes might have kindled with happiness, and, in an exultant voice, he might have cried,—

"God take me now from earth, and from its deep and dangerous temptations, while there is peace and innocence at my heart."

Charles was surprised at the pale, nervous look of the merchant, and, after bidding him a respectful good morning, he waited to be addressed. Mr. Leighton, after several efforts, at length found strength to do so, and he said, with an affected air of carelessness and good humour, that sat very ill indeed upon him,—



"Well, Mr. Hargrove, how punctual you are, and no less punctual than welcome. Time presses much, and I know not what, even now, may be happening at Hamburg, to my serious prejudice."

"Sir," said Charles, "I am now ready to receive your instructions and depart. Indeed, I am anxious to do so as early as possible, in order that I may look forward to an early return when the business shall be finished."

"Yes—yes," said Leighton; "the business shall be finished, you may depend. As for instructions, you have nothing to do, but to proceed when you land to the parties whose names you will perceive on the back of this letter, and they will accredit you as my agent at once, and instruct you in what you have to do."

"I thank you, sir, and now I have an urgent request to make to you, and that is, as my salary, you inform me, is to be somewhere about six pounds weekly, while engaged in this affair, you will be good enough, during my absence, to cause to be paid to Harriet Hearnshaw four pounds of that amount, and leave me power to receive, from what funds may come into my hands, the remainder."

"Certainly—certainly. They shall have it, and I can only say, that I much admire your liberality."

"By what means, sir, am I to start?"

"There is a small vessel. You may have observed her lying off the wharf."

"I did, sir. I am quite ready."

"Very good; but—have you no luggage?"

"Only a small trunk, which I can carry on board as I myself go."

"I will see if they are ready. I—I don't think they are quite ready."

"Quite," said Scalvoni, popping his hideous head into the office.

"Quite ready."

Charles rose, and Mr. Leighton held out his hand to him, as he said,—

"Good bye—good bye. A pleasant voyage."

The merchant's hand shook, as Charles touched it, and felt as cold and clammy as that of a corpse.

"Good bye, sir," said Charles. "Good bye; I commend to your care those I leave behind me, in whom I am, as I informed you, so deeply interested."

"Quite ready," added Scalvoni. "Ah, my young friend, what a delightful destiny is yours. Honoured by your worthy and affectionate employer's confidence. Basking like a magnificent beetle in the smiles of beauty, and now about to skim majestically over the salt sea's foam to fortune and enjoyment. Pray Heaven no accident happens to you before you get half-way there."

Charles made him no answer, and Scalvoni continued in the same chuckling tone, quite heedless of the fever he was putting Leighton into,—

"Don't you feel nervous, Mr. Hargrove, at the extent of your own good fortune? Oh, that I was trusted to go to Hamburg in such a capacity. By-the-by, you will find the Dutch skipper such a mild, quiet, unobtrusive, gentlemanly man. He is delicate, and hardly fit for his rough profession; but then, you are delicate, too, and he and you, all the way, can talk of loves, and doves, and groves, and sweet sentimentalities, till you are both of you wrapped up in an atmosphere of sighs and sonnets."

"Mr. Leighton, I wish you good morning," said Charles, as he walked to the door.

"And have you no affectionate word for me?" said Scalvoni; "what, will you go away pouting? well, well, I'm forgiving—that's what has prevented me getting on in the world. Good bye—God bless you."

"Are you mad?" whispered Leighton.

"No, are you? Come and let us see him off—come to the water side. It will give an éclat to the proceedings, and make him fancy himself a great man, when he is but a silly calf covered with garlands for a sacrifice. Come, come."

Scalvoni led the trembling, unresisting Leighton to the water's edge. Charles had already gone on board, and the vessel was being got under weigh. He touched his hat to Leighton, who had not strength and nerve to return the salute, but Scalvoni smiled and waved his hand, after which he affected to wipe some tears from his eyes, to the immeasurable annoyance of Leighton, and the amusement of those who were loitering near the coast.

There was a fresh and favourable breeze, which conveyed the small vessel very quickly through the water, and in the course of ten minutes Charles was no longer to be distinctly seen from the wharf. Then Scalvoni turned to Leighton and said,—

"So far so good. What a fortunate man you are. Your rival will feed lobsters, while you pursue your suit unmolested to the most beautiful girl in England. On, you are to be envied."

"Scalvoni, Scalvoni," said Leighton, "you are in one of your strange and desperate humours to-day."

"Hold!" cried Scalvoni, as he grasped the arm of the merchant, and

pointed to a boat which was rapidly nearing the wharf; "who is in your wherry?"

"Harriet Hearnshaw, or I see visions."

"It is she. I will leave you to make what you can of her. What in the name of wonders brings her here?"

It was, indeed, Harriet Hearnshaw, who thus arrived so shortly after Charles had gone. Leighton ran to the water's edge, and assisted her to land, as he cried,—

"Good God! Miss Hearnshaw, what has happened?"

"Is he gone—is he gone?" cried Harriet.

"Yes."

"And out of sight," added Scalvoni.

Harriet clasped her hands as she said,—

"Heaven preserve him. Mr. Leighton, I have something for your private ear."

The merchant, in a perfect state of bewilderment, led her into his private office, when, with tears starting to her eyes, Harriet laid before him a letter, saying,—

"This came by the morning's post after Charles had left home. What does it mean?—what can it mean, Mr. Leighton?"

The merchant trembled so excessively, he could scarcely read the following words, which formed the substance of the note—

"Charles Hargrove goes to death, not to Hamburg. Save him Harriet Hearnshaw, or he falls a victim to Scalvoni."

When Mr. Leighton had finished the epistle, it dropped from his trembling hands on to the floor, and he fixed his eyes on Harriet's face, saying,—

"What—what do you suspect?"

"God only knows," she cried; "is this to be relied on, Mr. Leighton, or is it only a vile scheme of that dreadful man, Scalvoni, to make the hours of Charles's absence terrible to me?"

Leighton eagerly caught at the suggestion, and with a feeling of relief, he said,—

"I have no doubt but such is the case. Despise the anonymous warning. Mr. Hargrove has gone in a safe ship, on a short voyage. He is quite safe."

"You really think so?"

"I do."

"Thank Heaven. I had hoped again to see him ere he went, but God has willed it otherwise—we may never meet again."

"Discard these fears, Miss Hearnshaw, and permit me to be your escort home. A few short weeks will soon pass away, and you will have him for whose safety, I assure you, you need not be at all anxious, back again. Excuse me for a moment."

He left the room. It was to seek Scalvoni, to whom he showed the letter, which he picked up as he went.

"Humph," said the villain; "I have a guess, but no matter; do you take Harriet home, and mind, I will do you a service. I will go to the Hearnshaws, and alarm them. Do you threaten me, and assume the office of protector to them, so shall you draw closer the ties that bind them to you, and probably induce them to come to London."

"But who wrote the letter?"

"Letour."

In another hour the merchant's carriage was conveying him and Harriet to her mother's cottage.

## CHAPTER L.

MRS. HEARNSHAW'S UNPLEASANT MISTAKE.—THE PRETENDED QUARREL WITH SCALVONI.—HARRIET'S GRATITUDE.

HARRIET DOOSOPER entered the cottage than she retired to her own room, to give free course to those feelings which she had till this moment suppressed, with all the strength she could exert, and find relief in shedding tears over the departure of Charles Hargrove, whom she could scarce regard in any other light than one lost to her.

She felt a strange loneliness and depression come over her, and her tears fell fast as she thought that she had for the last time seen Charles Hargrove, and that with him all her youthful and strongest affections would be doomed to some untimely end.

While Harriet was thus a prey to her own excited feelings, Mrs. Hearnshaw was all busied and animation, at the appearance of the merchant, Leighton, whom she believed had come with the express purpose of seeing her, and probably of prosecuting the suit which she readily thought he had at heart, and which her matronly charms had been the cause of.

Her smiles were of the best and most interesting, and her obliging demeanour kept pace with them; then each movement or speech of the merchant begat a corresponding one in the person of Mrs. Hearnshaw; and, at length, as the merchant was somewhat in doubt and difficulty as to how to commence the conversation, which had for its object Harriet,



she thought he was somewhat abashed and merely needed a catch-word, and therefore said with one of her most enchanting smiles,—

"This is most delightful weather."

"Yes," replied the merchant; "it is. But, my dear Mrs. Hearnshaw, have you thought any more about the affair I hinted at to you the other day?"

"Yes, I have," said Mrs. Hearnshaw; "but the affair is somewhat unexpected. Yet that is not of so much consequence; only custom makes people addicted to habits."

"It does so," said the merchant.

"But as for that matter," replied Mrs. Hearnshaw, hastily, and pinching her apron up, "I am not moved by custom. The heart, you know, Mr. Leighton, is the greater mover on these occasions. I think that's it."

"Yes, it is," said the merchant,—"you have it, Mrs. Hearnshaw; the heart indeed is the principal agent, and when that is at rest whom else should we regard?"

"Oh, nobody, certainly—except one's relations, one's wife or husband—at least, I always acted upon that motto, and should again I am sure."

"It does you great credit, I am sure," replied the merchant; "and one who has these opinions has, no doubt, well instilled them into her daughter."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Hearnshaw; "Harriet is a good child, though sometimes wilful. But, now she is alone she will have less to think of, and attend to me more."

"I dare say," said the merchant. "Have you broken the affair to her yet?"

"Who—I? No; I have said nothing to her—there is no need. She would not think of being disobedient, or in any way object to any arrangements that I may make—especially when her happiness is concerned."

"Exactly," replied Leighton. "You delight me, Mrs. Hearnshaw; but don't you think she ought to be duly apprised of it?"

"Oh, dear—no! She can have no objection, and if she does she can go elsewhere; she will be taken care of if she does not like it."

The merchant stared; he could not well understand Mrs. Hearnshaw's remark. But he thought she was a woman, and, as such, he must indulge her in her odd kind of talk; he thought, nevertheless, her notions were lax and strange.

"I am happy to hear it," he replied; "but I thought there might have been some present impediment to my present happiness, and her grief might disincline you to mention the subject to her."

"Ah," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, with a graceful nod of the head, "there has been no impediment since poor Mr. Hearnshaw died, and there could be no other."

"I was told—at least, I thought that Charles Hargrove —"

"Charles Hargrove!" exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw, with amazement. "He is a very good youth, Mr. Leighton, but I care no more for him than I do for the man in the moon; he has nothing to do with it at all, I assure you."

"God bless me!" said Leighton; "I thought he had been engaged, I am sure. People are sometimes deceived."

"You are, I assure you," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, quite delighted with the merchant, but yet she thought he was singularly bashful, and she feared he might yet fall short of the point; and she therefore determined to push the matter herself, and continued, in a bland and subdued tone, to say,—

"Have you thought over this matter sufficiently to appoint any day upon which it can be completed? for myself, my mind is made up not to be a bar to any one's happiness—as a good Christian, I know I ought not, and would sooner sacrifice myself than do so."

"You are not called upon to do so," said the merchant.

"Oh, dear, no," said Mrs. Hearnshaw.

"But I should wish the matter properly broken to Harriet, before such a question was asked, and should also like to consult her myself."

"There is no necessity," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, "none in the least; and beside, what has she to do with it?"

"Why—what?" said the merchant, in the extreme perplexity of hope.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Hearnshaw. "What, indeed? Surely, I am not to be counselled to do this thing, or not to do that thing, by my own child? if she can't abide it, why, she can retire upon a small allowance."

"Madam —"

"Yes. I am wholly free, and without any unnecessary prejudice, I assure you —"

"But, Mrs. Hearnshaw, I can't, for the life of me, see how Harriet is to give her consent, if she is not to be asked."

"Well, who wishes to ask her?"

"I do," replied the merchant; "and if I can gain her consent, or if you can gain it for me, my happiness would be complete."

"Happiness—complete—consent—Harriet!" gasped Mrs. Hearnshaw, unable to utter more than one word at a time, and with a sensible pause between each. "Mr. Leighton, sir, what do you mean?"

"Mean? why, good God, madam, I mean, that I have the strongest affection towards your daughter Harriet, and would make her my wife so soon as I could gain her consent."

Mrs. Hearnshaw was perfectly astonished; she could not scream, for all the breath had been driven out of her body, and she was almost in a state of collapse; but when she did recover, she said,—

"Oh, you—you vile wretch—you gay deceiver—you wicked, good-for-nothing man—well, was there ever such depravity—for a man to win the affections of the mother, and then to turn and attempt the same towards her daughter. Oh! oh!"

Leighton now saw the mistake he had fallen into, or rather into which Mr. Hearnshaw had fallen—it was one of a peculiar nature, and much annoyed him, for he, at the first moment, thought it would be a great bar to any future intercourse with Harriet; but a moment's thought convinced him of the fallacy of this, and he immediately replied,—

"Indeed, Mrs. Hearnshaw, the mistake has been yours, and not mine. The whole of my conversation has been respecting your daughter, and for my part, I can't understand how it is you came to make the mistake you evidently have made; therefore, let me advise you to say nothing about it."

"Say nothing about it," said Mrs. Hearnshaw,—"say nothing about it, and then let you destroy my daughter's happiness, indeed! Oh, you wretch! how can you even speak?"

"Very easily, my dear Mrs. Hearnshaw; now, listen to me; I wish to marry Harriet, and you, by some wonderful contrivance, have mistaken all I have said or done; now, you had better let all this subside, and sink into oblivion—forget it all."

"Forget it!—oh—oh! did anybody ever hear the like of this? I shall run distracted and faint away."

"Just wait and hear what I wish to say first," said Leighton, who saw that coolness was all that was required. "If I marry Harriet, don't you see how I can provide for you, and surround you with every comfort?"

"But who is to believe what you say!" said Mrs. Hearnshaw, who began to think that she might yet grace society, by being once again lifted within its sphere.

"You, my dear madam, will you not be my mother-in-law—and would I deceive my mother? No, surely not. Then you will frequent operas and plays, balls and routs, and parties of all kinds and description. You will then have ample opportunity of choosing for a partner some happy youth, probably, one who may at some time, draw a sword or a trigger in defence of his country. Think of that, my dear madam, think of that, and assist me to win Harriet. You see, it will not be a thankless task, or one devoid of interest or even of motive, for I promise you, all I have said shall come to pass."

Mrs. Hearnshaw was perfectly dazzled and bewildered by the picture that Mr. Leighton had painted to her, and was about to acquiesce in all he proposed with a better air than she herself could have believed, when she was stayed by an appalling shriek, coming, as she believed, from her daughter's chamber.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## SPRING FLOWERS.

I love Spring flowers, they come in their young bloom,  
Reminding us of youth, and youth's best dream.  
I would have violets near my humble tomb,  
The pale primrose of Spring's earliest beam.

I love them, for they whisper of youth's hour,  
They tell of halcyon days, and are a spell;  
The sun which glistens through an April shower  
Of everything most beautiful can tell.

I do, indeed, love flowers of the young Spring,  
I hail them gladly in their bud or prime,  
I love them in their earliest blossoming,  
And hail their tender younglings in their time.

JANE.

Hugo Grotius, at the age of eight years, is said to have composed verses which an old poet would not have disavowed. At the age of fifteen he maintained theses in philosophy, mathematics, and jurisprudence, with great applause. The following year he went to France, where he attracted the notice of Henry the Fourth. On his return to his own country he pleaded the first cause at the age of seventeen, having previously published commentaries on Capella and Aratus. When only twenty-four years of age he was made Advocate-General of Rotterdam.



## AN EASTERN TALE.

THE sun had passed his meridian splendour, and descended behind the western hills, and tinged the evening clouds with his radiance, and the mild lustre of his retiring beams danced upon the horizon, when Zadib, wearied with the burden of affliction, retired to the groves of Madian, to seek that consolation which had long been a stranger to his breast. In the groves of Madian might be enjoyed the pleasures of solitude, and in their deep recesses communion was sometimes held with superior beings. Not all the gold of Ophir, the richest treasures in Arabia, or the unrivalled splendour of eastern magnificence, could procure the smile of complacency upon the face of Zadib. On his brows were imprinted the furrows of care, and signs of anxious solicitude proceeded from his bosom.

"To what purpose," added he, "are the gifts of nature, and the objects of ambition, distributed to me? Are not the arrows of death perpetually hovering around me, and shall not I be shortly numbered with the forgotten multitudes that are mouldering in the dust? My life has been a scene of disappointed hopes! The schemes of happiness which I formed, and fondly thought the approbation of virtue was obtained upon them, even these have vanished like the meteor, which dazzles for a moment, disappears, and leaves no trace of its existence. I have sought, in my numerous possessions, a relief which I cannot find, and a consolation which it is not in their power to bestow. Instead of that happiness, which I vainly believed to be the inheritance of man, deep indeed has been the cup of sorrow that hath been allotted me!"

He had scarcely uttered this soliloquy, when the angel of divine intelligence appeared before him; his appearance was beautiful as the rainbow that proclaims an end to the tremendous thunder, which shakes the arch of Heaven with its tumult, and spreads dismay upon the hearts of men. At his approach Zadib fell prostrate, and sought to hide his face in the foldings of his robe, while the language of adoration remained suspended upon his lips.

"Rise, Zadib," said the angel, with a serenity beaming on his countenance, that pronounced him to be a messenger of peace; "arise, thy adorations are only due to Him from whose hand alone was thy existence: on whom its duration depends; who formed the bases of the hills, and before whose throne the mighty archangels worship with reverential fear. The secret recesses of thy heart have been penetrated; thy lamentations have been heard; and I am sent, the minister of consolation, to heal thy wounded bosom. Thou hast, indeed, vainly sought for happiness in these terrestrial objects, from whence it can never be obtained; the meditations of thy heart have not been directed aright; accustomed to earthly views, thy expectations were bounded in thy present state of existence, and the possessions of futurity were not the object of thy hopes. It is virtue only that can insure these possessions; her glorious influence will irradiate thy mind; and as her pursuits are immortal, they are the only ones worthy to engage the attention of immortal beings. Virtue will survive the transient existence of time; when the laurels of ambition shall fade, and the wreaths of adulation, bestowed upon the undeserving, shall wither upon their brows; when the empty honours of a name shall cease for ever, and the votaries of vice and folly be mingled with their dusty original, her existence will be permanent; she will still be rising upon the immortal wings of endless duration! Virtue will teach thee to consider the present only as a state of probation, and thyself a traveller hastening forward in search of a better country. She will be to thee a never-failing friend, conducting thee to celestial regions, where uninterrupted felicity will be thy inheritance. But remember, Zadib, the means, and know that it will be principally by affliction thou wilt be fitted for these enjoyments. Repine no more at the cup allotted thee; for although its draught may sometimes be bitter, there is inscribed upon it—'Everlasting health!' He who has appointed adversity to administer instruction, hath commanded cheerfulness to possess thy dwelling. Be it thine to communicate the instructions thou hast received. Alleviate to the utmost of thy abilities the calamities of others, and never suffer the tear of sorrow upon that eye, nor the sigh of affliction to heave that breast, from whence it may be in thy power to remove them. And now, O Zadib, if thou wouldst obtain the end of thy pursuits; if happiness be the wish of thy soul, and the object of thy perseverance; if virtue has any charms for thee; or benevolence, the brightest ornament of thy race, any attractions to allure thee; then listen to my admonitions, and let them be engraved on the table of thy heart; lasting as the monuments of antiquity, on the rocks of adamant. Then shalt thou wait with unfailling patience for the arrival of that friendly hand, which will draw aside the curtains of futurity, and discover to thee the realms of an immortal paradise."

Of all excellencies that make conversation good, peace and good nature are the most necessary, humour the pleasantest.

THE COMPACT;  
OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE LOVERS.—THE REMARKABLE CHANGE IN MARIA.—THE PHYSICIAN.—THE SUMMONS OF THE FRIENDS TO LONDON.

ALAS! poor Meriton! what was he to do, where was he to look for support and consolation under the wretched circumstances in which he was now placed? Who could comfort him, who could impart to him one ray of hope in his deep agonising distress? Good and kind wishes he might have, but they will not turn aside the waves of fate, nor ease the breaking heart of one of its woes.

Innocent although he felt himself and knew himself, how was he to make head against the desperately successful, and highly probable-looking charge which had been brought against him? His denial, of course, availed him nothing, and how was he to prove the fact of his calumination?

The more he thought, the more he became bewildered and incapable of thought to any purpose; one moment he thought he would go at once to York, and attempt to prove there was no such party as she who was presumed to have written him the letter in existence. Then he again told himself that, although the production of one who might be suborned to act such a part would avail his enemies much, her non-appearance would be but a weak argument in his favour, so difficult is it to prove a negative in the teeth of a well-laid, well-arranged false charge.

If Maria's faith in him failed, he felt that he was lost, and that it had done so, the contumelious refusal of his letter was sufficient proof. Distraction nearly took possession of him, and he became still more incapable of attempting to extricate himself from the wretched circumstances in which he was placed. His love for Maria became ten times more active. He painted her beauty to his fervid imagination in the most glowing colours, and, in proportion, grew blacker and blacker the perfidy by which he had been deprived of so much happiness as he might and would have enjoyed, in the society of the only being he had ever met with, whom he could truly tell himself he loved—without doubt, without reservation—without one sentiment which could cast the dimmest shadow of indecision over his mind as to the happiness that must be his, could he but call her his own.

"How am I, oh, God! how am I," he cried, "to convince her of my innocence? How am I to disabuse her pure mind from the suspicion that she gave her heart, for a brief space, into the keeping of a villain? Oh, if my death could convince her—if I thought that she would believe me, were I to utter an oath of innocence with the last words I ever uttered in this world, I think I could die happy in a relief from my present trammels. Maria! Maria! why, oh, why will you close your heart against one whose only crime has been that by loving you too well he has provoked an enmity as unscrupulous as it is terrible!"

He neither eat nor drank, a wild fever began to take possession of him, and the people at the hotel where he remained began to be sensibly alarmed at his strange manner, and muttered sorrowful meditations.

Finally, he found some relief from the occupation of writing a detail of the whole circumstances, and making a sufficient number of copies to send to each of the friends who were leagued together in the solemn compact. These letters he sealed, and despatched to their various destinations, leaving those who received them to act as their own sense of duty might direct them under the circumstances. Then, looking dreadfully ill and exhausted, he lay down, and fell into a deep slumber, the oblivion of which was a mercy from Heaven to his afflicted soul.

The hotel people saw he was asleep, and they blessed themselves, as now and then there came from his lips a deep sob, which betrayed the mental suffering he was enduring. They closed the door quietly upon him, and with many whispered comments and conjectures as to what could be the cause of the dreadful grief and anxious melancholy of one so young, and apparently blessed with health, vigour, and ample means, they left the bruised heart to its repose, a repose which lasted many hours, and became shortly as calm and unruffled as that of some slumbering infant.

And what were the feelings of Maria Delmair—that young, loving, innocent, and pure heart! Alas! what a rude shock had her best, tenderest, most devoted, and heavenly feelings received. Did indignation mean her to meet with an unblanched cheek the affliction that had fallen upon her? Did she draw a long breath of relief to thank Heaven, that had rescued her from one so false, so worthless, as he she loved had to all appearance been proved to be? Did no maiden wish



support her, and make her seem the creature she was not? No, no. Like some gentle, delicate flower, over whose beauty the last blasting breath of some terrible poison to its existence had passed, she drooped, and looked the very shadow of her former self.

She did not weep much. There are griefs that will not admit of the consolation of many tears; but she looked like one who has received some death-wound, and yet is concealing its very existence while it is sapping the springs of life. At first she had battled much against the belief that Meriton—the whom she had listened to with delight, and to whom she had spoken soft and gentle words of affection, was unworthy—it seemed incredible—like some aversion in the ordinary course of nature; but slowly the conviction crept like a deadly poison over her mind. The letter—the letter. Poor Maria, in her guileless intellect, could scarcely imagine a sufficient amount of human villainy to account for the appearance of such a dreadful document in any other way than by believing it genuine. If at first she, with a show of confidence in her lover, denied the truth of the allegation it contained, such rather arose from the fact, that she felt an antagonistic spirit against Anderson; and, likewise, that her intellect was so stunned for a time by the dreadful suddenness of the shock, that she rather disbelieved in the reality of the letter at all, than she was able calmly to dispute its authenticity.

But when the first shock was over—when she had time to think—there came over her first in all its horrors the conviction that it might be true, which slowly and frightfully veiled itself into a horrible and shrinking belief that it must be true.

She uttered no complaint—far better if she had. She shed no more tears. Oh, that they had flowed to relieve her bursting heart; but she looked in her mother's face, as if her heart would break, and waited for her to suggest yet a something in Meriton's favour.

But in that Maria soon found there was no hope; for Mrs. Delmair had lived long enough in the world, and seen enough of its goings on, not to be over sceptical with regard to any amount of human duplicity and wickedness, so she did not see anything so dreadfully improbable in the charge against Meriton, much as she grieved that he had ever set his foot in her house. Consolation she had none to offer to Maria beyond such common-place expressions as utterly failed to ameliorate such a heart-felt grief as that which affected the beautiful and accomplished girl.

In the absence of assurances on the part of Mrs. Delmair that she believed Meriton to be innocent, Maria had no difficulty in perceiving that she believed him guilty, and with such a perception vanished any straggling doubts she might herself have had. The awful dread of becoming, young and shrinking as she was, the partizan of such a man as Meriton might be, appalled her, and with a shuddering terror she let her heart nurse its miseries in silence.

We have somewhere before stated that Maria Delmair's beauty was of that delicate, ethereal character, which, while it lifts its possessor almost above the earth in its exquisite delicacy and purity, suggests at the same time the most painful reflections as to the causes of that very beauty which is so admirable. While she was happy—while her heart throbbed with new-born love, and she felt all the extatic joy of being beloved in return by one whom her imagination lifted far above ordinary men, there was a glow of health upon her cheeks, and although she was still fragile-looking as some evanescent flower which trembles at the gentlest zephyr, yet she was life itself compared to what she became in but a few short hours after the foul breath of slander had fallen upon the name of him she loved, and blasted her budding happiness as a parent y for ever.

All the symptoms and appearances which had occasionally singly appeared to warrant a fear that consumption might number among its other beautiful victims so fair a sacrifice, now came in troops, and in four-and-twenty hours Maria Delmair had received a shock which her mother, as she wept and sobbed over her couch, feared she would never again recover.

"My darling—my Maria," she said, "look up and tell me you are not so ill as—as —"

"As I look, mother? God help me, but I think —". She paused for a moment, and then added,—"Heaven forgive him as I do—as I do!"

Mrs. Delmair could do nothing but weep, and Maria in vain tried to check her tears by an attempt to assume a cheerfulness she was far from feeling. It was indeed a melancholy time in that house; and what, if possible, aggravated the miserie of both mother and daughter, was the fact that Anderson, after the very unequivocal answer he had received to his address from Maria, still had the indecency to remain in the house, nor showed any inclination to go, but, on the contrary, much obtruded himself upon them, until Maria altogether kept to her own chamber to avoid the cruel persecution of his presence in any of the sitting-rooms of the house.

The morning after the brief conversation we have recorded between Maria and her mother, the former appeared to be so much weaker, that

Mrs. Delmair, despite her entreaties to the contrary, would send for a physician, who, from the first moment that he saw his beautiful patient, looked grave and distrustful; when Mrs. Delmair, after his interview with Maria, said to him, anxiously,—

"Sir, will she live—will she live?"

"I fear the case is a serious one," he replied. "How long has she been so wretchedly reduced?"

"Only for a very few days."

"Then it must be as I suspect—something is preying upon her mind."

Mrs. Delmair burst into tears, as she said,—

"She has indeed—she has indeed, poor thing. She had fixed her affections."

"Bah! nonsense—fixed her fiddlestick," cried the physician. "Look at me, I never fixed my affections on anything. Look at me—look at me, ma'am."

"I see you, sir."

"Very good; then tell your daughter not to be a fool, and if she has lost one lover, to get two more, by way of a set-off against the calamity."

"Oh, sir, such advice will not do for my Maria."

"Won't it? Then you and your Maria ought to know better. Pho—pho! madam. I don't want any fee; I'll call again to-morrow. No, I won't. Yes, I will. Good day."

So saying, the eccentric physician bustled away, leaving no satisfactory opinion with poor Mrs. Delmair respecting Harriet's condition.

Meriton's letters were duly posted, and produced, instead of written replies, the parties themselves to whom they had been addressed, so that he soon had the consolation of the presence Lechmere, Grant, and Bateman, not one of whom made the least doubt of his innocence, and they most reluctantly came to the conclusion that Anderson, maddened by jealousy, had concocted the epistle which had had so melancholy an effect.

"Do not be altogether so disconcerted at this affair," said Lechmere.

"I cannot imagine but what you will be able to set yourself right with Maria Delmair, bad as the matter looks at present. Here are three intimate friends of yours already to assert our belief in the untruth of what is contained in the letter to your prejudice, and surely such a weight of evidence must have some effect. What say you, Grant?"

"I am of your opinion; and I think if we were to see Mrs. Delmair and her daughter, and not only pledge ourselves as honourable men that we believe the letter to be a forgery, but engage, individually and collectively, to carry out any plans they may suggest for arriving at the truth, we cannot fail of inducing them to suspend their judgments, if they will not pronounce a sentence at once of not guilty against you, Meriton; and now you shall not remain in doors any longer. Come out and take some exercise, and we can talk further as we go on. Come now—come."

Meriton did not attempt to resist the friendly solicitation, more especially as it was night, and walking two and two, the four friends directed their steps towards old Westminster-bidge.

The moon shone beautifully upon the silent water, giving the rippling stream the appearance of molten silver, whenever her beams descended and caught the flood.

In some parts all was dull, dark, and dismal; true, it was the moon shone, but she had not risen so high as not to cast a shadow on the river, which was here and there only illumined by the silvery touch of her rays.

Save the sound of the river rushing through the arches, all was silent, not a sound reached the ear, and not a sight of anything living caught the sight—the silence of the desert was there.

True it was that a boat might be seen gliding along its surface, but the arm that propelled it was invisible.

The lights from the opposite shores, and from many of the barges that lay alongside of the wharfs, lading and unlading, showed their dim radiance, and here and there a flickering glare was cast upon the water, which reflected it back as it met the dark bosom of the silent stream.

Here, too, might be seen, nearer in shore, the furnace fire of some foundry, which would throw a long gleam of ruddy light far across the Thames, while the distant glare would remind us of the many tales of enchanted midnight fires.

The old bridge, too, was picturesque, and threw a broad shadow upon the waters; the stream wind ed considerably about here, and the observer would find his view lost in the widening space, and the decreasing number of the water-side lights and buildings up the river; while downward the lights increased in quantity and brilliancy.

The beauty and sublimity around him wrought a sensibly beneficial effect upon poor Meriton, and he grew much calmer from the influence of the open air—the calm scene before him, and the society of those



attached friends, who had so readily responded to his call for aid, when in such a distressful state of mind as had been induced in him by such deep injustice as had been done him.

"You are better now, Meriton," remarked Grant.

"Much, much," he replied. "My dear friends, without you, I almost think before this time I should have done some desperate act."

"Wh.,," said Bateman, in his quiet way, "it appears that you have been for some time contemplating a desperate act, friend Meriton?"

"What act, Bateman?"

"Matrimony, to be sure. A cold bath in January, I have heard, is a fool to it, and as regards the chances of a prize; you had better join an art-union at once."

Meriton smiled faintly, as he said,—

"Ah, Bateman, you don't know my mind."

"Oh, everybody has his Maria, or his somebody else, and all I can say, is —"

"Come, come, you shall not rail against matrimony, Bateman," interrupted Grant. "You will marry, yourself; some day, and then —"

"Stop, stop, I am done; one threat is enough for me at any time, provided it is a very powerful one; I say no more, I am silenced."

## CHAPTER XL.

THE REMONSTRANCE WITH MARIA.—THE SAD MEETING AT THE DELMAIRES.—ANDERSON'S AGONY AND RAGE.—THE DOOM.

THE hour of six had just chimed from the clock in Lincoln's Inn-square, when the party, consisting of Charles Lechmere, George Grant, and James Bateman, arrived at the door of Mrs. Delmair's house. They knocked for admission, and were at once shown into the parlour, where Mrs. Delmair would see them in a few moments.

The room bore a more than ordinary solemn appearance; indeed, the grave and melancholy air of the three young men who had undertaken such an office, would have rendered any place they entered one of interest and solemnity. Their duty imparted to them a greater air of severity and gravity than they were wont to bear, while sorrow and regret caused melancholy to cast a still deeper shade over their features than ordinary.

They spoke not until Mrs. Delmair entered the room, and then James Bateman rose, and said to her, in a mild, gentlemanly tone,—

"Mrs. Delmair, I believe."

"Yes, I am, sir."

"We are friends of Mr. Meriton, madam, and have taken the liberty of calling upon you to speak to you respecting an unfortunate and most calamitous occurrence that has taken place, as well as to express our conviction of the falsity of the charge brought against our friend Mr. Meriton."

"I do not know more of this affair than what would justify me in believing it to be true; and yet, I could wish it were not, for it has cost me and mine many a pang, and, I fear, much future evil."

"We are morally convinced that the letter was a mere fabrication," remarked George Grant; "for Mr. Meriton has no connections at York, nor do we believe he was ever in that city."

"It may be so," replied Mrs. Delmair; "and yet the accusation may be good. I wish, indeed, there was some way by which we could at once test its entire truth or falsehood, and make it apparent."

"We know that Meriton's feelings are so deeply embarked in this affair," said Charles Lechmere, "that we thought it a duty we owe to him, to see you, and endeavour to explain and reason with you on the subject; for the consequences to him are very great; they render him the most unhappy man alive, and ruin his future prospects."

"Alas!" replied Mrs. Delmair, "not only his own, but the very health of one besides himself is likely to be ruined. I would, indeed, it could be explained, but I cannot see how it can be done—I cannot see how it can be done."

"The letter, I fear," remarked Bateman, "was forged with a most unworthy purpose, and I am convinced that Mr. Anderson was not only its author, but that he must have played it there also."

"I cannot see it," replied Mrs. Delmair; "but I will not dispute with you, gentlemen; you know more of Mr. Meriton than I do."

"And of Mr. Anderson also," said Lechmere. "We know them both, and our advice has been asked for and submitted to by Mr. Meriton, and, upon a full investigation of the case, we believe him perfectly innocent of the charge laid against him."

"I do not wish to accuse him, gentlemen, but I must exert my own belief as far only as circumstances will permit me."

"Certainly—certainly," said Bateman; "but when they are of a doubtful, suspicious, and unsatisfactory character, we ought to receive them with caution; and I must say that, considering the motive and manner of action pursued by Mr. Anderson, your mind, at least, ought not to adopt any unfavourable impression against Mr. Meriton."

"I have none, sir; but you cannot insist that I should make myself a judge of Mr. Meriton's conduct. All I can say is, that if not guilty, he is most unfortunate by seeming guilty."

"This very appearance has been produced by a combination of circumstances, a produced by his enemies, who not only wished to deprive him of happiness, but endeavoured to steal it from him, so that they may reap all the benefits that should have been his."

There was now a pause, for Mrs. Delmair replied not to the last speaker. She could but reiterate her sincere regret at what had unhappily passed, but could not give them any satisfactory promise or hope. The appearance of the affair was against Meriton, and she could not help it.

"May we have the pleasure of speaking with Miss Maria Delmair? Mr. Meriton's wishes were urgent on that point, and we feel it to be necessary to do so, if we can be allowed."

"Maria is very—very ill," replied Mrs. Delmair, with much sadness. "I don't know that she can, but, if so, she will come down."

Mrs. Delmair rung the bell, and desired the servant to inform Maria that if she could come down to the parlour, she wished her to do so, as some gentlemen from Mr. Meriton wished to speak to her.

After a few moments spent in suspense, Maria was heard coming slowly down stairs, and then entered the parlour. Her appearance was greatly altered; she was very pale and languid, her form appeared wasted, and she was very weak.

"These gentlemen, Maria," said Mrs. Delmair, "are friends of Mr. Meriton, and have called to express their disbelief in the genuineness of the letter that was found addressed to Mr. Meriton, and they wished much to see you to do so."

"I am not Mr. Meriton's accuser," replied Maria, faintly; "if he be not guilty I shall be very glad to hear it."

"Miss Maria," replied Bateman, "we do not come here with the supposition that you are his accuser; but we do so because his well and happiness are bound up with yourself, and it is upon your good opinion only that he can live. He is not accused by you, but he has been placed in such a position that you believe him guilty."

"Unless I were disposed to disbelieve all evidence, I should, of course, discredit such a proof, for, in the absence of everything, save his own asseverations, it is a proof."

"But it is a fabrication; we know him well and Mr. Anderson both, and are convinced that the letter is a mere fabrication, got up for the sole purpose of ruining him in your estimation."

"Have you any proof of this?"

"We can have no proof of a negative," replied Bateman, "but we discredit it because we believe him incapable of such deeds, and is, as far as we know, a stranger to that part of the kingdom; and more, he has made us acquainted with his quarrel with Mr. Anderson from the beginning, and in our own minds, we are certain that it is a fabrication of the latter's to cause you to forbid him the house."

"As I said before, gentlemen, I am not his accuser; I have nothing to say to Mr. Meriton; he may be innocent, I hope he is; I would rather hear no more about this affair. I am much too ill to do so."

"I regret your indisposition much, but yet I must press upon you the justice of our representation, and hope you will think, when you have more leisure and health, that mere appearance is not enough to ruin him."

"I can say no more, sir; I wish him happiness, I accuse him of nothing. I am very ill."

As Maria uttered the last words, she tottered and would have fallen, but for the timely interposition of Lechmere, who saved her. She was immediately carried from the room, and Mrs. Delmair followed her daughter.

The friends were much discouraged at this untoward event, which shortened their interview; but ere they quitted the house, knowing that Anderson was at home, they quitted the parlour and ascended to his room, which they entered.

Anderson was seated; he knew they were in the house, and sat in momentary expectation, or rather dread, of their appearance. His features betrayed agony and an unsettled state of mind; he arose as they entered, and a dreadful paleness sat conspicuously upon him.

"Anderson," said Bateman, "we have called to speak to you about the letter that has caused so much misery."

"You mean, I presume, the letter he dropped out of his pocket one evening down stairs?"

"We mean the letter addressed to him from York, and feel sure it is a fabrication; we conjure you in the name of all you hold holy and dear—in the name of reason, justice, honour, and honesty; to be satisfied with the mischief you have already committed, and to acknowledge the truth."

"Well, gentlemen," said Anderson, coldly, but much agitated, "you have made this matter up among yourselves, and have come to a determination upon the representation of one individual, and come here with



prejudiced notions—all I have to say is they are entirely founded in error, and I cannot, of course, do that which would be a suicidal act."

"This is idle subterfuge," replied Bateman; "between man and man, Anderson, nay, between brother and brother, as we are by choice, let justice be done; we can understand your feelings, and be assured an act of reparation can never be one of disgrace."

"I have done no injury, and have no reparation to make; and if," continued Anderson, getting into a great passion, "this uncivil conduct is continued, I must use some means of protecting myself."

"Use what you will, but remember our compact; and recollect also, you will be the first to break it. You know the justice of what is required—then give it."

"I cannot give what I have not—I cannot confess when there is no crime—do as you will, act as you will, you have my answer."

"Then, Anderson, in our joint names, we declare you a recreant to your oath, and henceforth no longer one of us; we disown you, and trust you will never invade our yearly dinner—for you will have no title to sit with us at the same table, and are no longer one of the Compact."

They turned from the apartment and quitted the house.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE VILLAGE QUEEN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The nuts hang ripe upon the chestnut boughs,  
And the rich stars send forth that clear blue light  
O'er glistening leaves, and flowers that, fond as love,  
Perfume the very dew that bows their heads,  
And lays their sweet and quiet beauty low,  
And dream-like voices float upon the ear,  
With mingling harmony of birds and trees,  
And gushing waters! Beautiful is Night—  
And beautiful the thoughts she calls to birth,  
The hopes which make themselves immortal wings;  
The memories, that slow and sadly steal,  
Like moonlight music, o'er the watching heart:  
Yet, with a tone thus light, stirring the mind  
To themes beyond a trumpet's breath to rouse,  
My spirit wakes 'mid sad remembrances  
Of one who shone the beauty of our vale,  
The idol of our homes—our Village Queen!  
Methinks I see her now—the graceful girl!  
The shadowy richness of her ruburn hair,  
Half parted o'er a brow white as the bloom  
Of the wild myrtle flower; and eyes whose hue  
Was like the violet's, with more of light;  
A silent poetry dwelt in their depths—  
A melody inaudible! Her neck—  
Oh, elegant and fair as the young dove's!—  
Gave to the mild expression of her form  
The grace that artists study. Thus she look'd  
Ere early blight had wasted her fine bloom,  
And dimmed the gladness of her starry eyes.  
Her house was small, but very beautiful:  
A pastoral cot, with mountain, rock, and vale,  
And pleasant was it—all that constitutes  
A picture of romance, a summer home!  
There, like a rose, she grew from infancy,  
The blessing of a widow's mother's heart—  
Light of her eyes—the dial of her mind,  
Round which her thoughts revolved.

An orphan youth,  
The offspring of a distant relative,  
Dwelt with the aged matron and her child,  
And rose to manhood 'neath their generous roof:  
Alas, for the return!—'Tis strange that one  
So mild and gentle in her loveliness,  
Whose life was simple as the wilding broom,  
And happiest in the shade, should nurse so fond,  
So deep a passion for a youth, whose moods  
Were ever wayward, gloomy, wild, and bold,  
Jealous and proud—the passionate reverse  
Of her sweet, guileless self! And yet she loved,  
With that intense affection, that deep faith,  
Which knows no change, and sets but in the tomb!  
'Twere vain to trace how step by step he fell—  
How, deed by deed, he darkened into guilt,  
And perished in his crimes!

Sweet Eleanor!

Pale, blighted girl—she withered fast, like those  
Who have no earthly hope; and still she smiled,  
And said she should be happy soon, and breathed,  
Like a young dying swan, her music tones  
Of parting tenderness into that fount  
Which might not hold them long—a mother's heart!  
Oh! youth is like the emerald, which throws  
Its own green light o'er all!—even to the last,  
She spoke of brighter hours, of happier days,  
Of nights that bring no sorrow—no regret;  
That she would love none but her mother now,  
And she henceforth should be the world to her.

Do you behold where the lone rising moon  
Tinges with holy light the village spire,  
And braids with silver the far cypress boughs,  
Bending, like mercy, o'er the sorrowing brow,  
And lonely heart, the weary and the worn?  
There, in her early tomb, reclines the pride  
And beauty of our vale—the Village Queen.

CHARACTER.—Every subject which is well expressed is said to be well characterized. Character results from the individuality and quality of any object, which distinguishes it from others of the same species. There is no man without a character of some sort or other: even he who is believed to have none, and taken for a Proteus, has a character—that of having none, by which, in fact, he is distinguished from others. The talent of discerning these individual traits forms one of the most important branches in the art of seeing and portraying. The head of Alexander, for instance, announces in a moment the mind ambitious of universal conquest. This is perceivable in the full round salient eye, full of fire and upturned; in the projection of the chin; in the mouth slightly opened; in the eyebrows, &c. In Athens there was a school established for the sole purpose of drawing and studying the physiognomy. Characters display themselves more forcibly when they are contrasted with one another; but this must be done without affectation. One ought likewise to be able to recognize at once the different character of each figure on the scene, as if he had himself been actually living and moving amongst them. The most interesting characters are those of man under the influence of moral action. If they are well portrayed, they will enable us to read his heart, to anticipate or divine his sentiments, and discover the motive of his actions. Characters are the portraits of the disposition; and the artist who knows how to manage and represent them well, affords us the means of investigating the secret qualities of others for our own personal advantage. We become wise with Marcus Aurelius, and prudent with Ulysses. This is the dominion which the artist exercises over the heart of the spectator. The personages we approve touch us more sensibly; those whom we disapprove ought to excite in us a deeper aversion.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed to the Editor (post-paid) will meet with immediate attention.

M. LONDA.—"The Poor Man's Day of Rest" shall be inserted if the author will revise his copy, and make sundry little alterations in rhyme and measure. A glance through the piece will show him to what we allude.

C. J. H. TAYLOR.—Forward the remainder of "The Smugglers," and it shall be inserted, if possible; though we must be excused if we take the liberty of making a few corrections.

SELIA.—"The Reminiscences of a Life" are very acceptable, as the author can continue them at his convenience, each reminiscence being complete in one number. They shall be commenced forthwith.

Declined, with thanks.—"The Robber's Wife;" "The Tears of Love;"

"Unhappy Couple;" and "To the Memory of the Immortal Nelson."

Accepted.—"The Convent Bell;" and "First Love."

J. MILLER.—Accepted. We shall be glad to hear from him again.

OSGOOD TORKINGTON.—It is impossible to say at present.

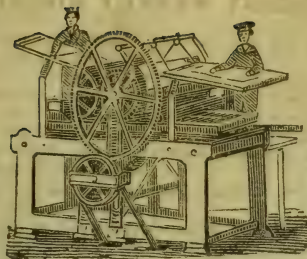
We are obliged to the author of "The Fright" for his offer of original contributions, but the substance of the article has been printed somewhere about fifty times.

The MSS. of articles not accepted must be applied for at the office within a fortnight after the notice, or they will be destroyed.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## HAROLD.

"Why look so sad, my brother?" said a young man. "Why does that mournful look sit upon thy brow? Tell me, Alfred; what ailest thee?"

"I know not what, dear Edward," returned the brother; "but something hangs upon my spirits."

"Has the fair Egitha frowned upon thee, or has this haughty Earl Goodwin said aught to vex my brother?"

"Neither," answered Alfred; "King Harold has looked upon me with a favourable eye, and, therefore, —"

"And, therefore, Earl Goodwin is thine enemy and mine," interrupted Prince Edward.

"I know not," answered Alfred; "the earl has distinguished us by many acts of courtesy—'twere unfair to judge harshly of him."

"I trust I do judge wrongly of him," said Edward; "yet I like him not. Our mother, Emma, has warned us of him; she, too, mistrusts him, and mark me, Alfred, not without a cause."

"Sayest thou that," said Alfred; "if our mother thought so, would she have invited us over, and placed us in the power of so powerful an enemy?"

"But wherefore does she entreat of us not to visit together? Why does she never allow both of us to be in the power of the earl?"

Prince Alfred cast his eyes upon the ground for a moment; then raising them, he replied,—

"The power of the earl were naught without the king's consent."

"You will only say I am suspicious, if I tell you that I mistrust the king."

"Mistrust the king!" cried Prince Alfred, starting.

"Ay, even the king, our brother. Alfred, take thine Edward's advice, and secure the hand of the fair Egitha. The eye of love rests only on the object of affection; but the eye of a watchful and devoted brother, can discern the look of jealousy which fires the eye of our king and brother whenever you approach the fair Egitha."

"Is it so?" cried Alfred. "This is quite new to me, and I thank you for your advice, of which I will avail myself. Already is it the time I appointed to meet my Egitha, and, doubtless, ere this, she will be waiting; so fare thee well, my brother; henceforth I will be more watchful and more guarded."

Hurrying away, he sought the forest of Alieus. Plunging into the heart of the wood, he arrived near the place of appointment, and was surprised at hearing voices near him, and still more when he found that it was his beloved who was speaking.

"If you are a man," he heard her say, "if you are a man, you will leave me; you know full well I love your brother, and why do you press your suit?"

"But cannot the love of Harold make up for the loss of Alfred? Alfred cares not for you; he does but deceive you, Egitha. You doubt my words, I know you do, yet you cannot disbelieve me when I say that I have not long since given my consent to his marriage with another."

"It is false!" cried a voice, and Prince Alfred stood between them.

"King Harold thought you be, I tell you that you lie, and that —"

"Hush!—hush!" cried Egitha, throwing herself into her lover's arms, and placing her small hand on his mouth.

"I cannot hush whilst this false man stands before me," he exclaimed.

"For my sake, Alfred!" cried the maiden; "for the sake of Egitha, cease."

"Ay, bid him cease, fair Egitha," cried King Harold, drawing his

tall form to its full height. "Bid your lover cease; you have more wisdom, maiden, than Prince Alfred. Thou knowest that a word from Harold could hurl him to a dungeon, and tear his chosen lady from him. You act a wise part in advising him to cease his prating. For the present, fare thee well; we will meet again."

He strode away; the blue eyes of Alfred sparkled with more than usual lustre; his open brow was contracted, and his teeth firmly set, as he followed with his eyes the direction taken by the wily Harold. But the cloud cleared from his brow when he gazed upon the form beside him, and he pressed her to his heart, and kissed her fair forehead.

Egitha was young and lovely; her dark eyes were full of softness and tenderness; her voice was low and gentle, and as her brow: hair strayed over her shoulders in long ringlets, she looked at least a beautiful creature.

"The villain would try to prove me unworthy of thy love, my fairest," he said; "but Egitha would not believe him, wouldst thou, love?"

"Believe him," she cried, "no, never. A woman cannot so easily believe aught of evil that is spoken of him she loves. He calls you a traitor, Alfred; but you are no traitor, and I told him so."

"A traitor!" cried Alfred; "you spoke truly, love; 'tis he who is the traitor—he who has wrung from me the confession of the love I bear to one of the fairest ladies of the court, to endeavour to gain her affection."

"But he never will succeed, dear Alfred," cried Egitha; "the love of Egitha is not to be gained by fair promises; gold may tempt others to the commission of deeds foreign to their nature, but they cannot gain the heart of Egitha."

"I know it, loved one!" exclaimed Prince Alfred. "I know I may trust to thy love, my Egitha; but I fear for thee. Consent to be my bride, my wife, my Egitha, and we need fear no longer."

She placed her little hand in his, and a deep blush which suffused her cheek, was the only answer.

"But one word, love—one word, my Egitha—one little word."

She gave that word and they parted, and Alfred sought his brother Edward, to whom he related the tale of what had passed, and consulted him upon how he should act for the future. Scarcely had he time to tell him of what had occurred, when his mother entered, holding in her hand a packet. She was now verging upon old age; but there were still to be seen traces of former beauty. Her form was slight but majestic, and her eyes sparkled with the cunning and artfulness which characterised her through her whole life.

"Alfred," she said, "I have a commission for thee; hasten, I beg, to the Castle of Guilford, and deliver this paper; do not delay longer than it is absolutely necessary; that parcel contains letters of importance. I have ordered arrangements to be made for your journey, and wish you a safe return."

She waved her long, thin hand, and moved away without another word.

"Our mother gets more stately every day," thought Edward, as she departed without even glancing at him. Finding a few chosen horsemen awaiting him, he instantly departed, and arrived at the Castle of Guilford, where he delivered his packet, and stayed to rest after his journey. The night passed on, and when morning broke, a troop of horsemen arrived at the castle-gate, and demanded to see Prince Alfred. The unsuspecting prince immediately arose, and went to meet them. He was surrounded, and seized a prisoner by Earl Goodwin, and by King Harold's order.

"Wherefore am I thus seized?" he asked of those around, and "treason" was the only answer he received. "I am no traitor," he replied; but words were useless, and his faithful followers, who were still



wrapped in slumber, were seized and unarmed, and with their master, conveyed from Guilford Castle.

They had not proceeded far, however, before they met a party of men, scarcely equal in number to King Harold's troops. A fierce encounter ensued; but Earl Goodwin's soldiers were successful in the end, and the leader of the venturesome band was taken prisoner.

"Thou wouldst have saved Prince Alfred, wouldst thou not?" asked a ferocious-looking trooper of the fresh captive.

"I would," answered the leader of the band, in a low musical voice, which made the warrior start back in amazement.

"Thou art not a man," he said, gazing on the slight form of the supposed youth. The deep blush that mantled on the fair cheek of Egitha, (for she it was,) was the only reply.

"I see, I see," cried the soldier, his rough voice softening as he gazed on the beautiful Egitha. "Poor girl, poor girl, I pity thee. I see the tear in that bright eye of thine, and it tells me, soldier as I am, that he is dear to thee; poor girl, poor girl," and he laid his hand upon her arm. "If I had known this," he continued, "I could not have raised this hand against thee, for, though you will smile to hear a rough fellow like me talk of love, I was loved once by a maiden as fair as thou art, and I was suspected, as they say Prince Alfred is, of treason to my king, and it broke my Agatha's heart to see the object of her young heart's affection suspected and imprisoned by the king whom he had served very truly, and though she lived to see me free, and honoured as a brave and loyal soldier, she died and left me what I am. But you will not thank old Hubert for the story of his love; you would thank me more if I were to let you speak with Prince Alfred. 'Twould be better," he cried, in his usual rough voice, "to let the two traitors ride together; our triumph will seem the greater to the good Earl Goodwin, if we present him two prisoners instead of one;" and, seizing the reins of the horse on which Egitha rode, he placed her by the side of Alfred.

She turned her head to gaze upon him; Prince Alfred met her eye, and she said,—

"It gives me pain, sir, to see you by my side a prisoner like myself; my heart overflows with gratitude to one who has bartered liberty, and it may be life, to save an unhappy prince, who is falsely accused, and it pains me to the heart to see the fatal result of your kindness; you have the thanks and gratitude of Alfred, but they will not repay you for what you have done—for what still, I fear, awaits you."

"I care not if I die for thee," answered Egitha, "life would be a fearful void without thee, Alfred."

"Egitha," exclaimed Alfred, "is it possible that it is to you I owe so great a debt of gratitude?"

"It is Egitha who has striven hard to save thee; but I have failed," she answered, covering her face with her hands, and the tears started between her slender fingers.

"Heaven help thee, Egitha," cried Alfred; "I thought not that such a trial awaited me; to see thee a prisoner was far from my thoughts; the prisoner of Harold, too."

He shuddered at the thought of his beloved being in the power of the heartless king.

"Fear not for me," said Egitha; "I will escape ere long, and you shall be released. Remember this; when you hear a whistle in the air, know that I am safe. Hush!" she continued, placing her finger on her lips; "we shall be overheard."

The sound of a trumpet now smote their ears, proceeding from a wood close by, and was answered by a shout from those who surrounded Alfred. They were soon in the wood, and arrived beneath a tree, where sat a man of middle age, tall in stature, with a countenance marked by care, but still strikingly handsome; he was surrounded by ten chosen soldiers, whilst a group of women were collected near him. Alfred recognised in him the Earl of Goodwin.

"Ha!" cried the earl; "Prince Alfred, thou art now in my power."

"I know it," answered Alfred; "you will consign me to a life of torture, or a lingering death."

"How knowest thou that?" asked the earl.

"Because you have no sense of honour or justice; the stratagem by which you obtained possession of my person is worthy of a coward like yourself. My death will be marked—"

"Nonsense—nonsense!" exclaimed the earl; "thy passion will avail thee nothing; I offer you life and honour. Come hither, my child," he cried, in a loud voice, addressing his daughter, who stood amidst the group of women; and she stepped forward, her beautiful face suffused with a crimson blush. "My daughter loves you; take her for your bride, and life and honour are before you—I exact no more."

"Wed your daughter, to leave my Egitha, the victim of Harold's love—never! Lead me to prison—lead me to death—but I will never wed any but my Egitha."

"It is over," cried the earl, waving his hand; "lead him away—lead him away!"

They placed him on his horse again, and rode away; he looked around for Egitha; she was not there. Hubert came to his side, and whispered,—*"She is safe—she bade me give you this signal;"* and he thrust a small silver whistle into his hand, and mixed with the foremost of the throng. They then conveyed him to prison, where his mind was tortured by the uncertainty of his brother's and mother's fate; but Hubert soon eased his anxiety by telling him that he had warned them in time, and they had already left England. His sole anxiety now was for Egitha; but Hubert assured him of her safety, and often brought him letters from her, and promised that he should see her ere long, which promise he fulfilled. Poor Egitha visited him in his dreary cell; her cheek was very pale, and her form was wasted, but not less than his; confinement had wrought fearful ravages upon his frame; his eyes were dim, indeed, and his hair and beard had grown long, which greatly increased his altered appearance; but he was the same in her eyes. A woman's love burns brighter when misfortune lights upon her heart's idol, and so did Egitha's. Ah! what a meeting was that after so long a separation; how he pressed her to his bosom, and kissed away the tears that bedewed her cheeks. Oh! it was happiness, indeed, to feel that she was near him; that, although all the world beside turned away from him, she still clung to him with all a woman's devotion. Oh! how swiftly the moments flew by as they sat with hands clasped in each other's, and gazing on the clear moonlight through the iron bars of his prison window. The stars were shining brightly in the heavens, and the moon cast its brilliant reflection on the pale face of Egitha, rendered paler by the light which shone upon it. A hand, laid upon her shoulder, was evidence enough to show that her visit was discovered; she started from her seat with clasped hands, and Alfred pressed her to his heart.

"They will not harm thee, love!" he cried; "they are men, and will not harm a woman."

"Let her remain," said a deep voice; "she shall not leave you yet. Now, my men, to your task." And the unhappy prince was seized by two men, and pushed upon the ground. "There is yet time," said the voice which had spoken before; "wed my daughter; or, refuse her, and you die."

"I would sooner die!" cried Alfred; "you have already had my answer; why do you repeat the question?"

"Then do your work," cried the earl; "stop that woman's cries!" he exclaimed, as the shrieks of Egitha smote his ears, and the unfortunate girl was seized, and a hand placed over her mouth. A death-like feeling crept across her, and she was insensible to the scene which followed. When she awoke once more, the light was streaming in through the iron gratings, and the sun cast its reflection on the sightless and still fainting Prince. Yes; they had deprived him of the blessing of sight, and there he lay beneath the window, exposed to the sun's heat. The day was clear and bright; the birds sang on the trees; the gay flowers reared their beautiful heads above the ground, and sparkled with the morning dew. The grass was fresh and green, and looked as though no feet had trodden it down; but he saw it not; those eyes which but last night had rested on the face of her he loved, and beamed with tenderness and affection were sightless now, and day was ever night to him. It was long ere he was restored to consciousness—and what a waking was that! But she was near him, and her gentle voice still sounded on his ears like music; she would not leave him, she said, without they tore her away, and they could not have the heart to do so. But they did not leave them long alone, for two men came to bid her depart. She sank upon her knees before them, and besought them, with all the energy of despair, to leave her there.

"'Tis a strange wish to desire to remain with a dead man," said one.

"I am not a dead man," cried Alfred, and the men started back.

"Then we must finish a deed begun," cried the ruffian; and, drawing his poniard, he rushed towards the prince, but Egitha threw herself between them, and the dagger, which was intended for him she loved, pierced her breast, and she sank by his side dead. The rest was soon accomplished, and the prince, weak and sightless, soon fell covered with wounds.

Ah! Harold—Harold—was it thou who ordered such a deed as this? Was it thou who could rend two hearts asunder? Was it thou who could sentence thine own brother to a cruel death? Was it thou, who, claiming the title of human being, could steep thine hands in thine own brother's blood? Could the name of Harold be affixed to such a deed as this? Yet, who could execute it, unless 'twere such a tyrant as Harold?

FANNY DONAGAN.

There is no surer test of the spiritual state, than the degree of esteem in which the Sabbath is kept.

To be a successful reprove, first convince men by substantial deeds of kindness that you love them.

Become not proud in prosperity, nor desperate in adversity.



## NARENOR.

A TALE.—PART I.

None are so curious in this behalf as those old Romans, our modern Venetian, Dutch, or Frénoch; that if two parties dearly love, the one noble, the other ignoble, they may not by their laws match, though equal otherwise in years, fortune, and education, and all good affection. In Germany, except they can prove their gentility by three descents, they scorn to match with them. A noble man must marry a noble woman, a baron a baron's daughter, a knight a knight's, a gentleman a gentleman's; as slaters sort their slate, so do they degrees, and family.—Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

In the days of fairies and necromancers (happy days, there is nothing like them now), lived a peasant of the name of Narenor, who dwelt in a lonely hut in the wildest part of a wild forest in Germany. How he got there I cannot tell you; his father and mother had been dead time out of mind, and not one relation had he that he knew of in the whole world. But what was worst of all, he was of an ugliness to inspire terror in all who saw him. No wonder that he had the forest all to himself, for woe to the unhappy wight who should see his ghastly visage peering out from the tangled branches there. He was sure to dream of goblins for several nights after. Yet the Savage of the Schelver Forest (for so he was called) was of a very refined nature, and wished for nothing so much as to love, and to be loved again. I am afraid that he did not take proper measures to overcome the repugnance which his appearance caused in the female breast, and that his manners rather aided than softened the natural deformity of his person. At any rate, he had not the patience requisite for making himself agreeable, so he grew misanthropic, and wrapt himself up in a sort of proud despair, and in a wolf-skin, which did not at all improve his looks. But having mind, which *would* be fed somehow or other, and which could not be satisfied with the offals of every-day life, he turned his thoughts to studies of an uncommon nature for a peasant, especially to magic and alchemy.

The hut in which he lived had been before tenanted by a hermit of rather questionable piety, who, indeed, might have been Dr. Faustus himself for anything I know.

Narenor had found him at the last extremity, and had received his dying injunction to bury his books and crucibles with him; but the hermit died before Narenor had made any promise to that effect, though I am not sure whether even a promise would have overcome his restless curiosity to read the prohibited volumes. Many choice secrets he found therein; but what he most eagerly, and hitherto in vain, sought for, was some beautifying elixir that might give him a little more resemblance to the human form, and afford him some chance of meeting with a fair partner of his (at present) joyless, solitary existence.

One night, after he had combined some very powerful ingredients, and dissolved them in a crucible, as he was anxiously waiting for the result of his experiment, a thick vapour arose from the vessel, and gradually condensing, took the form of the old inhabitant of the cottage. Narenor, while he thrilled with fear at the presence of a disembodied being, was yet full of hope that his wishes were near their accomplishment. He was not disappointed; the hermit held forth in his fleshless hand a phial full of a sparkling liquid, and thus addressed Narenor,—

"Rash, daring mortal, thou wouldst not obey my last command to destroy the records of an art which never made me happy. I spoke in pity to thyself, but thy folly requires a sterner lesson. The wish of thy heart is granted thee. I come from the place of the dead to bestow on thee the elixir of beauty. Take it, but remember, that if ever thou give way to anger, thy person shall resume its natural unsightliness, until a fresh application of the elixir restore the comeliness which thou dost so immoderately covet."

Having thus spoken, the old man gave the precious phial to Narenor, who seized it with transport, and then melted from his view, the folds of his dark garment blending with the smoke from the crucible, and the features fading into vapour, like the fantastic forms seen in autumn's evening clouds.

"Is it a dream?" said Narenor: but the phial still remained in his hand, and he hastened to prove the reality of what had passed, by an application of its contents. He placed himself before a large mirror of burnished steel, which he had often used for magical purposes, and touched his face with the liquid. Instantly the little red, sunken eyes, that moved in different orbits, expanded into a large dark pair of hazel, which could look the same way very amicably; the nose, if nose it could be called, that seemed to consist of nothing but a bunch of various coloured tubercles, subsided into a most legitimate Grecian; the negro lips, which, falling to hit the centre, appeared to have a particular attraction towards the left ear, sank into a mouth which Phidias might have been proud to copy. Nor did the elixir prove less efficacious in embellishing the whole person of the happy Narenor. He stood a model of manly grace and beauty.

After the first rapture of surprise and admiration was over, he determined to wander forth in quest of adventures and a lady-love. Accordingly, early on the following morning, he locked the door of his hut, and taking with him nothing but a few books, a small stock of provision, and a change of raiment, left the cottage in quiet possession to the ghost of its late master.

We will not say how often he looked at his taper leg, or made a mirror of the running brook, to take an exact inventory of his newly acquired beauties; we pass on to more important matters.

Just as twilight began to deepen the shades of the forest, shrieks as of a female in distress reached his ear. He made his way cautiously, but rapidly, to the spot whence the sound issued, and, screening himself behind the brushwood, beheld a band of robbers surrounding a coach, and in the act of dragging from it a lady richly apparelled. She resisted with all her feeble strength, and shrieked for help, but her cries grew every moment fainter.

"It were madness to attempt to rescue her by my single arm," thought Narenor; but taking advantage of his place of ambush, and the obscurity of evening, he called aloud in threatening terms, changing the tone of his voice as often, and as much as he could, and running from side to side, so as to deceive the robbers into a belief that a considerable band was approaching to the lady's rescue.

The echoes were extremely kind on the occasion, and gave all the assistance in their power, doubling and redoubling the single voice of Narenor into an alarming multitude of sounds. Perhaps also the fairies might have had something to do with it: but however this was, the robbers were certainly seized with a panic, and fled, leaving the poor lady very uncourtously stretched on the ground in a swoon.

Narenor hastened to raise her. The terror which closed her eyes did not prevent her extreme beauty from being apparent at the first glance. Perhaps the disorder of her fine dark hair, contrasted with the marble whiteness of her complexion, heightened the effect of her charms. At any rate, Narenor thought so, and already, while holding in his arms the fainting beauty, he drank deep draughts of love, or vanity.

The lady at length recovered to a sense of her situation, and was profuse of acknowledgments to her youthful deliverer, whom her two maids, Marion and Christine, pointed out as such by their voluble and rapturous expressions of gratitude.

They were not of sufficient rank to be entitled to faint away; but, as all attendant damsels ought, they went into very becoming hysterics, and clung round Narenor's neck, half crying, half laughing, and kissing him; but of course they did not know what they were about. Their mistress chid them very properly into a more decorous composure, and withdrew herself in rather a stately manner from the supporting arm of Narenor, saying,—

"The Countess of Ermengarde will be most happy to receive her deliverer within the walls of her own castle, until she can reward him, not according to the extent of his services, nor her gratitude, but as far as lies in her poor power."

This speech Narenor interpreted in a most flattering manner, and, intoxicated with hope and self applause, he took the offered seat in the countess's superb carriage.

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they ride,  
Splash, splash, across —"

not the sea, but whatever splashy places they chanced to meet with, until they arrived at a magnificent castle, with every appendage of ancient and feudal splendour. The retainers of the countess thronged around her preserver with grateful acclamations, and amidst universal applause Narenor was conducted to a gorgeous apartment, where lordly apparel was provided for him, and every luxury that could delight his proud heart. He seemed now to have nearly reached the summit of his wishes. A young and beautiful female, interested in his fate, and loading him with favours—it was but one step more—alas! how often is that *one more step*, one step too far!

Day succeeded day, and Narenor was still immersed in a succession of pleasures, almost too bright for reality, and yet much too vivid for a dream.

There were tournaments, and feasts, and dancers in the lofty hall, in joy of the countess's happy escape from her late peril, and, of course, he who rescued her from that peril was in the very central group of the pageantry. What heart could withstand it? His name was harped with her's by the minstrel at the banquet—her hand crowned him with flowers amid the gay assembly—her hand had clasped around his neck a gold chain worth a dukedom—and had not her eyes told tales? So Narenor thought. He trembled—he doubted—he almost quite believed. He now only sought for a favourable opportunity to declare his passion. Love had levelled all distinctions in his eyes. Would it not in her's?

It was a lovely evening, when he was fortunate enough to meet with the countess alone, in a bower of roses and myrtles, leaning on her harp in



pensive meditation, and occasionally touching the strings with half-unconscious fingers. He fell at her feet. He ventured to interpret in his favour the soft abstraction in which he had found her. He urged his love with a lover's ardour. She was silent. He grew more eloquent, when just as he thought that her unclosing lips would bless him with the confession of a mutual passion, her words found their way in accents of scorn and indignation.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed (while anything but love's tender fires darted from her eyes) "can you have the boldness, the arrogance, the presumption, to talk to me of love? Was it not sufficient honour to rescue a countess of the house of Ermengarde from a fate which, dreadful as it was, would have been far preferable to an alliance with a peasant like thee? Poor man, I pity you! (and she laughed exultingly;) the splendour with which you have lately been surrounded has overthrown your reason! You, a creature whom I took into my house out of charity—you, to whom, in the bounty of my heart, I purposed to espouse my favourite domestic, Marion! Go, and breathe forth your love tales in her ear. I will do you the honour of being present at your nuptials."

The proud soul of Narenor swelled even to bursting during this insulting speech, which he was about to return with one of equal bitterness; but scarcely had he begun—"Woman, I despise thee!" when the countess shrieked violently, and pressed both her hands before her eyes, as if to shut out some loathsome and terrific object, while alarm seemed to deprive her of the power of flight.

Narenor looked around for the cause of this sudden emotion, and perceiving nothing remarkable, hastened to support the countess, who again uttered a piercing shriek, saying,—

"Vile sorcerer, touch me not!"

While she continued to call for help, Narenor became conscious that (as the hermit had forewarned him) his anger had caused him to return to his original deformity. He now felt that not a moment was to be lost in flying from the rage of the countess, and withdrew precipitately from the arbour.

He had scarcely passed the precincts of the castle, when he heard an uproar within its walls, which convinced him that he should soon be pursued, and perhaps dragged to a summary death. He contrived, however, to bury himself in the forest, on the skirts of which the castle stood; and, after hearing all day the shouts of his pursuers, and even the rustling of the boughs, as they passed close to the place of his concealment, he reached in the course of the night his own solitary cottage, and flung himself, exhausted with mental, no less than bodily weariness, on his bed.

Narenor was, for some days, in a state of such complete discouragement and confusion of mind that he thought not of the elixir of beauty, and was, indeed, utterly unconscious whether his soul's outer raiment was the most unsightly, or the most comely, among the sons of men. As, however, he began to recover his tranquillity, and to become sensible to outward forms and objects, his former disgust of his natural deformity recurred by degrees, and at length (with the observation that he might as well, in passing the large magic mirror, behold a pleasing as a terrific object) he made a new application of the beautifying elixir.

"But of what use," sighed he, "is the perfection of these features, or the gracefulness of this form, without the great talisman of human life—riches? Fool that I was to imagine that poverty, in whatever guise, could be anything but scorned. Oh, that I had the golden key, which alone can unlock all the treasures of happiness. Wealth can render even deformity endurable; but with personal endowments, such as mine, it could not fail of being irresistible."

From this moment Narenor searched the volumes with a new aim. He wanted to discover that chemical secret, which should turn all it touched into gold. Again his laboratory was the scene of occupation; again his crucibles sent up the smoke, which alarmed the lonely traveller of the forest with fancied shapes and shadowy resemblances. Nor did he fail to invoke the former inhabitant of the cottage, who had shown so much superhuman power in granting his first request. His adjurations were heard. One night, after the most intense labours, just as his hopes were raised to their highest, the crucible, in which his precious materials were contained, burst asunder; but, almost ere he could vent his anger and disappointment, the form of the old man rose from amidst the encircling vapours.

"Still," he said, "O Narenor, you require to have your wishes granted, to learn their fallacy. I am permitted to teach you the humbling lesson. Behold the stone, whose wondrous touch converts the baser metals into gold and silver. But there is a condition annexed to the precious gift. Whenever you shall make a wrong or dishonourable use of the money, which you obtain from its talismanic touch, that money shall return to the substance of its original metals."

"Bountiful spirit," replied Narenor, "I accept your gift with rapture, secure that nothing base or dishonourable exists in the heart of Narenor."

The shadowy form vanished with a smile of indefinable, yet peculiar meaning, while Narenor hastened to make trial of the virtues of the talisman. They were in every respect answerable to his wishes. Once more he left his humble home, full of hope, joy, and confidence; at first, in disguise, lest he should meet any of the Countess of Ermengarde's household; but at length throwing aside the poverty of his appearance, and having purchased an equipage befitting the heir of unbounded wealth, he entered the city of Cronstadt in princely pomp and splendour.

Established in a magnificent house, or rather palace, with trains of servants, he drew universal attention, and nothing but the rich stranger was talked of, from the parlour to the kitchen, throughout the buzzing city. But the grand object of inquiry was, "does his birth answer to his apparent nobility of pretensions?"—for the inhabitants of Cronstadt were (in those days at least) as nice as the Ap-Shekims in their pride of pedigree, and many of them could trace their origin as high as the Pre-Adamite Sultans. The old married ladies all said, without exception, "I must find out *who* he is, before I think of him for *my* daughter;" and the old unmarried ladies made the same wise determination on their own account. Dreadful would it have been to have tainted the blood, which had flowed unsullied from the Pre-Adamites, with any ignoble mixture. There was one celebrated beauty, Lady Leonora Von Edelstein, to whom Narenor had been so fortunate as to render a trifling service (her coach had been overturned, and he had conveyed her home in his own in a state of very pretty alarm), who was determined to fathom the mystery. She swore, by her white arm and arched eyebrows, that she would dive into his genealogy, "and *then*," she said, with a blush to her fair confidante, "Lady Wilhelmina, if I find him worthy, he shall not find me ungrateful."

In the meantime Narenor moved in the first circles, for the human heart is not proof against an imposing appearance. All eyes were upon him and Lady Leonora, whose pretty oath had been whispered in confidence to—on the best computation—eight hundred and sixty-three particular friends. When a young and beautiful woman is determined to make herself agreeable, what heart against which the battery is directed, can withstand it? Narenor was in that season of life, when, as Milton singeth,—

"The young blood grows lively, and returns  
Brisk as the April buds, in primrose season."

Besides, he was in search of a wife, as determinately as Cœlebs. Lady Leonora saw and triumphed in her power. Already in anticipation she heard the avowed tremble on his lips—already she heard him confess himself the chief "of a long line of noble ancestors"—already she exulted in fancy over the baffled malice of her *friends*, who began to see that her heart was not altogether uninterested in the question. Narenor, on his side, perceived that the Lady Leonora did not regard him with indifference, and seized the first opportunity of ascertaining her sentiments more unequivocally by a declaration of his own. As he knelt at her feet, and ardently pleaded his passion, the graces of his person, and the gallantry of his appearance, almost effaced from Leonora's mind the recollection that a cloud hung over his origin, which it was her task to remove. "He must be noble," she thought within herself. "That mien, which seems to dignify that splendid attire—that majestic brow—he must be noble." She sighed—she looked assent; but ere she had confirmed it with her lips,—

"The world, and its dread laugh,  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,"

rose to her remembrance. Again she sighed, but with a deeper meaning—drew back—hesitated. Narenor interpreted this confusion as anything but unfavourable.

"Why trembles my dearest Lady Leonora? May I—dare I hope? One little word."

At length Lady Leonora's voice found its way from behind the screen of her fan (that graceful emblem of the female heart, so light, so airy, and so full of folds; but, ah, how far more easily opened!) and, in becoming cadences, thus it murmured,—

"I am not insensible to the honour done me by the most accomplished of men; but —"

"Oh! crush not my budding hopes," he exclaimed, "by that cruel monosyllable, which was only meant for the cold, calculating lips of age! Let me arrest on its very threshold the yet unuttered objection."

"Alas!" replied Lady Leonora, "would that I could yield to the dictates of my heart! But we have a custom here, that may not be dispensed with. Each suitor must spread before the feet of his mistress the fair emblazoned roll of his armorial bearings, and the genealogical tree, whose branches must extend through centuries, and whose root must be deeply founded in years before the flood. Not that I doubt," continued the fair speaker, in softer tones, "of your being able to display a long line of noble ancestors; but, pardon me, it has not been



your pleasure yet to declare your precise rank—and—the world—in short, the cruel, malignant world cannot appreciate that tenderness of heart, which would overlook all but the merit of its object." (Here Lady Leonora glanced furtively from behind her fan.) "But, good Heaven! you are pale—you are ill!"

"A sudden dizziness," Narenor with difficulty replied, and with still more difficulty forcing a smile: "I am well—quite well now. Empress of my heart, you shall be satisfied. To-morrow I will lay at your feet the tablet of my genealogy, and Leonora shall know that she is not solicited to unite her fate with the representative of a mean or inglorious ancestry!"

"Thus spoke he—vaunting loud,  
But racked with deep despair,"

and, with a profound obeisance, left the apartment.

Now, Narenor had a strong suspicion that, even in the virtuous town of Cronstadt, anything was to be had for money; and, though he at first gave way to feelings of despondency, yet the comfortable idea soon occurred, "I may buy, though I have not a genealogy." So he hastened to the herald's office, and begged to speak with Peter Breslau, "Garter king-at-arms" of that city.

Mynheer Peter was a little, "round, fat, oily man," with a visage as plump, and as red, as a crimson cushion; and a cushion it was, whereon care had never sat long or heavily enough to leave one crease or wrinkle. Whenever he spoke, he smiled placidly, deranging not the smooth expansion of his cheeks, with a good-humoured twinkle of the eye, and a courteous wave of the hands, which seemed to imply the utmost readiness to oblige. And now he stood before Narenor, seemingly prepared to acquiesce in the most impossible request that could be made him. At length, finding that Narenor spoke not, he said, with alacrity,—"If your lordship will be pleased to step this way, I will show your lordship a most beautiful piece of blazonry; arguent on a cross pale, five estoiles; or, between four lions rampant, regardant gules vulned in the shoulder, with a beveled spear azure." Perhaps your lordship would be so condescending as to give me an order to have your lordship's arms executed in a similar manner?"

Narenor followed his little bustling guide into an inner apartment, and there informed the astonishing Peter that he did not merely require his coat of arms to be emblazoned, but invented. Peter was somewhat staggered; he certainly had heretofore given scope to fancy, in tracing the ramifications of an heraldic tree; but, to cause one to sprout forth, branch upward, bud and blossom, from a mere imaginary root, seemed almost beyond the powers of even his creative genius. He put his hand to his forehead, where, for the first time, a wrinkle made its appearance, and mused awhile in unwonted perplexity—but soon a returning ray of joy serenely his countenance; he flew to an old iron chest in a corner of the room, and drew forth from its dusty depth a piece of parchment of the most satisfactory length, and duly adorned with seals and blazonries.

"Is not your lordship of the family of De Senliz?" he exclaimed. "That noble family has been, indeed, thought for many years to be extinct; but the cast of your countenance, all declares that it revives in you."

"Oh, certainly!" replied Narenor; "and, for so happy a discovery, allow me to present you with this purse of gold. Complete the genealogy, for I am in haste, and concentrate all the beams of its glory in the person of Narenor, Baron De Senliz."

With this irresistible addition to his merits, the newly-created baron waited upon the illustrious Lady Leonora.

"How vexed the spiteful creatures will be," she thought to herself; "poor Adeline will die with mortifications,—she, who smiled yesterday so bitterly with anticipated triumph!"

Then, with the sweetest expression of countenance, she gave Narenor to understand that she was all his own; listened with an air of the most engaging modesty to his rapturous expressions of gratitude; and, after a good deal of very pretty and proper reluctance, allowed him to reduce the ante-nuptial period from a year to six months—to three months—to one month—to a fortnight—to a week—a day; and, finally (as there was no good reason to the contrary) it was settled that the marriage should take place on the following morning.

"Dear me!"—methinks I hear a gentle voice exclaim,—“There was not time for Leonora to have her lace night-cap made.” My dear girl, remember that Narenor wielded the magic wand of wealth, and he had only to wave it to make the sky rain lace night-caps.)

Fair dawned the sun on the nuptial morning, and shone brightly on the gay and busy streets of Cronstadt. The news of the wedding had spread like wild-fire after Lady Leonora had communicated the intelligence to her dear friend Lady Wilhelmina. Bells were ringing, garlands waving, tapestry was hung from the windows, and white ribbons displayed in the utmost profusion. Narenor had bought the acclamations of the mob by setting a river of wine afloat over the town, and giving

orders that a few score of oxen should be roasted whole; so the air rang with shouts, and all were rushing and scrambling to get a peep at the bony bride, and munificent bridegroom.

Lady Leonora was dressed in a robe of white satin, girdled with one broad cincture of Oriental pearls. Her dark locks were confined by a wreath of artificial orange blossoms, also wrought in pearl, and nestling among leaves of emerald. Already had the procession begun to wind along the flower-strewn streets, when suddenly murmurs arose from a distant quarter of the crowd, and, like gathering thunder, rolling nearer and nearer, at length burst in audible sentences around the very chariot of the hymeneal pair.

"He is an impostor—a swindler—a thief! Seize on him. Drag him to justice."

In vain the postillions brandished their whips—in vain Narenor raved against the unaccountable delay. The horses' heads were seized, and the doors of the chariot forced opened, by the enraged populace. Narenor soon perceived that the zeal of the mob was anything but complimentary, and hastened to throw handfuls of money among them, as the huntsman tosses pieces of flesh to the hungry open-mouthed pack, which seem ready to devour him. But for once the universal panacea failed of its effect.

"It is all forged!" they cried. "We will have none of it."

Entering at this critical juncture (as I once heard a schoolmaster say who happened to pay me a visit while I was at *tea*) upon the scene appeared an official band, armed with batons of authority, who made their way through the yielding mob, and politely, though in a manner that there was no resisting, requested Narenor to give them the honour of his company.

"There is some mistake! There *must* be some mistake," sobbed Lady Leonora between the pauses of her hysterical screams.

"No, my lady, there is no mistake! We are sure of our man," replied the head of the police. "Come, baron—or sir. I am really sorry to separate you from this lady, but she may thank me one of these days."

Along the streets through which he had just passed in triumph, followed by the blessings and admiring acclamations of the crowd, was Narenor now led in infamy, pursued by the curses and taunts of the fickle populace—many of whom were asking of one another the offence of their ci-devant idol. The place of destination was (as the reader may have supposed) a court of justice, where Narenor was somewhat surprised to find himself confronted with his little fat friend, Peter Breslau.

"So Mynheer Breslau," said the worshipful the judge, "you are ready to swear that you received this counterfeit money from the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes, your worship."

"For what service on your part did you receive the money?"

"For drawing up a genealogy, please your worship."

"And the prisoner assured you that he was of the noble family of De Senliz?"

"Undoubtedly, my lord—your worship."

"A most fraudulent fellow, indeed!" exclaimed the serene judge.

"And, pray, did any one *see* his baronship give you the purse?"

"My son, here," replied Peter, pushing forward a little Peter, "the softened image of his fussy sire."

"My good lad," said the judge, "can you swear that you saw that gentleman, or person, at the bar, give this money to your father?"

"Yes," replied the young Peter, manfully, "I'll swear I did!"

"A clear case, indeed," pursued the learned judge. "And, pray, Mr. Baron, what have you to say in your defence?"

"Nothing!" exclaimed Narenor, with pride and indignantly,

"nothing."

"That's good! And pray, have you any reason to give why the law should not pronounce, and execute her just sentence upon you?"

"None," cried Narenor, still more impatiently; "but if I am to be hanged—at least string up that Peter Breslau by the side of me—for a greater knave never existed."

"Hold your profane tongue, wretch!" replied the very reverend the judge. "Dare we to asperse an honest citizen of this honourable town who is above reproach. Your doom is fixed! Officers, carry him away! See that he is safely lodged in the Blue Tower for to-night. To-morrow, the law pronounces that he be hanged by his neck like a common malefactor!"

Left alone, in chains, and in a solitary dungeon, Narenor gave way to all the bitterness of despair. The cup of happiness had been dashed from his lips at the very moment when he was about to quaff it mantling to the brim. He cursed his destiny, himself, the old man, and his fatal gift, of which the dishonourable use that he had been tempted to make had reduced him to his present situation. He now, too late, remembered the words of the old sage of the forest, who had warned him that whenever he should employ to base purposes the transmuted gold, it should return to its original metal.



"Fool that I was," he exclaimed, as he clanked his heavy fetters along the dull-echoing cell; "oh! that I had been content with my native deformity and obscurity! And thou, vile old man!—why didst thou pamper my diseased appetites? Oh, that thou wert less of a shade, and that I had thee here to tear thee limb from limb."

"Narenor! you are unjust," said the sage, who at that moment appeared; "I gave you fair warning." Remember, that it was only in compliance with your own earnest wish that I bestowed on you those wondrous endowments, of which you have made so bad a use. However, for once the conditions attached to my gifts will be of use to you. The fit of rage in which you have just indulged, has caused your person to resume its natural conformation, and when the guards appear with to-morrow's dawn, to lead you to execution, they will take you for another; only be careful not to speak, nor even to seem to understand what is spoken; imitate the gestures and behaviour of one born deaf and dumb, and assume the unconscious gaze of harmless idiocy. To-morrow, long ere this hour, you will be free.—Farewell! Though you are so much out of humour with me at present, I think that it will not be long ere you again require my services."

"Never, never!" exclaimed Narenor, as the old man vanished into the depths of the dungeon's darkness. "Welcome this mis-shapen form, the mask of security—the herald of unambitious tranquillity! Welcome, my native poverty—the only true state of happiness!—the only part on the great theatre of life which is not a delusion and bitter mockery."

## PART II.

ALL happened as the old man had foretold. In the morning the guards entered the prison of Narenor, and seeing, as they thought, no one but a harmless idiot, they cried that the wretch—the sorcerer, who could make bad money look like true coin, had evaporated through the key-hole, and had left this poor mis-shapen dwarf in his place. So he was set free immediately, with many acclamations. Once more Narenor returned to the Schelwer forest.

How peaceful everything appeared, contrasted with the scenes through which he had lately passed! It was morning, when he wound along the margin of the small lake, which embosomed its quiet depth in trees, about three miles distant from his cottage. A hill, covered with brushwood, rose at once from the reedy shore of the lake, and its shadow descended far into the water with all the clearness of reality. The light, thus intercepted over the greater part of the lake, gleamed magically from behind the shadow of the hill; and as a poet has expressed it,—

"Fairer than all the scene  
Which smiled around, those imaged tints appear;  
As fancy's dreams are dearer to the heart  
Than all that colder truth, or reason can impart."

On one side of the lake, a rocky bank left just sufficient space for a narrow weedy path between it and the water. Everywhere else was the impenetrable forest.

I suppose that every one has felt the exhilarating effect of the early morning air—yes, every one—for the fine lady has felt it coming home from a ball, just as much as a peasant in going out to his work. But to a person of susceptible frame (prompt in replying to the outward impulses of nature) the cool invigorating oxygen of the morning air conveys positively a new existence. Every sound comes more sweetly upon the ear—every object is presented more vividly to the eye—and (were I not afraid of growing less poetical, I should say every smell, fragrant of course) is wafted more freshly, more dewily, to the nose. How very odd it is that *nose* should not do in poetry as well as *ear*. There are equally base associations connected with both. A nose may be pulled, but an ear may be lost in the pillory. A nose—but I forbear. To return.

Narenor felt this intoxication of the morning air—so far above all that sparkling champagne (well enough in its way) or ruby-coloured claret can produce—which puts me in mind that I must quote a noble passage; to this effect, in by far the best dramatic composition of the present day—John Woodville, a tragedy of Charles Lamb, most strangely neglected by this acute generation of critics.

"*Level*: I marvel why the poets, who, of all men, methinks should possess the hottest livers, and most empyreal fancies, should affect to see such virtues in cold water.

"*John*: Because your poet-born hath an internal wine, richer than lippara, or canaries, yet uncursured from any grapes of earth, unpressed in mortal wine-presses.

"*Level*: What may be the name of this wine?

"*John*: It hath as many names as qualities. It is denominated indifferently, wit, conceit, invention, inspiration; but its most royal and comprehensive name is fancy.

"*Level*: And where keeps he this sovereign liquor?

"*John*: Its cellars are in the brain, whence your true poet deriveth intoxication at will; while his animal spirits, catching a pride from the quality and neighbourhood of their noble relative, the brain, refuse to be sustained by wines, and fermentations of earth.

"*Level*: But is your poet-born always tipsy with liquor?

"*John*: He hath his stoopings and repositings; but his proper element is the sky, and in the suburbs of the empyrean.

"*Level*: Is your wine intellectual so exquisite?"

Drunk with this wine intellectual, Narenor forgot the past, and no longer anticipated the future. He felt that independent, undivided happiness, which is so rare in life—rare indeed as a day without a cloud in the natural world, is an hour of cloudless atmosphere in the intellectual existence. Then (like Mrs. Ratcliffe's heroines) he began to compose—no—"his feelings found vent in"—the following two lines, which were meant for the beginning of a sonnet.

"Youth, health, and morning, ye are things to make  
The heart of man bound high with ecstasy!"

Here his ideas failed, because happiness has few ideas. It is rather a sensation.

"And why not," thus communed he with himself, "make unto myself an endurable and daily happiness out of these simple elements? Why should not the rocks, the trees, the water, the air, the sky, the sun, and the answer to these in my own heart, suffice for pleasure?"

So mused Narenor as he slowly proceeded along the unfrequented, overgrown path that conducted to his cottage. Presently he heard a short, quick cry of pleasure, and a poor wretched skeleton of a dog flew to his feet, sprung up almost to a level with his face, then grovelled again upon the ground, inviting, imploring the caress of his master's hand.

"Poor Orra, thou old shaggy creature, thou shambling, scrambling, ill-mannered, ill-gaited animal, so regardless of all the conveniences and bienséances of society, how hast thou contrived to shuffle on with existence in my master's absence?—Well, Orra, there is a living being to welcome me, on my return home—so I will call it home. Certes, thou art not beautiful; the meeter comrade for me, poor dog! Come, and we will be laughed at, spurned at, and scouted together."

The dog looked at him with very human eyes, as if comprehending all that was said, and, still whining with uneasy joy, ran before him to the cottage. There everything looked as it did, on the morning of his last departure. The white embers were yet unscattered on the hearth; a book, open at a particular page, lay on the old oak table with three claws, as if he had just risen from its perusal.

"No, I have never been away!" he exclaimed; "it is all a dream. Surely I have walked into the forest and slept. And yet I could write a journal of four months! on such a day, rode into the country—on such a day, played at tennis—on such another, attended Lady Leonora on the promenade. But it is all past, past, past."

Narenor was really very happy for some days.—A man, who has been just going to be hanged, and has escaped so little-pleasing a ceremony, has reason to be so. He pursued his occupation as a wood-cutter, and rambled to all the most cosy recesses of the forest. He tried to draw his pleasures from the simplest source of common nature—but then read still; and still he found that,—

"Knowledge is sorrow; they who know the most,  
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth—  
The tree of knowledge is not that of life."

The worst of it is that he was not meant to be a Timon. His heart was full of human feelings, and though he said to his dog, twenty times a day,—

"Orra, I want no other companion than thee," he was not at all the less pining after a reasoning speech-endued being. Then came the long, long, winter evenings. "I must have some one to speak to, or I shall forget how to speak," was the thought that passed through his mind at length; and, "so his whole heart exhaled into one want."

One day he saw a very beautiful child asleep in the forest. The little fellow had wandered away from home in search of wild flowers, and there he lay, with thick auburn curls peeping through the ragged hat, the glowing cheek pillowed on the naked chubby arm, while even in sleep he tightly grasped his treasure—an enormous bunch of spring flowers. "Now, if even this child could love me," thought Narenor. Gently he lifted up the boy, and kissed his smooth fair forehead.

The child awaking, and seeing a face so hideous in such close contact with his own, set up a roar as loud as the stoutest pair of lungs could enable him to execute, and began to kick, scratch, and cuff, most manfully.

At this unlucky moment the mother, guided by the well-known sounds, came up to the scene of action.

(To be continued in our next.)



## CLANAWLY.

## A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

"He has a sharp eye."

"And the other's sharper; for gold gives lustre to the sight."

"And fear makes men take advantages, where, on other occasions, they would not be moved by the least suspicion."

"O'Donnell is better not to throw himself in the way of the Irish troops on this retreat; for I am told they blame him, as he did not take the Earl of Tyrone's advice, which caused much bloodshed through his deep obstinacy."

"There might be some blame attached to him; but they should forgive him now, as he acted for the best."

"There is little forgiveness in the vanquished—conquerors are better able to forget and forgive."

"He must be pretty near Castle M'Auliff now, for he took the straight road in that direction."

The younger man's eye glistened at this remark, which caused a rest in the conversation, as if he were digesting the words; but he put himself out of suspicion, by remarking,—

"When he arrives at Clanawly Castle he may consider himself safe."

The conversation closed, and sleep overpowered the strangers, who did not awaken till aroused in the morning by the same monk. They started from their beds, looking back upon the satisfying repose with pleasure, and considering the time it lasted as a blank in existence. The monk informed them that morning service was about to be performed, but did not make it compulsory on them to attend; to prevent any improper conclusions, they proceeded to the chapel, and showed themselves particularly attentive to the devotion going forward. When the prayers were concluded, the strangers were conducted to the kitchen, and fed again, but on better fare than they received the preceding night.

"Now," said the monk, "follow me."

They arose, and tracing his steps, found themselves in a large refectory, where all the brothers were seated at breakfast, except one, who stood upon a rostrum, reading from a book of the order, and the monk who led them thither; a venerable man sat at the head of the board, who was either the abbot, or the next to him in seniority. The reader suspended his voice when the door was pushed in, and the strangers having been led to the foot of the table, he who held the abbot's chair, stood up, and spoke to them.

"You will swear by the right hand of hospitality?" said the old man.

The elder stranger remained unmoved, but the younger changed colour, and became very pallid.

"Are you well, young man?—I fear not," said the old man.

His companion's eyes fell upon his visage, which caused him to rally his nerves, and become more resolute.

"I am well again," he observed.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the venerable man, conveying a mild glance of censure at the stranger, for neglecting his thanksgiving.

"Thank God!" faltered the young man, writhing under the gaze.

"You swear, by the right hand of hospitality, to what I now ask of you?" said the venerable monk.

"Yes," both answered, nearly together.

"Had you any purpose in view last night, but that of personal charity, when you demanded admittance?"

"None," responded the elder, very strongly, the younger's answer having been a mere echo to the former.

"Were you concealing yourselves either from the enemy, or from the Irish troops?"

The same answer was returned.

"You have no marauding in view, nor burning, nor murder?"

A similar answer.

"You are not in the English employment, nor are you Irishmen, going to the English quarters? Are you anything but what you seem to be, by your garb?"

The same answer was given as above, when the old man resumed his seat, and the strangers were allowed to depart from the abbey.

With cheerful steps they turned their way onwards, towards the direction of Kanturk, and were determined to take the shortest line thereto; surmounting hills, forests, streams, and all other obstacles which then lay in the way of travellers, from the impassable state of the country. They fell in with no individual during the day, and in the course of the evening resolved on going towards a farmer's house, to ask for rest and refreshment. They were not disappointed, and soon found themselves comfortably seated by a large fire, enjoying a portion of the victuals which the family were eating.

"If you had come up about two hours sooner, you'd have company on the road—Clanawly's men are passed onward this way—dear, dear me! What a skeleton of a fine clan!" said the woman of the house, addressing the strangers.

"M'Auliff's people?" demanded the elder, earnestly.

"Yes, dear," she continued; "but perhaps it is better that you did not come up, for I saw a gang of something like Sassenachs, hurrying after them, towards the Boggras, hot-foot; and if they should happen to meet, they will have a warm night of it."

"You may be assured they will not shake hands," said the younger man.

"How well they traced them out!" exclaimed the woman.

"Your people had nothing to do in this encounter?" asked the elder.

"No, my dear," she answered, "God help us, and sorrow from our doors! not this time, for we had plenty of it before now. My fine young man—my only son—"

Here her tears began to flow, and she became speechless for some few moments, through violent grief.

"My only son—a fine young man of twenty—lost his life some time back, in their skirmishing; and I am left with my old man, and a pack of girls, to labour, with scarcely any protector."

"It is heart-breaking," remarked the elder.

"Yes, my dear," she resumed, "and I, and the like of me, do not care how the business is settled, provided it is done soon."

"You perceive," observed the younger man, addressing his companion, "that the poor, and the working people, who are the principal sufferers in these troubles, are heartily sick of all commotions, and anxiously look forward to peace, under any circumstances."

"No doubt," said the other, "they are the sufferers—they bleed—they drink the gall of misery—they starve and become houseless, whenever a nation is struggling for its independence."

"If M'Auliff is caught, I suppose he will be hanged?" said the woman.

"There is no doubt of that," returned the younger man; "but I suppose he will adopt measures to escape detection."

"How can he, my dear?" asked the former. "He has no way of defending himself now, scarcely a man of his living, I am told. That was once the finest clan in this country; but, like other clans, it is wasted away, and, God knows, it is nearly time."

"The descendants of M'Auliff are very rare," observed the elder stranger.

"Very rare," continued the woman, "for we never knew more than one of the family, on the male side—one son in the family to succeed to the estate; and they have a prophecy in the house, which says that they will soon be childless, and the family lost."

"I fear they will soon have no property to lose, if the English persevere in their resolution of destroying castles and houses in this manner, or if there be not some reconciliation effected," said the younger.

"What reconciliation, my dear? what reconciliation?" demanded the woman of the house, waxing heated by her expression,—"I say it, though I suffered plentifully, that you never can make reconciliation with a people who want to grab your all."

"True, true," exclaimed the elder; "robbers can never show you any friendship, nor can a murderer smile upon the child of him whom he has slaughtered."

"And," resumed his companion, "we cannot love those whom we despoil; for no man wishes to meet the man whose property he possesses forcibly, whilst the other starves."

"You have had plenty of massacre about here?" asked the former speaker.

"I cannot say we had any upon this spot," answered the woman; "but there was enough over at the foot of the Boggras, and also burnings, and brutality to men, and violation upon females; all which sins they commit as if for the love of God."

"Such earnestness in the crimes!" exclaimed the younger man.

"And all for the sake of religion," cried the other.

"Religion—my dears!" declared the woman; "a murderer can belong to no creed; and if he should call himself anything in point of adoration, the dark fiend must be his Almighty."

They looked at each other sternly, acknowledging the truth of the woman's remarks, and seemed inclined to pursue the conversation no further. The younger man got up, and, taking his cap, proceeded outward, as if for a few minutes; but he did not return in any reasonable time, giving cause to much uneasiness in the mind of his comrade.

"I hope he has not lost his way," said the latter.

"Or fallen in with some fiend," remarked the woman.

"Marauder you mean."

"All the same, my dear—all the same."

"Have people been missed that way?"

"Yes, often; taken from the very door, and never heard of afterwards, by some villains going on their rounds of destruction."



"God forbid that such should happen to the young man."

"Then he is not your brother?"

"No, I only met him yesterday morning, leaving the neighbourhood of Kinsale, and continued since in his company."

"Poor young man! he seems very gentle."

"He is a good young man, or I am mistaken in his appearance."

"But who can we trust?"

"Very true, indeed; however, I hope all are not deceitful."

The unhappy stranger arose, and, going to the door, looked out earnestly into the gloom, listening to discover the sound of footsteps, without success. He even hooted aloud, but received no answer save the gruff growl of a savage dog lying upon a heap of straw. It was a clear night, stars innumerable studding the dark expanse above; and the man having looked well around, listened, and then gazed upwards, shuddered, and heaved a sigh at the supposed sudden misfortune of his companion.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE RETREAT.

A RAGGED party of men, the same evening, were moving as quickly along as fatigue would permit men, and making their way towards the skirts of the Bogra mountains. It was in this lonely and rugged place they intended to encamp for the night, if sticking down poles and covering them over with their cloaks tacked together, may be called encamping. Scarcely was a word exchanged between them, all apparently still confounded by the terrible engagement from which they escaped. There were only two persons mounted amongst the party, and these were the chieftain of Clanawly and his son Hugh, the former riding his own horse, the latter that of the boy M'Murchud, his animal having been lost in the general confusion. Much altered seemed the visage of the old chieftain, for it appeared—although but some fourteen days elapsed between his setting out and his return, as if he descended during that short period into the vale of life by about twenty years. The young warrior was the portrait of melancholy; his long lashes covering his downcast eyes, while an occasional sigh escaping from his breast, proved that his heart was nearly broken. Although they laboured under similar distress, still it weighed differently upon both, giving to the aged chieftain feelings of settled despair, but oppressing the young man with writhings of delicious regret.

At the turn of a hillock, about four o'clock in the afternoon, they found a man partly dressed in the garb of an English soldier, resting himself upon a bank; and he seemed perfectly confounded when he saw no mode of escape, fancying that he had no hopes of mercy in the hands of his natural enemies. M'Auliff perceived his distress, and waved his hand to him, in token of commiseration, when the man remained in his position until the party stood beside him. He received many cruel gestures from the angry and tired clan, whilst execrations loudly passed their lips, at the sight of a costume to them truly odious.

"No, no, my men," cried M'Auliff, "he is no longer an enemy; he has no weapons in his hands now."

"But perhaps he has treachery in his heart," cried Hugh, gnashing his teeth.

"We will take his word for that," said Clanawly.

"Who are you?" demanded the chieftain.

"I am a deserter from the English army—tired of fighting and trafficking in human blood; and I know not whither to betake myself."

"Poor fellow, were you at Kinsale?"

"Yes, I was present all the siege, and fought also."

"Then you know the entire circumstance connected with it?"

"I am tolerably acquainted therewith."

"Was Don Juan D'Aquila, the governor of the Spanish troops in the garrison of Kinsale, present in the town during any of the proceedings?"

"He spent the principal part of his time in the town."

"I understand he pressed Tyrone by several letters, written and despatched by messengers during our approach, to a sudden attack upon your troops, as soon as he should have arrived."

"Many of his letters were intercepted, and others were brought to Sir George Carew, under expectations of receiving rewards. The compensation, however, was little, Sir George considering the pardon of their crimes, and the saving of their lives, a sufficient boon to the miscreants."

"He was always in possession of every movement beforehand?"

"When he found that he escaped your troops, or failed in meeting you on the march southwards, and understood how he soon would be blocked up by the Irish army, he sent several men to Kinsale, under the pretence of being deserters, who represented the state of the English army to be very bad, from the want of provisions, clothes, and ammunition. This wrought upon the pride of the Spanish governor, who

became very insolent, and sent out letters of defiance to Sir George tending to aggravate him to an attack, in vain. Our troops were closely detained within their lines; and during the time that Tyrone's party in connexion with the Spaniards lay in the marshes, before the remainder of the Irish nobles joined—before O'Donnell's men joined him, we never left our tents."

"Were the first party of Irish in the marshes long before the last?"

"Not very long; but for several days before Tyrone's troops came up, the Irish chieftains appeared in sight along the distant hills, whereby we appeared to be completely hemmed in between the scattered army outside, and the Spanish forces in the town. So you perceive we were besieged and besieged at the same time."

"Then there were Irish troops upon the spot before our arrival?"

"Not on the spot, but in the neighbourhood, which was all the same. I understand, also, that D'Aquila sent letters to Tyrone to engage, even before the entire of his army was collected; adding, that he would also sally out and attack the troops of the English, in conjunction with the others."

"But he did not?"

"No, because the attack of the Irish was beforehand upon us, and made late in the day; thus it appeared that Don Juan postponed his sally until morning."

"Did not Sir George meditate to attack our forces early on that day, by instructions from the lord-deputy?"

"How did you learn that?"

"From a messenger who betrayed the entire to us."

"So he suspected. The page who went to Cork, or left Cork with the message, was waylaid in the road—so he says—and was robbed of the letter, scarcely escaping with his life. But he returned too late to enable the general to attack on that day. Otherwise, Sir George might have commenced the engagement."

"Don Juan and Don Alonzo are brothers in Irish hatred," said Hugh M'Auliff, angrily.

"Yes, indeed," observed the chieftain.

"D'Aquila's treatment of O'Sullivan at Dunboy, was scandalous in the extreme," said the former; "and that is what made the western chieftains so very slow in making preparations for the others, or in assembling to render assistance; for they looked upon the conduct of the Spanish general as a proof of his insincerity."

"We seized many letters sent by D'Aquila to the Irish chieftains; but the business was done for us by an Irishman, who knew the secret of the entire better than we could manage detection."

At this moment several eyes were turned upon a man who sat down upon a bank of earth at a little distance. He was no other than the traitor M'Mahon, whom Clanawly's party had escorted thus far, until they would find time to dispose of him according to the laws of the country; such as were then fast wearing out of usage having been administered by the brehons. He was handcuffed, and a person was engaged giving him several small portions of hard bread; that is, putting the scraps into his mouth in order to support life. When the prisoner saw the face of the soldier, who could not avoid gazing with the rest, he showed some appearance of liveliness, which was so well expressed upon his visage, notwithstanding his efforts to check it, that it drew M'Auliff's attention. The soldier, however, presented no similar proof of gladness; but, turning round to the chieftain, he said, boldly,—

"I know that man's countenance."

"You know the countenance of a traitor," said the chieftain.

"He frequently appeared at our camp," remarked the other.

The party, taking advantage of this momentary delay, began to seat themselves down in small groups, and regale their palates with refreshment. Pieces of hard, coarse bread, and broiled meat, were pulled from their wallets, and devoured eagerly. It was getting late, and night seemed fast approaching. M'Auliff, who saw no reason for hurrying them onwards at once, suffered some time to elapse before he would call them again into motion. He received from the hands of his son some bread and a wooden vessel, containing about a quart of ale, which he eat and drank without moving from his saddle. The soldier, also, was made to partake of their fare; and this hurried repast afforded more real pleasure to them than if they were seated at other times with every convenience to the most luxurious dainties.

"Shall we gain the Bogbras to-night?" demanded Hugh.

"Certainly," observed his father, "we must not lose the night; its advantages are too manifold to us, and we must consequently move on soon. I should not consider myself safe save in the heart of these mountains, or about Knockadune."

The soldier made a sudden rush from beside the chieftain and his son, and Clanawly turning round to discover the cause—

"Heavens! we are sold!" he exclaimed.

"Father—the villain! the wretch! All—all, alike!" cried Hugh M'Auliff, becoming nearly insensible.



"Come, men,—up, and spend the last drop of blood in your defence,—up at once!" cried M'Auliff.

"I will stand by the traitor, and watch him, and the moment there seems any chance of his rescue, the devil shall receive his soul," said one of the party, taking up his position behind M'Mahon, whilst he held a sharp lance-pointed skene against his back.

The unfortunate wretch started once or twice, as he felt the point of the skene puncturing his skin, considering the intimation as the *avant courier* of death.

About thirty armed soldiers appeared at different points around them, but did not attack them instantly. The principal person amongst the group, as they afterwards assembled in the gap of thoroughfare, standing upon an elevated spot, cried out:—

"Give up your chieftains and we will not hurt ye."

"Who does he want?" demanded one of the clan.

"He wants me—your chieftain," said M'Auliff.

"Death first!" roared the same man, which was yelled through the hollow by the rest in voices of thunder.

"You understand me," observed the principal soldier again; "we only want such as Tyrone, O'Donnell, M'Auliff, or any such rebels."

"M'Auliff looks upon you," exclaimed the chieftain; "and M'Auliff you can take if you are able, but you will only have his remains; and his bier shall not be unhonoured, for many will fall gallantly around him."

A well directed stone was levelled at the man who addressed them, which, having taken effect upon his head, brought him speechless to the ground. The rest, unable to control themselves, rushed in upon the clan, and commenced a merciless attack. They were met by powerful resistance, giving blow for blow, and thrust for thrust; and as the clan nearly doubled the assailants, the latter found themselves soon in an awkward dilemma. The Irish party cut the throats of all who had fallen, putting them beyond recovery, so that those who had not arms, used the skene with terrible effect. M'Auliff and his son dealt slaughter around them with their heavy swords, and poured the tide of their vengeance upon the foes; because they knew there was no mercy at the conclusion.

As for M'Mahon, it was equal to him how the affair terminated; for he knew that if the English were successful, his fate would be instant death. Were his captors the conquerors, he saw that death still at a distance, with some faint hope of escape intervening. Consequently he was not dismayed when he beheld a few survivors of the former party, struggling to effect their escape from the spot. Few indeed, they were, and would have been fewer, had the clansmen been able to pursue the fugitives; but fatigue saved them those lives which vengeance craved.

"Now for my further confidence in the English!" cried Hugh M'Auliff, laughing savagely.

He did not perceive the reflection which he cast upon his father by the last expression, from the earnestness of his manner, nor did he intend any, though it were as severe as if intentional; but the old man both heard and felt the allusion, and thus explained:—

"I am not steeled as yet against the English, nor do I consider them all perfidious, on this man's account, my son; for there are many fine and good men amongst that people—men who delight in acts of kindness and rectitude. And, my son, when you want the character of a people, never look to their soldiery for it; because they are hired assassins, who spill blood at so much a *mother*; every man's foe against whom they are sent, without any reason; the felons of their own country, upon whom the links of a golden bondage are despotically rivetted; miscreants ready to destroy their people, and their relatives even, at the command of their treasurer——"

"But, sire," interrupted the son, "are not their acts the acts of the entire nation?"

"No—no, my son; I would be sorry for the barbarity of the world, were such the case. Many times the cruel despot commits most heinous guilt through the hands of his brutal mercenaries, at which his people blush. Therefore, you cannot call their excuses the act of this or that honest man, or of this or that honest province, the inhabitants of which place tremble when they hear of the violence practised in their name or in the name of their nation."

"I cannot be a convert——"

"Then," interrupted the father, pointing towards M'Mahon, "look first at your own traitors, and deduce from thence an entire character for the Irish people."

Hugh M'Auliff was stunned—words failed him. He looked at the handcuffed villain, shook his head, and stared upon the ground. There were words upon his tongue, but another stare at the traitor pushed them back into his throat. He struggled to speak; but the villain's visage at each attempt hid him stop.

"How many have we killed?"

"None killed," returned a clansman; "but several very badly

wounded; all will be able to proceed except four, which we must contrive some mode of carrying."

"Make sacks of their cloaks, and suspend them between the tent poles," said the chieftain.

"Six or seven will not long survive, I think," said Hugh.

"They must be borne along till the last moment of their lives," said the chieftain. "I have a very bad wound in my thigh, which pains me now excessively. During the heat of the encounter, I did not feel it; but now it bleeds quickly."

"I wish we were at our destination for the night," said Hugh.

"I wish so too," said Clanawly; "and as it is not very distant, we can soon accomplish that, by a short struggle."

"Are there many of the others fallen?" asked the chieftain.

"About sixteen," answered the son; "and all are dead, for their throats have been cut."

The old man shivered at the explanation.

"I will order their persons to be rifled," said Hugh.

"No," said Clanawly, "let them lie where they are; but you can search their pockets, to find if we can collect information by letters in their possession."

Whilst this act, which occupied but a short while, was being done, some of the men made bearers, according to the chieftain's commands, to carry off their wounded.

"Indeed, father," cried Hugh, "the country is not conquered yet."

"It never could be conquered," returned his father, "but for the dissensions that have pervaded its inhabitants. Since it has cost such an amount of money, and such a continual impouring of soldiers to make the present temporary impression, notwithstanding our intestine division, how would it be if the people and the chieftains were cemented together, like other nations, in the bonds of enmity?"

"Our dissensions are too great to be remedied."

"Therefore, we will ultimately fall victims to the invader."

"What a dreadful position for posterity!"

"In a century, or a little more perhaps, this country will be depopulated of its native inhabitants, and a new race planted in the soil, if some decisive steps be not taken to prevent the catastrophe; and a partial arming, or partial combats will not resist the misery. Arms will not conquer the country; and therefore arms alone will never prevent the inroad of invasion. It will, therefore, be continual havoc."

The clan moved slowly off, like a funeral procession.

(To be continued in our next.)

## STRIKE THE LYRE.

"Strike the lyre with thy gentle hand,

And awake the chords of love;

For the moonlight sleeps on the pebbly strand,

And the stars are bright above.

What though your native land recedes

As we glide o'er the glittering sea,

The flowers and the skies are bright where we go,

And I shall be there with thee.

Then strike the lyre, &c.

"Our future home shall be, my love,

Where the sea is ever bright,

And the morning ever comes, my love,

With gladness, song, and light;

And friends shall court thy gentle smile—

Joy shall the partner be,

And the flowers and the skies are bright where we go,

And I shall be there with thee.

Then strike the lyre, &c."

"Though the flowers are bright where we go, love,

And the sky is ever clear,

Yet the sunshine and shade of my native land

Draw forth the bursting tear;

And the dear, dear friends of my youth are behind,

Far, far o'er that glittering sea,—

Yet you say we'll have friends where we go, my love,

And thou wilt be there with me.

"Then I'll strike the lyre with my trembling hand,

And wake the chords of love,

And I'll trust myself to thee and Him,

Who is virtue's guard above."

Cambuslang.

J. MILLER.

To involve yourself in inextricable difficulties, shape your course of action not by fixed principles, but by temporary expedients.



## A FEW LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

AUGUST. —44.—Received an invitation from an old and respected friend to spend the evening with him at his house in Russell-square.

Arrived at the last-mentioned place, and was agreeably surprised to find the dessert not touched, surrounded by four of the best fellows breathing—friends of my friend. After the usual greetings and inquiries respecting each other's healths, we employed ourselves in that charming occupation on a summer's evening—namely, sipping the rosy port and cracking filberts.

After an hour's lapse, or so, from the time I had arrived, our host intimated a wish that one of us should relate an adventure which the reciter should have been personally engaged in, to be followed by a story of the same description from the next—the first person to be named by himself.

This being agreed to, Mr. Robertson was the gentleman who was requested to begin, which he shortly did in, I think, nearly the following words:—

## MR. ROBERTSON'S TALE.

It happened one winter's night, some four or five years since, and during the time I was cash clerk at Rotherham's and Co., that, returning late from the theatre, and while passing down Gray's-inn-lane, in my way to my lodgings, which were then at Islington, I was accosted by a voice, which I shall never forget, begging of me, in most piteous accents, to bestow a trifle upon a poor and unfortunate girl. The tone she spoke in—her dejected appearance, and the lateness of the hour—each contributed to render her a subject of commiseration; so, hastily pulling out my purse, I took from it a half-crown and gave it her, intending, after doing so, to watch her, and ascertain, if possible, the dwelling of this seemingly to be pitied creature.

She thanked me, curtsied, and departed, I, at a few yards' distance, following.

After traversing numerous lanes and courts, of most deplorable condition, she at length made a stop at a door, which she at once entered by means of a very insecure fastening, seemingly but a common latch, and closed it after her. I then stole softly up to the door to see if it were fastened, and it readily yielded to my attempts at entrance. I could now, I whispered to myself, with a little care, probably learn whether this really was a case honestly worthy of my benevolence and attention.

For a moment or two I felt reluctant to ascend the stairs which stood before me, yet still longed to prosecute further the fortunes of this, no doubt, to be pitied girl.

At length I summoned courage sufficient to gain the first stair, and then, noiselessly, and after but a few moments' duration, reached the landing-place. This was no sooner accomplished than my ears were greeted by the well-known sound of a congrue match during the process of lighting.

I turned to where the sound appeared to issue from, and then, through the partly opened door, I saw, by the light of a miserable looking candle, stuck perpendicularly in the mouth of a wine bottle, the features of the poor and sorrowful looking girl, whom I had followed from Gray's-inn-lane.

I hastily threw myself into the shade of the landing place, fearful lest she might see me, and be alarmed at my appearance at such a late hour of the night. I resolved, nevertheless, to utter a few words of consolation to her previous to my departure.

The door was now shut with a noise that slightly startled me, and again I hesitated what plan to pursue to gain a knowledge of the life of my would-be protegee.

After pondering for a few moments on my strange situation, I tapped softly at the door, determined to find out, if possible, the secret mode of living that this apparently reduced girl was forced to submit to.

"Pray excuse me," said I, as she held the half open door in her hand, and gazed at me very earnestly, "for knocking thus at your door, but something tells me that I can be of service to you. Speak, my good girl, and tell me if it be so?"

"If the sight of this wretched apartment," she answered, with a voice so full of sorrow that I immediately felt doubly interested in her fate, "is not enough to deter you from entering, O pray, sir, step in, and let me thank you for your exceeding kindness to one who, although sinful, is nevertheless to be pitied."

I did so, and you may believe me when I tell you I was completely horror-struck at the haggard looks, so pale and death-like, of this poor girl.

After gazing at her intently for a few moments, and feeling my eyes, unusual as it was with me, becoming moist at the sight of so touching an object, I entreated her to tell me in what way I could be instru-

mental in rescuing her from the ravages of poverty and disease, by which she appeared to be surrounded.

"In a few days, by laying me in the cold grave," she rejoined, in a tone almost unearthly.

"God forbid!" I exclaimed, taking her cold and wan fingers in my hand. "Say, rather, to take you from this miserable hovel, to where your wants may be relieved, and your illness eradicated."

"'Tis too late," she whispered; "death has already struck me with his venomous shaft, and soon—oh, very soon, I'll lay me down and die—as I have lately lived—unknown and unlamented."

"Do not let me leave you thus," I mournfully repeated, for her words seemed to convey a truth that was fast approaching; "cheer up, and to-morrow let me return and take you away from this pestilential place, never, never to visit it more."

"Let it be so," she murmured, faintly; "and now let me say good night, for I feel faint and sleepy, and it is very late."

"Good night," I answered, scarcely knowing what I said, and softly bent my steps to the door, closed it quietly after me, and resumed my homeward course.

The next morning I rose earlier than customary, intending to call round at the house of her whom my thoughts had been engaged on alternately through the few hours I had reclined on bed, and after breakfasting, directed my way to her miserable abode.

The appearance of the house, viewed by the light of the searching morning's sun, was infinitely more dejected than when hid by "night's shrouding mantle;" but still I entered fearlessly, and quickly reached the door that I had the previous evening knocked so cautiously at.

Again I tapped—softly at first, then louder, as no notice seemed taken of my demands of admittance—louder I knocked, still no answer. I now tried the door, which appeared as though it had a chair or table placed against it, but succeeded, however, in opening it wide enough to allow me to enter.

The sight that met my gaze will never be forgotten. Alas! the presentiment of the preceding night was too truthfully realized—death had indeed wielded his cruel lance, and snapt this poor and fragile flower in two!

Yes, there, reclining coldly—her face but very little paler than when "life had moved her gentle frame,"—her thin and attenuated bosom, without scarcely any covering—lay the poor and timid creature that had supplicated me the night before.

I have very little more to add, save that I made inquiries in the house respecting her way of living, and whether any of the inmates knew if she held communication with any friend or relation, but the only knowledge I gained was that she had but lately come to reside there, and that no person had ever been to see her.

The expenses of a poor but decent funeral, I need scarcely mention, I defrayed, and saw her quietly interred, but a few days subsequent to my first hearing her soft and piteous voice, in a still and unfrequented neighbouring churchyard.

The conclusion of the above story, recited as it was by Mr. Robertson, in so feeling and kind a manner, was received by us all with feelings of pleasure; and our host, in the name of all present, thanked the author for his rendering us so much amusement.

The rest of the stories were rather too common-place to claim attention here, and rather late. I arrived at my lodgings much amused with my evening's companions, more especially Mr. Robertson.

H. J. CHURCH.

## THE CONVENT BELL.

When the vesper song was singing,  
Softly sounding through the dell,  
Gentle zephyrs, softly bringing  
Tollings of the Convent Bell.

While the queen of night was climbing,  
Then we met our vows to tell,  
While her silver light was shining,  
Softly toll the Convent Bell.

From her eyes the tears were streaming,  
While she faltering lip'd farewell,  
Beauty on her face was beaming,  
As we heard the Convent Bell.

While our lips our vows were sealing  
Looks alone our hearts could tell,  
Then as if our spirits healing,  
Amen toll'd the Convent Bell.

T. A. JONES.



## LOVE;

## OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER LI.

THE ATTACK AND THE RESCUE.—THE PROMISED REMOVAL TO LONDON.—THE LOAN.—THE EARLY PART OF CHARLES'S VOYAGE.

The shriek that sounded so suddenly and so fearfully in Mrs. Hearnshaw's ears, and apparently in the merchant's, proceeded from Harriet's own room.

Mrs. Hearnshaw started up in great terror, and the merchant, on hearing the scream repeated, exclaimed,

"What can be the matter? Surely it proceeds from some one who has met with a serious accident."

"Yes—yes, it comes from Harriet's room. Dear me—oh, there it is again."

As Mrs. Hearnshaw spoke, she placed her hands to her ears, that it might not injure her nerves, and the merchant rushed out of the room, followed, however, by Mrs. Hearnshaw, and made his way towards Harriet's room, exclaiming,

"Good Heavens! what can be the cause of that horrible scream?"

No sooner was the door thrown open, than Scalvoni was seen endeavouring to seize Harriet by the waist, which she resisted with all her strength, calling aloud for help.

"Come—come, my pretty bird," exclaimed Scalvoni, "you will raise the house before I'm off—that won't do. Let me once get you outside, and I shall not mind your screams; beside that, I can stop them."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed the merchant, "how dare you lay hands on Miss Hearnshaw? Leave your hold, I say, else I'll strike you down."

Scalvoni turned round, and affected to be startled at the dilemma in which he found himself, but quickly recovering, he made an attempt to force Harriet suddenly towards the window, but Leighton interposed, and placing himself before the window, seized Scalvoni by the throat, when a struggle appeared to take place, in which the merchant had the advantage of course.

Many angry words ensued, and terrible threats were uttered between them, and Harriet flew to her mother's arms for security, but that lady was taken up with the terrible fight between Scalvoni and Leighton, and when they parted, she exclaimed,

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, don't give each other broken bones, for they are very hard to cure."

"Ungrateful scoundrel," exclaimed Leighton, "to attempt to practise your baseness in this house; begone, before my just anger gets the better of me."

"Ah!" said Scalvoni, "you are lucky, however, now, but another time it's my turn—I shall not always be foiled."

"Cease these threats, else I'll punish you most severely," said the merchant, shaking his clenched hand; "say no more, but instantly quit the house, and never show your face in it again, as you value your skin."

"Ah, ah!" said Scalvoni, "I am going, but it's just as well to say that the young lady is mine, and, some time or other, I will have her."

"Begone," said the merchant, threateningly, "and come not here again."

Scalvoni quitted the house, but in doing so, cast a look at Harriet that made her shudder, and terrified Mrs. Hearnshaw, who retreated as he advanced towards the door, and allowed him to pass.

There was a moment's pause after Scalvoni had quitted the house.

"Thank Heaven he is gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw, when she became assured of his absence; "thank Heaven he is gone. I never saw such a diabolical looking person in the whole course of my life before."

"He is a very strange man, and a very bad one, too," replied Mr. Leighton, gravely, "and I think myself fortunate in being present on this occasion, I assure you. There is no knowing the extreme his audacity would have led him."

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you for your aid, Mr. Leighton," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, "for what would have become of poor Harriet had you not been here?"

"Why, as to that, we won't say much about," said Leighton. "I am glad I was here, for I know him to be an unscrupulous man, and one that cares for no consequences so long as he is first successful."

"I hope Mr. Leighton will not think me ungrateful in not thanking him before, but I have been so frightened that I could scarce speak at all," said Harriet.

"Do not name it, Miss Hearnshaw; I much regret that such a circumstance should have arisen to cause you to require it; but I hope you have not suffered materially from the fright, or any injury?"

"No, no; I am not hurt, but much alarmed, especially at that man's looks; they are so sinister and bad, that I think him capable of anything."

"There you are right," resumed the merchant; "I have but little doubt that he would commit any act, however diabolical."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw, moving to the door—"I shouldn't wonder if he was to come back again."

"Not while I am here, madam," said Leighton, following her to the door, and at the same time leading Harriet.

The whole party now descended to the parlour, where they again resumed the conversation, and Mrs. Hearnshaw said, in an alarmed tone,—

"Though this man may not make another attempt on the house during the time you stay, yet he may do so when he learns you are gone."

"It is not improbable."

"You do not think he will come again, do you?" inquired Harriet, earnestly.

"If he has any desire or motive in doing so, he will, I have no doubt, for he's no sense of honour, or fear of the consequences—but he is so wily, that he will take such precautions that no one will be able to know, or trace him."

"Terrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Hearnshaw; "why we may be all murdered in our beds, and run away with."

"Cannot you restrain him, Mr. Leighton?" exclaimed Harriet. "You know something of him, and may have some influence."

"None; beside he would act so guardedly, that I could know nothing, and only suspect; he would succeed the next time, no doubt, in effecting whatever diabolical object he had in view; but I will say no more, else I should perhaps be needlessly alarming you."

"What can we do?" said Mrs. Hearnshaw, "what can we do? where can we go to escape from his influence? I would we could leave this place."

"I should strongly advise such a step, myself," remarked the merchant.

"And go to London?" said Harriet, inquiringly.

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Hearnshaw, with much thoughtfulness, "that is, if we can go at all, London would be the place—but then what should I do?"

"In what respect, madam?" inquired the merchant, watching her countenance.

"Why, how could I go—"

"Go where?"

"To the Small Jerusalem—they can't move that, too."

"No; that is very certain," replied the merchant, "they cannot move that, though they may do much where wealth is the moving power; but you can meet with many such places in London."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Hearnshaw, "there's a choice, I dare say."

"Oh, yes, certainly there is," replied the merchant, "but you will require funds to enable you to do so."

"Oh, dear me, we must wait until Charles returns, I fear."

"No, not at all; I have fifty pounds to give you, which will enable you to effect what change you may think fit."

"That is too large a sum to accept from Mr. Leighton," remarked Harriet; "we should be placing ourselves under too heavy an obligation, and also placing Charles in a very peculiar position."

"Do not name it on that score," said the merchant, hastily, "for it is in consequence of an arrangement made by Charles himself, that I now offer you the money, for he thought that he was so far away, and might be a few weeks, that it would be scarcely prudent to stay in such a lonely and exposed place as this, without any one to protect you."

"That is very true," remarked Mrs. Hearnshaw; "female defencelessness is a very melancholy thing, when you come to consider it seriously."

"Yes," said the merchant, "it is; but there is another point I wish to mention to you, as well as to point out to you the necessity of your removal—and that is, it may be effected immediately; and as I have a house that is to let, and is now empty, you may, if you think proper, inhabit that—it will keep it aired, and you will not be interfered with as you would be did you go into lodgings."

"Where is the house?" inquired Harriet.

"In one of the streets leading out of the Strand to the water-side—a very pleasant and populous neighbourhood, and very genteel, I assure you."

"Oh! Mr. Leighton," said Mrs. Hearnshaw, "how can we sufficiently thank you for your kindness? I am sure I shall for ever be under a great obligation to you."

"Don't name it—I respect Charles Hargrove, and will do what I can to serve those whom he calls his friends."

"I am sure my gratitude shall not be wanting," said Harriet, with



much feeling; "I cannot sufficiently thank Mr. Leighton for his kindness to us."

"Do not name it," replied Leighton, rising, "I am sufficiently repaid by the knowledge that I have been of service."

The voyage that Charles Hargrove had undertaken was a source of serious thought and suspicion, in his own mind,—suspicion, he knew not why or in what shape he should so regard it. A presentiment of impending evil hung over him, and he could not shake off the feeling that some terrible calamity awaited him.

There were many things that might have daunted a mind less fixed in melancholy musings than his; indeed, he scarce noticed many of the well-known spots that engage the attention of all young voyagers.

His thoughts wandered back to Harriet, then to Scalvoni and Leighton. There seemed to be much that appeared strange and mysterious about both these persons, and yet he could not fathom it.

Scalvoni he disliked much; and the last interview he had had with him made a strong impression upon him. What could have been his meaning in many instances he could not divine, but certainly he could not but think him a most strange and singular man, gifted with the art of making himself exceedingly disagreeable.

Much of what he said must either have been said with the view of having some covert fun at his expense, or they must have been emanations of malice and ill-will, with which he endeavoured to unsettle his mind, and render him as uncomfortable and as apprehensive as possible.

These reflections crossed and recrossed his mind in all the variety of phases that they could possibly assume ere Charles became aware that he was now actually at sea, and fast losing sight of the last landmarks. This caused him to extend his observations to the captain and crew, who were busy in their vocation.

#### CHAPTER LII.

THE VOYAGE TO HAMBURGH.—CHARLES'S SUSPICIONS.—THE BRUTAL CAPTAIN.—NIGHTFALL, AND THE PRECAUTIONS OF CHARLES.

CHARLES HARGROVE had scarce recovered from his fit of thought that had crept over his senses for the last few hours, and rendered him unobservant of the progress they had made towards the sea, when he perceived the Dutch skipper regarding him with a very peculiar look. Then when he saw he was observed, he immediately withdrew, chuckling to himself as he went in a manner which, to say the least of it, Charles felt to be extremely insolent.

He could not help, too, when he came to look about him, being very much struck with the peculiar arrangements of the ship. There was a total absence of anything in the shape of goods and merchandise, or any arrangement for trading purposes, while numerous iron bars and bolts upon all the cabin-doors and sky-lights appeared to augur that the vessel must have been, at some time or another, engaged in some sort of traffic, which rendered such precautions necessary.

The crew only consisted of three men, besides the captain; and once or twice Charles thought he caught them, as they lazily lounged about the fore-castle of the little vessel, regarding him with such curious and anxious looks, that he began, despite his better judgment, to feel a sensation of uneasiness which he strove in vain to conquer.

"Yon, captain," he thought to himself, "seems a brutal sort of fellow, and to be either drunk now, or nearly so; nevertheless I will speak to him, and endeavour to form some judgment from his replies what kind of vessel this is—and yet I ought to be ashamed of any foolish fear. Mr. Leighton may find it necessary, in the exercise of his extensive mercantile transactions, to employ all sorts of rough beings; and, after all, they may be regarding me with more suspicion and astonishment than I them."

Notwithstanding he thus strove to reason himself out of a disagreeable frame of mind, that he felt to be momentarily increasing, instead of diminishing, he persevered in his intention of seeking some sort of companionship with the commander of the suspicious-looking vessel, and he accordingly descended the narrow and nearly perpendicular staircase, which led to a small, unwholesome cabin, full of noisome odours, and reeking with the smell of spirits and tobacco smoke.

There, sure enough, he found the man he sought, sitting, smoking, with his feet on the table, an elegant attitude, which his passenger's presence did not at all induce him to change.

"How far is it to Hamburgh?" said Charles.

"D—n!" was the civil reply to this question; and Charles felt for a moment that anything in the shape of civility would be lost upon the ruffian before him, and he resolved to treat him with the roughness he deserved.

"You insolent scoundrel!" he said, "how dare you answer me in that manner?"

"Heigh!" said the captain, emitting a long stream of tobacco smoke

through his nose; "here's a young cock to crow—but I like it. What'll you drink? Come, a short life and a merry one. What'll you drink, my lad? I have no animosity against you, not I; it's all in the way of trade. What'll you drink—say the word—brandy or hollands?"

"I am not disposed to drink," said Charles. "I desire something to eat, though, and possibly afterwards I may feel inclined to do honour to your hollands."

"Eh? Oh, d—n it, what's the use of your eating?"

"What do you mean?"

"Mean—eh?—what did I say?—where's the row? Well, if you will eat, you may; we have plenty of provision on board. What's your name, eh? and what the devil are you? You are a likely enough looking young fellow. How is it you and Scalvoni don't agree, eh? You might as well. He now and then needs an active, sharp young fellow or two, and why the devil do you thwart him, eh? You must be more of a fool than you look."

This speech was uttered in such stentorian tones, that Charles was almost deafened by it, and he was at the same time quite bewildered to know what it could possibly mean.

"Any disputes that I may have with a scoundrel like Scalvoni," he said, "I decline making a subject of conversation with strangers."

"Oh, you do—very good—it's all one to me. I asked you out of civility; but if you don't like it, you may drown and be d—d; it's all one to me."

"Drown?"

"Ah, drown! Ain't you at sea; and have you not as good a chance of drowning as a better man, eh?"

"My friend," said Charles, "I do not think, from the few minutes' sample I have had of it, that your society is likely to be profitable or amusing to me; therefore, if you please to order my refreshments, I will decline any further communication with you."

"Oh, you are getting sulky, are you?—very good—it's all one to me. As for your grub, you may order it yourself, and be hanged to you."

Charles felt a strong inclination to resent the offensive manners of the Dutch captain; but a moment's calm reflection convinced him how foolish it would be to attempt to do so, as such a man could not possibly understand his feelings, so he walked on deck again, and addressing himself to one of the seamen, he said,—

"I want something to eat?"

"Very well," was the brief reply, and then there was a growling addendum to the effect that it wasn't worth while.

"What do you mean?" said Charles. "We cannot reach Hamburgh for at least three days and three nights, I believe; therefore, what do you mean by its not being worth while for me to eat?"

"Find out," said the man, as he walked away.

"Upon my word," thought Charles, "I have got among some very agreeable company here."

He then waited for some time, when the man he had last spoken to made his appearance with a tray, on which was beef and bread. He gave a sort of indication with his head for Charles to follow him, as he commenced descending the cabin-steps, but Charles called to him, saying,—

"I will not eat down there. I prefer having my food on deck. The tobacco smoke in the cabin is most offensive."

"You may have your food at the bottom of the sea for all I care," said the man, as he laid down the tray on the bulk-head of the cabin, and left Charles to help himself. This he had no objection to do, although the conduct of those with whom he was associated, did not promise him much pleasure during the voyage, which he heartily wished at an end.

After partaking of the rough refreshments that were placed before him, he retired to as quiet and comfortable a looking corner of the vessel as he could find, and there determined to say nothing more to either captain or crew; but to endeavour to extract amusement from his own reflections and anticipations of future happiness with Harriet, when the present disagreeable circumstances should be passed, and only affording material for pleasant conversation by a happy fire-side.

For a short time he succeeded in clearing his mind from the unpleasant fancies that had possessed it, and in fixing his thoughts upon home, and the sweet beaming face of her he loved, and who was the light and joy of his heart.

Such pleasing reflections, however, did not last long; and he was aroused to a disagreeable sense of where he was, and the many hours of discomfort that were before him, by the rapid falling in of night, and the increased coldness of the atmosphere, as it lost its warmth from the sun, and borrowed frigidity from the water.

As the evening approached there were signs, that, by an old seaman, would be looked upon as indicative of something more than a gale; and as the sun sunk in the west, a long streak of red light shone along the horizon; but it was soon after hidden by an immense bank of clouds, that rose from below the horizon.



The Dutch captain looked towards the quarter whence these clouds were rising, with something like uneasiness, and a deep guttural curse escaped his lips, as he continued to gaze upon the signs of the weather.

The wind blew freshly, but only in starts, and would sink almost to a calm, while in some quarters of the heavens the stars would appear, but the clouds, as they rose, hid them from sight.

There was a sullen moaning sound, that came now and then across the waters, as though they mourned the danger that threatened the little bark. The seamen listened to it in sullen silence, and looked up to their tackle, and then on the water, as if they could measure the power of resistance of one by the strength of the other.

Still onward bounded the vessel, and the captain went below, giving orders to keep a good look out, and let him know if anything occurred.

"I think, young man," he said, "you had better descend and enjoy your berth with something strong, and not be standing up there to see the ocean tumble and toss until you are as giddy as a mill-horse."

Charles Hargrove, however, declined the office; he chose rather to stay on the vessel's deck than go into the stifling berth below, with no other companion than the brutal Dutchman, who would consume as much liquor as would swim his ship.

The storm was fast increasing, and the sea rose and fell, tossing their vessel to and fro, as though she had been no more than a cork. The rain too, came down in one continued beating mass of water, that washed the decks, which were every now and then deluged by some wave, that dashed over her prows.

Many hours in this disagreeable manner passed away, and when the storm was at its height, the Dutchman came again and again on deck, and served out a most plentiful supply of grog and biscuit to the men, who needed them, took the helm himself and gave orders.

The wind and rain were furious, and not a sail was kept open, all reefed taut. Charles was advised to go below, but he refused, having secured himself to the vessel, so that he could neither be blown over nor washed away.

Each moment appeared to be their last, but the stolid and enduring Dutchmen kept at their post without flinching, and she rode through the storm.

Charles believed they would be sure to be buried beneath the boiling waves; and oh, what a pleasure did it give him when he became sensible that the gale was abating, and the sky gave tokens of returning day. The rain ceased to fall in such torrents, and the wind to blow so furiously.

Then, as the danger—for there had been, indeed, danger—abated the crew began to breathe more freely, and by the dim recovering light, to glance at each other like men who had been just rescued from death, and who wished to see how each other bore the sufferings they had gone through.

The captain, who, to do him professional justice, had worked along with his men with the most untiring perseverance, set up a loud brutal laugh, as he cried,—

"Hurrah for that go! There was a kick up, my lads—now for some drink. Come below, two of you, while you, Jabus, see to the helm; Steve shall relieve you in half an hour. Come along; there will be another alarm soon, but that will be one we can quell ourselves. Eh! my lads!"

"Ay, ay," cried the men, and as they descended to the gloomy cabin, Charles saw, or fancied he saw, that they cast a strange meaning look towards where he was sitting, dripping from the dashing spray, and nearly bewildered with cold from the necessity of remaining in one position so long for fear of being washed overboard by the tremendous seas that now and then had swept completely over the deck of the little vessel which had so bravely withstood a storm that wrecked many a gallant ship, to which, in comparison, it was but as a shabby boat.

"I must endure even the heat and stench of the cabin," thought Charles, "or I shall never recover the benumbing cold that has frozen my very blood."

*(To be continued in our next.)*

Hasty conclusions are the mark of a fool. A wise man doubteth; a fool rageth, and is confident; the novice saith, "I am sure that it is so;" the better learned answers, "Peradventure it may be so, but I prithee inquire." Some men are drunk with fancy and mad with opinion. It is a little learning, and very little, which makes men conclude hastily. Experience and humility teach modesty and fear.

According to M. Cevinus Lemnius, the fourth finger of the left hand was called *Medicus*, on account of the virtue it was presumed to derive from the heart. The old physicians would mingle their medicaments and potions with this finger, because no venom can stick upon the very outmost part of it, but it will offend a man, and communicate itself to his heart.

## AN INDIAN TRADITION.

No part of the United States, not even the highlands of the Hudson, can vie, in wild and romantic scenery, with the bluffs of Illinois.—On one side of the river, often at the water's edge, a perpendicular wall of rock rises to the height of some hundred feet. Generally on the opposite shore is a level bottom or prairie, of several miles in width, extending to a similar bluff that runs parallel with the river.

One of these ranges commences at Alton, and extends with a few intervals for miles along the banks of the Illinois. In descending the river to Alton, the travellers will observe between that town and the mouth of the Illinois, a narrow ravine through which a small stream discharges its waters into the Mississippi. That stream is the Piasa. Its name is Indian, and signifies, in the language of the Indian, "the bird that devours men." Near the mouth of that stream, on the smooth and perpendicular face of the bluff, at an elevation which no human arm can reach, is cut the figure of an enormous bird with its wings extended. The bird which this figure represents, was called by the Indians the Piasa, and from this is derived the name of the stream.

The tradition of the Piasa is still current among all the tribes of the upper Mississippi, and those who have inhabited the valley of the Illinois, and is briefly thus:—

Many thousand moons before the arrival of the pale faces, when the great margolynek and mastodon, whose bones are now dug up, were still living in this land of the green prairies, there existed a bird of such dimensions that he could easily carry off in his talons a full grown deer. Having obtained a taste of human flesh, from that time he would prey upon nothing else. He was artful as he was powerful; he would dart suddenly and unexpectedly upon an Indian, bear him off into one of the caves in the bluff, and devour him. Hundreds of warriors attempted for years to destroy him, but without success. Whole villages were nearly depopulated, and consternation spread throughout all the tribes of the Illinois. At length, Outoga, a chief whose fame as a warrior extended even beyond the great lakes, separating himself from the rest of his tribe, fasted in solitude for the space of a whole moon, and prayed to the Great Spirit, the Master of life, that he would protect his children from the Piasa.—On the last night of his fast, the Great Spirit appeared to Outoga in a dream, and directed him to select twenty of his warriors, each armed with a bow and a poisoned arrow, and conceal them in a designated spot. Near the place of their concealment, another warrior was to stand in open view, as a victim for the Piasa, which they must shoot the instant he pounced upon his prey.

When the chief awoke in the morning he thanked the Great Spirit, and returning to his tribe, told them his dream. The warriors were quickly selected and placed in ambush as directed. Outoga offered himself as the victim. He was willing to die for his tribe. Placing himself in an open view of the bluff, he soon saw the Piasa perched on the cliff eyeing his prey.—Outoga drew up his manly form to its utmost height, and planting his feet firmly upon the earth began to chant the death song of a warrior. A moment after, the Piasa rose into the air, and swift as the thunderbolt, darted down upon the chief. Scarcely had he reached his victim, when every bow was sprung, and every arrow sent to the feather into his body. The Piasa uttered a wild, fearful scream, that sounded far over the opposite side of the river, and expired. Outoga was safe. Not an arrow, not even the talons of the bird had touched him. The Master of life in admiration of the generous deed of Outoga, had held over him an invisible shield.

In memory of this event, the image of the Piasa was engraved on the face of the bluff.

Such is the Indian tradition. Of course I do not vouch for its truth. This much, however, is certain, the figure of a large bird cut into the solid rock, is still there, and at a height that is perfectly inaccessible. How and for what purpose it was made, I leave for others to determine: even at this day an Indian never passes that spot in his canoe without firing his gun at the figure of the bird. The marks of balls on the rock are almost innumerable.

Near the close of March of the present year I was induced to visit the bluffs below the mouth of the Illinois and above the Piasa. My curiosity was directed to the examination of a cave connected with the above traditions, and one of those to which the bird had carried his human victims. Preceded by an intelligent guide who carried a spade, I set out on my excursion. The cave was extremely difficult of access, and at one point of our progress I stood at an elevation of more than one hundred and fifty feet on the face of the bluff, with barely room to sustain one foot. The unbroken wall towered above me, while below was the river. After a long and perilous clambering we reached the cave which was about fifty-feet above the surface of the river. By the aid of a long pole, placed on the projecting rock and the upper end touching the mouth of the cave, we succeeded in entering it. Nothing could be more impressive than the view from the entrance of the cavern. The Mississippi was rolling in silent grandeur beneath us; high over our heads a single



cedar hung its branches over the cliff, on the blasted top of which was seated a bald eagle. No other sound or sign of life was near us. A Sabbath stillness rested upon the scene. Not a cloud was seen in the heavens; not a breath of air was stirring. The broad Mississippi lay before us, calm and smooth as a lake. The landscape presented the same wild aspect as it did before it had yet met the eye of the white man.

The roof of the cavern was vaulted, the top of which was hardly less than twenty-five feet in height. The shape of the cave was irregular, but so far as I could judge, the bottom would average twenty by thirty feet. The floor of this cave throughout its whole extent was a mass of human bones. Skulls and other bones were mingled together in the utmost confusion. To what depth they extended I am unable to decide; but we dug to the depth of three or four feet in every quarter of the cavern, and still we found only bones. The remains of thousands must have been deposited here; how and by whom, and for what purpose, it is impossible even to conjecture.

## THE COMPACT;

OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER XLII.

THE APPEAL TO THE DELMAIRS.—THE INTERVIEW WITH ANDERSON.  
—THE CONSULTATION.

THE three individuals who formed the party that called at Mrs. Delmair's spoke not for some moments after the door had been closed after them; a solemn silence seemed to pervade the spot, and they moved from the house in melancholy silence.

The sad feelings that pervaded the minds of the party, were more than equalled by the unfortunate Mrs. Delmair, and her daughter, Maria. Their feelings were of the most high wrought and painful description.

Maria, when she recovered from her fainting fit, looked around with a vacant stare, and then, after a few moments recollection, she turned to her mother, and said,—

"Are they gone, mother? Are they gone?"

"Yes, my dear; be calm," said Mrs. Delmair, in a soothing voice; "you will be very unwell, indeed, if you do not attempt to stearn the current of your feelings."

"Call them back, mother—call them back." I have done wrong. They are right—he is not guilty. My own heart tells me he is not guilty."

"Be calm, Maria," replied Mrs. Delmair, alarmed for the intellects of her daughter; "be calm, and listen to reason."

"It was reason, mother—it was reason that I heard, and heeded not; the voice of truth spoke, and I believed it not, but I repent. Call them back—dear mother, call them back, and I will listen to their words, for they surely speak the truth."

Maria spoke with energy, and, in an almost despairing tone of voice, that alarmed Mrs. Delmair so much, that she clasped her hands in an agony, and exclaimed,—

"Oh, my dear child, what shall I do? what will become of her? They have robbed me of my last hope—my only child."

"No—no! mother, he may have done so; but he has ruined the prospects and hopes of others beside yours, mine, and his; but call them back, dear—call them back. I would hear them say again that he is not guilty, for I believe them. 'Tis sweet music to my ears. Call them back, and I will listen to them, and tell them I believe them."

"They are gone, Maria—they are gone, and beyond the reach of my voice." They are gone to him they came from, my child. Be yourself, Maria, and bear up against this new misfortune. The pang cannot last, and if you have a good heart the sharpness of the sting will be weakened."

"I will," I will," exclaimed Maria; but her strength was unequal to her intentions, for, as she uttered the last words, she again fainted from weakness in her mother's arms.

The feelings of Mrs. Delmair can be better imagined than described. The tears fell fast from her cheeks when she gazed upon the pallid cheek and wasted form of her daughter, as she lay insensible on the sofa.

It was many minutes ere she recovered and was conscious of the presence of her only parent. Tears came to her relief, and her mother said but a few soothing words to her as she reposed on her bosom.

It was with a melancholy and dejected air that the members of the compact, Charles Lechmere, George Grant, and James Bateman, returned to the hotel, where they knew that the unfortunate Meriton awaited with feverish anxiety their return.

They knew the excited state of his mind, and how much his whole soul and happiness depended upon the success of their mission. There was another circumstance, too, that tended to create grave and sad thoughts among them; and this was the fact, that one of their number had been the occasion of all the mischief that had happened, and had also so conducted himself, that they were compelled to disown him, and declare their abhorrence of his conduct.

Here was food for meditation, and that, too, of a character not of the most grateful or pleasant kind. Their numbers had decreased, and that, too, by means the most untoward and unexpected. Their united influence and entreaties had been disregarded, and their remonstrances treated with contempt.

At length they arrived at the abode of Meriton, and entered the apartment in which he was seated. At their approach he rose hastily, and advanced towards them with a flushed countenance.

"Have your efforts been crowned with success?" he inquired of Bateman, and the others, generally. "Will she credit what you say?"

Bateman merely shook his head, and Meriton's countenance became deadly pale, and he said, in a tremulous voice,—

"Is there no hope for me? Am I to suffer from the effects of treachery and fraud? God of Heaven, it is sufficient to deprive me of my senses."

"Be calm, Meriton," said Charles Lechmere, "and be assured that your interest has not been neglected or slightly advocated; every exertion has been made and every argument made use of that could tend to convince both Mrs. Delmair and her daughter of your entire innocence."

"And she believed you not?" said Meriton. "Oh, she has been grossly deceived."

"Tis true, as we believe," replied Bateman; "yet they are full of trouble and grief, but they would enter into no argument; Mrs. Delmair contented herself by saying, as far as appearances went you were guilty, but she would have been happy if it were otherwise; and that she would have been glad if you could have proved it otherwise; she was sorry both for you and her daughter."

"And that daughter likewise disbelieved all my assertions of innocence!"

"In effect she did; but wished that no more might be said upon the subject—she wished to hear no more about it; and at the end of that she fainted—she appeared to be very ill."

"Yes," said Grant, "she evidently has suffered much, and could scarce stand when she first entered the room."

"I'll go myself—I'll go myself to her; she cannot, will not, refuse to listen to my words," exclaimed Meriton.

"You will seriously injure Miss Delmair if you do so."

"I would not do that," said Meriton, "for worlds—but what can I, what am I to do?"

"Follow our advice; for we are more collected and more amenable to cool reason than you are, and therefore better able to calculate upon chances; therefore be calm."

"Did you see Anderson?" inquired Meriton.

"We did," replied Bateman; "and made an appeal to his better feelings, but I am sorry to say, with no success."

"And yet, from his demeanour," said Grant, "there can be little doubt but that he was well acquainted with the whole affair. His nervous and constrained manner, the twittings of the lips, and uneasy glance of the eye—all betrayed the working of a conscience ill at ease."

"Yes, yes," replied Meriton; "no doubt, no doubt, he is well acquainted with all the vile plot, since it has emanated from himself. But I will go myself to him, and read from him a confession, which he dare not refuse me under such circumstances and feelings."

"Do not go, Meriton," said Bateman; "depend upon it you will do more harm than good at the house of the Delmairs; and more, it would have no effect with Anderson. I am sorry to say it, but having committed himself, he will no doubt carry out all his intentions and resolves to their utmost; he refused all intercourse upon the subject, for we found that he was predetermined and not to be shaken."

"Has he no grace, nor feelings of honour or honesty?"

"None. We have solemnly renounced him as one of the compact, but all to no purpose; he is no longer a friend and a brother, and we are for the future utter strangers."

"No hope!—no hope!" said Meriton; "where will all this end? I must see them all and attempt something or other—I know not what yet."

"Attempt nothing. You have called upon us for advice and assistance; we have come with both; and let us prevail. Our opinions are not those of a single uninterested person—far from it; we feel for your situation, and regret we cannot act more effectively; but believe me, you must go to neither—leave the whole affair in our hands, and depend upon it that we will do all that men can do."



It was with much reasoning that they at length obtained Meriton's promise that he would await the result of their combined labours, and remain in quietude.

Retiring, therefore, they held a consultation together upon the singular and distressing affair they had thus become involved in.

"This," remarked Grant, when they were alone, "is one of the most distressing cases I ever heard of in the whole course of my life."

"Indeed it is," said Lechmere; "and that, too, by such an event almost without the calculation of human probability."

"True; but as we have undertaken to do our utmost to solve this enigmatical affair, we must set about it immediately. I think there can be no doubt of his being the principal that caused the postage of the letter."

"Yes, yes; but the chief thing to be done is, if possible, to find out how the letter came to be written; and if possible to trace some connection between it and Anderson."

"That would be a great point gained," replied Bateman; "and I feel assured that Anderson caused the letter to be sent, but nevertheless I am as morally certain he must have had an accomplice."

"The letter is not in his own handwriting," replied Grant, "and therefore he must have trusted himself so far in the power of another by permitting the contents and address of the letter to be known to any one."

"Most true," said Lechmere; "and, what is of still greater importance, he must have dispatched some one to York for the purpose of getting it posted thence."

"The great object, then, would be to discover who this person can be," said James Bateman, after some moments' consideration; "this done, we should have some clue to the affair. Without this we can do nothing; and, even with it, we must wait patiently till events concur to put us into possession of the fact we are so desirous of ascertaining."

"It seems to me," said Grant, "the most difficult thing of all to obtain the certain knowledge that some one person whom we know is the author of the letter in question. That done, then the matter can be cleared up, and Meriton reinstated in Miss Delmair's affections, and Anderson would meet with just and merited disgrace."

"But how are we to come at this knowledge?" inquired Lechmere; "for, as far as I can see, there is no one whom we can accuse beside Anderson: he stands alone, unconnected with any one else."

"That is most true," answered Bateman; "and, for that reason, this affair requires the greater caution and vigilance. The only way in which we can expect to succeed is by closely watching him, and ascertaining who his friends are, and what they are, for we may be sure that when a man associates with some one whose pretensions are greater than his means, or whose mode of life causes an undue amount of expenditure in dissipation than he has any visible signs of meeting, then we may inquire into that man's character, and, if we find that he is unscrupulous and lost to honour, then, indeed, we may suspect that he must play the villain to some more inexperienced person, whom he fleeces for his own support; if we find such a man as this, I apprehend our task may be easy, for he will take money with impunity, and then confess to us; but we have much to do; first, we must watch Anderson, and then the rest will, I think, follow."

This appeared reasonable, and the only course that was at all likely to succeed in obtaining for them the desired knowledge.

"This being agreed upon," said Lechmere, "we may leave the execution of the plan with you, Bateman, since you are the proposer; and, if anything should arise that may render our assistance necessary, you know where we are, to summon us."

"True," said Bateman; "but, as yet, I scarcely know how to proceed, whether we had better watch him by turns, or by another person employed for such a purpose. However, it requires thought, and some inquiry, the result of which you shall soon learn."

These resolutions being come to, the friends parted, upon the understanding that Bateman would communicate to them as soon as he saw occasion to do so.

Thus was drawing near the termination of another year, which promised to be nearly as calamitous as the first. The uncertainty of human affairs is great; but, in a small community, the change is not often so palpable as among the young men thus bound together by more than ordinary ties. But the course of events cannot be controlled, nor can they even, in many cases, be directed, or diverted from their original channel, but continue their onward disastrous course, despite all opposition.

## CHAPTER XLII.

THE INTERVIEW WITH MEADOWS.—THE MODEST PROPOSAL.—THE TWO WILLS.—THE PROJECTED DUEL.

WHEN the friends had left Anderson, he remained for some time in such agonies of bewildered thought, that, could they have seen those

emotions which in their presence he succeeded in summoning sufficient pride to smother, they must have been moved to pity, despite their growing belief in his terrible guilt.

Maddened, and his reason lost in a wild chaos of conflicting thoughts and feelings, he sat a picture of despair. Even he could not help feeling to a great extent the severing of that tie which had bound him to those once dear companions—a tie which had been so solemnly cemented by an appeal that, although it was unwise to make it, yet had exerted a powerful influence over those who had been parties to its existence.

There wanted but such a meeting as had now taken place, thoroughly to break every bond which might yet be supposed, however weakly, to hold him to the society he had outraged. There wanted but the words which had been spoken to him at that interview, to make him feel himself the outcast he really was, and to render him as reckless of the future as he had shown himself by his deep sinfulness of the past and the present.

Such a gloom came over him as might be supposed to take possession of a heart once human, but which, by some terrible act, has separated itself for ever from humanity, and at one blow quenched all hopes of happiness here, or even in a world to come.

Oh, what an awful game had he played, and how frightfully—if we may be allowed the apparent contradiction in terms—had he lost, by winning! With a vehement savageness, and a reckless adherence to the dictates of his own passions, he appeared from the outset to have overlooked the strong fact that Meriton defeated, by no means implied his, Anderson's, victory—that Meriton's unhappiness paved not the way to Anderson's contentment; that Meriton's loss of the beautiful Maria Delmair by no manner of means enabled him, Anderson, to call her his.

No, he had fought a battle, but gained no triumph; he had wrested a prize from the hands of an adversary, and then felt he was not himself ever to call it his. That which to Meriton was bright, beautiful, and transcendent in its value, was to Anderson nothing but gloom, despair, and worthlessness. Oh, what a barren, wretched victory was his!

Then, too, he was repudiated by all who knew him; the old friends who, once upon a time, had bound their friendship to him by the name of God, flung aside the holy tie, and shrunk from him with loathing and with horror. His great unhappiness in the preference of Maria for Meriton had not decreased, but he had deprived himself of anything which could have mitigated the severity of any pangs he might have suffered on such an account.

The sympathies of friends, the consciousness that he had done no wrong, the varied enjoyments of existence, and the secret, though sad halo of romance, with which his imagination might always have pleased itself by flinging round the heart's disappointment—even when the cares of life, and the pursuits of more advanced manhood had deprived that once sad disappointment of some of its sting—could not be his. There was nothing but despair as his portion; he had wilfully destroyed everything else—he had left himself in a wilderness created by his own heart, when he might have been surrounded by myriads of loving breasts. He had made for himself a desert where he might have had a garden of beauty; and, if he was before unloved by Maria Delmair, he had for his consideration now that he was despised!

Woeful exchange! What a terrible retribution had already fallen upon the head of Anderson for the mischief he had done in separating, by falsehood and calumny, those who truly loved, because he could not be as happy as they were.

But now affairs had come to a climax. He had done his worst, and he had been terribly successful in his machinations. He had hunted Meriton from the house of the Delmairs. He had laid Maria upon a bed of sickness—perhaps of death. He had separated himself from all he loved, from all he respected. He had placed himself in the hands of a villain who at any time might, from caprice, or disappointed avarice, hold him up to public scorn and opprobrium—yes, he had done all that, and what next?—what next? that was the question he asked of himself, as he sat in his own room after the renunciation of him by the friends.

He repeated to himself the question many times,—"What next? what next?"

Then there came a fearful sensation over him, and he thought he was going mad. He rose from his chair, and unlocking a box in his room, he took a loaded pistol in his hand, and placed the muzzle at his temple.

"Shall this," he said, "end all? Shall I rush before my God; unbidden, with all my sinfulness upon my head? or shall I, even now, at the eleventh hour, make some reparation?"

He staggered to the table where there were writing materials, and laying down the pistol, he seized a pen and wrote the words,—

"I confess—"



Then he dashed the pen to the ground, and clasped his head a moment with his hands, as if to still the tumultuous throbbing of his fevered brain. He poured a quantity of water into a basin, and plunged his head into it, finding, from the sudden coldness, a temporary relief. Then, placing the pistol in his pocket, he put on his hat, took one hasty glance around his room, and then muttering, in an awful, guttural tone,—

"Farewell, for ever!" he descended the staircase.

There was no settled idea in his mind. Indeed, he was in far too confused a state to adopt any course of action from reasoning, and how or why he went into the front parlour, where Mrs. Delmair was sitting weeping, he knew not.

There was an unnatural calmness about the tone in which he spoke to her, which, combined with his terrific looks, was much more alarming than as if he had showed a paroxysm of anger, because it implied the idea that at any moment he was likely to burst into some wild torrent of rage, if not of positive madness, in which case, the results might be terrible indeed.

"Madam," he said, "what do I owe you?"

"Owe me!" said Mrs. Delmair, "you and God only know, Mr. Anderson. You have destroyed my child."

"I mean what money do I owe you?" he added, as calmly as before. "I am going."

"Thank God—thank God! Go—go at once. I will take nothing—I make no claim. For the love of Heaven, leave this place?"

"Oh, indeed! Well—well. I am going, Mrs. Delmair. God keep us all—I am going. Madam, as you have a hope of seeing an hereafter, which I have not—as you believe in a God, which I shall endeavour not to do—tell me—will—will time—or—or anything, make Maria—Maria—"

"Yours! No—no! God forbid—God forbid!"

"Will you let me see her?"

"No—no—no!"

"Well—well. So there's an end of all. Good day. I shall go somewhere. I shall perhaps hear when she is dead, and then I will kill myself and follow her closely to another world. I think I am getting mad—I don't know."

He passed his hand over his forehead, and with a deep sigh, he walked from the house, to Mrs. Delmair's great relief, for she was becoming dreadfully alarmed by his language and incoherent conduct, and feared each moment that he would attempt the commission of some desperate act.

When he reached the street a bright sun was shining, and all was apparent joyousness and serenity; while he walked along like a man in a dream.

It was strange to see how people, after one glance at his face, walked into the road to avoid him, while some crossed to the other side of the way, and some stood gazing after him, with a full belief that he was some escaped madman, so terrific was the expression of his face, and such strange words did he mutter to himself as he proceeded.

Mechanically he took his way towards Lincoln's Inn-fields, where dwelt the infamous scoundrel who had urged him on to the commission of those acts which had made him the wretch he now was.

How he got there he knew not. Some strange instinct seemed to take him to the very door, and by that time, some people, who had nothing better to do, and who had been much struck by his singular appearance, had followed him tolerably close. He was still muttering to himself, and one man who was a little in advance of those who had from curiosity followed him, hearing him say, "The letter, ay, the letter," took upon him, by way of amusement, to reply,—

"That's the ticket, master."

Anderson turned, and, with a sudden vehemence, cried,—

"What—what! Eh?"

"Ah! you know best," said the man.

A flush of anger crossed Anderson's face, and he advanced a step, when all who had followed him took to their heels with the greatest precipitation.

"Good God!" he muttered; "I am become an object of remark and derision in the public streets. Has it come to that—has it come to that? Do they see in my very face my guilt written? Can they say to themselves, as I pass on, 'There goes the false witness—the forger—the destroyer of the happiness he envied, and could never himself enjoy?' Oh, God—oh, God!"

He reeled upon the very door-step of the house in which Meadows occupied some rooms, and, falling heavily, he struck his head against one of the stone steps, and became insensible, while a small stream of blood flowed from the wound he received.

At that moment Meadows came out, and instantly recognising his victim, he had him conveyed to his chambers, before much of a crowd had collected, being himself in no little fright as to what might have happened to reduce Anderson to the pitiable state he was in.

"Curse him!" he muttered. "He is losing all firmness. I shall have to take some decisive step to possess myself of all he is worth, and then be off."

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE CONTRAST—WARNER AND MANBY.

Launch forth! launch forth! hark to the signal gun—  
The gallant ship upon the rock has run;  
Save if ye can the sinking and the brave,  
Avert the horrors of a wat'ry grave.

And lo! the life-boat stems the boiling surge,  
The exhausted crew from out the waves emerge;  
The blessing of the shipwreck'd tar be given  
To Him his saviour thro' the help of Heaven.

And Manby's genius, until time shall end,  
Lives and proclaims him man's best, firmest friend;  
Bright links, the dearest ties of wedded life,  
Unaided perish in the stormy strife.

Brave Manby! if perchance thou'rt doom'd to save  
Those whom a Warner gives to watery grave;  
He, the inventor of that dreadful thing,  
Which hurls its thousands to their reckoning.

Sudden and quick as light'ning flash it came,  
Ere the poor wretch one simple prayer could name;  
Awful invention! worthy Satan's self,  
And all to realize the golden pelf.

Aye, noble Manby! if, indeed, you save  
One only, doom'd by Warner to a grave,  
That single voice alone will gain for thee  
True fame and endless immortality. JANE.

**PHENOMENA OF THE ROSE LAKE.**—There are various phenomena presented by lakes, but the more singular of them all, perhaps, is the attractive force of mud at the bottom of some lakes, which is such that boats can hardly make their way through the water. The Rose Lake and one or two more in Canada, are of this kind. Mackenzie describes the fact in these words:—"At the portage, or carrying place of Martres, on Rose Lake, the water is only three or four feet deep, and the bottom is muddy. I have often plunged into it a pole twelve feet long with as much ease as if I merely plunged it into the water. Nevertheless, this mud has a sort of magical effect upon the boats, which is such that the paddles can with difficulty urge them on. This effect is not perceptible on the south side of the lake, where the water is deep, but is more and more sensible as you approach the opposite shore. I have been assured that loaded boats have often been in danger of sinking, and could only be extricated by being towed by lighter boats. As for myself I have never been in danger of foundering, but I have several times had great difficulty in passing this spot with six stout rowers, whose utmost efforts could scarcely overcome the attraction of the mud. A similar phenomenon is observed on the Lake Saginaw, whose bottom attracts the boats with such force that it is only with the greatest difficulty that a loaded boat can be made to advance. Fortunately, the spot is only about four hundred yards over.

Certain lakes seem to be placed in the immediate neighbourhood of centres or foci of electrical attraction. Thus, in the Lake Huron, there is a bay over which electrical clouds are perpetually hovering. It is affirmed that no person has ever traversed it without hearing thunder. The proximity of this lake to the American magnetic pole—that is, to the spot where the magnetic intensity is greatest, not where the dip is greatest—may, perhaps, have some influence in producing so remarkable a phenomenon.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed to the Editor (post-paid), will meet with immediate attention.

E. H. WHITE.—We are obliged by the enclosure. As no answer was received to our query, whether the author had any objection to a curtailment of the "Autobiography of a Shilling," we did not like to insert it. It shall appear shortly, if there is no objection to our proposition.

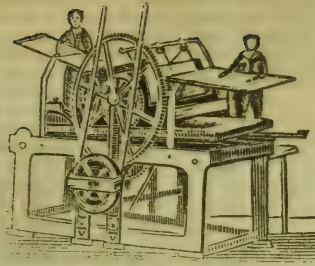
Accepted.—"The Albion Maid"

Declined with thanks.—"A Sailor's Wife to her Husband."

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

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## REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE.

BY SELIA.

TO-DAY I am fourscore and ten. Ninety years have passed over this grey head—ninety years have brought me but one step from my grave. I am alone—relationless, friendless, companionless. Yes, I have seen death snatch them, one by one—father, mother, sister, brother, wife, children, friends; leaving me, like a tree in a desolate wild, to meet the storm and rude blasts—to see all wither before me, and feel die like them I must. I have been happy—happy as mortal could wish. I have been wretched—wretched as mortal could be. With my sweets I have sipped bitters; with my pleasures, pain; with my joys, sorrows. I have borne that which has sent stouter hearts to the grave; yet here I am, at fourscore and ten, a hale, hearty old man, despite all. Oh, the scenes I have witnessed, the experience I have reaped, the morals I have gleaned from the folly and frailty of others. How often, in the broad day, the cool evening, the dim twilight, and the still midnight, does memory bear me back to early days, and I think of the varied past with joy and sorrow—joy, for there are sweet scenes remembrance cannot efface—home, childhood, and a wife; sorrow, for misfortunes that have fell heavily on those I loved; but I have become a better and wiser man through it; I have learned to see life in its proper colours, and I shall descend to the grave a true Christian; and in the hope these pages, setting forth my early reminiscences, may do for others as they have done for me—I send them forth to the world with that humble wish. They have cost me many a tear, their perusal will cost, perhaps, many a sigh. A few short years I must end my connexion with this world. I ask not for my memory to live in these pages—I look to higher hopes; but I trust they themselves may live, and the morals they deduce not be lost. Farewell.

## THE LAST HOURS OF A CONDEMNED ONE.

He was one of my early friends—my school-boy companion; one, despite his faults, I loved as a brother; and I cannot better give his history, than in setting forth his confession, written shortly before his death. Peace to his soul.

'Tis midnight—St. Paul's iron-tongued bell proclaims it; seven more hours to live. Oh, God! the thought is horrible. Seven more hours and eternity comes upon me in all its terrors—seven more hours and I quit this world for ever! To-morrow's sun will shine, but not set on me. Hearts beat with love, none for me; eyes weep, none for me; prayers are breathed, none for me; curses uttered, many for me. A rude throng gather round these walls, to witness my exit from a world I love, and cannot leave without regret.

Is not the conviction horrible, that die I must, against my will? Oh, that I were again a boy, with the world before me—the same kind friends to give advice—the same dear companions—how different would I act; but no, no—I have worked out my own fate—I have chosen my own path, and this is its termination—the scaffold—a violent death.

Ye into whose hands these may fall, read, think, and profit. He who now pines them, once had prospects bright as any being could have—but he cast them all aside—virtue for vice; love for hatred; happiness for misery; joy for despair.

Little thought my mother, when with pain and trouble she brought me into the world—my father, when he kissed the cheek of his first-born, or friends when they crowded round, with kind congratulations,

the helpless infant that unconsciously smiled upon them would bring down trouble and sorrow on his parents' heads; no, in the happiness of that moment they pictured a future bright and prosperous—a path of fame, honour, and respect. How miserably have they been disappointed!

Wayward as an infant, boyhood found me still more so; obstinate, self-willed, and determined. Many a throb of pain, many an anxious moment, many a bitter tear have I been the cause of. Good advice I laughed at—entreaties I was deaf to—chastisement I defied. For hours together have my parents pointed out to me the evil consequences of the course I was pursuing; I cared not. I only grew more hardened, more determined. I often look back, and feel I was born to be the prey of Satan; some irresistible agency hurried me on to crime and sin—some invisible being held control over me. I loved thieving better than honesty—lying than truth—deceit to open-heartedness. Many were the chastisements I caused others; many the breaches I made among friends; many the acts I committed, others suffered for. Careless of everything but self gratification, I arrived at manhood, fair to the outward form, but a devil within. I left college; the knowledge I had acquired, a curse, and not a blessing. Some called me a jolly rascal; others a dare-devil fellow, one who was first in mischief, and this last in a good cause—who thought no more of dishonouring a confiding woman than cracking a bottle of wine! And, oh, Ellen—devoted, dishonoured—thou wert a sweet flower I plucked and threw like a devil to the wind—how does thy sainted form rise in my wild imagination to rebuke me for thy wrongs. Oh, merciful God! how bitter is the cup I now sip—how just the fate I am about to suffer. Yes, I merged into manhood without a friend—*pa don me, Heaven*—thou wert my only friend—long tried, long proved—amid all my crime and treachery in youth, thou stood by me. Oh, had I listened to thy good advice—thy honest counsel—had I followed thy footsteps—I had not met this fate.

'Tis the thirteenth of May. St. Paul's strikes one! This day and hour, five years back, in the stillness of night, without remorse, without pity, after begging my father by forging his name, and drawing all out of the bank the day before, I fled my home, leaving my parents to poverty and want without a sigh.

London, that great metropolis, where so many vice and how many fall from its seductive pleasures; London soon found me under a gay garb—the rake—the drunkard—the gambler. Night turned into day, day into night; the dice my god, women my pleasure, the bottle my solace. I had become an infatuated gambler, and, though I saw ruin, certain beggary, staring me in the face the result of the course I was now pursuing, I blindly persisted. But fortune favoured me awhile, making me still more infatuated. Fool that I was to fancy so base a wretch as myself should prosper, only to feel coming misfortune the greater. One night, intoxicated with wine and the good fortune that had attended me, I staked my all, and lost; five minutes before I was rich, wealthy—now a beggar; penniless, I rushed from the house. Oh! the hours of agony I spent that night, cursing my ill-luck and rash act, and blaspheming my Maker. The next morning brought me a companion as unfortunate and desperate as myself; we plotted together how to retrieve our fallen fortunes—many projects were started and discussed. He proposed visiting our hell that night, and when the board was well stocked, by some means or other to rob it—'twas a bold project, but desperation had made me bold, and I cared little for the means by which gold was obtained, so that I had it. We met that night, there were many players. How I led my sight with the golden treasures before me! How I chuckled with the idea that that treasure would shortly be mine! It had been agreed between us that the words



"danger at hand," our usual passport, should be the signal for putting our attempt into execution. I awaited anxiously. I heard the well-known signal. Oh, how I laughed when I found the room vacant! I leaped—danced—shouted. I was in ecstasies, I had my hand on the treasure.

"'Tis mine—mine," I shouted.

"And mine too," replied a voice from behind me.

I turned round to behold the officers in reality—I who had hitherto snared for others had myself been caught in it; resistance was useless, and I was marched off to prison, from prison before a magistrate, and thence to prison again for three months, as the assumed proprietor of the hell.

But even this timely warning had no effect on me. I left prison more hardened, more determined, more desperate. One of my companions, who looked upon me as an innocent sufferer, furnished me with a suit of clothes and a few pounds, to begin (so he said) life again.

That very day, while strolling in the park, chalking out my future plans, I heard a shout; I looked up only to behold a carriage, with two horses, dashing down the Mall at a tremendous pace, in it a female wringing her hands in agony, her shrieks filling the air, while an old gentleman was running to and fro, uttering with poignant distress—

"Save! oh save my child!"

I gained the road, and awaited the coming of the infuriated beasts. Headless of the shouts of the bystanders, there I stood—on they came, a few yards only separated us. Quick as lightning I seized the bridle of the nearest one, and clung to it with my utmost strength. I succeeded in checking their progress, but only momentarily; on they dashed again, dragging me with them—if ever life hung upon a thread, mine did then. On they went; to let go my hold was certain death, and I clung to the bridle convulsively. Oh! those few moments were an age of misery—my head grew dizzy, strange noises filled my ears, my fingers relaxed their grasp one by one. I shrieked in agony, "Oh! God—God!" a cold sweat spread over my features. I fell to the ground,—more I recollect not—I was insensible. Would I had never woke to recollection again—but I did to find myself on a sick bed; one angel form bending over me, watching returning reason like a miser his treasure. With what a look of affection her eyes met mine; what tears of gratitude she shed for her saviour and preserver; so she called me, for the very moment I relaxed my hold and fell to the ground, when another step would have crushed me, the infuriated beasts stood still, and she whom I had risked life for, was saved.

For three months I had lain on a sick bed, my life despaired of; for three months she had watched by my couch with fond solicitude, breathing prayers to Heaven for my returning health—they were not vain. I recovered to meet a father's gratitude for his child's safety—a daughter's affection for a life's preservation, and both showed it by every little act; nothing was too good, nothing was too worthy for me; one made me his bosom friend, the other a more than brother. They were the happiest moments I ever shared—fool that I was to dash the cup of sweets from my lips and sip bitters instead.

Oh, well do I remember that night; it seems but as yesterday, when, hand locked in hand, my head resting on her bosom, I called Heaven to witness, as truth, vows I knew were false—when I led her to believe I loved her for her worth, and not the possession of her virtue. And, oh God! how she wept tears of joy; how she murmured the soft confession, she loved me in return; how we left that spot, she happy in her choice, I exulting I had paved the way for her ruin and dishonour.

Two months elapsed, and I was still a guest at my entertainer's house. I had given out that I was a person possessed of large property abroad—come to England on a visit; though I knew at the time I was very poor—penniless; thirsting for the possession of that I boasted myself so largely the possessor of.—Yes, I was restless; I longed to gaze upon gold—to handle it,—to call it mine, and use it as I pleased, and I cared little how it came into my hands so as I did possess it.

One evening while sipping our wine, my entertainer informed me he was going into the country on the morrow to complete the sale of an estate belonging to him, and which a neighbouring landowner had purchased for 20,000! He invited me to accompany him,—that moment the tempter came upon me—a something whispered now is the opportunity—embrace it. I begged to be excused on urgent business. We parted that night; I sought my bed, but not to sleep,—morning found me still awake—determined on one thing, to rob my entertainer, though murder should be the sacrifice.

I left the house, and in proper disguise set out for the town of L—. I learnt my victim must of necessity pass through a wood before he could reach town, on his return to take the coach. There was a large pond at its entrance, and there I determined to effect the robbery. For four hours I awaited his coming in an agony of suspense—for four hours I watched as keenly as a tiger for his prey—for four hours did a thousand ideas crowd my brain; should he remain all night, or perhaps, return without the money; nay, if I obtained it, should I have recourse

to violence, the murder might, perhaps, be detected. Thoughts like these crowded on me in quick succession. Evening approached, and I despaired of his coming, when footsteps neared me. 'Twas he, and alone; he had passed the pond, he was a few steps before me. I sprang out upon him.

"Your money," I whispered.

I found I had mistaken my man,—though old, he was no coward. He pushed me rudely aside, and endeavoured to walk on. I sprang after him, and seized him by the collar. He seized mine in return. We struggled hard and long, one, to possess, the other to preserve a treasure. At the very moment, then, by superior strength, he had nearly overcome me, my mask fell from my face, and revealed my features to him; to that incident I owed all—staggering back he uttered an ejaculation—I seized him by the throat and hurled him to the ground. He rolled down the bank—there was a cry, and a splash in the water—I rushed to its edge; were he to drown the very object for which I had risked all would be lost to me. I gazed on its surface as well as the twilight would allow. One time I saw a struggling object rise to its top—a stifled shriek, a gurgling noise, and all was silence. I shouted—called—shouted again—the wind whistling through the copse alone answered. He was drowned; and his treasure, for the possession of which I had branded my name "murderer," was lost to me. I swore—to my hair—cried and cursed God for my ill-fortune. But a little reflection brought calmer moments, and I took my road to town, even better pleased than if I had perfected the robbery. Three days passed—he would be missing—inquiry would be set on foot—suspicion would go abroad he had met with foul play.—I would take care to have the pond dragged—his money would be found upon him safe; the conclusion would be he had either committed suicide, or accidentally fell in. The money would be handed to his daughter, from his daughter it should all pass into my hands, through a chain of villany, of which that night should see the first link fabricated.

I reached the house—she met me with a smile—a kiss. Had she known her father's murderer stood before her, she would have cursed me.

That night we sat in the pale moonlight—she picturing prospects never to be realized, dwelling in her love on a parent's goodness and kindness, and looking forward to his return on the morrow with a fond delight. Oh, God! and I knew he would never return.

That night by hellish arts (for I dragged her wine) I blasted the sweets of the rose—robbed her of a jewel far beyond all price—I made her a thing of sin and shame—a mark for scorn. I penetrated into the abode of virtue and simplicity, and where all was fair and beautiful, made desolation and despair. That night I committed a double murder. Her father's life, and her peace of mind; yet I shuddered not—trembled not. I sought my couch and slept soundly, though I knew I had hurried one soul into eternity, and condemned another to sorrow and tears. Oh, where was conscience?

Morning came, we met—she all shame and confusion—I all smiles. I tried to soothe her by every attention on my part, and promised ere a week was over to wed her; she confided in, and believed me, and was again happy. Morning passed, night came on, and her sire had not returned; her agitation was great; a thousand fears crept over her, which I tried to soothe and calm with my oily tongue. A second night passed,—he came not;—'twas then I hinted the propriety of going to L— and making inquiries. To this she readily consented, and we set out for the town. Arrived, we lost no time in making inquiries of the party who had purchased her father's estate. He had returned the very evening of his completing the purchase, and should have returned that night. "'Twas strange—very strange," he said; and hinted his suspicions of a robbery, a murder, perhaps. "Or rather," said I "he may have met with an accident."

We were nearing the pond, the scene of the murder, when I said this:—

"And look," added this gentleman; "here are the marks on the bank of footsteps, as if some one had slipped in; God grant it may not be him."

I could not join him in that ejaculation;—I knew it was him. The pond was dragged, and my victim was found—his money upon his person. A coroner's inquest was held; I shall never forget that day—how conscience accused—how fears haunted me,—how accusation pointed at me. Should any one have seen me, and come up as evidence against me; but the termination of that day quieted my fears, and a verdict of accidental death, took a load of apprehension from my mind.

I buried him—yes, I! for Ellen was laid on a bed of sickness—I followed him a mourner to the grave, affecting a grief I never felt. Oh, God! why didst not thou in this, my mockery, strike me dead! A murderer to watch his victim, covered in the narrow grave,—a murderer to see the evidence of his villany shut out from all eyes,—a murderer to triumph even to the last.



Three months elapsed, and the affair had sunk into silence; and Ellen slowly and gradually recovered from her illness. Her physician had recommended her to go abroad, and I too, seconded their recommendation. It needed little entreaty to persuade her to dispose of her property. I had hinted my intention of wedding her in Paris, and of residing permanently there. She left the management of affairs in my hands—in a week all was settled, and with fifty thousand pounds, her property, we set out for Paris.

At Paris I placed the money in a banker's hands in my own name—drawing upon him by letters of credit.

I had fixed the first of the next month for our marriage, and proposed in the meanwhile a little excursion till that day. To this she readily assented; she little knew the plans I had formed; she little knew I was only manoeuvring to put my long-formed project into execution; but here an incident favoured her wonderfully, in which the villany of others was the prime agent in working out my plan.

Midnight found us travelling through the dark forest of —, when our carriage was attacked by three banditti; two of them had opened the carriage-door, and were dragging Ellen out; the darkness of the night prevented them noticing me in the corner; she was about to utter a cry. I whispered to her on her life not to speak. They were soon engaged despoiling her of her jewels, while the third stood guard at the horses' heads. I watched my opportunity, and, guided by the glittering of his steel breast-plate, I fired at him, and he fell with a groan; I shouted to the postillion to gallop on—he was not idle—and, ere the other two could recover their arms to pursue us, we were far on the road. I urged the horses on at their utmost speed, and was soon out of the reach of pursuit. Oh! how I laughed in my sleeve; I was free—free—free from Ellen. I blessed the meeting with the banditti, and left her to her fate, without a sigh, without a shudder.

I lost no time in making my way back to Paris—drawing her money out—and from thence returning to England. I did not think it prudent to show my face in London immediately; so repaired to Bath, taking care to trumpet forth that I was a young heir, just of age, and came into considerable property. There I soon mixed in the fashion and gaiety of the town; there I soon drowned thoughts in its pleasures and frivolities, keeping a good table, and being reckoned among the young scions a gay, good-hearted young fellow. Ah! they little knew the black heart that beat under gay trappings.

'Twas at the assembly rooms I first saw the young and lovely Amelia B—; 'twas there I first felt what it was to love—to feel those tender emotions of the heart. It may seem strange that one so lost to every good principle, one so gulphed in sin and infamy, could love at all. I did blindly and impassioned. That hour I looked back on my past life; I trembled, and felt how far I was from virtue. That hour, with her my wife, my partner, I could become another being, and seek repentance where repentance is not vain. That hour I saw my hand and fortune at her feet—was spurned, refused, and despised. That hour saw every good thought flee from me, and an oath registered she should become my wife.

Her parents were people of fashion, who judge of men according to their means, overlooking the imperfections of the heart or person for the more solid perfection—gold.

He for whom I was rejected was poor; his sword his only fortune—youth—handsome. And oh, God! that I had been so virtuous—I hated him deep—deadly.

We met but once, and then we stood up face to face, aiming at each other's life; he with the feelings of an insulted lover, and the revenge of a slighted suitor. That meeting cost me three weeks of pain and sickness, from a wound inflicted by his weapon—that wound cost him a wife, and shut him into exile.

On my recovery I lost no time in seeking out Amelia's parents; to them I pressed my suit, and by them was accepted her suitor; parental love was sacrificed as the shrine of mammon; and gold purchased a hand, but not a heart. Amelia, ever taught to respect and obey her parents, accepted me as her affianced husband, willing to do all but love—duty, and not inclination, prompted her. Then was the moment of my triumph, when I heard from her lips the dismissal of my rival (not at her will, but her parents'); giving him her love to console him through life—teaching him to look for happiness in the next world—here she must be another's. Then I heard him curse the sordid ambition of parents, the fickle heart of woman—renounce her for ever. Then I stood before him with my hand pointing to the scar of the wound he had inflicted—and telling him how amply I was revenged.

He went abroad—fought and fell. I to London in a week, to make Amelia my wife.

Six days passed—on the evening of the sixth, I was returning with my intended father-in-law from some purchases he had been making, as some presents to the bride, when I heard my name whispered from behind—I turned round to meet the gaze of Ellen D—. I started, but immediately recovering myself, with an assumed air of gladness, I

shook her by the hand, introducing her to my father-in-law as a friend. He walked on a few paces and we were left together; my feelings at that moment's pen cannot describe. The guilty past came crowding to my memory, and I shuddered.

"Harry," said she, "was this acting well to leave me as you did?"

I was so thunderstruck I could not reply. She saw my agitation.

"'Twas cruel, Harry, very cruel!"

"Ellen," I stammered, "I am not to blame; you do not know all."

"I do know all, Harry, and I blush for you."

"Answer me one question," I said, "do any of your friends know of your arrival?"

"None," she replied.

"Then call on me to-night at ten," and giving her my card, I bade her adieu for the present.

Never did time pass so heavily as that evening; never did I feel so utterly crushed, at the very moment when I was about to possess that I had tried so hard for, that I loved so madly—to see one spring up who had the power to dash the cup of happiness from my lips. Oh! it was maddening. I felt one thing must be effected—Ellen's silence. No one knew of her arrival—no one she knew had seen her. I should have her in my power that night—what was to prevent me silencing her for ever—nothing. I reached my home, and dispatching my servant on a message of no importance, but which would give me four hours solitude, I awaited Ellen's arrival with anxiety.

She came, I met her with a kiss and a smile, seated her by the fire, and took my seat beside her; she fell on my bosom, and gave way to a flood of tears.

"Ellen," I said, "what is the meaning of this?"

"And can you ask it, Harry? Oh! think what you have made me—what I am, what I have been, and think what you are now about to do."

I started.

"Yes, Harry, to-morrow you are to marry —"

Had a serpent stung me, I could not have felt so keen a pang as I did at that moment.

"But, Harry," she continued, "you shall not marry her; you shall not deceive her—you shall do me an act of justice, or I'll expose you through the town—mark me! expose you through the town."

She rose from her seat.

"And now, Harry, I give you till the morning to deliberate, and not an hour later. Let me depart."

I threw myself between her and the door, a very demon.

"No, Ellen," I shouted, "we never part again."

"What mean you?"

"That you die and your secret with you."

She fell on her knees.

"Harry! Harry!" she shrieked, "have mercy!"

Her supplications made me more desperate. Like a maniac, I seized her by the throat. She shrieked again,—

"Spare, oh! spare me!"

It was too late—my weapon was in the air, it descended deep in her heart—she died without a groan.

Oh! God, the blood, the boiling blood, that flowed from the wound as I withdrew the knife, dying my hands and face,—that ghastly look—those eyes so fixed and glassy,—it was a sight of sickening horror; yet I felt I was now free, and that she could never rise up in judgment against me here.

What to do with the body I knew not—where to hide it I was equally at a loss. I had an old trunk by me; binding a cloth round the wound, I placed the body in it for the present, determining before the morrow passed to dispose of it in some way or other.

That night we slept in the same room, the deep sleep that knows no waking, and the sleep that knows no comfort. I burnt lights all night; I was afraid to sleep in the dark; and when I did sleep, her murdered form and her father's fluted before me. Every hour did I repair to the trunk to see all was safe, and when morning dawned, it found me haggard, pale, and ill at ease.

The sun shone brightly, all nature looked gay on my marriage morn. A murderer's marriage morn—one victim I was leading to the altar; the other I had already sent into eternity. Yet I felt happy, for I looked forward to night when I should press in my arms the form of her I loved so much.

Locking my room, a thing I had never done before, I repaired to Amelia's house, and from there we hastened to the church a goodly retinue. We entered the porch—she, pale and drooping as the lily—I flushed and elevated—we stood round the altar; the service had commenced, there was a buzzing through the church, a slight commotion, and a sound of footsteps; presently I felt myself rudely grasped by the arm. I turned round; I was in the custody of an officer.

"I arrest you for murder," said he. I heard no more; I fell to the ground insensible.



It was a just retribution, a righteous discovery, and the hand of God was in it; the cloth I tied round the wound had not been able to prevent the blood from flowing—it had forced its way from the box, through a crack in the floor, to the room below.

The servant alarmed, had called in a passer by; the door was broken open, the box examined, the body found, and I arrested on the charge of murder.

When I came to myself, I was the inmate of a cold cheerless dungeon—solitary—the prey to my own thoughts, and the fate in store for me. My day of trial came; I had employed the most eminent of counsel, though I knew there was too strong proof of my guilt; still I clung to a straw and hoped for the best.

Oh! that day was a day of bitter anguish to me. I saw my poor old father bowed down with grief and shame carried into the court—each tear that trickled down his furrowed cheeks, was a dagger to my heart; for I knew that I was the cause of all. I was not surprised when they returned a verdict of guilty, nor was any one, nor cared any one, but my poor old father. And, oh! God, when he heard those words that told his son's fate, what a shriek echoed through the court. How I fell on my knees there and sought his forgiveness; how he kissed my pale cheek and blessed me, and prayed God to forgive me; and when I clasped him to my bosom and pressed my lips to his, how I felt they were cold—cold. He had broken his heart. And here have I been a whole fortnight counting the hours as they pass, each one bringing me nearer to my fate—heeding nothing—hearing nothing—shutting out every thought but the one that I must die.

The minister of the Gospel has been unceasing in his efforts to bring me to repentance; 'tis vain, all is vain, so steeped in sin. There is no hope for me, a fortnight's prayer cannot wipe away my sins. No, no, I must die as I have lived—hardened—desperate.

Hark! St. Paul's strikes six. Oh! God, only two hours more to live; they have asked me to eat—what mockery to eat, to feast, just on the threshold of eternity. Had I but courage, how soon might I end all; this little phial which, in spite of their watchfulness I have kept by me, contains that which will end all, cheat the gallows of a victim, and an infuriated mob of a pitiful sight. I have had it by me ever since the day I murdered Ellen, intending to resort to it when the worst came. I might have swallowed it the day they made me prisoner, but life was precious and I awaited the result of the trial, thinking, if found guilty, I could but die then. It has past, day after day have I postponed the fatal step, and even now, so near to the gallows, I have not courage enough to die by my own hands. 'Tis the consequences, not the act, I tremble at; minutes are as precious now as hours—I have yet one to live.

Hush! St. Sepulchre's is tolling. No, no, 'tis St. Paul's. I know its sound too well. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Oh! God, one hour to live and no more. It seems scarcely five minutes since it struck six—I hear the hum of voices, the rattling of carriages, and the chirruping of birds. There are many without chiding time for going so slow. They think not, slow as he moves, the feelings of the doomed one. There's a sound of footsteps along the passage, they are coming to prepare me to die—die! God have mercy, they come nearer and nearer! why do I pause? this little antidote will finish all—they are at the door—the phial touches my lips—they unbar it. God have mercy! I have swallowed its contents.

It is only the turnkey come to ask me if I require anything.

I feel the poison working in my veins, quick and sure; cold shivers seize me, my throat is parched, burning, fiery. Oh! for a cup of water. The dungeon is getting darker and darker—my sight grows dim—I'm dying—dying fast. Oh! God, pardon—I'm —"

Here the manuscript finished.

Precisely at eight o'clock, the proper officials entered the condemned cell. They found him, his head resting on the table, a pen in his hand convulsively grasped. They thought he slept; they tried to arouse him, and found he was dead, far beyond their reach. A little phial by his side, labelled poison, told the cause.

That night, in the precincts of the prison, I watched them commit his body to the grave without a prayer for his soul's safety. It had already met its final judgment.

One tear for childhood's sweet remembrance, I left the prison, and that night on my knees prayed God such a fate might never be mine.

SELIA.

The noblest treaty of peace ever mentioned in history, is, in my opinion, says Montesquieu, that which Gelon made with the Carthaginians. He insisted upon their abolishing the custom of sacrificing their children. Glorious indeed! After having defeated 300,000 Carthaginians, he required a condition that was advantageous only to themselves; or rather he stipulated in favour of human nature.

## NARENOR.

A TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

"Monster, thou hast bewitched my child—set him down this moment. Don't touch him—don't look at him. Thou hast an evil eye!" screamed the enraged parent, at the same time displaying her fingers in a manner that enforced a shrinking of Narenor's face, which had already suffered from the urchin's vigour.

Bitter, bitter, were his thoughts, as his feet mechanically conveyed him homewards, without the aid of eyes—for all his senses were absorbed in the one distracting feeling, "I am the outcast of Heaven and earth."

He threw himself on the ground, and a flood of tears convulsed his whole frame.

This passed away, and hope, the very last deserter from the fortress of the human heart, began to maintain the siege against despair more vigorously. "Surely," he thought, "if I once more restore my person to a bearable comeliness, I may find, among the gentler sex of my own sphere, a partner of existence, without the fatal aid of wealth, or the adventitious glare of rank." The transformation was soon effected, and Narenor began to join in the village dance, and the wrestlers on the green,

"Where rustic eyes

Rain'd influence, and adjug'd the prize,"

amidst the envy of the men and the admiration of the maidens.

But Narenor was unfortunately too refined to endure the shock and jostle of coarse common natures. He saw, in humble life, the same mean motives and petty passions operating, which he had beheld in a higher walk of society—but, without the veil, which rendered the latter tolerable. There was one girl, she was certainly very beautiful; Raphael would have chosen her for one of his Madonnas. The same clear brown complexion, with a tint, like that of the pink May-blossom, blushing through it; the same full pouting lips; the same liquid hazel eye. Her figure, too, was fine, though somewhat unformed, (for Francesca was but sixteen,) and it must be confessed, (unlike those poetical creations, who have always native, inherent, incommunicable grace,) that there was a slight awkwardness, an *uncultivatedness*, (if I may be allowed the expression,) in her fine figure. Did this want of cultivation extend to the mind? Narenor, for a time, thought not. Narenor had a vivid imagination.

"Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure

Is bitter still; as charm by charm unwinds,

Which robbed our idols, and we see too sure

Nor worth, nor beauty, dwells from out the mind's

Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds

The fatal spell; and still it draws us on,

Reaping the whirlwind from the soft sown winds;

The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,

Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most undone."

So says the poet, whom death has now consecrated among the classics of our own language. Narenor had begun this alchemy of the heart, and Francesca was adorned with all its golden product. But the groundwork was defective. Not but that Francesca was a *very good girl*—but then she wanted tact, and she was—a woman. She played off a few little tricks of coquetry against Narenor, with *another young peasant*. Here was the unpardonable offence. The mind, the information, the intellectual polish of Narenor, were as nothing to the little rustic, who only saw a handsome young man, where she ought to have discovered a superior order of being. Carl was a handsome young man, too,—and Francesca married him.

After this, Narenor would sit for hours immovable as a statue. When he moved, he moved listlessly. He seemed to have lost all that vital spring which makes *existence* really life. But,—

"The deepest ice that ever froze,

Can only o'er the surface close;

The living stream lies deep below,

And flows, and cannot cease to flow."

It was thus that the passion of his heart broke forth from this state of apathy,—

"Fool that I was to imagine that wealth, or person, could avail me without life's chiefest talisman—rank. With the three combined, I had burst irresistibly upon the world;—but now I am for ever fettered in a condition that I abhor. I cannot mate myself with an uneducated mind; I cannot endure this round of monotonous labour without an object—this dull ceaseless pain, which returns unrelieved upon my own heart. Better that I had died in the dungeons of Cronstadt, than that I should support this living death; and there is no remedy. The magician's art might change my form—might endow me with exhaust-



less wealth, but to ennoble the plebeian blood that flows in these veins is beyond his power."

"Not so," replied a voice, which Narenor recognised for that of the old man, who no "appeared before him, with a scroll of parchment in his withered hand. "All men," continued the phantom, "are noble, if they did but know it. Could the meanest peasant trace back his ancestry, he might find that the mean rill descended from a mighty source, some centuries since—while the loftiest lord, in pursuing the same process, might discover that the Nile of his genealogy sprang from an almost imperceptible stream. In short, were all things known, the humblest might have cause for pride, and the proudest for humiliation. Your ancestors, Narenor, were noble not many centuries back. Behold the record of your race. But your father (honest man) was a cobbler. This genealogy, then, is so artfully managed, that you appear to be directly sprung from peers and princesses; but, if ever you attempt to make a wrong, or dishonourable use of it, the noble list will be instantly replaced by that of your immediate ancestors, with your father (honest man) bringing up the rear. You shall no longer have any reason to complain that my gifts are imperfect. If you accept this, you will possess all that, in the eyes of mankind, constitutes perfection; yet once again, I urge you to take time for reflection before you make another trial of endowments as perilous as they are brilliant."

"Anything is preferable," replied Narenor, "to this waveless calm—this desert of the mind, in which I have passed my late most wretched hours. Welcome danger, difficulty, even death itself, rather than I should end my days in such a state of joyless apathy. Give me the scroll." It was given.

Vienna was the wide theatre, which Narenor now chose for the display of his varied qualifications. The genealogy was handed about, in confidence, among a few particular friends; and this, combined with the attractions of a handsome person, a magnificent hotel, and a boundless profusion of expenditure, arguing a boundless possession of wealth, was irresistible. Narenor was feted beyond measure, and was made the indispensable of every distinguished party. Narenor was in search of a wife, and it was his object to see as many high-born dames as were to be seen in Vienna. There was a beautiful widow, the Baroness Rudolpha di Hormuth, who shone superior among the ladies of Vienna,—

"——— Velut inter ignes  
Luna minores."

She was, I know not precisely of what age, but she looked only five-and-twenty. Her beauty was of a very voluptuous and remarkable kind—what the French call *épanoui*; there was an easy negligence, an air of abandon, in her figure, that admirably accorded with the "eyes"—blue languish and the golden hair." Indeed, there was something altogether Circassian in her form and face. The large lids fell droopingly over those full blue eyes, which seemed always to unveil themselves with a tender reluctance. The profuse, luxuriant, redundant hair appeared to baffle every knot and braid that would have confined it, and gathered towards the top of the head, fell again, with graceful ease, upon the polished shoulder. Her movements in the dance corresponded with the character of her beauty. She did not "trip upon the light fantastic toe," but, like the Queen of Pleasure in Gray's Progress of Poesy,—

"With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
In gliding state, she won her easy way."

And did the mind fulfil the promise of the face?—Pity it was, that so fair a casket should have enclosed a poison! but so it was. The character of the baroness may be summed up in a few words:—she was a bad, ill-tempered, artful woman. By means of the last qualification, she contrived to conceal the two first, from all but—her maid—and her husband (for such it may have been conjectured, Narenor became). Her previous history may also soon be told. At the age of fifteen, she had voluntarily married the Baron de Hormuth, who was old, infirm, and rich. But, unlike most dotting old men, the baron could see and judge for himself. Either Rudolpha's art was not yet perfected, or her temper not sufficiently under the control of prudence; for she failed most ingloriously in her prime object—to keep him in good humour till he died.

He left her a handsome jointure, certainly, but the bulk of his immense fortune was bequeathed to his nephews and nieces. This very circumstance, which one would have thought must have been her ruin, in the eyes of the world, she made use of to throw an additional lustre around her name.

Through her suggestions it was that the baron had done justice to his relations. This was unanimously believed, for the lawyer who drew up the will had said so.

(N.B. The lawyer had nothing further to hope from the side of the relations, who already had everything in their power.)

From the moment that the baroness saw Narenor, she resolved to

throw out her lures for him. He had not only rank and wealth, but, as far as a cold-hearted woman's affections could be engaged, his person was by no means displeasing to her.

This time there was no "just cause or impediment" in the way of Narenor's felicity. Settlements were made, investments endorsed—the genealogy blazed upon its snowy parchment—"Merrily, merrily, rang the bells," and gratulating crowds poured in to pay their bridal visits to the happy pair.

"But mortal pleasure, what art thou in sooth?  
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below."

This last line is also admirably adapted to express the character of the baroness: she was "the torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below."

The first time that Narenor heard the muttering of the cataract from afar, he was astonished, he was uneasy; but when the whole colored force met his ear, he was overwhelmed. It is said that they who live near the falls of Niagara become deaf from the continual roar of waters. Ah, happy, if the shock of matrimonial violence could have the same effect!

The baroness had, unfortunately, a very sharp voice, which, before company, was carefully repressed, and sounded almost harmoniously, from its very piano tones. As I have said before, her whole manner and appearance was languishing; but everything like languor wholly disappeared in a conjugal tete-a-tete. She then seemed determined to indemnify herself for the constraint which she had so painfully practised in the world.

If there be anything more especially startling, and in its effect, disgusting, it is to hear a disagreeable voice proceed from a lovely mouth. Madame de Genlis has a story entitled "*Le Charme de la Voix*," in which a plain girl, with a sweet voice, carries off the heart of the hero from a beautiful girl with a dissonant voice.

I confess myself to be of her opinion. A sweet voice is "a most excellent thing in woman;" but, of all irritating things, the most irritating is to hear one's name called upon in sharp, exalted tones, from one end of the house to the other, seeming, like the shrill, ear-piercing fife, to "play the prelude to dispute."

Narenor had frequently this gratification. He was obliged to have recourse to the beautifying elixir at least twenty times a day, and to fly precipitately from the presence of the baroness, lest his secret should be discovered.

But, even this did not avail him, for the indefatigable Rudolpha followed him one day to his retreat, and, making use of that convenient aperture, a hey-hole, beheld her beloved spouse in all his native deformity, witnessed the application of the elixir, and his restoration to the "human face divine."

Now the baroness herself was indifferently well versed in magic; therefore she did not shriek out, or fall into fits, but quietly descended the stairs, in the pleasing persuasion that she was married either to a sorcerer, or to one who had sold himself—"for a consideration"—to the powers of darkness.

Nevertheless, she felt a degree of exultation in the thought that he was in her power. She was, at least, in possession of his secret; and, first, she resolved to torment him a little by dark hints and startling allusions.

Accordingly, placing herself before the glass one day, she pretended to look pensively at her own lovely image, heaved a sigh, and said,—

"I begin to grow very old; you did not know how old I was when you married me. Positively I do see a wrinkle. Could you not invent for me some wash or lotion that would make me grow young and handsome again?"

Narenor started; he well knew that the baroness said few things without a meaning, especially out-of-the-way things. She was consummate mistress of the *masked battery*, that most ingenious method of tormenting, which forbids reprisals, because to retaliate would be to "own the wound."

Again, on another occasion, the baroness observed,—

"How very ugly it makes one look to put oneself in a passion; therefore I endeavour always to preserve my temper."

And so she did, as long as such a method of proceeding was the most likely means of exasperating her opponent.

At another time, she appeared to be attentively studying a huge folio, which, half closing, and looking up abstractedly, she thus began,—

"Do you know, my dear, I have been reading the very shocking history of Dr. Faustus! How very dreadful it was of him, (was it not?) to sell himself to the devil! And it says, too, that he signed the contract with his own blood! How horrible! Do you think such things have ever really happened? To be sure, he gained every earthly advantage. Do you think he was an ugly man before he bartered his precious soul?—because, you know, it says that he was to be young and handsome till he died; so I suppose he was, *naturally*, very plain; perhaps a little deformed—why not?"



In this manner the baroness made Narenor perfectly aware that she knew of his occasional transformations; yet she so managed that he could never come to an explanation with her on the subject. *This she kept as a dernier resource.*

At length, Narenor, one day, with as much calmness as he could command, proposed separate board and maintenance. The baroness was resolved that such a measure should never take place; for character was her idol; and she contrived to maintain, in the eyes of the world, the reputation of a most exemplary wife.

She told him, then, that, if he said another word on the subject, she would denounce him as a wretch, who practised forbidden arts; and she also dropped a hint, tending to caution him in what manner he would speak of her to others.

Now was Narenor indeed most wretched. Look which way he would, he saw no means of escape from the miseries of his present situation; he was bound in inextricable fetters.

How wilingly would he now have forgone those extrinsic advantages, for the mere sake of which the partner of his life had bound her life with his. How sadly did he now recognise the justness of those warnings which the old man of the forest had addressed to him. But how vainly tormenting is that voice,—

"Which cries, I warn'd thee, when the deed is o'er."

There is a certain point of suffering beyond which the human mind will resort to any desperate remedy, or even to anything which promises a change of place or circumstance. "Farthest from the fatal spot is best," is the genuine language of impatient wretchedness.

To this pitch was Narenor wrought up. He determined to fly from Vienna, and from his wife. His escape was easily effected, because it had not been foreseen, and he reached the little village of — in safety.

There was something in the peaceful appearance of this spot peculiarly inviting to the harassed and storm-tossed voyager of the tempestuous ocean of life. It was approached by no regular track of human commerce or traffic, being bounded on the most accessible side by a thick forest, and on every other by lofty hills of every varied form and aspect.

A small silver lake reflected the white walls of the village in its unruffled bosom. A chapel, surmounted by a cross, seemed to preside over the humble dwellings beneath it, occupying the most elevated station in the valley, as if to invite the weary from afar, proclaiming, "Religion is the guardian of the quiet that reigns here; religion embraces all this spot in her venerable arms."

A little below the chapel, on a circular mound, or platform, that commanded a delicious view of the lake, the forest and the summits of faint blue hills beyond, was the minister's house, whose simple white-washed walls and rose-encircled porch were perfectly in unison with the character of the surrounding scenery.

"Here, then," said Narenor, "I will hope to find as much peace as can remain unto a soul that has been so agitated as mine. I no longer ask for happiness—rest, rest is all that I pray for from my inmost heart."

And thus it is with men. They "labour for peace," and when it is attained, they call it stagnation. Again they "make ready unto the battle,"—again they sigh for repose—and so life passes.

But the thirst with which Narenor panted for rest was, in this case, the effect of bodily disease as well as of the mind's fever. The wrought-up energies cannot suddenly subside without a shock to the frame, similar, in kind, to that which is felt on first falling to sleep after long fatigue, when a person starts up with a sensation of falling down a precipice.

Not long after Narenor had taken possession of an apartment in a small, neat cottage, occupied by a kind-hearted old couple, he was unable to rise from his bed, and soon, in the delirium of sickness, he lost all consciousness of what was passing around him.

On the first day, when his recollection returned, he heard the voices of two persons near his bed. They were conversing very gently; yet he could distinguish that the sweet, low tones of one were very different from the aged pipe of the other, who was his good hostess. The sweet, low voice said,—

"You know, Maude, it will be quite improper for me to come into his room when he gets better. The delirium will soon be over, and then, poor fellow, I must not bring on a worse sort of delirium by making him fall in love with me. Do you know, Maude, I have lost my heart. He really must be very handsome when he is well."

"Dear miss," replied Maude, "it would be very unkind in you to leave him just as he is getting better. It might bring on the fever again; because, you know, he would only take his physic out of your pretty hands, though he did fancy you were an angel! Lord bless your sweet face, no wonder!"

"He will wonder, I think, when he gets well, if he should ever know of it," replied the softly-laughing girl. "I an angel! an angel with a turn up nose! more like one of the cherubs over the altar! Dear Maude,

I often think what an ugly old woman I shall make—not like you, with your Roman nose; such noses are not to be seen now-a-days. Oh, do imagine me with spectacles on! Lend me yours, just to show you how I shall look," and she rose to adjust them at the glass.

By this movement, Narenor obtained a view of the speaker, through a fortunate aperture in the curtain. There she stood, a slight girl, rather under the middle size; her age might be about eighteen; dark, glossy curls escaped from a large cottage bonnet, from underneath which peered an arch countenance, which was not beautiful, if beauty consist in feature, but which was truly beautiful, if beauty consist in expression.

Her large, dark eyes had a diamond spark in them; her complexion was rich with youth and health, and her laughing lip had eloquent blood in it.

Figure to yourself this sweet, infantine face, trying with all its might to look like an old woman. There she stood—pursing up her pretty mouth, putting forward her dimpled chin, and half-shutting her radiant eyes behind Maude's spectacles.

But, in a moment—whether she detected the gaze of Narenor, with more speculation in it than it had lately displayed—she ran out of the room, saying,—

"Well, Maude, I must go, or I shall be too late to make tea for my dear uncle."

And was this medicine again presented by the same fair hand? It was not. But this circumstance, far from retarding the recovery of Narenor, accelerated it, by the impatience it produced once more to behold the lovely vision, which, at times, seemed almost to hover on the verge of the unsubstantial creations of his delirium; but Maude had assured him that the fair form was real flesh and blood, that it had a human frame, and an actual living uncle.

The name was Ernestine; the uncle was Mr. De Villac, minister of the village, who lived in that pretty, white-washed cottage on the mount. I am afraid to describe so hackneyed a theme for description as a good, pious, old-ish clergyman.

Let the reader, then, imagine something less sentimental than La Roche, and rather less simple, in one sense, than the Vicar of Wakefield; in short, a plain, honest man, religious and sensible, well-informed and cheerful.

I have, alas! no pathetic tale to tell of blighted affections, or of a wife lost soon after the birth of the first innocent pledge of connubial love; nor can I interest my readers' feelings by telling them what delicate health Mr. De Villac had; he was always well—had never been unhappy, and was an old bachelor.

I will not affirm that he had never been, or fancied himself, in love; but certain it is, he was none the worse for it if he had.

Ernestine was his brother's only child; her father and mother were both dead, and, therefore, she lived with her nearest surviving relative, whom she dearly loved, and by whom she was as dearly loved again. She was his little kind nurse for his sick poor, and his sweet little bountiful for the needy, and his pretty schoolmistress for the chubby children.

And so she had found out Narenor, who, as a friendless stranger, had double claims upon her kindness, and had visited him in his illness.

As soon as he could walk, he bent his steps to Mr. De Villac's; common gratitude required this. Gratitude to Maude would have been all very well; but gratitude to a young and lovely woman, is, as everybody knows, a dangerous thing. Oh, Narenor! I tremble for you! Remember that you have a wife!

Ernestine was not at all sorry to see her patient; who now began to justify her encomium upon his looks. She showed him her birds, her flowers, her drawings, with all the innocent delight of a young creature, who has for the first time found something better than all these. There was peculiar danger for Narenor in the manner of Ernestine towards him. The utter absence of all art, or affectation—the ease, the unconsciousness with which she addressed him—formed a more effectual veil to the peril, than the most studied reserve could have done. In the gaiety of her heart she would rally Narenor most unmercifully whenever she could find occasion, and laugh at him so sincerely, that (while he himself became every hour more and more fascinated with the lively girl) he never would have dreamed of becoming an object of tender interest to her. The grand object of her raillery was the awkwardness with which Narenor climbed her native hills; while she, as if endued unto them, flew, like a wild gazelle, from steep to steep, and frequently, having gained some point of vantage, would stand, mocking at his snail-like progress, and waving to him triumphantly with her hat, while her uncovered locks were shaken sportively in the mountain breeze. Yet Ernestine began to show marks of attachment, which, to a less inexperienced eye than Narenor's, would have been indubitable. As long as they were in the free open air, where she could dart away from him like a bird, and return at her pleasure, and where every object supplied matter for conversation, her manner was wholly unembarrassed; but, alone with him in a room, surrounded by four impenetrable walls, she always sunk into unusual silence, and seemed to show him a sort



f deference and respect, as if then only she betrayed her real opinion of him.

But the moment Mr. De Villac entered the apartment, it was again,—“Who cares what you say?” “Go along you fright!” “Here, come and hold my silk for me! Awkward!—Fidelin would hold it better! Here, Fidelin, my dear dog, come and teach this man how to hold it!”

“She despises me,” thought Narenor to himself one day, “and therefore she can never love me. But I may worship her from a distance, and sun myself beneath her eyes, without a thought or wish beyond the happiness of her presence.”

All this is very well for a time; but poor human nature will get tired of living upon looks, and being dieted upon smiles. And what was Mr. De Villac about all this while? He was visiting the sick, and composing his sermons; and, being as poor a novice in affairs of the heart as Narenor, thought, whenever he saw the young people together, that his dear Ernestine was very hard upon the poor young man; and sometimes he would give her a lecture upon good manners, and beseech her to treat his visitor with somewhat more consideration.

One summer evening, Ernestine told Narenor that she was going to practice a little air which he had taught her, on the guitar, in her bower. “It will sound so well in the still, calm evening,” she said; “and, besides, it will be so romantic, and you love a little romance.”

Narenor accompanied her to the bower. It was in a little dell, between Mr. De Villac's house and the church, and commanded a view of a fall of water, just far enough distant to blend its murmurs soothingly with music in the bower. Ernestine ran over the chords lightly, and, in a fresh, clear, gushing sort of voice, thus began:—

“I envy thee, thou careless wind,  
So light, so wild thy wandering,  
Thou hast no earthly charm to bind  
One fetter on thine airy wing;  
I envy thee thou careless wind!

“The flower's first sign of blossoming,  
The harp's soft note, the woodlark's song,  
All unto thee their treasures bring,  
All to thy fairy reign belong;  
I envy thee, thou careless wind!

“Thy joyous wing o'er ocean roves,  
And echo to the sea-maid's lay;  
Then over rose and orange groves,  
Thy fragrant breath exhales away;  
I envy thee, thou careless wind!”

“Yes, I do indeed envy thee!” said Narenor, half involuntarily.

“Come, good, now, do not be pensive,” returned Ernestine, laughing, “or I shall run away from you, and leave you to write a sonnet to the rising moon.”

There was something in the gaiety of Ernestine, at this moment, which jarred disagreeably with the feelings of Narenor. “I would that you could be serious for a few minutes,” he said; “I am not happy, indeed I am not! I have no friend but you, and perhaps I may be soon obliged to leave you, my only friend. If I go away, dear Ernestine, will you sometimes play that song I taught you?”

Ernestine answered not. He looked at her; her head was bent down and averted. He was conscious that she was weeping.

The next morning Narenor waited on Mr. De Villac to ask the hand of Ernestine.

What! with a wife still living?

Even so. After having debated with himself all night, he had at length pronounced a divorce *in foro conscientie*, sophistry sitting umpire in the gown and wig of conscience. “The baroness,” he argued, “had broken all her marriage vows of loving, honouring, and obeying. With her he could not live—yet he could not obtain a legal divorce—and was he to pass the remainder of his days wifeless—a widower, yet forbidden to marry!” He snatched up his hat, and went to Mr. De Villac's.

The first questions which that gentleman asked, on being solicited for the hand of his niece, were pertinent enough. “Of what family are you, and what fortune can you ensure to Ernestine?”

“I am the only one surviving of a noble family,” replied Narenor; he had so long been accustomed to consider himself in that light. “My fortune is chiefly in specie. One voucher for myself I have brought with me—my genealogy duly drawn out and emblazoned;” and he unfolded the glittering scroll, rich with vermillion, azure, and gold.

“You need not give yourself the trouble,” said Mr. De Villac, putting back his hand; “I have much confidence in you; but, stop! what is this? ‘Son of—cobble! hum—hum—finker!’ What is all this? Do you mean to mock me, sir? Sir, let me tell you that, though I am only a poor minister, my descent is unblemished! I am not to be imposed upon by wordy letters, though, perhaps, you flatter yourself that

I should pass over them (as, indeed, I nearly had) without inspection; I would advise you to withdraw, and not insult an honest family any longer by your presence!”

While Narenor stammered, hesitated, and was ready to expire with shame, a voice—a not-to-be-mistaken voice—reached his ear from without, and rooted him to the ground like a statue. “Where is my lord?” it said; “where is my dearest husband? Conduct me instantly to him!”

The door flew widely open, and the Baroness Rudolpha appeared, leaning most becomingly on a female attendant. She swam across the apartment with easy grace, and half sunk into the passive arms of Narenor.

Mr. De Villac now addressed the baroness,—“Is this gentleman, madam, really your husband?”

“I have the happiness to call him so,” she replied, with fascinating sweetness. Then, turning to Narenor,—“My dear, will you not own your poor wife?”

Narenor was silent.

“Consummate villain!” exclaimed Mr. De Villac.

At this moment a sweet face looked in through the half unclosed door. “Is not the conference over yet? But who are all these?”

“Come in, Ernestine, my dearest child,” said Mr. De Villac; “you have had a most wonderful escape from the greatest wretch that ever breathed. Look at him; he cannot speak a word. What! quite dumb! Nay, then, I must speak for you. In the first place, he has insulted me with a ridiculous genealogy; in the next, my dear, that lady is his wife—that is all!”

Ernestine did not faint, but became dreadfully pale. She pressed her heart a moment, as if for breath, and then, turning to Narenor, said,—“Is this true?”

He flew to her, he fell at her feet, he caught her hand. “Oh, hear me but for one moment; I will explain—”

Again the door opened, and a tall, dark, sinister-looking man stood before them.

“Where is my wife?” exclaimed the portentous stranger. “I am assured that she is here. Long, long has been my search for her, and weary and toilsome has been the way; but revenge thinks only of the last step, that leads it to its purpose.”

The attention of the party was now drawn to the Baroness Rudolpha, who cried out in real accents of distress,—“Oh, save me from him!” and immediately fell senseless to the ground.

“Nothing can save thee from me now!” said the dark-browed stranger, as he stood, with folded arms, contemplating the prostrate form of the baroness, with looks of intense malice, and gloomy exultation. “She is mine—and all the world cannot take her from me. She married me because she thought me rich; she left me because she found me poor. But the despised Conrade has found his victim. Come, no more of this weakness. You must away with me.”

“Never—never!” cried the reviving baroness; “this is my husband. Narenor, will you protect me?”

Narenor did not look as if he would protect her.

“But who can bring witness that I am your wife?” said Rudolpha to Conrade.

“I can!” exclaimed a voice, whose unearthly and sepulchral tones did not proceed from any one present.

All started, and looked round. In a dusky recess, at the lower end of the apartment, was seen a shadowy figure, which Narenor instantly recognised for that of the old man of the forest. By degrees, a lambent light illumined the form, and at length the countenance, pale and venerable, was distinctly beheld.

Then it was that Ernestine rushed forward, and, flinging herself before the phantom, exclaimed,—“My father, oh! I speak to me!”

“Ernestine,” returned the vision; “my daughter, solicitude for thy happiness has summoned me from the grave. Attend, while I explain all that at present seems mysterious. After the death of her first husband, the adventurer, Conrade, by artfully counterfeiting wealth and rank, obtained the hand of the Baroness Rudolpha. On discovering the cheat, she fled from him, and employed measures to have him buried in the mines of Idria. She then most unlawfully married Narenor; but in his destiny I have interested myself. I saw in him the elements of good becoming, from the agency of ungoverned passions, the ministers of evil. By leading him through a series of adventures, I have endeavoured to give him lessons suited to his mind's disease. By nature deformed, I have embellished his person; in fortune poor, I have enriched him; by descent unillustrious, I have ennobled him. Have these things made him happy? Yet, fear not, Ernestine, to bestow on him thy affections. Thy father himself sanctions it. The clay that is most carefully tempered, will make the finest porcelain.

“But first, Narenor, I must impose on thee a penance for having dared to desire thy daughter's hand, while thine was, as thou didst think, bound to another. Return to thy native deformity, and only receive the grace of thy present form, in proportion as the mind becomes



the temple of well ordered thoughts, and harmonious passions. When that is the case, Ernestine shall be yours.

"To Rudolpha and Conrade, I can assign no greater punishment than that of living together. Unhappy couple, depart!

"Narcissus, retire to the Shewer forest, and there pass the time of thy probation!

"Scatter the elixir to the winds—cast away the philosopher's stone, and burn the genealogy."

Let the curtain drop.

### ELEGY,

WRITTEN AFTER ATTENDING THE FUNERAL OF A YOUNG SOLDIER.

Softly lay the sleeping soldier  
In his lonely narrow bed;  
Gently, with the hand of sorrow,  
Spread the turf above his head.  
Though no father, friend, or brother,  
To perform the work is here,  
Yet let us with reverence do it,  
For he was our comrade dear.  
Far he died from home and kindred,  
Far from those who loved him well;  
Far from her his first love worshipped,  
In his native dewy dell.  
Yet the hills his home which circled,  
Sunbeams from his native sky,  
Came and cheer'd his wand'ring fancy  
When he breathed his latest sigh.  
In the last tea-drop that trickled  
From his eye ere all was o'er,  
Fancy saw the stream that rippled  
Near his father's cottage door;  
As his eye grew dim and dimmer  
In the twilight of the tomb,  
Fancy saw the evening closing,  
O'er the woods around his home.  
Now for aye in peace he'll slumber,  
With the green grass on his breast,  
And the sound of drum or bugle  
Ne'er again shall break his rest.  
Gowans on his grave shall flourish.  
Summer suns shall o'er him gleam,  
Dirge like music shall float o'er him  
Nightly from the neighbouring stream.  
Autumn leaves shall o'er him gather,  
As they rustle from the trees;  
Winter snows his bed shall cover  
From the nipping northern breeze;  
And when merry Spring approaching  
Lifts the veil from Winter's sun,  
O'er him the lark shall sing its  
Vesper hymn when day is done.

Cambuslang.

J. MILLER.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—General Alava, one of the brave companions of the great Duke on the field of Waterloo, and afterwards ambassador of the Queen of Spain in Paris and London, died a few days since at the Waters of Breges. We have seen, says the *John Bull*, a private letter of the Duke of Wellington's, in which he states, that after his own despatch in the *London Gazette*, General Alava's was the most to be relied upon of all the official and unofficial accounts of that memorable battle. The same letter contained also the contradiction of a remarkable error committed by the Prussian general, Gneisenau, in the despatch which he addressed to his own government. He there mentions that Blücher and Wellington met, accidentally, at the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, when the two armies were in pursuit of the flying squadrons of Napoleon, and that Blücher wished the battle to be called the Battle of La Belle Alliance, in commemoration of this circumstance. The Duke says they met at Genappes, seven miles further on, and adds (what is the fact), that any person who inspects a plan of the field of battle, will see that it was impossible they could have met at La Belle Alliance. The mistake is curious, and teaches us the value of historical truth. Sir Walter Raleigh felt this when he consigned to the flames the manuscript of the second volume of his *History of the World*, because he could not get at the exact truth of a brawl which had occurred only ten minutes before beneath his window in the Tower. "And yet," exclaimed the too scrupulous historian, "I am pretending to relate the exact truth as regards events which happened two thousand years ago!"

### CLANAWLY.

A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

#### CHAPTER XXV.

DEVASTATION.

WHEN then the younger stranger went outside the door, as mentioned in the chapter before last, his eyes were arrested by the twinkling of a few lights, like stars, in the distance. Knowing perfectly well the cause of their glimmering, he hastened in the direction of them, but they soon faded out, and he was left in a hobble.

The intricacies of the country, which was very rugged, and covered in many places with patches of underwood, prevented a direct approach to where the lights appeared. Although he earnestly wished he could, he was not able to return to the farm-house; and it seemed as if he should have to lie in the open air till morning. The terror of being exposed to wolves all night alone kept him moving forward, and buoyed up his heart to surmount a steep ascent; but when he reached the summit of the hill his labour was partially rewarded by a happy discovery. He heard the sound of voices not very far off, and was greatly rejoiced at first; nor was his joy of long duration, because a doubt came over his mind as to whether the speakers were English or Irish, their words having been quite indistinct, rising and sinking, as the breeze freshened or lulled. He was, however, satisfied upon one point, and that was, his certainty of the travellers being at rest, and not advancing through the country.

The lights glimmered again; they were a good distance off, and upon the verge of a higher hill opposite. Thus he had to descend, when he lost the sound of their voices, destroying his expectation of being able to distinguish the accent as he approached.

"They were not afraid of conversing openly, at all events," he said loudly, to himself.

He was near the bottom of the valley when he spoke, and scarcely had he uttered the only words expressed during his dark excursion, when he saw the figures of two men passing. They overheard his words, paused, and looked round; he softly lay down behind a bush.

"That was a voice," said one.

"A human voice, I swear," remarked the other.

"Not the first this night; and though the rest might have been fancy, that was reality."

"We cannot be deceived, I am sure."

"There is no person at hand."

"Come on; if he were an enemy, and strong enough, he would attack us; come on."

"It is time enough when he does."

"We must keep this valley along—I know it, and avoid the lights, which keep the ridges of the hills."

"That is our safety."

"I think we may rest at the next village."

"Very well; I am heartily tired."

"Cheer up, our journey will soon be over; come on."

The young man waited patiently until they had gone quite out of hearing, when he hastily regained his feet, and made for the ascent of the second hill.

"They are the very persons!" he exclaimed to himself, "and if I can only hurry—but it is no use, for they will have passed completely on before I can give tidings to the skirmishers."

With great difficulty, he surmounted the second hill, and when he reached the summit, found himself again in a difficulty equal to his former misguided condition. He knew not where to find the party—he looked wildly through the gloom in every direction.

"It was all deception," said he to himself. "But the travellers saw the lights—I will search again," and he went along for some distance searching in vain. "It was all deception——"

He was instantly collared by a muscular arm, and when he started round, frightened nearly out of his wits by the shock, the magnified visage of a monstrous-looking man stared into his countenance.

"Is it all deception?" roared his captor, whose voice and accent were purely English.

"Have patience," cried the young man, panting for breath; "have a little patience, and—I will explain all."

"Who, are you, first?"

"Do not make me delay, or——"

"Who are you?—say, or I will poke out your guts."

"A friend."

"Oh, ay; and upon my safety, one of the many."

"I met the travellers."

"What travellers?" demanded the man, who instantly received as



much information concerning the nature of the other's business as an hour's narrative might have otherwise explained.

"The travellers in disguise—two of the rebel chiefs, who are now gone along the valley, and intend stopping in the next village."

"Will they? Are they long passed?"

"I fear they are too far to pursue them; but you may follow cautiously, and detect them in the village, or burn them out."

"Just so; time enough—let them rest."

"I shall hurry down this way, and take a short cut, by which means I may fall in with them, feign an excuse, and afterwards throw them in your way."

"Very good; they have taken the winding of the valley?"

"The lower ground all along."

"What are your number and initials?"

"Number 6—letters M. M."

"The camp lies this way—it is in your route."

"Have you burned much?"

"Five villages, and several large houses; but we were misled, for some said they suspected as such, and others otherwise; and so we burnt one lot out of guess, and another out of vexation, for being so long disappointed."

"What are you promised?" demanded the last speaker.

"Fifty pounds a head for large, and twenty pounds each for small."

"We have not such luck."

"How much?"

"All that we can pilfer and scrape."

As they turned upon the verge of a hill, a strong blaze ascended from a village at some distance, lighting up the ground about it as if that spot were under open daylight. The fire was of no continuation, having lit up sharply for a short time, and then sunk suddenly. The screams of the wretched inhabitants reached their ears in distinct yells, even at that distance, as they fled naked from their straw pallets, and hid to the underwood, as a cover for their white bodies, in conjunction with the beasts of prey; and their voices resembled the savage, so strangely does the human accent assimilate itself to bestiality, when driven to madness or forced to desolation is the unfortunate sufferer. The woods still echoed with the plaintive cries, the valleys resounded with voices of despair, the rocks yet sent forth piteous moans, but wood, rock and valley became silent as the trembling wretches sought their inclement retreat, and their efforts to prolong their wailing became exhausted.

"That is the third party," coolly observed the man.

"Yours is the second?"

"Yes, and the first is far on."

"So I understand; a woman in a house beyond, where I rested for some time, said they had advanced some hours ago."

"I am sorry that blaze was lit."

"It is a sad mistake."

"The travellers will see the reflection, and hurry on."

"Not if they keep the valley, as they said."

"But they will hear the cries of those villains, and will not stop in the village, for fear of the same occurrence."

"They are used to this."

"I believe so."

"If you did not burn them, they would be burning one another, so is all the same to them."

"Irish burn Irish; is not that the way you say it, young fellow?"

"Exactly so; that is it."

Another blaze broke forth, but, from its magnitude, it seemed only to be from two or three small houses by themselves. But soon the nature of the business appeared to be changed, as a tremendous struggle was going on at a short distance below them, for they could plainly hear the blows, and crashes, and din of contending hundreds. Voices of resistance rose upon the night-wind, and they could distinguish the Irish accent, as it broke out in strains of encouragement, and otherwise explained the superiority of the speaker's strength.

"Our men will be cut to pieces," exclaimed the soldier.

"There are thousands against them," cried the young man.

"Not thousands," returned the former, "but more than would make it prudent for us to go and give assistance."

"Oh! then, you may calculate upon the death of every man."

"I must hurry to the tents, and bid our fellows not to make any more signals, as the country is up."

"Yes, and I will set out as I said."

"You have time enough."

"Time enough, but I may not fatigue myself by hurrying, as I am sufficiently tired already."

"Have you any tidings of the chieftains personally?"

"Yes; I understand that M'Auliff's clan passed on about three o'clock in the afternoon."

"Were they numerous?"

"The woman beyond told me they were a complete skeleton."

"Then our first party will just fall in with them."

"Your troops have made a sad mistake."

"How, my lad—how?"

"You miscalculate the strength of the Irish party; you send too small detachments together, and thus they are always massacred, for the others are as powerful in arms as you are, not minding their numbers."

"I fear so, indeed."

"It would be much better for you not to attempt any violence, unless out of reach of retaliation."

"We must avoid all collision, if possible."

"There is no danger from these two fellows, I think."

"We must be cautious."

"But as soon as they are taken, I would make direct for Cork, and augment my party, were I the leader of the squad."

"Such must be hinted; or, at least, he will soon find out the necessity of so doing."

"Indeed he will, but I hope not too late."

"The fate of those below is alarming."

"How they shout!"

"These are the screams of English, I think."

"That is the English accent, and they are not far distant."

"You hurry on now."

"I will hasten, and endeavour to turn the gentlemen upon your path, as soon as I get them in my good faith; and I trust I shall be allowed to proceed further as soon as this is completed, for I have business of importance to transact—I want to rescue a poor man from the hands of the cut-throat wretches."

"A very humane turn,—very much to be applauded. You hurry on then, my lad; and we will soon throw a light upon your road, that will make you fancy it is sunrise."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE NIGHT TRAVELLERS.

THE two persons whom the young man saw in the glen continued to follow the low ground, and make their way towards the next village. Their only knowledge of the situation in which the hamlet lay, was their having gone over the journey once before, in the march of the army southward.

"We have been so far fortunate," said one of them, "in receiving no molestation as yet; but goodness only knows how it may end. I am not satisfied concerning that strange voice; the words still ring in my ears. It was the voice of a countryman, and of a young man, I am quite assured, who thought fit to conceal himself."

"I agree with you," observed the other, "for the words were perfectly audible to me, and so close. We made a strict scrutiny; and it was not so very dark, but that we may have noticed him in some way, if he were not well concealed."

"How far is the next village, where you propose stopping?"

"About three miles."

"Is it on a hill?"

"Upon the side of one, and commands a good view."

"Excellent. Then we need not fear."

They continued to move on steadily, until they heard the shouts and screams of the unfortunate persons beforementioned. They stopped and listened attentively, and discovering that a high hill lay between them and the scene of devastation, they became more easy in their minds.

"It was upon that hill we saw the lights," observed one of the men, pointing towards the acclivity between them and the screaming; "only for which, as I consider the same nothing less than the locality of English marauders, I would be tempted to go up to the top, and decipher the cause of such dreadful yells and cries."

"It would be a dangerous experiment, and perhaps we may pay dearly for our curiosity," said the other.

"You are correct; and we may also conclude that the cause thereof is the brutality of the fiends, who, I suppose, are burning all the villages and castles along their march."

"Then will it be safe for us to remain in that village, since they seem to be so near at hand?"

"Well, I am considering that."

"But what are we to do?"

"Lie out, as we have done last night—lie out in the open air; it will be preferable to weltering in blood, or stalking naked over burning rafters, if we are burned out."

They proceeded onwards again, and now began to climb the hill leading to the village, which was still nearly two miles distant. As they ascended, the voices became more distinct and alarming. They also



heard the subsequent confusion, when the unfortunate countrymen turned round in defence, and indiscriminately slaughtered their assailants. Again they paused, and waited to discover if the soldiery, in endeavouring to escape from destruction, would face the direction in which they were moving.

"Can these villains be the fellows who had the lights on yonder hills?"

"I suppose they are, for we have not seen any lights these some hours since——"

Interrupted the other, "This hour back."

"Ay—about an hour. My head wanders sadly, for the want of sleep."

"We are better not to leave this, until we are certain of their movements, or that they do not approach."

"I fancy we ought to press on and pass the village."

"Or if we could find some house upon the road—they cannot attack a single house, without being detected."

"On second thought, they will be all cut up, and unable to advance in anything of a body—I mean the few who escape."

"A single house, the first we meet, must afford us hospitality; for I am scarcely able to proceed further."

At the termination of this debate, they perceived a person quickly walking up the hill towards them, and he seemed as if anxious to get forward without the least possible delay. He stopped suddenly when he noticed the two travellers, knowing them again, and pretended he was in doubt whether to approach them or not. Cautiously, at length, he drew near, and, with broken breathing, wished them good night, in the salutation common amongst the better classes of society. An answer was returned by both, marked by some degree of cheerfulness at finding a companion, who perhaps was better acquainted with the country than they were.

"Are you travelling?" demanded one of those he approached; "and are you in imate with the place at night?"

"I am pretty well acquainted therewith," answered the person who came up last.

The same man continued to speak, his companion observing silence,—

"Come you in the direction of that confusion?"

"I am hastening to escape it," answered the man.

"Did you pass over that hill?"

"I did, from the other side, where the dark Sassenach fiends are demolishing the land, laying all the houses in ashes."

"Are there any persons upon that hill now?"

"Not that I have seen?"

"You met no person there, nor heard any one?"

"No; I passed unmolested."

"Did you see any lights?"

"I did; but I fancy that must have been before they descended to attack the plain."

"What are you going to do?"

"For my part, I am going onwards to the village, and I would recommend you to do the same."

"We had intended so, at first, but secondly we agreed to give that up, lest we may be burned out."

"There is no fear of that, for I think not a man of them will leave that valley alive."

"How is that?"

"The inhabitants, driven to desperation, have turned round upon them, and give attack with spears and implements of husbandry; and as I was hurrying away, the throat-cutting was awful. The miscreant Saxons have learned an awful lesson in that glen!"

"We may proceed then in safety, you think?"

"I am almost assured we may pass on, for that party is disabled, if not entirely cut to pieces."

Slowly they continued to move up the hill, which was not steep, but lay stretched gradually upwards before them. Their conversation usually turned upon the matters then occurring, the young man exhorting the deeds of the English violently, whenever he made a remark. They never suspected him of any bad design, nor detected any false expression which might have slipped from his tongue, inopportunistly. And they considered that he must have been some young man returning home from the expedition alone, who was anxious to pass forward unnoticed, fearful of the vengeance poured upon the heads of all rebels detected.

"Have you been in the engagement at Kinsale?" demanded the first speaker again.

"No," returned the other, who was taken so very short that he was for some moments unable to add any explanatory remarks to his simple negative.

"But you were there in the neighbourhood."

"I had nothing to do with it."

"Are you a native of this part of the country?"

"No; I came from a place called Baltimore. But now I am going out of the way to hide myself, because my relatives were all engaged in the present warfare."

"Did you leave by yourself?"

"I did; but on the way, I fell in with a young man, who said he belonged to the Spanish army; that he was a native of Ireland, and that he was going to visit some of his relatives previous to his return. We spent last night together in Kilkrea Abbey, where we were hospitably cared, but I missed him in that glen yonder, and cannot tell what has become of him. I hope I shall meet him in the next village."

"Did he say where he was going to?" demanded the other traveller, who now addressed the new comer for the first time.

"I think he said, Castle M'Auliff—the castle of Glanawly."

"Ha!" exclaimed the former.

"Who can he be?" demanded the same traveller.

"In the Spanish army, and bound for Castle M'Auliff—that is very strange!" cried his companion.

"I wish I could fall in with him," said the former.

"That we can, in all probability," observed the new comer, "if we only delay for a short time at the village."

"I have a particular aversion to stopping at the village," said the man who first conversed with the new comer, "for I fear the consequence of being in the city of these marauders."

"It is truly hazardous, but——"

"It is dangerous, and we are incapable of defence," said the former.

"But," continued the young man, "we may feel content, as the plunderers are stayed in their course, by the effusion of blood."

They had arrived before a farm-house of the more comfortable kind, and the traveller who conversed with the strange young man was then almost willing, at the pressing solicitation of the latter, to proceed on to the village; but his companion insisted on their turning in, and, in the name of strangers really distressed, with no guile in view, of demanding hospitality.

"And," he continued, "when we have rested ourselves, we can proceed to the village, and sleep there during the morning."

"I will go on then," said the young man.

"There is no use in that, because we can all advance together, and by keeping close, can be of protection to each other."

"I would prefer going on, as I do dread remaining so close to the savage marauders."

"But the village is nearly as close, and will be more likely to be attacked, should they attempt any such design. However, I thought your mind was easy about the approach of the English."

"Oh! but," he returned, with uncommon vivacity, "they may not be trusting to one party, and I am sure they are not."

"Come in," cried the other night traveller to his companion, in a voice expressive of haste and fatigue.

The young man separated from them, and they entered the dwelling, where having given proofs of their sincerity, they were provided with victuals. They soon became quite refreshed, and sat comfortably before a large fire, which blazed upon the hearth-stone. An old man, a woman of the same age, and a very feeble old female, were all who sat with them in the apartment; and the usual tenor of their conversation ran upon the occurrences of the day, savoured with their respective sentiments. The very old woman occasionally spoke also, giving her recollection of many great and wicked events which happened in her time; and her expressions were couched in the rigmorale doggerel strain, then current amongst the Irish. She also pretended to mystical knowledge, and threw out several prophetic hints, incomprehensible to everybody, perhaps to herself, and not likely to be explanatory of any particular future incident. At length she addressed herself to the stranger who sat next her.

"You have been in the wars?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling seriously.

"You have greater battles yet to fight—beware of strangers—you are given to strangers; I know by your countenance."

"I respect strangers."

"Strangers will cause you much trouble, and your family will be harassed by them, unless you banish all such from your doors. There is a star with a sweeping tail of fire rising in the south, and it will set upon your house. It is now passing over the heavens. See, how angry it looks——"

She paused to give effect to her language; and a moody seriousness settled upon the countenances of her listeners.

She continued:—"One of the household holds that star by the tail, and directs its course, a bosom friend in whom you all have confided; and he swings it from its way, in another direction. Let it now fall; and brings destruction. Beware of strangers—be cautious of thy friends—be particular concerning your kindred."

(To be continued in our next)



## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER LIII.

THE CONFERENCE OF THE MURDERERS.—CHARLES'S DREADFUL SITUATION.—THE DISTANT SHIP.—THE CRISIS.

As Charles spoke, he descended slowly and silently the narrow staircase leading to the noisome and unwholesome cabin. The door at the foot of the steep stairs was closed, and he was on the point of laying his hand upon the lock to open it, when the sound of voices from within arrested his attention, and by a momentary impulse, which he could not resist, a desire came over him, to hear what was the purport of the muttered consultation of those men whose conduct towards him had been so very singular, and so far from free of suspicion.

The door was but slight, and, although it was completely closed, any voice which was at all of the ordinary pitch, might well be heard by any one standing at the staircase.

At first Charles Hargrove found it very difficult to make out the exact purport of the conversation, because one of the speakers in particular, spoke in a peculiar jargon, now and then interlarded with some phrases in Dutch, which, to an unpractised ear, much confused his meaning, and rendered it difficult to follow him.

In a few moments, however, the voice of the captain, which, although thick and guttural, was more familiar to Charles, met his ears; and, by shifting his position a little, so as to enable him to place one ear very close against one of the panels of the door, he had no difficulty in catching, after a few moments of intense attention, every syllable that was uttered by either of those men who thought so little of all moral or social obligations, that, for gold, they were ready and willing, at the bidding of any ruffian, who could conceive villainy he dared not himself venture to execute, to commit any deed of outrage or violence.

With feelings that may be imagined, but in vain attempted to be described, Charles Hargrove heard the captain, accompanied by many oaths, give utterance to the following terrible and significant words,—

"He must go, and there's an end of it! It's only a thousand pities we were all too busy during the storm to think of it, for then we might have sent him over, and there would have been an end of him."

"Heugh!" growled one of the others, in something like the sensible accents of an elderly bear with a painful place on his head—"heugh! I did think of it."

"Then why, in the name of the devil, didn't you settle him?"

"Because, spooney, we wanted ballast. He's a light weight to be sure, but every little helps, you know, as the man said when he spat in the water butt."

"Oh, very true—very true."

"And yet, he must go," resumed the captain; "and it strikes me, comrades, he is beginning to suspect something is in the wind already."

"Indeed," said the other two ruffians, and Charles heard them make a sudden movement, as if they were about to rush upon deck, and immediately put an end to the whole affair by taking his life at once, while they were in the humour for the deed.

His first impulse was then to fly upon deck, but another instant's thought convinced him of the impolicy of such an attempt, for they would be sure to hear him if he fled fast, and see him if he crept slowly. He therefore remained, where he was, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible—and where, indeed, was he to fly for refuge from his murderers, in the confined dimensions of that small vessel?

During those brief moments of agonizing thought, when he expected instant death, how awfully his pulses beat, and with what a painful throb of emotion he thought of Harriet Hearnshaw, and the little pleasant cottage home, which to him was hallowed and beautiful, as being the scene of many happy, happy hours he had passed in the blissful society of her he loved so truly, and who with such truth and constancy reciprocated his passion.

One short mental aspiration to Heaven he gave for Harriet, and then prepared himself for the dreadful struggle he believed was about to ensue—a struggle not even with the remotest chance afforded to it of a successful termination, for were there not fearful odds against him, and although he might avenge in some measure his own murder, yet there could be no hope of escape from so many foes.

But a very few moments must have elapsed before the sudden movement of the men was quelled by the captain crying,—

"Put up your knives. D—n I are we not fort to one, and why need we be in a hurry about it?"

And yet, during that brief space, what a world of dreadful, agonizing

thoughts had chased each other through the excited brain of poor Charles Hargrove. During such moments, ages of agonized thought may approach the soul, and we can scarcely believe that the laggard time has been moving so slowly.

He heard the words of the captain, and he felt a sensation of some such relief as the poor wretch condemned to death may be supposed to have, when informed that there is an error in the scaffold, and he has yet half an hour to live.

He felt rooted to the spot, and such a terrible interest was become involved in the conversation of the murderers, that he was totally incapable of any action other than that of intense listening to what was going on in the cabin.

"My advice," cried he who spoke in so coarse and brutal a tone, "is to go upon deck and stick a knife into his inside, and then throw him overboard at once."

"What's the use of making a mess with a knife," growled another, "when there's the sea to settle the matter?"

"Hu—manity! you d—d thief!" cried the gentleman who had suggested the knife. "Haven't you no humanity, curse you?"

"No. How should I?"

"Ah! you brute, I say stick a knife in him, and then, if he's ever such a swimmer, which, for all we know, he may be, he won't last so long as he otherwise will. Be humane, you beast; if you must put a fellow out o' the way, earn yourself a reward above for humanity."

"Oh, you are a beauty to talk of humanity—you are," said the other. "Don't you recollect the poor devil as you saved the fingers off 'cause he would cling to the rudder bolts?"

"Well, if I did, I studied the humane, and took 'em off at the joints, instead o' hacking through bone and ail, as such a bungler as you would have done. I say stick that young fellow above; never mind the mess—it can be mopped up. Shall a mess stand in the way o' virtue?—no—blow me. Stick him—stick him."

"I sha'n't. Stick him yourself if you want to be humane. I don't want to be humane."

"Silence!" cried the captain; "no disputing; I'll stick both of you, if I hear of anything of the kind—no nonsense. The young fellow is to be put out of the way. Very good. Now, let those stick him who like to use their knives, and those who don't, needn't, only those who do put a knife into him, must clean up any mess of blood that's made on deck."

"Agreed! agreed!" cried the other; "only it will be a bother, not all of us understanding what sort of fun there's to be."

"Well, then," said the captain, "let's decide it by dice. I tell you how it shall be. The highest number shall have the decision of knife or no knife, and the next highest shall settle how and when he's to be disposed of."

This was agreed to by the ruffians, and poor Charles, whose feelings during the above terrible dialogue may be imagined, had the additional horror of hearing his mode of death decided upon by the dice-box.

For some moments Charles was bewildered by the terrible consciousness that there could be no escape from the death that was designed for him. Mercy he could not expect from the demoniac wretches who conversed upon the mode of executing a murder as if it was some ordinary concern of life, that might be freely talked of and discussed in its various bearings. Escape from them there was none, except one. Yes, there was one, and the dreadful thought did for a moment find a place in his agonized brain.

"I can," he thought, "at all events, anticipate the death they would put me to by putting an end to this terrible state of suspense in the sea. One plunge, and I disappoint my murderers."

But then better thoughts came over him, and he revolted from the wild idea of himself rushing to death to save himself from destruction at the hands of others.

"No, no," he reasoned with himself; "if I am to suffer, let the guilt of murder be upon their heads, and not on mine." Heaven have mercy upon me."

Ominously and awfully the dice rattled in his ears, and he heard various numbers called as jocosely and as freely as if the death of a human being was not the terrible stake for which they played.

"Eleven!" cried the captain. "You have it. Come, now, what is it to be—knife or no knife?"

"No knife—I object to the mess," said one of the ruffians. "Very good. I have the next highest, and I decide upon having a little amusement."

"How—how?"

"He shall walk the plank. It's fine fun. When fellows are brought out to walk the plank, you know they don't like it."

"I shouldn't think they did," growled the humane gentleman, who was so bitterly disappointed in the use of the knife.

"If you interrupt me," said the captain, "I'll put a knife into your humanity or no humanity—so don't make a fool of yourself."



The fellow growled some answer, which Charles did not catch, and the captain continued,

"They don't like it, as I was saying, and the great fun is to keep pricking them on sometimes with the points of knives, and sometimes with something red hot, behind. Oh, it's famous fun, and at last over the fellow goes with such a smash and a yell that it's enough to make anybody laugh for a month."

"And do you mean, then, to make him walk the plank?"

"I do."

"And when—now?"

"No. Let us have it towards the evening, and then he will have no chance at all of being seen and picked up if he were to swim a hundred miles. Now, come on deck, and let's see where we are."

Charles shrunk back from the door, and was more like a man in a dream than one thoroughly awake, and believing himself on the threshold of eternity, he crept up the cabin stairs, and before either of the ruffians opened the door, he got to the same spot in the vessel where they had left him, when they descended to engage in their terrible consultation, so that when they in a few minutes, after draining their glasses (which, by the-by, if they had not waited to do they would have seen Charles before he reached the deck), came above, they had no suspicion that he had stirred; and, although the man at the helm knew he (Charles) had been below, he took no notice of the circumstance to the others, because he was not aware that it had been to listen, or that there had been any such conversation going on.

Pale, exhausted and terrified, the young man sat now for some hours, gazing on the wide expanse of ocean before him, a very statue of despair.

Oh! could Harriet have looked down upon the vessel, and have known the danger her lover stood in. Danger, not merely possible or probable—danger, from which he could not fly, or even hope to offer a resistance that would give him the remotest chance of life, but such as would, to a certainty, consign him to an early and watery grave,—and that too with the poor knowledge that he might possibly involve one or more of his murderers in his own fate.

No; she could not indeed, in her wildest dreams, have imagined such a state of things as that which now *was*! She could not see the quiet moon gently sailing through the heavens, and looking down upon calm deep waters below!—she could not see the small barque, as it sailed silently and majestically, like a bird on the ocean; and much less could she see the pale anxious face of her lover, his compressed lip, and his look of mingled energy and despair.

Little could she think that that vessel carried with her fondest hopes, the basest of human nature—men that would not hesitate to cut short the brittle thread of life, and cast her hopes to the wind! If she could have done so, her agony would have parted soul from body; she could not have survived the knowledge, that such a fate was surely at hand for him she loved so tenderly.

The moon's cold beams shed her beautiful light on as cold a brow as the bosom of the silver crested waters that bore them along, and him to death!—had she known this, the heart of Harriet would soon have ceased to beat.

But she was spared the terrible knowledge, and in calm anxiety was awaiting the return home of her doomed lover, and imagining the welcome she would give him, and the pleasure that would beam from his eyes to find her unchanged and still all his own.

Poor unhappy Charles! what hope had he? One—only one! The day was yet young, and what was there more likely that some vessel should come sufficiently near to them to be hailed by him? and, oh! what a hail would he give if such were to be the case. Then, indeed, he might be rescued, for even the ferocious men by whom he was surrounded would hardly venture to make their own cases quite hopeless of mercy, by murdering him before the eyes of others. Yes, there was hope in a ship nearing them; there was a chance of life in the supposition, and none but those who have been placed in such situations can imagine the feelings with which he clung to this last only chance.

"They are not aware," he thought, "that I know of their murderous intentions, therefore they may incautiously approach some vessel near enough to enable me to shout for help, to their astonishment and terror. It shall be done—it shall be done!"

Oh, with what terrible anxiety he now fixed his eyes upon the swelling ocean, with the hope of being blessed with the sight of some approaching sail. Now and then, low in the far off horizon, he could see the white sails of some craft, and a hope would arise in his breast that it was approaching—a hope which as often died away in despair, as the white speck gradually disappeared from his straining eyes, to be succeeded by another such delusive fancy and faint hope of life.

Hour after hour passed away—those hours, which to him were numbered, and still he had the terrible agony of remaining passively awaiting a dreadful doom, and his mind each moment became more and more full of horrible imaginings.

By this time the sun had reached the meridian, and the rays sparkled and shone on the summits of the waves as they gently rose and fell in succession.

There was a boundless view, but little variety; now and then, some aquatic bird would fly round the vessel with a discordant note, and would then take its course in sweeping flight away from the little vessel, as it took its course over the green waves.

There appeared every now and then a vessel in the horizon, whose white sails appeared like the wings of some aquatic bird that sat gently on the ocean of waters around.

These objects were frequently seen, sometimes several at once, sailing in different directions, as if the pathless ocean had been a highway, every inch of which was well known.

There are few more pleasing objects to men at sea, than the sight of other vessels in full sail; it gives them confidence and hope,—they know and feel they are not utterly alone, and their venture is not the only one, but that it is often repeated until it becomes a matter of course.

Now and then, some of the inhabitants of the deep would follow the vessel, and show themselves plainly to the crew; but these were little heeded by them.

Calmness and tranquillity now reigned, where lately all had been tumult and storm; the face of the ocean was as smooth and calm as it ever is; there was, indeed, the never-ceasing swell and ripple that is always found on such an immense mass of waters.

Thus the day began slowly but surely to decline, and with horror Charles observed the shadows of the masts and spars lengthening on the deck.

"God help me!" he moaned.

"A sail!" shouted one of the men who was aloft.

Charles turned with an exclamation of surprise and delight, and saw, apparently bearing down rapidly towards them, a large vessel with every sail set, and the English ensign floating in the breeze as she dashed and foamed through the waters.

"God! God!" he cried, "I am saved! I am saved!"

#### CHAPTER LIV.

##### THE SHIP.—THE CRY FOR AID.—THE WOUND AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE MURDERERS.

THE eyes of all the bad men, comprising the company of the Dutch vessel, were fixed upon the sail that was approaching, and it was well for poor Charles that such was the fact, or otherwise they might have guessed from his anxious looks and excited gestures, that he meant to do or say something inimical to them when the approaching vessel should be sufficiently near for him to do so.

They heard the words that so suddenly escaped his lips, and turned towards him in surprise; but he had become instantly aware of the extreme impolicy of having uttered them, and assumed so calm and quiet an appearance that they doubted if he could have spoken at all, and thought some accidental sounds must have deceived their senses.

Rapidly the English vessel bore down towards them, and when sufficiently near, a voice through a speaking trumpet hailed them, saying,—

"What cutter—a-hoy!"

"D—n them!" exclaimed the captain of the Dutch vessel. "They are cruising for smuggling craft, and fancy we are one." Then taking from the hands of one of the men, who, in anticipation of it being required, had brought it to him, a speaking-trumpet, he replied,—

"Ship a-hoy! The 'Amsterdam,' bound for Hamburg—no stores."

At the same moment one of the crew hauled up a Dutch flag, and the English vessel began to put a-back ship, satisfied with the answer that had been given.

The moment was a critical one for Charles. He had remained silent with a hope that the English vessel would not be satisfied with the mere statement of the Dutch captain, but might send an officer on board, in which case he, Charles, would have been at once rescued; but now, when he saw that such a hope was vanishing, and that in a few brief moments the vessels would be out of hearing of each other, desperation aroused him to make one effort for life and liberty. Gathering up all the strength of voice he was master of, he shouted loudly,

"Help—help—help! There are murderers here! Help—help! For God's sake save me!"

For the moment the captain and crew of the Dutch vessel appeared paralyzed by so unexpected an appeal; but it was only for a moment, and then the captain himself rushed towards Charles, and grappled with him; they both rolled together on the deck, and in another moment, being very near the hatchway, they fell down it, locked in each other's arms, and struggling like two men each bent upon the other's destruction ere they should part.



The loud cry of Charles was heard by those on board the English vessel, but the struggle between him and the Dutch captain was not seen, because no one was looking in the direction where it occurred, and they were both of them out of sight, below the hatchway, when observation was again directed towards the small Dutchman.

"Hilloa!" shouted some one from the deck of the English vessel; "who called for help?"

"Me," cried one of the Dutch crew.

"What's the matter?"

"What's that to you. Can't I have a bit of fun without your troubling yourself about it?"

There was no further notice taken by the English vessel, which slowly and majestically veered round, and took a contrary course.

During his desperate struggle with the Dutch captain, Charles received so heavy a blow upon the head, that he found it impossible to call out, and indeed his senses became dizzy and confused, so that in a few moments he was nearly insensible, and the ruffian who had conquered him tossed him with many awful oaths into the wretched cabin, and closing the door upon him, left him to die or recover, as the chances might be, while he himself hurried on deck to ascertain how the English vessel had acted on the occasion.

To his no small exultation he found her standing off under full sail, and then he burst into an uproarious peal of laughter, as he shouted,

"Touch and go, that was, messmates. Confound the fellow, how came he to know that we meant to settle his cares for him before we reached Hamburg?"

"He must have overheard us in the cabin," said one of the men; "but it's no odds now. I hope as you see how very proper it would be to put a knife in him. We should have had a boat sent from that ship, overhauling us, if you had not whipt down the hatchway with him, captain, as quick as you did, and we should all by about this time have been in irons in her hold, and a pretty piece of work we should then have made of it."

"True enough," said the captain; "but all's right; he knows our danger is over, and if he comes on deck again, except to go overboard, never trust me. Confound the fellow, what a voice he has got."

"Bring him up at once, captain."

"Ay, ay, at once," cried the others, and the ruffian who was partial to the use of the knife, drew from its sheath a long, double-edged, murderous-looking weapon, half knife half dagger, and seemed to exult over the prospect of plunging it into the defenceless breast of Charles Hargrove.

"No," said the captain, "not yet; it's dangerous now; wait till sunset, and then he shall walk the plank, as we have already decided. There's no sort of occasion for any knife work. Die he shall and must, but not till sunset, when there can be no chance of the act being seen."

With this decision the crew grumblingly acquiesced, for they felt a principle of revenge against Charles Hargrove, which had not before animated them.

By a singular perversity of reasoning, which is very common indeed, they now considered themselves quite justified as antagonists of their unhappy passenger, in putting him to death, because he made an appeal to the English vessel, which had it succeeded, would have placed them in no enviable position.

Quite forgetting that they were the original aggressors, and that what Charles had done was but in self-defence, they swore and cursed at him to each other as if he had been the greatest enemy they could have, and were quite prepared to inflict any painful death on him that could be thought of for his iniquity in trying to save himself from being murdered. "D—n him!" cried one; "he would have had us all hung—there's a vagabond for you."

"Ah, that he would," added another, "a wretch. He would have sworn against us, and we should have come to death all on his account. Hang me if I half liked the job before, but now I'd knock his brains out myself with all the pleasure in life."

Thus poor Charles's fate seemed sealed by the very effort he had made to save himself. The day was beginning to wane—no sail was in sight, even had he been in a state of mind to enable him to take any advantage of a chance of safety. A cool wind was sweeping over the German Ocean, and the small vessel with the murderers and their victim on board, was careering on through the lashing surge at a good rate towards the loneliest spot, and that most distant from land, in all the route from the Thames to Hambrug.

Alas! what was now to interfere to save him from such an awful fate that awaited him? What miracle was to snatch him from the hands of those murderers, who were eagerly watching the decline of day with a grim and savage satisfaction, as each moment brought nearer and nearer the time when their victim was to be brought out, far from friends, country, home, and sympathy, to die.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE WARRIOR.

Low lay the dead warrior, and broken his spear,  
The loud roar of battle no more will he hear;  
Ne'er again will he grasp the bright gleaming brand,  
Or fight 'gainst the foes of his dear native land.  
Oh, bright were his hopes when he rose on that morn,  
The perils of battle he view'd with brave scorn;  
And burning with ardour, his heart beating high,  
While glances of courage shone from his dark eye.  
To the field of dread warfare the warrior sped,  
Nor knew in an hour he would lie with the dead!  
But who is yon maiden, with dark flowing hair,  
Her garments all loose, and distracted her air?  
Who flies o'er the field at the dead of the night,  
Stooping o'er the slain like an angel of light?  
'Tis William's betrothed, who seeks to discover  
Among the dead soldiers, the form of her lover.  
At length she approached where the warrior lay,  
Stretched, mangled, and lifeless, upon the cold clay?  
And now o'er the dark field the moon brightly gleams,  
And on the red earth throws her pale quivering beams.  
"Tis William! I've found him!" the maid faintly cried,  
As she knelt on the ground by the warrior's side,  
And kiss'd his pale cheek, and clasp'd his cold hand,  
Which even in death grasp'd the hilt of his brand.  
"Oh, William! oh, William! but alas! thine ear  
No more the sweet sounds of affection can hear.  
Oh, why did I live to behold this dread sight?  
'Twas thou, curst Ambition! that lured him to fight.  
Thou fierce slaying demon! thou scourge of the world!  
And yet thy red banner will never be furled.  
O'er the hearts of vain men thou'lt hold thy dread sway,  
While proud monarchs reign, and their vassals obey."  
No more could she speak, but a faint murmuring sound  
Escaped from her lips as she fell to the ground;  
Another faint sigh the maid heaved from her breast,  
Ere her soul follow'd his to the homes of the blest.

W. S. C.

ENGLISH MUSIC.—If the music of our country does indeed possess the excellence, so fondly asserted by its numerous admirers, we might naturally expect, amid the general demand in Europe for musical entertainments, that its beauties should not be entirely neglected and unknown. But while the Italian opera has found its way over nearly the whole of Europe, and is absolutely naturalized in England, France, and Spain, our musical productions are unknown beyond the limits of their nativeshores. This, being a negative proposition, is not capable of direct proof. Michael Kelly gives an amusing account of the performance of the celebrated hunting song at Vienna, in which the discordant cries of "Tally-ho, Tally-ho," are said to have driven the emperor in indignation from the theatre, a great part of the audience also following the royal example. The ladies hid their faces with their hands, and mothers were heard cautioning their daughters never to repeat the dreadful expressions of "Tally-ho." We have ourselves heard a no less air than "Drops of Brandy," performed by a military band, stationed on the balcony of the King of Naples, on the evening of the royal birthday. The crowds enjoying the cool air on the Sta Lucia, exclaimed "Inglese, Inglese!" English, English! as this reminiscence of our countrymen was first heard. We are not aware of any other instance in which English music has been introduced upon the Continent. More such instances may undoubtedly exist; but the broad fact, that our music makes no way among other nations cannot be disputed. The judgment of the civilized world can scarcely be in error; and it is difficult for the most ardent admirer of his country's music, to account for the fact on any hypothesis which is not founded on the real inferiority of the English school.

ASSASSINATION OF KING EDWARD II.—King Edward II. was murdered in Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire, at the instigation of his queen, 21st September, 1327. She had caused him to be deposed and committed to the keeping of the Earl of Leicester, from whom he was taken and imprisoned successively at Kenilworth, Corfe Castle, and in the Castle of Bristol, whence he was removed in disguise to Berkeley Castle. On his way thither his conductor dismounted him, and for purposes of concealment, shaved his head and beard with water from a ditch; his barber telling him that cold water must serve for this time; the miserable king, looking sternly upon him, said, "that whether they would or no, he would have warm water," and shed a shower of tears. None of the monasteries adjacent to Berkeley Castle would receive his body, except Gloucester, where he was buried.



## THE COMPACT; OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## THE CONSULTATION.—A VILLAIN AND HIS DUPE.

THE bleeding from the wound in his head contributed greatly to the speedy restoration of Anderson to convalescence again, and in the course of a very few minutes he was able to open his eyes, and partake of a glass of water, which was handed to him by Meadows, who was exceedingly anxious to know what had seemed to be the provocative of so much emotion. Greatly he feared that some unlucky discovery had taken place of his share in the means which had been used to destroy the peace of Meriton and Maria Delmair, and with feverish impatience, and with some degree of trembling, he waited the restoration of Anderson to a sufficient state of rationality to answer him the questions he wished to ask.

"Where am I?" said Anderson, faintly. "Gracious Heaven! how came I here?"

"Never mind where you are, or how you came here," cried Meadows. "Tell me what has happened? Has any discovery taken place at the Delmairs?"

"A fearful one!"

"Good God! D—n it, what?"

"I have discovered that I am the veriest wretch that ever crawled the earth."

"Oh, is that all? I breathe again. How can you make such an alarming preface to such a communication? I was really afraid something was the matter."

"And is not that matter enough?"

"Certainly not. As long as the letter from York remains as it was, and as long as no discovery of its false character ensues,—a discovery which, by the bye, cannot take place, unless by some indiscretion of your own—we may consider ourselves as safe from any consequences, and as having, in perhaps the only way it could be done in, accomplished a purpose which to you was, and is, so important."

Anderson shook his head as he remarked, in a tone of great affliction,—

"True, Meadows, what was a great purpose of my soul has been accomplished. Meriton and Maria Delmair are, I believe, separated for ever, and I awoken to the knowledge, that whatever may be their sufferings, mine must for ever transcend them. I am as one who has, by a great effort of strength, pulled down a house, forgetting that by so doing he himself must be sufficiently near to be entombed among the ruins."

"Oh, indeed. That ain't a bad illustration, and puts me in mind of, what do you call him, the strong man in the Bible; but you will soon get out of this desponding mood, and once more you will rejoice at having so safely, so easily, and so pleasantly perfected a revenge against one who, with smiling malice, was building up a structure of happiness upon your destruction. Come, take a glass of wine. Wine fires us, and inspires us, you know. Drink deep, and dislodge the fiend care from your soul."

"I cannot."

"Oh, pho—pho! You may depend that the devil, remorse, is only to be exorcised by the wine cup. Care is fond of attacking an empty stomach; but fill the said stomach with generous, bubbling, and sparkling liquor, and you drown the fiend, leaving no room for others of the same kidney to take up their lodging with you. Drink—drink. Here's a toast, 'To Maria Delmair, and may she awaken to the propriety of, now that she's off with the old love, she had better be on with the new.'"

During this speech Meadows had drawn the cork from a bottle of champagne, a liquor which he had commenced drinking with fearful recklessness since he had made successful attacks upon the pocket of the unhappy Anderson. The latter could not resist the pressing invitation to partake of the sparkling, tempting beverage. True, he shook his head, and affected to decline the proffered glass; but it was a coyness not difficult to overcome, and when he had once drunk there was no trouble whatever in inducing him to continue his potations. The wine soon had a visible effect upon him. His remorse and agonised feelings vanished before its potent influence, and all the mad riotous passions of his heart rose again like demons from sleep, to hold a fearful saturnalia within and overwhelm completely the voice of reason.

"Now, how do you feel?" said Meadows. "Like a giant refreshed, eh?"

"I am better. We parted last in anger, Meadows."

"Never mind that; I leave malice and the remembrance of little misunderstandings to your highly moral, proper, and religious people. Thank God, I am above them myself, Anderson, and I am sure you are."

"I feel that I am in your power."

"No such thing. If you choose to make yourself uncomfortable because we have been engaged for your benefit in a little affair which, if discovered, would compel me to fly to the Continent, perhaps, while it would cover you, and all connected with you, with infamy and disgrace, you can—but if you make up your mind not to be uncomfortable about it, my decided impression is, that you need not be so."

"But what am I to do? What progress have I made in what was far dearer and nearer to my heart than any revenge?"

"What is that?"

"My love for Maria Delmair—a love which clings to my heart despite all contumely, all disappointments, and all circumstances that would seem calculated to quench it for ever."

"You had not such sentiments a short time since. Then you appeared to me to be convinced of the hopelessness of your pursuit of her person, and to have centred all your wishes in the procuring revenge on your rival."

"That revenge is over, and my heart returns with all the agony of disappointed love to my heart's first fond, dearest, only passion."

"It's easier to pull down than to build."

"What mean you?"

"I mean that you may provoke hatred, but you cannot provoke love. You may destroy happiness, but you cannot very well create it. The task of separating people loving each other, has, from the commencement of society, somehow or another, been easy, but it has puzzled all the philosophers to create a passion. You, surely, never proposed to yourself, as one of the results of having your rival dismissed, that the young lady should turn her attention to you as his successor?"

"I shall go mad!"

"You will do no such thing, Anderson. Take counsel and wisdom in your anger. There are as fair faces and as bright eyes as Maria Delmair's to be found."

"Do not speak to me in such a strain, but hear what I have to report to you. Meriton and I were intimately acquainted with four other persons—we six were bound together by a solemn oath to aid and assist each other in all emergencies, and under all circumstances. I am suspected of forging that letter from York by those persons. They have this day visited me, and, in addition to solemnly repudiating me and averring their intention of casting me for ever from their society—they are determined to leave no attempt untried to reunite Meriton with Maria Delmair."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. They are men of means, energy, and inexhaustible perseverance. I have a horrible presentiment that they will accomplish what they undertake, and then where is my revenge? A re-union of the now severed lovers will take place, and their joy, from a contrast with their present agony, will be but the greater; while I, abandoned by all—an outcast—a horror to every one, and to myself, am left to despair or death."

"You did not inform me," said Meadows, with a vexed look, "that there were persons who would make it their business to be so urgent in favour of Meriton."

"I did not imagine they would have taken up the case as they have. How could I suppose they would assume me guilty, and him innocent?"

"True; but still so awkward a state of things must be remedied in some way. Yet, if you keep your own counsel, a discovery of the falsity of the letter is next to impossible. The perseverance of Meriton's friends will be checked by disappointments. Are you a good shot, Anderson?"

"What mean you?"

"Just this; that it is possible to rid yourself for ever of the tormenting thought that Meriton may make his peace with Maria Delmair, by challenging him and so putting him out of the world altogether."

"He would not meet me."

"Think you he would not?"

"No; he would be advised by those very friends I have mentioned to you, not to meet me. A challenge to him would be of no avail. For my own life I care nothing; but I am convinced that, as things are at present, he would not fight. Indeed, if his own inclination prompted him to do so, those around him would take effectual measures to prevent the meeting from taking place."

"Well, then, in that case, it is of no use challenging him—at least, for a time. And now, Anderson, you may depend upon my unremitting exertions to devise plans, by which it is possible you may become even yet the favoured lover of Maria Delmair, at the same time that I save you, by every means in my power, from the consequences of what has already been done; but there is one prepossession which I think you



will consider but reasonable. If I continue to devote all my time and energies to your cause, it is but fitting I should be paid properly for so doing, although not extravagantly."

"Meadows, Meadows, you have already received from me more than sufficient to be ample payment for the assistance you have rendered me."

"Nay, now, don't be impatient; you know not what I am about to propose. It is simply this, that, as we are both in circumstances of similar danger, as regards the affair of the forged letter, we should take each of us such measures as shall ensure us against the evils of life as much as possible. Now, candidly speaking, I have some property, and I expect more; what may be the extent of your acquisitions? what now, in round numbers, are you worth?"

Anderson hesitated a moment, during which he thought to himself, "This scoundrel wants to regulate his demands upon me by the extent of my income. He wants to drive me to poverty by his insatiable avarice, but not to utter destitution, as that would defeat him in the end. I will mislead him." He then said aloud, and in a tone of affected confidence,—

"Why, to tell the truth, the utmost amount I can call my own is one hundred and twenty pounds a-year, out of which I cannot spare much."

"Certainly not—very good. I do not think I shall live long myself, as I have a consumptive tendency, and I have no relations—no friends—yourself always excepted, to whom I would wish to do any good. Now, I tell you what I will do; I will make my will, leaving you all I may possess, in the event of my death."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, yes; I am decided."

"What motive can you have? This is strange conduct, Meadows, and the very last I should have expected from you. You must be jesting, and trying but to wean my thoughts from the painful circumstances around me."

"Have you any scruples about accepting such a bequest?"

"Indeed, I have."

"Have you a consumptive tendency?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Very good. Then you will outlive me, as a matter of course; but to put an end at once to any scruples you may entertain on this subject, allow me to make another proposition which has just occurred to me. You shall make a similar will in my favour."

"I?"

"Yes. That will put an end to all conjecture about it, you know; and I shall have the pleasure of knowing that my worldly possessions would fall into the hands I should most wish to possess them without a reproach. As for present remuneration, I declare to you, that I will only apply to your pocket on exigencies. The fact is, my property is a good deal locked up just at present, and, sometimes, I am driven close for ready cash. I am glad you seem so well pleased with the proposition which I have made to you."

"But I cannot say," replied the bewildered Anderson, "that I do exactly approve of the arrangement."

"Indeed. Then, Mr. Anderson, know, that if such an arrangement be not entered into by you this day, I will write a note to Maria Delmair."

"No—no—no."

"By Heaven, I will! fully admitting—"

"Peace, peace, for God's sake; do what you will."

"Fully admitting the letter from York to be a vile fabrication from beginning to end, and exonerating Meriton from the least breath of suspicion. Then she will receive him as before, and while she smiles upon him as she never yet smiled upon him, he will feel a joy—"

"Devil!" shrieked Anderson. "Cease; do what you will, I say. Arrange what you please. I have sold myself to shame and sorrow, and must abide the conditions of the bond."

"Ah, now you speak more sensibly, and yet you take an erroneous view of the question. Now, hear the declare to you that Maria Delmair shall yet be yours."

"Dare you promise me?"

"I dare; and what I promise, it will go hard with me if I do not fulfil. Leave all to me. There is yet something, perchance, to be done in this matter, that will bring you abundant satisfaction."

"I have left the Delmairs' house."

"Indeed! That was imprudent. But never mind, you can stay here as long as you like; and, perhaps, after all, it is rather better you should be away from Carey-street, where, by-the-by, as they don't know me, I will go and take a lodging, so as to be upon the spot, and favour your interest as much as possible. If I do not bring you soon some token of hope from Maria Delmair, place no further faith in my promises, or my ability to perform them. Lend me twenty pounds, by-the-by."

The twenty pounds were lent, and before the villain Meadows that

day parted from his wretched dupe, the two wills were executed, by which he hoped to become possessed of all that belonged to the miserable man he was hunting, with a diabolical ingenuity, to destruction and to death.

When alone, a demoniac smile lighted up his countenance, and he muttered to himself:—

"Now, what a poor fool is this fellow, to be sure. Love and jealousy have driven him distracted. Well—well. He shall yet take the life of Meriton, if he wills so to do, or Meriton shall take his, which will be much better. At all events, Master Anderson, you ought to enjoy yourself, and make the most of your time in this world, for, on my soul, I cannot afford to wait long, even for your small property."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.—THE SPY UPON ANDERSON, AND THE REMONSTRANCE AND MENACES TO MEADOWS.

WHILE Anderson was thus suffering mentally the awful consequences of his iniquity, the friends of Meriton were consulting what further step could be taken to restore to him his peace of mind, and her whom he loved so truly and so devotedly.

It was a sad thing to think, that, bound as they were one to another, they should have to meet for such a purpose as this; but since the necessity occurred, they were determined to do their duty towards Meriton and themselves, by endeavouring to trace out the source of this mysterious epistle.

"I think," said Grant, "the first thing we attempt, ought to be the unravelling of the mystery attached to this letter."

"But how can we possibly do so? it is a desirable point, and an important one too," said Lechmere.

"It may be done thus," replied Grant; "and we must not mind publicity being given to our names, and then it can only be proved by inference that Meriton is innocent, and with that inference we must endeavour to do our utmost."

"But what are the means you propose for effecting this object?" inquired Bateman; "state it first, and then we shall see how far it may be made available for the object we have in view."

"It is this," resumed Grant; "the advertisement should be placed in all the morning newspapers, offering a reward to the female who wrote the letter to Meriton."

"I see but little hope of any answer to such an advertisement," said Lechmere.

"And from that want of an answer, we must draw the inference of Meriton's innocence," replied Grant.

"That might be satisfactory to us, but to no one else I fear," said Bateman; "but yet it is worth the while trying; what form have you thought of?"

"This," replied Grant; "I have thought over the matter seriously, and I have written this for the purpose."

As he said this, he drew from his pocket-book the following advertisement, which he read aloud to them.

"If the female writer of a letter, addressed to Ashley Meriton, Esq., Post-office, London, from York, will communicate her name and address to any of the undermentioned gentlemen, she shall, upon satisfactory proof being shown that she is the writer, receive from them the sum of one hundred guineas."

This was signed by Charles Lechmere, George Grant, and James Bateman.

"And now," continued Grant, "if we do not receive any answer, as I think we shall not, it will at least enable us to go to Mrs. Delmair, and inform her of all that has been done, and offer this as at least presumptive proof of Meriton's innocence."

"In default of other means, I think we had better adopt this," said Lechmere.

"Yes, that must be adopted, and means taken to secure the appearance of it to-morrow morning in all the papers; and then in a few days we shall have an excuse for troubling Mrs. Delmair."

"That is all can be done, I presume, at this moment?" inquired George Grant. "Have you thought over the plan you spoke of the last time we met?"

"That of watching Anderson?"

"Yes."

"I have; and as he knows us all so well by sight," said James Bateman, "it would be madness to attempt watching him ourselves. The only plan, therefore, would be to employ some one whom we can trust, and who is capable of doing what he is desired in a manner not to be noticed."

"Who can we obtain?" inquired Grant.

"I know of no one," said Lechmere, "whom I could trust."

"Nor I," replied Bateman.

"I dare say the landlord can," said Meriton, who had been listening



to all they had said, in moody silence, unable to offer any suggestion. "He sent me a man to deliver my letter, that might well perform such an office."

They immediately rang the bell, and when the waiter came up, they desired him to send the landlord to them, and he in a very short time appeared.

"Did you send for me, gentlemen?" said the landlord, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, we did. We have a delicate piece of business on hand, landlord," said James Bateman, "and we want an agent who can be watchful and trusted."

"Very well, gentlemen. What has he to do? I may be able to tell you of such a one, if I know what you require of him."

"It is this: we want to trace a certain person, and find out who are his associates, and where he goes to."

"I can recommend you to one, then, that will be just suited to the job," replied the landlord. "I employ him as extra, or occasional waiter, and as an odd man in a variety of ways, in which capacity he does well, having a disinclination to any regular employment."

"Then have the goodness to let him come to us immediately, as we wish him to go on his duty immediately."

With that the landlord departed, and in a few minutes more the odd man, who had shone so conspicuously as Meriton's messenger, entered the apartment with a kind of singing bow.

"Master says as how you want me, sir, about something to my advantage."

"That is as the case may," replied Bateman; "but we require a service done before you can expect to obtain any advantage from us."

"The very thing," replied the odd man, stroking his hair, "the very thing; give me a part I can shine in, and see if I won't come out like bits o' chopped lightning."

"Very well; then listen to me, and I will tell you what is required of you. But you must be cautious and hold your tongue."

"I can do both, very easily. I always was cautious, and could keep a secret better than the whale that swallowed Jonas."

"We wish you to go to the house of Mrs. Delmair, in Carey-street, and watch the motions of Mr. Anderson, who lodges there; watch where he goes to, and whom he sees, and make all kinds of inquiries relative both to him and those whom he may visit, but do not let it be known that you are following him about."

"Not for the world—it would spoil all; I should have to mizzle, and run the chance of being cooped up, if I was caught.—Oh, I think I see it!—I'll take care and have a true and particular account of all that I hear and see."

"You shall have seven shillings a day, and a sovereign when you have found out what we wish to know."

"Very well, gentlemen; I'll trot at once and take possession of Carey-street, I promise you."

With that the old man quitted the apartment, leaving the friends again in earnest conversation, relative to the affair.

"I think we have done all that can be done," said Bateman; "and in the meantime, Meriton, you must act as rationally and prudently as circumstances require."

"I act prudently," said Meriton; "can you advise me to stay from Maria, and allow so many days to elapse—and let her think that I am guilty of such an offence.—No, no; I will go and reassure her of my innocence.—She shall not —"

"Come, come, Meriton," said Bateman; "we are all striving our utmost to do all that can be done to clear your character; and slow as the process may seem to you, yet you must bide the time necessary.—What more can you say to Maria than you have said, or that we have said?—nothing,—besides, she is very ill—much too ill to see you."

"Maria ill!—so ill too!" cried Meriton, springing to his feet, "and I here. I will go to her and see her—she is dying!—I know I shall never see her more."

"Not if you make such an insane attempt as that you speak of; for, be assured, you would not be admitted—she would not see you. The affair is safer in our hands, than under your own direction; be calm, and bear your misfortunes, which are not irreparable, with equanimity."

Thus talking, they succeeded in quieting his mind, and induced him to consent to await the issue of their measures, which they were persuaded would shortly produce some kind of result. They, therefore, took leave of him, promising to call again upon him, and inform him of everything that occurred.

(To be continued in our next.)

Carefully avoid those vices that most resemble virtue, they are the most dangerous of all vices.  
Anger dieth quickly with a good man.

## THE NIGHT-WIND.

Night-Wind, that, on darkening wing,  
Away—away—

O'er the earth art hurrying—  
Thou of the dim and viewless form,  
Dread Spirit of the midnight storm,  
Stay, oh stay!

One moment stay, as thou sweep'st along;  
I would list to the wild and fearful song,  
As through the forest dark it raves,  
To wake, with thrilling shriek, the echoes from their caves.

Tell, where is thy place of rest?

Where, oh! where

Dost thou hide thy wild and stormy breast,  
To lull its fearful quiverings,  
And furl the plumes of thy shadowy wings

From the Sun's glare,

When, from his azure throne on high,  
He looks with bright and searching eye,  
And, o'er the green and g'add'ed world,

His shining rays spread out, like radiant flocks unfurled?

Dost thou rest in the silent dell,

Far, far, away,

Hid, like a treasure'd bosom spell,  
Down, down in those dark and lonely caves,  
Which all the day long the ocean laves

In sunny play;

Till Night steps out; and with shadowy hand  
Spreads her dark mantle o'er sea and o'er land?

Then forth thou com'st to thy work of death,  
And Ocean startled shrieks to feel thy fiendish breath.

Or, fearful Spirit, dost thou shroud

Thine airy form

Within a dark and floating cloud,  
O'er land and ocean hovering,  
A bodiless, mysterious thing,

A cradled storm;

Wandering all day through the ether bright,  
Or clinging to the mountain's height,  
A prison'd spell of fear and dread,

Waiting the Almighty word its darksome wing to spread?

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed to the Editor (post-paid) will meet with immediate attention.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT (W. M. W.) will excuse us for asking if his proffered communications are gratuitous.

A. M. A.—When our friend is informed that "The Wandering Jew" has just issued from our office, complete for 1s., he will see the impossibility of its being reprinted in the MISCELLANY. Mr. Love is the agent.

W. S. C.—The MSS. were not lost. "The Flight" is accepted, and the three pieces shall appear in our forthcoming numbers.

J. KING.—We are obliged for your offer of the original tales, but, as we happen to know the source from whence they were procured, we will not trouble with for the remainder.

E. Y. (Manchester).—We should like to see a further sample of "Arthur Fitzhugh," before a decided answer is given.

J. W. (Westminster).—"Love and Thee" is accepted; "Solitary Stanzas" we beg respectfully to decline. The MS. shall be preserved for the present.

ADAM BURNS, and others.—Did our friends ever read the fable of "The Old Man and his Ass?"

Accepted.—"To the Memory of E. F. M.," "The Dying Girl to her Lover," "Epigram," "I think of Thee," "Dirge for a Young Girl," and "The Woodman's Homeward Reflections."

W. E. LAMBERT.—"The Well of St. Marie" is very acceptable; the others not less so.

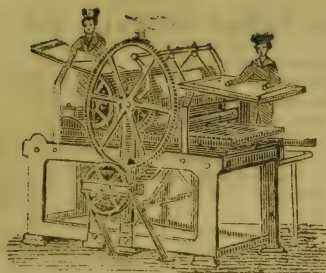
Declined with thanks.—"The Foundling," "The Unlucky Anglers," and "The Mother's Grave."

Received.—No. 2, "Reminiscences," by Selia.

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# LLOYD'S WEEKLY



# PENNY MISCELLANY

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL INTEREST.

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## FIRST LOVE.

It was a bright, clear morning in August. The sun was intensely hot, and London-bridge and its numerous wharfs were in a fever of excitement, caused by the departure of the steam-packets to Margate and Ramsgate. The bell was tolling loudly for the departure of the Royal William, and in due time ceased. The ropes were loosened, and it was on the point of departing, when the cry of "two more to come" caused the engines to stop, and two persons leaped into the vessel.

The one was a girl, pretty, lively, and good-humoured—the other was a young man, rather stoutly built, with bright blue eyes, and an open and expressive countenance. His features were large, yet one glance could detect the relationship between the two, and every one must pronounce them to be brother and sister.

"There, Sophia," exclaimed the brother, "If you had had your own way, Margate would not have seen us to-night."

"Neither should we have seen Margate, had I not said that the time was passing more quickly than you thought," retorted Sophia, with an arch look.

"Sophia, Sophia," he said; "always wrong, and yet always right, in your own opinion; always late, and yet taking the merit of being early on your own shoulders."

"No, George—not always late," said Sophia, reproachfully.

"Never mind," said George; "we are not too late—that is some comfort."

On the steamer went, puffing for breath, and seeming to say, "it must give up," yet keeping on—on—on, until their destination is reached. On it went, bidding defiance to the contrary wind, and fighting with the flowing tide. On it went, unceremoniously throwing up the water, and treating it with rude indifference, and never pausing to apologise. Margate was gained at last, and George and his sister went laughingly along to look for lodgings.

They soon obtained them in a very nice situation opposite the sea, and being comfortably installed, they sat down before the open window. A low musical voice on the stairs, singing a merry tune, aroused them from the silent state into which each had fallen, and a beautiful girl bounded from the street door, followed by a youth about fifteen.

"What a beautiful creature!" cried Sophia, as the girl stood with eyes upturned to the drawing-room window.

"Theresa is not in any hurry," said the girl; "but we will not waste our time," and they walked up and down the terrace, waiting for their aunt and their cousin.

"They are the drawing-room people, I suppose?" said George, and at this moment another girl appeared, somewhat older than the first.

"Fanny," she said, "how tiresome it is of you—surely it does not require so much patience to wait until your aunt is ready?"

Fanny soon smoothed the angry look upon the brow of her cousin, and they ran up stairs together.

George listened anxiously for her coming, and when they all appeared and wended their way together, he watched them down the terrace, and felt inexpressibly anxious for their return. But Sophia expressed a wish to see some part of the town, and so they sauntered out.

They had not proceeded far when they encountered their fellow lodgers. Fanny was laughing heartily, and looked so pretty that George determined at once to make her acquaintance; but no opportunity occurred for some days.

However, being caught in a pouring shower, George and Sophia made the best of their way home, and they found that Fanny had also been

overtaken, and was standing on the footstep waiting for Theresa, her cousin.

This was an opportunity not to be lost, and George put his head out of the parlour window, and spoke to her.

"Are you going to venture out again?" he asked. "It looks very much as though it would rain."

"It does, indeed," she replied; "but I cannot help going forth once more, despite the wind and weather."

"You are very rash," said George, shaking his head.

"I cannot resist the temptation," said Fanny.

"Sophia and I have been roaming on the sands, trying to find some shells, but we could not get many."

"I am sure you could not—I have had good experience of that," said Fanny.

"They tell me we must go three miles along the sands before we can obtain any."

"Yes," cried Fanny, laughing, "and when you get there they will tell you to go three miles farther."

The arrival of Theresa put an end to their conversation, and bidding her good morning, George popped his head in again.

The ice was broken, and George felt quite satisfied with himself, and Fanny with George. She thought him a very nice creature, indeed—and so he was.

The jetty was Fanny's favourite spot, and thither George Backnell often repaired.

Sophia and Theresa became greatly attached to each other, whilst Fanny's heart became entangled in the meshes of love never to be released.

Oh, what delight, and yet what anxiety, is attendant upon love—how many doubts and fears—what dreams by day and sleepless nights! Love!—what a wayward thing thou art!—how unjustly thou distributest thy favours—how often do you take possession of some gentle heart to blight and wither it—how often do you tear the breast, and raise fond hopes to crush them in their early bud; and then, again, it brings the source of every happiness; it nestles in the breast, and rests there in quietness and tranquillity, spreading nought but peace around. May it be so with our gentle heroine. But we must not anticipate.

Time passed on—how speedily it flies when with those we love, and how tardily when we wish it past—time flew on, and George Backnell was forced to return home. He wished Sophia to remain, but she would not, and the time of parting was near at hand.

They stood upon the pier, and the bell was already tolling which warned him it was time to say farewell. He held her hand in his—her eyes were cast down, and her cheek was paler than was its wont. He was gone—he had said that cruel word good-bye!

Good-bye!—how much there is in that word, and yet often how little—how often it is breathed in careless tones to one for whom we care nothing; and again, how often it is the last word of a broken heart.

Good-bye!—the child upon its deathbed stretches forth its little arms, and twining them around its mother's neck, lips forth the word good-bye! The sailor, leaving his native land—perhaps never to return—mounts up the rigging of the ship, and, waving his hat in the air, cries, in a stout, hearty voice, good-bye! and then descending, wipes his hand across his eyes to hide the starting tear. There is no shame in the tear which issues from a noble heart.

The murderer clasps his suffering wife to his breast, and tearing wildly at his hair, calls upon her name with all the frantic energy of despair, but as they tear her from his grasp, his hands fall powerless by



his side, and those lips which never before were opened but to use vile words, breath forth the simple but eloquent word good-bye!

The maiden, when she parts from him who is the dearest tie to earth, pronounces that same word good-bye, with many others; but the last—the last is sure to be goodbye!

The convict buries his face in his hands, and bidding the children that are clinging around him to depart, cries, "Go—go—go—good-bye!" Good-bye is in every tongue, from the highest to the lowest. It expresses at once what volumes could not tell. Good-bye!

He was gone, and Fanny waved her hand, and smiled, or tried to smile, for her face disclosed the feelings of her heart; he was gone, without one word of love, although she felt he liked her. On her return home Theresa placed in her hand a beautiful book; the colour rose in her cheeks as she asked from whence it came, though her heart told her it was from George.

"It is from Mr. Backnell," said Theresa, and, on opening it, she found her name written in his handwriting. Often, when alone, she pressed that writing to her lips. Oh! what a consolation 'tis when the one we love is far away, to have something, however small, which tells of him—to look at it brings up old thoughts of him. It seems but yesterday that we were together; every word, every thought, every action, rises before us, though years may have intervened since we parted. What a long week the coming one seemed to Fanny, and yet it passed; and, it being a wet and dreary evening, she sat before the window at work, gazing every now and then upon the scene before her. The Canterbury coach came hurrying past; and, looking towards it, she perceived some one from the inside waving his hand. One glance and it was past. "That was Mr. Backnell," whispered Theresa.

"So I thought," Fanny replied; but the evening rolled on, and they saw nothing of him, and the next day Fanny's eyes were everywhere; still she saw him not, and a week having elapsed, the time for their return to London drew nigh. How many bitter tears poor Fanny shed on nearing the town where they had first met! London was all bustle and confusion; the carts went rattling through the crowded streets; vehicles of every sort went labouring along, and one amongst them brought Fanny Daventry to her home. Oh! with what a heavy heart she gazed upon the scenes which she had been accustomed to view from her infancy; friends came around her, and pressed her hand, and welcomed her to her home, that home which now seemed dreary and desolate; there was nothing at home to remind her of him; there was nothing he had admired, nothing he had spoken of, nothing they had viewed together, no flower which he had tended—and Fanny's heart yearned to return to Margate. Her gay laugh no longer sounded on the ear like music; her merry voice no longer cheered their merry circle; a hectic flush visited the cheek, which was once endowed with the glow of health, and they knew that she was dying; their medical attendant advised change of air, and at length told them that nothing but the pure air of Italy could save the drooping girl; but this she would not listen to—life had no tie for her, and she would leave it without a fear or regret.

One day, when Theresa had been out, she came home with a more joyous expression on her countenance than it had worn for some time, and, having seated herself beside Fanny, she broke the news that she had seen George Backnell, and he was coming to her in the evening. The excitement was almost too much for her exhausted frame, and she looked infinitely worse when George arrived. He looked pale and thin, and had been ill, he said. They were about to part, and Fanny's hand was in his. "You will come and see me again," she said, "soon, too, or I may never see you again."

"Speak not thus," he cried; "we shall meet again, Fanny; you must not die; live for my sake, love; do not render life a burden to one, who loves you as devotedly as man can love," he pressed her hand, and its pressure told more than words could tell.

"You love me?" said Fanny; "then, indeed, is life worth possessing."

They begged him to leave her, for her strength was failing her, and she faltered.

"If Italy can save her," said George to Mrs. Daventry, "why should we leave the only things of any avail undone?"

He added a great deal more, which ended in George's proposing what he so much desired,—namely, that he should accompany her, as her husband. This proposal was readily agreed to by Mrs. Daventry, and everything was prepared for the wedding; Fanny looked delicate, but not the less lovely, on the day on which she gave her hand to her first, her only love, George Backnell. The calm air of Italy soon recovered her, and she returned to her home restored to health, and happy in her husband's affection; thus the visit to the pretty town of Margate, instead of being the cause of blighting her young heart, proved the source of the happiness she experienced in after life.

Weymouth, Devonshire.

FANNY DONAGAN.

## THE COMPACT;

OR, FIRST AND LAST.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER LXV.

THE SPY.—THE STATE OF CAREY-STREET AND ITS INHABITANTS.—THE DISCOVERY.

THE man who had been employed especially to watch the motions of Anderson set about his work immediately, and, wrapping himself up in a great coat, he walked straight to Carey-street, and there stationed himself—keeping a very sharp look-out upon the house in which the Delmairs lived.

Now, Carey-street is a very quiet locality—there is very little change in life or in amusement; indeed, those who live there are compelled either to quit their houses in search of it, or else they shut themselves within doors, and find it among themselves, for nothing beyond a badly-constructed barrel-organ ever enlivened Carey-street.

In the heat of summer it is more uncomfortable than can be imagined, for the tall houses on either side imbibe the heat like the walls of an oven, and thus, by radiation, affect the atmosphere when all other places are cool.

In the winter, Carey-street has the same amount of disagreeables, though of a different character; it being east and west, it is swept by the east winds, and is perpetually cold and dry.

Disagreeable, sombre, and mean, from one end of the street to the other, a more likely locality for suicide in November could not have been picked out from all London.

After an hour had passed away, the odd man began to grow weary, and yawned.

"This won't do," he muttered; "I mustn't get tired already; there's nothing but shabby lawyers' clerks to be seen, and what's especially aggravating is, they think themselves gentlemen, and I know they ain't—they ain't even a relation to one—nobody's so low and so astonishingly cunning as a lawyer's clerk, that's well known. I know it, and everybody knows it, and yet I'll go bail they don't believe it. I'd sooner be an odd man at an hotel any day than be one of them ere things that's born on purpose to wear other people's clothes."

With this consoling reflection, he gave himself a shake or two, and composed himself to watch with still greater vigilance than before. Comparing his condition with the people whom he saw, he believed he had much to congratulate himself upon, and this gave him such spirits, and so much content, that he never flagged till another hour had passed over his head. And as the inn clock chimed the hour, he again gave a great yawn, and another shake, accompanied by a stamping of the feet and a change of position.

"This is dull work, and ain't half so amusing as waiting at table, I'm blessed if it is," said he, somewhat impatiently. "I am quite as tired of waiting for what mayn't happen as I should be a waiting till the plum stone became a tree and bore good fruit."

"Well, it's all in the day's work, but I'm blowed if this ain't a quiet job—here's nobody stirring—nobody moving—save some few people as ain't of no account at all in the scale of society. I wonder what's going on at the Plough?"

As the thought of this crossed his mind, he looked in the direction of the house he named—he could just see it, and then came the thought he was very thirsty, and the thought eventually begot the fact, and he determined to seek the means of satisfying his desires.

"They didn't say anything about not eating and drinking upon my watch; besides, if they did, they couldn't mean me to go without—'cause I can't do so, no how; so here goes for a half-pint or kivertern, I don't care which."

As he said this he made a dart across the way and entered the Plough public-house, where he treated himself to a mixture of beer and gin, over which he appeared especially choice, and when he had finished it, which he did in an incredible short space of time, he again returned to the spot he had just quitted, and was congratulating himself upon the dexterity with which he had performed this feat, when he was startled by the sound of the shutting of a street door.

Turning round and looking in the direction of the Delmairs' house, he saw, to his consternation, that there was man and a truck standing opposite the door.

"Now, who could a' thought it?" he muttered. "I only jist turned my back to get a little moisture, and there's sure to be something always a' happening. It's very provoking—I'm sure it's done on purpose. But I'll go and see what it's all about, however—come what may."



So saying, he moved from the spot he had been standing on, and walked towards the truck, the man being seated on one end of it.

"Well, what now?" said the spy. "How's business, eh?"

"Pretty well, I thank ye. How are you?—the same, or a turn or two better? It's a sharp day this."

"I should say it was uncommon sharp. Why, you are like an east wind, you are, and would cut anybody in two. You've an extra hedge to-day, anyhow."

"Nothing particular. I ain't often so, but you get in the way of it."

"Oh, that was it—was it?" exclaimed the odd man. "Who lives here?"

"Mrs. Delmair," replied he with the truck. "Keeps lodgings."

"Oh, you've brought somebody, I suppose?" said the odd man, inquiringly.

"No, I ain't."

"Come to fetch some one?" inquired the odd man.

"No, I ain't."

"Short and sweet, certainly. But how do you make out your riddle? I give it up, and expect you ain't able to tell yourself."

"Yes, I am, though," replied the man.

"Out with it, you aggravating know-nothing sort o' wagabone."

"I come, then, for some boxes and other matters," said the man, looking very knowing. "I come for Mr. Anderson's things. He's gone away, and he wants his things to go with him."

"Well, that is clever," said the spy, approvingly. "I never heard a better."

"I think you won't very often."

"No, nor in any place round about here, I'll warrant. But have you to go very far with the load?"

"No; only into the Fields. He's going to live allke along a somebody else. Two on 'em has chambers, together you know, and that's how they do it."

"Can I lend you a hand? It may be some coppers in my way, you know."

"You may come, if you like, but I don't think it's any use; for the gentleman as sent me was more mad and furious than ever I saw any one in my life."

"You don't mean —"

"Hush, hush!—here they come."

As the man spoke the street-door opened, and a servant appeared, who called his attention to a collection of boxes and trunks, which they both began to pack upon the truck, with a great deal of care and surprise.

"These all?" inquired the fellow.

He was answered, "Yes," and the door was shut; and then they both moved off to Lincoln's-inn-Fields, on the west side, and were quickly before the house. It was one of those large buildings that occupy this spot, and are divided into floors and sets of chamber, of a handsome and roomy character.

The spy assisted to carry the trunks up stairs, and he saw, on a handsome brass-plate on the door, the name of Meadows, and into this set of chambers he carried his barthen, and coolly deposited his load, and then gazed around him with the utmost degree of indifference.

"This will do," he muttered to himself—"this will do. I think I see the sovereign, and should like to earn another as easily as I have this one."

Pleased with these thoughts, he walked down stairs, and said to the man with whom he came,—

"Are you sure that Muster Anderson is going to live here?"

"Yes; I have been told so, and have seen him here. But what is that to you? You can't have anything to do with it."

"Oh, dear, no; only it's much better than the place he came from."

"I dare say; but wait till I have come down, and then I'll see if we can't have a pint."

"Go a-head," said the odd man; and he did, to get his hire, and they both adjourned to some neighbouring house; after which they parted on good terms.

"Now," thought the odd man, "I have it all afore me. I'll go to Muster Bateman, and tell him all I knows; and if that doesn't do, I'll try something else."

Filled with these thoughts, he made the best of his way to James Bateman's abode, with the intention of communicating the facts he had learned.

## CHAPTER LXVI.

THE PROGRESS OF THE DESTROYER.—MARIA'S FEELINGS AS REGARDED MERITON.—A MOTHER'S GRIEF.—THE APPEAL AND THE REPLY.

FERRELL Meadows, like many other unscrupulous villains who combine some iniquitous career, was hardly himself prepared for the

lengths to which he had, by his pernicious counsels, hurried poor, miserable, infatuated Anderson. There can be but very little doubt that the unexpected progress of circumstances will often carry a man much further in any particular line of conduct than ever he anticipated going in the first instance, when his thoughts tended towards that direction.

Hence Meadows, who in all human probability, in the first instance looked upon Anderson as the foolish dupe, who, under the influence of a disappointment of the heart, as it is termed, would turn a few pounds into his pocket while the man lasted, and cut his acquaintance as soon as cool judgment reassumed its empire in his breast, found himself, unexpectedly, personally and seriously involved—not that he had in any unguarded moment allowed himself to suggest the forged letter from York without being aware of the consequences of detection; but he had never calculated upon the whole affair producing so very serious an effect upon Anderson as to engulf his reason in the manner it had done, and render him scarcely master of his own thoughts or actions.

Meadows was acute enough to know that legal consequences there were none as regarded the letter from York, even if the facts connected with it had become well known, because it is no offence at law to write an anonymous letter, or to append a fictitious name to an epistle, always provided the said epistle contain nothing illegal in itself—no threat, no statement calculated to injure another party in his or her financial department, the law taking no cognisance of the soft sensibilities of wounded hearts, and allowing Tom Stiles to jilt John Nokes of his sweetheart, by any lie, or complication of lies, he, the aforesaid Tom Stiles, in the redundancy of his wicked and diabolical imagination, may think of and give utterance to.

But society has laws of its own, which, although not to be found among the statutes at large, are still tolerably effective in many cases. Hence Mr. Meadows did tremble when he found that Anderson was really in such a state of mind that he was not to be depended upon at all, so far as discretion was concerned in keeping the secret which would, if known, affect him so seriously, and probably bring down upon him, Meadows, the most disagreeable consequences, in the shape of, perhaps, some diabolical horse-whipping, for which, under all the circumstances, a jury might award him one farthing damages, were he bold enough to bring his action.

He saw that rage and remorse were struggling together in the breast of Anderson, and with an oath he told himself,—

"Some day that fellow, confound him, in a fit of the sentimentals, will confess everything, and leave me to bear the brunt of the affair, and then where am I? No more attacks upon his pocket, and perhaps those I have made construed into procuring money unlawfully, and very likely a thick stick laid over my back by Meriton, assisted, for all I know, by all those d—d fellows who have sworn to stick by each other through thick and thin. D—n it, I don't know a minute when such things may be in train, for Anderson is as mad as a March hare and a very little would make him cut his throat after having a written confession of the whole affair. It's remarkably true that I have not much character to lose, but then that only makes what I have the more valuable to me; and I really have not made enough by this affair to defy comfortably any exposure connected with it."

These thoughts had passed through the mind of Mr. Meadows before his last interview with Anderson, and induced him to alter his mode of proceeding with him. The policy of the villain had no doubt been to get Anderson into such a condition that he should be in constant dread of a revelation of circumstances on the part of Meadows, which should cover him with disgrace; and as a condition of secrecy with regard to the means which had been used to separate Maria Delmair and Meriton, he, Meadows, fully intended to make himself an irregular snail-shell upon Anderson's resources; the irregularity to consist in his attacks upon his victim's purse being far oftener made than on quarter days, and being regulated by his wants and circumstances, rather than by any previously arranged scale.

Now, however, instead of finding himself in the comfortable position, to him, of having a tolerably well-to-do young man in such constant dread of him, that he dare not refuse him money to the extent of his resources, whenever it should be applied for, he, Meadows, had become terrified at the condition to which Anderson had been reduced, and saw clearly that an end must soon come to the whole affair in some way or another.

Hence, after mature consideration, he determined to procure from Anderson the will, bequeathing the whole of his property to his friend Meadows, and then to do all he could to provoke a duel between Anderson and Meriton, which, if it proved fatal to the former, would at once place him, Meadows, in possession of the property, and, if fatal to the latter, would force Anderson to fly from England, and prevent for ever his making peace with Maria Delmair, or the friends of Meriton, by a disclosure of the then comparatively unimportant affair of the letter from York.

If fatal to neither of them, it would at least have the effect of widening



ing the breach between them, and rendering any confessions and explanations extremely unlikely; for with what face could Anderson, after aiming at the life of the man he had injured, turn round to him and say,—

"Well, I cannot kill you; so now I will explain to you what an outrageous rascal I have been in all this affair."

Taking all things, then, into consideration, Mr. Meadows thought himself tolerably clever in the arrangements he now projected, and had partly executed, although he certainly had no conception of such things when first he looked upon Anderson as the love-sick young man who, while the mania lasted, would become the easy dupe of any one who would take the trouble to turn him to a profitable account.

How far he succeeded in his ultimate rascally resolve, we shall see as our narrative proceeds, lamenting, as we do so, that one villain, such as Meadows, should have the opportunity of producing so much misery, where there should have been so much happiness.

Willingly, although sadly, we turn from Meadows, and a consideration of the disgraceful arts he had used for the severing of two fond and attached hearts, to the solitary Maria, in whose breast there was now a void which he felt could never be again filled, and for whom life had now lost its dearest, best charms, in the loss of that confidence in the one loved object which would have cast a halo of excellence and beauty around all humanity.

But had she, indeed, cast Meriton entirely from her heart of hearts?—or did his memory, and the echo of the tender words he had spoken to her, still linger around the shrine he had worshipped but to win? Did she still cherish, even in the moments when gentleness seemed turning to loathing, the remembrance of that love which, for so brief a space, had lent its magic beauty to her heart, and clothed all objects in the glorious robes of romance?

Ah! no. The heart which once has felt the soft elysium of feeling which first love imparts to it, can never, let what changes time or tide may effect upon all else, forget, or wholly efface, the much-cherished impression which the master feeling has made upon all that is bright, all that is beautiful, serene, and holy in the mind.

To say that Meriton was still dear to Maria Delmair, would be probably to say too much; but to say that he was forgotten, or that her love for him had changed to hate, would be likewise to go to an extreme that the condition of her feelings would not warrant. No; she rather mourned for him than despised him: she rather shed abundance of tears that he should be unworthy, than one framed in censure upon his unworthiness.

Moreover, instead of recovering, as her mother fondly and fallaciously hoped she would, from the shock which a knowledge of Meriton's supposed atrocious conduct had given her, she evidently grew worse, and her strength daily decreased, while floods of tears would occasionally gush from her eyes, and every look and every action spoke fearfully to the presumption that she but lingered on the verge of eternity for a brief space, ere she bade the world adieu, and rejoined the stars.

How long poor Maria, had all gone smoothly and happily in her love, would have kept at bay the fell destroyer, consumption, which ever picks out the fairest flowers in Nature's garden, on which to breathe desolation and death, it is impossible to say; but certain it is no one could have calculated upon the extraordinary and rapid change which now, since her knowledge of the supposed and apparent perfidy of Meriton, had ensued.

Each day saw her much worse, and even Mrs. Delmair, who, from her constant association with her, might be supposed less to notice the gradual change that was taking place in her countenance, wept in secret, as each morning she became fearfully cognisant of it.

She could not conceal from herself the dreadful supposition that her darling child was dying; and, although she would not go so far as to say that her death would be the result of a broken heart, yet she blamed Meriton most bitterly, and with such reproaches, as would have well nigh driven him mad, innocent as he was, had he heard them, for being most certainly the proximate cause of the dreadful scene which she felt could not be far distant, and a belief in the near approach of which she had confirmed by the physician, who, however indignant he was at the supposition that his patient could be foolish enough to take a love affair to heart, never ventured to dispute the dangerous and alarming character of her indisposition, but repeatedly told Mrs. Delmair to prepare herself for the worst that could happen.

Mrs. Delmair would not for some time mention Meriton's name to Maria, a fact which the latter was not slow to perceive; and in her own gentle way, she said, while there was a sad languor about her voice that made it most painful for any one who loved her to listen to its soft cadences,—

"Mother, you think I would forget him—Meriton, I mean—ah, no! would rather forget that he was ever any other than my fancy pictured me—the soul of honour, and one worthy of the love of such a heart

as mine, which, like some poor fluttering bird, once taken rudely from the spot it loves, must perish. Speak of him, mother. Invent some excuse for him, if you will, so that I may let my mind travel back past the evening when that dreadful letter spoke such dreadful words, and please myself by fancying what he then was to me, forgetting for a time what he now is."

"My darling, who can excuse him? The heartless, pitiless——"

"Hush, mother—hush! Can you think that he is happy? let not us judge him. God help him, when I am gone! God forgive him! and if he will give one tear to my memory, let that blot out the record of his perfidy."

"My child, can you forgive him?"

"Yes—yes; most freely. I wish he had not told me he loved me; but, oh, mother, you do not know how those words sounded in my ears, and what a world of new and beautiful feelings sprung up within me. I fancied some new and strange existence had begun. My past life assumed but the dim aspect of some dull, half-remembered dream. I forgot you, I forgot Heaven, and I am punished."

"No, my darling; say not so. The feelings God gave you, he would never punish you for praising. But I cannot speak of him—of Meriton, and look upon your pale face the while. No—no. God forgive him! I can say; but I cannot pretend to forgive him myself."

"Oh, yes. Forgive him; we cannot read human hearts; who knows what extenuation he might offer."

"My child—my child! do not speak so. You would not surely excuse him? You would not see him?"

"See him!" said Maria, with a shudder. "No—no. I shall never look upon his face again. I would not see him. I wish to think of him as what he was, not to see him as what he is. I would remember his beaming smiles when I believed them light from Heaven. I would not see him now with the consciousness of guilt clouding his brow, and sitting in awful judgment on his face. No—no. Mistake me not; I cannot hate him—I forgive him. Perhaps, I love him still; but we have parted for ever—for ever."

She burst into a flood of tears as she spoke, and it was long before Mrs. Delmair could calm her, and not until she had sunk into a deep sleep, that she ceased the deep sobs that came from her heart.

She slept for many hours, and her mother, with tearful eyes, hung over her couch, only repressing her own painful emotions, lest she should disturb the slumbers of her child. And Heaven was pleased to compensate during those slumbers for some of the waking misery that gentle heart endured; for even while the mother, with saddened heart, was gazing through her tears upon the fair, delicate face of the sleeper, there broke over it such a smile of happiness, that it was like a sudden gleam of sun-light into the dreary darkness of a dungeon.

"My Meriton," she said faintly, and then the smile faded away, and all was still again.

Mrs. Delmair knelt by the bed-side; she hid her face in her hands, and with suppressed sobs and falling tears, she prayed for her child—her beautiful—her good—her gentle—only child. Oh, God! what dreadful feelings shook that mother's heart, as the past, when she for whom she prayed was a happy child, and first learned at her knees to lispen a prayer to Heaven, came across her memory, embittering the present by the too bright picture of that which had rolled down the stream of time, never to return.

Then, a heavy knock upon the outer door awoke a dismal echo in the house, and Mrs. Delmair rose to listen, while, with a faint scream, Maria awoke from her dream of bliss.

(To be continued in our next.)

## COME IN THY BEAUTY.

Adown in the vale, where the clear aspens quiver,  
And nightingales sing in the silence of night,  
While Dian illumines the calm glassy river,  
Come meet me this eve by her love-aiding light.

Then come in thy beauty, but come alone, dearest,  
And I my warm passion will breathe to thee there,  
And press on thy lips, with devotion sincerest,  
The seals of my love which no time can impair.

With softest of fetters our spirits, united,  
Shall never know change, though the world may reprove;  
And blest in each other, delighting, delighted,  
Each day that glides over us will add to our love.

Conceit, in many instances, operates more powerfully than things themselves, in their full force, could do. Numberless are the women it keeps warmer than their covering; numberless are the men it freezes in the midst of warmth.



# CLANAWLY.

## A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILES GLEN," &c.

(Continued from our last.)

The language of the feeble old woman which began jestingly, ended with a very serious cadence; nor could they tell how such incoherent words had taken up their attention so interestingly. Whilst silence pervaded the domestic scene, a fearful sound of prolonged yells and roars came clearly down the wide chimney, and awakened them all to horror. They gazed at each other fearfully and in speechless terror, when one of the strangers hastened out to the door, and looked out.

"My God! oh!" he exclaimed, "how will this end?"

"What—what—what!" roared the old man, staggering out to meet the other, or see what he meant.

"The village above is all in a blaze!" cried the stranger.

"Oh! what did you think of that fellow?" said the other traveller, joining his companion at the door.

"Whom we left at the gate?"

"Yes—that unaccountable—I could not speak to him—something, by Heavens! forbid me, and I could not tell what."

"I begin now to suspect him—not till now."

"Was he an Irishman?" demanded the man of the house:

"Yes," answered one of the strangers.

"And would not come in with you?"

"No—he refused."

"Then," said the old man, "he was a villain, you may protest."

"I am sure of it," cried both travellers.

"You are better go on," said the old man, "and take up your lodgings in the fields; as for me, I shall perish in the flames, and send my dying scream of a burning death to the throne of vengeance."

"Could we be of any help in defending you?"

"No, no, no—go and save your lives—I will be the next—go on, and God direct your footsteps."

"Leave the house, my dear man, also; and do not wait to be burned to death. For the sake of God, come along with us, and we will die to protect your grey hairs."

"No—no, I will perish in my father's house!"

They left the door with melancholy bodings, and turned a little out of the straight road towards the village. They said a few words upon the seeming treachery of the young man whom they met, and their good fortune in not following his advice, by proceeding along with him. Whilst thus they conversed, the time fled, and they were beginning to forget the old man and his dangerous condition, when a bright glare illumined the canopy, extending from behind them quite over their heads. Instantly turning round, they beheld the farm-house which they had quitted enveloped in flames, and heard the screams of its inmates distinctly, as they were only a short way off, and above it on the hill.

Every shout of "Heavens!" "fury!" and "murder!" reached their ears, until the fire became triumphant, and in its rage stifled those voices too excessively agonized to be of lengthened duration.

"Another night under the canopy of Heaven," said one,

"Another weary night, and another delirious morning!" exclaimed his fatigued companion.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A MYSTERIOUS DILEMMA.

THE stranger, who was left by his younger companion so suddenly, remained all that night at the farm-house, and was kindly detained at the morning for breakfast, before recommencing his journey. He entered upon his pursuit quite deliberately, without shewing the least timidity at the troublesome state of the country, like a man used to warfare and civil commotions. Wishing the people every blessing he could articulate, he set out towards the Bogga mountains, fully resolved to accomplish the greater portion of his walk before night approached.

It was a raw morning, the frosty fog coating the ground with a white mantle, and rendering respiration difficult.

"And it is a dangerous morning," said he to himself, "for I must certainly lose my way, not acquainted with the windings of the paths and bad roads; and were I given to alarm, I might be uneasy lest I should fall in with the enemy."

"There is one thing," he continued, "if I pursue a descent to its bottom and an ascent to its summit, I must be progressing, and I will accordingly press forward as fast as I am able."

The red face of the sun, as it rose above the denser atmosphere, now

began to appear, whilst sudden clouds of fog occasionally blotted it out; but it soon became ascendant, and the mist sunk closer and closer to the ground, until at length from an eminence he beheld it confining its masses to the valleys, like a vast white ocean, the hills appearing like so many islands amidst the snowy waste.

Onward he pressed, invigorated by sound rest and wholesome refreshment; nor did he pause, nor look out of his direct road, until he entered the rugged activities of the Bogga, where his pace slackened, and he had to change his movement to a progress more suitable to the nature of the ground over which he journeyed.

When he arrived about the middle of the mountains, he perceived two persons slowly advancing before him, and from their fatigued appearance he judged that he should pass them by, even were his pace much slower. Tired of journeying alone, he was satisfied to accommodate his motion to theirs, and make companions of them for the remainder of the day, which was drawing to a close. He soon came up with them, and showing himself friendly to their seeming interests, formed that intimacy arising from such accidental meetings.

One of the travellers said to his companion, "Probably you are right; but we will soon find out."

"Were you the young man we left at the gate of the farm-house last night?"

"No—I never saw you before."

The man who asked the question looked doubtingly at his companion, whilst a smile of contempt settled on his mouth.

"You did not meet us last night?"

"Never met you before?"

"Did you not sleep at Kilcrea Abbey the night before last?"

"I did indeed—that was the place."

"How well I told you," remarked the other man, who, heretofore, observed silence, now speaking for the first and only time.

"You were in company with another person?"

"I was—but he mysteriously disappeared; that is, he went out of the house where I stopped, and I did not see him since."

"Did you not see the lights which the marauders kept up to guide their burning fiends?"

"No—I never saw them."

"Was the village on fire, before you arrived at it; or did you know that it was going to be set on fire, and endeavoured to seduce us into the midst of the flames?"

"What village?" demanded the young man, whilst a scarlet blush of indignation covered his face.

"The village," roared the other, mistaking the change of colour for an evidence of guilt; "the village, into which you nearly had brought us by your wily endeavours!"

"I do not understand you—you must be mistaken."

"You are not to my liking at all events, as to appearance and tone of voice; and I am of opinion that you have intercourse with the English, and are probably in their service."

"I never served the English, nor—"

"The fellow, last night," said the other, staring his mark into an assurance that himself was the person meant, "curst the English, and called them by the worst of names—worse than I would call them—and he assisting them by might and main."

"It must be somebody else, and you are mistaken."

"I tell you what—you never shall deceive us again, or else your ghost will continue to perform posthumous services."

The young man trembled, as he caught the dreadful stare of the speaker, and became further alarmed when he perceived the silent and sullen acquiescence of the other traveller.

"I do not see what further proof we can have of your guilt, necessary to detecting you. We heard your voice last night, as you watched us along the glen, when you were, I suppose, looking out from the lights; we met you again, when you wanted to persuade us into fiery destruction; we now again meet you, since we have escaped so far, that you may betray—"

Stopping short, he exclaimed, "By Heavens! you shall die!"

"Die!" echoed his companion, with clenched teeth.

"No mercy?" demanded the young man, "from my own countrymen no mercy? The Spaniards would not treat me so—"

"Stop—stop," cried the other traveller, arresting his companion's arm, which brandished a long thirsty-looking skene.

"How will I stop?" demanded the other.

"I remember—I remember all! I see it all now—it is right enough. This is the man who accompanied our young traitor—the man who, he stated, served in the Spanish army—"

"On his way to the castle M'Auliff," interrupted the other.

"Yes—yes—man, remember."

"I know it all now—thank God, for the discovery."

Joy beamed in the stranger's countenance.

"I knew you were wrong," he simply said.



"We are wrong, and I ask your pardon for my wilful haste; but men in our desperate state of peril are almost akin to madmen, and stand excused for their defensive enormities."

"I acknowledge your right to defend yourselves at all risks, and my error at not entering into a fuller explanation of my circumstances, when I found you labouring under the nearly fatal mistake."

"You are going to Castle M'Auliff?"

"Yes—how far is it distant?"

"We will arrive there to-morrow night, as we want long rest this afternoon, now that we are getting out of the sphere of the burning and massacres."

"Then I shall accompany you all the way."

"You belong to the Spanish service."

"I went looking for a surplice and found a sword."

"From this country?"

"One of the many whom Spain kindly takes under her protection, and maintains for the sake of former connexion."

"Are you related to M'Auliff?"

"No, but I expect to meet a person there—a relation of mine from whom I have been long separated, as I know he was in this campaign, and accompanied M'Auliff to the south. I never had an opportunity of addressing the chieftain there on the subject, and his sudden disappearance on that eventful night left me uninformed."

"When we get over the mountains, we shall take the first opportunity of getting lodged in some farm-house."

"I think we may in safety now."

"Yes," observed the other traveller, "and we will be able to complete our journey to-morrow evening satisfactorily."

It was very late before they got out of the mountains, and they had much difficulty in discovering a comfortable house; but they were ultimately successful, and found the usual welcome. They were not a little astonished when they saw a young man before them, seated contentedly in front of a large fire, and in cheerful conversation with the inmates of the dwelling. Approaching the bright blaze, they sat down upon a long stool, and at length enjoyed that rest so delightful to the feet of really fatigued travellers.

The stranger who came up with the two others in the mountains at once recognized his former companion in the person of the young man seated by the fire, and the latter recollected him well; but neither pretended that they saw each other—the former aware of the animosity existing against him, and that an acknowledgment may terminate tragically. They therefore forbore speaking to each other upon the subject. The young man who was in before the others also guessed that the two persons whom he did not know by countenance were the individuals from which he parted at the gate the night before. They, on the other hand, might have entertained similar opinions with regard to him, but they did not show their feelings outwardly.

"I thought," remarked the former, addressing the youngest man, "you might have been the person who travelled with me from beyond Cork, by Kilcrea Abbey, but now I perceive you are not."

This remark was accompanied by a leer, which the other knew was contradictory of his expression, whilst he correctly interpreted the subsequent frown, intimating there was danger in letting out the secret.

"I am not that person," the latter returned.

"Whence come you?"

"I am a native of Cork, on my way to Limerick, where I have relatives who anxiously expect my arrival."

"Did you meet with any interruption on the road?"

"Enough; and I hope never to see the like again."

"It is very melancholy."

"I arrived at a village yesterday evening about four o'clock, where I considered myself safe; but about ten at night I had to fly from the place, in consequence of its devastation by fire."

"Did you meet any person?"

"I was collared by a young man about my own age, who swore I should not escape him; then asked me where was the other, and quivered a blade in his hand to intimidate me; but I was too strong for him, and dextrously seizing his wrist, I made him drop it. I then gave him a few blows that made him senseless, and taking the weapon, I hastened from the spot."

"That was the person," remarked one of the night travellers, who listened earnestly to the conversation, "the very person who wanted to persuade us onward to the same village."

"The very traitor!" exclaimed his companion.

"We may fall in with him yet," observed the former.

"Then it shall be the last time," declared the other.

"You do not know the motive for all this burning and devastation?" asked the first speaker, addressing the youngest man again.

"I am informed that they are on the hunt after Tyrone, O'Donnell, and the other chieftains who escaped, and that they burn all places where they suspect them to be concealed."

The two night travellers, completely worn out from long having requested permission to retire for that time, were acc with refreshment, in which the two others participated, and then snown to beds upon a loft, where they soon fell sound asleep. The others shortly afterwards were led into a small room, and told to make use of a trundle-bed, a sort of rude couch set apart for stragglers, when not occupied by labouring men. It was large enough to sleep five persons, filled with straw, and was covered with a thick woollen rug.

As soon as the door was shut, and no person any longer within hearing, the eldest of the two began to inform the other of the serious scrape he was in, by having been mistaken for him.

"On which account," he continued, "I knew that their suspicions concerning you must be great; and I was therefore resolved to let them see you were not the person that left my company."

"That was very kind and humane of you, indeed," said the other, "as it is very difficult to account for the feelings of men, in this agitated state of the country."

"And you may not be the person they mean, after all; but it would be a terrible thing, in the sight of God, not to discover the mistake, until it would be too late."

"It is better let a hundred persons go, than kill one man out of bare suspicion."

"Death is the last resource of rage or justice, and it should not be inflicted without certain reason."

"It is the watch-word of revenge, and shamefully resorted to both by assassins and men of law, often without due reason."

"What became of you last night?"

"When I left the farm-house?"

"When you went out for a moment."

"I went abroad, and having noticed lights upon a distant hill, I went forward a little to discover the cause; but I could not find my way back, and I had to stray about bewildered until this morning."

"I thought so."

"Did you meet any persons?"

"Really," observed the other, "between ourselves, I fancied that these two men passed me by—they might not have been the same."

"You had no conversation with them?"

"None—they passed by, when I was down in the glen, and seemed to be pushing their way eagerly in this direction."

"They must be the same—but it is hard to be positive, since so many wander about at night, in disguise, escaping the English, or trying to hurry home."

"Numbers—indeed."

"They will not know you in the day?"

"They do not know me on any account, for they never saw my face, and, I believe, they never perceived me at the time; consequently, if they pretend to any recollection, it must be through the force of suspicion."

"I don't know the men."

"Nor I either."

"But I promised to accompany them to Castle M'Auliff, as they say they are going thither."

"Do they say so, indeed?"

"They informed me so, and I promised not to leave them."

"I will go with you, as it is not out of my way."

"They are men of a superior quality."

"They are chieftains, I could swear; I know them by the tremendous glances of their eyes."

"Indeed they are chiefs; but they are very reserved and silent, and wish to pass under the appearance of menials, or second men."

"That won't do for me, for I am too well accustomed to watching the countenances of great men, particularly those who command."

"I cannot say that I know the visages of commanding men; but I discern between the eye of a chieftain and that of a vassal, under any circumstances."

"Do you intend remaining at Clanawly's Castle?"

"Until I make the discovery I want; do you?"

"Only one night to refresh myself."

"They are extremely hospitable."

"Is it a large building?"

"I do not know; but it must be, as he is one of the greatest chieftains, his resources being ample, and his ancestors having been powerful. It must, therefore, be a fine castle, or I am out of opinion."

"What family has he?"

"One son and one daughter—singularly enough, there is never more than one son, I have heard."

"That is strange, but it sometimes happens."

"He must be now a very old man? but I am told he is as vigorous as ever. I heard of his activity in the late troubles, which would have terminated differently, had every chieftain in the country shown the same chivalrous spirit as M'Auliff."



"I wonder why he never took command."

"He has too much good sense to do so."

"He is certainly not as practised in general engagements as Tyrone or Donnell; but his wisdom is great, and his daring intrepid."

"M'Auliff has always kept within his own sphere, and simply acted the chieftain, rendering assistance upon every occasion; but he would not take upon himself to command, when superior generals came to the fields, and united with his force."

"And thus has he always kept clear of dissensions—that bane of the Irish welfare, whereby one chieftain tries to command or rule over his neighbour."

"I never heard of any dissensions in the Clanawly race."

"You won't pretend to those strangers that I am the person who travelled with you, for fear of a mistake," said the younger, sadly.

"Never—never!"

"Then I may depend upon you, dearest friends."

"You may, indeed; for, if you were as bad as they suspect you to be, and that is bad enough, I would not throw you in the way of their skenes, for all the gold in the universe."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE SURPRISE.

THE uneasiness which Ellen M'Auliff felt at the departure of her father, notwithstanding her resolution to remain shut up in the convent, prevented her from carrying that resolve fully into effect. She sometimes, when the first disastrous intelligence, borne upon the wings of fame, which outstrips the wind, arrived at the convent, proceeded to the castle, and sitting in the upper story of the high tower, watched for hours together, looking in a southern direction. She would then stray without the castle, lose herself in the lonely glens behind it, and sing a plaintive air to her heart, for there was no living being within miles to hear her melody. There were living ears and living hearts; but their uses were paralyzed to the unfortunate creatures by the awful tidings which they soon expected to be direfully confirmed.

There were several domestics who remained at the castle, amongst whom was the boy Eoghan, mentioned on a former occasion. They noticed the melancholy countenance of the beautiful Ellen, but were afraid even to remark the same to one another. They remembered the legends and prophecies of the family, and were superstitiously alarmed, lest in the absence of the nobleman some fairy translation of her real person might take place, leaving nothing behind but the shadow of the chieftain's daughter to console him upon his return.

"Eoghan," said she, on the day of her father's return, as she paced up and down the large, silent hall, "I fear I shall never see my dear father again; something terrible haunts my mind, and will not let it be at rest."

"I think not so, my lady," said the boy, "for the chieftain will soon return, and gladden us all by his countenance."

"If he return, I am disappointed; but I am certain he has fallen in with some very serious accident."

"It would be well, my lady," he observed, whilst the words trembled upon his lips, "if you would not go about these lonely glens and rocks by yourself, as you often do —"

"Why, Eoghan?" interrupted Ellen.

"For fear of danger."

"I am not alarmed of danger; no Irishman will put a finger on me, I am certain; and I consider myself as secure from approach in any place, as I would be in the chambers of the convent."

"I am certain of that, my lady."

"Then what other danger do you fear—wolves?"

"Yes, my lady," returned the boy, somewhat relieved; "the wolves are yet plenty enough, and come out sometimes in the day; but—they might not be the only danger either."

"Then there must be some secret in your dread—something mysterious in the nature of your alarm, which you are afraid to unfold, lest you might offend my ears, or cause melancholy; but you need not shrink from the recital, as I can hear the worst of your imaginings without being daunted."

"The strange people of the woods and the rivers, besides the strangers of the rocks, that all prowl about looking for fine ladies and chieftains—I declare, my lady, they give me continued bodings, when I think on the way you go out alone."

Ellen smiled at his superstition, but the happy gleam passed away instantly, leaving her sad looking again.

"What would you recommend me to do, Eoghan?" she demanded, "in order that I may be safe from such an accident."

"You know better yourself, my lady."

"Did you never hear of any charm to keep off the intruders?"

"Many, indeed, my lady; but such as only suit a common person like

myself; perhaps the same would not answer a lady or a chieftain, the same as it protects us."

"But I think that those rapacious good people prey on all alike, just as lord Death does, without paying any deference to, or making any distinction between, any ranks of living people."

"Why, my lady, they do not make people die at all; they take them away altogether to their high homes in the cliffs, or underneath the ocean; and they leave behind them their ghosts, which people take for dead, and grieve for the departed accordingly."

"And am I to remain a prisoner here, Eoghan—not able to go out on account of these good people?"

"Oh—no, my lady; take a black dog with you, and carry your own white wand, and that will keep them off."

"And suppose I was to take a skene?"

"No use, my lady—a skene takes no more effect on them than upon the air; but they are terribly frightened of the black dagger."

Ellen changed colour at the mention of the black dagger, although she was not very superstitious; and she remembered the family sorrows said to have all arisen from fairy disasters, but surmounted by the use of that powerful instrument.

"Then," said she, returning to her confidence and colour, "I will take my wand, and call a black dog with me, and range through the valley in defiance of all the fairies in the country, were they as numberless as the trees in the forest."

"But, Eoghan, did you ever hear of ladies or chieftains being carried off in that manner?"

"Hundreds, my lady,—taken away out of the world to the tops of high rocks, and there kept in the grandest style by the fairies, who always attend on them with wine, and music, and dancing."

"Then they are happier than when in this world?"

"Oh! no, my lady; for they can never get to Heaven out of that place; and let it be ever so beautiful, it is a bad place, and cut off from the rest of the living world."

"Did you ever hear, Eoghan, who those fairies were at first?"

"I heard that they, my lady, were once happy themselves; but not being contented, had their bodies taken away, and were sent to shift for themselves."

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

Come to the sunset tree,

The day is past and gone,

The woodman's axe lies free,

And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,

And the summer dew to flowers;

And rest to us is given

By the cool soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest,

Pleasant the wind's low sigh,

And the gleaming of the west,

And the turf whereon we lie;

When the burden and the heat

Of labour's task are o'er,

And kindly voices greet

The tired one at his door.

Yes! tuneful is the sound

That dwells in whispering boughs,

Welcome the freshness round,

And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest more sweet and still

Than ever nightfall gave,

Our yearning hearts shall fill,

In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempests blow,

No scorching noontide heat,

There shall be no more snow,

No weary wandering feet.

So we lift our trusting eyes

From the hills our fathers trod,

To the quiet of the skies,

To the sabbath of our God;

To die without accomplishing anything, always intend to do something great hereafter, but neglect the present humble opportunity of usefulness.



## LOVE; OR, THE THREAD OF DESTINY.

A DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

### CHAPTER LV.

THE SUNSET.—THE PLANK.—THE PLUNGE INTO THE SEA, AND THE  
ACT OF RETRIBUTION.

Now the sea assumed a dull and sombre hue, while long streaks of subdued light, each moment decreasing in brilliancy, shot across the wide waste of waters from the low line of the western horizon.

A cold wind gradually arose and crept across the ocean, that struck a chill to the frame, while the departing sun conveyed a still more gloomy feeling of loneliness on the wide waters than is felt during the day.

The approach of night at sea caused melancholy images to spring up in the mind of the lonely being, who stood upon the vessel's edge watching the departing rays of the sun.

Such moments are prolific of profound thoughts of home, of the land you have left behind you, your destination, the dangers of the voyage, and, above all, the extreme silence that reigns around.

The heart becomes softened by emotion, and melts at the remembrance of some happy time, some favoured moment that crossed the mind. Then, indeed, the full tide of recollection comes over us, and the past becomes dressed up in the glowing colours of the setting luminary, until it appeared the happiest time of our lives. The present appears the worst, and the future uncertain, or, at best, hope gives but gloomy presages.

Thus the mind becomes a whirl of thought, and a chaos of emotions.

The lingering sun-beams gradually decrease, until the light that shines in the west becomes local, and looks white and thin. The sun's disc verges near the horizon, and the distant and indistinct, but continuous roar of the waters, strikes with a startling effect upon the ear.

The low circling flight of the sea-birds now attracts attention. Their dull, monotonous, but only occasional cries, recall one to the recollection that we are still in a living world, and that life exists on, as well as in, the waters. Their cries were peculiar and dissonant.

Turning towards the south you might see there were ominous appearances, which scarce any but the eye of a sailor would notice. A heavy and dark bank of clouds was gradually creeping up; but the momentarily decreasing light of the sun rendered this object of suspicion, and even dread, more indistinct and distant.

The distant moaning, and mingled roar of the waters, struck more forcibly on the senses, and, in proportion as there was less to be seen and engage the attention, so the mind became chained to all that remained, and hence the terrible distinctness that the ear caught the slightest sound, while the mind dwelt upon it with painful attention.

Thus the evening closed in, and the sun's disc now became partially hidden by the horizon, and the still visible limb of the luminary threw its departing rays upwards towards the zenith. Then, with a suddenness that was remarkable, the last small portion of the sun's disc disappeared, and a cold chilliness pervaded sea and air. The time had come when those fiends in human shape began to think of bringing forth their prisoner to die—they waited but for a few minutes more to add to the growing gloom around, and then they glanced at each other as if they would each have wished the other to give the mandate of death.

The captain, with a telescope, looked long and earnestly along the line of the horizon, on every side, and then, with a brutal laugh, he cried,—

"We have him now. There are sails on the horizon, but he would need a voice, indeed, to make any cry reach one-tenth part of the distance he is now from any chance of succour."

He laid down the night-glass, and approached the cabin staircase with an ominous expression of countenance, while the three men who were leagued with him in his terrible avocation, hesitated among themselves which should volunteer his aid to drag the prisoner to the deck, where such a fate awaited him.

"Confound you all," cried the captain, "are you going to leave me to do all the work myself? Come on, two of you. What's the use now of having any trouble with him. He must, and shall go, and, therefore, it had better be done as easily to ourselves as may be. Come on, I say, a couple of you."

"You forget something, captain," said one.

"I forget; and pray, what the devil may that be?"

"This is not the first little affair we have been in, and on other occasions a drop of brandy has made the job go on somehow more cleverly."

The captain laughed, as he cried,—

"By Jove, a good thought—a good thought," and unlocking a small

cupboard that was on the cabin stairs, he produced therefrom a stone jar full of ardent spirits.

"Your cans, men—your cans," he cried. "We will drink to his speedy drowning, as it would look like fun to wish him good health under the circumstances. Here is a drop of the real Frenchman. You recollect, my boys, how we got it. It's none the worse that we cut a few throats to get at it, and only shows how human nature sticks to its brandy."

The three men produced cans to hold the liquor, and without more than a faint laugh, and a muttered approval of their captain's pleasantry, they each swallowed enough of the raw spirit to have quite overcome any one unaccustomed to such deep and serious potations.

Soon, however, as the subtle fluid began to exercise its power over them, the shadow of fear which had crept over them at the near approach of the period when they were about to commit a cold-blooded murder for hire, vanished and they became the reckless, awful, demoniac ruffians the villain Scalvoni rightly calculated upon, to perform the horrible piece of work he had planned.

With loud laughter and mocking gibes, coarse oaths and exclamations, they continued drinking until the captain saw that they just verged upon having more than enough for the purpose which had to be accomplished; and he returned the stone jar to its place of security, exclaiming,—

"Now, my lads, soonest done, is soonest mended; let's get the little job over, and then as we had not much sleep last night, for the rattling breeze that kept us all alive, why we will take it by turns, and snatch some rest."

Sleep! Could such men venture to court the sweet oblivion of repose? Could they hope that dreamless slumbers would visit their senses, and that nature's sweet restorer would pour upon their exhausted frames and fatigued imaginations forgetfulness? And yet they spoke of sleep—those murderers, who were about, beneath the all-seeing eye of Heaven, to commit a deed which well might stifle the voice of merciful supplication at the throne of God.

"Now, now," cried the captain; "we lose time, and there will not be light enough in another half hour to see the spot. It will be a black night. Look what murky clouds are even now rising from the south. Come on, come on, and let us drag up this young cock who crowed so loudly a little ago."

It would appear that now the men were as eager for a part in the murder as they had seemed a few minutes before to shrink from it, and a short discussion ensued as to which of them should take the helm so as to leave the others at liberty to follow the captain. That discussion he decided by a peremptory order, and in another moment, he, with two villains following him, was slowly and stealthily creeping down the cabin stairs, for although they knew they had nothing to fear, and that their victim was so fairly in their toils, that nothing could save him—yet since they had actually commenced the preliminary proceedings connected with the diabolical act they had meditated, they had crept about as if fearful of the sound of their own footsteps in the vessel.

Silent and motionless, as if dead, lay Charles Hargrove on the cabin floor, where he had been thrown and left by the brutal captain. The blow he had received, combined with his exhausted condition from want of ordinary food, had produced almost a total cessation of the powers of life, and but a little more injury would have been required to have snatched their victim from their hands, and left the murderers nothing but a corpse on which to vent their poor vengeance.

Youth, however, and a naturally vigorous constitution, got him over the mischief that had been done, and at the time when his murderers were nerving themselves to the task of taking his life by huge potations of brandy, consciousness began once again to return to Charles Hargrove, and light up the chamber of his throbbing brain.

For some moments, on the return of his senses, he was completely bewildered, and had not the remotest notion of what had happened to him, or of where he was, or what was to be hoped, or dreaded in the future. All his ideas and sensations seemed in a perfectly chaotic state, and in vain he tried to reduce the rout to some sort of order so as to enable him to think with consecutive regularity and calmness.

The first external circumstance that tended to bring him thoroughly back to a recollection of where he was, and what had occurred, consisted in his becoming conscious of a strange sound that kept possession of his ears for some moments, without his being at all able to give himself any sort of explanation of its meaning.

That sound was the washing and gurgling of the waves of the sea past the sides of the vessel, and the moment the thought flashed across his mind that it was so, all he had suffered—all he had to suffer—the full horrors of his situation, and every circumstance connected therewith, came vividly and freshly to his mind, with a force that made him, weak and wounded as he was, spring to his feet with a cry of despair!



and dread, that was perfectly terrible even in its sound to his own ears.

He rushed to one of the small windows in the side of the cabin, which afforded a view across the undulating surface of the ocean. There was yet light enough to give him no hope that darkness was hiding from his vision any vessel from which he might expect aid, and with a deep groan he staggered back till he reached the table, exclaiming as he trembled in every limb,—

"God save me, and have mercy upon me."

Then a deadly sensation of sickness came over him. Hunger and thirst assailed his sinking frame, and mechanically he drank off the contents of some of the glasses that remained upon the table, and had remained since the dice had been used by his enemies to determine the mode and manner of his death. Upon the floor, too, was a tray on which was bread and meat. Charles eagerly took some of each, and washing the whole down with another draught of the spirits, he felt much revived, and although he looked upon his death as certain, he began to cast about him for some means of selling his life as dearly as possible, and at least preventing his murderers from having a passive victim.

"Heaven aid me," he said; "I have heard and read of desperate men doing wonders—of fighting, and fighting successfully too, against the most fearful odds. Why should not I, at least, die bravely instead of supinely?"

With these thoughts, as well as the rapidly fading light would permit him, he made a minute and careful examination of the cabin, with the hope of finding some weapon of offence and defence that he might use effectually when his murderers should think proper to make their appearance.

For some time his search was in vain, until he accidentally discovered that one of the seats opened at the top, forming a box as well as a bench. Opening it on the instant, the first object his eyes fell upon, was a rough, heavy, sea cutlass, which he immediately possessed himself of.

"Thank Heaven," he cried. "They shall, some of them, feel what a desperate man can do; and if they do kill me, it shall be by a desperate conflict, during which death will not present itself to me in half the terror that it would were I dragged to it by them as if I were a malefactor condemned to execution."

Darker and darker grew the evening, and objects in the dim and dingy cabin became but very faintly discernible, as Charles fancied he heard the sound of stealthy foot-steps approaching towards the door. He grasped the cutlass firmly in his hand, and with one brief prayer to Heaven, with which the name of Harriet was mingled, he awaited the result of the terrible encounter which he could neither fly from, nor engage in, with any hope of safety.

Oh! how dreadful in their terrors of suspense were the few minutes during which he remained in doubt as to whether imagination had deceived him, or that his would-be murderers were indeed approaching with stealthy strides to the perpetration of the deed which was to bring him so young, and with such apparent prospects of happiness and love before him, to the grave. It was a positive relief when he became quite sure that fancy deceived him not, and he heard distinctly the tones of whispered voices immediately outside the closed door.

#### CHAPTER LVI.

THE NIGHT.—THE PLANK AND THE MURDER.—THE FATE OF THE CAPTAIN.—THE STORM, AND THE ROCK.

The thought now suddenly occurred to Charles that there might be some fastening to the door on the inner side, and, although had he been asked what benefit it could be to him eventually, to shut out for a few minutes men with whom he must soon come into personal collision, he must have admitted it was none; yet, by a natural impulse, he eagerly ran his hand over the door, until he found a small brass bolt, which he shot into its socket at the very instant the handle of the lock was turned by one of those on the outer side.

"I will be perfectly silent for a while," he thought, "and so they will be confused and full of conjecture as to what has occurred, or what I am about to do."

Scarcely had he made this determination when the captain, upon finding he could not open the door so readily as he expected, cried,—

"Hilloa—what's up now? D—n the fellow, he has come to his senses again and fastened us out. Hilloa! my young blade, it's no use. You may as well take matters easy as make a rout about them. Open the door, and be hanged to you."

"Is he dead?" said one, when a few moments had elapsed and no answer was made by Charles to the captain's tender and eloquent remonstrance.

"Dead!" responded the captain. "How can he be dead when he has bolted the door?"

"He might adone that afore he bolted himself in," growled another.

"Bah!" said the captain. "Nonsense. He's artful, that's all; who has a loaded pistol?"

"Here!"

Charles stooped, and in another instant a loud report ensued, and a bullet came rushing through one of the upper panels of the door, passing but a few inches only over his head.

Thus warned of the danger of standing opposite to the door, Charles withdrew on one side, and still preserving the silence he had dictated to himself, he raised the cutlass in a manner which would enable him to deal a heavy blow with it on the head of the first man who should succeed in forcing the door, and make an attempt to enter the cabin.

His silence, as he anticipated, perplexed and annoyed the murderers so much that they became frightened and irresolute for a few moments, but at length the captain, in a voice of passion, cried,—

"Bring a light one of you, and let me have a capstan bar. We will soon see how long this door will hold out against us. Quick! quick! I say. D—n the fellow, I'll have him out, alive or dead."

These orders were peremptorily obeyed, and a large lantern was held by one of the men, while the captain himself raised the capstan bar against which it was impossible the frail, weak door could stand a moment, saying,—

"When I break it in, Steve, you make a dash at him. If he's alive, you'll catch him. If he's dead you can but tumble over him."

"Ay, ay," cried the ruffian, "but you must give me leave, if I have anything to do with him, to use my knife."

"Use it and be d—d. You can do nothing without your knife."

"I own it. A knife for me—I know how to use it, and what's more I like to use it. Now, captain, hammer away. I will see to the young spark within, dead or alive."

With a stunning crash the capstan bar came down upon the fated door, which it shivered into splinters in a moment, and started the bolt from its hold, so that it flew wide open, and Charles Hargrove, with such feelings as we cannot attempt to describe, found himself in the presence of those men who he knew intended to take his life.

With a savage howl the ruffian who was so partial to the knife rushed forward, but at the instant that he set his foot within the cabin, down came the cutlass which Charles had prepared with such tremendous force, that, unprotected as was the fellow's head by anything but a woollen nightcap, the blade sunk deep into his skull, and with one gasping groan he fell dead upon the threshold.

So completely successful had this attack upon one of his murderers been, and so sudden was the fall of the ruffian who had met so deserved a death, that Charles nearly fell over him, and before he could recover from the movement, he was rushed upon by the captain, who clutching him by both arms, bawled—

"Put down the light, and take the cutlass from him. D—n him, he's done mischief enough already—wrench it from him."

The other did so, and then he made a slashing cut at Charles's head, but the captain pulled him on one side, crying,—

"D—n it, don't kill him—it's too easy. We'll make him walk the plank yet, and be cursed to him. Give me a coil of rope here, curse him. We'll bind his hands. Yet, stay a minute—drag him on deck, and get a plank ready—we will have an execution in less than a quarter of an hour. So, Steve and his knife are settled at last, and a d—d mess he's making in my cabin. There's a lot of blood to come out of one fellow's head. D—d if I didn't think some day he'd nap it from somebody."

The cutlass had been so suddenly wrested from Charles's hands, and he found the captain so much his superior in personal strength, that he now gave himself up for lost, and he exclaimed,—

"Villains! God sees this act, and a day of retribution will come. Wherefore should you take my life? What I have done has been in self-defence, but your contemplated act is a deliberate murder."

"You may talk and amuse yourself by it as much as you like," said the captain, "but overboard you go for all that. Now, come on with you. Take the cutlass, and give him a cut or two if he don't follow."

The captain then took a clutch of Charles's neck, which very nearly strangled him, while the other ruffians followed, inflicting in pure wantonness several flesh wounds on his arms and shoulders.

Thus they reached the deck, where there was still light enough for every object to be plainly visible, and poor Charles cast one anxious agonised glance around him, but no help was near. He was alone on the wide waters, at the mercy of barbarians, who knew not such a Heavenly quality. Death was before him in all its terrors. He trembled violently and one convulsive sob came from his breast. Nature, for a moment, had conquered the sterner resolves of the mind, but when, with a loud jeering laugh, the captain cried out to his men,—

"Here's a joke! he's going to blubber!" Charles's pride rescued him from any such exhibition of feeling, and he said,—



"No; you may murder me, as by brute force you have conquered me, but tis you should weep for the consequences of your crime, not I for the temporary pain you can inflict upon me."

"Oh, that's all very well preaching, my lad. The plank there—the plank! We'll soon see who has the worst of it, my fine fellow. You've reduced my crew by one, confound you, and we were short enough as to hands without that, so if there was no other reason, that would be a good one for making you food for the fishes."

Again did Charles Hargrove cast a despairing glance along the surface of the moaning sea, and again did he tell himself, "I am doomed, I am doomed; my last hour has come; there is no hope now for me in this world." Further parley with his murderers he disdained, and hard as it was to look calmly on the preparations for the death that awaited him, he felt an outward semblance of composure, while his thoughts flew back to the past, and many scenes of infancy and boyhood, long since forgotten, now again resumed a place in his memory, flitting like the shadows of a dream before his mental vision.

And last not least, he saw in his mind's eye his own much loved, gentle, beautiful Harriet; she who from earliest boyhood he had regarded as the bright star of his destiny. He pictured to himself how she would unavailingly wait for his return, while he lay a corpse, tossed to and fro by the currents of the angry ocean.

But thoughts such as these were too much for human endurance, and he turned his imagination as firmly as he could to a consideration of the awful and sudden manner in which he should too soon be hurried to the presence of Heaven.

Meantime a long plank was procured and placed partly on the deck of the vessel and partly projecting over the side, so that any weight would topple it over, and be cast into the sea. He who had charge of the helm, lashed it in the proper position for the ship's course, and joined his comrade, who stood with the cutlass in his hand after completing the dreadful preparation for murder, but awaiting the captain's signal to commence the execution of the dreadful deed.

"Now," cried that personage to Charles, as he pointed to the plank, "you have your choice, walk that plank, or you will be cut down by cutlasses, and thrown into the sea."

Charles made two steps towards the plank, and then he said,—

"Tell me, if it be indeed true that you are about to stain your souls with my blood, what reason have you for my murder?"

"Ask no questions and you'll be told no lies."

"Who has instigated you to the deed?"

"Find out, if you can. Suppose now it's our pleasure—search him, men. It's just as well to see if he has any valuables or money about him worth the taking."

This was soon done, and Charles was robbed of all the money he had with him. Then the captain again pointed to the plank, saying,—

"Time's up, walk; we can't be troubled with you any longer."

"God of Heaven!" cried Charles, "can it be that nothing will even now prevent this murder? Are you men or devils? If you are taking my life for money, name the sum, and I will give it for my life's sake. You can have no personal ill will to me. It is not many hours since I, for the first time, cast my eyes upon any one of you. For God's sake reflect upon the deed you meditate while yet you can draw back from such deep sinfulness—show mercy that you may ask mercy."

"D—n me, he must be a parson," cried the captain, "but we haven't any religion here, and want to have some grub and rest, so we decline the rest of the sermon, and if you won't go by fair means you must by foul. Now, you Jobus, stand on one side, while I stand here on the other; and you, Peters, just poke him on with the point of your knife. Cut him down, Jobus, if he swerves."

Thus hemmed in, there presented themselves to poor Charles Hargrove but a choice of deaths, and he walked up the plank until he reached the part of where stood the brutal captain with an uplifted sword ready to cut him down if he should attempt to leave his treacherous foot-hold on that side, while the ruffian Jobus, similarly armed, assumed a menacing attitude on the other. The open sea was before him, behind him the helmsmen, who, in sport, had already drawn blood from the doomed man with his knife.

Bleeding, exhausted, terrified, and confused, Charles paused and cried aloud,—

"Mercy, mercy!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the captain, "the fun's beginning. I told you so, my men. Hurrah! go it again—the fun's beginning."

"And thus it ends," cried Charles, as, with a strength lent him by the madness of despair, he seized the captain by the neck, and plank and captain and Charles Hargrove, with one awful plunge, went down into the sea.

The wind arose and carried far over the waves an awful shriek. Then all was still. That night the Dutch vessel split into fragments

and went down off the Schelt, and by the morning's light two mangled bodies were picked up on the beach.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE ANCIENT SPIRES.

How beautiful they stand,  
Those ancient altars of our native land;  
Amid the pasture fields, and dark green woods;  
Amid the mountain's clouds and solitudes:  
By rivers broad that rush into the sea;  
By little brooks that, with a lisp'ing sound,  
Like playful children, run by copse and lea!  
Each in its plot of holy ground,  
How beautiful they stand,  
Those old grey churches of our native land!

Our lives are all turmoil;  
Our souls are in a weary strife and toil,  
Grasping and straining—tasking nerve and brain,  
Both day and night for gain:  
We have grown worldly—have made gold our god—  
Have turned our hearts away from lowly things;  
We seek not now the wild flower on the sod;  
We see not now the snowy folded angel's wings  
Amid the summer skies:  
For visions come not to polluted eyes!

Yet, blessed quiet fanes!  
Still piety, still poetry remains,  
And shall remain, whilst ever on the air  
One chapel bell calls high and low to prayer—  
Whilst ever green and sunny churchyards keep  
The dust from our beloved, and tears are shed  
From founts which in the human heart lie deep:  
Something in these aspiring days we need  
To keep our spirits lowly;  
To set within our hearts sweet thoughts and holy!  
And 'tis for this they stand,  
The old grey churches of our native land.  
And even in the gold-corrupted mart,  
In the great city's heart  
They stand; and chantry, dome, and organ sound,  
And stated services of prayer and praise,  
Like to the righteous ten which were not found,  
For the polluted city shall up-raise,  
Meek faith and love sincere—  
Better in time of need than shield or spear!

THE BLOODY HALL OF BUCCLUEGH.—In the month of July or August, 1745, a regiment of Highlanders, marching through Nithsdale, became jealous, or suspicious, of the principles of the Duke of Buccleugh, and as they came within view of his castle, they unanimously determined to learn his opinions. They hurried onward to the gate of the edifice, and finding no resistance, passed the threshold, and drew up in the castle yard. The command was given to search for the duke, and every passage and every room was immediately traversed by the soldiers to no effect; he had made his escape from the rear unobserved, and had by that time distanced the castle some miles. It was now manifest that he adhered to the Hanover party; and under their disappointment they testified their sense of his grace's defection by driving a considerable number of oxen and sheep from the park into the large and magnificent hall of the castle, where they slew them, and made each other welcome with feast and revelry at the duke's expense. Some of the sheep were even taken up stairs into the ball-room, and were there butchered; the blood spread over the apartment till it found its way down the stairs; and, in short, at their departure, the whole interior of the mansion bore the appearance of a common slaughter-house. The heads, skins, and offal, of the slain animals were left, scattered all over the place. Some of the blood still stains the boards in a passage leading to the hall, and it is said, cannot possibly be cleared away. It is even reported that the boards of the floor have actually been replaced to no purpose, for no sooner are new ones laid down than the blood appears as plainly as before. But certain it is, that from that time the place has been called the Bloody Hall. Besides indulging in riotous eating, and drinking the liquors from the cellars, in this adventure the Highlanders cut, and in some instances destroyed with their daggers, beautiful tapestry and paintings, and devastated the edifice. The remaining ornaments of the castle bear marks of the Highlanders' stern resentment.

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